Ernth Menrs no Mask, Bows at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Taks a Bearing.

VOL. XXIX.

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> Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal Gloria in Excelsis.

> > BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

ITo the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Enclosed you will find the response to your desire for a Chrlstmas poem from my inspirations. I trust it will meet from a pprobation, for I think you fidite equal to the work of following the streams of eternal truth through their symbolical and metaphorical channels. I only wish that we had a greater proportion of those clear-sighted thought-readers, who can trace the spirit through the world to those who in the blindness of prejudice and cowardice, see tyranny, despotism and Jesuitical menace in every expression which truth gives in vindication and interpretation of her inspirations to the past. The Journal grows befter, it seems to me, with every weekly unfoldment, Long may it live and prosper in the beautiful service of intellectual and spiritual education.

Baltimore, Md. 1

Gloria, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! Never to our earth was born Since she held her stellar orbit, Such a royal Christmas morn.

With each measure of her circles Round the splendors of the Sun, Some new glory ever crowns her, From the CENTRAL THREE IN ONE. .

GLORIA, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! O'er the harp of Nature swells-Up the heights of all the heavens, Down the depths of all the hells.

High and clear the pure soprano, Deep and rich the rolling bass, Sweeps through every scale of matter, State or kingdom, tribe or race.

Till within the manger cradle, Love-redeeming rose to flame. Every measure of the anthem

Since from off the glowing altars,

Of the Sun our planet came,

Can my reverent heart-repeat, Till by Cedron's moon-lit waters, I can hear its numbers beat,

In the tearful soul-appealing Of the love inspired one, Father, let the cup pass from me. Yet Thy will not mine be done.

Not one chord is jarr'd or broken By the Cross, the spear or rod, Though the flesh divinely human, Trembles 'neath the will of God.

Through the agony and triumph, Riseth still the sacred strain, GLORIA, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! Till the vail is rent in twain.

And the spirit-fire eternal From the tomb its seals hath riven, And the truth of resurrection Unto human sense is given.

"Touch me not-I've not ascended," Sealed God's covenant with earth, That from her maternal bosom. Love, the Savior, should have birth.

When our "gone-before" embrace us In their yearning love again, Wearing forms of earthly substance. Every link within the chain

Of the first and second coming. Of our Christ is found complete, And the clasps of Love redemptive, Round our mother-planet meet.

GLORIA, GLORIA IN EXCELSIS! Augel hosts enraptured sing, Earth again bath seen her Savior, Matter's Sovereign Lord and King. TRUTH AND PEACE.

A Spirit Message for the Times.

BY W. STAINTON-MOSES, M. A. (OXON.)

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It has been usual for me to receive from a spirit who has taught me of spiritual things ever since my eyes have been open to discern them, words of consolation, instruction, or warning as they may be needed. These have usually been conveyed by means of automatic writing, and some of

the teachings so given have been, I am thankful to know, of service to others beside myself. Most, however, have been addressed to my private needs, and it would be egotism to print them. The last ten years, during which they have been given have been years of stern spiritual trial with me: they have been years during which me; they have been years during which the old has been been rooted up, the ground, that was full of weeds and traversed by many a beaten path, has been torn up, harrowed, broken for future tiltorn up, harrowed, broken for future til-lage, and prepared for the reception of new seed. So the teachings have dealt with the passing frame of mind, produced in me by these harrowings and uprootings of old faiths and prejudices. They have nec-essarily been of private application to a large extent, though much in them has suited the needs of others who like me, have been undergoing discipline and develop-ment.

Of late years these teachings have taken wider scope, and one less personal to myself, warning me, some five years since that a period of discord, disturbance, and universal unrest was coming on the world, to culminate in this and next year, they bade me observe the signs of the times and gain from the discipline to be found in the com-ing struggle a further development and growth. This was almost the only prediction ever made to me. The wise spirits with whom I have had to do, though they could, indeed see further than we can, though their horizon is wider and their knowledge more extended, yet have never arrogated to themselves any power higher than that conferred by such extended opportunities. This particular insight into the future was giv-

en, 1 do not doubt for beneficent purposes of instruction and most marvellously has the production been fulfilled. For are not well nigh all things under heaven undergowell nigh all things under heaven undergo-ing disturbance? Is there not in the very air a feeling of unrest, a discordant mur-mur, a brooding spirit of fitful change, which to a sensitive is distressing and ter-rible to endure. The world dimly feels that it is going through a crisis. War and convulsions in politics, theology, aye, in the very earth itself as well as in the nations that inhabit it, perforce attract attention. The world sees that great events are going on, and that mighty minds are moulding the destinies of present generations, and making history for the future. Within the ranks of Spiritualism the same unrest prevails. It is a time of sifting and trying, a period when "the old order changeth, giving place to new." It seems impossible to maintain even external agreement; it is perhaps undesirable to seek it. For spirit is at work among us leading us to take hold on the facts that the past thirty years have given us, and to assimilate them and take home their issues to our lives. Such a time was that which followed the removal of the founder of Christianity from this earth. Men had not seen how far his teaching reached; they had not understood him except superficially, and so they had to learn when he was gone. They learned, as men learn best, in the hard school of discipline persecution and trial. It seems to me that this is akin to what is happening to

In this frame of mind, which I have en deavored to depict so that my teachings may be intelligible, I passed into the in-terior state and was conscious of the presence of my teacher. In my vision I saw and heard with spiritually quickened senses, but all was as real to me as any event of my bodily life. Some such conversation as

this ensued. You are much absent now, and the times are troubled. I need you more; I feel the ceaseless unrest terribly.

T. No, we have not been absent; only since the times are troublous, and the ad-

versaries have power upon your earth, we have advised that you do not seek open communion with us. You are best at rest, such as can be had.

That is little enough. One yearns for peace.
T. There is no peace in this age; there will be none till the truth has been born into the world, and the birth-pangs are over, to the world, and the birth-pangs are over. You may see all round you evidences of the truth we long since told you, and though the cry for peare is taking to the superficial mind, remember that it is after all only a parrot cry, unless the peace comes after reception of truth. That is the only peace that is really desirable, or that you should strive for. In such a time as this, it is truth rather than peace that should be on men's tongues. It was so in the days of the Christ, He brought "not peace but a sword." And He brought "not peace but a sword." And so it is now. You will have discord till truth prevails; and to cry for peace when you should be fighting for the truth, is but to play the coward. Everything in its place. Truth first, peace afterwards, and as its

But these constant dissensions are so unspiritual.

the inevitable friction that must attend fashioning of new truth in a manner suited to such an age as this. You might as reasonably complain of the noise of a great factory. It is necessary and unavoidable. We tell you this is a time of sifting, and there is much rubbish that must be got rid of. Various methods will be used, and it is vain for you to over necessary. and it is vain for you to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace; and when there should be none till truth prevails.

Then me are to have another year of unrest?

T. We have told you before. It is the culminating point. They that endure unto the end will find their reward in the peace which comes in its fitting time. But the

which comes in its litting time. But the end is not yet.

I can see that what you say is true, but it is a truth that many of us find it hard to bear. Many will faint by the way.

T. Yes. It is the sifting out of which we have told you.

Much more was said, but this I have put down as I remember it, because it seems to me to strike the key note of the coming year. It will not be a year of peace: it need me to strike the key note of the coming year. It will not be a year of peace; it need not, for all that, be one of less progress. Ideas, in themselves wrong, and mischievous in their effect, have to be combatted; and to seek peace with them and their propagators, to cry for universal toleration even of a lie, to hide the head and see no wrong in anything, this is the very crucial danger of the hour. There is evil, plenty of it, all around us, and they who make truce with it are no friends of truth. There is a nampy-pamby cry in the mouths of some timid souls, who are of the peace at-any-price party, which is misleading and dangerous. There are times when peace may be so little desirable that it may be a cowardly paltering with that which, so tolerated, will eat out all true progress, and reduce us to a crab-like process of retrogression. us to a crab-like process of retrogression. This, however, is temporary, and if we are true to ourselves and to our deposit of truth,

all will be well.

Exercising the Devil. BY A. B. FRENCH,

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Many years ago the writer received a very imperative invitation to go to Norwalk, O., and act as special second for Dr. M. Henry Houghton, who had arranged to debate with Elder Miles Grant for five evenings, a question in substance as follows:

"RESOLVED, That the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are the work of the Devil." He knew Dr. Houghton was a young man and that the name of Elder Miles Grant had become to Spiritualists what Saul of Tarsus was to the primitive Christians before his

conversion. As an act of personal friendship, and also having an intense desire, when Spiritualism was buried, to be a visible mourner at the funeral, he accepted the invitation. The debate opened in due time in Whittelsey Hall (the largest in the village), according to arrangement. Rev. Mr. Stedson acted as special second for Elder Grant. This invincible "soul sleeper" opened with an air of evident heroism. He had Bible quotations and references collected by the yard, all of which he had used on Spiritualists many times before. Dr. Houghton followed the "plumed knight" of the church, with a zeal and ability his most enthusiastic friends had not anticipated, and the public pulse ran so high that the hall was filled to its ntmost capacity. Elder Grant had not reiled to notice all our manifold sins, both of omission and commission, and charged them home as the fruit of the demons who obsessed us. His last speech for the third evening was especially caustic and severe. He had rolled hell's ponderous gates ajar, and shown the audience a legion of demons, dark and damned, going forth scattering moral and religious leprosy in society. Dr. Houghton arose to reply. He walked across the rostrum very near to Elder Grant and said, "Jesus told his dis-ciples what signs should follow them that believe; in his name they should cast out-devils, etc., etc. Now, sir, I have a devil who often controls me. You claim to be-lieve. I will let this devil control me now. If you will cast him out, I will yield the question in this debate. If you fail to cast him out you shall yield the question. Dare

you accept the proposition?"

A strange shudder could readily be seen on the brow of this great Goliah. There was no refuge in briefs. A question was before the house not anticipated in his notes; silence reigned supreme, and hundreds of eager eyes were fastened on this theological gladiator. It was a direct proposition, and no time for debate. Dr. Houghton stood with his hands calmly folded, waiting the reply. Elder Grant arose with a saintly air and solemnity unknown even to the clergy (except when they solemnize a doubtful marriage, or baptize a convert likely to backslide with the first change in the weath

er), and said: "In the name of God I will." Dr. Houghton then appealed to the mod erator to see that no personal injury was done to him, and sat down to be entranced Elder Grant watched every quiver of his muscles with a deeper interest than any of the silent and eager spectators who filled the hall. Why should be not? He had preached many years, and in his sermons and debates he exhibited a thorough knowledge of the devil. Now he was to

T. We see no constant dissension; only have a formal encounter with his satanic majesty. He may have thought how he drew down a third part of the stars. He may have been wondering that, if he succeeded in casting him out, what he would do with him. Unfortunately there were no swine near; and if there had been, there was no sea in which to drown them. At all events he was just now billed for a play; the curtain had arisen; he had neither learned his part, nor yet secured a promp-

Dr. Houghton was soon entranced, and informed him that he was ready. With impressive solemnity Elder Grant asked him if he believed in Jesus Christ, and received an affirmative reply. Elder Grant, not to be baffled thus, asked him if he believed that he was begotten according to the Scripture narrative. The spirit very meskly told him that he did not know—he was not there. A few more questions fol-lowed. Then Elder Grant kuit down his eyebrows, and assuming an attitude equal

to his great work, said:
"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I

command you to leave." The spirit very promptly told him he would not. Elder Grant continued for a long time to command him to depart. At last seeing his efforts were fruitless, he acknowledged his failure. Elder Stedson admitted to the audience that he believed Dr. Houghton was entranced. The audience departed in great confusion. Many of the unged y were to be heard congratulating

each other on the success of the devil. Elder Grant preached the two successive evenings, but his audience was small, and on the Sunday evening following, with a few of his friends, he came to the Court House, which was crowded to the utmost, to hear the writer pay his especial compli-ments to Adventism. The writer has not seen Elder Grant, or heard of his public encounter with a Spiritualist since. He is very sanguing, however, whatever promise the Scriptures may make to the believer, that the Elder will never attempt to exorcise another devil. Clyde, O.

Radicalism.

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Some one having said, "Where liberty is, there is my country," Paine observed, "Where liberty is not, there is my country and thither I hasten that I may help to establish it." In this expression we have the very essence of radicalism, which is discontent caused by a perception of error and wrong, and a desire to remove them. It glows in the words of Jesus, in the writings of Luther, in the cr. ticisms of Voltaire. in the novels of Rosseau; in the poetry of Goethe, Shelley and Burns; in the phillipics of Junius; in the treatises of Darwin and Haeckel; in the addresses of Huxley and Tyndail; in the speeches and essays of

Davis, Tuttle and Denton. A world in which improvement is possi-ble, in which there are evils to be removed, wrongs to be righted, reforms to be accomplished, is one of the conditions of radicalism. A radical could never be happy in an orthodox heaven, for tendencies that have been developed through centuries and are important parts of his intellectual and moral nature, would have no field for their activity. Hell would be a more fit place for him. for there he might find work in trying to ex-tinguish the flames, and laboring to make the place more tolerable for himself and others. Discoverers, inventors, reformers are neces-

sarily radicals. Radicals are not confined to any one class. Canon Farar, Dean Stanley, and Robertson Smith represent a radical element in the orthodox churches. Swing and Thomas have the radical spirit. Miner, the Universalist, represents the conservative tendencies. Indeed, Universalism, once represented by radical minds, is more conservative to-day than the Congregational and Methodist churches. The radical element has been eliminated from the former, and its progressive spirit is now perpetuated among the different classes of liberal thinkers.

But there are Materialists and Spiritualists to-day, in whom Conservatism predominates: who have become stereotyped and unable to assimilate a new idea or to adjust themselves to new conditions. To them the scientific discoveries and methods of our best minds are without value. They

have become rigid and unprogressive.

A radical disposition does not necessarily imply radical thought or action. A man may love liberty, yet lack the knowledge necessary to secure it for himself or others. So he may have the spirit and yet lack the principles of radicalism. Radical means root. A true radical seeks for fundamental principles, for bottom facts, for the bedrock foundation. As a thinker he is profound and thorough; as a practical reform. er he works for changes that are practicable and will effect the results desired. Extreme concentration of thought upon one work may tend to narrowness. Some men, like some rivers, are broad as well as deep, but the intensity of thought induced by great and prolonged devotion to one reform, must diminish the expenditures of mental force in other directions. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer may be named among radicals of great breadth as well as of great

depth of thought.

The most radical minds are usually the most quiet in their methods. "Still waters run deep." Rant is sometimes taken for

radicalism, but only by the ignorant. Fierce denunciations of the doctrine of hell-fire when nobody believes in it, is no indication of radical thought. Nor is the adoption of every new theory that is advanced, or ad-hesion to every wild project that is put for ward, evidence of radicalism.

, Radicalism gave us the Protestant reformation, the Copernican theory, the art of printing, a Republic in North America. It abolished persecution for the imaginary crime of witchcraft, disestablished the English church in Ireland, extended the franchises in England, and substituted the ministry of Gladstone for that of Disraeli, It substituted a Republic in France for Bonapartism, wrested Rome from the temporal power of the Pope, and inaugurated the liberal policy of Victor Emmanuel. It has promoted temperance, elevated women, modified theology, destroyed superstition and advanced science. It is constantly adding to the achievements of the human mind and multiplying the comforts and elegancies of

Yet conservatism has its uses. It is well that the masses are slow to change their convictions. This insures the continuance of institutions that should be maintained, and the permanance of reforms when once established. It is well that radicalism predominates with the minority; that conservatism is the spirit and the principle of the majority. Radicalism says:

"There is nothing so good as the new, There is nothing so poor as the old; Better the horning's silvery dew Than the evening's river of gold, Better a thousand fold." Thorndike, Mass., Dec. 1880.

Soul Memories.

BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS. As the "Holidays" are near at hand, may I not pen a few thoughts that perchance will interest your many readers. As I sit alone to-night, in my comfortable home, I am thinking of the dear friends, of long ago, whose loving presence was more than a sacred benediction. Now their smile greets us no more, and we long to hear again voices that were music to our ears, and often listen for the footsteps that once caused our hearts to beat quicker at their approach. The power of human love! who can fathom its depths, or tell whence it comes, or whither it goeth? What would poor humanity be, were it not for the love which encircles it in its fraternal arms,

its Father's house? The human heart will always yearn for the companionship of the dear departed. It cannot be that our heavenly Father has created within us great soul-longings, without a responsive love-beat, echoing in answer to ours. God would not have so constructed our souls that we could not refrain from loving the beautiful and the true, and then dash from us forever the chalice of joy he had presented to our lips.

even when it has wandered far away from

The heart's question is now, as it ever has been, "Can the dear departed come back to us?" These heart questions cannot be silenced. They come as spontaneously as the fragrance of summer flowers. Love, the great positive principle of the human soul, is ever reaching into the far-off future, seeking to bring back the memories of those whose feet have ascended the mountain heights of beauty and repose. To the mourner's heart in its sacred stillness. to the lone child of penury and want, to the self-sacrificing martyr, there sometimes come great waves of thought, freighted with love and tender recollections, and the soul in that inspired hour knows that love is immortal.

Toiling and weary humanity, look upward! The great love song of the soul's redemption is being chanted by celestial angels, and the smallest pebble dropped upon the ocean of love, will expand its circles until its faintest ripple is heard and felt in the humblest soul.

Hopedale, Vine Cottage.

Resolutions of Respect.

At the regular session of the Cleveland Children's Progressive, Lyceum, last Sunday, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, In accordance with natural and immutable law, our brother, friend and co-worker, William B. Archer, has passed to sprit-life, from Cleveland, Ohio, be it there-

Resolved, That we as a society of which he was a member tender our sincere condolence to the sorrowing parents and relatives in their bereavement, and assure them we share (more than words can tell) their grief at his premature departure. His loss will be sadly felt socially, and as an active worker in our cause, he being ever ready to lend a willing hand wherever he could do the most good. He had splendid mediumistic qualities. Most of all will his loss be felt by one of the fondest of mothers, whose idol and constant companion he was. But

"While mourning his absence in vain, Remember bright spirits are near," Let us not forget the separation is but temporary, and draw consolation from our beautiful philosophy that declares:

"There are no dead—the living are the only dead,
The dead live on, never more to die,
And often when we mourn them fied,
They never were so nigh." Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Rhymes for Christmas.

BY J. G. JACKSON.

What can we send your Yule-tide sheet, Bright and attractive," "short and sweet?" As sparkling as the morning ray, Caught by the Frost King, in their play. "Diversified" with "humorous scene," "Experience precious" in between— Words "cheerful, hopeful," fit to send The wide world o'er to Journal's friend?

