

RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

ARTS, SCIENCES, LITERATURE, NOTES TO ALL PHILOSOPHERS, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

Truth Needs no Mask, Hides at no Human Shrine, Seeks neither Place nor Applause: She only Asks a Hearing.

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Gloria in Excelsis.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Enclosed you will find the response to your desire for a Christmas poem from my inspirations. I trust it will meet your approval, for I thank you quite equal to the work of following the streams of eternal truth through their symbolic and metaphorical channels. I only wish that we had a greater proportion of these 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 better, it seems to me, with every weekly unfolding. Long may it live and prosper in the beautiful service of intellectual and spiritual education. Baltimore, Md.

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.

Since from off the glowing altars,
Of the Sun our planet came,
Till within the manger cradle,
Love-redeeming rose to flame,
Every measure of the anthem
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, led the cup pass from me,
Yet Thy will not mine be done.

Not one chord is jar'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 veil 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!
Angel hosts enraptured sing,
Earth again hath seen her Savior,
Matter's Sovereign Lord and King.

TRUTH AND PEACE.

A Spirit Message for the Times.

BY W. STANTON-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 the old has 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 tillage, and prepared for the reception of new seed. So the teachings have dealt with the passing frames of mind, produced in me by these harrowings and uprootings of old faiths and prejudices. They have necessarily 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 development.

Of late years these teachings have taken a 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 coming 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 given, I do not doubt, for beneficent purposes of instruction and most marvelously has the prediction been fulfilled. For are not well nigh all things under heaven undergoing disturbance? Is there not in the very air a feeling of unrest, a discordant murmur, a brooding spirit of fateful change, which to a sensitive is distressing and terrible to endure. The world dimly feels that it is going through a crisis. War and convulsions in politics, theology, ay, 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 us now.

In this frame of mind, which I have endeavored to depict so that my teachings may be intelligible, I passed into the interior 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 troubled, and the adversaries 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. You may see all round you evidences of the truth we long since told you, and though the cry for peace 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 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 consequence.
But these constant dissensions are so unspiritual.

T. We see no constant dissension; only the inevitable friction that must attend the 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 cry peace, peace, when there is no peace; and when there should be none till truth prevails.
Then we are to have another year of unrest?
T. We have told you before. It is the culminating point. They that endure until the end will find their reward in the peace which comes in its fitting 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 not, for all that, be one of less progress. Ideas, in themselves wrong, and mischievous in their effect, have to be combated; 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 nappy-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 crablike process of retrogression. This, however, is temporary, and if we are true to ourselves and to our deposit of truth, all will be well.
London, December, 1880.

Exorcising 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 utmost capacity. Elder Grant had not failed 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 stage, waiting for Elder Grant and said: "Jesus told his disciples 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 believe. 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 Goliath. 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 for 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 weather), and said:

"In the name of God I will."
Dr. Houghton then appealed to the moderator 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 he not? He had preached many years, and in his sermons and debates he exhibited a thorough knowledge of the devil. Now he was to

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 prompter.

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 meekly told him that he did not know—he was not there. A few more questions followed. Then Elder Grant knit 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 ungodly 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 compliments to Adventism. The writer has not seen Elder Grant, or heard of his public encounter with a Spiritualist since. He is very sanguine, however, whatever promise the Scriptures may make to the believer, that the Elder will never attempt to exorcise another devil.
Clyde, O.

Radicalism.

BY E. 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 criticisms of Voltaire, in the novels of Rousseau; in the poetry of Goethe, Shelley and Burns; in the philippic of Junius; in the treatises of Darwin and Haeckel; in the addresses of Huxley and Tyndall; in the speeches and essays of Davis, Tuttle and Denton.

A world in which improvement is possible, in which there are evils to be removed, wrongs to be righted, reforms to be accomplished, is one of the conditions of radicalism. He who is not discontented with his condition, 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 extinguish the flames, and laboring to make the place more tolerable for himself and others. Discoverers, inventors, reformers are necessarily radicals.

Radicals are not confined to any one class. Canon Farrar, 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 today 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 bed-rock foundation. As a thinker he is profound and thorough, as a practical reformer 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 adhesion to every wild project that is put forward, 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 franchise 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 life.

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 permanence 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 morning's silvery dew
Than the evening's silver 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, even when it has wandered far away from 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.

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 spirit-life, from Cleveland, Ohio, be it therefore 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 mediocrity 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, ever more to be,
And often when we mourn them dead,
They never were so slain."
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family.

