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T. G. NEWMAN,
EDITOR.

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KISS AND BE FRIENDS.

J. MARION GALE.

There is sweetness and completeness
In the trend of human life,
From infancy, for you and me;
Which atones for all the strife.

There is glory in the story
Of all the joy and pain;
In knowing that the growing
Is everlasting gain.

But the dalliance and alliance
Of the spirit with the form,
Will repay us or betray us
In the sunshine or the storm.

All sufficient, the Omniscient
Has given us to know,
That the right way is the bright way,
If we would in beauty grow.

That the wrong way is the long way,
To delay our cup of bliss,
Sisters, brothers, and all others,
Let us choose the right and kiss.

When you choose it, don't abuse it;
Just a kiss of friendship take.
If it may be, kiss the baby,
For its angel mother's sake.
Quilcene, Wash.

daily occurrence. "Not a single distressing or terrifying thing has ever happened to me in the course of my countless conversations with the people usually called dead," she says decidedly.

"Although at first, and for many years I shrank from anything like communion with these spirit friends, I have long since become pleasantly habituated to talking with them, although I have never learned to fully like the work of passing on the communications which they continually give me. But I have numbers of friends who frequently come and talk with me on pleasant subjects, and many wonderful happenings have been brought about through their efforts in this direction."

One of the most remarkable of

York on business and disappeared. There was search for him everywhere and he could not be found. All of the hospitals, the police stations, the reports of the discovery of unidentified persons, every possible suggestion that might lead to the finding of him, was patiently investigated. He was given up as lost—a disappearance as mysterious, it was believed, as was that of the chancellor of the state of New York, who went aboard a Hudson river steamboat one night, dined, chatted with friends, went to his state-room, and was never afterward seen, alive or dead.

IS FOUND IN A POOLROOM.

One day a friend of the missing man was told that a man who somewhat resembled him was keep-

a large sum on his person, and he at once took charge of the poolroom as its proprietor.

He ran it for nearly three weeks, apparently perfectly sane, but he had no recollection of who he was or of his life up to the time that he entered that poolroom. He was taken away and after a little while his recollection of his own identity returned, but with it all knowledge of his experience as a poolkeeper was gone from him. Nor does he to this day know all the facts, having been told that he had been taken suddenly ill in New York. It was a clear case of double consciousness, and the facts are well authenticated, although they have not been subjected to scientific investigation.—*Exch.*

A Spirit Weaver.

"A man hailed me one day as I was driving past a comfortable-looking clearing up in the hemlock belt, and I pulled up my horse and stopped," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocery man. "The man was cuddled up in a fence corner at the side of the road. He had a discouraged look, I thought, but otherwise seemed to be all right. He cocked his head a moment, as if listening, and then said:

"Yes. It's at it. Daytime, too. That's the curious part of it."

"The house on the clearing was an eighth of a mile from where the man sat in the fence corner, but it was there, evidently, that he heard what he said he did.

"You hear it, don't you?" said he.

"No," said I. "I don't hear anything. What is it?"

"A ghost! And a ghost that actually comes in the daytime and works! That house up yonder is the Nutcom place. Old Mrs. Nutcom used to sit in her room and weave carpet all day long. She had done it for 50 years. Squire Bines' folks, from the Forks, give her an order for a thumpin' big rag carpet three months ago, and she was to have it done by Thanksgiving. She always made her brags that she never disappointed anyone yet, but she took sick suddenly about a week after she begun the squire's carpet and struck into a ragin' fever. One night the woman that was settin' up with her fell asleep, and when she woke up old Mrs. Nutcom wasn't there. The woman made a hunt for her and found her settin' at her loom as dead as she could be.

"This'll be the first time Aunt Hanner ever disappointed anybody with her weavin'."

"I came to work on this place the very next day after old Mrs. Nutcom died—that's Aunt Hanner—and that loom begun to rattle just as it use to when she was sittin' at it and workin'! Her ghost took

BORDERLAND

Talks with Spirits.

To Mrs. H. G. Jackson, a woman of wide and thorough knowledge of many of the medical and scientific aspects of life, have come conversations with the dwellers in realms yet unexplored by mortal eyes and minds. Mrs. Jackson says that for her to carry on conversations with those who have passed beyond the boundaries of the known to the unknown is of very common occurrence.

"I never seek after such experiences," she declares, "but neither do I shrink from them. There is nothing more awful or terrible in my conversations with the people whom most others call 'dead' than in my conversations with those who still inhabit the body. The one condition is as real and natural to me as the other; the voice of the person in the 'beyond' is as clear and distinct as that of the person still in this life, and I have almost as many friends in the one state of life as the other.

"The subjects upon which they talk with me are those of this life, as a rule, and I have been saved many painful experiences, both for myself and others, in this way. There is really no limit to the wonderful things which people from other worlds have related to me, and that by direct, personal intercourse by word of mouth."

ANOTHER CASE.

Mrs. Ella M. Dole of Chicago is another woman to whom conversations with those who have long been considered dead are of almost

these experiences came to Mrs. Dole in connection with a man for whose benefit she had tried unavailingly to induce her other-world friends to talk. Suddenly, some time after these fruitless efforts had ceased, a friend who had long passed over came to her and told her to visit this man and render him some unexpected assistance. She did so, with the result that not only was his life saved, but that he was given fresh hope and courage to live it.

Loss of Identity.

A gentleman of unusual intellectual ability, standing high in a learned profession, now living, has passed through a very peculiar experience. He went to New

York on business and disappeared. Without much hope that this would prove to be anything more than a mere resemblance, the friend went to this poolroom and there discovered the missing man. The friend was recognized, invited to play a game of pool, and in order to humor his friend, he did this.

While there was recollection of the identity of the friend, there seemed to be no recollection of his own identity. An investigation showed that, two or three weeks before, this man had entered the poolroom, played a game of pool, got into a dispute with the proprietor about the scientific method of playing pool, and then offered to buy out the poolroom. The price agreed upon was \$1,100. The papers were drawn up, the money paid over, the miss



RABBI JACOB VOORSANGER.—See page 2.

to comin' back and weavin' at that carpet, and I shouldn't wonder but what it'll be done for the squire's folks by Thanksgiving, after all. Don't you hear it rattlin' now?" said the man in the fence corner.

