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

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Readers of the Journal are especially requested to send in items of news. Don't say "I can't write for the press." Send the facts, make plain what you want to 80y, and "cut it short." All such communications will be properly arranged for publication by the Editors. Notices of Meetings, information concerning the organization of new Societies or the condition of old ones; movements of lecturers and mediums, interesting incidents of spirit communion, and well authenticated accounts of spirit phenomena are always in place and will be published as soon as possible.

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> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal Signals.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Earth preaches "wiser than she knows." She teaches faster than she sees, And by her own unfolding shows That Nature's laws are God's decrees. She yearly rings her Christmas peals To honor one arisen man, While every thing she bears reveals A perfect all-redeeming plan.

Regenerate in every law That systems everywhere repeat, From worlds that round their sun-spheres draw, To every worm beneath our feet; Since could one germ of grass or flower Miss resurrection from the sod. Lost were the reproductive power That constitutes the life of God.

Were one eternal law to wait On angel's praise or mortal's prayer, Order would fall from her estate And utter void rest everywhere. For Love and Wisdom's dual fire Would self-destructive cease to shine, And nothing left it to inspire,

Extinguished would be Grace Divine.

From rostrum, pulpit, press and pen, Through magnet, microscope and scale, The truest women-wisest men, Old Error's massive walls assail; Broader each moment glows the light, Plainer the voice of Truth we hear, Less dark dread Superstition's night-Stronger our faith and less our fear.

Ring on, glad Christmas bells, ring on; Bring richest gifts, ye wisest seers; The clouds are breaking one by one-Fair in the east Love's star appears-Science, Philosophy and Art Translating all Religions, show That finding Christ within his heart, Man finds his heaven here below. Baltimore, Md., Dec. 1882.

A brief lecture, embodying more sense than can be found in many pretentious efforts on the same subject, was that of the Dutchman who joined the temperance society. He said: "I shall tell you how it vos. I put mine hand on mine head, and there vos one pig bain. Then I put mine hand on mine body, and there was another. There was very much bains on all mine pody. Then I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vos noting. So I jined mit the temperance. Now there vos no more bain in mine head. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vos twenty dollars. So I shall stay mit the temperance."

Dr. McColganan extols the value of the ether or rhigolene spray for the instantaneous relief principally of facial neuralgia. He first had occasion to observe its good effects upon his own person, he having suffered greatly from facial neuralgia. Since curing himself, he has had occasion to test its efficacy in about twenty cases. The result was invariably a most gratifying success. In many instances a permanent cure was established. He attempts to explain its action by supposing a complete change to take place in the nutrition of the affected nerve in consequence of the intense cold acting as a revul-

Mr. Stuart Cumberland's "Experiments" in New York.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Mr. Cumberland gave the first of his public exhibitions in America at the Chickering Hall, on Fifth Avenue, in New York City, on the evening of Saturday, December 9th, in the presence of about one thousand persons, many of whom were, doubtless, Spiritualists. know of some such who were present. His second exhibition was made at the same place on the night of the 11th. The first was devoted to demonstrating, which he certainly did, (1) that raps upon a bare floor capable being heardall through the immense hall, could be produced by him; he said it was done by disarticulation of the toe joint, a power not unfrequently possessed; (2) that the sense of hearing alone could not be refied on to determine whence such sounds came: (3) that writing on closed paper pellets could be discovered by him without the necessity of any intervention other than a quick eye and ready art, where the writing on the pellets had been done in his presence; (4) that a solid ring can be placed upon the arm of a person who is temporarily deprived of sight in a most simple and natural way, yet enin a most simple and natural way, yet entirely unaccountable to the person operated on; (5) that he could in a wonderful degree (but not in every case) point out the person in the audience of 1,600 persons, whom the subject had at the time in his mind, and that he could tell the number printed on any bank note known by and held in the hand of an indifferent person, he fumberland not an indifferent person, he, Cumberland, not knowing it; in other words that he was "a mind reader" when permitted to handle the fingers of the subject, and (6) that being placed in a cabinet, with neck and wrists securely tied and nailed to the wall behind his back, with his ankles similarly secured by nails to the floor, he could perform the usual dark séance cabinet feats. That Mr. Cumberland did perform all these feats in a manner highly creditable to himself and around his neck is sunciently loose to slip quite discreditable to the far inferior capac ity of some other itinerant show-people falsely calling themselves mediums, it is folly for the Banner of Light and its gulls to attempt to deny. I am disposed to give Mr. Cumberland a fair show. I propose to subject him to, and to try him by, the same rule which in common with the JOURNAL, I have so long applied to mediums and those falsely pretending to be such. It is this: We insist that all claimed spiritual phenomena should be tested to such extent as conclusively demonstrates that they are not produced by mortal agency; and as to Mr. Cumberland, that all his claimed regults shall be so clearly

to do with their production. These exhibitions of Mr. C. are very instructive to that class of individuals, claiming to be Spiritualists, who submit themselves to be imposed upon by every charlatan claiming to be a medium. They will here learn how they may have been, and in some cases doubtless have been, misled by being deprived of light for seeing clearly at some pretended scances.

all his claimed results shall be so clearly

exhibited and explained as conclusively to

establish that the immortals have nothing

Mr. Cumberland at his first exhibition, stated that in his "experiments" he assumes the position of investigator of, and not of antagonist to, Spiritualism. I accept his statement. If it is honestly followed it will lead him and any unprejudiced man or woman into the knowledge that there is a life hereafter and that spirits can and do return to give comfort and certain knowledge of their life to mortals.

At the first exhibition, the two most remarkable performances were the ring trick and the cabinet. The hall and stage all the time were fully lighted. The cabinet was open from above, closed at back and sides with board panels, and closed at front with draw-curtains. Cumberland being securely tied by Dr. Blake White with surgical bandages, as stated, and these nailed (apparently) to the floor and cabinet by C.'s assistant, the committee of the audience, consisting of one or two known Spiritualists, several "divines" and one or more "Honorables," being satisfied, the curtains were closed by the assistant who stood guard also over them. Instantly a whistle or pipe began to play and the tam-bourine on his knees was beaten and then pitched high over the top of the cabinet on to the stage. The curtains being at once withdrawn disclosed Mr. C. seated and secured just as he had been left. Again the curtains being closed and reopened the tambourine which had been on his knees, and a glass of water on it, was found to be reversl, the glass upside down and the water vanished, although but a minute or two had elapsed. This time, also, the bandages were reported still secure as left by the committee.

In the ring trick a bandage was placed over the eyes of one of the committee and the ring of a tambourine as a crown on his head. The subject was then allowed to touch the ring, to be sure it was on his head. His hands were then placed upon his knees as he sat facing Cumberland, who had, all the while so far, kept his own hands on the subject's hands. Now removing one of his own hands, Cumberland very quietly took the ring and slipped it on his own arm, quietly again replacing his hand upon that of the subject and at the same time raising quickly both the latter's hands and tossing by the motion the ring from his own arm on to that of the subject who was then allowed to see, by the removal of the bandage from his a bandage eyes. The astonishment expressed in the

face of the committeeman at finding the ring on his own arm when he had, so far as he knew, never released the touch of Cumber-land's hand, raised a hearty laugh through

the whole audience.

At the close of the first public exhibition
Mr. Cumberland stated that at the next exhibition, he would explain how the cabinet trick had been performed. The audience broke up in excellent humor and well satis-

fied with the knowledge they had gained. On the second night of Mr. Cumberland's

On the second night of Mr. Cumberland's performance there were probably 2,000 persons present. Many of them were Spiritualists, who went to learn how the cabinet trick is performed by the pseudo-mediams. In this they were not disappointed. It was admirably exposed, to the satisfaction of all present. Mr. Cumberland began by saying that when a man's brain thinks, his whole body thinks with it, and thus leads him to the spot and object he is thinking about. After repeating some of the mind-reading experiments with partial success and partial failure, he gave a "dark scance" exhibition, he being tied up in a green balze bag, apparently being tied up in a green baize bag, apparently his hands secured behind his back and the tie sealed with wax. Very soon afterward he appeared from his box and bag, with a white robe on his body and a mask on his face, first as Katie King and then as John King In this his manipulation was again. King. In this his manipulation was superior to the manipulation of the pseudo mediums who have been fleecing the community

WHEN HE IS SECURELY TIED HOW THE CABI-NET TRICK IS PERFORMED BY STUART CUM-

BERLAND. His wrist bandages are not really nailed to the back of the cubinet, as to the audience they appear to have been. In fact they are tied to an iron ring some three inches in di-ameter, which is attached to the back of the cabinet by a cord several inches in length This gives a play to his hands when behind his back quite as great as though they had no at-tachment whatever to the cabinet. The band mis neau. though he does not sin 1 over his head. It is securely nailed at each end to the back of the cabinet. The bands around the ankles are also securely nailed to the floor. To all appearance, and probably in reality, he was as closely confined as the cabinet performers usually are, and his style of confinement would certainly pass muster and be approved by any committee usually selected at the ordinary cabinet perform-

ances of the Hull stripe.

While in this condition and in view of the whole audience, by twisting his body he very deftly drew the tambourine around to his left side with his left hand, till he could reach the glass of water on it. He then raised the glass with great effort to his mouth, seized t with his teeth, and throwing back his head, emptied the water into his throat. While the glass was held by his teeth he reversed the tambourine on his lap and then dropping the glass into his left hand, again reversed it and placed it on the tambourine which he now pushed back with his left

hand into its original position on his lap. I cannot give Mr. Cumberland too much credit for his admirable exposition of the facility with which are perpetrated so many deceptions in the name of Spiritualism. At the Harvard Rooms Conference the next day after their first exhibition, all the speakers regarded Mr. Cumberland as an ally of true and honest Spiritualism. He is educating the people up to requiring severer tests and to exercising a closer scrutiny. True Spiritualism does not fear the most searching investigation. It courts it.

I would be glad if I could speak as highly of Mr. Cumberland's demeanor towards Spiritualists as I have concerning his valuable lessons for testing cabinet materializations. But I cannot. He is insulting without cause whenever he utters the word "Spiritualist."

One old gentleman on the platform who desired to say to the audience that as a Spiritualist he highly approves of Cumberland's expositions of fraud, was refused permission to say that much, and subsequently Cumberland gave an address in an insulting manner.

The blood-red characters which he advertised-would appear on his arm like those on the arm of Charles Foster and other true mediums, he did not exhibit at all; and his attempt to select pellets on which names were written was no more like what comes through Foster than the moon is like hickory cheese. The same is true of his use of a card to spell out names and numbers. When he gets into mental phenomena, he is a failure, but in cabinet work and imitation of so-called "materialization," he is, as I have said before, an admirable and successful instructor. In the exhibition of the action of mind upon muscle, the experiment so common among young people in some sections of this country, he does exceedingly well. The in-struction gained at the second exhibition he gives is worth the half dollar charged. The first is not worth so much. When his own eyes are bandaged he has it done with a simole fillet that does not prevent his seeing if his head is thrown back. He carries it that way when he pretends to be blindfolded. If he bandages the eyes of one selected by the audience, he insists on a corner of the ker-chief being allowed to fall like a veil far below the mouth. This completely prevents vision. A knowledge of these facts is important for a just estimate of what he does when a bandage is put over the eyes of himself or

There is one objectionable part of his parformance which remains to be told. Although in his prospectus it was stated that seats would be fifty cents and reserved seats one dollar, there was stationed near the ticket office on the second night, a man who continually called out that no seats would be had for less than a dollar, and when the hall was reached it was found that all the seats in the house were called reserved seats, and those holding fifty cent tickets were com-pelled to stand till the performance was far advanced and then only were allowed to find seats if they could. This petty swindle was unworthy of what he professes to be—an instructor of the people.

BRONSON MURRAY. New York, Dec. 12th.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Heart's-Ease.

A True Story of Spirit (inidance.

BY W. WHITWORTH,

A cold, hard man! Selfishness was written in every line of his dull, weary-looking, unsympathetic face. Not one gleam of heartwarm sunshine lit up his keen gray eyes. Miserable, surely, albeit he had all the comforts and luxuries abundant means could buy. All his life he had been hourding, hourding making the accumulation of money the beall of his existence; and now he had found that the one best thing of all on earth—"heart's-ease"—not all his wealth—nay, not even though it were doubled or trebled, could

procure.
Seated in the luxurious embrace of his velvet-covered arm-chair, in a room where rich appliances seemed sufficient to satisfy the appliances seemed sufficient to satisfy the most exacting taste, he was ill at ease, miserable and discontented with himself and all the world; in a word he was weary of his life. He had exhausted all that the way of life he had chosen could offer, and now he was weary of it. In the lowest depths of his heart he felt that life was no longer worth the living; and he seemed not to care how soon it might and he seemed not to care how soon it might be ended. And yet, he should have been in the very prime of life's best enjoyment; scarcely fifty, with robust health still in his possession, why were his days grown so wearisome? No monitor had yet told him the truth—that it was because all his days he had lived for himself alone; and now, with wife and all near relatives passed away, there was not one living soul whom he had befriended to brighten in smiling gratitude at his approach; not one to send up a prayer for angel blessing to rest on his path.

It was Sunday morning, and as he chanced to be wandering listlessly and aimlessly along, something seemed to drag his feet into an open hall-way. The next moment he found himself in a Spiritualist Children's Lyceum, just in time to hear the conductor deliver the following address:

THE HAPPINESS OF WELL-DOING. Emerson well said: "Nothing so beautifies the face as the scattering of joy around us." How shall we scatter this joy around us? By giving words of kindly sympathy and lending helping hands to those in need. Nothing in the world creates so much of moral sunshine as a kind deed heartily done. It fills with joy the hearts of those who are lifted up by its beneficent action, from suffering to the comfort of relief; and the sunny gladness diffuses itself so warmly and brightly all around, that the benefactor receives even a larger measure by reflection than is retained by the others; and how the satisfied feeling of well-doing bubbles up from the heart to the face in perennial smiles of inward satisfaction. The hard pinched lines and wrinkles of selfishness become smoothed away; dull apathy, with its glowering blur, is banished, and not one dissatisfied frown has chance to hold sway. The knowledge that you have lightened the burden of some sorrowing fellow makes the eye bright, and sets a radiant gleam of rippling gladness all aglow in the face, that is more beautiful than anything else in the world. If you would test this, try it at home. Give only kind words and pleasant looks to your wife and children to all who are dependent on you, and see how their smiles of happy comfort will steal like soothing balm into your own heart, and from thence swell up in lines of beauty into

your happy face.' Never had anything so reached to the heart of Mr. Starbruck, as did this simple address. Something seemed to ring in his ears: "Try it, try it! Lift up some suffering soul and see if ease and comfort to your own heart will not come from it." On the impulse of the moment—he could never tell how it came -he followed a young girl who had been suddenly called from her group, and offered her a handful of money. She was very poorly clad, and struck him as one much in need; but the shy girl shrank back in alarm and

hurried on.
Following, Mr. Starbruck traced her home to an upper room in a poor tenement, where a number of poor neighbors were gathered round the bed of a worn, haggard-looking old woman very near her end. The girl had been hurriedly sent for to see the only relative she had in the world pass away.

A few words made Starbruck acquainted with their sad history. The girl's father, very much inferior in education and refine-ment to his wife, had squandered the ample means she had brought him, and then deserted her. This broke the mother's heart, while their one child Alicia, was little more than a babe. The grandmother had since

taken charge of her to her now fourteenth year; at first able to secure to the girl a fair amount of schooling; but latterly, in consequence of failing health had been impelled to send her out to work. They had been sorely pinched; sometimes almost to the borders of starvation; and now the poor, tired body was nearly done; and the pained heart feebly

cried: r
"Who will take care of my helpless girl!
O, good spirits above, lead some one to be a father to her."

Again something seemed to say to Mr. Star-bruck—seemed to say it in overpowering ear-nestness, so as to pull at his very soul,—"You take that poor child and save her from want—it may be from destruction." Seltishness pulled hard the other way; but he bent down and whispered to the dying

Westelli.

"Rest in peace! I will see that your grand-chiel does not suffer."

As the look of ineffable thankfulness that lit up the dying woman's face was turned to thin, it seemed as if a great blessing had suddenly fallen with healing balm into his heart; taking away the dend-weight of weariness that had so long born it to the earth, giving such inward sense of joy as he had not known in all his life before. ....Alicia is established in Mr. Starbruck's home, under the motherly care of his competent housekeeper. He had assumed all the burden of her dear grandmother's interment, and was astonished to find how the days slipped by so quick and lightly as to be scarcely noticed. It was difficult to fully realize the change that came over him. Instead of the old, dull weariness the absolute misery of living when he had nothing to care for or think of but himself, he land now a real object in life—the future best dfare of this orphan girl. The battle against the old hard selüslmess still went on; but steadily with less and less of difficulty in mastering it; and that same inward voice that had been so potent for good, continually eried: "Keep right on with the good work; you are on the true road to happiness the scattering of joy around you!"

Led by his first visit to the Lyceum to look into the great truths of Spiritualism, he learned that it was one of the immutable laws of God's universe, that as man will reap that which he has sown, so misery in this life, and a horrible dark look forward in the inevitable beyond, never fails to beset the trail of selfishness, while the sunshine of iovful satisfaction and spirit blessing crowns every good deed done. He felt that it was his own spirit guides that were thus leading him along the right road to happiness; and he gradually came to pay more and more heed to their celestial teachings. No more weariness for him now. Indeed, it grew to seem as if the days were not long enough in which to crowd all the work he found to do. There was so much of misery, want and suffering on every hand; so many weary hearts sinking in discouragement for need of kindly sympathy; so much good work to be accomplished in a thousand unexpected ways, that not one minute of his time was idle or un-

profitable any more.

Most of all, for the fair girl, Alicia, now grown to be a refined and beautiful woman, would she repay his great kindness to her, if the hour should ever come when he might need it? "Wait until she gets a husband and then she will forget all you have done, said the old griping selfishness. "She will not! she will not!" cried the good spirit voice that had grown so potent with him. "Wait! Thou hast cast thy bread upon the waters. It

shall surely return to thee after many days."
"My more than father." Alicia said, with upturned face and tear-dimmed eye, on the day before the one set for her marriage to the man who had won her young heart, "If you fear that this marriage will take away my love and gratitude to you; if you will be unhappy when I am gone, speak, I pray you, and I will not go!"

Selfishness said: "Keep her to yourself." But the spirit monitor said: "Crown your good work by this last greatest renunciation of self." And after a hard struggle, he obeyed the better guide. But, oh! how hard it was! The girl had so wound herself about his very heart-strings, that it seemed to tear his soul into a chaos of misery to think of the separation so near at hand.