Rhymes for Christmas.

BY J. G. JACKSON.

What can we send you Yule-tide sheet,
Bright and attractive? "Short and sweet,"
Caught by the moral King, in their play,
"Disfranchised" 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 verbiage;
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 marvelous birth befel;
Not '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 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—Chaldeas's Chris,
Prometheus, Icarus, Prometheus,
Krishna of India, Buddha great,
No Old mythic Saviors, incarnate—
All born on that Solstitial time,
The sun begins its northward climb;
And popish masses e'er proclaim
Old Pagan rites in Jesus's name?

Nay! I 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 glowing 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;
Yes! e'en for unnumbered efforts made,
And for each folly, crying shame;
A tear for all its pleasures past—
For 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...." far between.

What joy to know, for every one,
Denying thus, their labors done—
Dear friends of Earth—through falling tears
We see them, friends in heavenly spheres.
How blessed are they whose "sunset eke"
Is darkened by no wall or sigh;
Whose unnumbered links, here rising old,
There brighten forth in a new world.
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 thought abounds the bigot's rage,
To darken life on every page?
What thought around us, we behold
Crushed subjects to the reign of gold?
What thought proud science, from the schools,
Commits its rage with cap of gold?
This comes "twice" from realms of love
Comes flowing in our choice to prove;
"Be cheerful, 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 reck it if they scorn our faith;
Or what besotted folly saith?
Let "Yonans" charge and "Lancaster;"
We yield no inch in craven fear;
Let Carpenter lame logic chop,
The truth may reach him, drop by drop;
Let "angel" "twice" from realms of love
We see what he can never know—
Nor such as he—how'er they wink,
Until a deeper drought they drink.

Let wordy Cook his coarseness preach;
He's fallen quite beyond our reach.
E'en if friend Hoge's words prove sooth,
We'll work and wait for conquering truth;
Or should "Ma Shipton's" guesses hit,
In—'till the old earth split,
We'll watch our chance, where'er we're hurried,
And land upon some braver world;
Our earthly bodies crushed and torn,
We'll wear our new ones—spirit born;
Nor fear such "astral" smash,
But "Astral forms" will stand the crash.

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

"Deluded Spiritualists."

BY EPES SARGENT.

[New York Independent.]

My attention has been called to an article in the Independent of Nov. 19th, entitled "Every Medium a Fraud." In it the writer gives some account of a so-called "exposure" of Spiritualism in 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 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 15th, 1880) as having been "entrapped into a quasi-recognition of spiritualistic miracles," I feel constrained to call upon Dr. Washburn for some further information. The "quasi-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 mediably 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 correspondent says, "Mr. Waite privately performed all those marvels 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 hold in our hands two perfectly clean, fresh slates—not trick-slates, but 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 slate-pencil. 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 question.

Two eminent German "conjurors"—Bellachini and Jacobs—utterly repudiate the theory of fraud in this phenomenon of direct writing. They say that to refer 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, unexplained 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 anything. He is as ignorant as I am as to the how the direct writing is produced outside of the supra-sensational 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 exhibiting genuine phenomena, have turned "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 the "medium" played *vainglorious*, what assurance have we that he was not leading 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 exposé. "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 \$1000) with the party ostensibly opposing? Dr. Washburn 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 subject 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 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 presumed to be re-enacted the Boston programme of 'exposure,' challenge, and 'defeat,' with 'Col. King and Warren Lincoln in the cast.'"

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 clear-headed 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 *stance* 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-sufficient testimony establishing direct writing as a fact of science, I shall take pleasure in mailing to his address a copy of "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," a work just published, in which I give some account of

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

Christmas and the Christ.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

To the Editor of the Religio-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 *Mashiach* or *Mashuah*. *Ha Mashiach* means in Hebrew, the "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 "the anointed;" being the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew *Mashiach*. It is unknown who first designated Jesus in Greek as *Christos* rather than *Messias*. Probably Paul, the first expounder of the Messiahship of Jesus to the Gentile world, may have introduced the term *Christos* among them; the other apostles, retaining their old Jewish prejudices against the Gentiles, may have preferred the term *Messias* as more closely approximating the Hebrew *Mashiach*. *Christos* becomes *Christus* in Latin and *Christ* in English.

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 *Mashiach* 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.—*Mashiach 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 having been their most illustrious 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 disrupted kingdom. This deliverer was called the *Messiah*; and under his sway the Jewish people was to be supreme over all nations, the ruler and judge of the world, and was to inaugurate an era of perpetual peace and happiness in all the earth.