Our words are numbered for the page; No chance to show our verblage; But, cramped, our Muse her waist must lace And check her wild, too roving pace. Ah, friend! the lesson you have set In willing spirit shall be met, And may good powers our thoughts inspire, To fill the measure you require.

The Mass of Christ! No one can tell What time the mary lous birth befel;
Not e'en the year—far less the day—
The Infant in the manger lay;
No one can tell! then why shall we,
Plant gay and green our Christmas-tree?
And join the merry rout and call
That claims a loy for one and all? That claims a joy for one and all?

Is it because old Constantine. Three centuries thence, proclaimed Divine, The man, whose death is held alone, Sufficient to all sins atone? Or is it that, on days the same, The ancient heathen Saviors came? Mythra of Persia—Chaldea's Chris, Prometheus, Ixion, Adonis, Krishna of Indis, Buddha great, Old mythic Saviors, incarnate— All born on that Solstitial time The sun begins its north ward climb; And popish masses are proclaim Old Pagan rites in Jesus's name?

Nay! we would rather hail the birth Of rising Sol to bless the Earth; Renew again the laughing hours And usher in the bloom of flowers Dispense once more the powers divine That from his rays of glory shine, With vital currents quickened flow, Awakening life to Summer's glow.

Or we would greet the passing year And waive adieu with smile and tear; A smile for all its labors done; For all its victories nobly won; Yest e'en for uncrowned efforts made, And for each folly's fleeting shade; A tear for all its pleasures past r joys that did not—could not last? For friends whose faces-once so near-Now brighten in a higher sphere, And only greet this earthly scene, With "Angel visits....for between.

What joy to know, for every one Departing thus—their labors done— Dear friends of Earth—through falling tears We see them, friends in heavenly spheres. How blessed are they whose "sunset sky" Is darkened by no wail or sigh; Whose sundered links, here rusting old, There brighten forth to links of gold. Then shall we not accept the day? Aside our every burden lay; Re-line with silver every cloud; Join in with childish laughter loud, And watch, or share the childish play That helps to drive "dull care away?"

Why need we fret or spoil our mirth For all the varied ills of earth? What though abounds the bigot's rage, To darken life on ev'ry page? What though around us, we behold Crushed subjects to the reign of gold? What though proud science, from the schools, Come dressed in rags with cap of fools? This counsel "sweet" from realms of love Comes flowing in our choice to prove; Be cheery, hopeful: do your best To heavenly powers submit the rest;" For all who daily strive to do The duty opening to the view-For each who earnest labor gives Truth the redeemer ever lives."

What recks it if they scorn our faith; Or what besotted fully saith? Let "Youmans" charge and "Lancaster;" We yield no inch in craven fear; Let Carpenter lame logic chop, The truth may reach him, drop by drop; Let long eared Beard his "expert" show, We see what he can never know— Nor such as he—howe'er they wink, Until a deeper draught they drink.

Let wordy Cook his coarseness preach; He's fallen quite beyond our reach. E'en if friend Hosg's words prove sooth, We'll work and wait for conquering Truth; Or should "Ma Shipton's" guesses hit, In —31 the old earth split,

We'll watch our chance, where'er we're hurled,
And land upon some braver world; Our earthly bodies crushed and torn, We'll wear our new ones—spirit born; Nor fear amid the general smash, But "Astral forms" will stand the crash.

So here we have our lesson read; (Good friends don't chide for too much said!) se one day brave what e'er takes place; With faith and trust in heavening grace Fly out your flag in Truth's great name And feast on Turkey all the same.

"Deluded Spiritualists."

BY EPES SARGENT.

iNew York Independent.] My attention has been called to an article in the *Independent* of Nov. 18th, entitled "Every Medium a Fraud." In it the writer gives some account of a so-called "exposure" of Spiritualism at the Tremont Temple, Boston, Nov. 8th, in which the dominant figure was the Rev. A. A. Waite, otherwise known as Elder Waite. For the last six months he has been giving what he calls "Chalk Talks About Jesus," at times in the smaller towns, such as Haverhill, near Boston. As he intersperses these "talks" with certain gymnastic and conjuring exhibitions, said to be exposures or exact imitations of the modus operandi by which so-called spiritual phenomena are produced, his pious purpose would seem to be to win souls for the Church by holding out the prospect of fun.

As the writer seems to be thoroughly sincere and as he refers to the Rev. Joseph Cook, who witnessed certain decisive phenomena in my library (March 13th, 1880) as having been "entrapped into a quast recognition of spiritualistic miracles," I feel constrained to call upon Dr. Washburn for some further information. The "quast recognition" was the wholly spontaneous drawing up of a paper, at my table, by Mr. Cook, and unexpectedly to me, in which he and four other witnesses, of whom I was one, declare, under their names, in reference to what took place as follows: "We cannot apply to these facts any theory of fraud, and we do not see how the writing can be explained, unless matter in the slate pencil was moved without contact."

Concerning this phenomenon of direct writing, which is absolutely without flaw and free from every element of doubt, if Mr. Waite, or any other man, says he can produce it by trick or illusion in the same way that it is medially produced, then he is either under an hallucination more serious than any he affects to deplore or, to put it plainly, he is guilty of a mere bravado.

The essential point is: "What are the conditions which make direct writing a scientific certainty?" If, as your corre-spondent says, "Mr. Waite privately performed all those maryels for the benefit of his clerical associates, to satisfy them that Mr. Cook had been deceived," then Mr. Waite has got to do this one thing: he has got to allow you, me, or any one to satisfy ourselves (1) that we ho'd in our hands two perfectly clean, fresh slates-not trick-slates, not slates which he has ever manipulated; but slates of our own choosing and cleaning, placed by us one on the other, and having between them a bit of our own-slatepencil. He is then (2) to stand off from us, in our own room, in broad daylight, fifteen feet, with only persons of our own selection present, and, without once touching the slates or even looking at the inside surfaces after we have cleaned and closed them, he is to allow us to place those slates on a table twenty two feet distant from him. The sound of writing is then (3) to be heard. I am to take and uncover those slates, before he has touched them or even left his distant position, (4) and I am to find on one of the surfaces (5) intelligent writing, signed with the name of some near relative. This was what Watkins did in my presence, subsequently to the sitting with Mr. Cook. But at the sitting with Mr. Cook the proofs of direct writing by an unknown force were equally assuring and the conditions were really free from reasonable

Two eminent German "conjurors"—Bel-lachini and Jacobs—utterly repudiate the theory of fraud in this phenomenon of direct writing. They say that to refer it to prestidigitation is impossible. Where is there a chance for it, when neither hands nor confederates are used? Another proof lies in the fact that the medium is utterly incapable of reproducing the phenomena at his own pleasure. He must stand, and wait, and hope; and, when the phenomena come, he cannot tell how they are effected. This explains why offers of money to a medium if he will do so and so are utterly frivolous

and ineffectual. Any man of common sense will see that it is impossible to produce writing under the various conditions granted by any trick or device, independent of some occult, un-explained force. I frankly told the Rev. Mr. Cook, when he first visited me, with the request that I would allow Watkins to have a sitting for him in my library, that he must test the medium precisely as he would any person known to be a fraud; that I was knowing to the fact that Watkins had at one time agreed with Bishop to go round as an "exposer," making the public believe that such phenomena as were really genuine, and which it is impossible for him to explain, were, nevertheless, tricks, and giving as an excuse for not explaining the modus operandi that he couldn't afford to do so at present. Mr. Hiram Sibley, a wealthy investigator of Rochester, informs me that he offered Watkins a large sum of money (more than ten thousand dollars Watkins says,) if the medium would disclose his trick. Mr. Sibley further told him he would come under bonds not to make public the modus operandi. Of course Watkins was powerless to explain any thing. He is as ignorant as I am as to the how the direct writing is produced outside of the supra-sensual theory.

Ever since the so-called "rappings" broke out, in 1848, there have been plenty of persons, with some slight medial power, who, finding that they could not make money by ed "exposers," and in that capacity drawn much better audiences than they could have done as real mediums. To intelligent Spiritualists these cases have been well known for thirty years. The man who sometimes calls himself "Lincoln," and sometimes "Warren," and sometimes by some other alias, who was selected to help Mr. Waite in his so called "exposure," has been notorious these fifteen years or more, either in or outside the ranks of Spiritualism; at one time figuring as an "exposer," under one name, and at another time as a genuine medium, under another name. And in this way the gentle public has been gulled. Such was the man-one utterly unscrupulous as to which side he favored-who was selected to compete with Mr. Waite. When this "medium" played vanguished, what as surance have we that he was not lending himself to an imposture? My friend, John Wetherbee, of Boston, having witnessed, seven years ago, some genuine phenomena through "Lincoln," asked him why it was he ever played the part of an exposer. "Because I can make five times as much money

by it!" was the frank reply. But who is the "Col. King" who challenged Mr. Waite to a contest with his medium (Lincoln), and who was a copartner in getting up the "great moral show," and who shared the proceeds (more than \$1 000) with the party estensibly opposing? Dr. Wash-burn tells us that Col. King is a "well known Spiritualist;" but, after four weeks of active inquiry. I have been unable to find the first Spiritualist who knows anything about him. On this aubject I have some information, however, which I am not yet at liberty to disclose, but which may come out in good time. The following paragraph from the Boston Herald—a journal very careful to say nothing that it cannot stand by-may give the reader an inkling of the real state of things:

"Rev. Mr. Waite has transferred his great moral show to Lawrence, where it is pre-sumed will be re-enacted the Boston programme of 'exposure,' challenge, and 'de-feat,' with 'Col.' King and Warren Lincoln

The above, coming after a favorable account, in the same journal, of the contest between Mr. Waite and the hybrid medium, Lincoln, and his backer, "Col. King," is very significant. I think that your correspondent, as a gentleman of candor, will see that the whole subject must be reconsidered in his mind.

Dr. Washburn tells us that Mr. Waite was anxious merely to do what he could to put an end to the fatal error of so clearheaded a man as Mr. Cook," and to "save the souls of deluded Spiritualists." (How generous!) If Mr. Cook was "entrapped," as Dr. Washburn tells us, then he was entrapped in my library, while aided and guarded by four of his friends. Now, as the seance was got up by Mr. Cook, and never invited or even suggested by me, it will be seen how much justice there is in the use of this word "entrapped."

Mr. Cook witnessed phenomena which he could not explain, but which he had the manliness to assert, without calculating consequences. He is all right as far as his testimony is concerned. The experiences of every day are confirming it. If Dr. Washburn is curious as to further particulars of Mr. Cook's sitting, and as to the all-suffi-cient testimony establishing direct writing as a fact of science, I shall take pleasure in mailing to his address a copy of "The Soi-entific Basis of Spiritualism," a work just published, in which I give some account of 'not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the

the so-called "exposures," and answer all the objections of any importance that have been blought forward against a great fact of Nature, irrepressible and demonstrable during the last thirty three years.

Christmas and the Christ.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Keligio-Philosophical Journal: CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the Christ-mass-the mass of the Christ-so called because upon that day a special mass was observed in honor of the Christ in the early Catholic church.

THE CHRIST.

The title Christ was applied to Jesus of Nazareth because he was supposed to be the Jewish Messiah. Messiah is an anglicized form of the Greek word Messias; Messias is a corruption of the Hebrew Mashiah or Mashrach. Ha Mashiah means in Hebrew, t e "Anointed of Yahweh." Yahweh is the more correct pronunciation of the name of the Hebrew god commonly called Jehovah. The Greek form. Messias, is found in but two passages in the New Testament-John i. 41; iv. 25. The early Christians, speaking and writing Greek, generally used *Christos*, instead of *Messias*, in designating their Lord and Master by his official title. *Christos*, in Greek, signifies official title. *Christos*, in Greek, signifies "the anointed;" being the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew Mashiah. It is unknown who first designated Jesus in Greek as Christos rather than Messias. Probably Paul, the first expounder of the Messiabship of Jesus to the Gentile world, may have introduced the term Christos among them; the other apostles, retaining their o'd Jewish prejudices against the Gentiles, may have preferred the term Messias as more clos-ly approximating the Heorew Mashiah Christos becomes Christus in Latin and Christ in Eng-

THE MESSIAH.

The origin of the Messianic expectation of Israel lay in the fact that the Hebrews regarded themselves as the "chosen people" of God,—Yahweh. In the Old Testament the term Mashiah is applied to the Israelitish kings and is usually translated in our authorized English versions by the word 'anointed?' (1 Sam. xii. 3 5. etc.) Saul, the first king, is the first one designated as the Messiah.— Mashiah neged, the anointed chief. In after years, even Cyrus, the Great Persian king, who released the Jews from captivity, was styled by the second or Deutero Isaiah as the Lord's Messiah. (Isaiah xiv. 1).

THE MESSIAH-KING. After the overthrow of the northern kingdom of Israel, or Samaria, at the hands of the Assyrian hosts, there arose in the Hebrew mind the conception of a personal deliverer, a descendant of David (David hay ing been their most il us rious prince, and his reign the most glorious epoch in their national history), who should be raised up by Yahweh to restore the ancient glories of David's time, and reunite the now discupted kingdom. This deliverer was called the Messiah; and under his sway the Jewish people was to be sapreme over all nations, the ruler and judge of the world, and was to inaugurate an era of perpetual pease and happine s in all the earth.

THE MESSIANIC EXPECTATION.

The Messianic hope passed through variphases during the nucluating fortunes of the Jewish people from the time of the Captivity to the days of Herod the Great. Some times the conception of a personal Messiah became weakened, the idea becoming paramount that the whole nation collectively, purified and redeemed, the chosen race, would fill the role of the expected Messiah, the anointed of Yahweh. In the troublous time of Herod, however, the bone of a personal Messiah revived, and when Jesus of Nazareth appeared in Galilee the Messianic hope was ripe among the people. The advent of the Messiah was in popular parlance called the coming of the "kingdom of heaven"-the term kingdom of heaven, or kingdom of God, being synonymous with the reign of the Messiah over Israel.

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

John the Baptist and other zealots in the first century, began to preach the speedy coming of the kingdom of heaven, urging personal righteousness as a preparation for its advent. Jesus was attracted to John, and was baptized as one of his disciples; and after John's imprisonment he took up the work of John, repeating John's command: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!" It is evident, that, in the beginning of Jesus's ministry he had no thought that he himself was to be the coming Messian; but, toward the latter part of his ministrations, the idea dawned up in him that he of all living Hebrews was the better fitted for the Messianship, in which opinion he was confirmed by his enthusias-tic followers, headed by the impulsive Peter (Matt. xvi. 13, 16), and from that time forth he proclaimed himself Messiah, thereby speedily losing his life. The Messiah was to be King of the Jews; he was to deliver Israel from foreign oppression and bondage; to revive the glories of the anclent monarchy; to set up a heavenly kingdom on earth, at Jerusalem, in which king dom all righteous Israelites of former generations, by being resurrected or raised from the dead, should dwell forever. When Jesus was hailed as King of the Jows by the multitude, at the time of triumphant entry into Jerusalem, he brought bimself into conflict with the Roman authorities: and in a few days therafter he was executed for insurrection or sedition. The Messiahship had both a political and theological signification; the Messiah was to be a heavenly ruler on earth, the vicegerent of God, to reign in Jerusalem, primarily over the the Jews, and eventually over all nations as King and Lord. This is what Jesus claimed to be; but he was rejected as such by his countrymen, and through their efforts his death was hastened; and, if any reliance can be placed upon the record, the last words of Jesus indicated that he died in despair and disappointment (Mait. xxvii.

THE CHRIST PURELY JEWISH.

The title Messiah or Christ applied to Jesus by himself and early followers, denoted simply and exclusively that he was the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Jews. It had no reference to the Gentile world, save that it was held that the Jews under rule of the Messiah, would rule all other nations—that all the world would submit to the sway of their Messiah King in Jerusalem. The Christ idea is wholly Jew-ish, and that it had this signification in the mind of Jesus is evidenced by his command to his disciples, when he sent them forth to preach the speedy coming of the Messiah: "Go not into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Bamaritans, enter ye House of Israel." And again Jesus said:
"I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of
the house of Israel." (Matt. x. 5; xv. 24).
After the death of Jesus the twelve aposites continued strict Jews in all things, and required all converts to faith in Jesus as the Messiah to conform to the whole Mosaic law. The only difference between them and the other Jews was, that, in addition to their Mosaism, they had belief in Jesus as the Jewish Messiah and in his speedy reap-pearance on earth to sit up his Messianic kingdom in Jerusalem. Paul was the first who declared that the sacrifice of Jesus on the cross abrogated the Mosaic law, admit-ting all Gentiles to the Christian fold upon the simple condition of faith in Jesus as the Christ. For this action of Paul, the other apostles denounced him severely, and did all they could to thwart his efforts to liberalize Christianity. Christianity in their minds was merely the old Judaism with the Messiahship of Jesus superadded.

THE CHRIST-IDEA OR PRINCIPLE. What then is the Christ-idea or Christprinciple? Simply this: Christ is equivalent to Messiah, and Messiah is the title of the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Jews, an earthly potentate, based upon a vague dream and hope of the Jews, never yet realized and that never can be. Historrically and etymologically the Christ principle has no connection with the principle of love, or charity, or fraternity with which it is sometimes erroneously associated. It is purely politico theocratic, and aside from the Jewish nation is devoid of meaning. Viewed in the light of these facts, and no well informed, truthful person can deny them, how absurd to speak of the Christprincip'e being synonymous with love or beneficence, or as being the corner stone of Spiritualism. Only think of it; the King of Jews constitutes the corner-stone of Spiritualism f

WHO ARE CHRISTIANS?

A Christian, in the only true sense, is one who accepts Jesus as the Christ, the Messiah, the King of the Jews. Jesus claimed to be the King of the Jews and for so claim. ing was crucified. The apostle regarded him as King of the Jews; and Luke tells us (xxiv. 21), that after his death, the apostles sud that they had "trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel"—an exclusively Jewish conception, we see. The angel is said to have told Mary, before the birth of Jesus, that the "Lord God shall give unto him thethrone of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (i. 32, 33). The wise men from the East hailed him as King of the Jews (Matt. ii. 2); Jesus claimed to be King of the Jews in his trial before Pilate (Matt. xxvii. 11); and the superscription over his cross was, "The King of the Jews." Yet Jesus never was King of the Jews in any sense, temporal or spiritual; he never redeemed Israel, as the disciples hoped; he never sat on the throne of David; he never reigned over the house of Jacob. Jesus promised his twelve disciples (including Judas), that they should sit on twelve throngs, judging the twelve tribs of Israel. another purely Jewish conception (Matt. xix. 28); but his promise was never fulfilled, and never will he. Jesus no doubt was honest in asserting himself to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, but he was satly mistaken; and untimely death ending his ambitious hopes, as in cases of other honest, misguided enthusiasts.