"And I'll own up that I thought I did hear it, and told the man I heard it. And I began to feel a little spooky myself, and chirruped to my horse. I felt a little creepy about driving past the Nutcom place, but I didn't hear the loom, and concluded that the specter weaver was through for the day."

A Vision.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

On August 30, 1891, a lesson from the inner life was placed before me in form of a vision and in part explained. First, I beheld my spirit guide and then the heavens opened before my vision, as it were, and there were worlds upon worlds, the divisions of those worlds being shown to be only atmospheric in their nature and composition, but different between each world as to substances and forces used in their construction. Strangely fashioned were these atmospheres and their connections, and the separation of these worlds thereby was marvelous to behold. They are of such texture that they can be rolled back as a heavy curtain by the master hand or power that fashioned them, for it was done in this vision, and as it was done it seemed as if the whole universe of countless worlds was thrown into one immense world of numberless divisions.

Then I beheld the grand universal thoroughfares. They were all used similarly to our thoroughfares on earth, for the travel and exchange of mind, of beings and of substance, but locomotion is unlike that of earth, being of great variety to suit each purpose. Some go as swift as lightning like telegraphic messages; others in cars propelled by electricity, and in the worlds nearest our earth, travel is somewhat like it is here; that is, vehicles of all descriptions are beheld, but none in higher worlds. This impressed me strangely, and I said: "Truly, all we have on earth is fashioned after the patterns of the things in the worlds above it, handed down, so to say, from the inner life." "Yes," said my guide, "the things beheld, labored for and enjoyed on earth are but the shadows, reflections, of that which is real and enduring in these higher worlds." Then a powerful telescope was adjusted to my eyes and I was admonished to observe well.

This was a very different process from any I had ever realized, for I was wide-awake, not dazed as by a magnetic force, as is mostly the case, but I could see clearly things afar off in the heavens. First, I saw the seven typical mountains representing the seven dominions of the master builders. These I saw once before, at a time I had been removed in spirit to behold the heavens. At that time I saw great cities, the centers of these dominions, and such grand palaces that mortal language could not describe; but this time I saw them so differently. First, I realized that I was not removed in spirit, but somehow by some means this was all brought close to me, and I felt that it was indeed a new lesson showing how spirits work upon and through mortals and, too, how things seem when seen from different standpoints; for when I saw those mountains, when taken there in spirit,

they were so very, very far apart, now as they were brought before me by the telescope, they seemed close together and gave but a vague idea of their importance as representing great dominions.

As I thus reflected, still looking on, I beheld that a change had somehow suddenly taken place, and lo! from the seventh mountain forming the center of this group, issued forth waves of force which were grand in brilliance and blending of colors, and oh! so powerful. As they came rushing on, it seemed as if everything had been comprehended in them or aroused to a response by them, for the sound was as of the rushing of many waters over high rocks, and again as the music of instruments, the chiming of bells, the voices of angels and mortals in sweetest melodies blending harmoniously. The air vibrated with the harmony—the warbling, chirping, whistling of all the feathered tribes; the music of the wind sighing gently and harshly; the waters gurgling, rippling, moaning, as these force streams rushed past me. Everything seemed represented, all metals, ores, everything gave sound and voice.

Then a floral tribute was given. The odor came first in great profusion, then the flowers of all varieties, shades and tints, and they formed into a great arch representing the rainbow in form and colors. All this dazed me, for I felt the power and the harmony keenly. Then I heard a voice saying: "This represents the anthem of anthems. From the earliest beginnings have we labored and prepared for the accomplishment of all this. The forces employed were carefully generated and purified and the symphonies carefully created. All these voices are tuned and graduated for admittance into these symphonies and into this grand universal chorus; but all were graduated in their own spheres and degrees, and now comes the union as here represented. This, then, when chanted in unison, represents nature's rhythm complete, and truly shall the world realize it in various pleasant ways.

This ended the lesson.
Van Wert, O.

The Twentieth Century.

DR. VOORSANGER.

We are traveling rather rapidly toward the twentieth century, and there is not the slightest indication of the fulfillment of the prediction that the world is coming to an end. To most of us there is something awful and mysterious in the sudden change from full numbers to the naughts of the new century, and the yesterday of the last century seems a hundred years away from the first day of the new one.

I do not know why so many people view the coming of 1900 with apprehension unless, as I think, the approach of the new century appeals to their sense of mystery. Yet most people will live to see the life of the old glide peacefully into that of the new, and the two will blend together and things will go on as they did before. The earth will look just the same as it did thousands of years ago. If changes take place they will be in man.

Three generations fill a century. Since the beginning of Christianity, to go no further, 50 generations have come and gone upon the face of the earth. It is difficult to comprehend the complexity of life that

is demonstrated in 50 generations. During these 18 centuries the earth, man's habitat, practically remained the same, operated by laws whose activities must be computed in time as the astronomer measures the immense distances of space. In evolution 1,000 years are truly "but as yesterday and as a watch in the night." But on this apparently unchanging earth man has come and gone. Nations have disappeared; languages have died; religions have expired; systems of culture have given up their spirit, and correspondingly new nations have arisen, new languages were born, new religions brought their message and new systems of culture came to rehabilitate human thought.

Yet no change came suddenly, except in so far as it appeared to the inexperienced eye. The fall of Rome was an affair of six centuries of decay; the Indo-German nations existed in their nomad state for centuries before they acquired geographical limitations in the conquered territories of Europe. And the culture of these new nations, properly analyzed and dissected, shows the important fact that it is a complex structure to which all preceding systems and languages and religions have contributed.

I do not like to engage in the flippant pleasantry that the end of the world does not concern us, for I am convinced that if such a pleasantry could be proved to be an exact truth or a concrete fact, it would modify our ideas regarding God, human destiny and social morality; and it is very essential that our ideas in these premises should not be modified, except in so far as truth and its mighty engines come to fortify our impressions regarding those things which are the essential foundations of a civil and moral society. To me, unable to comprehend chaos or the enthronement of a beneficent Deity over a lifeless world—to me, incapable of worshipping a Deity to whom I cannot attribute the eternal activities of life, world-life, this prediction is a mere bit of poetical speculation of which the history of facts has as yet taken no notice.

