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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

By REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Those who are themselves "sound in the faith" not infrequently take the ground that nobody has any right to the celebration of Christmas except those who believe that Jesus was born in a manger at Bethlehem on the 25th of December in the year 1 A. D. Perhaps this is natural; and yet it betrays an ignorance of the facts that ought not to exist.

Apart from the love and reverence that attach themselves to the name of Jesus, there is absolutely nothing about Christmas that is peculiar to Christianity. The day did not originate with Christianity, nor are any of its features specially Christian. It was several hundreds of years after Jesus before the date became generally agreed on in the Church. Augustine (born near the middle of the fourth century) held that Good Friday, Easter, Ascension Day and Whitsuntide were the only festival days that were of Apostolic origin.

When Christmas began to be celebrated there was no agreement as to the day. The 20th of May, the 20th or 21st of April and the 6th of January all had their advocates. The latter day was the one most commonly accepted in the East. As matter of fact nobody knows anything about it. Not only are the day and the month unknown, but no one knows even the year. It is now commonly believed among scholars that he was born about the year 4, B. C. And at last, sometime, perhaps in the fifth century, it was generally agreed that the festival should be fixed on the 25th of December.

When nothing was really known about it why was this particular day finally accepted? This is a very easy question to answer. In all nations, and from time immemorial, worship has been paid to the sun as a god. And when it is remembered that it is the source of light and heat and life and all growth, it cannot be wondered at. It is also the most conspicuous and glorious object in the natural world. Knowing nothing of astronomy, it was easy for barbaric people to think of it as a brilliant deity driving his chariot across the spaces and along the roadway of the sky. The Psalmist speaks of it as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber and as a strong man running a race. He was the hero who fought the darkness and the dragons of the storm. The cold and the winter were his enemies.

Once every year they seemed to get the better of him. He moved far to the South. He rose later and set earlier every day. His golden locks, the source of his power, (see Sampson) were cut off. He grew feebler and feebler, until it was time for the old year to die. About the last of December came the crisis. The sun seemed to stand still (Solstice) for three days, and then out of the caverns of darkness the sun-god

was reborn. This then was the beginning of the new year, and the glad people knew that life and spring and grasses and flowers and all the glory of summer were coming once more.

This then was the birthday of the sun-god, and it was greeted with universal joy. Among the Jews, among the Romans, indeed among nearly all the ancient people the festival was kept. The Christians simply came at last to adopt the old-time festival. On this date they celebrated a special mass which was called the Christ-mass; hence the name.

Now let us glance at a few of the ceremonies connected with the day, and see what we can find that is peculiar to Christianity. The exchange of gifts was an old Roman custom. The kindly feeling and good cheer are also of very ancient date. In Rome it was a custom to have a feast at which the poor and even the slaves sat at table, while their masters waited on them. This was to celebrate the supposed Golden Age, before evil or sorrow or class-distinctions were known. Saturn then was king; so the festival was named Saturnalia.

Whence come our Christmas trees, church and house decorations and our mistletoe boughs? From Germany, Britain and Gaul. Our German forefathers worshiped the gods of the woods, and they fancied that, by bringing the woods (trees and boughs) into the houses, the sylvan deities would follow. To the Druids of Gaul and Britain the oak was sacred, and the branches of mistletoe that grew on it were sources of power and blessing.

Christianity then has simply adopted and turned to her higher uses customs so old that we are not able to trace their beginning. But it is true that the Christian Christmas has a deeper and finer spiritual significance than the barbaric festivals of the past. The ideal of Jesus has come to stand for a sweeter, diviner fatherhood and a tenderer human brotherhood. So it is fitting for us to sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

But from this brief review of facts it will be seen that Christmas is not exclusively Christian; it is human. It belongs to all who can appreciate its spirit and who are willing to love and help their fellow men.

On our Christmas day then let us have a charity as wide as mankind, and let us not confine its exercise to one day in December, but make it last the whole year through.

THE WORLD IN TRAVAIL WITH NEW IDEAS.

By ELEANOR KIRK.

In the December Arena I came across the following thrilling sentence—thrilling because touching the very heart and the most secret and sensitive nerves of truth:

"Illustrious scholars worthy of respect and confidence have made in all countries the most conclusive experiments upon the vibratory state of matter. One can now, without being considered a fool, crazy, or impious, interest himself in the rational study of certain phenomena, which only yesterday would have passed for the vagaries of a disordered mind, and which to-morrow will be demonstrated as scientific truths."

In a recent discourse the young and brilliant acad-

emician, the Vicomte de Vogüé, said to the students of France:

"You have only to look about you to see that the world is in travail with new ideas and forms. A sound from the nether world increases and covers all other sounds—cries of revolt and cries of pity; these tell of the pangs of childbirth."

It has always been a mystery to me why there could be any disgrace attached to a belief in a future existence and the return of our friends under certain circumstances and conditions to earth life. Ministers have preached it in their pulpits and by the coffins of our dear ones and have repudiated it as soon as possible afterwards. It has been taught and untaught in the same breath. A moment of inspiration born of an innate belief and a loving desire to help those who mourn, has held the sweetest promises and the most perfect conviction. I always thank God when I hear one of these discourses in which the preacher becomes the comforter in spite of himself, and I am also sure to pray that those who have been helped and uplifted, may not meet the uplifter some day soon afterwards in a darkened parlor, when he has had time to creep back within the formal and prescribed lines of a comfortless and colorless creed.

It is certainly true that we have only to look about us to see that "the world is in travail with new ideas and forms." The whole civilized world is asking questions, and questions that must be answered. The propounders of these conundrums are no longer considered fools. Indeed the biggest fool, except one, among us at present, is the person who believes in nothing that he cannot at once explain by the evidence of his senses. The other is the individual who requires no proof of any statement, however absurd.

There never was a Christmas time when the world had so much to be thankful for as the present. We can think our honest thoughts aloud and hold the respect and affection of the neighbor who differs with us. We can "speed the parting guest" with words of comfort and the promise of a blessed reunion, and we can afterwards listen and wait with happy hearts for some hint of his presence, some sweet stirring of the air, some uplift and inspiration. We can do all these beautiful and consoling things in the best of company if we desire company and we can have a Psychical Congress to sift testimony and give us the last analysis, which is "The Consensus of the Competent," and pure science.

Let us talk over our mercies one with another at this Christmas tide, and we may be sure that where "two or three are gathered together" in sympathy and an earnest desire for guidance and light, that the spirit will as surely brood us as the mother broods the baby in her arms.

CHRISTMAS AND THE ESSENTIAL CHRIST.

By REV. H. W. THOMAS, D. D.

Welcome the eighteen hundred and ninety-second Christmas! Nearly nineteen centuries have come and gone, since the Christ was born.

The contrast between the first and the last of these centuries is most striking. The first was in many respects the darkest in the history of the world; the last has been the brightest and the best.

In the first century Rome ruled the civilized por-



THE PEOPLES OF CLAPS.

tions of the earth; the authority of her emperors was absolute. Seven out of ten of them were assassinated. Augustus made his reign conspicuous by gathering about him the wits, poets and sages of his time; but then came Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius and Nero, whose corruptions and cruelties were almost without a parallel. The first century witnessed the terrible persecution of the Christians by Nero, and the destruction of Jerusalem by the army of Titus, in which it is said that more than a million persons perished.

Between the first and the nineteenth centuries lie all the great events of modern history; the fall of Rome, the rise of the Mohammedan religion, the dark and mediæval ages, the discovery of America, the invention of printing, the Reformation, the new astronomy. These periods have their darkness, their poverty and misery, their bloody wars and persecutions, but through all there has been a wonderful world-progress. Liberty has passed from the one to the many—power from the king to the people; slavery has been abolished, knowledge increased and the rights of reason and conscience in religion generally confirmed.

The crowning results of these ages of struggle have all come into these last years of our wonderful nineteenth century. The results of the earlier inventions and discoveries have opened the way to others of not less importance, and the united power of all these has culminated in the wonderful progress and promise of the present. And not only has there been objective growth, but subjective; man has grown; along with the higher reason and right of liberty and justice has come the new conscience of a nobler and tenderer humanity, and with this the conception of a Christian God. The old superstitions and dark dogmas of original sin, penal atonement and endless punishment, are giving place to the more rational and merciful doctrines of evolution—the justice of love, the suffering of love to save. A new hope is taking the place of the old despair.

Humanity is coming to be seen as divine; the essential, the spiritual Christ is in man, and is being born again and again in the mangers of poverty, is present in the needs and sins and sufferings of a world that is slowly rising into the light and life of the infinite. The God who was in Christ, is in man; and hence man is coming into the life of God.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

By M. S. CAMERON.

When Carlyle said "the history of the world is the biography of great men" he uttered a statement pregnant with truth. The hero-worship we render to those whose names are luminous on scrolls of the past, is surely a recognition of that fact.

Of all historical characters, the man Jesus occupies a pinnacle at once unique and impregnable. His large human sympathy with all who suffered or who sinned, gives him a place in human hearts which no one else can claim. Even those who "own him Lord" dwell more on his loving than on his divinity or mediatorship.

To us who have outlived, or never had the propitiatory attitude towards God, and need neither the intercession of saint or Savior, to stand between us and the divine love of the Infinite Father, Christ still is dear. "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." We also have sorrows and an acquaintance with grief, and out of very self-pity the bond of sympathy is inevitable.

Humanity has no greater need than to be loved.

The Christmas chimes therefore fall on our ears without discord. They harmonize well with the undertone in our souls, which lies deeper than expression.

It sometimes comes as an overpowering thought that the son of a peasant bondsman with his deep, simple life, should have so moved Christendom. The solution lies in one word "love." His voice crying in the wilderness of ignorance and tyranny, barbaric splendor and poverty, yet heralds the coming age of

"The brotherhood of man,
The federation of the world."

I feel we are on the eve of wonderful revelations. The "march of enlightenment" goes forward. Even stern orthodoxy is preparing to widen her tents, in order to entertain the "larger hope."

Spiritualists are being drawn from the ranks of agnostics and atheists who have gone off on a tangent from any shred of belief in the doctrines of Christians, yet have come back on far different lines to "grapple to their souls with hoops of steel," the fact of continued existence. We are richer than Alexander the Great in having another world to conquer.

Our present attitude reminds me of that chariot of old, whose one wheel rolled upon the earth, while the other circumscribed the heavens.

Nearly all modern writings contain some hint or suggestion of Spiritualism, either theory or phenomenon. Foremost among them all is that wonderful passage from Victor Hugo, voiced from sceptical France:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising towards the sky. The sunshine is over my head, the earth gives me the generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, eternal spring is in my heart. The nearer I approach the end I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which unite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song. I have tried all, but I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work,' but I can not say 'I have finished my life.'

The tomb is not a blind alley, it is a throughfare. It closes in the twilight to open in the dawn.

My work is only a beginning, is hardly above its foundation; I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever? The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

GOOD CHRISTMAS.

By WILLIAM BRUNTON.

When health and strength return to earth;
When in each home pure hearts have birth;
When mind and thought have wings to fly,
And be as birds in God's blue sky;
When brotherhood shall be a fact,
Revealed by look and word and act;
When sweet religion shall abound,
As flowers in summer gardens' found;
When death shall no more shadows throw,
But like the night to morning grow;
When friends before shall whisper sweet,
And day by day our spirits greet;
When men and nations shall forget,
War's sword of bitterness to whet;
When love shall bide within the ways
Encircling all our common days,—
When these good things for good appear,
'Twill be God's Christmas all the year!

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By ST. GEORGE BEST.

Oh, I have read in that strange olden Book,
How He that was the seed of David came,
Announced by angels, while a wandering flame
Above his lowly cot its station took.
The magi of an eastern realm forsook
The royal purple and the Persian name,
And followed it that they through gifts might claim
The favor of the young Christ's earliest look.
How blest the light that shined on Bethlehem
To every bruised and fainting heart to-day!
Look up, oh soul! and know that unto them
Is life beyond, who walk the Perfect Way.
The star that ushered in the Reign of Peace
Shall spread its rays till strifes and babblings cease.

BIRTH OF THE SPIRIT.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

So far as my knowledge extends, the first attempt to explain the details of the process of dying and of the birth of the spiritual body and its indwelling spirit, from the material body, was that of Andrew Jackson Davis, in the first volume of his "Great Harmonia." The Physician published in 1850. In this work Mr. Davis describes, at some length, the minutiae of the psycho-physiological processes attendant upon the severance of the spirit from its physical abode or covering. His knowledge in the matter was derived, he tells us, from clairvoyant vision of the death of a lady friend of his. Since then Mr. Davis has, in various of his other works, claimed to have seen clairvoyantly quite a number of other instances of spirit-birth; and additional descriptions of the spiritual parturition, under varying circumstances, are found in his "Death and The After-Life," "Penetralia," "Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse," "Beyond the Valley," etc. During the past forty years a number of mediums and clairvoyants have testified to having likewise been witnesses of the departure of the spirit from its tenement of clay; and in all cases coming under my notice, the attendant circumstances of the transition from matter to spirit have been described in substantial accord with those outlined by Mr. Davis. If I remember aright, among those thus testifying was Mrs. F. O. Hizer, the well-known speaker, who published an account of the spirit-birth of her mother as seen by her clairvoyantly. In various communications purporting to emanate from disembodied spirits, the process of dying and the birth of the spirit has also been described, and I think always in a similar manner to that of Mr. Davis and the other clairvoyants. As we know, there are often discrepancies on many points in the alleged testimony of spirits concerning things spiritual; but in this matter there appears to be a general unity; all accounts of the spirit-birth seems in substantial agreement.

According to Mr. Davis's evidence, as confirmed by the other witnesses, the extremities die first; the spiritual particles are withdrawn therefrom first, while the head is the last to die. All the substance composing the spiritual body passes out of the material body through the head. Above the head the spiritual body is re-formed, and this body is connected with the material body by a fine cord of spirit-substance, the analogue of the umbilical cord in physical parturition. When this cord is severed, then and not till then is death complete.

In the July number of the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research is a paper by F. W. H. Myers, "On Indications of Continued Terrene Knowledge on the Part of the Phantasms of the Dead." Included in this paper are two narratives of the experiences of men who came very near dying, but were restored to life in the material form. These narratives are of special interest when read in connection with the revelations of clairvoyance and mediumship upon the processes of spirit-birth. The first narrative is that of Dr. Wiltse, of the St. Lewis Medical and Surgical Journal. He lay for dead four hours; the church bells rang for his death. The Doctor says that he woke up out of unconsciousness into a state of consciousness, and discovered that the soul was in the body but not of it. He says, "With all the interest of a physician, I beheld the wonder of my bodily anatomy, intimately interwoven with which, even tissue for tissue, was I, the living soul of that dead body. I learned that the epidermis was the outside boundary of the ultimate tissue, so to speak, of the soul." This is in precise accordance with the teachings of Davis and the Spiritualists. The spirit-body is the analogue of the material body; one is the counterpart of the other. The spirit-body is the inner lining, so to speak, of the material one. For each material atom in the outer body, there is a corresponding spiritual atom, its vitalizing essence, as it were. Dr. Wiltse says he watched the separation of his soul from the body. The spirit was rocked to and fro laterally, thus severing its connection with the bodily tissues. Mr. Davis has many times spoken of

the pulsing, vibratory movement of the spiritual substance which accompanies soul-birth. The Doctor then felt the retreat of the spiritual substance from the feet upwards. "I began slowly to retreat from the feet toward the head," he says. "I remember reaching the hips and saying to myself, 'Now, there is no life below the hips' I recollect distinctly when my whole self was collected into the head, when I reflected thus: I am all in the head now and I shall soon be free." He remembers emerging from the brain, appearing to himself something like a jelly-fish in form and color. As he emerged from the head he floated up and down and laterally like a soap-bubble attached to the bowl of a pipe, until at length he broke loose from the body, fell, and then slowly rose and expanded into the full stature of a man. This also is remindful of Davis's descriptions of the final separation of the spirit-substance and its indwelling ego from the body through the head, with the accompanying vibrations and dancing movements. The spirit body of the Doctor, he discovered, was naked, but soon he found himself clothed, he knew not how. According to the Spiritualist teachings, the spirit-body is born naked, but suitable clothing is provided by the friends in attendance, waiting for the new birth. In this case it is probable that no actual clothing was provided, as complete death did not ensue, but that, in deference to the embarrassment felt by the Doctor, as he tells us, on account of his nude state, he was psychologically impressed by the spirits in attendance with the idea that he was clothed—the idea was due to spirito-hypnotic suggestion.