No one, then, is really and truly a Christhe King of the Jews, the destined Messiah of the Holy Nation, ande from and exclusive of all other, or Gentile nations. The aposties and early Christians were true Christians, for they believed this, and expected the speedy coming of their Lord to establish his Messianic kingdom at Jerusaiem. Toat idea has long since been aband oned; and in the light of the above undeniable facts, it is meaningless to talk of Christian Spiritualism, or Christian Spirit ualists There is, really, no such thing as a Christian Spiritualist; there can be none, except by attaching meanings to the words Christ and Christian wholly illegitimate and foundationless, and expressive of ideas totally unknown to the mind of Jesus. In truth Jesus never heard of the word. Chriscan, no such term being used during his life time; and he never dreamed of founding a new religion to supersade Judaism. to be founded upon his Messianic title and in a foreign tongue (Greek), of which in all probability Jesus knew nothing. Jesus was not a Christian in any modern acceptation of the term; he was a Jewish theologicomoral reformer, auxious to establish a bet ter system of mora's than then obtained in Judea and Galice, and who was so far selfdece yed as to imagine himself the long-expected Messiah of his people, Israel.

Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

A Merry Christmas.

BY JESSEE H. BUTLER:

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

A long time has passed since the Christ mas chimes greeted the ear and gladdened the heart of a little boy, with their silvery echoes: whose teader years glided along in the val'ey amid the green fields and the meandering streamlets, whose soft banks were studded with the cowslips, primroses, buttercups and daisies, and when winter came, the pure white berries and pale green leaves of the mistletoe, and the bright red berries and dark green leaves of the holly. came so pure, sweet, cheerful and brave like the spirit of immortality, smiling and rejoicing over the grave of winter!

Yes, long sad years have passed since those chimes were heard, those lengthened sprigs budded and blossomed, and since the pure white snow kissed the mistletoe and the holly; but the picture of those scenes has remained amid all the changes of life, amid all the bitter sorrows, like a fadeless irls of beauty in the soul, that has kept it young and sweet, to enjoy every passing sunbeam of hope, of joy and victorious exnitation over every worthy achievement of human effort, and made it firm and strong to withstand the satanic temptations that promised it the kingdom of this world. and its contemptible honors (?) as the price of weakness and a facile yielding to its false promises, that rot, even in the ripest fruitions of reward.

And what of all this? I will tell you. parents. Human lives are drops of the same ocean, and each drop that the sunlight passes through gladdens the world with its transmission of the perfect primary colors of harmony and love.

Who are the outcasts of the large cities? They are the children of parents whose family circles do not meet to enjoy the glad birthday, the thanksgiving reunion, the Christmas dinner and the congratulations of the happy New Year, which bring new life to young and old. Some persons will say, "This is only sentiment, and not the substance of real life." Do not deceive yourselves; there is no human life without sentiment. True, the brute eats his hay or grass, sleeps, and is happy as a brute; but this human life must excel the brute, whether it will or not, for by neglecting its finer nature, it becomes more brutish than the brute; or, by its constant cultivation of the higher faculties, it is exalted into fitness for association in the senate of the

Taient and cultivation gave us a Byron; but how much happier his life had been, and how much sweeter and purer his poetic sentiment, to refine and bless the present and coming ages, had he been favored with a tender mother and a loving home. Instead, giving to the world the reckless animalism that too often pervades and burns like a fire, in the revellings of a poetic genius, that passes down the stream of time like a hot wave of destruction over the young imaginations of those who drink its intoxicating draughts—too often withering the buds that might have gladdened the world with their beauty of blossoms, and enchanting fragrance.
Who gave us the noble literary lives of a

Whittler, the Careys, a practical Greeley, and the almost countless constellation of the worthies of dear old New England? They were the product of the virtuous.loving mothers, who prepared the fat turkies and the pumpkin pies to welcome home the children from the distant parts—like the call of the mother bird to the birdlets to come home to their nest, and enjoy the "God bless you" of each other, and of the parental pair, at each Thanksgiving, and Merry Christmas, that made even winter more joyous than the blooming summer.

I know that some calm cynic of superior wisdom, will class this article as fit only for children and fools; but the race that has no romantic childhood, is but a dying remnant whose life mission is ended.

Fathers and mothers, keep up the old traditions (or superstitions as they call them), until they give you something as good or better in their place. Call home the wayderer; it will be better than gold, to warm up their hearts anew, and bring them back to the simplicity of a pure childhood; it will send out a living coal of love from the altar of home, that shall christianize, humanize and civilize the wide word with a civilization worthy of a noble and advancing spiritual humanity.

And you, Oh! sons and daughters, who have the means, fly as birds to the old nest, from the shores of the Pacific, or from the European shores of the Atlautic, and come back from the grand prairies of the midwest, to wander again amid the sterile hills. but comfortable homes of your childhood; the hearts that are left shall be glad, and renew their strength, and you also shall become cheerful and strong, to perform your own duties to the world and to your children, so that they may reflect back the love that you bring them, and keep your own souls marching on down the coming ages of a higher humanity.

And those of you who have drank from the supernal spring of immortality through the instrumentality of some test medium, or by perusing the pages of the vigorous Jour-NAL do not hesitate in your happy re-unions to let your loved ones know that a father or an aunt, who, they expected, would sleep until the day of judgment, has come back, and told you that life is continuous, and those who died without conversion are not in hell, but are now improving in a day of grace, that sha'll make them as pure as the light of truth to their own spirits; and also that all are children of God who shall some time come into the full communion of the thanksgiving of all souls to the universal

And you, children who read the Jour-NAL just see how glad and thankful you can be in the cheerful holidays, toward your loving parents, who so often prove to you that they prefer your pleasure and comfort to their own ease and rest; show them that their will is your pleasure, and that it shall be your life work to love and bless them in their homes, and when they shall come to the homes that you intend to build up for them in the coming holidays when their age and weakness shall be supported by your wislom and strength.

A cloudness Marry Christmas to every loving heart, Joy when we come together, and peace when we depart. This life i but a journey on which our footstens array.

And gladly comes the evening to the tollsome weary

way. Of all the scenes each inting that open to our view; The cradles of our childhood seem ever young at d new. The dearest thoughts that warm us when distant and

a one. And dearest words that charm us are Youth, and Love, and Home.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Don't Miss the Opportunity.

Now that the long political agony is over, and the nights getting long, people naturally cast about for something to read, during the tedious hours of winter. No better paper can be had than the Religio Philo-SOPHICAL JOURNAL, published at Chicago, by J. C. Bundy.

It is one of the most effective aids to all who feel an interest in the great Problem of Life. Millions upon millions of earnest thoughtful men and women are eagerly seeking for just what the Journal can Thousands now point with gratitude to the Journal as their emancipator from intellectual and spiritual bond age, and their guide to a higher knowledge and better life. The JOURNAL confidently invites the attention of all liberal minded people, with a perfect assurance that its fair, fearless and forcible methods will appear to their good sense and reason.

The Journal will be sent to new trial subscribers twelve weeks for 30 cents.

Subscriptions received at this officecome in early in order to get in the first club. Don't miss this opportunity,-Delphi (Ind.) Journal, Nov. 17th.

"An Earnest Advocate."

The Religio Philosophical Journal, published at Chicago, is a weil filled eight-page paper devoted to the cause of Spiritualism in a modern sense. It is now in its twenty-ninth volume, and has gained a wide circulation and much popularity, and for the benefit of those who do not know its worth, it now offers to send twelve copies, one each week for three months for thirty cents, which will enable any one to become acquainted with its merits for that small sum. Send thirty cents to the office in Chicago and try it. It is an earnest advocate of an unpopular truth which we believe and have advocated for nearly forty years, and never hesitate to defend.—Inde-pendent, Warren Chase editor, Santa Bar-bara, Cal.

Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. [Metuchen, New Jersey.]

A CHRISTMAS PHANTASY.

It was Christmas Eve; the air was clear and crisp with frost; in the purple heavens the stars gleamed bright and pitiless. Above the great city floated two whom men call an gels. One, a few days previously had passed through great tribulation, unto the blessed peace reserved for the pure in heart; the other had long ago exhausted the last heartbeats of mortality in thankless services for his fellow men. Upon his countenance rested a majesty greater than that of sceptered monarchs, tempered by a gracious benignity which attracted the restless, the ignorant and the wretched.

As they il ated thus, serene, radiant, selfpoised, clad in shining raiment, which in fineness and tint expressed the ruling love of each; the senior of the twain rested a hand lightly upon the shoulder of the other, and discoursed with her long in language of the soul, which needed not to be translated into our vehicles of expression. It was made of pulsations, throbbing with thought and love, and which the other recognized as permeated with music strength and affection. Beneath them, the roar of the city came up like the beating of some vast en-gine, or the struggle of a chained monster, or the moan of a mighty human heart. As they gracefully balance themselves upon the buoyant ether, the younger and darker seemed pleading with her companion. "See," she seemed to say, "my little ones are a poor, so miserable, so friendless, that it is cruel to leave them on the earth. Let me take them with me into that beautiful home from which only mother-love has drawn me, dear angel. Be pitiful! Let them die to the merciless earth, that they may live with us in the sweet Summer-land!" They drew nearer to the city as they conversed, and looked into a miserable room at the top of a foriorn tenement, where the children, pinched, gaunt and sad, hovered over a few embers. Squalor and wretchedness were their only companions, and on their faces rested the hopeless look of the very poor. On the Avenue a few steps distant, a gay throng threaded their way in and out of crowded, brilliant shops, making their last purchases for the merry Christmas. On the nearest corner, within sight of the only window of this attic room, a multitude of peo-ple were entering a noble church, to worship the anniversary of the nativity of that Christ who was la'd in a manger and dwelt among the lowly. Blest as was the edifice, its every corner was garish with light, and flooded with warmth and sweet sounds, as well as the rich fragrance of precious flowers and shrubs, while, with many genu-flexions, the white robed pastor to'd the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, who, in after years had no where to lay his head. Dainty, fur clad children were there, lolling on luxurious cushions, as they dreamed of the costly offerings which would be theirs upon the Christmas tree shortly to be unveiled in the parlors of the church, recking little, like their seniors, of the starving poor who were so near. Again the mother angel reached out her hands to her little ones, with fond and desperate yearning. In vain! Still crouched they over the dying coals, deaf and blind to her agonized presence.

After a time, the wise one laid his hand soothingly upon her head, and she became quite under his influence. Calmly he caressed her into repose, and then whispered, "My child let me unveil to you a panorama of the future of these little ones, and then shall you see if it be not wise to let them remain on earth." A mist seemed to gather and shut out the children and their dreary plight. On it, as a background, the mother beheld the events of the swift revolving years. The boy and girl were rescued by some friends of better days, who had been prompted to the good deed; they were helped to earn their livelihood. They had no luxuries; pain and pleasure, like cloud and sunshine, chased each other over their heads. Always a gentle, persuasive influence hindered them from going far astray. Ethereal and elusive as thought itself, magnetic warmth from that angel-mother streamed down upon her children; it was a cord, that bent and swa e³, but never parted. Their native self-command, sense of justice and love of purity was strengthened; often they were shielded from harm and woe, though the invisible one never attempted to control or thwart the harm at the strength of thwart the bent of the indwelling temp erament. But she was able to sooth the harsh asperities of life, to implant aspirations for the lonely and the holy and to give dissatisfaction with solely sensual pleasures. Always an ideal excellence appealed to their spirits, and sometimes in deep sleep, they held loving communion with their guardian. Thus were they kept from low associations, and attained lofty conceptions of life and duty. But the years were long and hard. Sen-

sitive, delicate, reserved and gentle, they were ill-fitted for rough pathways. But they struggled on. The boy became a man, a dreamer and a musician. The violin was his sole companion and confident. He drew from it unknown tones; multitudes were thrilled into ecstasy and wept and laugh ed under the magic of his fingers. never forgot the poverty of his youth. He went into the lowliest and vilest haunts of the town, and played in the streets for the children; he gathered them together, and the instrument throbbed and wailed over their miseries. Then he touched the chords of hope, and joy, and love, and those strains of delicious harmony were the first revela tions that ever came to them of the fruition of all human creatures. Many a careworn man and woman he lifted up,—many a story of simple love and faith he blessed and sanctified; many a sin steeped soul he roused to a sense of honor and righteousness. And all this he did by the sweet voice of his violin, and the natural, simple, loving and kindly life of doing good. For harmony entered into and possessed his soul from the instrument, and "the burthen of the mystery of all this unintelligible world was lightened," and his very frame seemed to breathe that inward peacefulness and strength, which was shed, unconsciously, about his pathway. And so he kept on his quiet way among the humble, gathering up their sorrows and soothing them-tender, child like and quaint, until, an old man, he fell asleep to earth, and awoke in spirit like a child in the arms of his mother.

And the kirl? Ah, hers had been the hardest path! Married young to a harsh and stolid man, around whom had been cast the glamor of a hunger-loving heart, she was still poor and plain—still undeveloped. save in the riches of a tried, purified and faithful nature. Thrust in upon herself, forced to labor beyond her strength, she lived the life of the spirit. Through this very isolation she grew conscious of that strange, sweet, atrong tie which binds those

who are enchained in matter, with the emancipated. Through that fine, magnetic chord, fresh and glowing thoughts flowed into her receptive nature; she became cognizant of that vast fountain above and beyond the merely personal, which makes the life of the soul feed on the Divine. Life. Two little ones awoke the mother nature within her, looked out on earth, sighed at its wintry chill, and then, ere they flew away to a brighter clime, touched with their baby fingers mighty strains of ecstasy and misery. From their obscure graves she looked up and away, and dreamed or saw that they were cherubs, and that no Christ-child could be lovelier. In her own bosom she dumbly bore the sorrows of struggling womanhood. She did not dare to call the c'othes she wore or the food she ate, her own. Her master demanded account of the very thoughts of her poor, weary

Finally, ere the golden bowl was broken, vature asserted itself, and her inward grace and power triumphed over all obstacles. She voiced the struggles of the weakly suffering, and pointed out ways of relief. Her views became comprehensive and penetrating; in plain language she told the workers about her how to form their lives upon the basis of truth and justice. Through strength of the soul she became ruler of her body; she dared to follow her own intuitions and in purity and peace possessed herself. Among a rude people, she grew to the dignity of a true, brave, sustained life, helpful to the needy, rebuking vice, eloquent in dis-closing the wrongs, the needs and the capacities of her sex. Her face, which had lost its first youth, grew to have a wistful and pathetic beauty; the eyes seemed to look above the horizon and beyond the present. The soul began to exult in its freedom and beat against its prison bars; burning words of prophecy awoke the slumbering minds about her; she became an inspiration and a a hope to all who were ready to hear. And finally, with a light upon her face that came from no earthly source, with words of triumph and rejoicing, a matured and chastened soul, she entered upon immortal life.

Thus ended the vision. Then the mother angel with shining eyes, and fondly backward waving hand, exclaimed, "Let my children live, dear father! Even though always humble, and often suffering, the life of earth will develop them for the exceeding lov of heaven, and time, compared with joy of heaven, and time, compared with eternity, is but a drop of water out of an infinite ocean. Through them and with them, a few dear human beings may be advanced and harmonized."

Cui Bono?

BY D. P. KAYNER, M. D.

The question is often asked by those who have never investigated Spiritualism, What good is it?" And while the question has been as frequently answered as asked, there are still those who are so ignorant of the subject as to make the inquiry over

One day lately while riding to the city, being engaged in conversation with a thoroughly educated and progressive Methodist clergyman, the subject of Spiritualism was broached, and during the conversation, a gentleman sitting near, who has occupied the position of teacher in a public school, interrupted the conversation by asking, "Well, if Spiritualism is true, what good is it? I can't see any good in it."

I asked him, "Can you see no good in the positive knowledge of immortality it furnishes, giving us the assurance of life in the hereafter?" He said, "No! I don't see any good in it."

I replied, You remind me of the story

that Judge Edmonds used to tell of the young man who had never been to school, and when nineteen years old went there for the first time. Being asked by the teacher what book he read in, inquired: "Red! What's that?" On being informed, he said: "I don't know nothing about it."

The teacher then asked, "Do you know

"Letters! What be em?" The teacher then pointed to the first let-ter of the a'phabet and asked, "What is

"Dun he," he replied. "Well, did you never see anything that looked like it before!". "Yes," he replied, "I've seed suthin looked like it on the signs in town and dad had

a drag once that looked like it." Said the teacher, "That is A."
"Well," replied the boy, "ef that's A, what's
the use of the durned thing anyhow?" Said I, that boy did not know that A was the first letter of an alphabet which was a key to the entire language and to all the

literature and science expressed in that language; and you do not know, that the manifestations of spirit presence and spirit power are the alphabet which furnishes us a key to all the problems of life, here and hereafter. I then said to the clergyman, permit me to narrate a few facts to illustrate. In 1850, while on a lecturing tour, I desired to give

a lecture in a village a few miles from the city of Syracuse, where the only available hall was in a hotel kept as a resort for the licentious, the gambler and the debauchee. When I inquired of the landlord if I could engage his hall for a specified evening for a lecture, he very gruffly demanded, "On what subject?"

I answered, "Clairvoyance and Spiritual-

With an oath he replied, "I don't believe

a — thing in it."

I said, "Your belief has nothing whatever to do with the question. Can I have your hall on the evening specified and will you keep a civil house while I am here and preserve order in the hall? I am ready to pay your price."

"Yes,"he said, "you can have the hall, but you won't get anybody to hear you on that I replied that I would take the chances

on that, and went away.
On the evening of the lecture I had a well filled hall and attentive listeners. After my lecture I announced to the audience that if they desired it, at some future time, I would lecture for them again. Thereupon the landlord requested me to allow him to speak to the audience, and announced to them that Dr. Kayner would lecture in that hall the next evening and requested them to circulate the information as widely as possible. I remonstrated and assured him my patients required my attention, but he would not take no, saying I should be at no expense while there, and the people desired to hear more on the subject. Finally I reluctantly consented. At that time I was now trolled as an automatic writing medicontrolled as an automatic writing medium. The landlord then said he wanted me to go with him to his private room to talk

by the spirit controlling. Without reading it, I handed it to the man, who intently devoured its contents, and then looking up with a countenance filted with amazement exclaimed, "My God, Doctor, you have given me what I have been looking for all my life, and have never found until now."