Thus far, man has only beheld growth, not decay. Man's history has thus far been one of development, not of decline. It matters nothing to us, viewing these things from the aspects of practical life, what lay beyond the half million years of the stuttering savage, not quite removed from his brother-beast, and it matters very little to us what will be the culmination, if there be any, of the million years in which man is yet to rise to altitudes of which we have not now the faintest conception. We are immediately concerned with growth only.

Civilization rejects the pessimism of the scientist. Religion frowns it down as harmful to the growth of a conviction that the safety of human society lies in a moral accountability to an eternally active Deity. In practical life we are not worried over our origin or our ultimate destiny. Let them be what they may—our business is to add our story to the tower of civilization, and this we will be very apt to do in the twentieth century. It is certain that the present has contributed enough raw material to enable us to build. The century has been both revolutionary and evolutionary; it has witnessed the development of new phases of intellectual and social life. The twentieth century may witness many more. It is foolish to predict any-

thing; but it is not unreasonable to speculate upon the results of the operation of present facts.

These facts point to greater intellectual growth, to a still more brilliant exemplification of man's mental power, applied to every avenue of social life. I cannot write as hopefully of society's moral future. One of the great struggles of the twentieth century will be the equilibration of religion and science, not a struggle to explain their respective importance, but a struggle to force man's moral nature to grow to the same proportions as his intellectual attainments. And even of this, the most difficult task of society, there may be present indications, though at a time when nations choke the life out of each other and invoke the assistance of God on legalized assassination, it is difficult to discover them.

—Bulletin

The Borderland.

One of the most impressive of experiences was that through which a clergyman, the late Dr. Nathaniel Burton of Hartford, father of Richard Burton, the poet, passed. Dr. Burton had been ill with pneumonia. He lay for a time between life and death, apparently unconscious of all that was going on around him.

When he recovered, he asserted that he was not unconscious; that he had full possession, apparently, of his mental faculties, but that he had also had an impressive realization of how narrow the line is that separates the other world from this; that he had some glimpses over that line, but by reason of the inability of speech of mortals to express any but mortal thoughts, it would be impossible for him to say more than that. Not a Spiritualist in the ordinary meaning of that term, Dr. Burton, after that experience, found his faith in immortality fortified by his personal experience.

A Criticism,

BY B—,

Of Henry Ridgely Evans' book entitled, "Hours with the Ghosts, or Nineteenth Century Witchcraft." One has not very far to read, in those chapters of this well-written book devoted to a discussion of Spiritualism, to discover the author's evident effort to force his strongly-biased judgment to deal fairly with the subject in hand. He brings to his task intelligence of a high order, diligent research and varied experience; and yet simple facts that should have greatly modified his conclusions have either escaped his attention completely or have been so distorted by prejudice and mal-appreciation as to become meaningless to him.

Like the majority of thinkers of to-day, the author admits without question that the soul is immortal, while at the same time he denies the probability, or necessity, of spirit intervention in the mediumistic phenomena of Spiritism. With Hudson, he claims that all such phenomena, not due to trickery—as the majority of them are—can be readily accounted for by Telepathy and a kind of psychic force as yet unknown to science.

Let us, for example, consider slate-writing for a moment as accounted for by this theory: Such writing is done either fraudulently or by telepathic and telekinetic aid, which presupposes all-around rap-

port between medium, sitter and slate. Our author admits that not all such writing is fraudulent, and he does so very properly, for such is the demonstrated and demonstrable fact. His conclusion, therefore, is based upon the presumption that the mechanical part of genuine slate-writing is done by the exercise of unknown psychic force at a distance—by telekinesis—while the intelligence which governs it is that of the medium telepathically prompted by the sitter, or, as Hudson claims, by anybody located anywhere who happens to possess the knowledge shown in the written message. Neither medium, sitter, slate or prompter is necessarily conscious of the part he, she or it plays in this performance.

Hudson's broad claim that nothing is ever communicated in such messages which some living person is not cognizant of, and therefore competent to send out telepathically or otherwise, is certainly comprehensive enough, but it is far less comprehensible than the theory of spirit intervention. We may say in general terms that nothing exists as fact until somebody cognizes it as such, while it is self-evidently true that he who first cognizes it cannot have received his knowledge telepathically from another. Hudson is logically safe in his claim for no statement can be considered as of fact until somebody is able to verify it.

Telepathy, as far as we know, is successfully practiced only under preconcerted conditions, or under circumstances of intensest interest to those at either end of the field of communication. The telepathic theory, therefore, falls to pieces at once when confronted by such a common event as the reception of a simple, incidentally mentioned fact of no interest or importance whatever except as a test which, when verified, shall prove the genuineness of the message containing it.

For example, the present writer once found an incidental statement, in a slate-written message, purporting to come from a relative who died many years ago at a ripe old age; that he had recently re-visited Saratoga county, N. Y., where he was born and reared to early manhood, and that, among other events, he had met in Saratoga the spirit of an old friend of his who used to keep the Flagler House there. Neither the writer or the medium had ever, consciously or subconsciously, heard of the Flagler House; but when the writer afterwards asked by letter of a friend of his, who is part proprietor of one of the largest Saratoga hotels, whether or not such a hotel as the Flagler existed there, his correspondent, who happened to be in New York at the time, replied that he himself had never heard of such a hotel, but, upon writing to an old resident of Saratoga, he had learned that an ancient, rather out-of-the-way hotel now known as the Imperial was years ago called the Flagler House.

Now, whosoever chooses to believe that a stranger in Saratoga sent out this fact telepathically to the medium here, who thereupon wrote it telekinetically upon her slate for the edification of her sitter, is quite at liberty to do so. But as to the majority of us, who believe in human immortality, the theory of actual spirit intervention contains no greater psychic mystery and far less of improbable complexity than the roundabout telepathic theory just stated.

It is simple facts like this which, while they carry fulness of truth to

the careful and unbiased observer, are nevertheless so apt to be malappreciated or overlooked by that great class of investigators who are always looking with strained and eager expectancy for something more striking, more wonderful, or more in accordance with the selfish object they are in pursuit of than is to be found in simple, little, everyday matters of fact of this kind.