Dr. Wiltse plainly saw his body on the couch, and the persons present in the room. He passed out of the open door and went into the street. The same thing is often narrated in spiritualistic literature. We often read of spirits seeing their bodies just after death and the circumstances attending their funerals, etc.

Mr. Davis says that the fully-organized spirit-body passes from the house in which its birth takes place either through the door or open window; it does not pass through the solid wall. The Doctor soon discovered that a small cord like the thread of a spider's web ran from his shoulders back to his body, and was attached to it at the base of the neck in front. Then he went through the air upheld by a pair of hands which he could feel lightly pressing on his sides. Davis and others tell us that the new born spirit is conveyed to the Spirit-world by spirit friends. He soon reached a roadway having seemingly no support. A voice told him it was the road to the eternal city, and once passed he could no more return to the body. Just as he was about to enter, he was suddenly stopped. He became unconscious again, and when he woke he was lying in his bed. Readers of the works of Davis and Mrs. Maria M. King will remember the accounts of the spiritual roads or pathways leading from earth to the Spirit-world and from thence to earth, upon which the spirits travel to and fro. They have no support in space. As soon as he revived, Dr. W. told the story of his experience to those at his bedside, and afterwards wrote it out. The doctor, who was at the bedside, said that the breath was apparently absolutely extinct and every symptom marking the spirit as dead was present. "I supposed that he was actually dead, as fully as I ever supposed any one to be dead."

The second narrative is that of Rev. L. J. Bertrand, a Huguenot. While traveling in the Alps, he became nearly frozen to death. His body was powerless, but his head was perfectly clear. He resolved to study quietly the process of death. The feet and hands went first and "little by little," he says, "death reached my knees and elbows." After death had reached all the rest of his body, his head was the last to succumb. He found himself "a ball of air in the air, a captive balloon attached to earth by a kind of elastic string and going up and always up." Looking down he saw his body, and he wished that he was able to cut the thread that tied him to it. His only regret, he says, was that he could not cut the string. Suddenly a shock stopped his ascension, and he felt that some-body was pulling him down; his friends were trying to revive his body. He reached the body and he

came again its tenant, much against his wish. While detached from the body, he saw a number of things taking place mostly in the vicinity of his body, all of which he narrated upon his revival, and the whole was found to be strictly correct.

Parties desirous of fuller particulars of these two narratives, and without access to the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, will find copious extracts therefrom in the August number of the Review of Reviews, English edition, pp. 146, 147. The coincidences in these two narratives from such widely-independent sources, and the many remarkable coincidences between them and the clairvoyant and mediumistic revelations upon the same subject are of much import, I think. These narratives furnish strong confirmatory evidence of the substantial truth of the teachings of Mr. Davis and Spiritualists in general upon the process of spirit-birth, and are a powerful aid in the demolition of the materialistic hypothesis, so ardently cherished by many gropers in the dark, that death ends all. The fact that, in the record of the two instances above, the spirit-percipient was enabled to see such a number of distinct occurrences on earth, including several at some little distance from his body, as narrated in detail in the story, in every case in exact accordance with the facts as testified by the persons themselves who were the actors in the events seen, is proof that Mr. Bernard's psychical experiences were not hallucinations, but verities. Great is the debt of gratitude that lovers of truth owe to the Society for Psychical Research, for its persistent and careful efforts to collect facts and ascertain the truth in a scientific manner upon the obscure psychical problems of the day. Nearer and nearer are the conclusions of the society approaching the rational, spiritualistic explanations of these problems. Already have prominent members of this society, among its most careful, unbiased investigators, announced their conviction that a portion of the phenomena so faithfully and cautiously gathered by them, is due to the action of "phantasms of the dead"; that is, the disembodied spirits of former residents of earth. And not least among the valuable facts secured by this society, in attestation of post-mortem life and action, are the two narratives outlined above.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

THE DEEPER MEANING OF CONSCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER.

If I might venture on a definition of conscience that might suffice for common use, it would be that conscience is the power in man to discover the law of his own being. If a tree could divine the form its particles were to take—such and such a trunk, such and such branches, such and such leaves, all that goes to make up the complete form which it is about to assume—and then could feel the pressure of that form and hence that it ought to resist all impulses and all influences that would tend to make it vary therefrom, the tree would have a conscience. If any object in the world—a crystal or a snow-flake, a star or a sun—could know what in its very nature it is meant to be, it would have a conscience.

For everything in the world has a certain nature impressed upon it; there is a law of its being. It is for a tree to be a tree, for a crystal to be crystal, for a star to be a star. Of course, so far as we know, none of these objects has a conscience. Man alone (or beings kindred to him) has this wonderful power; but it nowise differs from what it would be in plants and crystals, if each one could know the peculiar law of its being. Man alone (or animals like him) has the sense of ought, of something unconditionally binding, he alone feels the pressure of an idea which is the essence of obligation; but the idea whose pressure he feels is nothing foreign to him, nothing artificially added to him by an outside power—it is the idea of his own being, it is the law of his life, as gravitation is the law of the earth and the stars.

To me it is an intelligible conception—that as everything has a law of its being, so man has a law of his. Conscience is the power of perceiving this law. Morality is the habit of obedience to it. And religion,

sense that the law is not of our creation, that it has its source in that which makes the suns and stars as well, that in obeying it we are doing in our part of the universe what suns and stars are doing in theirs. Religion is the sense of fellowship with the universe of things, of union with the deep unfathomable Power, in which the universe rests.

This is nowise inconsistent with the recognition that conscience is a growth, as every other faculty of man, and indeed almost every particular thing in the world, is. Conscience is a growth, it has taken a long time to develop even such an imperfect conscience as the ordinary civilized man of to-day possesses. But conscience grows in the knowledge of the truth, it but discovers what is true independent of its discoveries. It has taken a multitude of experiences to make a conscience; for not by any miraculous revelation is the knowledge of the law of our being imparted to us. It has taken sometimes sad, tragic experiences; tears, groans, agonies, the very furies—mistakes and failures—have driven men to seek out and find the true law of human life. Yes, but we have found it (in some measure); justice, right, fidelity, love, pity, brotherhood are some of our names for it; these represent "our true, original course," of which the poet speaks. There is rest, there is the sense of ease and freedom in following this course; off it, there comes, sooner or later, destruction to man and all his works.

THE FETE OF MOTHERHOOD.

BY MARY HOLLAND LEE.

Some men friendly enough of nature, but of small judgment in learning, do think I take too much pains and spend too much time in setting forth these children's affairs; but these good men were never brought up in Socrates' school, who saith plainly that no man goeth about a more godly purpose than he that is mindful of the good bringing up both of his own and other men's children.

This, fine old Roger Ascham, of those far-away days that glimmer in the rosy dawn of this modern age, knew well—the first and highest principle of soul culture, that woefully neglected art in these busy, rattling times of prosperity, haste and waste. Neglected, mark, for only such of us are included here whose right it is to know, envied by the comforts and luxuries of life, having our comfortable church pews, too, where we may listen to eloquent strains on theological economy or practical Christian living—as the case may be with the moral courage of the speaker.

Such as are in the darkness of ignorance and dejected poverty are deaf! Did one ever find ignorance a ready listener? I trow not. So a charge falls to those whose blessings are manifold. A mother-charge to carry knowledge into these shades of their own success.

"Where is your son? Where your daughter?" will be the first questions to greet us. Words from our lips, remember, will fall valueless. We must, to the deaf, resort to sign language. A true object lesson will out-rank a library of advice. And what is more, these strange unwholesome sisters will not so much as glance at our work if once they discover flaw or rent. Being so lowly it is strange they are so hypercritical!

Do we read to them of Hannah taking little Samuel to the temple, they do not hear! but the lines of perplexity across our brows, index of the thoughts given to the extravagant christening-robe for baby, will not escape their keen eyes. Tell these mothers of the blessed Mary and her son and they'll laugh at us for fools if the sign of noble motherhood, of sacred motherhood, does not plead with them from our souls.

If we will but pause awhile, come out of the noise and bustle of the highway we may hear the poet-soul still singing, "So the All-Great is the All-Loving too!"

All-Loving! Embracing from the least unto the greatest, recognizing the true part even though lying beneath generations of evil, sin, disease, as we will as to name, but all the same a degradation through ignorance of that purity which is the birth-right of all God's children.

Let us not forget to see that our children understand this; simply after baby fashion. We need not carry our cradles over discouraging lengths to philosophical temples in search of *modus operandi*; the child will have his lesson by heart before we are half there, learned from the mother's eye, her smile, her patience and self-control. We may sit by our fire-sides if we but understand ourselves that the fresh, untutored soul is a part of the All-soul, the All-loving. What then?

Then, of course, far-reaching which simplified is self-forgetting, as the Master was self-forgetting.

Selfishness is the black frost of the soul; every blossom withers under its devastating touch.

Do we appreciate how thoroughly we instruct in selfishness?

What lessons are our indulged children learning now as the pregnant Christmas-tide flows in over our hearth-stones? To him that hath more is given!

No! The crumbs from the over-stocked platter are not forgotten. We scatter them here and there. Another self-indulgence unless we forget the falling crumbs and honestly divide! We do not fancy standing before our elastic consciences wholly shorn of the golden fleece of virtue! Self-flattery is the worst and yet do we eschew it? No! though it casts dangerous shadows:

"If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it!"

The sunlight of the heart gives healthy growth to the tender soul-plants loaned to our fostering care. Whatever else is true, whatever else is false in this analytic age of affirmation and negation one truth is anchored fast; that, in all treatises on the phenomena of light, the heart-light is the only brightness that does not dull the hearth-glow, but on the contrary beautifies and intensifies it; and there is no heart-light, true heart-light, unless the good angel of charity descends from heaven with the illuminating spark; neither is there charity where there is not service and self-denial. "God uses us to help each other," so water plentifully the little pushing roots with the unstrained quality of mercy.

The December winds blow the straws manger-ward! The tender story of the mother and child seems told anew. What though many an ancient cult held the same idea, none so full, none so sweet as that of the nativity where the glorious star served as guide, where the tinkling of the bells of the fold was lost in the song of the angelic choir.

To believer or skeptic it appeals as true motherhood appeals to all men, either of high or low estate, the motherhood that lets no shadow fall between herself and her child and heaven!

Not the anxious, fretting mother, dividing herself between every social call and her nursery. Not mothers of many cares that tucks and flounces may outnumber her neighbors' tucks and flounces, but far-sighted mothers, mothers who as the Sistine Madonna, look in purity and power, in faith and love to the future with contemplation and knowledge at their feet. The transfigured woman through the office of her high estate, an abstract of all that is lovely in womanhood, to man always—"A star above the storm," she is then the vision that rests in the heart of each

"Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of their cure,"
as Browning somewhere says.

The eyes of a nation rise only to the level of its mothers. Nearly two thousand years ago eloquence grew dumb before baby-wisdom and turned to reflective shades. The child in the manger! The mystery!

What but a mystery, a holy mystery is this sea of souls that ebbs and flows between the shores of time and eternity? Souls sent to win the scepter of honor and the shield of knowledge.

How often is it done? Have we the mothers set the tender feet in the right path? Have we buckled the armour tight for the contest?

In this fête of motherhood, being questioned, what answer can we give?

GUIDANCE.

By WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

In the large heart of Man
There lives a mighty hope;
By it is fixed his span,
By it he knows his scope.

He, forward looking far
Along the way of time,
Descries each baulk and bar
And feels his strength sublime.

THE ETHICS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By JANET E. RUNTZ REES.

Perhaps the more zealous advocates of Spiritualism in representing its claims either as a religion or a philosophy are unmindful of the truth that the world owes its progress neither to the one nor the other. It would be extremely difficult to prove that even ethically, mankind is wholly indebted to the religions or philosophies which from time to time has attended the evolution of the race. Far more than to any such influence are we indebted to the prosaic acquirement of certain well-established facts, without the certainty of which the world would be a waste, "vast howling wilderness." Unpopular as such an assertion may be, we may venture upon it because it is undoubtedly true, and truth, the divinest object of our worship, wears a many colored garment. Beneath its folds she can await the time for more perfect understanding upon the part of ignorant man, well knowing that until she be recognized the path of human experience as of human endeavor, lies amid chaos.

And, in the nature of things that which is hardest to gain is most precious to keep, so that mankind seizing from time to time rare glimpses of actualities which are facts, stubbornly clings to them, forgetting that they are but isolated portions of that great mosaic which in its entirety can never be revealed to the finite mind, in that, in its very being, it is infinite. Slowly and with unremitting effort has man arrived at certain definite conclusions with regard to life in his immediate environment, each step in such acquirement has been marked by blood, by agony of tears, by anguish of relinquishment, but succeeding ages have in every case, justified the revelation of facts so obtained. The "causis belli" of one generation is the household god of the next. When, therefore, we would exalt the claims of Spiritualism to the attention of the intelligent portion of the race—how shall they be urged? As tenets of a new religion? As elements of a new philosophy? We would earnestly reply no—a thousand times no. If Spiritualism can offer no more than this, let all hope in its revelations die; it is foredoomed; it, in its turn, must follow in the steps of all other religions and cults, and cannot survive. But if its adherents can show—in support of its superiority to existing beliefs—one solitary fact, undeniable, well established, incontrovertible, the world by the terms of its own valuations, must accept its authority.

Nothing, let me repeat, can exceed in value a fact; well did the apostles understand that law of life; well has the Catholic church known it; undauntedly has religion everywhere striven to supply its place by "faith," by "visionary hope". It remains for the latest revelation of man's experience to bring forth that which shall at once reconstruct the whole scheme of man's life. This is surely no idle word. Let but the facts upon which the Spiritualist founds his claim either to religion or philosophy be established, and behold, a new day will have dawned; for mankind something greater than the world has ever known will be born, and the travail of the ages will be accomplished.

In the light of such a revelation all things mean must die!—at once the purest ethical system must spring into being. Man, convinced that he is but one in the endless chain of causation, visible and invisible, mingling in every act and thought, in every hope and aspiration, with the myriads who, in the overwhelming vortex of the years, have lived and are so living, knowing as a fact that no act or word or

thought of his but is seen and known of all those in the past or present partake of his likeness, knowing as fact, that "cloud of witnesses" are brothers, sisters, friends, parents, kindred, that in a word, he is kin to the whole race of all who have trodden or may tread this earth, and what can the outcome of such a fact be but a higher life? A recognition of brotherhood—a tie so close with each and all that there can be "no mine," "no thine," but that all shall be as one, and that in the light of such transcendent fact established, all the nations of the earth shall be as one family. Then indeed, shall the vision be accomplished, the reign of peace begin! Then indeed will there be "peace on earth! good will to man!" for there will be knowledge in place of faith, and certainly in lieu of hope. Can any then withhold a helping hand in such a cause? Can any hold back that which should establish then in the mind the certainty of man's union with the so-called dead?

Shall not we then strive, each in his degree, to unmask this hidden secret of the grave, to reveal that precious gem, that brightest jewel in the radiant diadem on truth's pure brow, that pearl of price, whose name shall be consolation, whose crowning glory shall be the establishment of immortality as fact?

CHRIST NEW-BORN.

By W. A. CRAM.

Each morning the world is a new world to our awakening consciousness. 'Tis not the same light and beauty and joy of sky or garden, of love or work, that feed our eye and ear, that fill our mind and heart to-day as in the past.

We are born out of yesterday's world into new or higher conditions, with ever changing and growing organs and senses,—with ever ripening and unfolding thoughts and loves. This appears to be nature's law running through and over all life. Consider the lesson of this law in relation to the Christ, the soul's high ideal and prophet of religion. By the same law each day, each Christmas the living, immortal Christ must be new-born for us. Yesterday's or last year's is outlived, past forever.

To-day then, standing on yesterday's or last year's conditions and experience of body, of hope, love and striving, the new light and vision reveal a new-born Christ and ideal of the soul's and heaven's immortal beauty and wealth of being. Why should I ever scorn or condemn the old? In the glorious light and promise of the new morning, does the past appear poor and little? Let us remember that it gave birth to to-day's higher. In peaceful thankfulness let it pass.

Why should I scorn or condemn my neighbor's Christ or ideal of religion? I can never know how glorious a light, how joyful an inspiration it is to him. I can only know that they are born to him as mine to me, for the soul's on-leading and uplifting. He can no more truly pray and worship as I, than I as he.