"What is that?" I asked.
"The evidence of immortality," said he. This communication is from a confidential friend of mine, who died thirty-five years ago. It is in his handwriting very different from yours; it has his signature; he relates circumstances known only to him and myself. You never knew him, for he died before you were born. You did not know that I knew him, or any of the events of our lives of which he speaks. It is perfectly wonderful. The evidence is overwhelming and irresistible. My friend lives and because he lives I shall live also. I have been an infidel—an atheist—and believed all there was of man was in this life, and I have lived to make the most of it, regardless of the welfare of others. Now that I know there is a future life I know that a man is responsible there for what he does here. From this time I shall live a different life. No more whiskey will be sold at my bar, and there will be no more gambling or immorality in my house if I know it.

He kept his word. Did Spiritualism do any good in his case? 92 La Salle St., Chicago.

The True Christmas.

BY G. B. STEBEINS.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

A hundred and fifty million people kind ling up in the light and warmth of this Christmas Holiday! A growth of human fraternity, a revival of kindly feeling, of "Peace on earth and good will among men!" For Christmas points that way; even amidst the mist and fog of bigotry and the poor narrowness of ecclesiastical sects and parties, we can enter into the glad spirit of the holiday; we can grasp all hands that will grasp ours, and so help to break down all barriers, to broaden man's views, to bring a better appreciation, not only of "the man Christ Jesus," but of other great and spiritually gifted men and women, from Buddha to those on earth to day, who have been, and are, the Savior of humanity. Jesus was the benefactor; that is, the well doer—healing the sick by the laying on of hards, gifted with rare magnetic and clair-voyant powers and spiritual insight, which we shall better understand when we know

more of the inner life of man. Let the Christmas holiday recognize human fraternity, Pagan and Christian; let us help all to accept truth and goodness, from Bethlehem of Judea, and from the Ganges and our far western forests and plains,

"Where the rude Indian with unfutored mind, Sees God in clouds and hears Him in the wind."

The thousands who read the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, all over our wide land, in lards beyound the seas, and in the far-off Southern Australian Island-Continent, can thus greet each other with the old and sweetly pleasant message:
"A Merry Christmas!" This is the true
Christ-mass—the fraternal service of all the

Detroit, Michigan.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

With the thermometer nearly down to zero, with a twenty-mile-an-hour breeze, the fair weather Spiritualists decided they would remain around their own hearth stones this evening, and leave the success of our meeting to the "tried and true," who in storm or sunshine, heat or cold, in prosperity or adversity, remain steadfast in the faith, always faithful to uphold our cause, and by their constant presence sustain the officers who have the meetings in charge, and of this class a fair audience assembled in our hall to night to listen to the very able lecture of Prof. J. R. Buchanan, upon "What we ought to do." I cannot in the brief space allowed me in the columns of the JOURNAL, even outline the general scope of the lecture. He argued first that man was naturally a religious being, and that, his aspirations and religious sentiments caused him to reach out to a higher source of power and wisdom, and to all who were imbued with these feelings and sentiments, whose earnest efforts were for a true religious life, associative effort was an absolute necessity, and that until Spiritualists combined together in organized work, they would fail to be the power that the world needed to lift it up to a higher and a diviner plane, and he urged upon our Fraternity to perfect an organization that would be social, literary, humanitarian and religious, and our influence would be marked with great benefit to the city, the State and the world.

Prof. Buchanan was listened to with deep interest, and his lecture produced a marked impression upon his audience.

W. C. Bowen said: "I have been much interested in the able lecture of the speaker of the evening, and while I endorse his broad humanitarian thoughts, I differ with him widely in his views upon religion and organization. I am opposed to organization among Spiritualists, and believe it to be impossible in the present state of the movement, for there is too much individ ualism, and no reverence for authority. A religious movement, in order to be a success, must be like the Romish Church. It must rest upon authority, and the Spiritualists as a body are averse to this. A movement as outlined by the editor of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL in the shape of a "Philosophical Lyceum," might

succeed and be a power for good."

Mr. Kimball said: "I have been deeply interested in the able lecture of Prof. Buchanan, and am in full sympathy with what he has said as to organization. It seems to me that Spiritualists should organize for social, literary and religious work. If, as claimed, they number millions, the few weak and Underlying the Spiritual Philosophy. struggling societies make but a poor exhibit of strength or power, and it seems to me, that we have in our Fraternity now the nucleus for a strong and effect ve associa tive organization, and until we can combine our efforts in this way, we cannot do the work needed, nor have much hope of

Mrs. R. Shepard-Lillie said: 'I am s medium and teacher of this faith. My whole life is consecrated for this work, and for myself and the great army of unemployed mediums and workers, I plead for organization among Spiritualists. Not in any offensive or sectarian sense, but combining individual effort in a common whole, on Spiritualism. While there my hand was controlled by some spirit, and a sheet of foolscap was written rapidly over with a message to the landlord, which was signed to give a power and impetus to your work. I like the name "Fraternity," and am pleased with the fraternal spirit that I find in these meetings, and I believe that if you

permanent success."

will widen your efforts so as to include the Sunday meetings, the lyceum and social and literary entertainments for the young, that in a few months you will find you will attract many thousands of Spiritualists in your city, who are not connected with any society or engaged in any public work to advance the cause, and I hope as the result of my present engagement, that it may cause an increased activity among the earnest workers, arouse the lukewarm, and cause the fossils who have laid dormant for years to secure a spiritual resurrection and to come forward and lend a helping hand to strengthen those who are bearing the burdens, and who need co-operative and associative work.

Mrs. Lillie gave us two very fine lectures Sunday, Dec. 5th, and is to lecture for us Sunday Dec. 19th and 26th, 10½ A. M. and 1/2 P. M., in Fraternity Hall, corner Fulton Ave, and Gallatin Place. Mr. Lillie, who is a very fine ballad singer, will preside at the organ and add much interest to our meetings. Mrs. Lillie is one of the finest speakers in the field, and we hope she may receive encouragement so as to remain permanent-

Wm. C. Bowen is to speak for us Friday, Dec. 17th, on "The rise and Progress of Spiritualism."

S. B. NICHOLS. 467 Waverly Ave.

January Magazines Received.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Houghton, Mif-flin & Co., Boston, Mass.) Contents: The Portrait of a Lady; "Ye Tombe of ye Poet Chaucer;" Smith; Getting Married in Germany; A Winter Journey in Colorado; The Wives of Poets; A Symposium of Sixty Years ago; Sociology and Hero-Worship; Within the Gate; Friends-A. Duet; Sara Bernhardt; A Look Anead; The Long Dream; Illustrated Books; Zola's Essays; Some Political Novels; Books for Young People; Horace Bushnell; The Origin of Religion; The Contributor's Club; Books of the Month.

Revue Spirite Journal D'Etudes Psychologiques. (M. Leymaire, Paris, France.) This Magazine is devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy and has able contributors.



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Christmas.

The assumption upon which Christmas is usually celebrated, is that the human race was in a very striking and evident manner helped forward in the march of civilization by the birth of Jesus. Of course our readers are familiar with the fact that the day of celebration, after being first placed by the Church in April and afterwards in February, was at least as early as the fifth century placed on the 25th of December. This adapted the Christian Church to the popular pagan customs, which had always begun the bacchanalian festivals and drunken orgies known as the Saturnalia, at the winter solstice. From December 22nd, they continued for the week or ten days, now known as "the Holidays." Possibly there is something in the human constitution which, after a month or two of grim and shrinking submission to the persecutions of winter, in the form of chilled feet, numbed fingers, red ears and blue noses, causes us to delight in hurling back at the ugly monster our note of deflance. We like to give him to understand that we are not only warm in body and strong in soul, but happy-not only happy but riotously joyous, positively frantic with pleasure. Therefore, let old Boreas blow, and let December's snowy shroud enfold all nature in its winding sheet-it shall but add to the hilarity of those who are sheltered from its death-like embrace. They will feel all the more delight in provident care' and steadfast human love. It is probably for this reason that the midwinter festival which originated a thousand years before Jesus was born, and may possibly date before the historic period, prior to Egypt's wonderful pyramid, and even prior to civilization in any form, was able not only to outlive the adverse influences of Christianity, but even to figure as one of its offspring. Certain it is that Christmas has shown an Inherent irresistible vitality, yes a genuine pagan strength and wilfulness like that of a wild boar dressed in flowers, whose viciousness no Christian decorations could annul and no priestly presence terrify. It must have its wild snort of animalism, its show of pagan tusks, its irreverent hilarious toss and run, its prodigal swinish consumption of all the good things that shall expel the blasts of winter from its frame, and finally its plethoric grunt of satisfaction and its

This pagan element came to Christmas from the druids, the Germans and the Romans, who had their own way about it before Jesus was. It has survived the pious frowns and uplifted palms of eighteen centuries of fasting and feasting Christian priests, and now bids fair long to survive Christianity itself. Its games, revelries, absurdities, myths, cranks, dissipation and gourmandism are all natural, not spiritual, they all partake more of the infinite grace of nature than of the nature of infinite grace. Christian priests have wrestled with this pagan rite for centuries. Those who have been zealous, have been thrown by it, while those who were cunning have sought to harness it as they would an elephant and make it carry its back-load of joys and nicknacks to children in the name of Jesus. Poor noble, moving monument of joyous animalism, what cared it whether its back! load of toys and trinkets, joys and reminders, were said to commemorate the birth of Jesus or of the Sun, of Mithras or of Apollo, it well knew that beneath all these types it marked the sublime event of the return of the physical God of the natural world, the source of life and light from its southward journey. Humanity throughout our northern hemisphere, rejoices at the period of this return with a delight proportionate to the severity of the winter. It must be so to be appropriate. In Sydney and Melbourne, Good Hope, Patagonia and New Zealand, none of which were known to civilization when Christmas began to be celebrated, it marks the fullness of their summer. They, too, are glad when the excessive heats begin to retire.

"sleeping off."

Wrapped up and veiled in the coarse animalism and even debaucheries that have signalized the worship of this winter feati-

val in all periods, Christian, Pagau, Zoroastrian, Hindoo and Egyptian, there lies concealed the substance of Parseelsm, of Fireworship, Star-worship, Heaven-worship in its physical sense. It is the human body recognizing in its joyousness, the fact that it is dependent on the motions of the earth in its annual orbit around the sun for all its powers.

Very early in the study of the stars, nearly four thousand years ago, the fruitful sun began his return from his southermost descent into wintry darkness in the coustellation of the Virgin. Thereafter the fancy that the choicest spirits of earth, the incarnations of the sun in humanity, were the results of this astrological conjunction in the heavens, was part of the poetry in which theologies were born.

There is, doubtless, a deep spiritual sense in which light of all kinds, whether of the sun or of science, hides more than it reveals, while darkness often, like the sable curtains of the night, hides the near things of little worth, only to make known illimitable worlds, which guide us, though we All letters and communications should be can not grasp them. All honor, then, to the spirit of devotion which recognizes the profound mysteries that compass us around on every hand.

In our Christmas carol, there come to us voices out of the dead past, such as no man can number for their multitude: they sing tous a hymn of the ages, which is not Christian or Pagan, yet is deeply spiritual. It consecrates our winter festival, with a voice that sounds from all the past through all the present and out into all the future. It says: Be this a season of joy which shall outlive the joyous, of love which will outlast the lovers, of worship which shall survive religions; for at this period nature through all her depths trembles with pregnant joy, knowing that her conscious life sways like the swinging earth upon its viewless orbit in an unerring equilibrium from perihelion to aphelion and back, from matter to force and then returning to matter, from law to love and still again to law, from sins to saviors and back again from grace to nature, in whose long history, as it shall at last be known, no error will appear to have been useless and no action to have been wasted-not even in religion.

Miss May Shaw-Her Christmas in Spirit-~ Life.

Miss May Shaw, whom we announced last week, as having passed to spirit-life on the evening of Dec. 11th, was regarded as one of the best mediums in this city. Her mediumship manifested itself in a marked degree when she was only three years of age. Her parents being devoted members of an orthodox church, were sorely puzzled at first, and annoyed, too, at the wonderful exhibition of spirit power given through the instrumentality of her frail organism. They had not yet learned that the Spiritworld and this earth-sphere blend, one merging into the other, and that the body of their little girl furnished means whereby those invisible to mortals could give tests of their presence and establish their personal identity.

Even at the early age of three, she could see beautiful flowers that mortal vision could not discern; she could behold the transcendent beauties of spirit-life, even before she had language to describe them; she could see little spirit children, play with them, and enjoy their exhilarating presence and the sunshine of their innocent hearts, before her fond parents could realize the full extent of her remarkable gifts. Fortunately, her father and mother had an abundance of common sense, and soon regarded the manifestations in a rational light, and did not ascribe them to the influence of the devil, but wisely attributed

them to the agency of loving spirit friends. Of course, as soon as the true source of the phenomena through her mediumship was fully established, hundreds flocked to consult her. When six years of age she was an excellent trance and test medium. Even then her hand was controlled to write messages on slates, giving the names of deceased persons, and other remarkable tests. Her grandmother being very sick on one occasion with the typhold, fever, and skilful physicians failing to relieve her, little May prescribed for her and saved her life. Just think of it, a little girl writing a prescription, and giving such directions in regard to the treatment of an obstinate and dangerous disease, that leads to the recovery of the patient when the attendant physicians had relinquished the case as incur-

In this city where May, as she was familiarly called, had resided for a number of years previous to her death, her extraordinary gifts as a medium were in constant demand. On account of her lady-like deportment, cheerful disposition and charitable nature, she became a general favorite with all classes. Ministers of the gospel, eminent actors, and fashionable ladies who would not allow their names to be made known. frequently consulted her. One lady, apparently wealthy, having had a satisfactory sitting with her, came the second time, and she appreciated so highly the grand truths given to her from the angel-world, that she presented the medium with a beautiful gold chain and locket valued at \$70. Then she sent her daughter, and such a flood of aunshine flowed in upon her from spirit friends and relatives, that she as a partial compensation therefor, put on the hand of May a valuable gold ring.

Although she was wholly unconscious of what transpired between the controlling spirit and those in attendance while she as she remembers nothing after that. The was entranced, yet she realized personally strangest part of the story is the fact that

during the time many pleasant and soulenchanting experiences. She asserted that her spirit, released from its earthly organism, could at these times survey the transcendent grandeur and beauty of the Spiritworld; could see and converse with those whom she tenderly loved, and frequently, it is said, she would return with a message from one who had long since passed away, and who desired to illuminate some sad, disconsolate heart. Her friends state that on one occasion while she was absent from the body, and reluctant to return, the scenes of spirit-life being so much more attractive than those of earth, her father, who passed to spirit-life several years ago, told her that she had a mission on earth, and that she must return and nobly perform it. Still hesitating, an angel dressed in garments of pure white approached her and said, "Dear child, you must return to your physical body; in a little while you can come to us and remain." She did as requested, and thereafter labored untiringly in this city, dispensing broadcast the consoling tests of spirit presence until prostrated by a fatal disease about a year ago, which finally resulted in her death, at the 'age of twenty-two.

She has left a grand legacy to the world: It does not consist of gold or diamonds, or valuable estates, but something far more precious and enduring—a spiritual light scintillating with the approving smiles and affection of angels and mortals! Homes rendered desolate by unbelief and death, have been illuminated by her genial presence and influence, and there her name will remain enshrined in the heart, shimmering with an undying love, an appropriate compensation for the work performed. Now enjoying the enchanting scenes of spiritlife and holding sweet converse with those whom she had faithfully served, her Christmas will be a joyous and happy one, and her Christmas Tree will bear golden fruitage emanating from her own life-work and deeds on earth.

Remember.

Whenever you hear that lively song, "A Life on the Ocean Wave," a song which Russell set to music and of which more than three hundred thousand copies were sold in the first eight months after its publication, remember the author, Mr. Epes Sargent, is a Spiritualist. Whenever you hear or read of "Descent through Natural Selection," remember that Mr. A. R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, who shares with Mr. Charles Darwin the chief honors accorded to that work, is a Spiritualist. Whenever you look upon that wonderful little instrument, the Radiometer or Light Mill, which is set in motion by the tiniest ray of sunlight, remember that its inventor Professor William Crookes, the distinguished scientist, is a Spiritualist. Whenever you hear of any societies claiming to be "learned," remember that the distinguished Professor Zöllner, who is himself a member of innumerable societies of that class, is a Spiritualist. Whenever you hear of a Protestant Episcopal bishop, remember that the equal of the best of them, the present distinguished bishop of Rhode Island, is a Spiritualist: Whenever you hear of Methodism, remember that manifestations now known as spiritual, occurred in the household of Wesley, its founder, and were accepted as such by him.

Whenever you hear of "Christianity," remember that the collection of books called the Bible upon which it professes to be built, is replete with Spiritualism, and the reappearance of spirits of many persons

who had previously departed this life. In fine, whenever in history, religion or art, your mind rests on the sublimest efforts of humanity, remember that the phenomena and teachings of Spiritualism furnish (what nothing else does furnish), indications of the mainspring which prompts such efforts and the key which at the same time unlocks the hidden things of nature and gives satisfaction to the human mind. making it content with the world as it is, and with Death as the friend of Mortality. And femember, too, that the RELIGIO. PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL is the only newspaper at once devoted to the honest exposition of Spiritualism, and at the same time to the unsparing denunciation and exposure of all cheats and frauds upon it.

The Wonders of Somnambulism.

A curious case is related by an exchange, wherein the peculiarities of a person in the somnambulic condition, is very fluely illustrated. It appears from the account given that Dr. S. A. Hazen, of Sharon, Pa., heard a loud knock at his door early a few mornings ago, and on opening the door he was astonished to find his little daughter whom he had put to bed at an early hour. She stepped in with nothing on but her night-gown and a pair of stockings. The Doctor was astonished, and when the little girl made the remark that her mother locked her out, he could plainly see that she was unconscious. She warmed her hands at the fire a moment, and then went softly upstairs to bed. In the morning the blanket the little girl was wrapped in the previous night was found on the roof of a house close by, showing that the little one had not only been on her father's house, but had rambled across on the house of Mr. Blystone. She distinctly remembers of falling from the roof of her father's house, a distance of fifteen feet, to the ground below, and the shock awoke her. But when she entered the house again she evidently was asleep,

she must have got through a small window only a foot in diameter and ascended to the roof, a distance of over ten feet, simply by the aid of her hands, a thing no man would attempt while in his sober senses. Strange to say, the little girl was not injured by her sleep-walking propensity.

Remarkable Manifestations.

The Owatonna Review (Minn.) gives an account of some very peculiar spirit manifestations occurring in that city at the house of a Mr. Diment. It appears from the Review that Mr. Diment's family have been living in this house some nine months, and a short time ago some peculiar noises were heard, like the rattling of tin pails up and down the stairs; the door bell would ring, but upon going there no one was to be seen; leaving the house and locking all the doors, they have returned and found them unlocked; they had seen the door knob turn round, and going to the same no one was found to be there.