While it is true that everything reached cognition by omniscience, it is at the same time true that omniscience is omnipresent to receive everything at first hands. But to believe that the subliminal soul-consciousness of mortals is packed with items of knowledge, which may have reached it telepathically from thousands of miles away, requires credulity of the most stalwart type.

As to materialization, spirit photography, levitation, and many other things which our author shows to be often due to trickery, the present writer has nothing to say, for the reason that he has no personal knowledge of them.

It is of interest to note that one person who has been very active and efficient in exposing the fraudulent practices of fake mediums is no other than Dr. Richard Hodgson, who is now editing the automatic writings of Mrs. Piper of Boston, which, he says, will absolutely demonstrate the fact of communication between spirits of the dead and the living.

Finally, readers of this book, and others as well, should always bear in mind that the true mission of Spiritualism is not to make a show of itself at so much a head, but to seek, to establish, and to diffuse truth; and that mediumistic phenomena are invaluable aids to the accomplishment of that purpose. An all-important element of spiritual truth is the demonstration of human immortality which these phenomena affords. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the unprincipled should, by imitations and tricky inventions, improve the opportunity to make money and notoriety out of a rapidly-spreading cult which is of the highest possible interest to humanity.

They seem to forget that Spiritualism demonstrates the truth of the Bible teaching that "their works do follow them."

LOVE IS ALL.

Written by Ella Wheeler Wilcox as a protest against the sentiments expressed in "The Man with the Hoe."

Let Labor boldly walk abroad
And take its place with kings,
For who has labored more than God,
The maker of all things?

The time has come, aye, even now it is
To rank that parable in Genesis
Of God's great curse of labor placed on man
With other fairy tales. Why, He began
All work Himself! He was so full of force
He flung the solar systems on their course
And builded worlds on worlds; and, not content,
He labors still; when mighty suns are spent,
He forges on His white-hot anvil—space—
New stars to tell His glory and His grace.
Who most achieves is most like God, I hold;
The idler is the black sheep in the fold.
Not for the hardened toiler with the hoe
My tears of sorrow and compassion flow.
Though he be dull, unlettered, and not fair
To look upon; tho' he is bowed with care,
Yet in his heart if dear love fold its wings
He stands a monarch over unloved kings.
One sorrow only in God's world has birth—
To live unloving and unloved on earth;
One joy alone makes life a part of heaven—
The joy of happy love received and given.
Down through the chaos of our human laws
Love shines supreme, the Great Eternal Cause.
God loved so much His thoughts burst into flame
And from that sacred source creation came.
The heart which feels this holy light within,
Finds God and man and beast and bird its kin;
All class distinctions fade and disappear;
Death is new life, and heaven he sees a near.
Brother is he to "ox" and "seraphim,"
"Slave to the wheel," mayhap, yet kings to him,
And millionaires seem paupers, if from them
Life has withheld its luminous great gem.
Or if his badge be scepter, hoe, or hod,
That man is king who knows that love is God.

Hermetic Teachings.

W. P. PHELON, M. D.

The Hermetic Brotherhood is an organization whose origin lies far back amongst the mists and mysteries of the past. For a time, its existence was on the unseen side of life, but the last 25 years of the nineteenth century has brought it into new life and power. It is now everywhere claiming its own among the sons of men.

Its organization is simple, consisting of a strong center for holding power, and an unwinding cord upon which the stations of associate bodies of workers are marked by knots in the order of their formation.

The original charter of privileges to the ancient Hermetic Brotherhood was granted by the gracious will of the first reigning monarch of Atlantis.

Its motto is: "One for all, and all for one;" its declaration of principles: "Love is the fulfilling, the law;" its tenet: "Power of the silence."

The work of the Hermetic Brotherhood is that of a helper of mankind, on all planes. To do this, they seek to train themselves to handle the unused powers of the spirit, which is man's birthright. With this accomplishment, they can make their work potent and lasting. We have no visible propaganda. But we recognize as an active factor in our organization the allied help of a strong membership, "beyond the veil," who are active participants in our work.

The fact of the world's unrest and discord is daily more and more forcibly impressed upon us in many ways. It seems almost certain we shall soon be beyond mortal help, to restrain or even re-arrange our impulse toward dissolution.

We also know the world must once more become harmonious, or the discordant vibrations will shake us into chaos. Law and order are harmony; it is this harmony the Hermetic Brotherhood seek. They realize, however, they cannot reform the world; but they know every member can form and reform himself. Thus the whole world will be renewed in its totality.

The only perfect harmony is that of love, the love that is God. To reach this plane of restful harmony, and thus attain success along the lines of all activities, training is absolutely essential. They who move as one, imitate the one who is Omnipotent. It is only as we guide and govern ourselves by the law of the One, can we hope for increase, unfolding, or dominance in the affairs of life.

Harmony and unity are requisites of repose. Repose develops strength. The natural condition of unfolding is harmonious unity, holding within itself forceful purpose.

The Hermetic Brotherhood ever stretches helpful hands to those who are in need. They recognize all mankind as one family, over whom should forever brood the sweetest, tenderest love.

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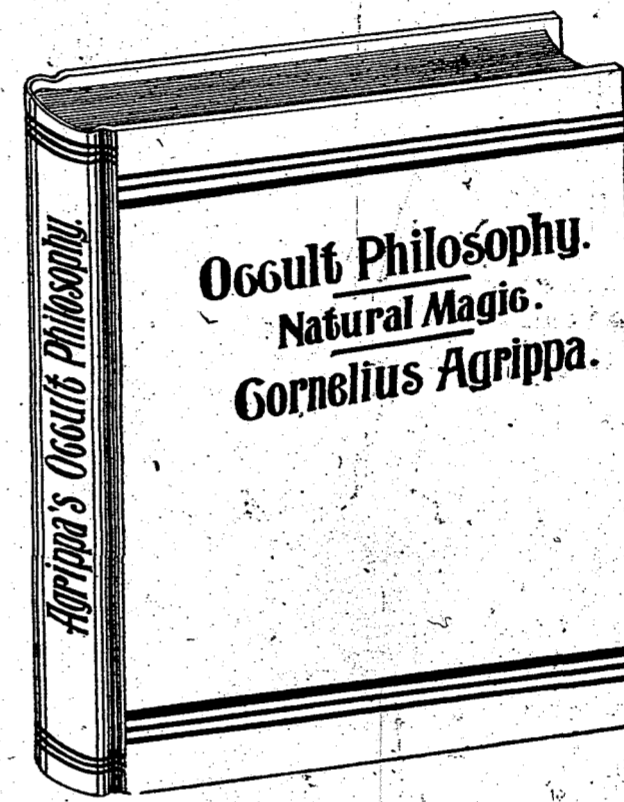
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This JOURNAL will be sent to subscribers until ordered to be discontinued, and all the arrearages are paid.

