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

Readers of the Journal, are especial send in items of news. Don't say "I can't for the press." Send the facts, make plain whi say, and "cut it short." All such commu be properly arranged for publication by the 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. The Christmas Baby.

BY WRS. HATTIE Y. DAV.

O, I wonder! Auntie, tell me, For I think that you must know. How that tiny little baby Came to us in all this snow!

And the wind was blowing dreadful. All the night, so papa said, And I know 'twas storming awful When my nurse put me in bed.

But this morning here I found it, Snug and warm as it could be; I slipped in there just a minute, To kiss mamma, don't you see?

Christmas day! I've just been thinking, And I know I've got it right, Mamma got it in her stocking, Santa brought it in last night.

But I really wonder, Auntie, Not a bit cold did it seem; How he managed it so nicely, With that flying reindeer team.

He is such a funny fellow, Always bringing things so nice: Large red apples, sweet and mellow,

And these little candy mice. And he gave to me a dolly, With such bright and shining eyes, Always looks so nice and jolly,

Never scolds, or frets or cries. Well, I guess I'll go to baby, For, perhaps, she's wide awake;

She is such a little lady, Not a bit of noise does make. Well, I've been to see the baby.

But she's sleeping all the day; I just think she's awful lazy, Does not talk, or laugh, or play.

So I think I'll just tell Santa, When he comes another day, That I'll give him back this baby, And take one that likes to play. Fond du Lac, Wis.

When Mgr. Capel stigmatizes Scotland, Sweden and Germany, "where the people are well educated," as "the most immoral countries he knows of," the Boston Herald asks this ecclesiastical tramp if he has not "forgetten Italy where the percentage of illit gotten Italy, where the per centage of illiteracy and illegitimate births runs so high? Or does his knowledge extend to the countries of popular ignorance in Mexico and Central and South America?" Catholic Spain is not particularly chaste and honest. At least the Spanish court is not. "Intelligence and virtue," as the *Herald* observes, "do not always go together, but they are more nearly related than ignorance and virtue."

A gentleman in Cambridge, Mass., who says that in his youth Sojourner Truth was a servant in his uncle's family, and subsequently an inmate of his father's house, writes that Sojourner did not know her own age. but some twenty or thirty years ago it was decided, from what she could tell and from what those who had long known her said, that she was born between 1795 and 1800. This would make her considerably under the age she has of late years claimed for herself, and there are other circumstances going to nstainthis gentleman's assertion.

For the Religio-Philsophical Journal. The Origin and Significance of Christmas.

BY DR. R. B. WESTBROOK.

The word "Christmas" contains in itself evidence of its derivation from the liturgical nomenclature of Romish sacerdotalism. Christ-mas—the mass of Christ—that peculiar priestly hocus-pocus, under which it is said, that the Eucharistic wafer is transubstantiated into the body of Jesus, the Christian The institution of this mass, is accredited.

to Pope Telesphorus, in the second Christian century. At first, it was what the almanac calls a "movable feast," like Good Friday and Easter, and was often confounded with the Epiphany, and was celebrated by the Eastern churches in April and May. In the fourth century, Pope Julius I ordered an investigation into the particular date of the birth of Jesus, and the result of this inquiry was, the conclusion that he was born the 25th of December.

It is hardly necessary to say that this is a matter of mere arbitrary conjecture, as nothing is certainly known concerning the day or even the year of the birth of Jesus. Among celebrated Christian writers, one hundred and thirty-three different opinions have been expressed as to the time of the so-called nativity—and the latest conclusion of the best scholarship is, that nothing is certainly known on this subject, and that the chronology of the first four hundred years of the Christian Era, is unreliable, as no permanent

or truthworthy records were kept.