One day the occupants of the house went all through it, examined and fastened all the windows and doors, went up stairs and down the same, and as soon as they came down Mrs. D. said, "If I go up stairs you will hear this noise." She then started and went up one stairway and was going through the hall and down the other. In the meantime Mr. D. stood at the door looking up one stairway, the hired girl at the other. In a moment after Mrs. D. had got into the hall, Mr. D. says a report like the firing of a cannon was heard up stairs, and a shrick from his wife. He opened the door, ran up and found her lying on the carpet insensible. He brought her down, and when she came to, she said after getting into the hall something seemed to pass by her head, at the same instant a light was seen on the wall in front of her, and then the terrible crash, and that was the last she knew. When Mr. Diment found her she was ten feet from where she stood when she saw the light.

As soon as she recovered, they both went up stairs, taking a light. (Mrs. D. had no light at the time of this explosion.) At the head of the stairs is a window, and on the window sill and carpet was a large amount of broken glass. Some of the fine glass was driven into the wood, but it was not scattered around the room at all. Where she saw the light on the wall was a narrow strip about two feet long and two inches wide at one end and a half inch at the other, burnt on the wall. The glass in the window was all sound; there was no place where this glass could have entered the house, still it was there. The pieces of glass show it to have been cylindrical in form, of common flint glass. Where it came from, how it got there, and a general solution of tion of the hour.

An Old Woman's Prophecy.

Previous to the occurrence of the colliery

disaster in Nova Scotia, a short time ago, a remarkable prophecy in reference thereto, was made. It appears from the Toronto (Canada) Globe that close by Stellarton is the town of New Glasgow, and among its residents is an old woman named Mrs.Coose, who claims the power of foretelling events. A couple of months ago, after the accident whereby the mine was partly flooded and a lot of horses killed, a number of the miners, fearing that the pit was not safe, consulted this old woman. She told them that there would soon be another accident of the same nature, and her prediction proved correct, for on the 12:h of October there was another rush of water, which caused the death of six men. But her so-called second sight went beyond this. At the same time she told them that on the 12th of November there would be an explosion, which would be disastrous. In foretelling the first accident she did not fix the date, but she named the 12th of November as the date for the explosion. After the first prediction had proved correct, there was great excitement among the miners, who began to place more faith in the old lady's powers. The fear became so general that clergymen felt it necessary to speak from their pulpits of the folly of the 80-called superstition. This quieted a great many, but a number, chiefly Frenchmen who went to that country a few years ago, could not be persuaded that all was right, and they left the mines. Some of the men again went to the old woman and she repeated her prophecy, but the ridicule of the better part of the community led many to suppress their fears and go to work. One young man named Roberts visited the woman a few days before the explosion, and was warned that if he wanted to live he must not enter the pit on the 12th. On that morning when the hour for commencing was approaching he spoke to his mother about the old woman's prediction. His mother rebuked him for paying any attention to such nonsense. He went into the pit and lost his life. This story comes from persons who are not inclined to believe in such things but who are firmly satisfied of the truth of it. If the old woman gave a blind guess she was very accurate in it. No one need be surprised that in view of the terrible realization of her prophecy she is now counted as a person gifted with more than ordinary mortal

Every subscriber in arrears is respectfully asked to settle his indebtedness to this paper during the Holidays and start in fresh with the New Year. You will feel happier by this act of justice and so will the pubisher.

Direct Writing a Scientific Fact-Can You Explain It, Gentlemen Scientists?

We hope the friends of Spiritualism will plant themselves on direct writing, and say to all foes, clerical or materialistic: Here at least is firm ground. Here we take our stand. Direct writing is an established demonstrable fact of science; and you are afraid it is, or you would investigate it with a view of finding a flaw in it.

You know that all this mass of testimony in regard to its occurrence under conditions without a flaw, without a possibility of collusion or trick, cannot be delusive. Deep down in your hearts you are afraid it may be true.

And true it is! And what are you going to do about it? Reject it blindly as of no account? Try not to think about it? Raise the old cry of possible jugglery? You know that all this is mere evasion. Here is an immense fact pregnant with immense consequences-a fact capable of daily verification through a growing multitude of mediums. Here is a "basis"—and a strictly "scientific basis"—and you cannot gainsay it, except by a stupid, ignorant denial or a resort to the old spurious cry of prestidigitation. That is set at rest, since slightof-hand requires the use of hands. And here all is done independently of visible and tangible hands. How are you going to get rid of it, gentlemen? Why not give it up, and own your insignificance before such a phenomena? You are nonplussed, gentlemen! Keep firing away on this line-direct writing. Put it to our opponents every week in every possible form.

To the Friends of Truth.

The editor is putting forth his best exer-

tions to make a paper which shall command the admiration of all intelligent, candid investigators, and extort the respect of those who oppose Spiritualism and modern free thought. The JOURNAL wields a wider influence to day than ever before in the fifteen years of its existence. Its independent, critical and undenominational policy has proven the most effective method of advancing the objects to which it is devoted. The Journal, as its old readers well know, neither courts the rayor nor fears the frowns of the fanatics, fools and frauds who attach themselves to every reformatory movement: but it does earnestly seek and receives the approval of the classes to whom it appeals. Excellent as the paper now is, it falls far below the ideal of its editor. He seeks the active co-operation of every liberal mind that desires a high class paper so comprehensive in its scope as to be in demand by progressive people of all shades of belief, so devoted to the elucidation of truth as to make all other considers tions secondary, so broad and catholic in its treatment of subjects that all can have respectful hearing. A large number of old readers are actively engaged in strengthening our hands by canvassing for new subscribers with flattering results. We confidently appeal to every reader who approves of the Journal, to at once make an effort to increase its circulation at this opportune season of the year. Every regular reader can procure from one to one hundred new subscribers before New Years. TRY IT! Of course we greatly prefer to send the paper 15 months for \$2 80 to new subscribers, but if you cannot induce all your friends to try that experiment, surely none of them will decline to pay 30 cents to read it 12 weeks. Try it!

Mr. Joseph Cook has set a stream in motion which cannot stop, any more than Peter could, by denying his master thrice. stop the march of Christianity. Foreign spiritual papers from Germany to Australia are pulishing the report of the investigating seance, held at Mr. Sargent's house, certifled to by Dr. Bundy, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Kinney, Mr. White and Joseph Cook. The report is prefaced by the indorsement of C. H. Spurgeon, Geo. Williams, Rev. Dr. and Bishop Stanton, Rev. Dr. Rigg and a half score of other prominent clergymen who united in receiving and eulogizing him on his arrival in England. As Cook cannot rail his signature from his bond, the Reverend Bishops who commend him as a champion of the truth do virtually endorse Spiritualism to such of the public as are intelligent enough to read his record.

In order to understand, says Mr. Palmer in his new translation of the Koran, the immense influence which the Koran has always exercised upon the Arab mind, it is necessary to remember that it consists not merely of the enthusiastic utterances of an individual, but of the popular sayings, choice pieces of eloquence, and favorite legends current among the desert tribes for ages before his time. Judged, then, by the stand. ard which we apply to other creeds. Mohammed's religion stands forth as something strikingly new and original, since it sets before his countrymen, for the first time the conception of one God, which was, as he asserted the faith of their father Abraham, but which their fetishism had so long obscured.

Subscribers who may desire numbers of this issue sent to their friends, may send the addresses plainly written and five cents per copy for the papers, and we will mail direct from this office. Readers who would like to have friends see a copy of the Jour-NAL, can send the names and we will mail specimen copies from late issues free of

Laborers in the Spiritulistic Vineyard and Other Items of Interest.

This paper will be sent 12 weeks to new subscribers, on trial for 30 cents, or, 15 months for \$2.80. Send in the names be

fore New Years Day. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, will lecture at Coldwater, Mich., Sunday, Dec. 26th; at Detroit on Sunday, Jan. 2nd and 9th, 1881.

Last week we filled a large order for books to go to Mr. Terry, the enterprising publisher and dealer at Melbourne, Austra-

A private letter to the editor from Cape Town, Africa, says the interest in Spiritualism is rapidly increasing among the best class of citizens in that city. Mr. Denton's "Sideros and its People"

will be continued next week. It was omitted in this issue to make room for articles especially appropriate to this number.

CECIL.-Write the editor over your own signature when you want his opinion; also recollect to enclose postage. Always act "on the square," especially with an edi-Mr. D. D. Home's son, Gregoire Douglas

Home, who distinguished himself by heroic conduct as related in a late number of the JOURNAL, has been awarded a gold medal by the French Minister of Marine. Trial subscribers who intend to renew

for a year will please remit \$2.50 at least 10 days before their time expires. They can learn the date by examining the address tag on their paper. Dr. Peebles has recently lectured upon

"Travels" and "Eastern Magic," in the Unitarian church, Munson; the Congregational church, Unionville, and the Universalist church, Shelburn Falls, Mass.

A festival of the Childrens' Progressive Lyceum will take place Monday evening, Dec. 27th, at Weisgerber's Hall, cor. Prospect and Brownell sts., Cleveland, Ohio. Everybody is invited. Seats free.

The demand for Mr. Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" exhausted our stock last week, but we telegraphed for a fresh supply of that and Transcendental Physics and they will, no doubt, be here before this paper goes to press, in time to fill all orders before Christmas day.

The price of "The Watseka Wonder, a startling and instructive psychological study, and well authenticated instance of angelic visitation, has been reduced to ten cents, postage paid. For sale at this of-

Mr. John R. Robinson, Northern Passenger Agent of the "Sunset Route," and his wife, Mrs. Clara A. Robinson, the well known medium and magnetic healer, have gone to Texas to spend the holidays. Mrs. Robinson will be at home and ready to attend to her patients soon after New Years.

We now have for sale the "Experiences of Samuel Bowles, (late editor of the Spring field, Mass., Republican) in Spirit-life, or Life as he now Sees it from a Spiritual Standpoint." It is a valuable production, and cannot fail to interest those who read it. - Price 20 cents.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Kingsville, Ohio, November 28th; at Madison, Ohio, December 1st and 5th; at Thompson, Ohio, December 12th. Glad to note the apparent success of the Doctor. We hope that all efficient workers will be kept busy, at reasonably remunerative rates of compensation, in their respective fields. Address him, until further notice, Milan, Oh io.

William Anderson, of Louisville, sent one dollar to continue the Journal to Kersey Graves. Christmas is here and we hope many of our readers will feel impressed to send Brother Graves some token of remembrance. He has labored long and faith fully, and now in his old age finds him self like many other reformers, poor in this world's goods. Poverty in such cases is no disgrace, but is decidedly inconvenient. Brother Graves's address is Richmond. Indiana.

D. D. Home writes us from Nice that his disease has for years been misunderstood by physicians, and that only within a few months have they been able to class it. They term it Paraplegie or a general paralysis. Mr. Home says he has great cause to rejoice that his brain has not been touched by the disease, and adds: "My guides have ever said the medical men were wrong in their diagnosis, but that now they are right."

The many friends of Mrs. E. T. Brigham. of New York, will be interested in learning of her journeyings. Under date of Nov. 29th, she writes us from Paris that she is about to leave for Algiers in search of a warmer climate, and if not pleased there should go to Nice or Montonne, returning to Paris in May. Mrs. Brigham in closing says: "The longer I live, the more I travel and mingle with the various nations of Europe, the more I thank God I am a Spiritualist and an American."

Light.

The above is the name of a journal devoted to the highest interests of humanity both here and hereafter, which will be published on Saturday, the 8th of January, 1881, by the Eclectic Publishing Company, 13 Whitefriars street, Fleet street, London, E. C., England. Terms to American sub. scribers \$3.50 per year. The prospectus contains the following:

Special care will be taken that the paper shall be conducted on the strictest principles of an honorable impartiality, recognizing heartily as co-workers all who are striving to demonstrate the reality and importance of the truths to which it is devoted, and all who are endeavoring, in any way, t o further the highest interests of humanit y here and hereafter.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten's Spring Engagements Cancelled.

In answer to numerous applications for lectures during the ensuing spring months, I beg to say that family reasons compel me to sail for England about the middle of January, 1881. Those who have not already received letters from me to this effect, will kindly observe this notice. Up to January 15th, my P. O. address will be in care of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, 61 West 42nd street, New York. After that date letters will reach me addressed, 31 Derby Terrace, Moss Bank, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England.

EMMA HARDINGE-BRITTEN. New York City.

The Solicitor's Journal is authority for the statement that a prisoner was once convicted at Edinburgh, Scotland, of having while in a state of somnambulism, murdered his own child. He was finally set at liberty. Dornbluth, a German psychologist, tells of a young woman who, in consequence of fright occasioned by robbers, was seized with epilepsy, and became subject to somnambulism, and while in that state she was in the habit of stealing things, and was charged with theft, but on the advice of Dornbluth, was released and eventually cured. Who can explain the mysteries of the human mind?

We return thanks to the following named friends who have sent us lists of new subscribers the past week. As some of our correspondents complain of being annoyed by people who find addresses in the Jour-NAL, we shall have to enforce a rule we long since found necessary and omit P. O. addresses:

D. Harbaugh, E. W. H. Beck, J. B. Pelham, J. W. Thomas, W. Bagley, A. Shadle, G. S. Morgan, J. H. Clute, B. M. Ludden, H. G. Spencer, E. B. Hutchinson, S. V. Potter, L. Barrett, Geo. W. Hall, D. Cox, Jessec Batler, J. J. Morse, Jacob Hey, W. Speakman, S. Burroughs and many others.

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Business Motices.

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D. P. Kayner, M. D., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, has returned to his office, Room 52, 94 La Salle Street, Chicago; and is again ready for business See his advertisement.

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CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

Eassed to Spirit-Tife.

Passed to spirit-life, from Cleveland, O., Nov. 24th, 1880, WM. BELA ARCHER, aged . 8 years.

WM. BELA ARCHER, aged .8 years.

The funeral took place from his parent's residence. No. 40 Scoville ave. on Su-day. Nov. 24th A. B. French, of Clyde, preached the foneral discourse. Miss E. Annie Hunman ope; ed the service with a beautiful invocation and closed with a benediction at the grave.

The ramer sof Mr. French were highly appreciated by the sorrow-brick en parents sud the large attendence of friends. The Cieveland Lyoum of which he was a memoer participated in the services, joining in the responses of a siver chain led by 5. ss. Lees. And thus the mortal remains of another worker is laid away. May be to spiri return to still help on the work of the lyoum to which he was greatly attached.

Spiritual Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

BROOKLYN, N. Y—Conference Meetings every Friday evening, in Fraternity hall, corner of Fulton St. and Gallatin place December 24th, A Christmus Meeting. December 31st, an Experience Meeting and a review of

BROOKLYN RASTERN DISTRICT FRATERNITY meets every Sunday evening, at 7% P. M., in Latham Hall, 9th st., ear Grand. D. M. COLE, President.

NEW YORK CITY. The Second Society of Spiritualists holdservices every Sanday, at Cartier's Hall, 28 Rest 14th Street

NEW YORK CITY.—The Harmonial Association. Free Public Services every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, in Steck's Musical Hall, No 11 East Fourteenth St., near Fifth Ave. Discourse every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by Andrew Jackson Davis.

NEW YORK.—The New York Spiritual Conference, the oldest Arsociation organized in the inter-stot modern Spiritualism, in the country, holds its sessions in the Haward Rooms on Sixth Avenue, opposite Reservoir Square, every Sunday from 2:30 to 5 P. M. The public invited.

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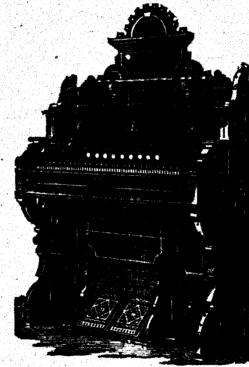
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My Christmas Guests. BY SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

"What-slone-in the dark-on Christmas night, Nay"—so an old friend protests,
"Come across to my home, where is laughter and Be one of my Christmas guests!"

"But I've guests of my cwn"-1 smilingly said "Whose coming I'm waiting now; Dear friends for whom no cloth need be laid And who like my lamps turned low."

My neighbor, polite and rich and gay, Passed down my darkened stair To her elegant home across the way Where all was lovely and rare.

And doubtless mused on my cold reply, To her words of Christmas cheer, And wondered what sort of guests could his To a mansion so dark and drear.

But the silken sweep of her robes scarce passed Out of sound through my lonely hall, When my longed-for guests came throughng fast, And greeted me, one and all.

With a cordial grasp, a tender kiss, Or a glance of loving truth, For these were the friends we oftenest miss, The friends of our by-gone youth.

Old lovers came who with passionate eyes, Gazed content on my faded charms, Who forget I'd grown old, and cold, and wise And that age the senses calms.

There were those who held me in soft embrace, Friends lovely, beloved, and sweet, Mid these, with the hard lines swept from her face. Came my friend from across the street.

No longer wealthy, or bitter, or cold. As she had grown in these later years, But with eyes full of love and truth as of old My doubting heart she cheers.

And friends of childhood came trooping in With laughter and songs of glee, Fill my silent room with the joyous din Of these spirits of memory.

Of memories olden, of memories sweet, For these are the guests so bright, Who have gathered to cheer, to charm and to greet My lonely Christmas night. Thorndike, Mass.

The Birthday of the Year.

BY ALFXANDER WILDER.

Who invented Christmas? Who devised its games and sports, and the cementing and w of old friendships? The festival which we commemorate by that name, is one established in the Ancient World's childhood. Go where we will among the more cultured and thrifty of the denizers of the other hemisphere, and we find the recurring of the period welcomed by every demonstration of

enthusiastic joy.
It is a custom older than Christianity, and yet that was itself a doctrine in Judea centuries be-fore the rule of Pontius Pllate. No need to wonder at this; the founders of religions are never recorded in history. Buddhism is older than Siddart'ha, Parsism than Zarathu-tra Spitama, Hebraism than Ezra or Moses, and I opine, Islam than Mohammed. The men who gave name to world-faiths, did like Kor futsi, they took an old religion, pruned it, and gave it thus renovated, to their

We need not marvel, therefore, that the newest outcome of life and spirituality may be shown to be the Very Old come into renewed power. The bahe is an ancestor in some sense re-born.