SAN FRANCISCO, JAN. 11, 1900.

Miss Lilian Whiting sailed for Europe on Dec. 16. She will remain abroad for some time.

The Steeps of Time.—The following sentiment will be endorsed by all Spiritualists, and by some who are not:

When on God's sunlit mountains
The soul in beauty stands,
Above the mists and shadows
Beyond the border lands,
With sight and sense grown clearer
It may view the steeps of time
And know why through the ages
It was born to climb and climb.

The Mayer Home Fund.—Mr. T. J. Mayer, treasurer of the N. S. A., has extended the time for the collection of the fund, upon which depends his gift of the National Headquarters in Washington, to April 1, 1900, and has reduced the amount required to be raised to \$10,000. More than half of the required sum has already been raised, and if Spiritualists do what they can, not waiting one for another, our national organization will soon have a place to call *Home*; that it may be no longer said that the foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the N. S. A. has nowhere to lay its head.

The New Year has arrived. This is the season for new and good resolutions. From the mistakes of the past we have learned valuable lessons, therefore we have no regrets on that score. Our policy for the coming year will be the same, always seeking to bring the greatest good to the greatest number. We aim to make the JOURNAL interesting and instructive to all spiritually-minded people, leaving sensation and controversy to others. We have something to present to the world of thought; we shall present it, let it be taken for what it is worth. To others, we accord the same privilege, and hold their rights as sacred as our own. "Truth

wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing."

Self-Possession is an ideal trait of character that should be cultivated, and valued as highly as a good reputation or the possession of wealth. Absolute self-control cannot be obtained with our present environment, but he who approximates most nearly to it is a leader among his fellows. When we lose our temper and let our passions work our mind into a seething vortex, we are not only liable to commit serious injury upon another, but cause a corresponding amount of damage upon our own person. True, the man who has not a spark of pluck or courage in his composition will accomplish little, nor will he amount to much in any field of endeavor, for the passions of mankind are the steam in the boiler which furnishes the power to carry us to the end of our journey. Strong passions, loves and hates, strong appetites and desires, are invariable characteristics of strong men and women.

But the strong man controls his passions and desires, and makes them his servants, rather than allowing them to be his master. When we maintain the requisite caution over our passions, we need never fear for our personal welfare, however exasperating another's conduct may appear. Our life is far too short to mar its buoyancy of feeling by the volcanic disturbance of an ungovernable temper. As we look backward into the past and note the indescribable havoc that has been wrought through uncontrolled passions; the kingdoms that have been wrecked; the countries that have been devastated by sword and torch; the homes that have been destroyed; the crimes committed, and those who have paid the death penalty, then we fully realize why we should endeavor to maintain the maximum control over our temper.

"We all may be the saviors of the world,
If we believe in the divinity which
dwells within us,
And worship it, and nail our grosser
selves,
Our tempers, greeds and our unworthy
aims
Upon the cross. Who giveth love to all,
Pays kindness for unkindness, smiles for
frowns,
And lends new courage to each fainting
heart,
And strengthens hope, and scatters joy
abroad,
He, too, is a redeemer, son of God."

"The Tyranny of the Dead" was the subject of a New Year's sermon by Rev. B. Fay Mills, pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Oakland, Cal. Judging from the gigantic strides made by this progressive preacher on the road to freedom, in the last five years, it would take a well-organized and healthy "tyranny" to again enslave his master mind. Referring to the subject of religion, Mr. Mills said:

Suppose Calvin dared to come from his grave, Think of him joining the Presbyterian Church. He would rather stay in his grave.

How happy do you suppose Luther would be in the Lutheran Church? About as happy as Jesus would be in the Christian Church. Calvin and Luther scarcely advocated one doctrine which the world needs today. We might as well worship the old Bible as the old religions. It would be a crime for some people to come here and hear me preach, the same as it would be a waste of time for some of you to go and hear some one else preach.

Earthquake Foretold—Every few days some educated ignoramus bobs up serenely and says: "Spirits have never foretold any important event or revealed any great truth to the world." Every day, spirits foretell important events and enunciate great truths; they are recorded, and read by all who seek truth. But "none of these things move him," who, "having eyes, will not see, and having ears, will not hear." The following, from the *Medium* of Los Angeles, is a case in point:

On Monday evening, Dec. 18, Mrs. Kate Hoskins was visiting us at 614 West Sixth St., and casually remarked: "The spirits tell me we shall have an earthquake within eight days." On Monday morning, Dec. 25, at 4:20, the severest shock occurred known in the history of Southern California.

Mrs. Hoskins is well and favorably known in San Francisco, and we know that prophetic utterances such as recorded above are not uncommon occurrences in her daily life.

Prof. Rodes Buchanan, prophet, sage and seer, closed his eventful life on Dec. 26, 1899. On Dec. 11, friends filled his spacious rooms in San Jose to celebrate his 85th birthday, an account of which was published in the *Progressive Thinker*, occupying nearly four columns, and on the fourth page of the same paper appeared an item announcing his death. His remains were cremated in Cypress Lawn Cemetery on the first day of the New Year. His work was well done, and broader fields now open before him.