It must not be supposed as has been intimated that the church of Rome, in fixing the 25th of December as the time for celebrating the birth of Jesus, did so because she had reliable information as to this date. She must have had some other reason for flxing her Christmas festivities at this particular time. And now it is right to recognize the well established fact, that at the precise time. in each year, corresponding with the 25th day of the 12th month, from the earliest periods of which history gives any account. festivities very similar to the Christmas rites of the Romish church. So far from the truth, is the idea that celebrations now known as Christmas holidays, are less than nineteen hundred years old, similar, if not indentical celebrations were held thousands of years before the infant Moses was rescued from the ark of bullrushes, or the young child of Mary received "gifts of gold, frankincense, and

In Buddhistic temples, before the dawn of consecutive chronology, on Hindoo plains on the 25th of December, thousands and thousands of years ago, festivities similar to our modern Christmas were celebrated. Houses were illuminated and made bright with giltpaper and gay colors, and garlands of evergreen, and flowers were seen in every direction, while friends congratulated each other with good wishes, and presents were exchanged among friends and relatives.

In the Chinese sacred books, we have similar accounts of the most gorgeous celebra-tions held on the 25th day of the Twelfth

Celebrations still more imposing were held on the 25th day of December among the ancient Persians, long, long before the sorrowful times when the Hebrew captives sat by the rivers of Babylon, and mingled their tears with the turgid waters, "as they remembered Zion!"

Festivities in honor of Osiris and Isis, and their son Horus, were celebrated in Egypt long before the emigration of Joseph and Jacob, and when the Pyramids were young, and that too on the 25th of December.

Some light will pour in upon this subject when we consider the fact, that these celebrations were all held in commemoration of the alleged birth of a divine man, having a supernatural (Father and a human virgin Mother. Sakia and Chrishna, and other Indian incarnations, all had virgin mothers, and so had the Hero-gods of Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome, Thibet, and Mexico. The virgin mother of the Savior of the Druids, more than 2,000 years ago, had a crown of twelve stars upon her head, and her foot was placed upon the head of a serpent, and the same devices are found engraved in the stone cave temples of India, made thousands of years ago. What does it all mean? What is the real source of these uniform legends, which place the birth of a god on the 25th of December, and make them all so much alike?

The Persian Magians accounted to the populace for the introduction of evil into the world by a fable of a serpent tempting the first woman to pluck a forbidden apple. This act, as the apple ripens late in autumn, was of course followed by the prevalence of win-ter; with darkness and cold—the kingdom of the evil principle—and necessitated the adoption of clothing. The mischief thus brought about could only be remedied by the agency of the sun, which they identified with the principle of good.

The day assigned to the birth of the sun-

gods of all ancient religions was the same as that assigned by the church to Christmas. The shortest day being December 21st, the birth of Christ is put on the 25th, the first day that shows any elongation; while the lowest point, which might excite doubt, is assigned to the doubting apostle Thomas.

The point here to be made is this: that the Roman Breviary, and in short the calendars of all ritualistic churches, are based upon the Astronomical religion of ancient pagans, and that Christmas is no exception to this rule. Take a catalogue of all the festivals | floating, filthy prison, and the novelty of

and saints' days of Romanism and Episcopa-cy, and with no other guide than a common almanac, you may get a hint as to the origin scenes of new life, he came up with a comof every one of them.

The streaming rays of the sun's glory in paintings around the heads of the Hindoo Chrishna, the Grecian Apollo, and of the Catholic Jesus, are very suggestive of the sun-worship, and our modern churches show their ignorance and folly by the prominence they give it in their decorations and symbols. The intelligent observer sees evidence of the sun and fire-worship, as also of the serpent and phallic-worship, on every hand among Christians, especially in the Catholic churches and wonders at the prevailing ignorance and superstition. The decorations of Christ-mas and Easter, with their special services, all point to the Solar worship while the Maypole, the hot cross-buns, the mystic horse-shoe, and even church steeples, if properly understood, would bring the blush of shame

to modest cheeks. to modest cheeks.

Nothing can be said against the good cheer and merry-making of the Christmas holidays, but we should not allow the priestly powers to palm them upon the world, for what they are not. It is well to study the Gospels, and with them, the Bibles of the ages—the religions of all nations and peoples—but we must discriminate between legend and history, between dogma and doctrine.