The wedding guests assembled and all was in readiness for the ceremony, when Mr. Starbruck was suddenly stricken with paralysis. The doctor said there was no immediate danger, but that for a long time he would require such close, unremitting care as could only come from the warmest affection and

The love and affection did not fail him. When he returned to consciousness, he found the gentle Alicia by his side; and her every look and word and action were so full of tenderest love, that she seemed to him like a very angel of mercy from the higher spheres.

"Not married?" "No. dear father! Do not grieve for me. It was a hard, hard blow at first; but when I found him pressing me to leave you to the cold charge of hir elings, after all your loving heart has done for me, saw the true selfishness of his character; and I now feel that it was a happy escape for me to bid him go."

Is there need to say more? The bread he had cast upon the waters, was now, indeed, come back to him more than a thousand-fold! And the "heart's-ease" that can only come from the accomplishment of life's noblest duties well done, gave to the poor paralytic such over-brimming measure of happiness as he had never dreamed of till now.

Cleveland, Ohio.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Just over the Beautiful Way.

DEC. PANNIE ALLEN.

Just over the beautiful way are my friends, Just over the beautiful way: I can feel them at times when the twilight descends And my spirit with theirs in a symphony blends, And my soul faintly visions their day. Till I long for the hour when the death-angel rends The veil from the beautiful way.

Just over the beautiful way are the flowers, I have watched and attended below; They withered and fieled by time's fleeting hours, And were lifted beyond to Eternity's bowers, Where in beauty they blussom and glow; Undying and fadeless, unfolding their powers That failed 'mid the shade of earth's wee.

Just over the beautiful way is my boy, Just over the beautiful way; I caressed him on earth, a few years of joy, Then he passed where no shadow of sin could an noy.

To the light of a happier day; But the earth and its sunshine are filled with alloy, Where I linger and labor and stay.

Just over the beautiful way I shall go, Just over the beautiful way. There the soul of my darling, my boy I shall know I shall see the rich roses that faded below, As I pass from the prison of clay; And my heart shall grow glad in the light of love's glow,

When I walk o'er the beautiful way.

Just over the beautiful way I shall turn, With the taint of the earth fading still, But in spirit of Wisdom and Truth I shall learn, And my ignorant doubts in their watch-tires will burn,

And eternity in me shall thrill Responsive to glories I faintly discern, As I walk o'er the love-lit hill.

Just over the beautiful way I shall find, Life's answer to each true request: For we'll know and be known in motive and mind, No longer earth-compassed, or darkened, and blind, I shall hear from the souls of the blest, And with loved ones whose charter immortal is

signed, I shall enter the Temple of Rest.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal The Musband's Return.

A Story of Spiritualism Founded on Fact.

"It's no use, Charles; I can't believe it."
"But, mother, I saw it all as plainly as I "But, mother, I saw it all as plainty as a see you. The forms were clothed in white and were recognized at once by several of Mrs. Earnscliff's neighbors and she is in a whirl of emotion, glad to see her husband whirl of emotion, glad to see her husband should revisit scenes where they have lived and loved? Is it wonderful that they should cack to teach men the truth they can best ildoes not seem to have a doubt that it was really her husband and child that she saw." 'Spiritualism is a strange delusion. I

wonder so many accept it." "Mother, it is not a delusion. Wonderful indeed are the phenomena, but the fact of their existence is demonstrated by an amount of evidence impossible to be set aside."

'Well, I don't believe the stories I hear, and I will not be so silly as to look for evidence of a thing that is impossible. By the eve you made the acquaintance o new neighbors, the Le Ciercs? They are said to be spiritual mediums."

"No, but I am promised an introduction to the oldest daughter, Elsie. Frank is to take me with him to-night."

"You have seen her, of course. What do you think of her?"

She is the strangest looking girl I ever met. She is not specially beautiful, not remarkable for taste in dress; does not seem to be cultured, yet she impresses every one with a vague sense of power. I have seen young men start uneasily and turn round and look at her from the farthest end of the room, if she but happened to look that way; and when she talks—which they say is seldom-the people are astonished at the depth and profundity of her remarks, which end, often, in some trivial, foolish speech utterly unworthy the lofty theme she had been discussing.

"She must have made quite an impression on you; you seem to have studied her deeply. Yes, from a distance. To-night I expect to have a nearer view."

The speakers were Mrs. Worthington and her son Charles. She was a well-preserved widow of fifty, having lost her husband some ten years previously. His death, after a lingering illness caused by disease contracted in our late war, left his widow in comparative poverty. True, she was entitled to a pension, but, being of Quaker stock and connections, all her friends opposed her making a profit from her husband's death or receiving any support from so evil a thing as war. So the matter was dropped and gradually faded from her mind—the more easily as she had been well helped by the relatives who had prevented her applying for her pension. Lately reverses had rendered her friends less able to help her, and if not in absolute want, she was much straightened in circumstances. But the pension—that was a matter settled. If she ever thought of it, it was only as a thing that might have been, never as a good that she might yet have. Supported chiefly by the earnings of her son, now in the first flush of manhood, she was measurably content. She had heard, as who in this land has not of the wonderful phenomena taking place in Spiritual circles, but they seemed to her so astounding, were so far beyond her experience, or any experience she had ever heard of, that, as we have seen, she was content to say, "It is impossible", without even a look at the evidence that it was not. She soon found herself compelled to see and hear, and decide for herself as to these alleged facts

The young man eagerly longed for the evening when he was to meet the lady who had so strongly impressed him. The Le Clerc family, consisting of a widowed mother and three daughters, had only recently become residents in the place, and as they were not rich, would have remained quite unknown had it not been for the mysterious power of attraction young Worthington had felt and witnessed. The family were not cultured, nay, sometimes coarse in speech and obvious-

ly ignorant of many things.

Punctual to the appointed hour the two young men knocked at the door, which was opened by the youngest daughter, Emma, a bold black-eyed girl some twelve years old. "Halloo, Frank, so you've come, and brought

your friend; that's jolly! I wonder if you know who else came with you?"

come."

As the two young men deposited their hats on a table in the hall, Frank found time to whisper to his friend: "What does this mean? She has described to the life, Jim, an old servant of my father's, but he has been dead these like, among them, and I often tried to discover years. It is impossible she could ever er what I said, but I never could." have seen him, or, I think, ever heard of him,"

The doors of the small parlor were open and there was no time to discuss the matter then, so they entered, saluted the two ladies and entered into voluble conversation with them. As they talked, the educational defects of the ladies became clearly revealed, and they found there was really only one subject on which they could talk well—Spiritualism. while the sisters detailed wonderful things that had happened in their presence.

"I have heard many of these stories," said Charles, "but I confess it is hard for me to believe them, and my mother flatly refuses to

"You'll believe your own eyes, won't you? See here"—and the laughing girl laid her hand on the arm of the rocking-chair in which Frank was seated, and to his wonder and fear the chair with his one hundred and fifty pounds weight upon it, was raised some six inches from the floor and carried to the other end of the room, the young giri accompanying it and laughing with unrestrained glee at the fear and perplexity of the involuntary rider. After the chair had been moved back, and Frank had taken another (with a half-suspicion of machinery in the chair), the girl went to the other end of the room, and signed to the chair to come to her. It slid smoothly along the floor toward her, to the intense astonishment of the young men, and stopped near her.

"There's a fact for you—how do you account for it? Placing my hand where I-did, I might help to hold the chair down, but I could not do anything to raise it. Now, examine the chair and try if you can do the same things with it. I guess not. Could any man by his own strength do as much? guess not. How do you account for it?"

"I am too astonished to attempt to account for it, but am at least sure of the fact. That I can no more doubt than I can doubt that I am alive," said Frank. "What is your explan-

ation.' "Spirits did it," said the girl, "and they do more wonderful things than that. See, Elsie has been sitting silent. She is going under control; you will have some more facts of a different kind."

Elsie had thrown herself back in her chair, her eyes were closed; occasionally a shudder

seek to teach men the truth they can best illustrate—that there is no death, or rather that death is only a change of relation? I tell you that every one is attended by spirits who visit those they can reach. Not always who visit those they can reach as a least of the glorious, of what we should be on the future, when the carth, and shall be impossible to the first the least of the control of the glorious. is their presence perceived, even by those most completely under their guidance. There are hosts of spirits here—one of them insists on being heard, says he is William Worthington and asks that Mrs. Worthington be brought to hear the words he has to utter. Hasten lest the control pass away before she ar-

Charles Worthington knew his father's name was William, but did not just then think of his father, but hastily ran to his house, a few doors off, and finally, with much trouble, induced his mother to go with him. Entering the room of the Le Clercs again, he found his friend Frank sitting with openmouthed astonishment, as Elsie poured forth a wild and fervid exposition of Spiritualism. She never quoted, never argued up to a point; she seemed to know all that had been said or thought, or done in the matter; and odd scraps of history, bold metaphysical disquisi-tions, clear analyses of new discoveries of science, were produced without apparent effort. No more coarseness of speech, for while unusually florid, it was marked by great purity and wonderful command of words. Mrs. Worthington was not introduced; no one seemed to care to interrupt the speaker, and the mother and her son and his friend listened for some time to an address the like of which they had never heard before. At length Elsie paused for a moment, gave a slight shiver, and said, "Has Mrs. Worthington come? William Worthington is here, and wishes to control me-shall I let him? He wants to talk to his wife."

Mrs. Worthington was startled, but summoning all her skepticism, said, "I have no objection, I don't believe in it, but should like to hear what may be said." Elsie straightened herself up and immediately began the personation of a death scene. The two young men looked on with absorbed interest, but the mother as if her life depended on it. Tears rained from her eyes as the death struggle continued and she shrieked out-"Oh. William. my husband, why have you come?" "Come near me, Anna, and take my hand," said Elsie, and Mrs. Worthington rose, faltered to her side, threw her arms about the medium and kissed her fondly-it seemed to her that her husband was really present. She took the hand of the medium and a whispered conversation of considerable length ensued between the two. When it ceased and the widow's tears began to flow at the thought of parting again, the spirit comforted her by promising to return often, and ended with, "Be sure you get that pension, for it rightfully belongs to you, and you need it."

"I don't know how to proceed and the pa-

pers are lost;" was the reply.

"They are not lost, the preliminary papers are in the possession of Capt. D—of H——, Penn. Further proof can be obtained by examining the records of the War Department in Washington. Promise me you will attend to this matter."

"Yes, William, I will," said the widow. Then with a convulsive start, Elsie opened her eyes and broke forth with a giggle strangely in contrast with her previous dignified demeanor. "What are you all staring at? Have the spirits been here? Why don't you introduce the lady? What did I say? Did I do anything ridiculous? Once I hugged and kissed a perfect stranger, they told me. I should like to be entranced if I only knew what I said and did."

"You neither did nor said any thing ridiculous; the wonder is, how you could say such profound things so well. You must have been carefully educated, but even then, your youth makes it still a wonder."

"Carefully educated—not much! Father was poor, and we all had to work. I worked

shorter than the other, and he looks so funny stumping along behind you'—and the girl roared with laughter as she mimicked the person she described. "But come in, Jane and Elsie are at home, and will make you wel—now. Where should my education come from.

I could barely read—then, and some how or other I cannot read five minutes together now. Where should my education come from.

If the measure of such a standard and teacher.

It was very befitting and legitimate in the plan of operations in the moral and religious affairs of humanity and the cause of parental much as I do to-day. Perhaps the control is nore complete, but I don't know. Educated—It was very befitting and legitimate in the plan of operations in the moral and religious affairs of humanity and the cause of parental much as I do to-day. Perhaps the control is nore complete, but I don't know. Educated—It was very befitting and legitimate in the plan of operations in the measure of such a standard and teacher. now. Where should my education come from. I felt impelled to become a public lecturer, and began to teach. It seemed to be jolly fun to mount the platform, a small child as I was then, and look round upon large andiences, with a good many big-bugs, lawyers and such

> There was little said after this; each felt a desire to be alone, to think about the marvels they had witnessed. The Worthingtons walked to their home in silence, and bidding good night to Frank, retired to their own rooms. At the breakfast table Charles said—"Well, mother, what do you think of what took place last night?"

"Don't ask me yet, Charles-I am over-whelmed with new thoughts. When we were But this was exciting enough to enlist all whispering together your father—yes, I can-their attention, and the time flew swiftly by not doubt it was your father—knew all about our married life, spoke of things that only he and I knew, but if this was my husband, if the dead really return, so many things result from it, necessarily, that my brain is in a chaos. I do not know what to think yet, but I know what I will do. I will write at once to Capt. D—— and test the accuracy of the revelation that has been made. I don't so much care about the pension, though that would be welcome enough—but I do want to know, surely if the spirit spoke truly. Another thing I mean to do—to investigate all the phenomena I can, and if I am able, discover all they are meant to teach and everywhere and always avow what I find to be true."

"Good for you, mother, and I'll join you in your work. If every one knew the grand truths which the most apparently insignificant phenomenon presents, we should have more careful investigators. But I shall not wait for more revelations. One is enough. No dweller on earth could have done what we have witnessed last night. If there he nothhave witnessed last night. If there be nothing else to see or hear, I am convinced. Spirtualism is true-there is a life beyond the

Mrs. Worthington wrote to Hpers were found where the spirit said they were; and in time the pension was received. To-day the widow looks ten years younger because of the physical comfort and the inter-nal peace that have come to her, and wonders she could ever have been so foolish as to refuse to investigate Spiritualism; or that any who are convinced should be so weak or wicked as to conceal or disayow their convictions. New York City.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal A Commemorative Christmas Offering.

BY HON. THOMAS BARLOW.

What is more beautiful to the reflecting mind, of all of which we can have any con-ception, than humanity perfected in all its virtues and embodied in living man as a sacred, sublime reality, shedding its benign spirit shall be emancipated from the tlesh? It is in his moral aspects that man is to be seen in his true nobility, and is the same embodiment of the grand when dwelling amid the surroundings of the veriest poverty as well as of abundant riches. The true man is never made by worldly wealth and posons, but often ruined as by a blackening spoilation by accumulated riches. And what is more inspiringly pleasing than a settled conviction of the truth, that we may live in this world spiritually above it, as if not of it, by a triumphant ascendency over all that is carnal and worldly? Such an ascending is possible here on earth, and certain after a delivery from this body of death, the flesh, in which dwells the law of sin, and the liberation and ascending of the spirit to the realms of light and life. Our dearest aspirations and most cheering hopes are to be found generated by the convictions of the truth of a spiritual triumph of life to come when death shall be swallowed up in victory. The triumph of the spiritual over the carnal and the perfection of humanity in all its vir tues, were manifested to the world by and in the character and life of Jesus, before whom, though the very subject of poverty, the richest millionaires, the most potent of the crowned heads and greatest moral philosophers, vanish to the veriest vanity and nothingness. Amid the ruins of ancient grandeur, the wrecks of empires, the ashes of fallen human greatness, the wastes of accumulated millions over all of which the lethean waters of a willing forgetfulness are flowing, Jesus, in his poverty and loveliness of character stands, radiating his light with a greater and greater brilliancy as time rolls on and he is the better understood. He was simply the manifested triumph of the spiritual over the carnal,—the heavenly over the worldly; and as he was, so by his example and teachings he would have us all to be; he was essentially and purely a spirituality carrying his religion over and beyond the merely theoretical and professional, to the practical and real making it manifest by his works rather than his lips, as all of the true faith should do. If the world would make half the effort to emulate his life and works that it does to frame theories and indulge in religious speculations and creeds in his name a better morality would be the result, and the Christian religion be more worthy of recognition as of heaven. Christianity is a system of truth, advocated and exemplified by Christ, but never originated by him; it has been and always will be, existent in the providence and philosophy of things, and exemplified morally and religiously by a spiritual adjust-

ment to the laws spiritual; and such was the status of Jesus. By a reasonable, deliberate, inductive review of theology and the philosophy of progressive events in the providence of things mental, moral and physical, as a divinity would shape them, viewing them in a pro-phetic aspect, we are induced to believe it was in the plan of things, that in the full-ness of time a teacher should appear on earth as the outgrowth of purposes, generated of the creative wisdom, ruling over all things, working to a glorious final ultimate; a teach-er that should be a light to this world, throwing its beams into the future. Convic-tions of this kind inspired men of old to pro-phetic visious forefolling the coming of a phetic visions, foretelling the coming of a personage of the nature and character demanded by a benighted world of such a light Messianic in his nature, and saving the world from sin by teaching that moral and spiritual adjustment which, if practically heeded would cleanse, by elevation from all sin And history must satisfy every impartial mind on scanning the evidence, that Jesus,

plan of operations in the moral and religious affairs of humanity and the cause of parental providences to the most hopeful ends, that such a teacher should be born in the midst such a teacher should be born in the midst of the surroundings of poverty and cradled in a manger. Virtue is seldom born of wealth or cradled in luxury; for both riches and luxury are stifling to living, active virtue. Invest Jesus with worldly power; give him wealth, worldly posses ions, ostentatious surroundings and a salary of thousands for teaching the truth of life, and he would cease to be Jesus by loss of character, extinguished of his light, and become lost in the despoiling shades of an evil world.

Brilliant as he is as a light in the moral world, he is lost in the foggy mazes sur-

world, he is lost in the foggy mazes sur-rounding him arising from the mythical and superstitious garments in which he is cloth-ed by the religious world, whilst the unbe-lieving leave him to stand in a dark back-ground, over-shadowed by a prejudice that forbids a study, understanding and apprecia-tion of his true poture and character tion of his true nature and character.

Time is to disrobe him of the disguise thrown over him by superstition, and bring him forth in all his grandeur and brilliancy as a pillar of life and beauty, the ideal of what we should be if adjusted to the laws by

which we should live.

Swaddled as he is in the disguising garments of superstition on the one hand, and

the neglect of study and understanding of him on the other, he is as if he were not, and is to be born into an understanding of him in his true character before the world will realize the happy effects and fruits of his life and teachings. When these shall be realized and his virtues imbedded in the heart and practiced in life, the world will feel the imiulses and conceive the ideal of the "perfect man in Christ Jesus," or in other words, of the nobility of the pure and good, as the friend to humanity. Vain spec-ulations and Utopian theories; flattering visions and ceremonial offerings; faith in doctrines and boastful claims of the power of prayer, can never bring the peace of mind and soul for which dying humanity is seeking in its thirst. We want the realities of
the pure and good life based upon the convictions of the spiritual as the make-weight
of the faith we would have and the religion we would enjoy, resolving us into that brotherhood which feels a conscious willingness to abide the common destiny of a common, equal inheritance of the parental kingdom. We want no high priests to interfere with the works and providences of God, or affect the destinies of men; and no pharisaical spirits to despoil the beauty or disturb the harmony of the future world.