Fraud and Fake are easy words to say, and many roll them under their tongue like a sweet morsel; but seven times out of ten it is the old game of the thief raising the cry of "Stop, thief!" The *Star of the Magi* has the following caustic criticism on the subject:

It is the proper thing, now, for the leading papers of our great cities to publish from one to half a dozen articles every week that reflect severely upon so-called occultism. All manner of "write-ups" are printed that throw discredit upon every branch of occult inquiry. According to the space-writers of the daily and Sunday press, astrologers are conniving scoundrels, esoteric teachers are schemers, hypnotic healers are knaves, and any one, no matter who, that pursues the occult path is either a fraud or a fool. At the same time, these same space-writers pander to the most fictitious side of occult inquiry by always writing a

"good" ghost story or haunted house horror whenever the world of events fails to furnish other material. We leave it to our readers as to who the real frauds and fakes are.

Moody Memorial Endowment.—A movement is in progress to raise an endowment fund of \$3,000,000 for the schools founded by the great evangelist at East Northfield, Mass. This is intended as a monument to his memory, which is in line with the wishes and character of the man. It is a healthy sign to see the pagan statues of brass and stone giving place to institutions of learning.

Proof of Immortality.

Camille Flammarion said: "My studies have led me to the discovery of a new proof of immortality. This proof is based upon my experience. For convenience sake, let us call it an experimental demonstration of the immortality of the soul. Man dies. Years pass. I then talk to his spirit, under circumstances which admit of no deception. Am I not right in concluding there is a spirit-world and that the spirit lives after its separation from the body?"

"I have had direct communication with hundreds of departed spirits. Hitherto all proofs of a future life have been based upon logic, justice and the spirit of humanity, but there was no positive demonstration. Now I have something positive in the way of proof which even the severest science cannot reject. I also prove positively the existence of a God."

"Men like the deceased Ingersoll cannot scoff at my positive demonstration in argument. Founded on my experience of the invisible world, I am absolutely certain an invisible world exists, and that it has many unknown forces."

The National Headquarters.

TO THE EDITOR:
It now gives me pleasure to inform you that there is a good prospect of the National Association owning a home of its own before April first. Our generous treasurer, T. J. Mayer, tells me to announce that he will give until the first of April to secure the fund, and that he has decided not to wait for \$15,000 to be raised, but if the friends will put \$10,000 into the treasury of this Association by the first of April, he will make over the deed of the property to the Association.

A dollar apiece from those who can afford to send it to this office will make the desired amount. Those who can send more, need not hesitate to do so, for it is a grand work they will aid on its way. Please do not wait for others to do it, nor think the sum will be raised without your help.

Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson is appointed a special agent for the N. S. A. to receive, and receipt for, finances for this Association.

All is well with this movement and the N. S. A.

Cordially, your co-worker,
MARY T. LONGLEY, Sec. N.S.A.
600 Pennsylvania Ave., S. E.
Washington, D. C.

PREVENTION AND CURE OF OLD AGE, by Eleanor Kirk. 156 pp. Price 50c. For sale at this office.

The Reviewer.

PRACTICAL GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM, with complete instructions how to investigate; by Capt. Geo. W. Walrond. 24 pp., paper. Price, 15 cents. For sale at this office.

A cheap and handy manual for beginners, and contains much information for all who seek a solution of the problems of life.

THE MASTERY OF FATE, by P. Braun, Ph. D. The New Man Publishing Co., Lawrence, Kan. 120 pp., paper. Price, 50 cents.

This is a reprint, in book form, of the articles published in the *New Man* under the above title. There are 12 lessons and a supplement, intended as a primary course, to be followed by another series of more advanced teachings. The author's fame as a mental healer has necessitated the publication of the third edition of the first volume.

SPARKS FROM THE INFINITE, by Uriel Buchanan. F. M. Harley Publishing Co., 87 Washington St., Chicago, Ills. Pamphlet, 20 pp. Price, 10 cents.

An inspirational essay upon "Unity," and several spiritual poems of a high order.

THE BIBLE GOD, Bible Teachings and Selections from the writings of scientists; by Mrs. M. M. Turner, a believer in the sanctity of science. Peter Eckler, publisher, 35 Fulton St., New York. 140 pp., paper. Price, 25 cents.

This is No. 51, Vol. 5 of the Library of Liberal Classics, issued monthly, dedicated to the memory of those who labored and suffered for science. This book is calculated to bring joy to the heart of the free-thinker and agnostic, and is an excellent work in its line.

Mind for January, 1900, is at hand, filled with good things, as usual. The leading article is by Geo. D. Herron on the "Omnipotence of Human Life," and there is a continued story in verse by Fred Deem, entitled "A Medical Tragedy." Charles Brodie Patterson, editor. Monthly. The Alliance Publishing Co., 19 West 31st St., New York.

New Church Independent and Monthly Review, S. F. and G. B. Weller, editors, 144 37th St., Chicago. A liberal church magazine, in its 47th volume. The *Independent* closes the old year with a leading article by Rev. E. D. Daniels, entitled "Washing the Disciples' Feet."

The Book and Newsdealer, published at 1203 Market St., San Francisco, Cal., is full of valuable information for book-sellers and book-buyers. The December number contains a valuable list of periodicals and three pages of book reviews.

The Two Worlds comes to us from Manchester, Eng., in a double Christmas number. Always good and full of interest. It is one of our most valued exchanges.

SEARCH FOR FREEDOM, by Wilmans, 367 pages. Cloth, For sale at this office.

Occult Science Library, published monthly by Ernest Loomis & Co., 70 Dearborn St., Chicago. Booklet form, 140 pp., devoted to concentration, methods and helps. The January number is full of good things.

Christian, Thomas J. Shelton, editor and proprietor, has removed from Little Rock, Ark., to 1542 High St., Denver, Colo. *Christian* is one of the most vigorous champions of mental science in the world, and is abundantly able to take care of itself.

Free Thought Magazine, H. L. Green, editor and publisher; monthly; 213 East Indiana St., Chicago, Ills. The first number is full of good things from Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Frederick May Holland, Sarah A. Underwood, and many other eminent writers, upon a variety of subjects.

Universal Truth, a monthly magazine of constructive thought. Cassius M. Loomis and Fanny M. Harley. The January number contains a portrait of Alwyn M. Thurber, followed by an article from his pen, "The Religion of Love." Margaret B. Peeke, Eleanor Kirk and Clara Sheldon Carter are also among the contributors to this excellent number. Universal Truth Publishing Co., 87 Washington St., Chicago.