What freedom, what peace and wealth of life will be for us when we can fully recognize this eternal law of our being and so live our religion in great-hearted kindness bidding each other's soul cheer, giving the helping hand to each others' highest beauty and love of the Christ and ideal! Shall I not strive to teach and help my neighbor? How can we do this in truer, richer ways, than by first teaching heaven's divine tolerance and good will that overflows all. My friend's creed or form or outward baptism of religion, may be only as chains and childish toys to my Christ-faith and heavenly ideal, if I strive to put them on. Yet the Holy Ghost that touches and feeds him through and over them, often flows from his life in the spirit and power of truth and beauty that quickens and exalts my whole being. If perchance he would indoctrinate me with his Christ or Bible, I stop my ears. How can he know my soul's want for spiritual raiment, the fitting words and attitudes of my psalms and prayers? When he invites me to pray and commune with him in the freedom of the spirit and truth regardless of images or texts or attitudes, of Christ or Bible or church, I gladly accept. Why

may we not sit or work together in the peaceful waiting or striving of our souls, each cherishing his Christ and ideal of to-day, each welcoming the newborn Christ of to-morrow, giving them image and name and act, according to our highest hopes and needs?

"But the Christ of Jerusalem, the Christ of the fathers and the church may be outgrown and forgotten unless embalmed and preserved in creed or church, and so God's word and life be lost." What shall we do betwixt the new voices and the old of the spirit? Let those who have fear or lack faith in the new voices of the Holy Ghost be nobly faithful to the old. 'Tis well for them. Even thus they best serve the Eternal and enter into the new Christ-life.

Lifted up by the dead and dying calls of last year's vigorous growth the new tree arises spreading its leaves and flowers and fruit wider and higher into the light and power of the new summer's day, for larger, richer harvests of life—so the soul grows new hope and faith, and deeds of religion standing on and reaching from the dead and dying calls of last year's growth. Does not the voice of the Eternal whisper "it is my way. It is well, know O little ones, you each subserve the same high end." Let those whose faith and trust in the soul and eternal truth outruns the old, in the freedom of great hope and gladness go forward then to welcome the new-Christ born, whether in cattle-shed, fisherman's hut, or the temple's "Holy of Holies." Is the reality of religion limited to names or a church? Is the soul's stature always to wear the one stamp of Catholic or orthodox, or Christian or Unitarian? Surely it would be sad if God and the soul must be imprisoned and bound by the garments and toys of childhood's growth. Yet is the childhood good. In the dawn of the new Christ-year, in joyful freedom and immortal hope, let us welcome the new day's light, opening to us the world's purest, richest treasures, the eternally ascending ideal and Christ of more and better life.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

By F. H. BEMIS.

"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people; for there is born to you this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the sign unto you: Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased."—(Luke ii. 8-15.)

This simple, but beautiful story, incident to the birth of Christ, comes down to us as fresh and inspiring as on that first Christmas morning nearly nineteen centuries ago, it came to the shepherds abiding in their tents on the Judean hills. The busy generations of men have come and gone; cities, kingdoms and empires have arisen, fallen into decay, and passed away; monuments have crumbled into dust; but this simple pastoral story of the angel and the attendant "multitude of the heavenly host," heralding the birth of Jesus remains. And on each recurring Christmas festival down through all the intervening centuries, the marvellous story has been repeated:

"These are the ancient holy hills
Where angels walked of old;
This is the land our story fills
With glory not yet told."

It was on these same hills of Bethlehem that one thousand years before David in his youth had tended his flock. Holy hills! Aglow with precious and enkindling memories, hallowing rock and stream! No wonder angels should appear under such conditions

to herald such an event, or that the glory of the Lord should shine round about them. No wonder there should be:

"Light on thy hills Jerusalem!
The Savior now is born
And bright on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn."

As I ponder upon this ancient story coming down from an age of myth and legend as it does, I cannot but imagine how a similar event related as occurring in our own day would be received by an unbelieving and materialistic church, which accepts this story of the Judean shepherds with such unquestioning credulity. A church which two hundred years ago ascribed all spirit phenomena to Satanic agency, and which today denies and derides the possibility of any communion between the departed and those yet remaining on earth. It can believe angelic communications were possible to mortals nineteen centuries ago. It can believe this pastoral story of the shepherds, although they were "sore afraid," and hence in no critical frame of mind. It can believe that angels, good angels, could come and commune with mortals then. It can believe that Joseph was warned by an angel in a dream. It can believe that an angel came and opened the doors of the common prison at Jerusalem and let the apostles out. It can believe that an angel came to Peter while in prison—that before his spirit finger bolts and bars flew back and an iron gate opened at his touch. It can believe anything and everything concerning spirit agency, provided it happens to be related in the Bible. It can believe that graves opened and gave up their dead. As to many of these ancient marvels, Spiritualists neither affirm nor deny. They concede the possibility of their occurrence because similar phenomena have occurred under their own observation and within their own experience. They believe in the continuity, perpetuity and consistency of spiritual law. They believe that throughout all time the spiritual world has impinged upon the material; that if communion between the departed and those remaining yet on earth has been possible in any age or country, or among any people—then it is possible in all ages, in all countries and among all peoples. They do not doubt that marvellous, spiritual manifestations occurred in Judea long centuries ago, but they do not believe such manifestations were miraculous or exceptional, because they believe in an infinite, eternal and immutable God; and therefore in unvarying and perpetual order and harmony. They believe in an established order and harmony in the spiritual realm, not less fixed and certain than in the material realm. If there be divine order and harmony anywhere, then it must find its fullest, freest and divinest expression in that interior realm of the spiritual universe.

Spiritualists find, or believe they find, evidence in confirmation of spiritual laws, order and harmony running through all the religions of the world—none are without their witnesses of spirit return and spirit communion. Whatever is true of one, is measurably true of all.

Let us believe that the song of love and peace heard by the Judean shepherds nineteen centuries ago has not died away. The angel world is still repeating its song of peace and good will to the children of men:

"Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world.
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing;
And even o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of ire and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel's strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man, hears not
The love song which they bring;
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing."

SIGNIFICANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

By A. M. BEECHER.

As the Christmas tide approaches we are of late each year more and more inclined to question its real significance. For a long time the occasion has seemed in danger of lapsing into simply an opportunity for the display of lavish expenditure in gifts to those who would give in return. Now, however, we seem to see some signs of a reaction from the senseless to the more sensible, in the questionings of many as to the propriety of this almost exclusive mode of celebrating the advent of a personage who has given a name to millions and whose life and teachings are supposed to be the basis of all right living, of all moral training and indeed of all progress toward a higher civilization.

It is a question for more grave consideration than has yet been given it, whether the celebrations of any anniversaries of historic events or events relating to historic persons, are celebrated by methods or in ways that are at all commensurate with the significance of the events.

The anniversary of which we speak is, of all others—if it has the historic or other importance which is claimed for it—the one in which the real significance should be most clearly brought out and the import of the occasion most scrupulously regarded. It at all events celebrates the advent of one of the most remarkable historic characters of whom we have knowledge—one who is the acknowledged leader to whom these millions are supposed to look for precept and for example to be practicalized in each life, and whose utterances whether in word or act are held sacred.

We naturally then turn back to scrutinize the life and teachings of this leader, asking what were the dominant ideas, the most conspicuous ideals of this chieftain.

In doing this I think we shall find, giving all else due prominence, that above and over all there were, as distinguishing traits in character and distinctive prominence in teaching, a true altruism and a universal fraternity of feeling constantly crystallizing in acts of fellowship and beneficence. To be his disciple then, in any true sense; to be his follower in any acceptable manner, we must it would seem, not only give intellectual assent to his teachings, but be in constant practical acceptance and illustrators of his philosophies. In no other way can the right to bear the name, to claim discipleship or to share the honor of vital relationship be demonstrated. To the propagation of the principles of justice, equality and fraternity did he give a life, which in its mundane form he relinquished rather than discontinue the teachings and illustrations of these principles. To the law and to the testimony then we find the key note of the influence that has followed down the years, ayedown the ages, for it was sounded in the first movement of life in the universe; love and giving as the expression of love. By the Christmas reiterated the mandate, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and to give it more personal direction he added the injunction and admonition, "Love one another as I have loved you," "for I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one to another." "If ye love me keep my commandments." Tests these of discipleship.

To all then to whom the Christmas anniversary means anything commemorative there comes the pertinent query, are the teachings, ayedown the absolute injunctions of the one who alone can give significance to the occasion, being regarded even in the celebration intended to commemorate his history and perpetuate the memory of his individuality.

His precepts were, give! His example was give and give in love and in the recognition of the oneness of all humanity. If indeed there is but one source, infinite, eternal, "One God and Father of us all," then in fact, "All ye are brethren and as members of one family equal right to all opportunity, the right to all that is possible of attainment or achievement—always in recognition of the equal rights of all others—should be the dower of each child of the one Father.

Not only this, but in recognition of this oneness and in obedience to the precepts of the great exemplar of inherent rights we are bound to illustrate our recognition of relationships by the brotherly, the fraternal kindnesses which must spring spontaneously from such true and vital recognition.

Judged by all ordinary modes, have we as a people, calling ourselves by the name of him whose advent we celebrate, any right to the title of Christian? Do the altruistic principles lived and taught by the Christ have any vital part in the proceedings of our lives as a whole? Are the preventable poverties and crimes from which as the one family each member has the right to be protected, illustrating our title to the honor of being called Christians? Is the inhuman selfishness and greed that lie at the bottom of our monopolies and trusts an exemplification of the Christ doctrine of loving and giving? Do even our so-called charities of every name and kind illustrate the free, brotherly giving spirit that would entitle us to the communion and companionship of the true disciple? Does the display of costly gifts, all too often the product of unwarrantable economies or of culpable extravagance, give true tone to the celebration of the natal day of him who gave himself in all his life to those who were in need of daily ministrations of mental, moral and physical nutriment? It is the spirit of the Christ lived, and that only which should give the right to assume the name of Christian. It is only in the spirit of the Christ that we should venture as his followers to celebrate his nativity as the founder of our faith and practice. "The poor ye have always with you," nor should we forget the unutterable poverty of the spiritual mendicant.

A SPIRIT INTERVIEWED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHURCH REPUBLIC."
III.

Ques.—"By examination you are the same conscious self with that in this life, having an intellect, will, and sensibilities?"

Ans.—"Yes."

Q.—"You are possessed of a spiritual body; if so, is it identically the same you possessed in this life?"

A.—"Undoubtedly the same in every respect."

Q.—"Was it coextensive in organization with your earthly body, sustaining the relation, say of an inner wrapping to the earthly, as an outer encasement, for instance, like the nut to the hull of the nut, and as distinctly separate?"

A.—"That is the way you would look at it."

Q.—"Can the spirit-body so encased, for the time, get out of the earthly body without causing what we call death, returning to it at will; and admitting such phenomenon, does it often occur?"

A.—"The phenomenon as you are pleased to style it occurs, and I may say not infrequently."

Q.—"We are now ready for consciousness, something physicists are atwist on at present, tell me, are there two consciousnesses to the same intelligence, i. e. the upper or sense, and the lower of thought-consciousness? Be careful now."

A.—"Consciousness is two-fold or double."

Q.—"Which is the true consciousness?"

A.—"The thought-consciousness."

Q.—"Distinguish, please."

A.—"We have in spirit-life the same processes of thinking and sensing as you have; that is, we retain our mental identity. We are surrounded by objects here which correspond to objects with you, external to consciousness: it is, so to speak, the outer and inner life."

Q.—"You possess, therefore, for the exercise of the sense-consciousness what corresponds to our physical senses; that is, you have the sense of hearing, seeing, smelling, feeling, tasting: are these real organs of sensation?"

A.—"As real to us as your's are to you."

Q.—"It is inferred that these senses are used in connection with the upper consciousness. Take the expression 'things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other,' do you apprehend it by intuition, or do you relate the mental process to the sense consciousness?"

A.—"I catch it by intuition."

Q.—"Does memory belong to the lower or thought-consciousness?"

A.—"Undoubtedly."

Q.—"You still have a conscience, as the sense or senser of right and wrong; if you do wrong does it pain you with remorse?"

A.—"It does."

Q.—"Grouping three questions in one, can you increase its sensitiveness; or diminish the same by continue the same by continuous wrong-doing; is conscience quickened by being, per se, in the spirit-state?"

A.—"Yes, yes, yes."

Q.—"You may suffer mentally there as here; is it due chiefly to the tortures of conscience? If so, may it be regarded as the main punisher of violated law?"

A.—"To all of which I must say, yes."

Q.—"Conscience, then, long asleep here wakes up at the event of death (?) to get in its work?"

A.—"You will find it so."

Q.—"Let us make a jump from psychic to physis. Is the circulation of the blood due to more than the muscular action of the heart?"

A.—"To muscular action, the attraction of the capillaries, and more."

Q.—"Is it by the force of spirit or what we may call the life principle?"

A.—"Not entirely by spirit-force."

Q.—"Is it by the direct intervention of the will of the Creator, or by the force, say of gravitation?"

A.—"By a force something like gravitation: to speak strictly, spirit-force mediately induces the involuntary motion of the heart, but the processes are not intelligible to your understanding; what is intelligible to us may be a mystery to embodied intelligences."

This interview must for the present close the series. But the mere excerpts from a budget of correspondence, they will show to those who may be interested in such lines of thought to what length topics of this and of a like nature may be extended. I should delight to have the reader spend an evening with me in conversation with my unseen visitant, and question her at leisure concerning the mysteries shut out by the thin veil of the material. To the spiritual-minded, withal, come these super-sensuous visitations. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and the discernment belongs in esse to the refinement of the crass into the ethereal, true of all living in our deeds as in the thinking of our thoughts.

THE TOTALITY OF THE INDIVIDUAL MIND.

There are facts which go to show that the ordinary self—the self to which belong the conscious will and the conscious memory, the self which we are accustomed to regard as the totality of the individual mind—is not our complete mental being. Below the threshold of the habitual consciousness, below the surface of the ordinary working life, is the sub-conscious part of our nature,—thought, feeling, and will which are not consciously recognized by the self of common experience,—an unknown category to which may be referred telepathic and clairvoyant impressions. These impressions are conveyed in a peculiar manner to the ordinary consciousness by the consciousness beneath the threshold,—the subliminal consciousness, as it has been very appropriately called by Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

The ordinary consciousness is evidently but one of several elements which constitute the complete consciousness. Two or more distinct trains of memory, feeling, and will, as is well known, may co-exist in the same individual. In some cases the secondary consciousness is more continuous than the primary consciousness. The hypnotic trance and double consciousness are probably the disordered workings of a stratum of self which is essential to the complete individuality.

To what extent does the sub-conscious or subliminal self influence direct us? Awakened from the hypnotic trance, a subject in a perfectly normal condition will do what he was directed to do in the trance, never doubting that he is acting of his own volition. May not a man's acts, those determined upon and performed by his ordinary self, be initiated by some stratum of self which lies outside the conscious will, which forms no part of the stream of con-

sciousness in which he habitually lives? This stratum of self is probably just as actively conscious as is the self of conscious experience, existing, we may suppose, in some kind of co-ordination with the organism, and forming a part of the total individuality. **

The human mind has powers and capacities not dreamed of in the old philosophies and psychologies, and the movements in which some of them are externalized, although apparently automatic to the ordinary consciousness, are nevertheless conscious and volitional to the stratum of intelligence from which they originate, and all the conscious states are probably comprised in the human mind, which, though it seems to be made up of a whole platoon of personalities, is an indivisible, individual unity, having its basis, not in the fleeting world of phenomena, but in the world of reality, which underlies all the changing scenes of nature, in the noumenal world. Thus on one side man is linked to that which is permanent and eternal; on the other, to that which is phenomenal, relative, and transient.—B. F. UNDERWOOD in *The Psychical Review*.

THE PITCHER OF TEARS.

By F. A. W.