THE MESSIANIC EXPECTATION.

The Messianic hope passed through various phases during the fluctuating 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 hope 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 Messiah; but, toward the latter part of his ministrations, the idea dawned upon him that he of all living Hebrews was the better fitted for the Messiahship, in which opinion he was confirmed by his enthusiastic 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 ancient monarchy; to set up a heavenly kingdom on earth, at Jerusalem, in which kingdom 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 Jews by the multitude, at the time of triumphant entry into Jerusalem, he brought himself into conflict with the Roman authorities; and in a few days thereafter he was executed; and in a corruption or edition, the Messiahship had both a political and theological significance; the Messiah was to be a heavenly ruler on earth, the vicegerent of God, to reign in Jerusalem, primarily over 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 (Matt. xxvii. 46).

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 Jewish, and that it had this significance 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 Samaritans, enter ye not. But go rather to the lost sheep of the

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 apostles 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 Mosaicism, they had belief in Jesus as the Jewish Messiah and in his speedy reappearance 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, admitting 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 Christ-principle? 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. Historically 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 now well informed, truthful person can deny them, how absurd to speak of the Christ-principle 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!

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 claiming was crucified. The apostle regarded him as King of the Jews; and Luke tells us (xxiv. 21), that after his death, the apostles said that they had trusted that he 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 the throne of his father David, and he shall reign over the house of Jacob forever and of his kingdom there shall be no end." (l. 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 thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel, another purely Jewish conception (Matt. xix. 28); but his promise was never fulfilled, and never will be. Jesus no doubt was honest in asserting himself to be the Messiah, the King of the Jews, but he was sadly mistaken; and untimely death ending his ambitious hopes, as in cases of other honest, misguided enthusiasts.

No one, then, is really and truly a Christian, who does not believe that Jesus was the King of the Jews, the destined Messiah of the Holy Nation, aside from and exclusive of all other, or Gentile nations. The apostles and early Christians were true Christians, for they believed this, and expected the speedy coming of their Lord to establish his Messianic kingdom at Jerusalem. That idea has long since been abandoned; and in the light of the above undeniable facts, it is meaningless to talk of Christian Spiritualism, or Christian Spiritualism. There is, really, no such thing as Christian Spiritualism; 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 Christian, nor such term being used during his life time; and he never dreamed of founding a new religion to supersede 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 conception of the term; he was a Jewish theologico-moral reformer, anxious to establish a better system of morals than then obtained in Judea and Galilee, and who was so far deceived 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 Christmas chimes greeted the ear and gladdened the heart of a little boy, with their silvery echoes; whose tender years glided along in the valley amid the green fields and the meandering streamlets, whose soft banks were studied 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 iris of beauty in the soul, that has kept it young and sweet, to enjoy every passing sunbeam of hope, of joy and victorious exultation 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 fruits 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 sub-

stance 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 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 gods.

Talent 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 horrid 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 Whittier, 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 turkeys 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's 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 wanderer; 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 world 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 Atlantic, and come back from the grand prairies of the mid-west, 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 drunk from the supernal spring of immortality through the instrumentality of some test medium, or by perusing the pages of the vigorous JOURNAL, do not hesitate in your happy reunions 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 shall make them as pure as the angels in heaven, when they have let in the light of truth to their own spirits; and so that all are children of God, who shall some time come into the full communion of the thanksgiving of all souls to the universal spirits.

And you, children, who read the JOURNAL, 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 for them in the coming holidays (when their age and weakness shall be supported by your wisdom and strength).

A joyous Merry Christmas to every loving heart, Joy when we come together, and peace when we depart. Let us have a journey on which our footsteps may tread, And gladly welcome the evening to the toilsome weary day.

Of all the scenes each morning that open to our view; The cradles of our childhood seem ever young as I new. The dearest thoughts that warm us when distant and alone, 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-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published at Chicago, by J. C. Bundy.

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

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Religio-Philosophical Journal

JOHN C. BUNDY, Editor.
J. R. FRANCIS, Associate Editor

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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 shivering submission to the persecutions of winter, in the form of chilled feet, numbed fingers, red ears and blue noses, causes us to delight in hurrying back at the ugly monster our note of defiance. 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 unfold all nature in its winding sheet—it shall not 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 mid-winter 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 "sleeping off."