Whilst sects are odious here, we want none in the Spirit-world; and whilst creeds should. be thrown into the waste basket, so the idea of respect of persons in the religion of truth should be spurned. Said Jesus, "And I, if I be lifted up from earth, will draw all men after me.

Such is the teaching of eternal truth. If one man ascends all shall ascend, not as the effect of one man's ascension, but as the truth of the certainty of the same destiny of all, in the divine plan of things.

The spirit and heart of Jesus could never be satisfied with his mission and aspirations, short of the final triumph of every creature of God. As the "Word," which is truth, went forth from the beginning to accomplish the pleasure of Creative Wisdom, so it shall not return until it accomplish that whereunto it was sent, which was to redeem, by enlightenment, the whole benighted world. Truth is militant against all untruth, all error, and personified in Jesus it is to go on conquering and to conquer until every enemy is subjected to the pure and peaceful, and in the end it shall surrender to God himself as the conquering power, and God be all in all. All spiritualities are to surrender to the Great Parental spiritually restored from their waywardness and purified of the stains of carnal associations. Such are the teachings of Jesus, the son of Joseph and Mary, when seen and understeed in their true and spiritual sense, and well it is, that his natal day be christened after him as the expected Christ or Messiah. Therefore let the rising sun of the Christmas morning be hailed with joy, commemorative of one who taught the world how to live and how to die, and gave assurance of a spiritual existence, and spiritual life in the world to come, where all shall meet the embrace with him of a common loving Father.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "His Soul Goes Marching On."

> > BY HON. E. S. HOLBROOK.

The above words are spoken of John Brown, who, a pioneer of freedom for the slaves in our country, suffered himself, as an enthusi-astic martyr, to die the most shameful death under the law. After "his body lay moulder-ing in the grave," and the great war for liberty was inaugurated, the song entitled "John Brown," quite uncomely in its make up and not attractive in its music, yet redeemed by the grand refrain, "His soul goes marching on," fired the hearts of the soldiers as they marched forward to death and to

Now, Mr. Editor, you propose, as you have done before, to make a speciality of your coming Christmas number and have a large amount of Christmas doings in grand style. Very well, I speak not against it, but fully approve; for Christmas means a merry, mer y time for all, especially for the young, and who of us is old? But what does it all mean? What is its origin and general significance on the part of those who are the genuine believers in the genuine Christmas? It is kept in commemoration (so it is said) of the advent of God upon earth made manifest in the flesh, to suffer, yet without sin, and to die, yet without wrong, for the salvation of mankind, or some part of them, such as should believe, from endless condemnation to which they were exposed. A pretty large as well as strange programme, and we say it never was fulfilled and could not be from the nature of things. And yet we will keep Christmas, and because Jesus, though thought at first to be a temporal ruler (and did not prove such) turned out to be a great reformer, the greater in becoming a martyr to his principles, or was made, by over-partial history, to be a great reformer and was reputed to have become a martyr to his principles; whereby great good came, the world was advanced and so the martyr-leader should be held in honor.

Very well. But, Mr. Editor, is not this true of a great many others and are we not a little prone to build temples (and still continue to garnish them) to the prophets and "Why, there is no one else with us." in a match factory when this new power the son of Joseph and Mary, was that personage and teacher, for the elements of his head. One leg is the swearing blackguards I worked with, character and the shining virtues of his life times? After the death of Jesus and all

chance of an earthly kingdom had passed, then his followers struck out for a spiritual kingdom. The words of the John Brown song, "His soul goes marching on," have al-ways stirred my soul to its depths in a temporal sense, the soul of freedom as they mean there, but still more in a spiritual sense as

they affect me. From the temporal realm, where they have done good service, let us turn them into the spiritual where, from their pure spirituality, they will do still greater service. I have, therefore, following my thought, made my essay to harness in the sentiment and the words and the music for use in the great spiritual warfare of life. I wish I were equal to the demand; but such as I have (a few months seasoned in my drawer) I will present to the public, through your valuable paper, as my part of the Christmas gifts befitting the occasion.

"Their Souls go Marching On." (Air.-John Brown.)

Who shall be named as the Servants of the Lord? Who shall be honored as the Augels of his Word? Who the faithful workers that shall reap the great

Whose souls go marching on? Chorus.-Glory, glory, hallelujah, etc.

reward.

They that have watched for the rays of dawning They that are rising from the shadows of the night; They that seek the hill-tops that ascend from height to height,

Their souls go marching on. They that give strength to the weak, the poor, the slave;
They that sustain the right, in spirit pure and brave;
They that send a glory through the darkness o'er the grave, Their souls go marching on.

They that look up for the crown of endless years; They that bring faith and hope to dry the mourner's

They that heed the light divine that shineth from the spheres, Their souls go marching on.

They that are seers, for the virtues they have taught; They that are thinkers, for their glowing mines of

thought; They, the patient toilers, for the treasures they have

wrought, Their souls go marching on. They that are fallen; for the chain of Heavenly Love

Draws them forever toward the happier realms above; Struggling from the depths below, they upward, onward move, Their souls go marching on.

We, as we stand for the truth, in armor bright, Seeking the conquest over error with our might, Looking for the glories that shall stream upon our

Our souls go marching on.

When the last rays of our day of life shall fall; When the dark night of death shall come with bier and pall;

When the voice of Heaven and his angel hosts shall call,

Our souls shall march along.

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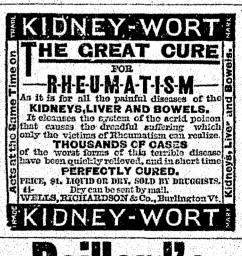
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## Woman and the Household.

BY HESTER M. POOLE. IMetuchen, New Jersey.1

## JANET'S VISION-A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve, a light feathery snow was falling silently and softly as an invisible blessing; the air had the chilling, penetrating quality which pierced to the very marrow of the passers. A woman elad in garments grey as the sky, hurried through the storm to a lonely cottage which stood on the edge of the village. Behind her was a serving man, with his hands filled with empty baskets the contents of which she had been distributing among the sick and the poor of the little hamlet. As she approached her own door, she hesitated, turned and said:

John, we have only one more place to visit, I have purposely left Janey Hubbard for the last. I will be ready very soon with our little parcels for the poor sufferer."

"Sure, mem." returned the good-natured fellow, quickening his steps, "I wondered if you had forgotten the sweetest patientest and best of them all! To my mind, she is just a livin' saint! Didn't she take that broth of a bye, Pat McShane, that his own mither couldn't do nothing with, never, who was a ladin all the other boys to purgatory, and make him a nice, industrious lad, an honor to his family and frins? He works stiddy as a man, at the charcoal pits, and brings ivery blissed sint o' his wages, home to his mither and the childers. Didn't she make the lyin' out dress for Biddy Dwyer, nice and white as her own swate face? Yes, an Biddy was dressed for her last slumber by them poor fingers, in a way 'twould a done yer heart good to say! It made her look bewtiful, stretched out in the kapin' room, with the candles a burnin at her head and fate; and the family wapin' round convanient and comfortin' Miss Janey 'Il go straight to the saints, sure, when she laves her body. Sich as she don't have to stop in purgatory only long enough to learn the password and take a ticket, and then Peter opens the big shinen gates, and says, 'Jist you go along in and don't worrit yersel' about nothin' no more.'"

"Is that so?" returned Mrs. Gates, in a gentle voice and a smile that overspread her

face like moonlight over snew, so wan and hopeless was its expression. "I knew Miss Janey was always doing good, but was not aware of her works in the families you men-

"Yis, mum, and more too! I could tell ye o' more than that, but she don't like to be talked about, Miss Janet don't! She forbids them she helps to tell of it. But, good deeds,

like murder, will out, ye know."

By this time the lady had reached her own door, which opened by her serving-woman, a little deaf old creature, disclosed a room tidy and tasteful, but holding no other occupant. Evidently Mrs. Gates and her domestics were all the inmates of the pleasant cottage.

In a very few moments the lady emerged from her door, followed by John, with a basket filled with bottles of cordial and cans of fruit, while well wrapped in folds of paper, were flowers that had blossomed under the trained touch of the desolate woman who made them companions in her isolation.

Upon taking another direction, Mrs. Gates and John soon turned into a lane, leading from the highroad, where, up a few rods from the narrow gate, they came upon a house nestling in shrubbery now bare and bleak, but which well served to cover the diminutive cottage. It was low, the windows were small, the roof was moss-covered and the whole place indicated poverty, obscurity, neglect, decay

Once at the entrance, Mrs. Gates relieved John of his burden, and was soon ushered into a low, narrow entry, in response to her soft knock. She was quietly welcomed by the elder sister of the Janey of our story, who was her sole caretaker, and the only other inmate of the cottage.

After the first greeting, Susan, looking at her friend, with tearful eyes, said:

"Mrs. Gates, Janet is near her home, I am sure! She has such a lovely smile of happiness upon her face. She is so filled with content. that I cannot but thank our Heavenly Father for his goodness. Enter dear friend, and rejoice that our sufferer is beyond pain

and so near her final home." They entered with hushed footsteps, and saw in that little room, a scene which could never be forgotten. The poor little deformed creature, whose spine had been hopelessly injured when a child, lay upon her couch, which was drawn near the window, where the sunshine fell around her head, making the golden, fluffy tresses seem like the aureole of a saint. Was it a fancy of Mrs. Gates, that beyond and above that, extended a halo, that the room throbbed and pulsated with the glow of a strange, solemn, uplifting pow-The air seemed quivering with impalpable life; she felt a presence, a hush, an awe. as though something ineffably sacred and beautiful was impending.

But the face of the sufferer shone as though transfigured. The eyes, large and luminous, looked away out toward immensity. They kindled with a light that neither joy nor youth nor beauty alone, could produce. The expression was rapt; the two who looked upon her, felt that they were in the presence of one who had seen things unutterable.

"Oh!" said she, in that low, silvery voice, which had always been natural to her, yet that now seemed more flute-like than before, let me tell you, before it is too late, where I have been, and what I have seen. Listen, for

I have not long to talk. "While sister was doing the work this morning, I was struck with a chill which seemed to me to be death. After one fierce pang, I became outwardly unconscious, and must have been so for some time. How long a period passed, I cannot tell, when I dimly recognized that I was near this couch, on which my body was stretched in unconscious slumber. I did not see it, but seemed to feel it was here, and all concern or care for it had fled. I was like a tired child, slowly awakening to untroubled consciousness.

Strains of soft music floated to me in ravishing sweetness; faint and far they seemed, as though coming over water from a great distance. In its depths were solved all doubts, were included many mysteries. It held all the pain and sorrow, all the long anguished nights and weary days of my illness, but it held them transformed into strains of peaceful, rhythmic joy. At first it floated to me through a mist, which was gradually dispelled by a soft, searching light, penetrating the

atmosphere from some distant source. "The light grew stronger and clearerthe sounds grew more distinct and full of rejoicing, though still penetrated by notes of triumph over sorrow-a faint trace or remembrance of grief, heightening its quality And out of its melody, out of that flow of its rhythm, something was woven, light and faint at first, but which grew to me real, as glass, though more ethereal still. As I looked, it took the form of steps, and gazing backward | \$18.00

to the far beginning, I saw these steps were the stages of myown life. They seemed small and dark where I first passed over them as a child, but gradually they grew more difficult to surmount, more uneven and ragged. Sometimes they were stained and dark, sometimes they were pure as the snow that lies without. But always they climbed, even they seemed to plunge downward, wayward and uneven, just ready to tumble into the gulf below.

up, with halting step and downcast look. And I saw that no railing kept my shadow from falling by any misstep made on the one side or the other. And to add to the danger, bright colored flames blossomed on either hand, and nodded and in vited the shadow to pluck. But I could see, as one on the steps could not, how deadly a misstep would be, and how sore and bruised and bleeding would be the toiler up that singular stairway, if she should leave the straightforward path.

"Then dragon shapes, with menacing eyes, and noisome presence, intercepted the shadow, and sought to drive it from the pathway. And now and then broken steps showed a deep, dark gulf yawning below, where, at the bottom, ran a brawling stream over rocks in which were many hidden pitfalls and sloughs

of filth and mud.

"And other shadows climbed beside me; some went easily and merrily; others strayed and wandered off the shining ladder of steps, and disappeared in the gloom of thickets, where they seemed lost for a time. Afterward, I disappeared them, below, struggling back. and disappeared in the gloom of thickets, where they seemed lost for a time. Afterward, I discovered them below struggling back again. Some were below a little ways, striving to regain the pathway of light, but looking worn, with garments torn and hands have been discovered about one hundred years ago by Mesmer, and psychology some lifty years later by Mr. Dodds, the science was evidently well known by Moses and the magicians of Egypt, and hands have been discovered about one hundred years ago by Mesmer. ing worn, with garments torn and hands bleeding from concealed thorns in the greenery which seemed pleasant from the outside. They generally, however, came to the steps away below where they entered the woods, and after climbing up, weary and wan, they seemed too fatigued and disspirited to do more than creep along slowly and painfully.

"It then seemed to me that some even turned their faces backward, worked their way down, instead of up, believing all the time they were advancing. But after a time they found out their mistake, and turned to climb anew. For there was a magnet above which | drink of the water of the river; and there

most breathless at the golden infinite centre out of which streamed the light which gilded ably "did so" by the same power that Moses up all this strange scene. And palpitating in the splendor was a soft, tender, attractive influence which, as I looked, grew to be an intense and yearning love. And turning again, I saw all this pathway made bright and shining by the golden light and love, so that even the lost and bewildered wanderers from the upward-leading steps, were tinged with its far reaching hams.

with its far reaching beams.
"And out of that throbbing light, flowing ever strong and inexhaustible, came circling wreaths, which anon took the shape of faces. And then I saw they were the features of those we had thought to be dead. There were all we had ever known and loved. Father and whiter and finer than that I made for her winding sheet. And all their faces were glorified, and on each there was affection and rapture and joy, that I was so near the top of the winding sheet. Exoutes 1x: 0; 211: 28.

In conclusion the author says: "If I should write a treatise on health and happiness that should add ten years to the length of mortal life, and make those years happier than they otherwise would have happiness that otherwise would have happiness than they of the stairs. Only some looked clearer and holier than others, and a deeper love-light would erect to me a monument higher than

friends. The little children you laid in the grave were there, grown to beautiful maturity, yet with looks of unearthly purity and peace. And they pointed toward you and cried, 'Tell mamma that she, too, will soon come to the top of the pathway, where we shall all welcome her.'

"And I looked again, and the steps entered the cloud of light, there was a radiance too great to be borne, even by my longing eyes. And an angel with such a kind and tender face floated out of the cloud and said, Go back and tell what you have seen. Then you shall come up higher, above the last step, and be welcomed into infinite Peace and And then the vision fled; a piercing pain rent my unconscious body, and behold, was here in the bed which has been my couch so long. But I only wait to tell you of the steps, and how pure they are, and how they climb, climb all through our lives, and how we need not wander into the thickets on either side, or if we do, how glad we shall be to get back to the only safe path, the path of pure rectitude. And now the music sounds, sweeter, sweeter still, and I hear my name among their voices, and they bid me come. For a little while, only, Farewell!

And with that word one faint sigh, and the spirit entered into that golden veil, behind which are the opening glories of the Summerland.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through, the office of the RELIGIO-PHILO

OUR BOYS IN INDIA. By Harry W. French. With 145 illustrations. Illuminated covers, \$1.75. Cloth, black and gold, \$2.50. Boston: Lee & Shepard, In the first chapter of "Our Boys in India" there is a child missing; further on the reader is informed of a bank robbery of which the kidnapping is an indirect result. By the aid of a detective, an elder brother, a lad of fourteen traces the child to India. The adventures of the two are exceedingly thrilling. The author's purpose, however, was not to tell a story, but to unfold some of the wondrous sights and scenes in the champion land of romance and adventurer. The reader is easily led to imagine himself in the midst of snake-charmers, jugglers, royal personages, and tiger and elephant hunts. The pictures of customs and wonders are graphic and entertaining. The book contains num. erous illustrations, many of them from special photographs procured by Mr. French while in India.

Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., will issue this month the third edition of "An Index to Periodical Literature," by William F. Poole, LL. D., Librarian of the Chicago Public Library, assisted by Wm. I. Fletcher, Assistant Librarian of the Watkinson Library, Hartford Conn. This editon contains all the matter of the previous editions, and covers the periodical Literature of the past thirty years, down to January, 1882. It gives in a condensed alphabetical arrangement the contents of 240 different periodicals, numbering 6,205 volumes. Que vol., royal 8vo., 1,500 pages. Price clath, \$15.00; sheep, \$17.00; half morocco,

COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO MESMERIZE, Ancient and Modern Miracles Ex-ned by Mesmerism, Also, Is Spiritualism True? By Prof. J. W. Calwell, Price, 50 cents.

This is an admirable work on Mesmerism, by one of the best lecturers and experimenters in the field. Its hints and suggestions are indeed valuable. The author well sets forth an important fact, that when the pub-lic mind first became somewhat interested "At one time they were crumbled so that I felt such a thrill of fear, and wondered why I had not plunged into the abyss. And as I looked, the semblance of my own self toiled which they could not comprehend. Men and women after being partially or fully mes-merized, would go into a trance state and begin to talk about folks that were dead, as if they were present in the room. Sometimes the mesmeric subject would talk as if he were the dead person come to life again. The name and residence and principal events of that dead man's life, and even many of his private affairs, of which the mesmerist and the mesmerized person could have known nothing, would be given minutely.

The author also sets forth that it is very

important for the new beginner to be able to form a pretty correct idea, who, among the volunteers that he is expected to mesmerize, can be impressed within a reasonable time. Not only this, but he needs instructions how to restore the mesmerized persons to the normal state, in as good, or better condition than before they were acted upon by the mesmerist. This is one of the most important things to be considered.

practised by them on Pharaoh successfully. The author knows that there are many who will want evidence for this rather bold assertion, which he gives in Bible language. Exodus vii: 20, 21, 22: "And Moses and Aaron did so as the Lord companded, and he lifted did so as the Lord commanded; and he lifted up the rod and smote the waters that were in the river, in the sight of Pharaob, and in the sight of his servants; and all the waters that were in the river were turned to blood. And the fish that was in the river died, and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not

was stronger than any thing below.