The earlier Christmas was a festival of nations that worshiped God in the daylight, and on the mountain summits. I am fond of imagining it as originating with that race from which sprung alike Hindoo and Aryan Greek, Roman and North-man. There is something ineffably sublime in the concept of Ahura Mezda, the Source of Life, in Mithras the God of Truth, regent of the sun and day. But we may not forget that the Mongol and Chinese sovereigns also pay homage to the God of the Sky at every winter sols ice, and that it has been their custom from the remotest autiquity. The Persian worship as described by Herodotus, is almost precisely like that of the Chinese Emperor. When, therefore, we are depicting our Christmas at the West, we are likewise recapitulating usages of the older time and nations. Polydore Virgii accordingly informs us that "trimmyng of the temples with hangynges, flowres, boughes and garlondes, was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with such array."

When the Church had changed the birthday of Jesus from the Annunciation Day to the Solstice preceding it, the ruppose was avowed to be in order to divest the older faith of its sacred cus-toms so that the reverence and affection of the neonle might be transferred to the new. In some degree the two were blended. Constantine, the first reputed Christian Emperor, was likewise a soldier of the Daus Invictus. That divinity in common with Saturn, Horus and Frey of the Northmen, had his Yule-feast in winter. Astrology, the handmaid of theography, added her testimony. At the hour of midnight, on the 25th of December, the Culestal Visit of the Addis-December, the Celestial Virgin of the Zodiac arose, and a few hours afterward the feeble winter sun, feeble as if new born emerged from her side, and entered upon a new earth-life. We can thus read intelligently the inscription on the teme of the Virgin Goddess at Sars: "I am the All that is, and was and will be; no mortal hath removed my peplum, and my offspring is the Sur." Makrobius explains that the god was so prefigured because "this day being the shortest, this God seems to be yet a weakling child."

The month of December was sometimes denominated The Stable of Augaias, because Héroklés, the Sun God of the Dorians, drew through it the river of Aquarius, to cleanse it. Hence the Cave. at Bethlehem where the woman bewailed the slay-ing of Adonis, was also revered as the stable of the Nativity. * Gregory Nazianzen deprecated, however, the employing of like methods of commem-oration. "Let us not celebrate the feast after an earthly, but a heavenly manner," said he; "let not our doors be crowned; let not dancing be encouraged; let not the cross paths be adorned, the eyes fed, nor the ears delighted; let us not feast

to excess, nor be drunk with wine." We need only recall the Saturnalia, Bacchic and Islac rites to comprehend, intelligently this cau-tion of the Christian Saint. No more complete blending, however, may be imagined than that of Druidical customs with those of the Church in the North of England, as described by Stukeley: 'This is the most respectable festival of our Druids, called Yule tide; when mistletoe, which they called all heal, was carried in their hands and laid on their altars as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of the Messiah. This mistletoe they cut off the trees with their upright hatchets of brass, cailed celts, put upon the ends of their staffs which they carried in their hands. The custom is still preserved at the North, and was lately at York. On the eve of Christmas day they carry mistletoe to the high altar of the cathedral, and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon and freedom to all sorts of inferior and wicked people at the gates of the city, toward the four quarters of heav-

One is strongly tempted to write interminably on this theme. I will endeavor to forget Asia and Europe, in order to keep in bounds. Under the Druidical regime in England, and after the introduction of Christianity, as Stow has informed us, "against the feast of Christmas, every man's house, as also their parish churches, were decked with holme, ivy, bayes and whatsoever the season afforded to be green. The condults and standards in the streets were likewise garnished." holly, rosemary, box and yew were also employed. These usages, the dancing, drinking, and

"The rites of Tammuz or Adoni were celebrated at the vernal equinox. It won'd seem from the legend of the second chapter of the Gospel according to Luke, that the earlier Christians had p aces the nativity of Jesus at the same time, the 25th of March, afterward the dark of the Resurrection and the Annunciation by Gabriel. Fireks are not usually kept in the fields in Palestine in midwinter, and the shepherds to whom the angels assounced "a favior born," received the news, necessarity at a more probable time. sarily, at a more probable time,

other practices at first all had a deep religious sense, in little affinity with the sporting and mer-rymaking with which they are now so universally identified. The houses were decerated, because the Englishman's house was originally his church as well as his castle. If youths and maids ever then kissed under the yew, the holly or mistletoe, more of solemnity than of sport characterised the

The Yule log was laid on the fire the preceding evening and a watch maintained. The log was of ash or birch, peeled as was usual in the temples of the fire-religious, and was lighted from the remains of the year before. The "eternal fire" of the family altar, where the ancient fathers of the household officiated, and the prytaces are forcibly brought to memory. The animals, as in the stable at Bethlehem, were supposed to kneel at the proper moment. One countryman in Devonshire watched in a large stable, but was scandalized that only two oxen knelt when they ought; the others kept on eating in total unconcern. After new style was introduced, the cattle, we are assured, remained constant to the former

dates Yule-tide stories were among the pleasures of the time. Employers, children and servants sat round the fire; and the tales of fairies and other "good people," etc., were related. We are indebt-ed to this custom for the preservation of our literature of fairyland, the stories of Cinderella, King Arthur, and other wonderful characters, as well as many songs and ballads.

The morning of the 25th was ushered in with the Christmas carols. So the old Eraniars of Baktrian adored the Morning Sun. Many of these songs are still extant. They were festal chansons for enlivening the merriments of the Christmas celebrations. The first dish served was a boar's head, which was placed on the principal table in the hall. For this indispensable ceremony there was a carol. Chaucer mentions this custom in his Franklein's Tale:

"Janus sitteth by the fire with double herd, And he drinketh of his bugle-horne the wine; Before him standeth the brawn of the tusked

This was a direct transcript from old usage. Freyr, the favorite god of the Northman, was slain by a boar, like Adonis. In Syria, Phrygia and Scandinavia, a boar was hunted and killed for this eccesion, and from the custom was first derived the prohibition of swine's flesh to the Israelites and semitric Arabs.

The introduction of St. Nicolas or Santa Claus into Christmas matters, is a modern innovation. The patron of thieves and scholars has his cwn anniversary on the sixth of December, and our Knickerbocker Dutch still hold him to his own.

The Lord of Misrule, or Abbot of Unreason, was a former dignitary of Christmas. Stow informs us that this personage was in the king's house, and that the like was in the house of every noble man of honor or good worship, whether spiritual or temporal. The Mayor of London and the Sheriffs had them also. Their jurisdiction continued till Candlemas, in which space there were mas-querades, mummerles, playing at cards for counters, nails and points more for pastime than for gain. Similar functionaries were kept at the Uni-versities of Oxford and Cambridge. The Oxonian Rex Regul Fabarum bore a profusion of titles:
"The Most Magnificent and Renowned, by the
favor of Fortune, Prince of Alba Fortunata, Lord of St. John's, High Regent of the Hall, Duke of St. Giles', Marquis of Magdalens, Landgrave of the the Grove, Count Palatine of the Cloisters, Chi f Balliff of Beaumont, High Ruler of Rome, Master of the Manor of Walton, Governor of Gloucester Green, Sole Commander of all Titles, Tournaments and Triumphe, Superintendent in all Solemnit es Whatever."

Mumming was an old sport. Men and women putting on each others' clothes or in other fantastic gear, would go from house to house, and par-take of their entertainments. If young women were still abed, the men would repair thither and drag them forth. The celebrated R. Abelard ex-ercised this freedom at the house of Canon Fulbert and it was nothing accounted, being a common practice. An old writer has traced this custom to the Romans, who introduced the Saturnalia into Britain. In them there were luxurious feastings among friends, presents were mutually bestowed, and changes made of dress. Christians adopted these practices, extending them 'rom the Nativity to the Eniphany—twelve days; and this mu with painted visages, was copied from the Quinquatria of the Romans.

A Puritan writer has described the reign of the monarch as seen by chastened eyes All the wild heads of the parish, conversing together, chose them a great captain, of mischief, whom they en-nobled with the title of "My Lord of Misrule," crowning him with great solemnity and adopting him for their king. This person selected a body-guard, who put on his livery, together with jewels, scar's and bells, "horrowed for the most parte of their prette Mopsies and loovying Bessies for bussying them in the darke. These thinges sette in order, they have their hobble-herses, dragons, and other antiques, together with their gaudie pipers, thunderyng drommers, to strike up the Devill's daunce withal; then marche these heathen companie towardes the churche and churcheyard, their pipers pipyng, drommers thonderyng, their stumppes dauncyng, their belles jynglyng, their handkerchefes swyngyng about their heads like madmen, their hobbie-horses and other monsters skyrmishyng amongest the throng; and in this sorte they goe to the churche (though the minister be at praier or preachyng) dauncyng and swyngyng their handkerchefes over their heads in the churche like devilles incarnate, with suche confused noise, that no man can heare his owne voice. Then, after this, aboute the churche they goe againe and againe, and so forthe into the churche-yard, where they have commonly their sommer haules, their bowers, arbors, and ban-quetyng houses set up, wherein they feast, ban-quet, and daunce all that daie, and peradventure, all that night too. And thus these terrestrial furies spend their Sabbath daie."

It is almost unnecessary to state that the Purl tans of the Commonwealth lost no time in putting an end to these practices. Hence the ballad: "All plums the prophets' sons defy,

And spice-broths are too hot; Treason's in a December pye, And death within the pot, Christmas, farewell; thy days, I fear, And merry days are done; So they may keep feasts all the year, Our Savior shall have none."

The "pye" alluded to is explained by Meisson in his book of Travels in England: "Every family against Christmas makes a famous pye, which they call Christmass Pye. It is a great nostrum, the composition of this pastry; it is a most learned mixture of neat's tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kind of spicery, etc. They also make a sort of soup with plums, which is not at all inferior to the pye, which is, in their language, eat in rhymes which 'did gain him love' of all both far and near."

These "good old times" have passed away,

swept from the land by Cromwell and his Parliement. The Restoration did not restore them. The mirth of Christmas is unlike that of the Christmas that formerly existed. The English gentleman calls from house to house like the New York-er on the first of January; but mummery, lords of misrule and other makers of sport, are gone. Instead of Christmas carols are those performants, inciplent of music, the saw-mill notes of the itincrant organ-grinder. Our fathers kept the day holy and went to bed not sober; now people are sober, but lack all pious veneration for the day. The wassail-bowl has passed away, and a punch

of bad liquors has taken its place.
Yet letus hope that what is good of the olden custom may remain; and especially that Christmas may not degenerate into a period of distant courtesies and mere formal greetings. It is proper to enjoy the present; well enough to laugh over the past, to tell old stories and invent new ones. In short we should be cheerful and generous, and endeavor to make others as generous and cheerful as our elves. Christmas, it is true, has been superseded in a great degree, so far as its festivi-ties are concerned, by the "Annual Thanksgiving," once a Yankee notion, but now a nationa anniversary. But, with its reminiscences extending over centuries and scores of centuries, the memories of Creation's birthday, it deserves to be retained as a festival and day of rejoicing among

> "Heap on more wood! the air is chill; But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still."

The Field that is White with the Harvest.

BY DR. C. D. GRIMAS.

After returning from a visiting and lecturing tour, my first business was to look over the accu-mulated copies of the Journal, when my eyes fell upon "The Field that is White with the Har-vest." Oh! how my heartdid "leap for joy," when I comprehended the beauty and utility of this Godgiven plan. How I felt to thank you as the me-dium and the higher powers above that set these golden thought waves in motion, which have been translated to the facts of consciousness in lower spheres, and then have been materialized upon the brilliant face of the dear Journal.

How many times have I when visiting the rural

districts, and calling upon some liberal or Spiritusilists, saying, "I come, brother, to make an effort in connection with you and yours, to extend the blessings of harmonial thought." But how many times has my heart been chilled with the reply, "That's impracticable." Many times have I encouraged speakers, and labored with them to that end, and as many times have I been left to shoulder the burthen alone." Then my heart grow

sad, and I said. "How long, ob, Lord, how long? And many times have I when beating against these chilling winds, thought of the God given plan of John Wesley, upon which he organized his circuit riding church; I mean his go around, and I fancied I heard him saying to his subordinates, "Go around, and take with you as fai hful ministers of the word, a supply of the spiritual wants that each one at each station is hungering for. Break the bread of life to the needy: and when you get around once, go around again; and again, and supply their new and increasing wants. Water there plants which your heavenly Father hath planted with the water that springeth up to ever asting life, that they may grow and unfold into perfect men and women in truth; for life is action, life is real—life is the earnest; work while the day lasts." And then I thought his large heart was so intent on success, to be found in the act, that he wrote but little (I creed; hence the advantage (I our good Bro. Thomas over his (Wesley's degenerate followers, who like the undeveloped past a e vainly trying to "bully" the enlightened present.

Thus they went around the circuit—around the whirl—around the world. The whirl was the world in the pagan myths; as the sun in its imaginary track around the earth, whirled around, and as it whirled around, it created the seasons. From this came the vegetable world, and from the vege table, the animal. "These are thy changes, Al mighty Fatter—these the varied God." No life without a whirl—a go around, a circ'e of activi ties—fluids coursing around, as the sap and blood by which life is nourished. God's pattern of life—

As the blood goes around from the lungs to the capillaries, and from the capillaries to the lungs again, it goes freighted with all the elements that are wanted at the numerous stations, and like a faithful porter delivers to each their meat in due season; of some to make tissue, of some nerve, of some muscle, bone, teeth and hair, not forgetting even the finger and toe nails. But once going around amounts to but little. When it arrives at the lungs it takes on another load of freight, then whirls around again and again without tiring like the fabled clock, then stopping to count its various rounds, as the clock did, and get weary in view of the multitude of its ticking.

Life is change as well as action, and if we get it we must catch it on the waves of change, and like a bird on the wing, we cannot stop the flopping of the wings of life. The meat that was served the physical yesterday, will not do for to-day. There are no birds in last year's nest, they have fiedged their wings and passed along the jumper of life. their wings and passed along the journey of life. The thoughts the soul fed upon yesterday are appropriated, laid down as integral parts of the spiritual body. To day the soul calls for more. Give me food, or I cannot fledge my wings and move on, and instead of becoming the soaring eagle that feasts upon the sun-light of higher spheres. the young muscles of my pinions must atrophy, and then I must be chained to earth and dust, like the stupid kid. The grand temple of life needs other elements, to round it out in greater beauty and perfection. The grand archmillions stones yet. Aye, who can tell when we will be ready for the key stone in the immortal future?

Every atom in the compound, every planet in the solar world, every life in the vegetable, the animal and the human, is imitating this whirl, and here is where John Wesley found his go around and you have struck the same key-note of organization-heaven's first and holiestlaw, and have thus sent it forth to the people. First the physician comes around with his physiology and hy glene; and well first, for the first duty is to obtain a healthy body as a tenement (f a pure soul. For whosoever defleth the temple of God, him shall God destroy. Next the economist with his "so cial science"—the corner-stone of all successful organizations. Next the lawyer, with his "politi cal progress and business reform," then the hu-manitarian with his "remedies for crime," profes-sors of cuisine with "improvements in cookery," conducting to temperance and health, of astronomy "on the stars," of antiquarian research, on "the Hebrews and Jesus," of modern research, on "Goethe and Shakespeare," of psychology, on the powers of mind over matter, of biology, on the processes of life-

"As round and round they come Ever the truth comes uppermost And ever is justice done

interspersed with the drams and the promenade not forgetting music and the tipping the light fantastic toe in the merry innecent and harmoniz ing dance; thus uniting pleasure with profit of edge, all of which contribute to balance the man, and round up a beautiful, symmetrical and har

monious being.

Real'y if this crogramme will not contribute to an advance in refinement, in high and holy spirations, in pure and elevated thought, in a higher tone of morals and purity of life, what will?

Again, this plan will be a promoter of individuality, which we must and will have, and that just

as fast as life unfolds in knowledge and complexity, which is all as it should be, always remembering that it should be in a charity broad enough to render unto others all the rights we claim for ourselves. Then we can patiently listen while others are stating their reasons for "the faith that is within them," allowing them to see their truth from their own stand-point, and often be remind-ed that, belief or unbelief, like love or hatred, comes not of our volition, neither can we be reas oned into it; but comes of our intuitions, from the deep "well-springs" of the being. But after all this, having as we suppose burnt

up all the chaff of selfishness and inordinate de-sires, sufficient to establish and cherish this broad charity, we find in the subtratum of human exist ence, a social element that imperatively demands food—food—social food, ere I die of insuition: To the gratification of this element is due the prosperity and continuity of Christianity and churchi

This demand in our natures will be gratified in some way and place. If it is not where knowledge and refinement is supreme, it will be where lust and sensuality reign; in the halls of science and refinement, or in the brothels of depravity and de-bauch. Now it is just as true that one half (the negative) of the human family will be, and depend upon being led, as it is that the other half (the positive) will try to lead, or influence them, and it just as natural and essential to be negative as positive, and it is just as easy to make virtue pleasant and lead them there, as it is to make virtue pleasant and lead them there, as it is to make vice pleasant and lead them there. I give the churches the credit of understanding and trying to work on this principle, although they fall in comprehending the mode; while I emphatically deny that "the heart is prone to do evil," and that continually; for there is a good in all, only we have not the ingenuity natience, and skill to find the not the ingenuity, patierce, and skill to find the door that leads to it,

Let us make virtue more attractive than vice. coupling it with pleasure, knowledge and profit, having sociality, progress, purity and love as corner-stones, and work, work, work as the watch-word, and if true to these cardinal principles, "The church of the future" will be a verity and a suc-

Sturgis, Mich.

The old faiths, like cotyledons well stored with starch, are perishing as the spring advances; yet only to yield their nourishment for a better faith.—F. E. Abbot.

EXCELSIOR.

(An Acrostic.)

BY M. S. HOLBROOK.

"Excelsion!" the Word of God to Man: "Come higher up the shining path of Thought; Contrive more heights to gain, more depths to

Express yet more than all the Wise have taught; Lift up the veil from secrets yet unsought; Seek Right to gain from Wrong; seek Peace from

War: Inspire such Wisdom as all time has wrought Observe such virtues as you pray Heaven for, Raising and bearing high this sign, 'Excusion.'

Come, Thou, the Guide of my aspiring heart, Conduct my footsteps on the higher road; Endow my soul with each diviner part,

"Excelsion!" the prayer of Man to GoD:

Love, Wisdom, Joy, and Truth's most truthful chart; Show how each crime and wrong I should abhor; Inspire each holier thought, each nobler art; Oppressme not in Life's e'erchafing war; enew each day my strength, Excelsion Excels

SIOR!!" It hath so chanced, Mr. Editor, that I have wrought out and penned the above lines close upon the advent of Christmas, 1880, and, if it please you, they may go out with the occasion with such superior meaning as the term Excelsion

has to the Spiritualist. has to the Spiritualist.