Didst ever hear The legend old, That to sorrowing mothers So soft was told, How the little earth-child Was beckoned away, To join the angel Children at play In the fields Of Paradise, with flowers gay?	"Oh, where! Oh, where! Is my little maid fair?" She cried to the vanishing band— A soft little sigh, A low little cry, And she saw Her pretty one stand In the shadow gray Of the garden wall. She could not answer The angel's call, Nor on with the children go, For she held in her hand A heavy jar, That continually did o'er- flow.
And the seasons went, And the seasons came; But ne'er from her heart Went the mother's pain.	With pleading eyes, And reproachful tone, She said: "Mother, dear, I am alone In the shadow Which thy grief has thrown; The jar with thy tears Is running o'er, And the children Go, ever on before."
In the sable robes Of grief arrayed, Her weary steps In the garden strayed, Where oft in the past Went her little maid.	A radiant smile, A joyous cry, And the mother To her child did fly. But ere she reached Her little one, A merry tone Of laughter rung; The heavy jar In fragments lay, As on they passed She danced away In the silvery light Of the heavenly day.
"My little one's gone," She cried in despair; But scarce had her voice Died away on the air, When a silvery light O'er the garden spread, And a band of children, With airy tread, Passed near, By a lovely angel led.	The mother knelt In mute surprise; Each bright face scanned With eager eyes, As on they passed With dancing feet To the call of the angel's Voice so sweet.

AGITATION in favor of the abolition of the Royal Buckhounds has been greatly strengthened by a cruel hunt which took place recently. A couple of deer were taken from Windsor to Marlow, twenty miles away, and one of them was let loose. It proved to be a poor spirited animal, however, and after trotting aimlessly about for a while with a crowd of small boys and men at its heels, it took refuge dead beat in a farmyard shed. The other deer was then untied and turned out, and was even less satisfactory from a sportsman's point of view. Instead of taking to the open country, as any well-conditioned animal should have done, it ran into the outskirts of the town and finally got entangled in a barbed-wire fence. Here it hung for a time, with the hounds close behind, and when it extricated itself it ran around the field with blood pouring from its wounded flanks and from its mouth; it finally fell down in a dying condition, and the nearest butcher came and drove his knife into its heart. This is the misnamed royal sport, for the continuance of which aristocrats and Windsor tradesmen recently petitioned the Queen.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Merry Christmas is here again. Home puts on its holiday attire, Santa Claus the mysterious, comical, delightful old fellow, makes his calls and leaves his gifts; and the little ones, who live filled with wonder in a veritable fairy land at this time, are exuberant with joy. In the poorest homes the faces of fathers and mothers lose somewhat their usual care-worn expression and in the most selfish hearts there is awakened a sympathetic, friendly and generous feeling.

Christmas is a day of giving and receiving gifts, tokens of remembrance and friendship. It is a day of good fellowship the advent of which warms the heart with good nature and gladness—the predominant sentiment of the day. The joyous Christmas festival throws about the departing year a soft and beautiful influence like the sunset glow of departing day.

Of the day of Jesus' birth nothing whatever is known. The early church had no Christmas. It was interested in the resurrection, not in the date of the birth of Jesus. There was no mention of Christmas as the 25th of December until hundreds of years after Christ. The first appointment of the day was by Pope Julius 350 A. D., and the reason for its selection is to be found in the Pagan festival of the Saturnalia which began December 17th and extended to December 25th. The Saturnalia was a festival observed by the Romans in honor of the good Saturn, whom Lucian introduces giving an account of the ceremonies observed on this occasion: "During my whole reign which lasts but one week, no public business is done; there is nothing but drinking, singing, playing, creating imaginary kings, placing servants with their masters at table. There shall be no disputes or reproaches, but the rich and poor, masters and slaves shall be equal."

Gifts of money were given by the Romans at the Paganalia, a name which alludes to villages (pagi) a certain number of which were appointed by the emperor. In each an altar was raised for annual sacrifices to their tutelary gods. The Pagnalia occurred near the beginning of the year. The coins were hid in earthen pots or boxes; hence the origin of the English Christmas box, which is now the name for the present which the box was formerly used to contain. Santa Claus who is supposed to visit children on Christmas Eve, is the Dutch form of the name of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children. According to a mediæval legend, he once saved the daughters of a nobleman from disgrace by throwing a mass of gold into the house in the night time. Hence presents were put into the shoes of children in the night time on the Feast of St. Nicholas which came on the 6th of December, that they might suppose them to be the gifts of St. Nicholas. When the modern stocking came into use, about two hundred years ago, it was substituted for the shoe as a more convenient receptacle, and the custom has become fixed on Christmas day.

Scholars are generally agreed that Jesus was not born in the year A. D. 1, but, strange as it seems, that he was born B. C. 4. In other words he was born probably during the lifetime of Herod and in the year A. U. C. 750, which was four years earlier than A. D. 1. The "Christian Era" owes its origin to a Roman ecclesiastic, Dionysius Exiguus, in the year A. D. 525.

All this, however, is of but little importance. In the popular mind the 25th of December is connected with the birth of Jesus and we can all join in paying to his memory that tribute of admiration and gratitude which his moral and spiritual worth will ever command among the sons of men. His pure life, his beautiful spirit, his unselfish devotion to humanity and his tragic death, brought about by the orthodoxy of his times, should make us all glad to unite in celebrating his memorial day.

To the Christian church this festival commemorates the incarnation of God, "God manifest in the flesh," for the redemption of fallen man. Spiritualists and rationalists generally—those who believe in the uniformity and universality of law and causation—with-

out accepting the dogma that God became specially and literally incarnate in the body of one man, Jesus, can nevertheless join in the commemoration of the birth of that great teacher, and at the same time believe in the larger incarnation of the Eternal Spirit in every soul that lives and in the race of man as a whole.

MRS. BESANT AND THEOSOPHICAL CLAIMS.

Mrs. Annie Besant's lectures, given in this city recently, awakened considerable interest among those interested in occult subjects. She came here and spoke under the auspices of the Theosophical Society and the lectures were an effort to establish the claims of theosophy upon the impregnable basis of science. The lecturer presented some of the latest results of scientific investigation and some of the speculations of able thinkers and endeavored to show their correspondence with the views of the ancient teachers of theosophy. She emphasized the claim that the teachings of men like Crookes are identical with those of Roger Bacon and with those earlier taught by the theosophical teachers of antiquity. Undoubtedly there was a great deal of good thought in the lectures. Mrs. Besant's careful studies of science through a number of years, when she was a materialist, are of valuable service to her now in ingeniously and plausibly supporting theosophical claims and harmonizing them with the latest utterances of scientific men, but it must be said that for the most part, her lecture would have been just as strong, her thought just as valuable, her utterances just as eloquent, if the thought advanced had been labeled Spiritualism, instead of theosophy. In proof of the special distinguishing doctrines of theosophy, she advanced nothing worthy to be called proof. Indeed the weakest point of her lecture was the effort she made to answer the question, often propounded, as to why experts in theosophical science do not make known to the world the great powers they possess, such as that of communicating at great distances by means of letters, chelas and other unusual methods. She said that such knowledge, if possessed commonly, was very liable to be abused and that evil would come from the exercise of it. She instanced the evil effects of knowledge of electricity as shown in the power to use it to further gambling, and thereby to cause loss and ruin to thousands. "The occult knowledge, if possessed by many, would be used to the detriment of mankind. She apparently did not realize that her arguments were against the value and application of the use of electricity, which in fact has been one of the greatest civilizers of the modern world, bringing nations closely together, practically annihilating space and thereby increasing the common interests and the brotherhood of men to an extent that has been done in the same space of time by no other agency which can be named. Even if it is true that the occult power would be wrongly applied by certain persons, think of the vast amount of good that would be accomplished by such means of communication, as is said to be possible to the adepts in occult science; and the very commonness of the knowledge possessed would, in a short time, measurably diminish the amount of resulting evil, the same as to-day the general exercise of man's intellectual powers and the extension of their influence by numerous arts and devices prevent a few securing their advantage at the expense of the many.

If theosophy is to have any future among discriminating thinkers it must submit its claims to the process of verification. It will not do for a few individuals to assert the existence of wonderful powers known only to themselves. They must prove their claims and they must prove them before those who are competent to judge as to the value of the proof. Mrs. Besant is a lady whose past life and whose intellectual abilities command for her great respect and secure for her a hearing, which she otherwise could not obtain. She is vastly superior to the great mass of those who are identified with theosophy, that is, in the capacity of teachers and leaders. Since she has herself been an advocate of science and of investiga-

tion, according to the scientific method, she knows the importance of putting what she presents for public acceptance upon a scientific basis and sustaining it by evidences and arguments which will bear the closest scrutiny. It is due her many friends and admirers, who know of her past work and methods, that she give them something more than mere assertion, if she wishes them to accept the statements which she makes in regard to the extraordinary performances and achievements of the adepts of theosophy.

LAST WORDS OF THE DYING.

Importance is attached by many to the last words uttered before the spirit takes its flight from the body. They are supposed to have a significance, in some cases revealing glimpses of the future, with which no other words in the life time of the individual are invested. The last words of a great many distinguished men are on record. That they actually correspond with what was said cannot in many cases be verified. It is not uncommon for the words of the dying to be misunderstood or, from one reason and another, to be misrepresented and very often they are, through the prejudices, convictions, or desires of the witnesses, entirely misconstrued, given a meaning, when they had any distinct meaning, which was never intended by those who uttered them. Doubtless the thoughts in the mind before dissolution are suggested often by the environment, by what is seen or spoken in their presence, or the thoughts uttered may be revived or suggested by sensations produced by the physical change which the body is undergoing. Sometimes impressions made in youth are revived. In some cases the expressions are of the most trivial character and not in accord with the solemnity of the scene and hour. Such words should never be taken as the index of the dying person's character. The expressions of thought in the hours of health and mental composure are of much more importance than those made in the last hours or moments before physical dissolution, when the mind is clouded and disturbed by bodily conditions, sometimes to such an extent that it is utterly deranged or entirely unconscious. It is nevertheless interesting to note everything pertaining to distinguished characters, and their last words are of course treasured up, remembered and repeated.

Napoleon, the great general, a few moments before his death, raised himself in his bed and savagely said, "tête d'armée." He then lapsed into unconsciousness. William Pitt expired with the words, "My country! How I love my country!" referring possibly to come of his miscarried plans. Douglas Jerrold's last words were, "I feel as one who is waiting and waited for." "I die learning," was the noble utterance of the philosopher J. R. Green. Goethe murmured something about a beautiful woman's face and exclaimed, "Light, more light." The Earl of Beaconsfield, shortly before his death, tried to speak but his lips moved in silence. "Happy, supremely happy," exclaimed Lord Lyndhurst when he was dying. Swift said, "I am what I am. I am what I am," twice, as he passed away. Daniel Webster, on the night of his departure said, "Sleep; I am asleep already. I am talking in my sleep." "I am so weary," remarked Lord Lawrence as he passed away. The last utterance of Hannah More was, "Joy," and that of Sir James Mackintosh, the historian, "Happy." Delagney, the mathematician, when dying was asked, "What is the square of twelve?" Although he had failed to recognize anybody about him, he mechanically answered, "One hundred and forty-four." It is related of Lord Tenderden, an eminent English judge, that when he had been delirious for a long time, talking incoherently, but a few moments before his death he raised himself in bed and as usual in summing up his charge in important jury cases, was heard to exclaim, "And now, gentlemen, you may consider your verdict." He then fell back dead. "Good-day and adieu," said Boileau. "It will be a long adieu." He then immediately expired. Dickens while at work upon his last book had the fit come upon him which resulted in his death. His sister-in-law asked him to lie down, when he distinctly said, "Yes, on the ground." Then

he slid from her arms to the floor and his story of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," was never completed. Phelps, a renowned actor, who had a superstitious horror of the word farewell, while he was acting "Wolsey" and uttering the sentence containing "Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness," broke down and expired before the end of the play. A noted Indian chief who died at Washington, revealed his vanity perhaps by saying, "When I am dead, fire the big guns over me." The last words of Captain Lawrence in the memorable battle of the Chesapeake and Shannon, "Don't give up the ship!" although the ship had to be given up, served as a watchword to American seamen in many a hard fought battle afterwards. "I am not going to die, am I?" Charlotte Bronte asked her husband after a few months of married life. "He will not separate us so soon. We have been so happy." It seems all the more sad, when we consider her former life. "Is your mind at ease?" Oliver Goldsmith was asked by his doctor. He replied, "No, it is not." Joseph Addison, shortly before his death, called his dissolute stepson to his bedside and said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian may die." Humboldt exclaimed a short time before he expired, "How grand these rays! They seem to beckon earth to heaven", referring to the sun shining brightly in the next room. Cowper, one of the most pious and devout of all our poets, asked how he felt on his deathbed, replied, "Feel? I feel unutterable, unutterable despair." Voltaire, a few hours before he expired was approached by a cure of St. Sulpice who spoke to him of Jesus Christ. Voltaire, though somewhat in stupor, opened his eyes and with a gesture waved the priest away and said, "Let me die in peace." A few moments before he died, he raised himself, pressed the hand of Moran and said, "Adieu, my dear Moran, I am dying." These were his last words. Paine's last words are given as follows: "I have no wish to believe on this subject," in reply to the question of his physician, Dr. Manley, who was a devout Christian, "Do you wish to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?" To a dying schoolmaster is attributed these words: "It grows dark, boys, you may go home."

Spiritualism gives to its believers the satisfaction of the conviction that the clouds which darken the mind during its transition disappear, and that the freed spirit, in a light brighter than that of earth, sees with a clearer vision than is possible in a tenement of clay.

TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

THE JOURNAL has many times emphasized the distinction between Spiritualism and spiritism. Spiritism includes only belief in the existence of and communication with spirits, discarnate intelligences, good or evil, or both. There is nothing in this belief that necessarily elevates or refines, nothing in it that insures high purpose or purity of life, but Spiritualism involves a much higher conception. It includes the belief in the existence of the soul after what is called death, in communion between this mundane sphere and other spheres beyond this plane of life, together with spirituality or a spiritual life. A spiritual life is a life of lofty thought, of aspiration, and of character and conduct which realize spiritual ideals. A true Spiritualist is one who lives in the region of high thought, in the atmosphere of a moral life, whose mind arises above the trammels of passion and finds its most congenial satisfaction in the enjoyments of the intellect and heart. A true Spiritualist is a religious person in the highest sense of the word. Religion does not consist merely in certain dogmas or in practicing certain rites and ceremonies. It consists rather in a recognition of the universal power in which we live, and in an aim and aspiration to bring ourselves in harmony with the constitution of things. This constitution is in its essential nature spiritual and moral, for God is, to use Matthew Arnold's expression "the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." One may believe in spiritism, that is, in the facts and phenomena which attract the attention of so many and yet have little spirituality, be quite deficient in those high qualities which are the crown of manhood and womanhood.

One who has nothing better to boast of than the mere fact that he believes in spirits and has believed in them many years, has no claim to distinction or to merit on that ground. The same is true of millions who have not emerged from a condition of barbarism. What is essential is that from this belief be eliminated whatever is crude and gross, that it be purified by the character of the possessor and that it be accompanied by high living as well as noble thinking. Let Spiritualists attach less importance to the phenomena and lay more stress upon the intellectual and moral aspects of their philosophy and they will find attracted to Spiritualism a larger number of truly spiritual men and women than is possible when these high qualities are to such an extent ignored and the mere facts and phenomena of spiritism are pushed into the foreground and given the prominence as they are among the uncultivated classes. What is insisted upon here is the importance of adding to belief in spiritism a recognition of the spiritual and the embodiment of it in practical life. Then will true Spiritualism be realized.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE CONGRESS NOTES.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., November 28, 1892.

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES—DEAR SIR: Through some delay in forwarding, your letter of November 7th, directed to Denver, has just reached me. I did not know until reading it that I had been nominated a member of the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress. I shall be glad to accept the position, and will do whatever I can to promote the ends of the Congress. With sincere respect,

Yours truly,

(MRS.) ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

THE EVENING STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
November 28, 1892.

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES—DEAR SIR: With great pleasure I accept your invitation to membership in the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress. While not hoping to contribute anything of value to the work, I feel an interest in the purpose of the Congress which makes it particular agreeable to me to be associated with it.

There can be no higher subject of investigation than that proposed by this Congress. Ignorance guards the way with mystery, superstition and prejudice, but these things should never retard the pursuit of knowledge and truth. It seems to me that the least result that can follow from the work of this Congress must be of immense value to the thinking world.

Very truly yours,

JOHN P. MILLER.

46 E. TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.
December 2, 1892.

DR. R. HODGSON—DEAR SIR: I have your letter of November 28th, inviting me to become a member of the Advisory Council of the Psychical Science Congress. I accept the invitation if I can be of any service in the humblest way. The subject of Psychical Research is one of extreme importance at this moment, and I deem it the duty of every person to promote it in every way in his power, either by collecting evidence, observing his own experiences, or if he cannot do this, helping the societies by membership, securing members, and furnishing funds for prosecuting their labors. The old Greek saying, "Know thyself," has a new significance in the light of modern Psychical Research.