"Looking up, vision was lost in the depths of upper space. A glory streamed down over the tops of the steps, which was lost in the shadowy distance—a glory so brilliant, yet so soft, that the beholder gazed, awed and also with their enchantments," and they prob-

possessed. "What did the magicians do?" asks the author. "They turned the bloody water into blood; they killed the dead fish; and they made the stinking river, stink. How did the magicians do it? By enchantment. Did they enchant the bloody river, the dead fish, or the

"Who or what did the magicians enchant, is an important question to those Bible students who persistently deny the truths of Mesmerism, and admits of only one answer. They enchanted the king. And in no other way can we consistently account for the statement that "All the cattle of Egypt died," and the "first born" of those "cattle died"

"And among them, my friend," said she, turning to Mrs. Gates, "Were your lost friends. The little children von told in the connected therewith, will one to the connected therewith will one to the connected the connected therewith will one to the connected the of endless duration. To me that future is a land of flowers and sunshine, for every man and woman and child of earth who have done the best they could here, and without wronging others intentionally; a place of happiness for good people; the possibility of becoming better there, the same as here.

"Mesmerism teaches the value of impressions. Be careful then of every word you say, of every act you do; for if Mesmerism is true, your words and deeds will affect others for good or evil, and may bless you, or haunt you, not in this life only, but most assuredly, for a season in the life to come.

"Every good or bad impression that you make on another mind—as sure as God is just-must affect you, as long as it does that one. Neither silver or gold pass current in the land of souls. Good deeds and kind words are the only passports that ticket you through the gates of the celestial city, or into the presence of the good and the pure.'

PAUL AND PERSIS. By Mary E. Brush. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Cloth, \$1,25.

An interesting story of the Revolutionary struggle in the Mohawk Valley. Apart from the exciting scenes it describes, it is a pretty picture of home-life among the German Palatines. It is a pleasing way of teaching history in the form of a story.

#### Magazines for December not before Mentioned.

LADIES' FLORAL CABINET. (Published at No. 22 Vesey St., New York.) A monthly magazine containing interesting articles upon Floriculture, Gardening. etc.

THE NORMAL TEACHER AND EXAMINER. (J. E. Sherrill, Danville, Ind.) A journal of education devoted to school work and a free discussion of educational topics.

## Voice of the People.

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: I had a serious disease of the lungs, and was for a time confined to my bed and under the care of a physician. His prescriptions did not help me. I grew worse, coughing very severely. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery" and it cured me.

Yours respectfully, JUDITH BURNETT, Hillsdale, Mich.

A natural intermittent spring has recently formed in the Jachére (Hameau de l' Argentiere, Hautes Alps). At regular intervals of five and seven minutes, it yields ten litres of water each time. It is very remarkable that the first time it consists of luke warm and colorless water, the second of cold but winered water.—Nature.

\*\* "Every truth has two sides; look at both before committing yourself to either." Kidney-Wort challenges the closest scrutiny of its ingredients and its grand results. It has nothing to fear from truth. Doctors may disagree as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting.

#### " Made New Again."

Mrs. Wm. D. Ryckman, St. Catharines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., I have used your "Favorite Prescription," "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Pieasant Purgative Pellets," for the last three months and find myself—(what shall I say)—'made new again,' are the only words that owners it. are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope, my immediate death seemed certain. I now live (to the surprise of every body) and am able to do my own work."

May," has met with a complete failure in England. The critics agree in condemning it, as crude in conception, clumsy in construction. weak and often peurile in dialogue, and totally devoid of dramatic quality.

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Mountain cork, a species of amphibole, has recently been successfully used in Germany as a substitute for animal charcoal for the removal of color from molasses.

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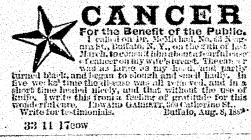
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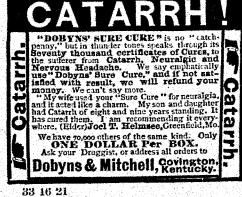
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Mr. Georgo H. Davis, a Fruit Dealer at 297 Westminsto Street, bears his grateful testimony to the unequalical excel lence of the production of one of our most skilful Prospicaco Pharmacists. Mr. Davis says, "Lost opening I was very creat ly troubled with inflammation of the Lieneys, and it became so bad that at times I urinated blood, and my sufferings were intense. My condition was so painful that for a while I was scarcely able to attend to business, and the severe pains w mid come so suddenly and severely that I would be obliged to leave a customer whom I might happen to be waiting upon. Tennyson's new play, "The Promise of shew what to do or which way to look for relief. At this time During a part of the time I was unable to wall, and scarcely a friend recommended Hunt's Remedy. I took two bottles o it, and it took right hold of my disease and cured me ve speedily, and I have experienced no trouble with my knine

> "Furthermore, Hunt's Remedy has strengthened me ver much, and since I began to use it I have been able to attend to business, and am all right now. I heartily recommend it to all. What it has done for me it will do for you who are milicted."

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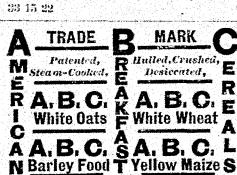
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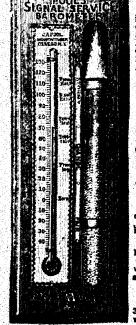
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CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 23, 1882.

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#### Christmas Greeting !

A merry, merry Christmas, to the host of kind appreciative readers, able, devoted contributors and earnest supporters of the Jour-NAL! May you, one and all, be able to gather | if you ask evangelists the ratio of their sucaround the family board, and bidding dull cess, they will be apt to give the same. care begone, forget for the time all the trials incident to life, in the sweet reunions which the day shall bring. May you

At Christmas play, and make good cheer, For Christmus comes but once a year.

whom the holidays bring no merry hours, yet may your spiritual experiences have so disciplined you that you can hopefully, peacefully and contentedly await the time of release from all that now detracts from complete happiness. May you one and all as you hear

> ". . . the bells on Christmas Day Their old, familiar carols play, And wild and sweet The words repeat Of peace on earth. Good will to men!"

join with one voice in a grand refrain: "Peace on earth, Good will to men!"

To those within the ranks of Spiritualism

who differ with the JOURNAL, we wish, with equal heartiness, a merry, merry Christmas! If those differences are honestly held, we respect the holders none the less, as individnals, however little respect we have for some of their convictions. We have much to thank them for, in keeping us wide awake and subject to their criticism. All that is merited in their opposition does us good; all that is unmerited can in the course of events, do us no harm. In the perfect assurance that time and further experience, either in this life or in the hereafter, will show that, as a whole, the Journal's course has always been close in the track of Truth, we rest content. And

we can extend the right hand of fellowship to all honest men and women; for however widely our intellectual beliefs may differentiate us from some of them, the same honest, progressive spirit must animate all in common; and hence in the last analysis we shall together pass the crucial tests essential to further unfoldment. To those whose tricks and quirks we have

been obliged in the line of duty to lay bare. for the public good and highest interests of Spiritualism, we extend the compliments of the season. May the disciplining they have received, open their eyes to the enormity of their offenses and teach them that "the way of the transgressor is hard," that no amount of fleeting gain can compensate them for prostituting their souls. May the lessons borne in upon them so change their "lines of least resistance," that it shall hereafter be easier for them to do right than to commit wrongs; may they resolve to lead such lives as shall attract only good and pure spirits, both in and out of the flesh. And in these struggles toward the better way we cordially | that he has any gift that would be more offer them our earnest help and that of the JOURNAL'S readers. The JOURNAL only demands justice! and demands it both for the offended and the offender. No one can rightfully ask for more, the Journal can do no

To non-Spiritualists, including those who bitterly but conscientiously oppose Spiritual-

you to a candill consideration of the facts of | spite of all opposition. Spiritualism as set forth from week to week in the JOURNAL. We do not appeal to your hopes or fears, we do not play upon your emotions, nor strive to fire your imagination. One Copy, one year, ... .......\$2.50 We simply ask you to patiently investigate for yourselves, and we will give you all the aid we can, and before another Christmas comes we hope to number many of you among the Journal's subscribers.

#### Cumberland the Thought Reader.

It is notable how eagerly men will grasp

at any weapon with which to attack teach-

ings they do not like. When mesmerism be-

came popular in the United States, it was denounced as impossible, as a fraud, as wicked; but the fuller revelation of Spiritualism came, and these same persons insisted that it was nothing-it was only mesmerism. They were willing to accept mesmerism if thereby they could damage Spiritualism. So of the so-called psychologic experimentsfrequently coarse, always undignified, the clergy shrunk from them, and those of their flock who did attend the meetings, went to laugh, and the coarser the jest, the louder the laugh. Quite recently a professor of this "art" discovered that he could make capital by declaring that by means of his exhibitions he could prove Spiritualism to be a delusion. Presto, change! the church doors flew open to him, and ministers themselves attended, and executed wild dances sometimes. All this to damage Spiritualism, quite unconscious that if some of the phenomena of Spiritualism were produced, there were more parallels to be found in revival scenes than in scances: that if the exhibition seemed to hit Spiritualism a hard blow, it went far to prove that all theology was a delusion, every revival a farce, that all religious emotion, all the good of prayer, all the worth of the Bible, the very ideas of God, of heaven and hell, of a future life, were only subjective visions, having no real basis. True, people were changed, lived better lives under these influences because they continued to attend the meetings, to subject themselves to the same influences, till habit was established. Arguing no further than they did, all these things would be

This matter does not alarm the Spiritualist. He does not look for one in ten, but for every one in the scance to perceive the same things. He knows of psychic conditions which produce delusion, but he also knows of such con-May you realize the presence of the "loved ditions producing higher knowledge. The ones gone before," and may their influence psychologizing preachers have only half elevate and ennoble the joys of the hour. learned their lesson; they must hasten to think they are deluders and that professed psychologists can produce all the phenomena that Moody and Sankey can.

as true as the assertion that Spiritualism

was false because certain delusions could be

produced. Psychologists say they can affect

but one in ten; others say one in twenty, and

Like the psychologists, Mr. Cumberland, the "thought-reader," as he delights to call himself, endeavors to enlist supporters by professing to expose Spiritualism; and he has so far been moderately successful in drawing people to witness his performance, not in a real exposure. He may crack his toe-joints loudly as he pleases, and the Spiritualist will only laugh at his cleverness. He utterly fails to account for the raps. He may play as many conjuror's tricks as he pleases, we shall be glad to witness his dexterity, but it will not explain phenomena such as we have all witnessed. He may wrong and confuse a medium giving the ballot test, and make it appear to be a failure, (but the Times reporter declared it was not a failure. that the medium displayed greatly more power than his critic); we only smile at the exposer's assumed simplicity.

We should like this thought-reader to do what we have seen done-sit down with closed eyes before a heap of more than 200 ballots, pick up one, hand it to an appointed judge, then seizing a pencil (eyes still closed) write with wonderful rapidity a communication, sign it, hand it to the judge, who compared the name with that on the ballot, and in every case they were found to be identical. This would puzzle Mr. C. He has challenged Slade; finding he is out of town, he has fixed the date for the competition so close at hand that it is likely Slade cannot even hear of it till after the scornful boast has gone over the country, that "Slade is afraid to meet Cumberland." This does not look honest.

The man may be a medium, and adopt denunciation of Spiritualism as a means of drawing a larger audience. He makes a great mistake. He can "draw" two or three times, and then the people will have had enough of his imitations, and desert him. Never yet was a man successful merely as a denouncer. Men always have, always will, turn from the man who simply does not believe, to the one who does; they prefer one who has a truth to unfold, to one who has only a lie to exhibit. And yet, as Cumberland's modes are detailed to us, we do not see than curious. Dr. Geo. M. Beard in a letter to us says: "Cumberland does very many tricks of mediums and does them well, but in them I have no particular interest, except in the raps that he produces with his joints through phystological idiosyncrasy: this is a rare phenomenon."

Exposers have been numerous; they have ism, and those vast numbers who are looking arisen from nowhere in particular and re- paper, to ignore zealous hobbyists on the board not later than Saturday.

wistfully toward Spiritualism for further turned to their own place, and the world has light upon the most vital questions of exist. | not cared to ask after them; yet Spiritualence, we extend hearty greeting! We invite ism lives and grows, and will live and grow,

> If Spiritualists gave the prominence they deserve to the merely psychic phenomena occurring so frequently among us; if there were not so many ready to attribute everything that occurs to the influence of an outside spirit, ignoring the wonderful power of the spirit in the form, such "exposers" would only be hailed as fellow-students, questioning, examining phenomena to get at their inner significance, doing no harm to Spiritualism, but giving needed help to investigation. If Mr. Cumberland and others who may follow shall succeed in ridding us of superstition; and enable us to know when our loved ones are really present, and when the medium is only a "thought-reader," giving back to us our own thoughts, restoring old memories, they will do a great good to the cause. Surely as we know that spirits return, we are not less sure that hosts of phenomena occur, and are accepted as tests, when they are the results of purely psychic conditions, and the so-called medium is not, at least in such cases, a medium for an outside spirit at all, but only a "thought reader." If Mr. Cumberland has a truth to utter, we shall applaud the utterance: if he has a falsehood to expose, we will help him do it; but if he hopes-which we do not suppose he does-to prove Spiritualism false, he has taken a larger contract than he can execute.

#### The Expression of a Judicial Mind.

A Letter of Approval from Hon. W. K. McAllister, for Twenty-five Years a Leading Lawyer, formerly on the Supreme Bench of the State of Illinois and now one of the Judges of the Appellate Court of the State.

Although the following letter might at first blush, seem of so personal a nature that its publication would violate conventional propriety, yet as it treats of the editor and his relations to the public, and gives such a clear statement of matters of vital interest to Spiritualism, we venture its publication. Emanating as it does from a gentleman who stands in the front rank of a profession distinguished for profound learning and the ability to weigh evidence, the letter is of great value not only in support of the methods and policy of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but, incidentally, of the stupendous facts of Spiritualism:

WAUKEGAN, III., Dec. 9th, 1882. Col. John C. Bundy.

DEAR SIR,-Yours of the 6th in reply to mine of the 3rd inst., was duly received and I must thank you for your kind invitation, of which I will surely avail myself, whenever circumstances will permit.

I do not suppose we outsiders can half appreciate the difficulties you have encountered and the hostility you have experienced, in endeavoring to conduct the JOURNAL upon And if there shall be those among you to learn the rest or their devotees will soon the plan and principles which you adopted soon after taking control. I have, however, perceived pretty strong evidence of some of them. Undeserved unpopularity for the first few years, was a result you could not have failed to anticipate, nor the pecuniary sacrifice incident thereto. The purpose has seemed to me (a not unexperienced observer) to be to elevate the tone of spiritualistic thought, by ever keeping in view the higher objects of life, in almost every phase, and striking at the shackles which confine the nobler impulses of human nature, in whatever form they may exist. And, although a careful reader of the JOURNAL. I have vet to discover the first instance, in which, you appeared to me, to have swerved one jota from that purpose. Spiritualism, as it is called, is from its very nature, when embraced by certain classes of minds, peculiarly subject to the growth of that, which seems to another class of minds, very much like a mere excrescence caused and nourished by credulity and superstition, both of which have, long since, been tried and condemned in the forum of modern thought and civilization. But when you attack them, the cry of persecution is raised, and you are denominated an enemy to the cause, that is, of Spiritualism, which will surely perish, unless that growth can be effectually restrained and reason and sound philosophy substituted and maintained. There is no one sect, there is no one religion, or system of philosophy, which embraces all truth, wisdom, or even errors. There is some good and many errors in all of them. Spiritualism has its full share of both; and the pointing them out and drawing the distinction between them, is an ever-continuing demand and difficulty. That, as I conceive it, is the mission of the Journal as respects the cause it has espoused, which embraces every object calculated to elevate the human mind and ameliorate the condition of all classes of human beings, so far as they may be suffering in the bonds of ignorance, vice or superstition. I cannot perceive why any man, who has a due regard for the welfare of society, should not support the JOURNAL even though he may belong to the popular churches of the day. But, as to those who are interested in and derive comfort from the spiritual philosophy, like myself, the duty is obvious; and I have no doubt that if you will struggle on bravely as you have done, against all the troubles that have and may now beset you, your ultimate success is no problem of difficult solution. That you may live to fulfill the mission assigned you

> crowned with success, is the ardent wish of W. K. MCALLISTER.

To hold the JOURNAL firmly and steadily to its course is a task so difficult and trying that we never expect "outsiders can half appreciate" it; we shall be content if the objects aimed at. are accomplished, as they now seem in a fair way to be. No paper, political or religious, can ever be a great paper, or do its best work unless thoroughly independent of party or sect, in the pursuit of the objects for which it was established. It is no light task to stand unswervingly to duty, to reject the advances of those desiring undeservedly to profit by the approval of a

in this world of trouble, and be ultimately

your friend, etc.

one hand and ignorant pretenders on the other, to denounce by name charlatans who prey upon the public, to expose popular errors prevalent among the class upon which it depends for patronage, to decline advertising space to doubtful schemes; in a word, to work for the best interests of the greatest number. All this the Journal has done and will continue to do.

Between the fanatics and fraude within the ranks of Spiritualism and the bigots and pretenders outside, the Journal is kept busy. To admit that every thing within a party or sect is not all it should be, is in the eyes of zealous partizans a sin, but to proclaim these defects and evils, and attempt a reformation within the party or sect, is rank heresy subjecting those guilty of it to the direst penalties within the power of fanatics and those who feed and grow fat upon the folly and weakness of mankind; and often, too, to the animosity of the poor dupes upon whom the vampires feed.

"Underserved unpopularity" with some good but mistaken Spiritualists, was of course to be expected, as well as the withholding of their patronage; but slowly this class is coming to a better understanding and appreciation of the Journal's work and rallying to its support. The objects sought by the Jour-NAL, its methods and policy, are sure to be approved by every well-meaning person when fully comprehended. But the JOURNAL neither seeks nor desires the good will of those whose sole interest in Spiritualism is of a selfish, mercenary nature.

That we have made great pecuniary sacrifice is true, but we shall not regret it if our readers will let the words of Judge Mc Allister sink leep into their hearts and inspire them to assist in extending the circulation and influence of the Journal, and in carrying forward the work in hand by all fair means. We now have your moral support and that of hosts who do not read the JOURNAL regularly give us as well, financial assistance in proportion to your moral aid and you will see Spiritualism take such a hold on the public as never before was known. The facts of Spiritualism are of vital interest to all, its philosophy, pure and elevating; the great world stands ready to accept both and is only hindered by the obstacles which the Journal is striving to obliterate or repress. As the New Year draws nigh, let it be one of the tasks you take on for 1883 to do your level best to sustain the JOURNAL in its work and thereby hasten the day of universal knowledge of Spirit Communion.