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.

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

val in all periods, Christian, Pagan, Zoroastrian, Hindoo and Egyptian, there lies concealed the substance of Parseeism, of Fire-worship, 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 southernmost descent into wintry darkness in the constellation 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 theologues 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 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 to us 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 outlast the joyous, of love which shall survive religions; for at this period nature through all her depths trembles with pregnant joy, knowing that her conscious life ways 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 Spirit-world 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 typhoid fever, and skillful 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 incurable!

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 sunshine 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 was entranced, yet she realized personally

during the time many pleasant and soul-enchanting experiences. She asserted that her spirit, released from its earthly organism, could at these times survey the transcendent grandeur and beauty of the Spirit-world; 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 spirit-life 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 remember, 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 somnambulist condition, is very finely 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. Hlystone. 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, as she remembers nothing after that. The strangest part of the story is the fact that

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 shriek 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 flat glass. Where it came from, how it got there, and a general solution of this most wonderful phenomenon is the question 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 12th 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 so-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 powers.

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 publisher.

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 slight-of-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 exertions 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 un denominational 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 favor 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 considerations 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 Year. TRY IT! Of course we greatly prefer to send the paper 15 months for \$2.50 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 publishing the report of the investigating séance, held at Mr. Sargent's house, certified 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 standard 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, 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 JOURNAL, can send the names and we will mail specimen copies from late issues free of cost.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE BY THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE CHICAGO.

WE ALSO PREPARED TO FURNISH MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS not in our list, at regular rates, and on receipt of the money, will send them by mail or express, as may be desired. If by mail, please note that the regular rate of the book will be required to prepay postage. The patron of our friends is solicited. In making remittances for books, by postal orders when practicable, it is preferred that they be made payable to the publishers. If postal orders cannot be had, register your letters.

Booksellers and Wholesale Dealers, or Merchants, of any kind, to be sent by express C. O. D. must be accompanied by not less than \$2.00, or if of less value, then by one-fourth the cost. No attention will be paid to any order, unless these terms are complied with.

All orders, with the price of book desired, and the additional amount mentioned for postage, will meet with prompt attention.

Table listing various books for sale, including titles like 'Life Beyond the Grave', 'The Chicago & North-Western Railway', 'Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R.', 'The Spirits' Book', and 'How to Magnetize'. Each entry includes a brief description and a price.

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'Chicago, Freeport & Dubuque Line.'
'Chicago, La Crosse, Central Wisconsin Line.'
'Chicago, St. Paul & Minnesota Line.'
'Chicago, Milwaukee & Lake Superior Line.'
'Chicago, Green Bay & Marquette Line.'

Map of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. It is the only Road the West running the celebrated Pullman Hotel Cars between Chicago and Council Bluffs.

RAIL ROADS.—TIME TABLE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.—† Saturday excepted. ‡ Sunday excepted. § Daily.

Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

For the Chicago-Book Time-table, Sleeping Car accommodations apply to Pullman's Grand Excursion Hotel, Bunk's Express office on northeast corner Randolph (State St.), Palmer House, to Canal St., and at the depot.

Table with columns for 'Leave' and 'Arrive' times for various routes including Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R.

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R.R.

IS THE GREAT CONNECTING LINK BETWEEN THE EAST & THE WEST! It is the only line running from Chicago to Council Bluffs, passing through Joliet, Ottawa, La Salle, Geneseo, Moline, Rock Island, Davenport, West Union, Iowa City, Marengo, Brooklyn, Grinnell, Des Moines, the capital of Iowa, Stuart, Atlantic, and Avoca.

Table with columns for 'Leave' and 'Arrive' times for various routes including Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R., Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R.R.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS, AND CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY & DENVER SHORT LINE.

Union Depot, West Side, near Van Buren street bridge, and Twenty-third Street, Chicago, Ill.

Table with columns for 'Leave' and 'Arrive' times for various routes including Chicago, Alton & St. Louis, and Chicago, Kansas City & Denver Short Line.