Yours sincerely,

M. L. HOLBROOK.

Dr. Holbrook is just about as near right as anybody can be, and we hope every member of the Council will take his words to heart.

The name of "Eleanor Kirk," who contributes to his number of THE JOURNAL, is prominent in New York literary circles. Mrs. Ames is deeply interested in Psychical Research, and writes very much to the point:

BROOKLYN, N. Y., December 6, 1892.

PROF. ELLIOTT COUES—DEAR SIR: Your invitation to Membership in the Advisory Council of the Psy-

chical Science Congress was duly received and is gratefully accepted. Yours very truly,

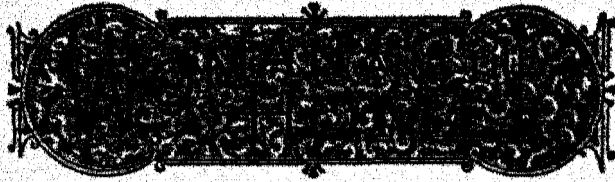
ELEANOR KIRK AMES.

Of Renan it is said that whenever he went into society he was sure to be the center of an admiring crowd of ladies. Ernest Renan was certainly not handsome. His exceeding corpulence, the tallow-like hue of his complexion, his bushy gray eyebrows and spare gray hair, his claw-shaped hands and long nails did not compose a very attractive exterior; but there was more than enough in the subtle charm of his manner and the melodious flow of his conversation to make up for all outward deficiencies. Moreover, Renan liked female society, and his admiration for the feminine character was boundless. In common with many great men feminine influences preponderated in his life, his mother, the hard-working Bretonne, earning a precarious living by dealing out groceries to village customers; his sister, who at an early age assumed the burden of the family responsibilities, and finally his wife, whom he fondly loved. He tells us how, as a boy, he preferred being with little girls to playing with those of his own sex. "I was twelve or thirteen. I did not fathom the secret of the attraction they had for me. . . . The sentiment they inspired was tinged with something akin to pity. I measured my own intellectual superiority; but from that time forward I comprehended that the woman who is either very beautiful or very good resolves the problem of which, with all the force of our brain-power, we make only a muddle."

An analytic study of suicides in five New England States, Maine excepted, embracing about 6,500 cases reported since 1850, has lately engaged the attention of Dr. Davis R. Dewey, and has been reprinted from the publications of the American statistical association. Dr. Dewey has managed to arrange a number of interesting facts concerning an interesting theme. His authorities are found in the registration reports of Massachusetts, 1850-89; Connecticut, 1856-89; Rhode Island, 1856-89; Vermont, 1866-89; New Hampshire, 1883-89. As yet Maine has no system of registration. The suicidal tendency in Massachusetts and Connecticut has been steadily increasing during the past twenty years; in Vermont there has been a general advance, while in Rhode Island no tendency either way can be observed. In New England as a whole, however, suicides, in Dr. Dewey's judgment, have increased from 30 to 40 per cent since 1860. In Massachusetts the proportion of suicides to the million of inhabitants increased from 69 to 90.9 during the period of 1851-85. In Connecticut it increased during the period of 1856-85 from 60.6 to 103.3. Singular facts in this connection are that suicides declined in Massachusetts and Connecticut during the civil war, and that there was no increase in the rate during the panic year of 1873. The decline during the war accords with the facts observed by students of this subject in Europe, but the phenomenon associated with the panic year does not seem to admit a ready explanation.

IN OUR DUMB ANIMALS, George T. Angell, the editor, writes: Can our readers think of any four or forty other questions half so important—so far as this world is concerned—as the four following which we have proposed for discussion at "A World's Humane Congress" at the Chicago World's Exposition, and to the consideration of which we would invite the attention of the leading Christian men and women of the world? 1. How to abolish wars and great standing armies? 2. How to settle and stop the conflicts between capital and labor? 3. How to nip in the bud the pestilences that now sweep over the earth? 4. How to humanely educate the people of all nations for the prevention of cruelty both to our own and the lower races?

At a meeting of the French Biological Society it was shown that the lines on the thumbs of epileptic patients differed from those of healthy people. They are unsymmetrical from right to left.



CHRISTMAS SAILS!

BY ELLA DARE.

Around the world, a spaceless sea,
Whose surging billows beat,
Upon the shores of human thought,
And on whose crested waves ride free,
Of ships—a mighty fleet,
With precious freightage duly fraught!

These sails of life a pilot bear,
Whose guidance, brave and sure,
Will bring the treasures safe to port,
That all who will, these gems may wear,
Whose lustre is more pure
Than those of any kingly court!

You ask what are these jewels bright?
And what the pilot's name?
And where the port in which they land?
And of the sea, whose molten might
Will bear this endless train—
And of the Captain in command?

O, these jewels bright
With their lustrous light,
Are wrought by one supreme skill!
In the templed dome
Of the soul alone,
The Master may do his will!

All these jewels rare,
That with none compare,
Are set in the heart's own gold;
And the carvings fine,
Are of love divine,
And traced with a grace untold!

And the spaceless sea,
With its waters free,
Is Cause in its ceaseless course;
And its tidal flow,
From the high to low,
Is Life in creative force!

And the pilot's name
Is all lettered plain,
On each of the ships that sails,—
On the ships that bear
All these treasures where
The Christ, and his peace prevails!

To the humble cot
In the lonely spot,
The Master may bring his best;
For the simplest thing,
By the great gift-king,
Is measured by love's own test!

And the Captain's word,
Can be always heard,
As vessels are drawing near—
In the name of good,
And of brotherhood,
Let peace, and its joy dwell here!

And the heart's own fort
Guards the mystic port,
Where cheer and its cargo comes;
Whilst the pulsing air,
Waves a banner there,
O'er Christ and his "little ones!"

The practical yet theological spirit of the age is nowhere more clearly shown than in the utilitarian use made of our national holidays. Our fast days are becoming simply days on which we refrain from tyrannous toll; our Fourth of Julys are devoted to a letting-off of the repressed steam of our exuberant national vitality; Thanksgiving days have become only days devoted to the household Lares and Penates; and Christmas, from a day of reverent but rather frigid commemoration of the birth of the Savior of men, has come to signify, to every progressive and loving soul, the advent and ultimate triumph of a grand and glorious principle rather than the deification of a man. To-day, Christmas embodies an ethical idea, emanating, it is true, from the altruistic conception involved in the martyrdom of the Christ, an idea which the so-called spirit of this age would call simply "the joy of giving." The truism, which with many other undeniable truisms finds prominent place in the Scriptures, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," we find to be as true to-day as when the thought first took form in utterance. Now-a-days, the church dogmas growing and of the self-sacrifice of Christ are, in a great measure, submerged in a general outpouring of the spirit of altruism,—the joy of giving. The majority of the poverty-stricken people, wandering amid the glittering maze of Christmas displays in all our stores, do not, as a rule, stop to regret that, in all probability, they may be forgotten in the

general gift distribution of the sweet Christmas morning, but instead feel a pang of disappointment and sorrow as they count the contents of their scanty purses, because the meagre sum they possess will go so short a way in the coveted joy of giving. This phase of latter-day altruism is certainly not a result of the vaunted Puritanism of New England, for Christmas in the days of the Puritan fathers was a festival mainly observed by the Catholic church, and New England Orthodoxy had such a horror at that time of the "Scarlet Woman" and all her belongings that any day observed as a holy-day by Catholics was not countenanced in the least by Protestant observance. Moral and spiritual culture is to be given credit and thanked for that broader spirit of self-forgetfulness which permeates, more or less, all Christendom to-day, and which renders orthodox and unorthodox alike eager to make Christmas day a holy day in deed and in truth by its altruistic temptations to indulge in the ever new and always satisfactory joy of giving.—Sara A. Underwood.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE, who has recently waged vigorous war on the vivisectionists in England, is described as an extremely jolly old lady, very stout, with a round, rubicund face, and her merry laugh is most infectious. She worships the animal creation, and looks upon it as a mission laid upon her to protest with all her might and main against their being ill-treated. She is generally surrounded by an army of pet dogs. Miss Cobbe is Irish—daughter of the late Charles Cobbe, of Newbridge House, County Dublin.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, the famous nurse of the Crimea, and whose deeds of simple mercy and charity were embalmed in song and story until she became England's favorite heroine, is now 72 years old and lives in perfect seclusion.

MISS MARGUERITE GOMBERT has won her degree of doctor of philosophy and letters at Brussels, and goes upon record as the first lady student deemed worthy of the honor.

WAS IT A DREAM?—A CHRISTMAS STORY—A FACT.

When Colonel Wyndham told himself a few days before Christmas that he wished he was dead, he was speaking from a very natural antagonism to his environment, and not because he really meant it. But when Mrs. Wyndham in her heavy mourning robes whispered the same thing she came much nearer the truth. Her only child, her boy, her idol, a manly little fellow ten years old, had been taken away by death, and she mourned as one without hope. Bobby was the apple of his father's eye also, but the wife was more than the child to him, and he had now reached a stage of resentment with this supreme sorrow which seriously threatened the peace of the home. He had bravely hidden his own heartache for the sake of helping his wife bear hers. He had been helpful, considerate, tender, but the shadow deepened, and each day was worse than the one that had preceded it. "Is there anything you would particularly like me to do for Christmas, or any person outside of those we generally remember that you would like to consider?" the colonel asked one evening after a silent, funereal dinner.

"I don't see how you can have the heart to even speak about Christmas," his wife replied. "What is Christmas to me now that Bobby is not here?"

There were several remarks that occurred to the colonel at this juncture, any one of which would have been eminently to the point, but he restrained himself, and said kindly: "Well, we must be sure not to forget any of Bobby's friends. I suppose the little stable-boy up the street doesn't expect anything under the changed circumstances; I saw the lad to night, and he looked so pinched and chilly that I thought it would be nice for you to buy him a good warm overcoat. You know his size, Mary, and can pick out something much more suitable than I can."

"You have grown cruel, John," his companion responded with a face as white as death. "Please don't talk to me any more about Christmas. I cannot die, but I can and will shut myself up with my sorrow and live through the time as best I can."

There was a minute's silence and then Colonel Wyndham quietly left the room.

But there was no quiet in his heart. He could not speak roughly to a woman, but he could seek other scenes and leave his wife alone in her selfish grief. A man would be a fool to stand more than three months of such indifference, he told himself. He'd pack his traps the next morning and start for Florida, or California, or Europe, it didn't matter much which place. He drew a chair before the cheery fire that crackled and blazed just as it used to when Bobby sat on his knee and listened to the stories he was never tired of telling. But there was no Bobby now, and worse than that, yes, infinitely worse, there was no wife. This was a hard hour in the life of this strong and kind-hearted man.

Mrs. Wyndham, absorbed in her misery, was scarcely conscious that her companion had left the room. For a half-hour or more she sat perfectly still, and then the weary lids closed, the drawn features relaxed, and a smile of wonderful sweetness hovered about the lips that had so long quivered with pain.

A restful moment had come to the colonel also, and when the door of his room opened and his wife slowly entered, he rose and stretched out his arms to receive her as he had always done before death robbed him of all his happiness.

"John, I have seen Bobby," were her first words, as she cuddled naturally into the embrace that was so fond and so true. "It must have been a dream, of course, but, John dear, this is what he said, and he told me to ask you if it was not true. He said, 'Mamma dear, you are hurting papa's feelings, and he is going away to leave you because he thinks you don't love him any more. Go and kiss him and give him my love'—John," and now the wife lifted her head bravely, "is this the truth?"

"It is, Mary, I thought I had lost everything, and I could not endure it another day."

"Praise God, then! Bobby still lives and I have seen him," was the fervent response. "Forgive me, darling, for all I have made you suffer, but you will stay now and let me make it all up to you?"

"Stay?" said the colonel; "stay? What do you take me for, Mary?"

There were tears in the colonel's voice, and his arms were steadier than his articulation.

"The stable-boy shall have his overcoat and we will have a merry Christmas; but, John dear, tell me—was it a dream?" —Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

FUTURE LIFE.

"Never Ending Life Assured by Science," is the title of a monograph by Mr. D. K. Tenney, of this city. He holds that independent of special revelation, the innate religious emotions and intuitions of man point to a future life. He finds in the past progress of the world intimations of continued existence and progressive development in the future. In the earliest life, he believes there was the potential power of enduring everlastingly. There has been, in his view, no beginning and there will be no end. There is simply change of forms. Souls are, in their essential elements, the same now that they have been in the past. As babes have been born, so souls have been evolved to animate them. As deaths have occurred, disembodiment has taken place, but the spirits thus set free, still live. The capacity of each soul, upon contact with its earthly body is influenced and controlled chiefly by its prior development and education. At death, it enters the future life further tempered and influenced by its experience, for better or for worse. In regard to Spiritualism, this writer says that intelligent investigators testify that spirit manifestations in great variety do actually occur; that they are caused by spirits once embodied in human form. The testimony of such men with no proof to the contrary, would secure an affirmative verdict before an impartial jury. There is no intrinsic reason, he says, why spiritual communication is impossible. Therefore, while not accepting as conclusive the agency of disembodied spirits, he thinks that the alleged actual knowledge of so many credible crit-

ical people should neither be ignored nor disregarded.

The question is raised, where shall the soul reside hereafter. He thinks it will be a place of improved opportunity and ceaseless activity. Science cannot give the name or the number of the street on which we shall live or the form or material of the homes we shall occupy, still he thinks "it cannot be doubted that there is a multiplicity of inhabited worlds to which our spirits may be removed." Our conduct here in the matter of mental and moral improvement must affect our capacity and condition hereafter. Such is the pith of this little monograph whose author would have immortality preached with all the objectionable utterances of him who is said to have brought it to light, omitted. Mr. Tenney has not given the reader any new thought, but he has presented some old ideas in regard to future life, metempsychosis, etc., concisely and clearly.

Mince or rather minced pies not only pertain to this season but should be called Christmas pies. The custom of making a pie of this kind at this season was derived from the presentation of paste images and sweetmeats to the fathers of the Vatican on Christmas Eve. The origin of the latter custom was probably Pagan. In the middle ages the bakers at this season used to present their customers with Yule dough in the images of baked paste. The custom has survived in our New Year cakes, or cookies as the Dutch call them; the figures on which are probably mere descendants and modifications of images, with Christmas names which themselves were descendants and representatives of heathen idols. With such tenacity do men cling to a once well-established popular custom. Mince pies having this origin and significance it must be admitted that Puritans were not, from a Christian standpoint, quite so narrow as they have seemed to be in their refusal to eat them at Christmas time. It is only within a generation that the Presbyterian and Congregationalist descendants of the Puritans of two centuries ago, have been persuaded to yield their principles and digestion to the mercies of the makers of Christmas pies.

We have received an "Open Letter from a Grandfather to his Grandson," written by Jacob Edson and read by Miss Lucette Webster, teacher of elocution, at Gould Hall, No. 3 Boylston Place, Boston, November 30th. The letter is replete with fine thought, finely expressed. It is broad, hopeful, optimistic. The author of the letter quotes quite an extended paragraph from a recent editorial in THE JOURNAL and the views advanced are quite in harmony with those advocated in this paper. The society before which the letter was read must be of a rather liberal character.

The practice of making presents, the abolition of distinction of rank at least for a few days, the celebration of a children's festival, were all features of the old Roman Saturnalia, by the admission of the eminent church historian, Neander. Santa Claus, the true divinity of Christmas is also a genuine survival of heathenism. To enjoy and prize Christmas one need not have faith in the Christian theology. It is enough to be simply in sympathy with humanity with a hearty love for little children and a delight in the blessings of friendship.

MR. SALTER of the Society for Ethical Culture, of Philadelphia, is speaking some strong words in favor of keeping the World's Fair open on Sunday. We observe a good synopsis of one of his lectures on the subject in Philadelphia Public Ledger.



A TWILIGHT MESSAGE.

BY R. E. L.

I watched the flush of day depart
On dark clouds flecked with gold,
And read in an illumined text
A message to my soul.

There stole into my life a joy
Greater than I can tell,
Baptized me in resplendent light
A holy mystic spell.

There streamed a glory from afar
Chasing the clouds away;
Refulgent, iridescent beams
Born of eternal day.

More mellow still the colors grew,
As nature lulled to sleep
Turmoil and strife with which the world
In sunlight's glare is steep.