### Where is the Spirit-World?

In a recent sermon by Rev. J. E. Searles reported by the New York Herald, the preacher

"Where, then, is this world? Is it beyond the stars? What difference whether it be near or far? Why may there not he an unseen universe within the seen, even as the soul within the body? To the deaf man this is a silent world, yet sound exists; to a blind man it is dark, yet there is light. Why may there not be all around us a spirit world shut off from the observation of our gross, material senses? We are conscious of the Holy Spirit, though we never see him. Why not other spirits be equally near? I think the existence of such a realm is no more inconsistent with physical fact than the color of a rose or

its perfume is with the form of its leaves." He can say this, but try to demonstrate its truth to him, as can easily be done, and he would shrink back appalled. To find heaven is here, that spirits of the departed dwell with us, 'that the "intermediate state" between earth and highest development, is a fact, would be reason enough for refusing to examine it. True, the Bible supports this, but his creed does not. It is amusing to witness the anxiety of the average preacher for the "resurrection of the body," an idea so materialistic and gross, born of paganism, but rejected by most thinkers and so many preachers, that those who still hold to it are compelled to extra diligence in proclaiming their faith, lest they should be suspected of what they deem to be unorthodox belief. For our part, we are sure the resurrection of the body in the same form as when living, is imnossible, and we are glad of it. "Thou fool that which is sown is not that which shall "It is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body," said Paul, and Spiritualists beyond all others, know that the spiritual body does not wait for a judgment day before arising. All that can perish dies, but the spiritual body cannot die, nor can it be prisoned in a dead body, hence resurrection is, of necessity must be, at the moment of death

## The Adventists Agitated.

The Adventists of Battle Creek, Mich., are greatly excited over an alleged spiritual vision of Mrs. Ellen G. White, wife of the late Elder James White, leader of that sect. in which is preferred charges of worldliness against Elder Uriah Smith, editor of the Review and Herald, and also against W. C. Gage, manager of the Review office and Mayor of the city. She demands their removal for the good of the cause, and it is thought they will resign after the conference next week.

Owing to the great amount of press work on hand, we have been annoyed for some weeks by delays in getting the outside pages of the JOURNAL to press promptly. We have therefore arranged for a new press to be put in, and have the promise that hereafter there will be no delay. The immense amount of second class mail matter handled at the Chicago postoffice renders it necessary for the JOURNAL to be mailed as early in the week as possible in order to reach the Atlantic sea-

#### A Word of Advice from Amateurs.

The National Amateur Press association in resolutions adopted at the seventh annual Convention, give the following excellent ad-

"We call upon the religious and secular press, as the great educator of the masses, to keep the subject bofore the people, to sound aloud the notes of alarm, and themselves to carefully exclude from their columns everything which would lower the standard of literary excellence.

We call upon all ministers, of all denominations, to give this subject special attention from the pulpit, and to set apart one Sabbath at least, in the year, to inforce upon parents their duty in regard to this matter, and to show the young of their congregations the dangers and evil tendencies of indiscriminate reading.

"We call upon parents, as the guardians of youth, to keep themselves informed as to what their children are reading, and encourage a desire for that which is healthful, by paironizing such periodicals as "Golden Days," "Wide Awake," "St. Nicholas" and the "Youth's Companion."

#### GENERAL NOTES.

[Notices of Meetings, movements of Lecturers and Mediums, and other items of interest, for this column are solicited, but as the paper goes to press Tuesday P. M., such notices must reach this officeon Monday .]

Mrs. Cornelia Gardner of Rochester, N. Y. has been quite ill.

G. H. Brooks, the lecturer, has been in Mendota, Ill., quite sick from lung fever.

Mr. A. J. Simpson and family of Omaha. spent last week in Chicago, attending Mrs. Allyn's lectures. Mr. Simpson is a veteran Spiritualist.

The Theosophist conducted by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, will henceforth be published at Madras, India. Address all letters for her at that place.

Societies desiring an engagement for February with Lyman C. Howe, should address him at once at Fredonia, New York. He

ought to be kept busy in the West all winter. Will each subscriber strive to send us one or more new yearly subscribers before the year closes? Each reader can do it if a fair trial is made. The more subscribers, the better paper we can give you.

Maurice Burgen, of Monroe, Iowa., had so strong a presentiment that his earthly course was almost run that several months ago he made a bet with a friend of a suit of clothes against a coffin that he would be dead before Dec. 1st. He won the bet, and was handsomely buried a fortnight ago.

A petition signed by representatives of the Boards of Health of every important city in the country has been presented to Congress. Its request is very moderate, for it only asks an appropriation of \$20,000 in order that the system of inspection of immigrants may be continued.

Mr. Augustus Day of Detroit, Mich., writes: Of late I have witnessed some very remarkable tests of spirit presence at my residence. through the mediumship of Mr. H. O. Sommers now of this city, and I most cheerfully recommend him to the notice of the public. He can also be engaged as a lecturer and character reader. He can be addressed in my care at 26 Park Place, Detroit, Mich.

An Ohio Judge recently decided that a publie school house can not lawfully be used for religious purposes, unless the same be a part of secular education or instruction. He says: "It seems to me clear that school property cannot be used for religious or Sunday school purposes, which by the very fact of its being religious in character might well debar all or a portion of the children of the district from attending by reason of religious convictions or conscientious scruples of such children or their parents. The injunction will be made perpetual, restraining the "Board of Education from permitting said school house to be used for Sunday school or other religous purposes."

Dr. J. B. Hall, editor of the Fargo Republican, D. T., has been in the city during the past week. He visited two mediums, Mrs. Simpson, No 45 N. Sheldon St., and Mrs. O. A. Bishop, No. 15 North Peoria St., and he received through their mediumship some excellent tests, and he will undoubtedly return to his post of duty, more fully convinced than ever, that the invisibles do communicate with the denizens of earth. Being an editor of the leading paper in Dakota, and deeply engrossed in politics and in promoting the material interests of the city that he has selected for a permanent home, it is indeed refreshing for him to have his hopes confirmed by conversing with those who had just escaped from the physical casket and are now enjoying the scenes of the spiritual realms. Dr. Hall was formerly a resident of this city and he is held in high esteem here by a large circle of influential friends.

The New York Tribune gives some interesting statistics about suicides in that city during the last twelve years. In that time 1.687 persons took their own lives: 1.326 were men and 361 were women. This sustains the old theory that women are much more patient than the opposite sex, and are able to bear, or at least do bear, suffering and sorrow better than men. Poison was the favorite method of exit for 540 persons, while hanging had charms for 272. Judging from this preference for the noose; we waste a good deal of sympathy for criminals who are sent to the gallows. There were 701 Germans who destroyed themselves, and only 211 Irishmen. This is about what was to be expected. The Germans are of a cold, despondent temperament which does not help them to bear up under misfortune. But volatile, hopeful Irishmen who come to New York of course do not want to die. Why should they? . Is there not a fat city office or wide political "infloonce" ready even for the humblest?

An Italian Story of Spirit Return.

The Journal is indebted to its esfeemed correspondent. Sebastiano Fenzi for the following touching incident. The account is written by his daughter. D. D. Home, the celebrated medium and warm friend of the Journal, is also entitled to thanks for having brought about the acquaintance between it and the accomplished Italian student of Spiritualism.—ED. JOURNAL.] The story I have to relate is a simple and

sad one, but it is true and may interest Spiritualists, and that is why I write it.

In the small village of Sant Andrea, seven miles from Florence, lives a poor but industrious and honest family—Poneti by name—whom I have known all my life. With the desire of helping their parents, the oldest son and daughter opened a small shop in Florence, and for a time all prospered with them. The daughter. Annunziata, a very amiable and handsome girl about 25 fabricator of a special providence whenever years of age, was engaged to be married to he accomplished any meritorious work, or the son of a well-to-do respectable Florentine one that tended to elevate humanity in the merchant, Guiseppi Bigalli, but a month bescale of existence. She defined the differ-fore the day fixed for the wedding the young man died suddenly, leaving his betrothed and his father plunged in the deepest grief. Poor Annunziata was still in tears for her lost love when the bereaved father came to her and said: "In losing my only son I have also lost you, who were to become my daughter. I am now quite alone in the world: take compassion upon me, and come and be my

could not even utter the words that such a thing was impossible. In time, however, the thought of dedicating her whole life to her lover's father presented itself to her mind, and the additional consideration that by so doing she would be able to help her poor family, decided her to sacrifice herself and

she became his wife. A year passed and she brought into the world a fine boy, on whom she centred all her affection. As she showed him to me one day her face lighted up with one of her rare and lovely smiles, and I understood that her

whole life was wrapped up in her child's.

Not for long, poor girl, was she to enjoy
this earthly happiness. Death came, and
again snatched away her dearest treasure. How she lived through this second ordeal nobody can tell, but she rallied miraculously and the following year gave birth to a pale little daughter, which once more brought hope and joy to the poorgirl's heart. Alas for the short lived happiness! Hardly eight short months had passed when the dread destroyer again knocked at the door. It was too terrible! When the poor mother with her own hands placed her dead darling in its little coffin and covered it with flowers, her eyes were dry and her face strangely calm and peaceful; and as she bent over the little face she was heard to whisper: "It is not for long my little angel! Soon years goon. I shall long, my little angel! Soon, very soon, I shall join my babes in heaven."

From that day her health gave way. She was often feverish and a short cough harassed her continually. Her husband consulted the heart during t

Business had retained her husband in Flerence, so after two months, feeling somewhat better, she determined to rejoin him. I saw her when she left her old home. Tears filled her eyes; and more than that there was a farewell look in them which went to my very heart. Her last words to me were an earnest request not to forget her bed-ridden sister, but to go and sit with her sometimes.

"I shall be so grateful to you, Signorina," she said, and will never forget you in my prayers.

I kissed her and she was gone. I was never to see her again in this world. She now rapidly became worse; soon became unable to leave her beg and sent for her mother to come and nurse her. Who can describe the anguish of that poor woman and of the devoted husband as they saw this lovely, gentle creature daily losing ground and approaching-although with serene composure-the end of her sad young life? But she, for her part, never complained of her hard lot. Her thoughts were ever for those she was to leave behind and she begged her husband to think of and provide for those who had always been so dear to her when she should be no longer there to help them. All too soon came the cruel end. "Good-bye, mother," she said, early one morning-it was the 14th of April of the present year-"Good-bye! I know I am dying-I cannot see you any longer. Do not sorrow for me too much. am longing to see my children, they are waiting for me in heaven."

Then with words of deepest affection she bade her husband, her father, and her brothers, Good-bye," and once more turning to her mother she said:

"Kiss my sister for me, and tell her I take me in your arms, mother, for I wish to sleep!"

And she fell asleep and never woke again. A heavenly smile was seen to flit over her lips and her spirit was gone! The clock pointed to half-past six. The previous evening I had been to the village to see Vittoria, her sister, who with bitter sobs spoke to me of her grief at not being able to join her mother in tending "their dear little Annun-

"It is so hard, Signorina," said she, "to know she is dying, and not to be able to move from this bed and go to her."

Next day I returned to the poor girl. 1 found her brother with her and both of them in tears. 3This is what Vittoria said to me: "My sister is dead, Signorina, but God has been very good to me for he has allowed me to see her again, and O how bright and happy she looked!"

I gave a start of surprise, and she continued like a person in a dream, all her tears now dried up: "I woke up suddenly this morning and was praying that I might have better news of my dear sister, when she appeared before me just as if she had come through the wall. She was all in white; one baby she carried in her arms, the other followed her closely. She passed before my bed, smiled such a smile of intense happiness and disappeared. I did not call, or move, or cry, although I felt that my sister was no the neighbors came into my room and I | TROCHES have proved their ef asked her what o'clock it was. It was about of many years. Price 25 cts.

A Vision. half-past six—and it was just at that hour my sister died."

My heart was very full. I kissed the

poor girl and consoled her as best I could, and have no great faith in visions.

COSTANZI FENZI. Florence, Italy.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn at 52 South Ada St.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

As usual, last Sunday morning, Mrs. Allyn commenced the services by reading a poem from her modern Bible, defining the true status of a progressive infidel. It was full of suggestive thoughts and interesting illustration bearing upon the career of an infidel. She then took up the question, "What constitutes special Providences?" and carefully analyzed the same, assuming that man in his varied employments on earth, became the presented by Christians to-day, and those that are outwrought through the instru-mentality of man. In answer to the question, "What distinction, if any, do you make between the soul and spirit?" she defined the soul as essentially pure in all respects, but its environments were such that it could not always fully express itself. It was not the soul that led to impurity, wrong doing She was struck dumb with amazement and | and the committal of the various sins of the day, but the various faculties of the brain that had been given certain well-defined tendencies through unfavorable pre-natal influence, bail example or pernicious training. The soul, per se, in texture and quality, is unchangeable. In reply to the question, live in the same form in the Spirit-world?"

"Do animals have spirits-if so, do they she gave it as her opinion that animals do not have spirits that survive the death of their respective bodies. She alluded to the mammoths of ancient times, which have disappeared from the earth in consequence of its advanced state, and not being fitted for earth, they could not possibly assume an advanced plane in spirit-life. Death ends all with them. At the close of the morning service she improvised a poem, "Florence Nightingale," that was warmly welcomed.

In the evening an excellent audience convened to hear the inspired utterances of the speaker. She read a poem selected from the speaker. She read a poem selected from the many fascinating productions of Miss Lizzie Doten, entitled "Mr. Display." She then took up the question, "What is intuition and what is conscience?" defining each, and illustrating beautifully the deleterious influence that is often exerted by a cultivated conscience. Showing how it would under the stimulus of showing how it would, under the stimulus of pernicious teachings, burn heretics, stifle the free thought of a Galileo, and become a heartless persecutor. A conscience, however, untrammeled by theological teachings, and left freely to the generous, enno-From that day her health gave way. She was often feverish and a short cough harassed her continually. Her husband consulted the best doctors, lavished every care upon her, and spared nothing in the fond hope of seeing his young wife restored to health. At first she felt a longing to go to the coast and breathe the sea air, but suddenly changed her mind and expressed the desire to return for a time to her native village. Her husband, only too happy to graffy her slightest wish, teok her to the old Lone, where she helped her mother in her household duties and passed much of her time at the bedside of her sister, who had been an invalid for many months from rheumatic pains.

Whencever I went to see lier she spoke to me and the constant of the churches to educate conscience in a manner that stifled its best and holiest aspirations. In conclusion she psychometrized two states of the short time, and the constant first should allow the continually. Her husband only gone from her for a short time.

Business had retained her husband in were pronounced as being mainly correct.

R. H. SIMPSON, Secretary Second Society of Spiritualists. 45 North Sheldon St.

B. F. Underwood lectured to a large audience at Milwaukee last Sunday. He will speak at Paxton, III., Dec. 19th to 24th inclusive; at Danville, Iowa, 26th, 27th, 28th; at Quincy, Ill., 30th and 31st.

Miss A. M. Beecher, of the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Brooklyn, N. Y., will exchange with Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham and speak for the First Society of New York Spiritualists in Republican Hall, 31th St. and 6th Ave., Sunday Dec, 21th, 7:30 P. M.

Rev. J. Jeffreys will give the opening address for the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, Friday evening, Dec. 22nd, in the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton Ave. below Myrtle. Subject, "Peace on Earth, good will to men." A Christmas meeting.

Mrs. Milton Rathbun, of New York City, will speak at the Conference Meeting of the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, Friday evening, Dec. 29th, in the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton Avenue below Myrtle. Subject: "Watchman, tell of the night, what its signs of promise are?"

The account of Cumberland's performances in New York, as detailed by our valued correspondent, Mr. Murray, in another column, is in many respects the best exposition yet thought of her in my last moments. Now | published in any paper. That such exhibitions will have a good effect in educating Spiritualists is unquestionable. They will also intensify public interest in the subject and by obliging Spiritualists to be more cautious in accepting phenomena as of spirit origin, until all sources of error have been eliminated, will increase the store of reliable data. The result will be more confidence on the part of those desiring to investigate, that there is something worth spending time up-

> The Psychological Review for December is at hand. The first article is by that eminent Spiritualist, M. A. (Oxon.) on "Researches in Spiritualism." He treats of the various phases of materialization—materialization of inanimate objects; drapery of various textures and qualities; liquids of various kinds, and luminous appearances. It is certainly well worthy of careful perusal. Then follows interesting articles by A. A. Watts, A. J. Penny, Frank Podmore, A. M. Howitt-Watts and John S. Farmer. Price 35 cents. For sale at this office.

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"Brunswick," "California," "Delmonico,"
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#### The Youth's Companion.

of Boston, is a sprightly, entertaining paper, deservedly popular, and is, without exception, the best of its kind published in America. It is filled to overflowing with the choicest reading matter, of so diversified a character that it never fails to interest, instruct and amuse, and is welcomed in the household by young and old alike.

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### Lassed to Spirit-Life.

On Sunday December 3rd, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after a few hours illness, Benjamin Fish, of Rochester, New York, passed to the higher life peacefully and with little bodily pain, aged eighty five years and five months.

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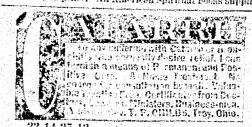
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## Voices from the People,

AND EXPORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Reggar's Last Christmas.

BY O. W. BAHNARD.

"The beggar sat in his filthy rage Besido his cheerless hearth, The world had never seemed so dark Sixco the hour that gave him birth.

Alone he eat in his silent hut, To was feeble, gray and old-The embers pale were dying out, And his heart was growing cold.

Dis manhood's strength was spent in toil-To corned his daily bread, Ent all the kindred of his youth Are numbered with the dead.

Too feeble now to leave his hut, His wonted round to tread, Among his friends of kind intent On whose bounty long he's fed:

At last he has not strength to rise, From out his crippled chair— His palsied limbs grow stiff and cold, No buman aid is there!

IBio hovel stands beside a wood, That skirts the busy town, And all day long the snow-flakes fall In whirling eddies down.

Tis Christmas! and the merry bells Are sounding in his ears, Abut no one thinks of the heggar poor. Whose eyes flow briny tears.

The winds are shricking loud-Mo faintly sees the glimmering lights Where dance the thoughtless crowd.

Trim night has poured thick darkness round,

The ombers on his hearth are dead-His beart is beating slow, While through each crevice of his hut Drifts in the blinding snow.