Excelsior,—something higher, something better, something higher, something better, day by day and year by year, in all time, whether on this side, or on that side of the river of death—this is the dominant idea of our philosophical religion; a religion. ion based on facts and demonstrations furnished us all along our path of life, such as never before were furnished to the most inquiring mind. Something higher—something better—growth, by as piration, thought and action—this is the centre the chief factor, the directing element (the hub of the wheel, the key-stone of the arch, the keel of the ship,) of our system, and stands in the stead of "the scheme of salvation" of other systems, by the death of the innocent, by atoning blood, by faith in things impossible in the order of nature, and without avail, too, except to the few predest

inated by the Will of God.

Excelsior, something better, is so far applicable to Christians as to the events celebrated in the Christmas Holldays, and the events that now daily transpire, that I take pleasure in presenting the comparison. At or about the time of the birth of Jesus, the founder of the Christian religion, many wonderful events are said to have transpired, the most beautiful of all being the presentation to the shepherds watching their flocks by night, near unto Bethlehem, where the great occurrence, the birth of the Savior of the world, is announced. An angel is said to have "appeared to them," and "the glory of the Lord shone round about them," and also "a multitude of the heaven-ly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will toward men!" and this was "good tidings of great

joy to all people." This vision, this visitation, this song of the angels, as it is called, this announcement, these are rehearsed at Christmas times as the most notable demonstration that attended the advent of the supposed saylor of the world, not to speak now of how little in fact has come to the world of "peace on earth and good will toward men," I wish to remind the reader how much superior are the de-monstrations of to-day to those which are cele-brated by the Christian world in these Christmas times, as to which so much is said, so much is done, all along the course of time. That demonstration was local and not repeated-indeed all the demonstrations of those times were local and not repeated, if history, that is now mostly relied on, is true. It was the relation only of them, a few observers, and mostly illiterate, that came to others. It is the story of them also, and only that, that comes down to us, struggling over the depths of many centuries of darkness; and however much one is given to faith, it cannot be denied that to all reasoning minds the "star of Bethlehem" is greatly dimmed by distance and the clouds of time. But our demonstrations are everywhere, here and now. The "heavenly host" visit every part of the globe. It is Bethlehem extended through the four quarters of the earth. It is more than this a hundred fold. The Christmas Holidays are well, we will join with those who keep them for Christ's sake as good, so far as they go, but really with better reasons and with more zeal, than they who are merely Christians according to their own def-inition. We may well believe, I do believe (and we have spirit authority for it) that at such times the Spirit-world is near, always near, coming then more near, joining in our festivities for their sakes

ss well as our own and making all "Merry."

I might extend, Mr. Editor, my thoughts and words almost infinitely—for what a grand and happy theme! I will close (with due respect for others) by saying that for myself, in view of a better religion—a religion that conserves all the good of the past, yet reaches out continually for that which is better, throwing off all that is un-worthy, that is advanced and proved by so many better demonstrations here and now, and to be repeated till all doubts are overcome—I must mag-nify the word that expresses all so fully, "Ex-

"Peace on Earth, Good will to man."

So sang the angelic hosts on the plains of Judes some two thousand years ago, and the thought comes up in this Christmas time; when the mem-ories of past joys and blessings mark mile-stones in our life journey, "Are we any nearer the mil-lennium age than when the voices from the spirit. ual realms sang so sweetly by the new-born babe in the manger?" Civilization has certainly ad-vanced, and men and women with the new light of modern Spiritualism, are getting clearer glimps.
es of the life-work and teachings of Jesus. Some
in our household of faith, feel that when the full
scope of spiritual teachings are understood, we may realize divinely, perhaps, the significance of this angelic song which has cheered the toilers through all the ages, and to hope that it may be possible for us to exemplify the presence of the "Christ-spirit," which will be the fore-shadowing

of the good time coming.

Have we, as Spiritualists, realized fully how closely the manifestations of Christ's age resemble those of our cwn? We can feel the baptism of the same wave of love from the heavenly home, and are able to trace to the highest heaven this un-ending chain of loving cause and effect, that must eventually bring "Peace on earth and good will to

It seems to me that no form of faith should celebrate Christmas festivities with more earnest zeal than those who have talked with angels, felt their very presence and are imbued with their gen-tle spirit. I know that some in their protest against a dogmatic theology are prone to ignore all that is pure and holy in the earth work of Jesus, and who also fail to comprehend the spiritual signification of his birth, which in our age should be clearly understood. We have all too long cav-iled at minor non-essentials, and have been blind to the fact that many a brother or sister still in the Christian church, daily bear witness that the real "Christ spirit" is being manifested again upon

Friends, amid the sweet, tender and holy memories of this Christmas tide, let us take a new departure, and see how much good we can find in every human soul that we may meet with in our daily life. If we have, as we claim, the most beautiful philosophy, the grandest religious faith that has yet come to the world, let us live it more close-ly in the year to come, and leaving the things of the past, press more earnestly forward; let us be more earnest in the work that has fallen into our hands; let our lives bring no dark spots upon the pure banner of Spiritualism, but let them grow luminous with a true spirituality, and if we feel the very presence of Christ, or the spirit of love, I can but believe, if we desire, we shall feel it in our souls, and wi h that impelling power be able to unitize the efforts of all good men and women, and thus hasten the dawn of the millennial age when, "Peace on earth and good will to men," will not only be a possibility, but an actual realization.

As we make merry around the gift-freighted Christmas trees, and gather about our hearth-stones and groaning tables on Christmas day, may we be filled and permeated with that divine love so clearly exemplated in the life of Jesus, and may the coming days prove by our living that it still

abides with us, and that we deserve all the names of our brotherhood. True Spiritualists—materialistic, Christian and anti-christian, and yet Harmonial Philosophers—welcoming to abide with us, the radiant "Arabula,"

S. B. NICHOLS. 467 Waverly Ave.

A Dream or Vision-Prayer Answered.

BY BRONSON MURRAY.

It is now twenty years since, while I was residing at Ottawa, Illinois, my excellent friend, Mrs. Pavor, then an aged lady residing there, while conversing upon the spiritual gifts recorded and assured in the Bible, remarked to me that she had assured in the Bible, remarked to me that she had had a very yivid dream or vision. I had just said to her, "It is written 'when the flesh is weak my spirit is atrong, saith the Lord,' and surely, if this be so, you should have some experience of it, my friend, for you are very week in flesh." And so she was. Age was telling upon her, and, beside, her health was very poor. Her reply was:

"Last night I had a very vivid dream or vision."

I thought I was in an overhand honeafth a tree and

I thought I was in an orchard beneath a tree and beside me was a gentleman whom I had not seen for forty years, and then we both were in England. I thought as we stood beneath the tree, that a beautiful apple dropped at the feet of each of us.
Oh! it was beautiful fruit; the handsomest I ever
saw. He picked up his apple. I stooped to pick
up mine, but it rolled beneath a little bundle of

chaff.

"This morning," she continued, "I heard of his death. Now do you think there can be any meaning in that?"

I drew her attention to the statement that he gothis apple, and that she had heard of his death. Then she exclaimed. "Do you think that was what it meant?" I replied that she must judge, but at the same time. I wished her to notice that the the same time. I wished her to notice that the fruit he got was the finest and most beautiful she ever saw, and that he had gotten death. It was several months after that conversation before several months after that conversation before Mrs. Pavor died. She was widely and most favorably known about Ottawa, and universally mourned. She was not a Spiritualist, but an Episcopalian. The remaining portion of her earthlife was indeed mere chaff. Weary and invalid, she longed for release by death. Though bedridder, she had constant evidences of another existence than this life's. Out of many which she related to me, I will give you one to print in the Journal: JOURNAL:

It was on a bright moonlight night. She was wasted and worn, lying in her bed. In the next room, the door being open, lay her married daugh-ter with her baby, and in a cradle by the side of the daughter's bed was a child of some two years, fretting and crying, with temper. After some time Mrs. Payor called to her daughter to bring the cradle to her own begside, and she would try to rock it to sleep. The child was brought in the cradle and the door between the rooms was closed to enable the mother to get some rest after her hard day's work.

hard day's work.

Feeble and worn, poor Mrs. Pavor essayed to rock the cradle and still the child. It was uscless. As passionate and tumultuous as before, the little wretch cried on. At length Mrs. Pavor gave up in despair and said aloud, "All I can do is to pray for you, that God will save you from the effects of your terrible temper." Then she desisted from rocking and turning have face to the wall ed from rocking and turning her face to the wall and away from the cradle, she opened her burden to God, and prayed that he would save the child from the effects of its terrible temper. Suddenly the child stopped, as suddenly as if it had been shot, and she turned again to look at it.

There she saw, leaning over the foot of the cra-dle, a bright little angel, looking straight into the child's eyes, and the child looking steadfastly at the little angel. The grandmother recognized the little spirit. It was the half-brother of the the little spirit. It was the half-brother of the child in the cradle, and had died some years previous. Mrs. Pavor thought she must be haliucinated. She reached for the window curtain and drew it aside. The moon shone full upon the child and the angel; both were plainly visible. After a while the latter disappeared. Then the child in the cradle exclaimed, "There I that woman has taken away my pretty little derling?"

has taken away my pretty little darling."

But the child cried no more. Its nature seemed to be changed, for, thenceforth, whenever the baby cried, it would exclaim, "Baby, you must not cried to be changed, and the control of the c not cry; if you do, you shall never see my pretty little darling."

Ny friend no longer doubted. Hallucination.

My friend no longer doubted. Hallucination.

was out of the question when the child also recognized the bright visitor. That the child should have seen the attendant "woman" who took away the bright angel while the grandmother did not notice her, is not to be overlooked.

notice her, is not to be overlooked.

The perception of the child seems to have exceeded that of the grandmother. There is no monoply of such spiritual visions. They are to be found among the humbler members of every church and society. They are not confined to any sect or order. It is the mission of Spiritualism to assert this and to demonstrate that such appearance of the world. ances are not supernatural. It says to the world at large, "If you would learn, look about you."

Sideros and its People.

We have been very much interested in Prof. Denton's Work "Sideros and its People, as Independently Described by many Psychometers," as published in chapters in the Religio Philo-SOPHICAL JOURNAL. It is the history of a planet and its people, from the earliest stages through ages of development to its final dissolution and disruption, the fragments shooting into space, some of them falling into the sun, others to the planets and one huge fragment, 100 miles in diameter, striking the earth near Greenland, changing the polarity of the earth and suddenly enveloping the then temperate zone of that part of the globe into a region of eternal frost and snow, covering what is now Northern Dakota, with huge fields of ice, miles in thickness. Subsequently, according to his theory, another fragment struck the earth Lear what is now the north pole; again creating a new polarity, and leaving our planet as it now exists. The meteoric showers that occur periodically in November, are traced to the same source, as fragments of this lost world, Sideros, are now revolving in clouds around the sun, nearly in the path of the old planet, and through which the earth passes once in thirty years. work is to be published in book form and will be found intensely interesting, even to those who find it difficult to comprehend or believe the theory advanced .- Fargo Republican.

Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is regarded by so called church Christians as a disturber of the peace; that its followers are iconoclastic; that they tear down, and do not build up. This we deny. There is not a Spiritualist in the civilized world that wants to rob any man of what is his own; neither do they want to tear down places of worship, but they want to see them put to some practical use. If there are places where God meets his children to bless them, then they should be free for all to go bless them, then they should be free for all to go and receive the blessing. If they are paid for by the people, they should belong to the people. But it owned by sects or co-partners, for the purpose of proselyting, then they should pay their part of the current expenses necessary to support the government under which they live, and by which they are protected. The expense of supporting the religious organizations of the world is equal to that required to support the national governments, and the only thing that can be charged against Spiritualists is, that they do not feel willing to be taxed to support are ligious oligarchy in which they have no interest. If one class of men feel it to be their duty to contribute to the support of a religious organization, it is their support of a religious organization, it is their privilege to do so, but we want them to bear all the burden .- Olive Branch.

""Grand Article."

Rev. S. I. Tyrrell of Wisconsin writes:

"Grand article that in last Journal, 'Why Christianity is Dying.' It excites especial interest among my own neighbors both for its thought and atyle."... Hon A. Krekel, U. S. Judge for the Western District of Missouri, writes of the same article as follows: "I-was interested and much pleased....the picture is truthful and graphic. Such articles must do good." Such articles must do good."

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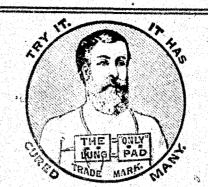
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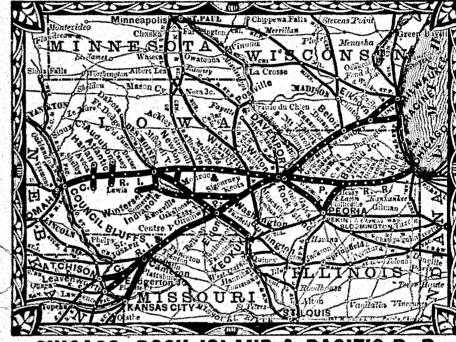
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Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Christmas Bells.

BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS.

Dear Christmas bells, dear Christmas bells! How much of joy your music tells, Of friendship sweet and sunlit glow In the dim distance long ago.

Oh! Christmas bells, your music sweet My soul with saddened joy doth greet. For some who heard your chimes with me My tearful eyes no longer see.

Each tone, oh, merry Christmas bells, To me a tale of parting tells; I look to see each smiling face Imbued with kindness, love and grace.

But they have gone where Christmas bells, Still chime o'er mountain, hill and dells, Far on the heavenly hights they hear Your music belis, re-echolog clear.

Dear Christmas bells, ring on, ring on, Till sorrow, want and crime are gone; Chime in that blissful era bright When peace and love shall conquer might.

Oh. Christmas bells, ye still will ring, And greater bards your praise will sing, When I no more shall hear your chime, Sweet Christmas bells at evening time. Hopedale Vino Cottage.

Christmas Night.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: This Christmas night is one of peace. What care I if the early Christians, not knowing when their Christ was born, fixed that event on the day of the great Egyptian Jubilee over the birth of Horus? The day and the hour on-ly become more sacred. Two Saviors instead of one came into the world on that day, and I wish a thousand had made their advent. We should all be happy at this Christmas tide. I am ready to believe the shepherds tending their flocks on Syrian plains, saw the flash of a great light, and heard angelic voices, because the light falls, and I hear the voices chanting the refrain of purified souls, floating down the spheres. And this sweet melody of their words, speaks of divine brotherhood, and I know and love the great souls who have gone before, and whose earth record is stamped indelibly on the pages of history. Earth's Saviors! They stand like Pharos lights on the headlands overlooking the stream of human progress, and I am thankful for one and all, and my heart swells with gratitude to them for all they have done and dared. A glorious throng is gathered from the past; poets, sages, heroes, martyrs, blend their light in a soft radiance like the milky way, yet shall we find the diffused light is the blending of their countless

The strength of their light depends on the self-sacrifice they made. I recall the earthly teachings of the most brilliant, and theirs were lives devoted not to self, but to others. It is a joy to contemplate these spirits of magnanimous lives, who crushed instinct under their iron will, and opened wide rifts through the clouds of pelfishness, revealing the possibilities of human nature. The followers of Jesus have been content with his golden rule, but his life was patterned after a more exalted ideal. His teachings and his life were characrather than for self, while the golden rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," has been extolled as the loftiest precept of human attainment. The actions and reiterated teachings of Christ were far superior. This rule would have us do good that good might return to us; it is selfish in its inception. We recognize the fact that if we do wrong to others, they will return our wrong on ourselves We desire others to be just to us, so we will be just to them. Jesus discarded selfishness, and said by deed and word, Whatever you do, do for others. He is represented as saying:

"But I say unto you love your enemies; bless these that cure-you, do good to hem that hate you, and pray for them which desticuly use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to thine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." (Matt. V: 44, 45).

"But love ye your enemies and do good, and lend, hoping for no hing again; and your word shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the highest; for he is kind unto the un-thankful and to the evil." (Luke VI: 85.) "Ju ge net, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive and ye shall be forgiven; give and it shall be given unto ye.... For wi h the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again," (Luke VI: 87, 80.)

It is often urged that the morality taught by Jesus is impracticable: non resistance of evil, to turn the other cheek to the smiting hand, to give the cloak if the coat be taken, and to do twice as much as is asked. Impracticability is no measure of absolute truth, and these truths emanate from a high supernal source, and descend to earth with the effulgence of the Spirit-world. No one can dispute their practicability in a better or less sel-fish condition of life. How is this better state to be brought about except by bringing these

impracticable principles to the front? There is, however, no principle of truth that is impracticable. The adoration by mankind of those who have devoted themselves to others, testifies that this truth, however Utopian, can become a part of practical life. If we analyze the secret power of the life and character of Jesus, we shall find it all in

this intense love. He is a sacrifice for the sins of mankind. He dies that others may live. He is a vicarious substitute, willingly by choice, and his last words in the agony of of death, are those of forgivness, charity and intercession. The silver tongue of oratory never need be silent in words of praise; the poet has abundant fields to idealize; the painter is at no loss for a subject. This one characteristic takes Jesus out of the realm of humanity and allies him to the celestial.

It takes not only him, it takes all sages. Six hundred years before the Christian era, Lautsze, the Chinese sage, uttered and practiced the same doctrine: "The sage," he says, "does not lay up treasures. The more he does for others, the more he has of his own. The more he gives to others, the more he is increased." Eternal words of wisdom, for the more the sage teaches, the more perfectly does he understand his own doctrines.

To another people Buddha said: "A man who foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of these actions always redounding to me; the harm of the slanderers words, returning to him."

"Turn aside evil with that which is better." says the Koran, even the Arab acknowledging this law.

The Bhagavad-Gita, the most wonderful portion of the Mahabharta, written more than four thousand years ago, the perfect blossom of Hindu intellect, inflexibly holds aloft the stern mandates of duty, the triumph of the pure spirit over the animal and selfish nature. Christna was the forerunner of Christ. His mission was to teach self-sacrifice, and it is well we have such examples, even if gods be made to furnish them. Rather should we not say: Such examples are so essentially divine we deliy the actors. That was the test Bhreegoo, a celebrated saint, applied to Christna. He kicked him, knowing that if he resented, he was a pretender. Christna examined the foot of the saint saying; "This breast of mine is extremely hard; you must have hurt yourself." Then the saint wept, knowing, indeed, that he had found his master.

What a splendid symposium, would be furnished, if we gathered the thoughts of the best thinkers, touching this subject. Always we would find that when they reached this ques-tion, they override the individual and blend with the far extending right of others, not alone in man, but in the animal world.