Oh! Blessed night. Translucent light
Comes to me as I wait
Eager to hear "that still small voice"
That sometimes to me speaks.

Awake thou latent power, awake!
To give my soul its wings
And catch the meaning of the words
The "Burden-Bearer" brings.

Sacred and low; divinely sweet
In letters wrought of gold
I read them in the hush of even'
And this is what they told.

Thou would'st know me? Thou would'st find
Heaven?

An entrance sure would'st win?
First bring the wanderer home again
And ease the sufferer's pain.

Before my words of "Peace, be still"
Can reach the haunts of men,
And echoing o'er the great round world
Bring joy for which I came,

Passion must die; pride and distrust
Give place to acts of love,
Then thou more radiance will absorb
And nearer reach to God.

'Tis true that they who seek shall find
If working while they seek,
The thoroughfares are full of wee,
Go thou and find my sheep.

Within each life there is a power
We call the better part,
The higher self, which is "the star"—
The baser self "the cart."

Such is the power revealing truth
Within the hearts of men,
By which mysterious things are solved,
Now hidden from all ken.

See! Silver crescent, silver stars
Begin their watch to keep;
The yellow light of day is gone,
All nature soothes to sleep.

Drink, oh my soul! The nectar rare
Purple the hills divine.
Sacred the hush that steals o'er me
Which blends thy soul with mine.

It is as breath of one I love,
Stirring the inmost depths
Of power unknown, of love unguessed,
Foretaste of nearing heights.

HOW THEY ARE PRODUCED.

TO THE EDITOR: IN THE JOURNAL No. 21 of November 2, '92, T. W. Davenport of Silverton, Oregon, says in his article: "The Raps"..... "I had often wondered how the spirits managed to produce them."

E. S. in Planchette states as follows: "A writer in Human Nature under the signature of 'Honestas' is of opinion that the transition brought about by death, though carrying with it a vast change, does not so completely alter our nature as to render mundane intercommunication impossible. The laws governing the physical conditions of the next sphere must be in harmony with those that rule this, to us, natural world; these laws being only an outgrowth from those of our present condition, and correlative of them."

Why then is the intercommunication restricted to the limited bounds of a medium's presence? The writer aphoristically replies: "Within our coarser earth-body dwells an ether-body, which derives its elementary sustenance from the ether or odic element, from out which this visible, ponderable world has grown forth, with its plastic, centralizing tendency. Our ether-

body manifests its presence in the nerve aura, or odic element (first noticed by Baron von Reichenbach,) in the streaming forth of a mediated, organically centralized ether element, which element sustains this ether-body,—in the same manner as the food and earth-elements, which the organism assimilates, support our bodily condition.

A double action is thus carried on in the animal organism, namely, a drawing of supply from the centralized earth elements, simultaneously with that from the primary ether or odic element. In the mesmeric fluid which passes from the mesmerizer to his subject, the odic force is transmitted; and a connection is established between the two, sufficiently primary to mediate a physical correspondence between them. Here is the key to the solution of the problem of spiritual manifestations.

These are divisible into psychical and physical. The psychical effects are produced by an action akin to the mesmeric action, that is, the mind of the operating agent, by an action of the will, throws a current of the odic force power of its nerve aura on the nerve aura of the terrestrial being, and an effect similar to that of the mesmerizer upon his subject results, a phenomenon too well known to need explanation.

The second, or physical effects, arise from an action upon the organically mediated free nerve aura of the body of the medium, which aura enables the spirit to create an organism or mechanism, rendering action upon our ponderable matter possible, and allowing of the production of the physical phenomena of sound, movement of bodies, etc., appearances familiar to the observer of spiritual manifestations.

This centralization can only, however, take place by means of the mediating presence of the nerve aura, enabling a condensation into ponderable matter to be effected. The visible ponderable world is but a phase in the great chain of ever-continuing progress and development.

The imponderable, and, to us, invisible world, is in reality, the permanent and lasting state, from out which the soul brings with its principle of life, that which is continuous and imperishable, the power of mediating for its own use the supplying element. It has, too, the power, by right of its earth-born state and bodily organism, of mediating the coarser, ponderable elements of our present condition. But the terrestrial mediation can only be effected by the aid of an organism fitted for that special object and use. This mechanism our earth-body furnishes. The spirit-soul does not, however, possess this; its organism is different, finer undoubtedly, more complex than ours. By the transition called death, the soul has parted with this, for mundane purposes, adapted organism. But to enable a spirit to operate upon material things, an organism has to be formed adapted for that function; this embodying cannot, however, take place unless aided by the mediating presence of the organic nerve aura of a living being. In the embryonic evolution, the mediating element is the maternal one; and here, too, in obedience to the laws of development, the embryo being, once having attained its growth, takes its place on earth with an independent central self-existence. The spirit-soul, when incarnating itself in a material envelope, can only do so by the aid of the nerve aura of a living being, upon which it only momentarily acts, which action is rendered possible by the accident of an affinity, enabling a temporary use to be effected,—this use being restricted, however, within the narrow limits prescribed by the supply which the organism of the medium furnishes, and further, subject to endless interruptions from external causes; as, for instance, over-excitement, or alarm, or atmospheric changes.

The extreme uncertainty of spiritual phenomena, the difficulty, even when produced, of prolonging their duration beyond a few minutes; and more especially the difficulty of giving a continuity to the more developed forms of spirit appearances,—confirms this view of the dependence of visible, tangible, spiritual manifestations upon our organism, and the necessity of an agreement of our natures with the spirit operating upon the nerve aura of the medium.

Consequently the phosphorescent ball which Mr. Davenport saw, consisted of the luminous odic element emanating from the manifesting intelligence, combining itself with the nerve aura of the medium. Very respectfully transmitted for information by yours truly.

HERMANN HANDRICH.

HYPNOTISM IN COURT.

On October 29th, at Santa Rosa, Cal., a hypnotic scene occurred in the trial of E. J. Livermash, an erratic man who attempted the murder of Darius Etheridge.

According to the newspaper report Livermash became cranky about one year ago, and his first escapade was to masquerade as a negro in San Francisco. He was arrested and fined. He had carried on successfully several country newspapers, and he married the daughter of a rich farmer. After his arrest he became moody and talked of people who were plotting against him. Finally he went to Cloverdale, near Santa Rosa, and made a savage assault upon old Etheridge, who he declared had promised to bequeath him a fortune. He put six bullets into the old man, but luckily none inflicted a mortal wound. When arrested he pretended he mistook Etheridge for the police judge who fined him in Frisco. He talked incoherently and at times claimed he was the king of Siam.

His attorney had him brought before the insanity commissioners and he was sent to the asylum. This was four months ago. Last week he was released and suit was at once brought against him. Witnesses told the story of his vagaries, the chief one being his wife. Then his counsel proposed to put Livermash into the hypnotic state in court and let him live over again the incidents of the night of the attempted murder. Dr. Gardiner, who has acquired great influence over Livermash, hypnotized him by means of waving a shining disk before his eyes. Experts for the prosecution tried to see whether he was shamming. They ran a needle through his ear, but he never winced. His face was pale as that of a corpse and his limbs rigid, but he answered every question asked and gave in minute detail what he did on the eventful night as well as what he thought.

It was an uncanny sight to see this apparently lifeless figure relating things as improbable as any in Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights." Finally the subject began to escape the doctor's control. He gave orders as the king of Siam, whereupon the doctor woke him out of the hypnotic trance. Dr. Gardiner then explained that Livermash was a victim of auto-hypnotism, that is, he could throw himself into a state which resembled somnambulism, during which he was not responsible for his actions. It was in such a state he attempted murder. He was dangerous unless under control of a stronger nature.

COAL-BEDS.

The following is taken from a lecture on biology given before the Catholic University of America by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, the eminent naturalist:

Again, the history of the coal-beds and the accumulation of coal offers us another series of facts from which it is possible to gain some idea from another point of view of the enormous lapse of time it has taken nature to achieve some of her works.

It is now perfectly demonstrable that coal was accumulated during the carboniferous periods, and the accumulation and formation of it took place at the mouths of certain great rivers which at that time discharged themselves into the ocean. Then in such places existed peat-swamps, overgrown by the peculiar vegetation of that period, which at all times were subject to floods from the river, on the one hand, and inundations from high oceanic tides, on the other. A recent coal-bed of identically the same nature is now in the process of formation under our very eyes in the Mississippi delta, and careful study is alone required to decide the rate at which coal is deposited therein. Older forces are and were also at work both during recent time and during the zoologic period or sub-period of the carboniferous system. These have been scientifically considered by many competent geologists and their operations taken duly into consideration; but it is not necessary for us to dwell upon them here, and to many of you they are no doubt already familiar. It has been ascertained, for example, that a vigorous vegetation yields by death and decay and growth about 100 tons of dried organic matter per century to the acre. But such an amount of vegetable matter pressed to the specific gravity of coal would make a layer only a little over half an inch in thickness when spread over the acre just mentioned. It must not be forgotten, however, that certain chemical losses are experienced during such a process, and upon giving these due weight the result has been arrived at that instead of depositing over half an inch, our estimate should read only about one-eighth of an inch, at which

rate it would require about 10,000 years to make a layer one foot thick. In any coal basin with an aggregate thickness of 100 feet its formation must have required 1,000,000 years to accomplish. But it is not uncommon to find 150 feet to be the average thickness in some coal measures, and proportionately longer time must have been required. This method of computation takes into consideration the rate at which a vigorous vegetation produces organic matter, but we may also arrive at a solution by estimating the rate at which the river deposits its sediments over the area in which the coal is forming. I will conclude this part of my subject with an example of this nature presented us by the authority quoted in several instances above, and we are told that our indebtedness is due Sir Charles Lyell for the estimate of the time necessary to accumulate the Nova Scotia coal measures. This coal-field is selected because the evidences of river-sediments are very clear throughout. The area of this coal basin is 18,000 square miles; but the identity in character of portions now widely separated by seas—e. g., on Prince Edward's Island, Cape Briton, Magdalen Island etc.,—plainly shows that all these are parts of one original field, which could not have been less than 36,000 square miles.

At Pietou the thickness is nearly 13,000 feet, and we shall certainly not err on the side of excess, therefore, if we take the average thickness over the whole area of 7,500 feet. "This would give the cubic contents of the original delta deposit as about 51,000 cubic miles. Now, the Mississippi River, according to Humphrey and Abbot, carries to its delta annually sediment enough to cover a square mile 268 feet deep, or nearly exactly one-twentieth of a cubic mile. Therefore to accumulate the mass of sediment mentioned above would take the Mississippi about 1,000,000 years."

And mark you, in the geological series of the earth's crust the carboniferous period is not more than one-thirtieth of her recorded history. Then we must believe that that history covers a period of 30,000,000 of years.

Yet 30,000,000 of years gives us no adequate conception of the time involved in the geological history of the earth.

FREAKS OF MEMORY.

A writer in the Contributors' Club in the November Atlantic speaks of some of the freaks of memory: "Among the tyrannies of memory, there is one which particularly puzzles me. I cannot understand why certain slight incidents, certain unimportant traits of person or manner, should in the after time become as a shorthand symbol, gathering up the whole situation, the entire image and 'atmosphere' of the person remembered. The most distinct representation I am able to form of a friend of mine (no longer living) is upon this wise: Hooded and cloaked for a winter walk, I see her at a certain point upon the path; she is in the act of taking a step forward. When the one step is completed, this mental portrait vanishes instantly, and can be reproduced only in the way I have described, and only to fade again at the same juncture. I have even come to dread this edged incisiveness, this scrupulous circumstantiality of memory, and I often fall to speculating as to what now happening will be in future recalled with special poignancy. Sometimes such forecast acquires almost the mournful quality of retrospect. I very well know (though I do not know why) that, when a friend of mine turns the leaf of a newspaper and folds it carefully back between the thumb and finger, this act will be among the characteristic memories I shall treasure regarding him, and will be fraught with unaccountable and disproportionate pathos, should memory and I survive him."

Some one of the ancients observes that he has forgotten the things he should like to remember, while he remembers the things he would forget. Some of us have no right to complain of a "bad memory." If we have greatly desired to forget some painful phase of experience, and to this end, have so blinded and drugged the traveler into the past that she can bring us no certain word from beyond the forbidden bourne, what must we expect but that memory will be equally listless and unfaithful when sent by us to other quarters of her proper ranging-ground? In our manoeuvring to forget what we do not wish to remember, discipline overreaches itself, and we are betrayed into forgetting what we should like to remember. And so we are able to confer sympathetically with the ancient just cited.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Illuminator or Skeleton Keys to Sacerdotal Secrets. By Richard B. Westbrook, D. D. LL.D., author of "The Bible," "Whence and What?" "Man, Whence and Whither?" "Girard's Will and Girard College Theology," etc. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 1892.

The author of this work, Dr. Westbrook, is a radical thinker. For a number of years he was a Presbyterian minister, pious and devout, devoted to the advancement and propagation of evangelical Christianity, but he became dissatisfied with the teachings of his church and with the methods of the pulpit and turned lawyer. He practised law for a number of years with marked success and retired from business with an independent fortune and with ample leisure to pursue the studies in which he was interested. His first work at this time was a little volume relating to the Bible, in which he denied the divine inspiration of that book and claimed that it was a work of purely human origin and authority. He has since written and published a number of works, all of them taking radical ground against the popular system of religious belief, but all insisting upon the essential fundamental principles of religion. Dr. Westbrook is a theist, with strong belief in the immortality of the soul, and, if we mistake not, in modern Spiritualism. This work is in some respects the most radical one that he has written, and he says in the preface that it will shock and pain many persons whom he greatly respects. Still he thinks it is his duty to publish it. He denies that any such person as the Jesus described in the Gospels, ever lived. He does not deny that there was a person named Jesus, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. Indeed, he thinks there were several who bore that name, in which he is unquestionably right, but he says, "admitting for the sake of argument, the real historical personality of Jesus of Nazareth, it has by the process of idealization become an impersonation and I have so attempted to make it appear and I cannot but think that this view is not inconsistent with the most enlightened piety and religious devotion, while this explanation relieves us of many things that are absurd and contradictory." Dr. Westbrook combats the policy of deception and suppression and insists that the whole truth be published. He attempts to show, and indeed does show, the false character of some of the claims made by the Jews. He gives the substance of an open letter which he addressed some time ago to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on Moses and the Pentateuch, showing that the law of Sinai was not the first of which we have any knowledge and that Moses was not "the greatest statesman and law-giver the world had ever produced," as the Chief Justice had affirmed in a lecture before the Law School of Pennsylvania. In this work, the author attempts to show that the so-called fall of Adam is a fable. He combats the idea of the historical or rather traditional view of Jesus, follows with an examination of the evangelical dogma of salvation by blood and closes with a very brief summary of the things that remain as a foundation of faith. This is one of the most, if not the most interesting chapter in the book. It shows that the author, after the severest criticism of what is spurious in religion, has still left all the fundamental conceptions that go to make up religious and spiritual thought. Dr. Westbrook is really a religious man and if he is unnecessarily hostile to the popular system it is due to the fact that so much of his time in his earlier life was wasted in defending and trying to harmonize an absurd theology with the truth. The book makes some statements concerning which there are grounds for difference of opinion, perhaps, but it is written in good spirit and is full of thought and suggestion.

MAGAZINES.