Here cold and darkness reign supreme Around his dying form, Dile midst their revel other hearts

Are besting high and warm. Forgotten by all human kind,

His wretched life must end! Death! a "monster," often called, Thou art his nearest friend! This Christmas night—while joy abounds,

This equalid teggar in his rags Must bid farewell to earth: Zis cap of sorrow now must drop From out his withered hand.

And all are wild with mirth,

No more to drain its bitter dregs--He nears the border land! ight breaks through his soul, A vision bright and clear! For now the loved of long ago,

En glory bright appear! Behold! his kindred and his friends. Mave gathered round him there, From out their radiant homes above,

Their love with him to share: .And just before the spark has tled, Awake his inner sight-With joy he now beholds them there.

With faces beaming bright. From earth his spirit now is free-His loving friends doth greet, Who sing their songs of welcome here,

In cadence soft and sweet. No Christmas has he ever seen. So blest with joy and peace An this amid his squalor there, That gave his soul release.

Ephourne upon the wings of love From earth he speeds away, To dwell with friends in blissful homes Through one long Christmas day.

## Words of Encouragement

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Efully appreciate the difficulties of your position. gaerance and superstition" are two gigantic foes That the against. Removing ignorance, superstition would disselve inte thin air. The problem is how teach those who don't know there is anything to sare. The trouble has come from not understand ng, it seems to me, that the spiritual is the inner principle, the cause of the outer world; that the outer's the work of the spiritual forces; that the Supreme Architect would not from the nature of

hings come in direct contact with any form of mater, hence the necessity for looking into the soul of hings in order to understand why it exists at all. I am awazed that these who well understand mechcanism, do not see in the varied forms of life which they so accurately describe in outer detail, the interpenetration of matter by a life principle; not an atom in nature but yields proof of this.

Mew close the wise ones come to truth; graze it cannothey as not see, and too often it is on account of Che vanity and pride of position, and the fear of oxing prestige among those whose applause is he breath of their nostrils. Truth, and fruth only, whether it leads to the grave, and so into life eter-rial, or to estracism and contempt of those who know rast what they do, should be ever uppermost in the mind. What does it matter what people think? I see into people and things the less I do care. I feel so near the next condition sometimes, that it seems what it struly is, only a step, only a step out of suffering, into freedom and ease. But, oh! those who are left be-bind, in the dear sister and brotherhood of humanity, and have no definite and true ideas, and have to meet the last bour in earth life in fear and trembling, Lifett so sorry for them, and would gladly wear out the rost of life doing something for them. The Christians who are devoted to their creeds, and when their loved ones are called home, can only

"The knell, the pall, the groan, the bier, And all we know, or dream, or fear" of death. Can we do anything for them? As one wrete to me a week ago, "I can only see ther vecant chair and grave. I cannot look to the eternal city, where you say she is." I know it will come, and as one by one the loved ones are called away the truth will make itself felt. But I would ilike to kelp people along without the necessity of so much suffering in order to learn. But suffering is the condition of growth, and I suppose I am try-

you are trying to make folks honest and intelli-gent, so that those who are groping for aid and light may not fall into the ditch. It is a great mission; the good you do will not show all at once, but those who benefit by it, in the hereafter will give you credit for it. It is a part of God's work which he has giver you to do, and the cross is higher than the crown. But! ch, the road is rocky, the feet bleed, the heart faints, the courage falters, but the end is not yell May yeu see the fruit of your labor ripen here, and in the hereafter realize the etendue of your life's labors. Mow Orleans, La.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Salvation's Bieth-Day.

BY THOS. HARDING.

Let the bells ring merrily, let each face be illumined by a smile, and every heart be glad, for lo! Christmas is here. We will not stop to argue to-day. Accept it, if you will, as the birthday of a literal savior, receive it as the type of a spiritual reality, it matters not, but as fellow immortals we will rejoice together. We will bestow our gifts, if but of tinsil, with a golden smile, and if we have naught else to give, we will present a cheering hope, a happy greeting and a

The world is full of Emanuels (Gods with us) and each one is the savier of his fellow. The waves of joy, pouring out from the heart, roll on and on and touch every human soul. Let us swell the tide of peace until the world is emancipated.

Who says there is no savier? Oh! The cold philescale that the time work and own salestien?

who says there is no savin? On. The cont pin-lesophy that "we must work out our own salvation." Not so! In every department of life redemption from sin and its attendent pain is typified. Unhappy is the creature who has no hope outside himself. Happy is the man who, having done the best that he could and failed, feels that there is a higher law. Some beloved one is suddenly prostrated by sickness and you rush out to find the doctor; why don't you let him work out his own cure? You do not, because in the depths of your being lies the consciousness of salvation from suffering and you feel prompted to

The merchant has a note to pay at the bank; his standing is in jeopardy: he has not the money but he applies to a friend who has, and his commercial salvation is accomplished.

You see a woman vainly struggling in the river to save her life; you plunge in and hold her head above water until the boat arrives and takes her in; you have sayed her from drowning. All these are but types of the great salvation, and our struggles are our prayers. Thank heaven there is salvation outside of ourselves, that when we have done all we could and failed, another comes to the rescue. Thank God! Thank God for this!

Let me tell a story, which hitherto it seemed too sacred to divulge, but I feel as though I had permission now. Beserve is the child of that culture which comes from deep communion with our own souls. From birth up to about two years ago, I was a child of misfortune, failure followed failure, loss succeeded loss, bereavement and mental suffering trod hard upon each other all along.

Pve seen hope wrecked upon a barren strand, And gold has changed to ashes in my hand.

One evening I sat in a condition of great despondency looking out upon the setting sun and I thought, "When is all this to end? Will it ever end, will I ever have any peace and security? Would, that I could forget my responsibility to those I love, drink the hemlock and die." Impressions of the mind which sometimes are as tangible as spoken words, came, and in obedience thereto I retired to the bedroom of my late son, who only a couple of months previous had been taken to the narrow house. There reverently uncovering my head I stood and with deep sincerity spoke nearly as follows:

"You who are so much higher, greater and better One evening I sat in a condition of great despondency

"You who are so much higher, greater and better than I, deign to bend down and listen to me. You can see my past and comprehend my present. I know you not by name, nor do I know to whom specially to apply for help in time of need. God seems so far off that it is like appealing to every thing or to nothing to apply to him. I possess not faith in Jesus; I do not even know that such a person exists. I know not where to go or whom to ask for aid. Please to instruct me and if in your power and agreeable with your designs give me just a little peace be-

That was the birth of my salvation. I think it was the next day that I saw that which I shall never forget if I live 1,000 years.

I was sitting alone—I don't remember where; I had no eyes for anything but the great fact, when in the distance appeared two personages whose eyes were fixed upon me. I knew that they were consulting along my dishes. I could see thoughts possing were used upon the. I knew that they were consul-ing about my affairs. I could see thoughts passing and repassing between them, and I could perceive the conclusion they had come to. "It is enough." I knew then that my redeemers lived and the words came to me, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee and in their arms they shall bear thee up."

I had never conceived any thing of a God that these exalted personages did not possess. They stood tall and calmly majestic, yet so mild and unpretending: though possessing a power of will almost if not altogether absolute. There was no ornamentation thout them, nor were they enveloped in an atmosphere of light; they simply wore gowns of pure white, from the band of which, around their necks, it fell in classic folds to their feet. The sleeve were loose and hung gracefully below their hands; the only parts of their persons which were visible

From that time I have had my cares and disap-pointments, perhaps like other people, but my great load was lifted and the assurance established within me that though I may be disregarded by the world, there are those invisible to the world who care for Despair may cry aloud in the darkness of her night, but joy and salvation cometh in the morning

Ah! But for death that rudely stepped between, I might be happy with my Angeline;
Ah! where's the wisdom that directs the blow, That crushes hope and lays affection low; That blasts the sunshine of our early hours, Takes peace away and leaves sad memory ours? What care I now to vindicate my fame Or place on history's page an honored name? No morning star to guide my footsteps seen, And hope lies buried with my Angeline!

Oh! There's another world beyond our sight, Where mortal wrong is made immortal right, And no dark grave can rear its mound between Thy heart, my brother, and thy Angeline.

Yes, let the bells ring merrily; let smiles illuminate each face and every heart be glad. The day for the reunion of old friends has come once again, and differences are forgotten; let us live to-day as brothers and sisters always should in the light of a glorious future and spread the glad tidings of great joy, Christmas has come again! Sturgis, Mich.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, From Under Shadows.

> > GEO. A. FULLER.

As an oak-tree's roots are strengthened by its shadows, so all defeats in a good cause are but rest-ing places on the road to victory at last.—Charles

Shadows—shadows will come in this life of ours, and we are powerless to ward them off, and when we sum up the experiences of our lives how wise the provision that they should come. How deep our sense of appreciation when the ice-chains of winter have melted, the thick, dark shadows lifted, the sun-shine falling "in kisses on the rills," charming the waters so that they seek his abode in the far-off heavens, only to fall in gentle dews and invigorating showers when the magic spell is broken, to wake the wild-wood flowers from their long sleep. Under the shadows we also wait for sunlight—we rest on the road that leads to victory at last. Life at times, may seem dark, dreary and hopeless, yet take courage, O brother, sister—you are only resting under the shadows, and if there be a noble purpose in your life, you will come out all the brighter from the "fire of sorrow." Let not sorrow consume the sewestness of your nature. A cheerful mind will brighten even the darkest pathway. Be not idle, when the clouds are gathering and the defeats of earthly ambitions stare you in the face, for great achievements spring only from earnest and untiring labor. Great shadows leave their impression upon the most obdurate of human hearts. All our defeats from thee. Let every defeat be a stepping stone to something higher. Let all thine energies be con-tred in the struggle for supremacy. Utilizing every shadow, let us make the most of every experience, discover the reason of every defeat, and press ever on undismayed, until emerging from under the shadows, victory is written on the forehead.

Shadows are the "cleansing firee" of the spirit. They bring us the ripe fruitage of discipline. Then murmur not when the chastening rod is uplifted, for a wise Father doeth all things for the best. His love

s the silver lining of every cloud that casts its shad ow over our poor trembling and bleeding hearts. The

"In the cruel fire of sorrow
"In the cruel fire of sorrow
Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let they hand be firm and steady,
Do not let thy spirit quail.
But wait till the trial is over,
And to the the heart cast. And take thy heart again: For as gold is tried by fire, So a heart must be tried by pain."

Thick clouds may gather over us and shadows Thick clouds may gather over us and shadows abide within our hearts, yet the day is not far distant when the sun of peace and prosperity shall dispel them. One day while gazing at the lofty hills in the Old Granite State, I saw the shadows come creeping over fertile fields covered with bending grain, steal noiselessly up the mountain side, as some passing cloud floated between the sun and the earth. When the shadow lifted, the landscape seemed to glow with an unwonted light; the grain in the valglow with an unwonted light; the grain in the val-ies lifted their drooping heads and smiled, the birds sang sweeter songs than ever before, and the old trees on the mountain shook their heads and laughed with glee. The strange and weird workings of na-ture are like the struggle of the human soul with passion, crime, and the dark shadows of adversity and as nature always conquers in the end—so will the great shadow be lifted and we pass from under the chastening rod, more calm, more placid, more beautiful than ever before.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Ministry of Spirits.

BY MES. MARIA M. KING.

"He giveth his angels charge concerning us."

Here is a declaration of an inspired one of the olden time, and it is in perfect accord with the inspirations of the present time, and with the experiences of those who have become susceptible to spiritual realities. The "angels," or messengers of the Most High, we understand to be the spirits of men, who having experienced life in the flesh, are fitted to minister to those in physical life, knowing their needs and their infirmities, and feeling the sympathy which close relationship only makes possible between intelligent beings. We claim that the testimony of scripture is in favor of this opinion, the belief of the Christian world to the contrary notwithstanding. We love to cherish the idea that our standing. We love to cherish the idea that our loves—the ties of kindred, are as eternal as our being, and in the Divine economy, are to serve as the levers for helping to uplift humanity from stage to stage in its upward progress.

As we are born into the world dependent upon

As we are born into the world dependent upon parental care, as the mother alone can exercise the true mother-love, and care properly for the infant, which is part of her own being, it follows in the nature of things, that the relationship continue, and that the care it involves shall also continue, subject in its exercise and modifications to the different conditions of life into which offspring are successively ushered. The chain of parental love extends down from the Supreme through parents to offspring to the latest generation that can live on a planet, and guardianship descends in the same channel from parents and kindred to children and kindred. So there can never be one born that can be an uncared there can never be one born that can be an uncared for waif in God's world. The law is as fixed as that of attractive force in the physical universe, kinship by blood establishing magnetic relations like those governing in material nature, only superior in their manifestations as intelligent beings are superior to

The notion that angels are an order of beings distinct from mankind, exercising the prerogative of ministering to men, shutting out the departed from the office that is born with them, it may be said, and as much theirs to exercise in the higher life as any other fearling is at after variance, with naturals any other faculty, is at utter variance with nature's law. In the material and spiritual universe there is conformity of action. Laws and modes are propa-gated from one to the other, exhibiting themselves in the higher as a perfect exemplification of what they are in the lower. Between the parent sun and the worlds born of it, dependent upon it, no order of forces can intervene to usurp the reciprocal functions of parents and offspring, which continue while the worlds are in being. It is thus that nature sorder is preserved; it is the universal plan; and by it, the "harmony of the spheres" represents that of spirit-life, where the relationships of life as established in the first state of existence, continue as a perpetual spur to personal exertion and progress, contributing to individual happiness in a degree but dimly foreshadowed by earthly loves.

The ministry of spirits—what does it signify? Let those answer, who, in hours of distress, when human help has seemed to fail, have experienced the power of spirits to help—to give light and hope when before all was darkness and despair. What multitudes can bear witness to their efficiency at the bed of sickness and in seasons of extreme peril and trial, when the swift impression of spirit-help, the sudden prompting to a certain course of action, or the secret assurance of help and safety, are such helps as bear the burdened spirit up and strengthen it to labor and endure. When my husband was prostrated upon his bed, a day or two after having an arm amputated, he began to sink rapidly from nervous exhaustion. Hope of recovery at once fled from his heart and mine. He said to me, "I shall not stay with you long," and my judgment responded that he would not, and my spirits sunk proportionably. In that moment inspiration came upon me and uplifted me with a giant's strength. A spirit said through my lips: "Try to live and you can. You will not die; your work is not done yet; live for your family." These words and this idea were as far from my mind as the east is from the west; but because I was susceptible to spirit influ-ence, they were put into my mouth by an attending ence, they were put into my mouth by an attending spirit, who understood the necessity of prompt ac-tion to save the patien, at this crisis. How they in-spired the sufferer with hope and courage, that en-abled him to stem the tide of weakness that threatened dissolution! What a tower of strength they were to me, inspiring courage to act and nerving my system to impel the magnetic force into the exhausted nerves, that were a healing balm to them! Many, many times before this and since, have I had demonstrated to me the fact of spirit ministry, and that there can be no lack of this guardian care where it is needed. Susceptibility to spirit influence—what an aid is this to spirit watchers, who need the co-operation of their charges, to enable them to do the best they can for them?

Under any and all circumstances, to feel sure that spirits are near, to watch for our good, is, in a measkeeping ourselves en rapport with them, so when emergencies arise they can the more readily prompt and direct. This does not mean that we are always to be looking for spirits to be at hand and ready to exhibit their power in one way and in a great variety of ways for our special edifi-cation and amusement; but it does mean that we are to have faith in an overruling providence, which is exercised by spirits, as appointed by the wisdom which rules in the universe. Our guardians in spir-it are no less God-sent because they are our fathers and our mothers, our children, brothers, sisters and friends, whom love prompts to the necessary work. They are appointed and helped in this work by those higher than they, who study the capacity of all for this office of guardinaship, and also the re-quirements of all men and appoint such as are best fitted for the office to attend closely upon earth's children. This is the order in spirit-life, as we are instructed, and it is the order of wisdom and capacity to control and direct where weakness and dependence are making ceaseless demands upon strengti and efficiency.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Old and the New Christmas.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

There is special cause for congratulation in the difference between the old Christmas and the new Christmas. The old Christmas yet largely prevails, Christmas. The old Christmas yet largely prevals, but is slowly fading; it has passed its prime and is in its decadence. It was a day of miracles and supernaturalism, the birth-day of a child of miraculous origin, over whose cradle miraculous stars floated, whose life was miraculous and apart from human lives, whose death had its miracles of darkness and earthquake and of the sheeted dead walking forth from their grayers and representation and reearthquake and of the sheeted dead walking forth from their graves, and whose resurrection and reappearance were crowning miracles. Thus was Jesus, as child and man and martya set apart from humanity, made anomalous and unnatural, seen in the glamour of a false light, and therefore of comparatively small benut to us.

The new Christmas, in the dawn of which we live, the glad remembers of the hirthday of a dear

is the glad remembrance of the birth-day of a dear

babe in an humble Judean home, who grew up with rich spiritual gifts, with the charm of a beautiful human personality and a gracious presence; with natural power to heal the sick, to be a discerner of spirits and the recipient of angelic inspiration. This man Jesus had the courage to speak the truth, lived a true life, and went through the golden gate wearing a martyr's crewn, to be one of the Saviors of humanity. Was he "very God and very man" as the old Confession of Faith says? Yes, and so are you and I. It was no idle flight of poetic fancy, but the uiterance of the soul's intuition, when Derzhaven said:

said:

"Yes in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew."

The divinity of Jesus we are told of as some special and superhuman endowment, but man is divine in his innermost being, and is so naturally. All illustrate that divinity as they develop that wealth of interior life, and subordinate the senses to

Stars have floated over other cradles, the sick have been healed by the laying on of hands in Detroit as neared by the laying on or names in Detroit as in Judea, spirits have been seen clad in visible vesture in Moravia as near Jerusalem, and no miracle in all this but the heautiful process of spiritual law. The festival of good will is old and new, and should last and grow. Jesus said, "Greater things than these shall ye do." Modern science shall serve Christ-like human love and so make the lot of man better on earth; men and women of large wisdom and inspired by fraternal kindness shall see and do. and inspired by fraternal kindness shall see and do more and better than was possible in Judea; larger spiritual gifts shall abound in this riper age, so shall these "greater things" be done, so shall we learn to look, not to the anomalous Jesus Christ, but to the tender and true son of Joseph and Mary, and all along the line from the remotest historic past to the divine glory of noblest men and women among us now. Let us rejoice in the new Christmas!

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Ideal is the Real.

BY H. H. BROWN.