The *Lyceum* for January comes to our table enlarged and converted into a monthly. It is a splendid number, and Brother Clifford is to be congratulated. There are many bright and interesting articles in both poetry and prose for the children and youth of our progressive Lyceums, and is an excellent home paper for all Spiritualists.

THE SECRETS OF ASTROLOGY REVEALED—How to foretell Future Events, by Prof. J. MacDonald. Price, \$1.00; with the JOURNAL one year, \$1.50.

This is instruction in the science of Astrology, the good and evil influence of the planets, signification of dreams, moles, signs and omens, mental, physical and business qualifications, conjugal adaptations, from your birth, etc.

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.

LIGHT OF TRUTH, A sixteen page weekly illustrated paper devoted to Spiritualism, Hypnotism and other occult subjects. Price \$1.50 per year. Single copies 5 cents. Address LIGHT OF TRUTH PUBLISHING CO., 305 & 307 N. Front St., Columbus, O.

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Postage Stamps may be sent to this office only for fractions of a dollar.

A Great Premium.

The Secret of Life, or Harmonic Vibration, by Professor Francis King.

This book is substantially bound in cloth, and will be sent from this office at the publisher's price, postpaid, for \$2.00. It contains Prof. King's Course of Lessons and Treatments, in detail. We present (to old or new subscribers) the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL for one year to every purchaser of this book. If the JOURNAL is paid to some time in the future, we credit it for a year beyond that time. This is part of the contents:

It teaches—How to cultivate and use the *Electric and Magnetic Forces* of the body—How to fully develop the *Muscular System and Nerve Energy* without mechanical means. The only natural method of *Physical Culture*—How to acquire Grace, Beauty of Face, Figure and Expression—How to possess Robust Health and Great Mental Vigor—Natural Voice Culture and Artistic Deep Breathing—A systematic course for developing Passivity and Concentration, and unfolding of the Subjective Powers—A thorough training of the eye—Strengthening and Revitalizing it. It brings to woman, knowledge and power to determine, mould and control Life—Her true sphere—Her Divine prerogative.

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Mediums' Directory

[MEDIUMS' CARDS put into this Directory for 20 CENTS per line per month.]

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, trance test medium, life reader and medical clairvoyant; private and chronic diseases cured with revealed remedies—cancers removed without pain; letters promptly answered; send stamp for reply; sittings \$1.00; diagnosis free. 1104 Market St., cor. of Turk, San Francisco, California.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker, Healer, Box 182 San Jose, Cal.

Mrs. Maxwell Colby, Readings, 1041 1/2 Valencia-st., S. F., Cal. Circle Tuesday eve.

Geo. W. Carpenter, M.D., Psychic Physician, cures all chronic diseases—makes a specialty of cancers. 531 Alvarado St., San Francisco.

Mrs. Sadie Eberhardt, 3250 22nd Street, Circles Wed. 2 p.m.; Thurs. and Sunday eve.

Mrs. Mena Francis, Spiritual Medium (Independent Slate-Writing) 118 Haight st., San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Griffin, spiritual and business medium. Mines a specialty. 1027 1/2 Market St., S. F.

Mrs. Kate Hoskins, Spiritual Medium, Lecturer and Healer, 445 1/2 So. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

C. E. Heywood, rapping medium, 1236 Market St., San Francisco. Questions answered by letter. Room 86; hours, 12 to 4.

Miss Meda Hoskins, Spiritual Healer, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, and Psychometrist, 1423 Market St., San Francisco.

Mrs. C. J. Meyer, spiritual and business medium. Sittings daily. Circles every eve. 335 McAllister St.

Mrs. M. M. E. Maxwell, spiritual healer and test medium. Readings daily, 1 to 5 p.m. Circles Tuesday and Thursday. 1238 Howard.

Mrs. C. R. McMeekin, Medical Clairvoyant and Readings; Lenzen ave., San Jose, Cal.

Sol Palumbaum, Trance, Test and Healing Medium, 856 1/2 Isabella St., bet. San Pablo ave. and Market St., Oakland, Cal. All diseases diagnosed. No questions asked. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 6 p. m.

Mrs. Hendee-Rogers, Nevada House, San Jose, Cal. Circle Tues. & Fri. 8 p.m. Readings daily.

Dr. Mattie J. Rollins, Mesmo-Magnetist and Business Medium, 765 Market St., S. F.

C. Mayo-Steers, 112 1/2 Oak-st., S. F. Circles Tues. 8 p.m. Thurs. 2 p.m. 25c. Reading, \$1.00

Mrs. Sarah Seal, Spiritual, Healing, and Business Medium, 215 Jones Street, S.F., Cal. Readings and Treatments daily.

Mrs. F.R.H. Stoddard, 305 Larkin St. Circles Tues. 8 p.m., Thurs. 2 p.m., 25c. Readings, \$1.

Mrs. H. S. Slosson, Test and Business Medium, 18 So. Elizabeth St., Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Irene Smith, teacher and reader in Palmistry and Astrology. Psychometric meeting Tues. evenings, Oakland, Cal., 306 13th St. Telephone 3321 Red.

Mrs. Winchester, trance medium, 1610 Clay St., S.F. Locating of mineral bodies a specialty.

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Remit by Money Order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft. Never send Coins in letters; they wear holes in the envelope, and may be lost.—Never send us a Personal Local Check, for it costs us from 10 to 25 cents to get it cashed.

Subscribers should invariably state the name of the post-office to which their JOURNALS are sent. Serious delays often follow a disregard of this. Among a large number of subscribers it is difficult to find a name, without it.

Those wishing the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL stopped at the expiration of the time paid for, should give notice to that effect, or it will be considered they wish it to continue.

Advertisements appearing fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is shown that dishonest persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once excluded.

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."

Progressive Spiritualists.—On Sunday evening, Jan. 7, the services in Occidental Hall consisted of a memorial service, to honor the memory of Prof. J. Rodes Buchanan, who passed to spirit-life Dec. 26, 1899. After the usual song service, and the announcements by Pres. Rider, Mrs. R. S. Lillie conducted the service, and with a few brief remarks introduced Dr. Cora Morse, one of the pupils of Dr. Buchanan, who spoke of him as an explorer in the unknown world of thought. Thos. G. Newman, editor of the JOURNAL, was the next speaker. He said that the Dr. was not only an explorer, but a world's savior as well. Mrs. Dr. Janny presented some statistics of his life and work, and said that he was a Spiritualist and a Socialist.