The Social Economist for December presents interesting economic truths. The editor discusses the economic meaning of the late presidential election. The law of supply and demand, so-called, is attacked afresh as uneconomic and unscientific. The contention is that the ratio of supply and demand is an effect rather than a cause of price or rather a co-ordinate effect with price, or cost of production. The full sequence is, "Demand occasions produc-

tion; cost of production determines price; price insures supply." There are a number of interesting papers in this issue. Published by College of Social Economics, 34 Union Square, New York.—The New England Magazine for December has a number of entertaining papers. The number opens with an illustrated article descriptive of the "Builders of Cathedrals," by Marshall Snow. "Can Religion be Taught in Public Schools," is the title of an article by Charles Lewis Slattery. William Ordway Partridge, the post-sculptor, writes intelligently of the outlook for sculpture in America. The editor, Mr. Mead, devotes his editor's table to Whittier's prose writings. This number is a very good one for holiday reading. Only a few of the excellent articles it contains can here be referred to. 231 Columbus avenue, Boston.—The Esoteric has for its opening paper, "The Mystery of Love," by E. G. Johnson. The next article is by Robert Stevenson on "Creation." H. E. Butler writes on "Bible Reviews." Stanley Fitzpatrick has a poem on "The Difference." Gertrude Love writes on "Our Ideals." There are other interesting articles in this issue of the Esoteric. Applegate, California. T. A. Williston, Manager.—The New World, which is a kind of a cross between The Unitarian Review and the late Boston Index is a very readable publication. The December number has an article on "Brahmo Somaj," by Pratap Chunder Mozoomdar, than whom none is better qualified to write in regard to religious reform in India. Mr. William M. Salter of the Philadelphia Ethical Culture Society contributes an article on the "Future of Christianity." Egbert C. Smith writes on "Progressive Orthodoxy," of which, as well as unprogressive orthodoxy, he knows, or ought to know, a good deal. John Henry Allen, the scholarly author of numerous literary religious works, has an article on "Michael Servetus." Thomas

Wentworth Higginson writes very thoughtfully under the caption, "A World Outside of Science." "The Birth and Infancy of Jesus," is the title of a paper by the distinguished French Protestant scholar, Albert Réville. James T. Bixby, a vigorous and able writer, contributes a paper on the "Monistic Theory of the Soul." Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.—The Unitarian for December has a number of instructive and interesting papers, original and selected. George A. Thayer writes on the "Ideals of the Modern World." G. B. Freeman has an article on "Ernest Renan." H. D. Stevens on "John Greenleaf Whittier," as poet, editor and reformer. This is one of the best numbers of the Unitarian that we have seen. George H. Ellis, 111 Franklin street, Boston.—Hall's Journal of Health for December has the usual number of instructive articles and notes in regard to matters of health and hygiene. 206 Broadway, New York.—Our Little Ones for December is as usual full of pretty pictures and stories in prose and poetry for the boys and girls. "The Big Fairy," is the first story and a picture representing it makes the frontispiece in this number. "Pommy, the Seal," a true story, illustrated, and "A Dog Paper-merchant," also illustrated, are among the attractions of this little publication for the nursery. Russell Publishing Company, 193 Summer street, Boston.—The Eclectic for December is a strong and brilliant number. The opening paper is on "Cholera and Our Protection Against It," by Ernest Hart. "The Boyhood and Youth of Columbus," is a timely and instructive article by Richard Dreyer. "The Recent Heat Wave," by Sir Robert Ball. "Society in Ancient Venice," by Charles Edwards, and "Our Modern Gods," by Alfred R. Wallace, are among the attractive papers in this issue of one of the very best monthly magazines that comes to this office. New York, E. R. Peiton, 111 Eighth street.



Mrs. M. E. O'Fallon.

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Written for THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

IN THE SHADOWS.

"Why rests a shadow on your brow to-day, my love?" And a gentle hand toyed fondly with the scanty locks intermingled with gray upon the bowed head of old Doctor Milford, as it rested upon his hand leaning on the table, upon which lay a small medicine case, old, like its owner, worn with long service, and filled with tiny vials that were half empty.

"Sunshine rests not on the brow of the old and poor," he replied. "Here we are in a strange city, with no friendly hand to grasp, or familiar face to greet us. My medicine case is almost empty and not enough money in the house to buy a lead pencil to write an order for more, much less to buy the medicine if the order were written."

The face of the doctor's wife became in turn overcast with sadness; but she replied, "Perhaps you will not need any medicine. We have been in this city nearly two weeks, and not a call yet, and I am told the city is overrun with M. D.'s; but then, I love you," she continued, throwing her fair arms around his neck and kissing his forehead tenderly, as she saw the shade deepen upon it at her discouraging sentence.

Doctor Milford looked up at his young wife with a grim smile and said, "Love does not keep the pot boiling. Your love is indeed a precious boon to me, but it does not pay the rent and they tell me no mercy is shown the 'moneyless man' here, and if the rent is not forthcoming at the first of each month in advance, out you go. Now in just two weeks from to-morrow our rent will be due and you remember I told you at the start that the agent I rented this house from I did not exactly like. He will pitch our traps into the street at the close of the month, and as we cannot get another house, without the money in advance, what are we to do?"

And the doctor looked at his wife who stood with her white hands clasped in front of her and a puzzled look of despair which she seemed to only half realize clouding her sweet face.

"We are indeed in the shadows," she sighed, "but couldn't we sell the furniture to a second-hand store and board awhile?"

"Those Jews on the corner? What would they give for the furniture? Nothing. Just a mere pittance. You remember when we came here we wanted to sell three bedsteads and a mattress, and the very best offer we could get was three dollars in trade for the lot. Pshaw! Everything we have, piano included wouldn't pay a month's board."

Just then a tall girl, with a child-like, piquant face, which was overcast with a scowl, entered. Her pretty face looked hot, tired and vexed. Throwing her hat and parasol on the table, and herself into a chair, she said:

"Pa, I am sick and tired of this music teaching. Mrs. Emery says that her husband, who is a saloon-keeper up town is 'kicking' because I charge Katie for practice on my piano and says he will not pay. Georgia, the banker's daughter is so pampered up and as she bosses the whole family, she wants to boss me—to have her way as to what I shall or shall not do. And there is Emma Gilmore, who has not a spark of musical genius about her, and her parents think she is 'so talented' and that it is all my fault that she does not learn. And besides that I have been the whole round to try to collect my quarter's wages, and have not succeeded in collecting a cent. Did you get any type-writing to do to-day, little mother?"

This last remark was addressed to her step-mother of whom she was very fond. "Not a line to-day, or this week," replied Mrs. Milford, sadly. And silence fell upon the despondent group.

The Milfords were a common kind of folks; in fact, uncommonly common. They were practical, put on no style, were not extravagant in dress or in anything else; rather literary in their tastes, fond of reading, and both doctor and Mrs. Milford wrote occasionally for the papers and magazines of the day. The doctor was a practitioner of the old school, with gynecology as a specialty, and gave fair satisfaction to his patrons when once employed, but was no hand to make acquaintances or to obtain practice by methods employed, or resorted to by younger men. This partially superannuated him and laid him on the shelf as it were, while others with more brass and less conscientious scruples took the practice right from under his nose.

The doctor had made money in his

younger days, but his first wife dying with consumption, after a long protracted illness, together with the panic of '73 had broken him up. After his wife had been dead something over a year he married one of his patients, the lady now standing at his side, her hand resting lovingly on his shoulder. The daughter Emma, a tall, beautiful girl of twenty, a teacher of piano and organ music completed this group of sad faces.

"I'll tell you what I will do," said Doctor Milford, "I will go to the office of the Western Ethical Review and sell my temperance story for money enough to pay a month's rent. I will not ask any more than twenty dollars for it."

"You couldn't sell it for twenty cents," replied the wife, contemptuously. "Haven't we tried and tried nearly every printing house in America and not one will touch anything we write, be it ever so good. Half of them don't know a good thing when they see it; either that or they are too lazy to examine it and the other half toady to greatness and will not accept anything, even if it is given them, unless the name of some popular author is appended thereto. Fatten a pig and offer it for sale and you can get a ready purchaser, but write, write, write your brains tired and your pockets empty, produce and send forth thoughts that if published would be of use to the world for generations to come and you get nothing for your labor. I know that your story is a good one, a thought breeder and if published would be read by thousands of people whose mental natures would be stimulated and made better by the reading, but where is the publishing house that will take it either by purchase or upon a royalty? Not in this country, I am afraid!"

"Well, I will try," said the doctor in a despairing voice and he arose, put his hat on, took the manuscript of his story from the table and passed out.

As he went down the long, brick walk to the gate and on up the street to the office of the Review, his wife and daughter looked after him until intervening buildings hid him from their gaze.

"How disappointed he will be," said Emma, with a sigh. "Poor, dear papa. How sorry I am for him."

Mrs. Milford said nothing. She was still gazing down the walk with a far-away look in her eyes and a firm-set look about the mouth, indicating that if she had the power the disposition would certainly not be lacking to bring some of those refractory publishers to a sense of their duty towards amateur writers in general and her "hubby" in particular.

Emma went to the piano and began a low chant, as if consciously or unconsciously invoking the powers that be in favor of her poor, distressed pa. And Mrs. Milford took her sewing and seating herself by the window, began to stitch away rapidly, jerking her thread with a quick motion of the arm and pressing the needle again into the cloth, as though she meant it to cause pain, the expression of her usually pleasant face drawn more and more into a settled expression of disappointment that was bordering on despair.

Mrs. Milford loved her husband dearly, although he was by no means handsome, was twenty years her senior and possessed a fearful temper when roused. She felt that his story was as good if not better than some for which authors of note had received round sums at the hands of these same publishers, while her own and her husband's productions were always or nearly always returned, with a "not available for our columns," or a "will be published if there are no charges." These stereotyped phrases being so oft repeated had become so hateful to her that she dreaded to open a letter from a publisher for fear that the one or the other would meet her gaze. So what was her astonishment when the doctor walked in, in less than an hour and threw a new, shining twenty dollar gold piece into her lap.

"There, they can't turn us out for a month, anyhow; and maybe in that time something will turn up to help us out."

Mrs. Milford took the coin up and turned it over in her hand, feeling and pinching it to make sure that it was really what it seemed to be. Then she looked at her husband and said:

"The publisher of the Review did really deign to give you twenty dollars for the story did he, or am I dreaming, or did you get the money from some other source?"

"He really bought the manuscript," replied the doctor, "but not until I had to tell him of our poverty, which I did not mean to do and then I think it was more out of pity than anything else and he reluctantly consented to take the story and pay me the twenty for it and I was glad to get anything and to escape into the fresh air, for I felt that I was choking."

"And so he did give you the pitiful sum of twenty dollars for all your brain work; and to think I took the pains to type-write the story so carefully; why the type-writing alone was worth more than that," and she tossed the coin towards him with an impatient gesture and he caught it and placed it in his pocket and an hour later paid the rent with it for an other month, for fear that if he did not do so, their needs being so pressing, he would be tempted to spend it for something else.

Another two weeks passed by without a single call for Dr. Milford's medical services. Emma went the rounds of her pupils each day with variable success, and Mrs. Milford went to her office to find little, if anything to do in her line, but between the three they managed to make enough to keep the traditional wolf from the door, and body and soul together.

The evening of the 24th of December had come and to-morrow would be Christmas but there was not a cent of money in the house, and Emma was lamenting the fact that they would be compelled to forego the pleasure of Christmas turkey when the whole family were startled almost out of their wits by a violent ring at the door-bell; it was the grocer's boy with a covered basket which he deposited on the table with the remark, as he passed out the door: "Read the tag, it explains matters," and in a moment he was in his wagon and driving rapidly away.

Emma read the inscription on the tag, "For Dr. Milford and family, with compliments of Western Ethical Review." Emma removed the cover and found the basket to contain a fine fat turkey, a can of oysters, a package of cranberries and one of raisins and the corners filled with crackers. "Oh papa," she cried in glee, "we will have our turkey after all, we will have a grand dinner after all," and she danced around the room for joy, hugging first her papa, of whom she was very fond, and then her "little mother" to whom she seemed equally as loving.

Mrs. Milford returned her caresses with a smile on her lips, but a feeling at her heart that she would rather have done without her part of the goodies than receive them from the man she felt had wronged them by taking their story for such a pittance, but she refrained from saying what she thought for fear of destroying the pleasure of the others.

Just then the sharp, shrill whistle of the mail-man sounded at the door and Emma opened it and received the mail, "Nothing but papers," she said, as she deposited the bundle on her papa's knee.

Dr. Milford laid down the ponderous book of medical lore he had been poring over, for he was a great student, old as he was, and lifted the first paper he got hold of. It proved to be the Ethical Review and almost the first thing that greeted his eyes was the following: "A New Serial Story; 'The Drunkard's Daughter' from the gifted pen of Dr. Milford, the great physician and gynecological surgeon, who has been prominent in Eastern medical circles for many years, and a large contributor to the medical literature of the day, and a writer on subjects involving advanced thought, for many papers and magazines. We are glad to announce that Dr. Milford has taken up his residence among us, and is going to make our little Western city his future home, and think we are highly honored by the advent among us of so skillful a physician and talented a literary writer as is Dr. Milford."

"Quite a puff," he said at the close of the reading, for he had read it aloud, with an amused expression at the corners of his mouth and in his eyes, while Mrs. Milford and Emma had stood and listened.

"Of course that extensive notice is not written for your sake, or for any benefit it may do you," replied Mrs. Milford. "It is only to give the story a better 'send-off' and make the 'Review' a wider circulation, and the story more popular, for which he only paid the pitiful sum of twenty dollars."

"Don't be so hard on Mr. Stanton, little mother," said Emma cheerfully, "you know papa said he only glanced over the story when he took it to him, and maybe he didn't really know how good a story it was, and remember he has been kind enough to send us all these good things for our Christmas dinner, so perhaps he is more kind-hearted than you think after all."

Mrs. Milford was about to reply, and from the hard lines about the usually smiling mouth was evidently going to say something not very complimentary to editors in general and the editor of the Ethical Review in particular, when the door-bell rang again, seemingly louder

than before; in fact it never had seemed to ring as loud before as it had that evening, and who should step in but Mr. Stanton, the editor of the Review himself.

Dr. Milford arose, shook him by the hand and then introduced his wife and daughter who had never met him before. He bowed and took the proffered chair; Emma took his hat, and he began the conversation by saying, "Doctor, I have just finished reading your most excellent story, and have come to make you an offer for the entire copyright to it, I will run it through the Review as a serial, then have it published in book form, and also want you to dramatize it for me, as the story has excellent material in it for a drama of a very high order. I am a man that wants to do justice to all men, but we have so many manuscripts offered, in fact almost thrust upon us that have little merit and some none at all, that we become weary and lose our patience, but after reviewing your story I discovered that I had gotten hold of something far above the ordinary, in fact a story of real intrinsic merit, that was worth many times what I paid you for it, now if you will sell me the exclusive right to it and dramatize it for me as I said, I would give you what I consider it is worth, namely, \$5,000."

It is needless to say that the bargain was closed that night, and the editor of the Western Ethical Review helped eat the Christmas turkey he had so kindly sent Dr. Milford the day before; as he was a young man and appreciated good cooking and the turkey was "done to a turn" and all the viands with which the table was covered was savory and appetizing, and as the lovely Miss Emma, who had prepared the feast with her own fair hands, sat opposite and surveyed him, it goes without saying that he began to appreciate the fact that another prize was in sight, to which the story, for which he had given his check for five thousand dollars, was as nothing, if he could only secure it.

It was not long after the opening chapters of the doctor's story had appeared until the few acquaintances whom he had formed since coming to the city began to be pressed for introductions to the "famous physician and surgeon" as they were pleased to call him, and Dr. Milford, like another celebrated author once said in reference to himself, "awoke to find himself famous."

Before the story was half published as a serial, Mr. Stanton began to have so many calls for it in book form that he began the plates and ran off an edition of ten thousand copies, which were all sold by the time it had finished in the Review, and the Doctor had many calls for the productions of his pen and brain at living prices; even from publishers who had returned the same articles before as "not available for our columns." So money came in rapidly, and Dr. Milford and his family derived both fame and wealth from that first story which they were forced to sell for the meagre sum of twenty dollars in order to pay a month's rent to keep from being turned out of doors.

And the best of it was that on the next Christmas day Mr. Stanton led the blushing Emma to the altar, and made her his bride, thus winning his second prize as a result of their extremity of a year before.

Mrs. Milford is now literary editor of the Western Ethical Review, and Emma is musical critic, and you could not offend Mrs. Milford more easily than to say something disparagingly of editors or publishers. But she says she can never write the words "we find your contribution unavailable for our columns" without recalling the memory of the feelings she indulged against editors and publishers the day their first story was sold for twenty dollars, or without contributing a tear of sorrow and regret for the poor, disappointed, and often destitute, author.

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My darling boy, with golden hair
Strewn o'er thy noble brow,
Though in the past divinely fair,
More beautiful art thou now.
My only boy, thou com'st to me,
My heart is crushed and sore,
And whisper'st from my spirit home
"Not dead but gone before."
My angel boy, thy spirit voice
Awakes me from my dreams,
And oh, how wise, and pure, and real
Thy boyish utterance seems.
I hold my breath to hear thee speak,
I see thy dear lips part,
And long to hold thee in my grasp
And press thee to my heart.
Not dead, thy form is near me now,
And moves my pen to write;
Thou liv'st in God's spirit sphere,
Where all is pure and bright.
Not dead, for I shall follow thee,
Ah me! I care not whither,
If thou but lead me and we see
The spirit land together.
—DORA SINGLETON MOSS.