What troops of memories come thronging around this Christmas day. We are no longer men and women of middle life, no longer wrinkled, bearded and grey, but boys and girls, youths and maldens. But amid the throng of pleasant memories of home and friends come those of blasted hopes, dead loves, unfulfilled aspirations, unsatisfied desires, and unre-alized dreams, of plans of life bright and beautiful that are now in ruins; and we stand looking back to past Christmases, contrasting the man or the woman that now is, with that youth aspired to be, and are sorrowful.

Christmas after Christmas has come and gone, and yet our lives are just as incomplete as at first and "Youth, flame earnest" in its aspirations, finds its manhood looking backward over ruins, "sighing for

the lost and gone."

But Christmas is the symbol of a new birth and each one finds us dreaming still happy dreams and building plans for a manhood that yet shall crown some Christmas morn. The Ideal rising more beautiful than ever before from the rules amid which we stand still leads us on and-

"The thing we wished for that we are For one transcendent moment, Ere yet the present poor and bare Can make its sneering comment." And then the Ideal seems to die and the "poor and

bare" real is alone left us. "Seems," I said. O crowning glory of this Christ-mas thought! It is only in seeming, for it is only the real that is transient, that endures but for a moment; the Ideal is the permanent and the eternal. Hopes, loves, desires, aspirations never die. They are, and forever shall be, for they are of the soul and a part of it. The seeming death is only of this outward earthly life and shall drop away at "Life's inner portal," and there we shall find the Ideal to be the

There, hopes and aspirations are only prophecies of the shall be; limts of the divine possibilities within us; whisperings of the soul of its divine home; faint gleams of the infinite perfection are thus shot down into the gloom of earth-life.

As the ocean mirrors every star, so the soul mirrors every attribute of that divine source from whence it came, and its inner ideal life is only a reflection of

came, and its inner meat me is the divine real of its future.

On yonder limb, encased in ice this Christmas morning, nestles a bud. Could it voice its feeling, as it nestles warm in its winter robes, and as it feels the their feam the warm smilight, it would say, "I the thrill from the warm sunlight, it would say, dream of summer days; I aspire to the beautiful; desire fragrance; I want appreciation;" and this is not ideality, for lo! a few weeks, and bloom, beauty, odor, and appreciation are in reality there. They were no less real under the ice, than under the sun of June. Indeed, if they had not been there in De-cember, June had not her crown of beauty.

So under this Christmas sun, our souls thrill with divine life, and new aspirations, hopes and loves are born; we say 'tis an ideal life, but no, it is the real; and the fulfillment of all these awaits us in the life beyond. O take it as a Christmas gift from the angels this assurance that there are no withered hopes, no dead loves, no blasted aspirations, no unrealized dreams, no unfulfilled promises! They are all ideal only in earth life, but real in the true, the soul-life. When we no longer see darkly through this veil of flesh, we shall see ourselves to be all we aspired to be; every crown we reached for won, and every task completed, with new and more glorious prizes just ahead to gain, in that real life of aspiration and

Richer gift doth none receive to-day than this promise, that all these felt, but unexpressed, thoughts and feelings, are foregleams of the real and eternal awaiting us by and by. All these sweet and precious memories, are only ourselves, when we enter the real life beyond. They are the dim images of the men and women we really are, reflected from "the home of the soul" in the dark ocean of earth-life.

Like the lily do we grow: Underneath the ice of this winter's day; beneath the waters where fishes swim and reptiles move, in slimy ooze where worms and ugly things crawl, are roots dark and contorted like a serpent, but in them is a soul, forgetful of its surroundings, aspiring and dreaming of beauty and fragrance. It has its ideal of sky and sun, of queen-ly grace, maiden purity. A few months pass, and that dream is in our heart a reality, a marvel of odor and beautiful whiteness. Out of dark ooze through the deep water its aspiration has pushed itself upward till it bloomed upon the clear surface under the sky and sun of its hope.

And we like the lily encased in earthly conditions feel aspiration in us for the beyond and above, and they push us upward and onward, "Nearer my God to thee,"

till the ideal becomes the real in the bloom of our Brooklyn, N. Y.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. How Shall we Honor our Dead?

BY AMARALA MARTIN.

Although a century has flown since the "Age of Reason" dawned upon us through the grand intel-lect of Thomas Paine, it takes some moral courage to be a consistent liberalist yet. Aye, even though Robert Ingersoll, the matchless champion of mental liberty, sends his arrows of truth through the quiverg heart of intolerance, and pins it to the earth. The church is still a tyrant and coward, persecut-

ing reason and freedom of thought, so that liberalisis (and by that I mean all shades of independent mind) as individuals sometimes hesitate to measure swords with so cruel an enemy. They know that to offend her, is to invite the wrath and venom of Christ's followers. They know that she entraps many who are unbelievers in her monstrous doguas; and while they give her recuniary aid, she gives them respectability under all circumstances.

"Infidelity will do to live by, but not to die by," is an old saw that Christians eternally file for Infidels, and the discord is deserved by those whose weakness provokes it. It probably came from liberalists' habits of permitting orthodox services over their dead. To some, custom has made this seemingly necessary, but those listening to reason know that no ceremony can benefit our lost ones. If they were wicked, it can benefit our lost ones. If they were wicked, it cannot make them good; if they were noble, it cannot make them better. The time for praise and words of affection was while they could enjoy them. Humanity were blest if more loving words were given the living, and fewer to the dead; if love's flowers were dropped in life's pathway, instead of the creation.

the grave.

All forms of funeral service are tortures to those

whose hearts are crushed and bleeding, but if we feel our duty neglected without them, let us favor our own principles of religion. It is disgraceful to fall back on the church, accepting at such times, the theories we profess to scorn, and indulging in mockeries over those whom it is our privilege to protect from sacrilege. It is rank injustice to the dead as well as the clergy, a mean advantage taken of both, and a humiliation of the noble cause we espouse.

Suppose an infidel, who has always lived in the shadow of the church, yet never attended it, passes out of the body. His family, in their anxiety to show proper respect to him and to compromise with public opinion hasten to ask for a "Christian burial." The minister attends but knows deceased advocated and enjoyed that liberty of conscience which it is his mission to denounce. Vague reasons are given by the family why deceased was not a Christian, and they call to mind that his mother was a devout believer, and his father a minister. Also that he possessed a bible; but they do not add that the book was always conspicuous for its absence from the family-circle. The minister instinctively feels that were that corns a minister instinctively feels that were that corns a minister instinctively feels that were that corns a minister instinctively feels that were always conspictions for its absence from the family-circle. The minister instinctively feels that were that corpse animated with life again, it would call for the nurse, physician and family, and that he only would be useless and unwelcome. That only when infidels are senseless and lifeless, is Christianity use-ful to them. He has the unpleasant impression that he is the button-hole bouquet of the occasion; ornamental, but not useful.

How can we expect a minister whose religion

How can we expect a minister whose religion recognizes no moral worth, to utter one tender word over us? How could he be human to us and serve Jehovah? How offer one ray of immortal hope, when his master has thundered down through all Christian ages, "Unless you believe you shall be damned?" It is cruel to put an honest man in this position, and were it not that his heart is better than his creed, he would join the orthodox God in hurling us then and there, into the boitomiess pits. Such services are those we deserve from him.

There are people who claim that Christians will not attend liberalist services for the dead, or if they do, that they are disgusted. Experiences in my own home prove the first statement incorrect, and the latter speculative. If disgust existed, it was concealed in our presence, and that was sufficient. We can do no better for the Christians. So long as we have sympathy with sorrow, we must tolerate each other's opinions, though we may not adopt them.

What shall we do for our dead? When we lose our hearts' jewels must we also lose our self-respect?

Must we sell out the holiest feelings of our hearts to the tyrant custom? No, but we must be honest to our convictions and true to our dead. I ask for them How can we expect a minister whose religion

the tyrant custom? No, but we must be honest to our convictions and true to our dead. I ask for them what I claim for myself, the right to rest under the sod without misrepresentation; the protection from the burlesque of "Christian burial." For, when giv-

the buriesque of "Consuan parial." For, when given to us, it is nothing else.

We have books containing appropriate services which some friend might read when speakers cannot be had. Let a poem be read, a sweet song 'be sung or some acquaintance say a few kind words. All these failing, in heaven's name let us honor our dead in utforcibence. dead in utter silence. Cairo, Ill.

Lizze Doten's Poems.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: Tknow of no books of poetry published in the English language, superior to the two volumes, "Poems of Progress" and "Poems from the Inner Life," given through this gifted medium. They are unsurpassed in purity of sentiment or in rhythmical expression. They speak to the heart in tones of tenderness and love. They stimulate to the performance of domestic and social duties. They give not only pleasure and instruction, but food for progressive thought, to those who appreciate and enjoy the higher phases of spiritual philosophy. Many of the dogmas that have crystallized around sectarian and social life, are laid open with a keen blade, and ildogmas that have crystallized around sectarian and social life, are taid open with a keen blade, and ilumined with the sunlight of spiritual truth. Among the most beautiful and instructive poems in these volumes are, "Peter Mc Guire, or Nature and Grace", "Face the Sunshine," "Will it Pay," "Oweena" and "Words of Cheer," either one of which is worth more than the cost of a volume. Sanfond B. Penry, Chiegga Dec. 14th Chicago, Dec. 14th.

Assistance for Mr. and Mrs. Barnard.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

It gives me great pleasure to acknowledge the sum of \$9.00, which has been added to our collection for Mr. and Mrs. Barnard, making the entire amount \$47.60. We would extend thanks to those who have o generously responded to our appeal on behalf of the worthy couple above mentioned.

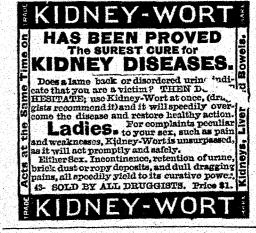
MRS. MILTON RATHBUN, Secretary of the Ladies' Spiritualist Aid Society of New York City.

Absence from those we love is self from self! deadly banishment.—Shakespeare.

Young man, remember this! that in all the varied pursuits of life, sobriety and energy are more powerful factors of success than genius or luck, or all other human agencies combined.

The history of science is not a mere record of isolated discoveries. It is a narrative of the conflict of two contending powers, the expansive force of the human intellect on the one side and the com-pression arising from traditionary faith and human nterests on the other.—Draper.

Don't live your life alone, without forming friendships and love; your nature needs love, you were made for it, and other natures need you. You are robbing yourself, you are robbing others, if you live like a hermit. Therefore go out into God's world and live your life for others.



## Rev. Father Wilds, EXPERIENCE.

The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother to the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:

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#### Sicen.

"Blessings," exclaimed Saucho, "on him-that first invented sleep. It wraps a man all round like a cloak." It is a delicious moment certainly—that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you shall drop gently to sleep. The good is to come, not past; the limbs have been just fired enough to render the remaining in one posture delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions come creeping over one—the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more, with slow and hushing degrees, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child: the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it like the eye; 'tis closing—'tis more closing—'tis closed. The myster-ious spirit has gone to make its airy rounds.—*Leigh* 

The funeral services of a well known sporting man were conducted in one of the largest Episcopal churches in this city one day last week. The con-course contained the most extraordinary men ever got together in a Protestant church in this city; sporting men of every sort. The full service was read, and the hymns sung were, "Asleep in Jesus," "I heard a voice from heaven," "Nearer my tiod, to Thee." The entire teaching of the Christian Church is often contradicted by the performances at functional to the performance of the contradicted by the performance. als. It is not necessary for ministers to pronoun e judgment; but to bury men who make no prefence of pity at all, not even of morality in any strict sense of the word, "in hope of a joyful resurrection," and sing over their remains, in the presence of those who sing over their remains, in the presence of those who had participated with them in all kinds of irreligious conduct, "Asleep in Jesus," "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc., is to call evil good, and put sweet for bitter.—The Christian Advocate.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.-T. H.

It is to be doubted whether he will ever find the way to heaven who desires to go thither alone. Virtue dwells at the head of a river, to which we

cannot get but by rowing against the stream. Childhood has no forebodings; but then it is soothed by no memories of outlived sorrow.

That action is best which procures the greatest happiness for the greatest numbers,—flutchinson.

Men who undertake considerable things, even in a regular way, ought to give us ground to presume Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for

one man that can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity.—Carlyle.

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Age is not all decay; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within, that withers and bursts the husk.—George Mardonald.

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To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

My long silence must not be attributed to a want of interest in you or the noble mission to which you have so generously devoted your life. My health alone prevents my taking an active part in the struggle for truth versus error. In all probability my day's work is finished and I wait for the shadow that precedes the never-fading light, in the home where envy, malice and untruth is unknown.

I still hope to compile the 3rd vol. of my "Incidents," and I know it will be interesting from the correspondence I will give from those who have played an important part in modern Spiritualism.

It is a consoling and pleasant thought in reviewing the past of my eventful life to know that I have endeared many noble and truth-loving hearts to my mission as well as to myself.

We were in St. Petersburgh the past winter, and it gave me pleasure to meet with my old friends of 1858, all giving me the heartlest of welcomes. As a rule these keep aloof from the modern movement, inasmuch as the abuses so rife elsewhere have brought discredit to the cause.

We had a most profound and heart-felt grief in the passing from earth (at the ripe old age of 85.) the 25th of March, our dearly loved uncle. His Excellence Nicholas Aksakoff, father of Alexandre Aksakoff, whose biography you gave in the JOURNAL of July 2nd, 1881. The uncle was a perfect type of the old fashioned Russian Boyard, and hence the type of a perfect gentleman (type fast becoming obsolete in our modern civilization);a man whose word was law, and whose honor knew no blemish; justly proud of the name he bore, for his ancestors, like himself, had kept the name unspotted; a man of iron will when a duty was to be accomplished, and of this l have the written proof when he was already 83 years of age. Refined in manner and a most learned scholar, possessing a library which he had collected of the most choice and rare works, of an immense intrinsic value.

My wife was his favorite niece, and I am proud to say that though he was not a Spiritualist, I won not only his affection but his esteem. I am the more proud of this as his was not an expansive nature; he was reticent with his friendship. He rendered me a service in the year 1880, which will ever live in memory during this and the coming life. True, it was only a simple act of justice, but it was done as a man of honor only could do

it-so nobly done. The last interview I had, when all his faculties were active, and not in the somnolent state he sank into, was my birthday, the 20th of March, 1882, five days previous to his departure from earth. Taking me in his arms, he over and over again kissed me tenderly, and said, Vous savez Daniel que je vous aime beaucoup. ("You know, Daniel, that I love you

In Sept., 1881, I translated and sent him some remarks made by Brother Tuttle con-cerning my "Lights and Shadows," and I have a letter in reply dated Sept. 9th, O. S., 21, N. S., 1881, in which he says: "I have read with the deepest interest the translations you so s., 1881, in which he says: "I have read with the deepest interest the translations you so kindly sent me. The Spiritualist of our household would hardly relish them. I would fain read your hook, so interesting and alloye that home with their delightful visit.

The uncle knew that his son was opposed to the publication of "Lights and Shadows."

I have a letter from Alexander Aksakoff, dated Petersburgh, May 30th, 1876, where he says: "To my way of thinking it would be more honorable if Dan (the letter is written to my wife and myself) would finish his biography and nightish the 3rd vol. of "Incidents" graphy and publish the 3rd vol. of "Incidents" where his career as a medium would be crowned by his experiments with Prof. Crookes. It would be more edifying to put together the facts where his intervention has been providential for the welfare (salut) of mankind; as for instance when we were together in London (1875) an old lady came from Edinburgh expressly to see him, prompted by a sentiment of gratitude for a moral benefit he had rendered. I begged of Dan to furnish me the details of this remarkable case and I am still waiting for them."

If an outline sketch chosen from the many, which in all probability will never be known, occurring in my life can give pleasure to your readers I give it for the beginning of a New Year which I trust may bring less of malice, hatred and unjust persecution than has been manifested the past few years to men who like yourself, fight manfully to protect a great truth, and demand that justice be rendered. I have followed with deep interest the touching incidents where the influence of spiritual agency, or the objects of their solicitude, were alike unknown to me, and these incidents being oft recurring, and always correct, render any other explanation than a living, active, and intelligent power, impossible.

The winter of 1868 I was in Glasgow, giving "recitations from the poets." In making a call my friends observed that I had a "weary look," and they pressed me to remain and they would have an early dinner to suit my convenience, as I dined early to have my voice in trim for the evening's work. I was about to accept their hospitality when a distinct impression came saying, "Return to your hotel; you can bring consolation and comfort to one who requires both."

At 2 P. M., I reached the hotel and on entering the "coffee room," "John," a talkative old fashioned Scotch waiter, carefully closing the door, and cautiously approaching me, with "mystery" written on his honest face

"Sir, there been a leddy here speering for He hesitated as if to study the effect of such an announcement and seemed surprised

when I said: Well, John, who was the lady and what did she say?"

"Ech, sir," says John, "she was an elderly, and na a young leddy, an she was verra freendly like. She jest said, 'Is Mr. Home in?' An I said, 'No mem, but as he recites the nicht, hes sure to tak his denner at three punctual, and yons his table ready.' Waud ye beleeve, sir, that the freendly leddy jest said.' 'Its verra weel, jest put a cover for me.
I'll hae my denner ne him, though he does
na ken me.'"

At three the lady came and from the moment we met she has proved herself a true and good friend. The introduction was simp-"Mr. Home I came this morning from Edinburgh for the sole purpose of appealing to you, to render me and my beloved husband who is aged and in all probability will soon pass away, a great service. My husband, as you will find when you see him, is endowed with the most learned and brightest of intellects but to work with the most learned and brightest of intellects.

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avowed atheist." [I must here add that Dr. D. had occupied for more than forty years one of the highest positions in the Medical Department of India, and he was a relative of Sir James Simpson.] Mrs. D. continued, and told me that her husband had consented to see me if I would visit him, and as my engagement terminated in Glasgow, I went to Edinburgh the following day. Not only was the grand intellect fully convinced by overwhelming evidence of spirit identity, and by the at that period, constantly recurring physical phenomena but almost his last words were to his wife: "You will tell Dan that I thank God and bless the day he came to us, for comfort and peace has been given to my last hours."

Your dear friend and brother for the truth and nothing but the truth. Nice, France, Nov. 15th, 1882. D. D. Home.

A Christmas Seance.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

"Do they have holidays in the Spirit-

world?' Yes, my dear friend, they do have holidays in the other life. We sat together, a clair-voyant and I, one Christmas night, when all the rest of the family circle had gone out to

an earthly merry-making.