With what pleasure we observe the unselfish faculty. The robin-mother, which exposes herself to the storm to protect her callow brood, the lop wing feigning wounds and diverting danger to herself while her brood escapes, and the tiny sparrows, engaging the hungry hawk in desperate contest, make us how in respect to the instructive love of the songsters of the grove. Even the cruel tiger when devoting her life to her young, becomes an object of admiration. The fidelity of the dog never ceases to be told in story and sang in verse; his watchful care of others, his devotion and fidelity to his master, and the affection he mainifests when his master dies, which sometimes refuses to be assuaged, and he dies on the green mound which covers

all he loves. With what a thirst of pleasure we read how the geologist delving in prehistoric times, exhumed from the deep sepulchral cave the coarse skeleton of an early man, and by his side that of the faithful dog that kept him company! Affection, unselfish, fossilized in stone, to tell us that even in that remote age, on the very threshold of man's advent, the fidelity of at least one animal, was appreciated. The dog kept vigil by his master's grave, or as a spirit passed to the hunting grounds of the blessed, there to pursue the deer, or engage the mighty bear at the bidding of his master and his

friend! The relations of mankind are more exalted and refined, and in proportion we find that the actions which make the brightest pages of history, which call forth the highest praise and most ardent devotion, are those of unsel-fish self sacrifice. Leonidas giving his life at the pass of Thermopylæ; Paulus Æmilius refusing to desert his fallen soldiers; Regulus advising his countrymen and returning to Carthage to meet torturing death-such are the events toward which the heart of humani-ty turns with reverence. The Howards and Nightingales, who seek the suffering in prison, the wounded and plague-stricken on the field or in hospital, foregoing their own case and comfort that they may administer to that of

others—these humanity love! Self-sacrifice is the aroma of every-day life. It is its ideal side, relieving its rough reality. It is the foundation of true heroism and of hero-worship. It is common to all, from the sage to the lowest serf, becoming more and more prominent in proportion to spiritual advancement. The names of Ida Lewis and Grace Darling are household words, yet there are countless others equally noble in daring

unselfishness, whose names are never spoken. Recently a tale comes from the far off Orkney Isles, washed by a sea restless with ceaseless storins. A young girl watched and waited her father's coming up from that terrible sea, the long night, to go down in the cold grey morning, to find him in the wrack of the tide with the broken tiller tightly grasped in his rigid hands. That was fifty years ago but ever since she has consecrated her life to the toilers of the sea. As a light could not be kept on the reef, she placed one in her window, and all those weary years she spun each day to buy the candle which she nightly burned to guide the fisherman into the little harbor. Not a night of all those fifty years has its flame failed those who battling in the darkness with the storm, thanked its beacon gleam for their lives. Such are the promptings of unselfish love in its ministrations for the good of others and forgetfulness of self. A candle gives a feeble light, yet it may guide

as well as the beams of Pharos or Eddystone, The devoted girl grew old in watching the nightly candle, but in her divine office of working for others, became more refined and beatified, and was adored by that northern people. Now in the chambers of light where she has joined the dear father, who has waited for her as she waited, what inexpressible joy is hers, not in the good she has done, but in the angelic character she has acquired by its

And thus, as I this Christmas night, survey the highest tidal line reached by the purest, noblest and most godlike, my mind is filled with the peace of perfect reliance and trust in the final result. Right doing shapes the soul like wax, and soon shall we be gathered into a mighty company of whose subtile presence we at times are dimly conscious.

Harmonial Anniversary in Steck Hall, New York.

The second anniversary of the Harmonial Association, was duly celebrated in the beautiful hall, No. 11 East Fourteenth street, near Fifth avenue, on Sunday morning, the 5th inst, on one of the most stormy and dreary of Sundays; and yet, notwithstanding the inclemency and gloom of the external world, the meeting was largely attended, and was successful and enthusiastic throughout the two hours

consumed in the exercises. The delightful voices of the gifted sisters Conron filled the room with rare melody; in which they were admirably sustained and accompanied by Mr. Farnsworth, the much esteemed volunteer organist, who is never absent at the appointed hour of 11 o'clock.

The opening address was by Mr. A. J. Davis who is the regular speaker engaged for every Sunday morning. The "Religion of Humanity" was the general theme of his brief re-marks. He sketched in bold outline the progressive evolution of the only religion that is natural and rational. He defined the various ascending stages or steps in the growth of mind, with special reference to the successive forms of religion. (1) Faith. (2.) Supernaturalism, (3.) Sentimentalism, (4.) Intellectualism (the present era), and (5) Spirituality, which to the majority of mankind is yet unknown, being far future except to a few advanced minds

here and there. Mr. Davis was followed by Mrs. Sarah W. Van Horn, whose elecutionary cultivation and natural abilities imparted much force to

her remarks, which were as follows: MRS. VAN HORN'S REMARKS,

The object of our association should be the study and practical application to our daily lives of the Harmonial Philosophy, never forgetting that the purpose of our teacher is the unfoldment and illustration of a vast and splendid philosophical religion or religious philosophy. To understand this merely demands continuous thought, mental discipline and spiritual elevation. To find the inmost heart of this philosophy and as far as we are capable to live it, we need a coherent purpose continually, not spasmodically or dependent upon words

To this end a fraternal and helpful feeling of mutual interest should be cultivated; as we lend our energies to the task of mastering some of the principles upon which this philo-sophical religion is founded, let us cordially assist and strengthen our teacher and each other, and so help to establish the kingdom of heaven or harmony in our midst.

Our rallying about this standard marks our distinctness from those who are whipped into line by fear. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name," is changed to the sacred name of the brotherhood of men and women, in and through whom throb the myst-ical, unseen but ever felt, divine life of all beings. We gather ourselves together to learn our limitations and to try the strength of our jailors; to gather power to break every bar of temperament, education and circumstance, as far as human will can do so, and to walk forth erect upon the mountain tops of reverent freedom.

Knowing that we are building for eternity as we tmeet here week after week, let us b sure that every plank, bolt and beam be sound and safe. Let us not be content with ephemeral bowers built on fancies or idle shifting sands, the sport of every breeze; but let us choose to rest the foundations of our characters on the eternal verities, which are described to us so simply, yet so reverently, week after week.

We have left the old cathedrals with their artistic and beautiful forms, their dim religious lights, their softly cushioned seats, where it is so easy to dream and float into an irresponsible security. Instead of the atonement, we find that at-one-ment with the Divine Father implies incessant striving to form our lives upon a high model, day after day and year after year. To this end we need just such a meeting as we have here; a meeting in which all personality is lost in the universal good. Here music with its glorious harmony gives a faint foretaste of that which is the ob ject of our aspirations. Here we are stimulated as well as instructed by noble discourses and a loving woman's voice, who has culled for our enjoyment the best thoughts of great thinkers. Intellectual culture and social enjoyment give their aid to the grandest inspiration of the age, until like the glowing strains of some great master all parts are blended in one glorious whole. Realizing this, and knowing that money is worthy only as worthily used, we shall deem it a privilege to place this tem ple of the spirit on a sound financial basis, so that the speaker may have no monetary care for the morrow. Men should value the bread of eternal life more than the perishing fruits of the hour. Let us perform cheerfully our whole duty. Then indeed shall we appreciate the presence and influence of the grand great army of the unseen, because our intuitions have been opened, and then only shall we be ready to receive the descending influences of "the just made perfect" through our own harmonious unfoldment.

FINANCIAL PLEDGES.

An interesting stage of the meeting was now eached. The question was whether the ladies and gentlemen present would again pledge themselves on paper to sustain and perpetuate the Harmonial Association. The President, Mr. Davis, had given in brief the various lab. ors and movements during the past year; and had especially called attention to the important innovation in the world of Science. viz., the founding by the association in the United States Medical College of a new Chair known by the title, "Psychological Science and Mag-netic Therapeutics." The importance of such a branch of education to Spiritualists and Healers could not be over-estimated. Prof. Alexander Wilder, a truly great scholar and true teacher, was months ago assigned to this Chair by the unanimous vote of the college authorities. But the Harmonial Association had promised to sustain financially the new scientific branch of education, the founding of which it had suggested and requested. Now, therefore, arose the question of money and pledges to cover the various large needs and demands. Let the result be recorded. The money need was cheerfully met in a few Therefore the Harmonial meetings at Steck Hall will continue; and the various movements instituted will be gradually carried out to their benign and useful ultimates.

MRS. MARY DANA SHINDLER. This highly endowed lady, in response to the general invitation, stepped upon the platform and delivered a sweet, sad account of her experiences in theology years ago, but now more gladly in Spiritualism. She is today a devoted writer and worker in many forms of human progress. Her whole mind although alive with poetic feeling, is pre-eminently practical. The meetings and music in that hall; she said, satisfied her idea of religious harmony. And she was deeply in-terested in and benefited by Mr. Davis's discourses; and she heartily wished circumstanc es permitted her more opportunity to attend

MRS. MARY F. DAVIS.

The next speaker was this heart-moving and clear headed woman, who invariably attends and takes an important part in these meetings. Every Saturday afternoon she leaves the four little grandchildren in the Orange home with their father, and comes over to spend the Sunday with her "Jackson;" but her presence on the platform each Sunday morning is as indispensable as music to the beautiful order and harmony of the occasion. She reads in a clear, tender voice a selection, either prose or verse. Her poetical favorites are numerous, and as she has been an extensive reader of the best inspirations, her selections indicate a fine poetic sense and an equal sense of what is appropriate to introduce the discourse soon to follow by Mr. Davis. At this anniversary, with deep feeling, she expressed the profound interest she felt in these Sunday gatherings.

She related somewhat of the uplifted influence which they exert upon her daily work among the little children of her departed daughter. On one occasion not long since she said, a message came from the ascended Fannie; and it was plainly heard by Mr. D., like words spoken in the ear-"My blessing mantles you, mother!" Frequently, she had remarked upon the feelings and conduct of the grandchildren the guiding influence of the unseen mother.

After a most interesting recital of test experiences with a medium by Mrs. Margarette Austin, the meeting was concluded with delightful music and a final sentiment by Mrs. Davis.

It may be worth a paragraph more of your space to assure your readers that the Harmonial Association is established, and means to perform important labors for the evolution of truth and the advancement of humanity. The congregation at Steck Hall is made up of cultivated and independent characters. In this one assembly are Spiritualists, Material-ists, Free Religionists, Independents, and Progressive Friends. These differing elements

do not meet to contend with one another; they meet, instead, with one all comprehensive oblect, namely, the discovery and the applica-

A Reminiscence of Rev. John Pierpont,

BY HERMAN SNOW.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It was during the winter of 1857-8, if I remember rightly. I was living at Rockford, Ill., one of the thriving young cities of the west. The various Christian churches were here represented, including one of the Unitarian denominations, of whose ministry Mr. Pierpoint was a member. A Young Men's Association had been organized, more especially under the control of the so called Evangelical denominations. An effort was being made by this association to sustain a course of first-class lectures, and among the speakers engaged was Mr. Pierpont, whose reputation as a lecturer was better understood here than were his radical tendencies in theology and reform.

As the time approached for this lecture, it was quietly arranged by the minister of the Unitarian society, that Mr. Pierpont should arrive on Saturday instead of Monday, the day of the lecture, and so be able to make his first appearance in the Unitarian pulpit on Sunday. At this the lecture-managers were not a little scandalized and indignant, whilst the Unitarians were jubilant that a speaker so influential and widely, known, should thus be made to show his heretical colors by appearing in the Unitarian pulpit even in advance of his appearance upon the lecture platform of the Young Men's Association.

But another chapter was to be added to this history, in which the Unitarians, in their turn were to be filled with disappointment and disgust. A few of the Rockford Spiritualists happening to know of Mr. Pierpont's interest in Spiritualism, it was resolved that an effort should be made to secure from him a lecture on this subject also. The effort was successful. On making known to him our wishes and giving him an inkling of the state of feeling thus aroused among the narrow-minded ones of Rockford, Mr. Pierpoint frankly consented, and the notice of such a lecture was promptly given. But, alas! for the liberality of that public, the self-styled "Liberal" Unitarians included! A very few only of those who had so thronged the church on Sunday, and the lec-ture hall on Monday, were found willing to give to the same noble poet-preacher and reformer a hearing on the tabooed subject of Spiritualism. The audience was composed almost wholly of Spiritualists and outside independent thinkers.

The lecture itself was of a character at once unique and spicy. It was made up largely of statements of striking phenomena that had come under Mr. Pierpont's own personal observation. He did not, it is true, say in so many words that he regarded the phenomena of direct spirit origin, but such a belief was clearly implied in all that he said. All were weil pleased, so much so that a strong and successful effort was made to secure from him another lecture on the following evening. This proved to be of a poetic and reform character, a large part of it, however, bearing more or less directly upon the new Spir-

This, I think, was Mr. Pierpont's first appearance as a lecturer on Spiritualism, and feeling the importance of his being continued in that field of labor, I took occasion, before he left Rockford, to speak to him upon the sub ject. The result was that he readily-consent ed to a public announcement that henceforth he would hold himself ready to lecture upon Spiritualism as well as upon other subjects, and with his approval I sent out a notice to that effect for insertion in the N. E. Spiritualist, then edited by A. E. Newton, in Boston. From that time until his departure for the Spirit-world, the name of John Pierpont was constantly before the public as a lecturer on

I will give in this connection quite a remarkable and interesting incident of Mr. Pierpont's personal experience imparted to me in private converstion, but whether upon this or some other occasion, I do not distinctly remember. Whilst occupying the position of the regular Unitarian minister at Medford, Mass., he had, during the week, been on a lecturing tour in Western New York. Finding that an exchange of pulpits with Rev. Mr. Angier, of Troy—another preacher of a somewhat humorous and poetic turn—would be a great convenience to him, he sent a request for such an accommodation, characteristically worded in rhyme. An answer was expected on the following morning, and while lying

awake during the night there came into his mind what he was strongly impressed as being the exact answer to be received in the morning. The sentence that had suddenly flashed into his mind was,

"Ho, ho, sir! I'll go sir!" On opening his dispatch in the morning, these very words met his expected, but astonished gaze. The wording of this sentence was so peculiar, as were also some other of the attendant circumstances, that Mr. Pierpont seemed to be of the decided opinion that it was a clear case, either of mental telegraphy, or of direct spirit agency.

Spiritual Matters Around Boston.

The winter season has opened in earnest, and considerable enthusiasm is manifested by the Spiritualists dwelling in the vicinity of Boston. In the city proper the various meetings are interesting and well sustained. Especially is this true of the Berkeley Hall Sunday meetings under the management of Mr. W. J. Colville; also the week-day evening meetings at the Pembroke Rooms, 94 Pembroke st., where crowds congregate to listen to the essential truths of the spiritual, philosophy. Dr. Arthur Hodges, the justly celebrated test medium, holds a séance at his residence 53 Dover st., every Sunday evening. These seances are thronged with skeptics seeking for proof-positive of immortality.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of South Royalton, Vt., the gifted improvisatrice, having filled a most successful engagement at Chelsea, is now charming large audiences in Washington, D. C. Her lectures are full of keen sarcasm and true wit, and many of her impromptu poems are not only ingeniously constructed, but also evince genuine merit as poetical productions. Capt. H. H. Brown has spoken the last two Sundays (Dec. 5th and 12th) in Temple of Honor Hall, Chelses, Mass. Capt. Brown ranks high as a lecturer in New England. His

scholarly and eloquent lectures draw refined and cultured audiences wherever he goes. It is with great pleasure that we chronicle the appreciation of the work of such a true and honorable man. In Peabody, Mass., the Spiritualists have been holding meetings in a small hall for about a year, and we are pleased to learn that under the able management of the officers of the society, the interest has steadily increased, until

now they have secured a very fine, large hall for their meetings during the coming winter. Mr. Colville spoke there Wednesday evening, Dec. 8th, to a large and intelligent audience. Mr. Geo. A. Fuller has lectured in Lyceum Hall, Salem, Mass., Dec. 5th and 12th. The last Sunday he spoke upon the following subjects: "The Dawning Light," and "Mind and Matter from a Spiritual Standpoint." The lectures were pronounced by many leading Spiritualists to be in Mr. Fuller's happiest vein. Spiritualism is quite popular in this city, where once they hung their mediums. Dr. Holbrook, a fine scholar and truly refined man, is located at 136 Essex st, and is a remarkably successful magnetic physician. Mr. C. H. Harding, associated with the Doctor, is a very clear clairvoyant and is pronounced by many a good test medium. This place is the residence of Mrs Wells, an inspirational lecturer, favorably known throughout Eastern Massachu-

CHIPS.

Mr. Colville spoke Sunday evening. December 12th, in the Unitarian church at Haverhill, to a crowded house.

"Intimations of Immortality and Shadows from Over the Sea," is meeting with a ready Mr. Colville, the other Sunday, at Berkeley Hall, said: "Mr. Fuller's lecture, 'Intimations of Immortality,' is one of the finest lectures I have read for a long time. It should be read

by all Spiritualists, and is just the work to

place in the hands of church people." Capt.

H. H Brown says: "He has read the work and likes it." The Banner of Light has already spoken in very high terms of it. We understand that Mr. Fuller lectures in Manchester, N. H., December 19th and

Mr. Editor, you are on the right track. Spiritualists have gathered both the chaff and wheat long enough. The time has come to separate them. The Journal is doing a good work in that direction. The need of the hour isself-sacrificing men and women who speak and write the truth fearless of the consequences. Spiritualists have ever been ready to denounce fraud in the churches. Why should they be afraid to denounce it when it appears within the spiritual temple? The genuine phenomena loses none of their own lustre by the detection and suppression of counterfeit phenomena. Brave souls never shirk their duty; having entered the contest never surren-

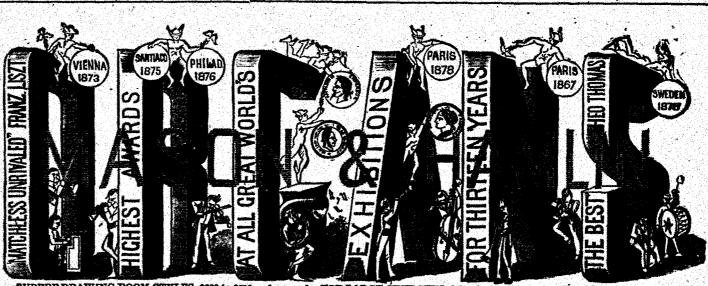
der, but fight with an indomitable spirit, until victory crowns their efforts. DUAL STAR.

We have on hand a fresh supply of the Games of Avilude, price 50 cents; Snaps, 25 cents, and Totem, 20 cents. They will amuse both the young and old, and should be in the homes of all, these long winter evenings. They are also an appropriate Christmas present.

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