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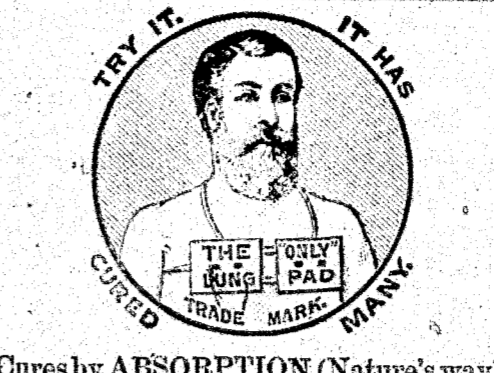
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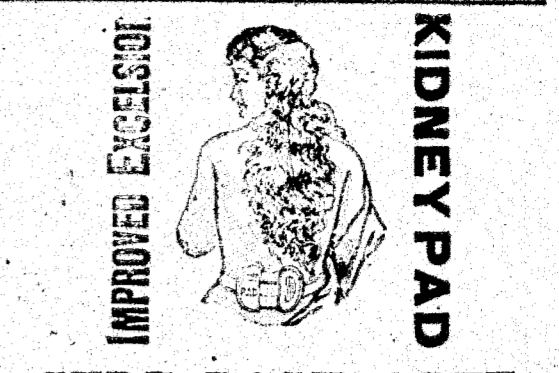
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Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Christmas Bells.

BY MRS. H. N. G. BUTTS.

Dear Christmas bells, dear Christmas bells! How much of joy your music tells...

Each tone, oh, merry Christmas bells, To me a tale of parting tells; I look to see each smiling face...

But they have gone where Christmas bells, Still chiming o'er mountain, hill and dells, Far on the heavenly heights they hear...

Dear Christmas bells, ring on, ring on, Till sorrow, want and crime are gone; Chime in that blissful era bright...

Oh, Christmas bells, ye still will ring, And greater words your praise will sing; When I no more shall hear your chime...

Christmas Night.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: This Christmas night is one of peace. What else I, if the early Christians, not knowing when Christ was born, fixed that event on the day of the great Egyptian Jubilee...

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...

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...

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 festive and happy of Sundays...

Mr. Davis was followed by Mrs. Sarah W. Van Horn, whose eloquent cultivation and natural abilities imparted much force to her remarks, which were as follows: The object of our association should be the study and practical application to our daily lives of the Harmonial Philosophy...

The Bhagavad-Gita, the most wonderful portion of the Mahabharata, 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...

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 deify the actors. Thus applied to Christna, who, a celebrated saint, applied to Christna. He asked 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."

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 question, they override the individual and blend with the far extending rights 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 top wing feigning wounds and escaping, and the tiny harrowing, engaging the hungry hawk in desperate contest, make us bow 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 song in verse; his watchful care of others, his devotion and fidelity to his master, and the affection he manifests 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 unselfish self-sacrifice. Leonidas giving his life at the pass of Thermopylae; 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 humanity 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 ease 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 storms. 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 wreck 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 doing.

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 final life, and soon shall we be gathered into a mighty company of whose subtle presence we at times are dimly conscious.

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 philosophical 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 throbs the mystical, unseen but ever felt, divine life of all beings. We gather ourselves together to learn our limitations and to try the strength of our wills; 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 veiled freedom.

Knowing that we are building for eternity, as we meet here week after week, let us be 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 character 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-onement 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 object 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 a worthy use, we shall deem it a privilege to place this temple 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 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 reached. 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 labors 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 Magnetic 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 minutes! 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 interested in and benefited by Mrs. Davis's discourses; and she heartily wished circumstances permitted her more opportunity to attend them.

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 manifies 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. Margaret 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, Materialists, Free Religionists, Independents, and Progressive Friends. These differing elements do not meet to contend with one another; they meet, instead, with one all comprehensive object, namely, the discovery and the application of truth.

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. Pierpont 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 happened 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 this subject 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. Pierpont 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 lecture 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 well 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 reforming character, a large part of it, however, bearing more or less directly upon the new Spiritualism.

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 subject. The result was that he readily consented 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 Spiritualism.

I will give in this connection quite a remarkable and interesting incident of Mr. Pierpont's personal experience imparted to me in private conversation, 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 stir!"

On opening his dispatch in the morning, these very words met his expectation, but astonished gaze. The wording of this sentence was so peculiar, as were also some other of the attending 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, of 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 séances 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, Chelsea, 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, when once they hang 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 Massachusetts.

CHIEFS.

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 sale.

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 26th.

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 is self-sacrificing men and women who speak and write the truth fearlessly of the consequences. Spiritualists have ever been ready to denounce frauds 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 surrender, 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.

"Practical Instructions in Animal Magnetism," by J. F. F. Deleuze, translated by T. C. Hartshorn. A most comprehensive and valuable work, covering the subject fully. Price \$2.00; for sale at this office.

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