The night was one of those beautiful, cool winter evenings; winter in a semi-tropical climate, the stars were bright and vividly sparkling, giving one the idea that the empyrean was indeed instinct with life, as well as full of light. We stepped out on the balcony and watched the stars, and the planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars—and speculated on the forms of life existing on them, and whether the theology of their inhabitants bore any resemblance to ours. We discussed Swedenborg and the modern seers, their diferences and agreements, and finally came into the house again and sat down before the fire aving the long French window open, to enoy the comfort and home feeling we found

in doors. As we thought on the holidays and the observance of them in different lands, we became conscious that we were not the only beings in the room, but that a distinguished and stately assemblage had honored us by their presence.

One of us asked why we were so honored and why the personages present had selected our circle for their visit to earth.

We were told that, though not of our blood they were of the home circle of your friend in spirit life, though long ago passed from earth, and true to spiritual relationships and ttractions, had come in fond remembrance of the "old home" of earth, to pass the evening amid Christmas feelings and festivities.

The fond recollections of home associations and memories, mingled with discussion of the origin and development of the Christian faith, its corruptions, errors, superstitions and differing forms; of the many noble deeds it has inspired, the sorrows it had cheered the broken hearts it had healed, and the phases of civilization it has fostered, the fearful crimes committed in its name, and the wonderful diversities of creeds, sprung from the "One Holy Book", all based upon its infal-

all so conscientious. To accomplish this, I send the means which I beg of you to accept as a friend to translate and print it. Let the work be done at once and kindly send a copy to your loving friend and uncle, N. Aksakoff."

The conscientious of the feets in the heavenly home, of their journeys to the remote parts of the realms of infinity for exploration and study; of the space traversed, of the scenes of life witnessed in the natural, as well as in their intellectual aspects. intellectual aspects, of the fraternal, home-welcomes, the family reunions, and of their returns and welcomes to their own homes, their resumption of duties for a time suspended, with renewed vigor and enlarged views.

One of the spirit friends present, who had long years ago established telegraphic-fluid signals of communication with your friend, and who is a chemist in the spirit-life, announced his departure, only delayed for this Christmas meeting for a visit to a far distant galaxy, beyond the ken of denizens of earth, where he was delegated, with others, to examine the flora and fauna, and cerebral developments of the hominal races living on the planets revolving around sun centers, to us utterly unknown, which are brilliantly shining in the depths of infinite space, all undreamed of by the astronomers of earth. Indeed, the very existence of our sun, and our earth home with all its teeming life and intelligence was to those peoples utterly un-

known. Can you not picture the mutual surprise and interest of such a meeting of advanced intelligences? The delights of hospitable, loving, dignified association; the eager, intense interest with which each asked of the other the details of life so distant and differing? Of the earth and its history, of its spiritual counterpart and its novel scenery and life scenes, how kindly and lovingly all details were given and received!

The information to be sought by the delegates in one direction, was stated to be relating to the uses and properties of certain plants, with the idea of searching earth for their analogues, said to exist unknown to our botanists and chemists here; for long ages in other planets they had been used and thought to be of a nature to assist as remedial agents especially in cases of cerebral disease.

The elder planets, we were impressed, were far more advanced than our earth and in the spirit spheres pertaining to them, knowledge is stored up applicable to the relief of suffering on spheres in the condition of growth of

When the earth race has reached perfection, then remedial agents will be no longer necessary. The impression was given that as soon as the human brain should be rightly nurtured, the life rightly ordered, disease and suffering would disappear and then the human being would do all it is capable of and be born into the spirit-life fully developed and fitted for progressive labor and unfolding.

One present painted in vivid language, so that the scene seemed visible and palpable, a beautiful garden, well shaded by noble trees, with lawns of velvet-like green grass, where thousands of little children, prematurely born into spirit-life, with their attendant guardians, were sporting in the innocent exuberance of baby-life.

One little golden, curly haired darling detached herself from a group and came up to your friend, dressed in a tiny cambric slip, in Cuban style, and holding it up full of flowers, offered its love token to her who was indeed, her mother; with little quivering lip and tearful eye at the seeming indifference with which her gift was received, she thus received her first lesson of the differing life conditions in which they respectively exist-ed, and learned that the loving mother could not see her, though she fondly loved her and cherished her memory in her heart of hearts,

with undying love. Many recounted their life's sufferings and experiences; some were of the time of Louis with the most learned and brightest of intel-lects, but to my unutterable sorrow he is an nevertheless were they of that home circle

and will one day meet again in the heavenly

home. The lesson seemed to be that spiritual and intellectual qualities constituted the true and lasting kindred, so shall true harmony prevail.

This delightful reunion lasted three hours, and each presence had some kind and loving remembrance of the earthly home to relate; none of sadness, but all joyous and calculated to enhance the happiness of the Christmas

They all withdrew and left the one visited with loving and kind, encouraging words, not entirely understood at the time, but made clear by subsequent events, to think over with softened heart, the curious and interesting details of the lives of these who teresting details of the lives of those who had passed into the land of the hereafter, but who on Christendom's great fete had come for a little while to breathe earth's air and live her life once again.

The spirit friend who was of the delega-tion sent to those far away worlds, made good his promise that your friend should understand his departure and return. Auother intelligence took charge of the seances during his absence and though the "influence" of the absent one was not entirely withdrawn, it bore the same resemblance to the real presence that the echo bears to the sound; it seemed as if it came through a long distance and was fainter, but when he really returned, it was unmistakably a real presence. With him he brought a spray of "Muguet," "Lily of the Valley," for me, which I have the promise of one day seeing when I go home. There are many other things stored up for me, brought from various points of interest in the Spirit-world, just as we would gather relies and souvenirs of travel in

Another fete at which I once assisted, was the reception of a mother, by growth in spiritual unfolding, into the condition which

earth-life.

her son had long years ago reached. I sat in the center of the apartment, as requested, and passing from my brain as a center, were woven gorgeous broad bands of light, separated into the prismatic colors, passing like draperies to the corners of the room, and I was made to feel the thrill of joy and the fremitus of the living presences, who crowding around me, made me a participant in their happiness. The presiding and, except as a memory, it would pass away from him.

Think that in the changes of condition of the spirit, this present life, so full of seething cares, disappointments, sorrows and pains, will no longer make a part of our experience and only be recalled as a vague, hadowy and dim remembrance.

What a blessed thing this mutability of things is; if the glad and happy experiences of life are evanescent, so, also, are the painful, and time mellows the memories, and we take up our burdens and try to be patient until the change shall come to us which comes to all!

Before the Christmas of 1883 dawns for many of us, it may be that we shall keep it "over there;" but, wherever we are, it will be in a loving Father's care, and may it find us, here or there, doing something for our fellow beings and ourselves be ever richer in spiritual unfoldings.

With kindest Christmas greetings to thee and thine, I am thy friend and fellow pilgrim.

Christmas, 1882.

Letter from England.—Timely Words from an English Medium.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: While thinking of you and of my many friends in America to-day, reminded by the receipt of your ever welcome Journal, I suddenly recollected that the New England friends would be all agog with Thanksgiving thoughts and festivities, and I determined to

send you a greeting. Of all the customs I noticed in America, I liked the Thanksgiving celebrations best. By them English Christmas time was brought freshly to my memory and the family reunions, the social intercourse and exchange of sentiments of good will customary with us here at Christmas seemed to be duplicated in the generous and hearty spirit of good will and enjoyment prevalent in your great country, demonstrating that human hearts and sympathies, and human nature itself, are the same every where, loyal, loving, hearty.

When you receive this, Christmas will be close upon you and the celebration of the angel's appearance and the grand words, prophetic and encouraging of, "Peace on earth good will to men," will be repeated and the sentiment and spirit caught and express-ed in an infinity of ways. Let me then to you and your readers extend a brother's greetng and express a hearty wish for a truly

happy Christmas and glad New Year.' Strange that the advent of Jesus heralded by these words should have been the signal for bloodshed and that his career should have been one long storm, instead of the calm and peace expected! Yet not more strange than the facts of strife, the bitter hostility to truth and harsh and malicious treatment with which the modern song of angels has met; nor yet more strange than the antagonism, scorn, misrepresentation to which you and those who seek for truth unmixed with alsity have been assailed. "Peace on earth, good will to men," say the angels, but the world heard not the glad-tidings, and poor Jesus had to do battle with the hosts who preferred darkness to light and exclaimed, "I came not to bring peace but a sword," and so modern Spiritualism can have no fellowship with materialism, with priestly assumption, with hoary orthodox ignorance, superstition and false assumptions, any more than Jesus could endorse the hypocrisies of the Scribes and Pharisees. "The truth against the world" is its inspiring motto, and they who would stop short of that will ever find that Spiritualism, while "good will to man" is its aim, will strike stalwart blows against all obstacles until peace follows for lack of foes to fight and because light, love, truth, goodness, sweet harmony and intelligent fulfillment of the eternal laws of purity, justice and right, will ultimate in happiness, fellowship and peace.

Surely it is evidence of the growing sympathy and unity between our two lands that here in England we can rejoice in your success and prosperity as a nation, and with hope and pride anticipate your future greatness. Such is the fact. It is almost everywhere admitted; yea, rejoiced in, that America is a great ica is a great, a grand and a free land and above all, the country of the future! Yet Englishmen are not blind to faults or temporary tendencies and Herbert Spencer in his criticisms but voices the sentiments of the best informed and most sympathetic in this country. We here watch and hope, and be-cause of our great anticipations for the future and the influence we expect the Western world to exert for good, fear; fear lest some

of the worst features of Eastern Civilization should grow up in your midst. Spiritualists know well-from past experi-ence the tendency to which Spencer refers as

ence the tendency to which Spencer refers as a characteristic of America, to tolerate, in an excess of freedom, and in the belief that all is right or will come right, fraud, sham and deceit which impudently suns itself in this indifference, where no one feels it a duty to protest, or if one does, he is met with the assertion of freedom and independence and told to mind his own affairs. But all true lovers of freedom will find it their affair to put a ston to shams and hypogrisies, to prove put a stop to shams and hypocrisies, to prove all things and cease to shut their eyes and ears to the crying wrongs that afflict the community (and in Spiritualism) the cause which is that of humanity and truth.

It will be a source of joy to you and all those faithful workers who have stood so manfully to their guns for a pure, honest, scientific Spiritualism to know that here in England we are with you heartily, that we have put ourselves on record and publicly and deliberately and almost unanimously deprecated the slipshod methods of the past and are trying to learn from the painful experiences we have had to be wise in the future. We do not mean to be behind you if we can help it, and no doubt those wise and true souls in spirit life who have the governing of affairs from their side, are working with us and helping on to a successful issue the present war-not on mediums, but upon the falsities that have crept into the movement. While Spiritualists have slept in indifference, apathy, or self-complacently enjoying the delights of angel ministry, the enemy has been gradually gaining control of the citadel and manning the forts with his tools, until "exposure after "exposure" has revealed the fact that he has almost carried the fortress, not by assault for there he would have been met, but by stratagem, by stealth, by false pretence. The ranks of the faithful have been recruited by the wolves in sheep's clothing, but the uncloaking time has come, and every one must be weighed in the bal-ance. The future is bright with promise of happier days; at last Duty has sounded the call, every man must to his post, all have an undying interest; it is the affair of every man; public spirit, the need of the hour demands that each one shows of what metal he is made and where he stands; he that is not spirit said that one only other earthly care with us is against us. Our position is takremained to him, and when that ceased, his connection with earth-life would be finished pable of scientific verification. Mediumship must be pure and reliable; mediums responsible agents; spirits, co-workers and morally accountable. With this view of the situation and our duty to stand shoulder to shoulder, I close, praying that the new year may wit- for as the position claimed at the present ness great progress for our cause, and in- time by the warmest advocates of Spiritualcreasing power and usefulness for all mediums and defeat to all counterfeits.

E. W. WALLIS. Nottingham, Eng., Nov. 24th, 1882.

#### Books for the Holidays!

The Holidays are approaching and without the accustomed Holiday gift they would lack half their cheer, and what is more appropriate than a book. Bear this in mind and make some one happy by the presentation of a bookchosen from the many which have been advertised in the columns of the Journal. Below is a list of some of the best. Order by mail or come and chose for yourself:

"Transcendental Physics" (price \$1.00), containing an account of the experimental investigations of Prof. Zöllner with Dr. Slade. This is a valuable work, scientific and treat ing of the phenomena of Spiritualism as manifested through the medipmship of Henry Slade, and it cannot fail to prove of great interest. Prof. Zöllner was one of the leading scientists of Europe, and the accounts of his investigations have been read in every part of the civilized globe.

"The Religion of Spiritualism" (price \$1.25, postage 10 cents), by Rev. Samuel Watson. The earnest and sincere method adopted by him in his investigation of Spiritualism, and which finds full expression in this book, renders it well worthy of perusal. The author was for a long time closely identified with the Methodist church.

"Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by Epes Sargent, is a most excellent work for the student or the investigator of spiritual phenomena. Mr. Sargent was thoroughly in earnest in his investigations. His "Basis" for Spiritualism is scientific, a foundation that cannot be shaken by the scientists who regard the phenomena of Spiritualism as the result of psychic force or unconscious cerebration.

'Animal Magnetism" (price \$2.00, postage 15 cents), by Deleuze, is an excellent work on this subject. Sometimes treated of under the head Psychology, Mesmerism, Hypnotism, Somnambulism, Trance, Hysteria, Syggignos-cism, etc., it has become a subject of deep interest. The field is a large one and Deleuze

explores it thoroughly.

"After Dogmatic Theology, What?" (cloth 50 cents); "Poems of the Life Beyond" (gilt \$2.00, plain \$1.50, postage 10 cents); "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by Giles B. Stebbins, are all valuable works; the large demand for each is sufficient evidence of their intrinsic worth

"Principles of Nature" (3 vols., \$1.50 each postage 10 cents), by Mrs. Maria M. King, contain statements of deep interest to every reflective mind. Mrs. King is controlled by a high order of influences, and she delves deep into the mysteries of Nature.

"Our Planet" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents); "Is Darwin Right?" (price \$1.00, postage 10 cents); "Radical Discourses" (price \$1.25, postage 10 cents), by Wm. Denton. Prof. Denton is weil-known as a scientist, and whatever emanates from him, is well worthy of careful consideration.

"Poems of the Inner Life" and "Poems of Progress" (gilt \$2.00, plain \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by Lizzie Doten, constitute gems of rare merit, golden and beautiful. We always take pleasure in recommending these works

"Real Life in the Spirit Land" (price 75 cents, postage 8 cents), being life experiences scenes, incidents and conditions illustrative of spirit-life and the principles of the spiritual philosophy, by Mrs. Maria M. King. The incidents presented give us a vivid idea of the real life towards which all are tending.

"Harper's Cyclopedia of British and American Poetry," edited by Epes Sargent. This work engrossed a large share of Mr. Sargent's thoughts and time for several of the last years of his life on earth and almost up to the last day, the preface having been written while the Angel of Death was approaching. We cannot do better than to quote from the appreciative words of Harper Brothers in their "Publisher's Note." They say: "Mr. Sargent was eminently fitted for the preparation of a work of this kind. Few men pos sessed a wider or more profound knowledge of English literature, and his judgment was clear, active and discriminating. He designed this volume especially for household use: and he would have desired no kindlier re-

membrance than that associated with the innocent pleasure and refining influence it will carry to many a domestic fireside." The volume is a large octavo of 958 pages, cloth bound, with beautifully illuminated cover, making an elegant holiday gift. Price \$4.50, 28 cents postage; or it will be sent by express, charges for expressage payable on de-

"Morning Lectures" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by A. J. Davis, are especially interesting. All of his works are of undoubted merit, many of them having been translated into several different languages for the benefit of investigators in Europe.

"Our Homes and Employments Hereafter" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by J. M. Peebles. This work purports to give us a glimpse of the future, and will be read with interest by many.

"Modern Thinkers" (price \$1.50), by V. B. Denslow. Able and valuable to liberal think-

"The Voices" (gilt \$1.25, plain \$1.00, postage 8 cents); "Orthodox Hash" (price 10 cents), and "If Then and When" (price 10 cents), by Warren Sumner Barlow. "The Voices" stand high as a poem, and are deservedly popular. The rhythm is pleasant, the ideas presented are grand, and the conclusions at which the author arrives, are irresistibly fascinating. His other works are of deep interest too.

"Home: Femme Heroic and Miscellaneous Poems" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents). This work is really entertaining and instructive. "Truths of Spiritualism" (price \$1.50), contains the experiences of one of the most remarkable seers of the present age, E. V. Wilson. When once read, it will be considered

as a household treasure. "Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism" (2 vols., price \$2.00 each), by Eugene Crowell. As a historical work, it cannot be excelled. He draws parallel lines with scrupulous care, and suspends thereon Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism, and their resemblance is perfect even to the casual observer.

"Moral Education" (price \$1.50, postage 10 cents), by Dr. Joseph Rodes Buchanan. This work is the latest from Dr. Buchanan's pen and will be found interesting and valuable.
The author says: "Governments, churches and colleges have striven for many thousand years in vain to conquer crime, disease and misery. A new method must therefore be adopted. If that method can be found in this volume, does it not indicate a better

future for Humanity "A New Basis of Belief in Immortality" (price 30 cents), by John S. Farmer. We especially commend this for the investigaism is set forth ably and eloquently in this paniphlet.

"How to Mesmerize" (price 50 cents), by Prof. J. W. Cadwell. This gives comprehen-sive and full instructions on a most important subject by the most successful mesmerist in America. Ancient and Modern Miracles are also explained.

These and others on our list, or any standard work, will be promptly sent, as ordered, or we will be glad to furnish friends and subscribers at our book-store, and give the greetings of the holiday season personally.

## MOTHERS READ.

GENTS:—About nine years ago I had a child two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was two years old and almost dead. The doctor I had attending her could not tell what ailed her. I asked him if he did not think it was worms. He said no. However, this did not satisfy me, as I felt convinced in my own mind that she had. I obtained a bottle of DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED VERMIFUGE (genuine). I gave her a teaspoonful in the morning and another at night, after which she passed seventy-two worms and was a well child. Since then I have never been without it in my family. The health of my children remained so good that I had neglected watching their actions until about three weeks ago, when two of them presented the same sickly appearance that Fanny did nine years ago. So I thought it must be worms, and went to work at once with a bottle of DR. C. Mc-LANE'S VERMIFUGE between four of my children, their ages being as follows: Alice, syears; Charley, 4 years; Emma, 6 years; John, 9 years, Now comes the result: Alice and Emma came out all right, but Charley passed forty-five and Johnny about sixty worms. The result was so gratifying that I spent two days in showing the wonderful effect of your Vermituge around Utica, and now have the worms on exhibition in my store.

Yours truly, JOHN PIPER.

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