M. S. Norton called attention to his flower-wreathed portrait upon the speaker's stand, and compared him to the lofty mountains who raise their snow-capped peaks far above their fellows. Mrs. L. S. Drew spoke of him as the discoverer of the science of Psychometry, and related personal experiences while a student under his instruction. Mrs. Dr. Augustine Armstrong of Buffalo, N. Y., said that she knew Dr. Buchanan through his voluminous writings, and read a poem given to her by his inspiration since passing to spirit-life.

Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie also spoke of communications received from him, and related some personal experiences with him in Boston ten years ago. She also gave a very beautiful improvised poem. Mr. J. T. Lillie sang "Beautiful Life," accompanied by Mrs. Sadie Cooke. Mrs. Lillie spoke some appreciative words of the JOURNAL, and with a few parting remarks from Mrs. Lillie, the large audience dispersed, each better for having contributed something toward the memorial service in honor of one of God's noblemen.

Local Hermetics.—The assembly room of the Hermetic Home, 509 Van Ness Ave., was filled to overflowing on Thursday evening, Jan. 4, to listen to Dr. W. P. Phelon speak of "Returning to Unity." The Dr. spoke briefly of economic questions from a hermetic standpoint, and the meeting closed with the *gloria* and *manturim*.

Special Mention should be made of the serpentine dance performed by Inez Garrison at the Christmas entertainment of the Mission Lyceum. Mrs. Garrison is a professional of note, and intends organizing a class in the Mission for elocution and physical culture. Friends of the Lyceum will again have the pleasure of seeing this talented lady at the entertainment in Mission Opera Hall, Jan. 31st. VENA EATON.

The Mission Lyceum-Association held its annual meeting on Sunday, the 7th inst., and elected the following as its officers for the year 1900: Pres., W. T. Jones; Vice-Pres., Mrs. B. Cleveland; Sec., J. T. Roberts; Treas., Chas. Cleveland; Trustees—Geo. H. Coons, Mrs. Sadie Eberhardt and Mr. Shroder; Lyceum officers—W. T. Jones, Conductor; Assistant Conductor, Miss Lottie Davidson; Guardian, Mrs. M. A. Pfeifer; Musical Director, Miss Pearl Bryson; Librarian, W. J. Kirkwood; Guards—Earl Pfeifer, Savorna Close. The officers desire to thank the JOURNAL for the many courtesies shown them during the past year, and also to Mrs. Eberhardt, Mrs. Meyer, Mrs. Martin, Madame Young and the mediums who assisted them for their generous contributions to the Christmas fund, and to all who in any way have aided us in our work. Our Lyceum enters the New Year with bright prospects. J. T. ROBERTS, Sec.

Universal Spiritual Association.—The question for discussion on last Sunday, at 20 Eddy St., was "Supremacy." The conclusion arrived at was that the attainment of supremacy among men comes through concentration upon high ideals. This meeting should be called "the Mirror," for in it you will see yourself as you really are.

San Jose.—On New Year's eve, the Spiritual Union held a watch meeting, after the usual lecture. The meeting opened at 7:15 with a Lyceum entertainment and a tree loaded with presents, candy, etc., for the members of the Lyceum and visiting children, under the supervision of Mrs. Hamby and Mrs. Anderson. There was concert singing, marching and calisthenics, recitations by Pearl Sellers and Mabel Hamby, and a tableau, "Santa Claus Caught." The children then retired to the parlor and spent the evening as only children can. H. C. Johnson, Pres. of the Union, introduced Mrs. S. Augustine Armstrong, of Buffalo, N. Y., speaker of the evening. Her subject was: "Weavers of the Mortal and Immortal Web of Life."

After the regular service, members and friends enjoyed a social time watching the old year out and welcoming 1900. There was singing, tableaux and speeches by W. D. J. Hamby, Mrs. Marcen, Irene Smith, Mr. Vinter, Mrs. C. D. Stone, Dr. Barker, Dr. Bentley and others. Babe Hamby gave a dance and cake walk. Anonymous living pictures of poets were presented. Light refreshments were served by the ladies, and at 12:30 the company dispersed, with New Year greetings. AMUGO.

Other Sunday Meetings.—Mme. Young's meeting was addressed by Mrs. Sarah Seal, and messages from the spirit realm by Mme. Young, in Oriental Hall, 605 McAllister St.—Mrs. C. J. Meyer held her usual Sunday evening meeting in Friendship Hall, 335 McAllister St.—Mrs. Harriet Wrenn held her Sunday night meeting at 117 Larkin St., and there were several parlor meetings throughout the city.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum's 29th annual Christmas festival was a great success, the hall being packed with an appreciative audience. The operetta, "Caught Napping," under the direction of Mrs. Wadsworth and Mrs. Cooke, was very nicely sung and acted by the children. We had three different warnings about the slight accident of the evening, Mrs. Wadsworth telling the children at afternoon rehearsal if anything happened not to get scared. Santa Claus got his arm too near a lighted candle, and sleeve and whiskers were quickly ablaze, and about as quickly put out; with no special damage except to the whiskers. Mrs. Seal, who was chairman for the evening, kept cool and quickly calmed the audience. The children and the play went on to a successful finish. There was free candy, ice cream and other refreshments for the children, and the party closed with dancing. Walter Walker, floor manager.

Dec. 31st, the Lyceum had a cordial reception at the King's Daughters' Home, songs, recitations and a talk by Mrs. McClung greatly pleasing the old people. They now look forward eagerly to the fifth Sunday. Dr. Carpenter's adult class keeps growing, and a new class of boys has been formed. Brother McClure of Shasta was a visitor Sunday at the Lyceum and the Progressive's meeting. C. H. WADSWORTH.

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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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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Meets at 805 Larkin St., San Francisco, at Occidental Hall, Supreme Court building, every Sunday evening at 7.30 p.m. Mr. J. T. and Mrs. R. S. LILLIE, of Boston, are engaged for the present season.

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