UNSEEN.
We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them wholly in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
—Lowell.

"If he would only help me just once more;"
Bending beneath the burden low I cried,
My eyes were blinded, and I did not see
The Shining Angel standing at my side.
I did not hear the low, sweet words that fell—
Replies that met my spirit's deepest needs,
I did not heed the touch of holy hands
That thrilled my own with strength for nobler deeds.
Oh, Friend! in heaven's sweet peace enfolded now,
How could I dream your love would find a means
To ease the burden and to point the way,
And lead me to the fair life of my dreams?
—LILLIAN WHITING in The Boston Budget.

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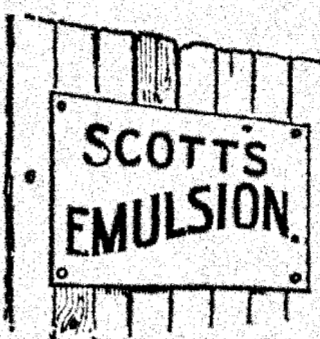
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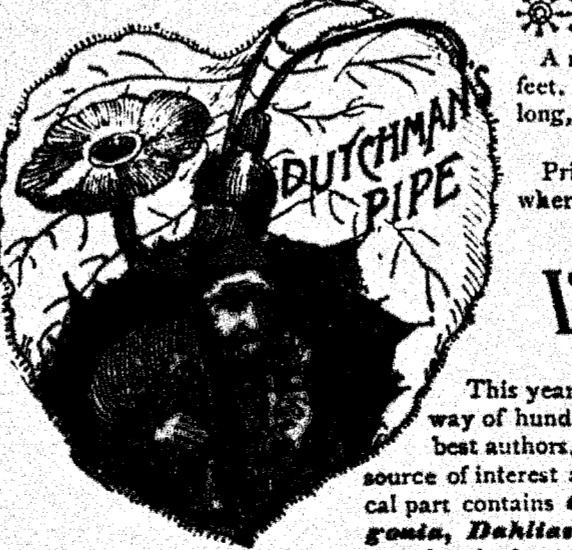
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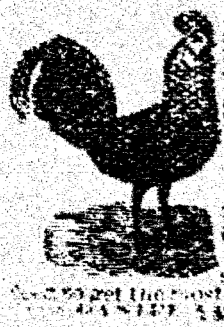
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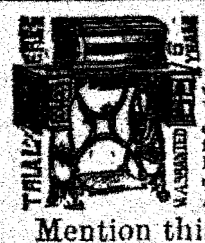
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CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
And thought how, as the day had come,
The bellies of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.
Till ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from right to day,
A vision, a gleam,
A faint shimmer,
Of peace on earth, good will to men!
But in despair I bowed my head—
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men."
Then pealed the bells more loud and deep,
"Good is not dead, nor doth he sleep;
The wrong shall fall,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"
—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

LYRICAL LOVE SONGS.

Call it not passion, the paradise of souls;
Love is not dream-land, and where lovers
It must be heaven.
No bridge between, nor toll,
Nor flaming sword to guard the way
Can turn a living soul away.
For love is life; and life's sweet forces reach
Where farthest star and sun on suns obey
God's perfect will,
So love is heaven for each,
Nor out beyond our reach,
If in the heart we hear the strain
Of the Infinite Spirit's sweet refrain.
—From the BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.

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by the famous Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

When leaving his home at Springfield, Ill.,
to be inaugurated President of the United
States, made a farewell address to his old
friends and neighbors, in which he said,
"Neighbors give your boys a chance."

These words come with as much force
to-day as they did thirty years ago.

How give them this chance?

Up in the Northwest is a great empire
waiting for young and sturdy fellows to
come and develop it and "grow up with
the country." All over this broad land
are the young fellows, the boys that Lin-
coln referred to, seeking to better their
condition and get on in life.

Here is their chance!

The country referred to lies along the
Northern Pacific R. R. Here you can find
pretty much anything you want. In
Minnesota, and in the Red River Valley of
North Dakota, the finest of prairie lands
fitted for wheat and grain, or as well for
diversified farming. In Western North
Dakota, and Montana, are stock ranges
limitless in extent, clothed with the most
nutritious of grasses.

If a fruit farming region is wanted there
is the whole State of Washington to select
from.

As for scenic delights the Northern Pa-
cific Railroad passes through a country
unparalleled. In crossing the Rocky, Bit-
ter Root and Cascade Mountains, the
greatest mountain scenery to be seen in the
United States from car windows is found.
The wonderful bad lands, wonderful in
graceful form and glowing color, are a
poem. Lakes Pend d'Oreille and Couer
d'Alene, are alone worthy of a trans-
continental trip, while they are the fisherman's
Ultima Thule. The ride along Clark's
Fork of the Columbia River is a daylight
dream. To cap the climax this is the only
way to reach the far famed Yellowstone
Park.

To reach and see all this the Northern
Pacific Railroad furnishes trains and service
of unsurpassed excellence. The most ap-
proved and comfortable Palace Sleeping
cars; the best Dining cars that can be
made; Pullman Tourist cars for both first
and second class passengers; easy riding
day coaches, with Baggage, Express, and
Postal cars all drawn by powerful Baldwin
locomotives, make a train fit for royalty
itself.

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Coins as shown by the inflow of
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no more—no less.

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as you need for your family and friends. These Sub-
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you their receipt for the money. There is no expense to you attending the distri-
bution of the Souvenir Coins, as we send them to your local bank. If for
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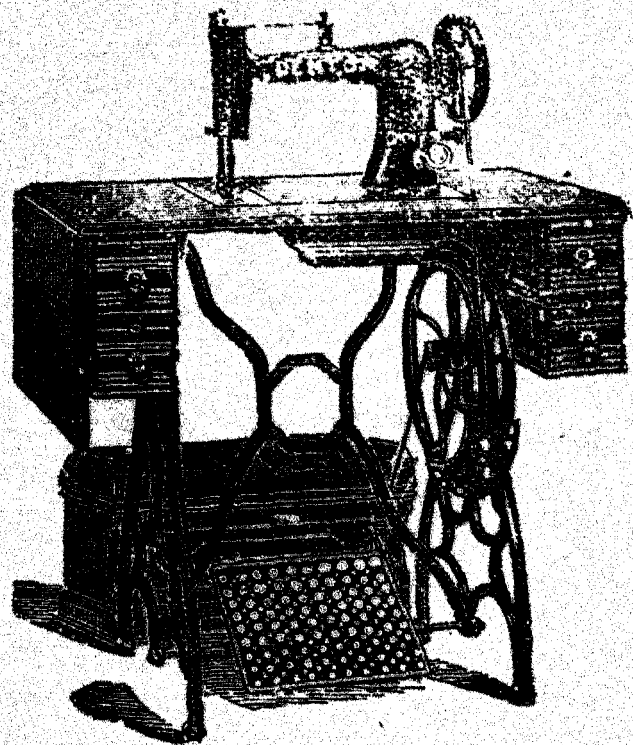
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CHRISTMAS MORNING AT HOME.



THE man who said "There's nothing sure in this world but death and taxes" might have given a pleasant aspect to this philosophy by noting that Christmas was coming, too, and pretty regular at that.

The rise and progress of Christmas in this country is a very interesting subject of investigation, as showing the diverse character of America's early settlers and the peculiar elements concerned in the development of the features of our present holiday season. The Virginia settlement was cradled in poverty and was too deeply concerned with the problem of existence to celebrate anything. In New England the life of the Pilgrim Fathers was so hard that statutes were easily enacted forbidding the celebration of Christmas, largely on the ground that the day could not be spared as a time of abstinence from work. A compromise was finally made, however, that only those who worked on that day should have anything to eat during the twenty-four hours.

It was by the Dutch and Germans who settled in New York later that Christmas was first recognized to any notable extent in early times. The Dutch and English brought the Yule log to the Christmas fireside, but it was the Germans, with their old Druidical traditions, who introduced evergreens and planted the first Christmas trees on this continent. Then St. Nicholas, the early Christian patron saint of the young, and Santa Claus, the kindred patron saint among the Dutch, began to be invoked for blessings. Other elements in the population gradually became interested in Yuletide and the Christmas tree, and so the day has grown to its present importance.

The modern Christmas tries a man's reasoning powers to the fullest extent. With him it is a problem just what to give each, and if he makes no mistake he is a wise man indeed. The wisest are those who appreciate the value of good books, and what book is there that is more useful than a work of Reference? In the REVISED ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA the knowledge of the world has been gathered up and its marvel of cheapness makes it possible for everyone to purchase. Try giving a set to your friend and see how he will appreciate it.

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APPROPRIATE CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

All who think of giving tangible Christmas presents are now absorbed in the business of selecting them. Every one wants to have his presents acceptable to the recipient, and a few points kept well in mind ought to insure that result. In the first place let your present be appropriate. It is important that your holiday remembrance should be such as appeals to your

friends' tastes or needs, in order to fulfill its mission. Having settled on the class or kind of gift best suited in any instance the next thing to be considered is your ability to afford it and the best way to get it for the least money. When you are considering making your Christmas presents it may be well to think a minute at least about the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica, which is now made available at very advantageous terms to readers of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. If you intend giving a little, simple remembrance to a friend for whom you have only a passing regard, then you do not want these books for this purpose, but if the person whom you intend to favor is one in whom you are really interested, then you can do no better than think right here whether a set of the Revised Encyclopedia Britannica would be adaptable, and they are for all persons of good taste.

THERE can be nothing more appropriate for a Christmas present than a subscription for one year to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Send it to your neighbor or friend. There needs to be a great deal of missionary work done for Spiritualism and there can be nothing better than THE JOURNAL to place in the hands of those interested. Our subscribers all write us the most appreciative letters of THE JOURNAL, so many adding, "we are proud to show THE JOURNAL to our friends."

READ this Christmas number of THE JOURNAL and consider whether you have not some friend to whom you would like to have the paper sent one year, as a New Year's present. If you have, send the name and address with the subscription, to this office and thereby make a very appropriate gift and at the same time help increase the circulation of a paper that commands the respect and confidence of Spiritualists and non-Spiritualists everywhere.

THE next half-tone portrait which will be sent with THE JOURNAL will be one of Mrs. Sara A. Underwood.

A NUMBER of articles on mediumship will appear in the New Year's number of THE JOURNAL.

THE practice of making expensive presents introduced into the holiday season a mercenary element that deprives the custom of its sweetest charm. The idea of financial reciprocity in gifts spoils the whole purpose of the giving. No more insane custom could possibly exist than one which forces a man to give away once a year some tens or hundreds of dollars' worth of things to people who in turn are expected to give him things of the same value, especially when the things are objects which none of the parties care much for when they have received them. The real Christmas gift—the gift that expresses the spirit of good will and kindness, that is the essence of the custom—is that which has cost the giver not so much mere cash as a little time and thought. More of the real Christmas spirit may be conveyed by a thing trifling in itself than by the most splendid gift of gold or diamonds. Cultivate the Christmas spirit; let it shine through your words and deeds; and then your gifts, however small in value, will have a charm for those who receive them that will abide throughout the year.

THE American Sabbath Union held a mass meeting in Chicago the other evening. Rev. Herrick Johnson repeated the usual platitudes about the duty of closing the World's Fair on Sunday. He was followed by Rev. H. A. Thompson, who according to the daily Tribune's report, began his remarks with the statement that he sin-

cerely hoped the Fair would be a disastrous failure if the gates were opened Sundays. "Cholera," he said, "may come and visit us next year. Let it come: it will at least be better than a World's Fair open Sunday. None but the disreputable desire that the Fair be opened on the first day of the week, and none but the depraved will visit it if it is open on that day." Resolutions were adopted charging the World's Fair directors with bad faith in seeking to have Congress reconsider the Sunday-closing clause after having accepted the \$2,500,000 appropriation with that condition and denouncing the Mayor and Council for interfering. The American Sabbath Union which is, in effect, an ecclesiastical and ministerial organization, is making itself more offensive every day by its exhibitions of narrowness. It ought to take lessons from men like Bishops Potter and Spalding and Revs. Chadwick and Savage.

TIME and space are, so to speak, the elements in which events and thoughts occur. There is always room for all objects, affording the amplest accommodation for the vast masses of fire and splendor called suns, with their planetary satellites to move in without accumulation or crowding, although the night-heaven occasionally, with its innumerable light-points looks as though it were densely furnished but it is not. There is a vast interspace even between the planets of our solar system which isolates them from one another. As there is space enough, so there is time enough for all kinds of evolutions. The old Zoroastrians gave their Supreme Being a name which meant Boundless Time. The immeasurable expansion of space and time, in our conception of them by current astronomy and geology constitutes a revelation more startling than any ever made before, a revelation which brings us face to face as it were with infinity and eternity. By comparison, how our little historical past is shriveled! Against the background of astronomic and geologic time, Moses and Egypt and Sesostris and Semiramis were our contemporaries.

STRAUSS in The Old Faith and the New thus refers to the industrial struggle which plays such an important part in the economic conditions of to-day: "The wild, savage struggle for existence has already had abundant play in the brute world. Man cannot entirely avoid it in so far as he is still a mere product of nature, but in the measure of his higher faculties he should know to ennoble it and in regard to his fellowmen should mitigate it, especially by the consciousness of their kindred and the mutual obligation of race. The wild turbulence of nature must be appeased in mankind; man must be, so to speak, the placidum caput, the Virgil's Neptune, reared above the tempestuous waves in order to calm them.

THE destitution of more than one thousand victims of the unfortunate strike at Homestead presents a stirring appeal to the generous impulses of a charitable public. It means that women and children are hungry and cold, that homes are dreary and fireless, and that to many innocent hearts in the unfortunate town the coming of Christmas signifies only an added sense of despair. It would be unjust to the generosity of the American character to assume that the distress and hardships of those suffering people will be permitted to remain long unrelieved.

THE Psychical Review for December contains valuable original papers in regard to psychical subjects. Dr. J. R. Buchanan writes on "The Science of Psychometry," Dr. L. A. Phillips gives "Some Cases of Psychical Diagnosis," B. F. Underwood contributes an article entitled "The Total-

ity of the Individual Mind," Rev. E. T. Allen writes on "Prejudice and Psychical Research." Among other articles of especial interest to Spiritualists and students of psychical science are two in regard to independent slate-writing by Rabbi Solomon Schendler and Hamlin Garland. This number is one of great value. The Psychical Review is a quarterly journal published by the American Psychical Society, Room 19, Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston, \$3 per annum, single numbers \$1.00. For sale at the office of THE JOURNAL.

BORN into Spirit-life December 8th, at 7:45 a. m., at the family residence at Canton, Ill., Mrs. Harriet Porter, wife of B. F. Porter, so recently gone before. She was a Spiritualist, firm and true and her passing away was beautiful and happy with messages of love and promise mingled with her last breath. Funeral services were conducted at the home in accordance with her wishes through the mediumship of Mrs. McCall Black, Sunday, December 11th.

PROF. TOTTEK, who has become somewhat famous for a number of works on the Bible, the end of the world, etc., in connection with astronomy and other sciences, is making an effort to give wide circulation to these works. There has been established a company called Our Race Publishing Co., New Haven, Conn., which issues all his books. He will on receipt of stamp send circulars, or for 50 cents send a sample volume.

THE First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists meets at Conservatory Hall, Bedford avenue, corner of Fulton street, every Sunday morning and evening. Among the speakers engaged are: Mrs. Tillie Reynolds; Mrs. Ada Foye; Mr. A. E. Tisdale; Mrs. Abbie A. Burnham. The Forty-fifth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, will be observed the last Sunday in March (26th).

THE New Chicago-California Limited, a new fast passenger train, between Chicago and California, has been placed in service by the Santa Fé Route. This train is made up with Dining Car for all Meals between Chicago and Kansas City; Pullman Palace Sleeping Car between Chicago and Los Angeles; Pullman Palace Sleeping Car between Chicago and San Diego; Reclining Chair Car between Chicago and Los Angeles. Meals on the Dining Cars, and at Dining Stations are 75 cents. This train is in addition to the regular California train, which will also leave Chicago every night at 10:00 p. m. The train which leaves Los Angeles at 7 a. m. arrives in Chicago the evening of the fourth day. Traveling by the Santa Fé Route to California is a most delightful way of reaching this enchanted land, owing to its equipment and careful management.

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