True religion consists not in dogma, but in doing: not in creed, but in deed; not in what

doing; not in creed, but in deed; not in what you call yourself, but in what you are. True Christianity is a life, not a form; a spirit, not a letter. It is a pure life of reverent worship-

a letter. It is a pure life of reverent worship-fulness and practical beneficence.

Well, Christmas will come and go! The sun will pass the crisis! and poetically may be said to have a new birth. The days will get longer and brighter, and soon the per-fume of vernal flowers will float upon the winds. We shall have our Christmas trees and evergreens, in defiance of the wrath of Eather Tertullian, who, seventeen hundred Father Tertullian, who, seventeen hundred years ago denounced them as "grossidolatry" -but few of us will think of the misletoe of the ancient Druids, or the foliage of laurel, myrtle, and ivy, with which ancient pagans tht to entice their Svivan dellies from th forests to their household firesides. In the Pagan worship of the sun, as their best conception of the Over-all Spirit, as in the Christian deification of the man Jesus, we recognize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and with the Angelic messengers, join in the Christmas carol of "Peace on earth and good will to men!" As the sun is the source of light and life to our earth, so have the Christs of the ages-from Buddha to Jesus-been the lights of the moral world, and as our eyes may be opened by the "light within," we shall recognize in them all, whatever is truly divine, and "walking in the light, we shall have fellowship with all good" wherever found, on Pagan or on Christian ground.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Life-Thoughts-The Ideal and the Actual.

BY GEO. LIEBERKNECHT.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson that I must learn;
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again."

The lessons of life! How inspiring, how boundless the theme! From the cradle over which the mother bends with wondering and delight, to the bier around which all are melted in the brotherhood of a common grief, this life of ours is a marvel, a mystery, a poem. Full of hope and bright anticipations are the young, eagerly pressing forward; with swelling sails they set out toward the

ocean of life—until old age takes to the life-boat and with noiseless oar drifts into the harbor. When the German emigrant-boy bids fare-well to the land of his birth and boyhood, to mother and sisters and the village neighbors, there is an unspeakable sadness, there is anguish in the parting hour. The last adieux are looked from streaming eyes; but once on the way, new and novel sensations follow one another. Sad and dreary is the first day's journey, but the next day is favored with clear, bright sunshine, and the little steamer carries the party—all strangers to one another—down the Rhine, the passengers enjoying the picturesque scenery, the sight of beautiful villages and cities, and anon a romantic view of the remains of some tower-ing castle of old, rich in historic lore—a short delay at Cologne—thence in a crowded railway-train through Rhenish Prussia and

Belgium to Antwerp—a stroll about the city

and harbor, and a wondering look at the great cathedral and its majestic tower—and

on the following day the order to embark is Of the misery and suffering and destitu-tion in store for us on board that crowded emigrant-vessel "Emblem," it was well to have had no knowledge beforehand. Fifty-three long and weary days and nights were consumed by the frail bark in crossing the bleak waste of stormy waters. She finally, arrived at New York about the middle of December, reaching the wharf in the evening A cold wind blew. One young man sought permission to go on shore at once. His cap had blown into the Atlantic ocean, so he borrowed his brother's headgear. He started off, and got a glimpse of great New York's busy streets by gas-light. How quick all the misery of the voyage was forgotten! How he relished the sensation of escape from the

pany of uniformed militia, marching to the music of a band. This cheered him up still more. He quite forgot that he was a poor, half-clad and half-starved emigrant boy-a stranger in a strange land. There could hardly have been a happier individual on the street. He had left the Fatherland to escape the degradation and drudgery of the military service, and his happiness sprang from the proud consciousness of being a free man upon Freedom's favored realm. man upon Freedom's favored realm.

Under the stirring strains of the music, an enthusiastic love of American liberty and democratic institutions took complete and instantaneous possession of him. He contrasted those cifizen-soldiers with the European soldiery, used only as an engine of war and oppression, and then and there fervently vowed allegiance to the land and the cause of Liberty forever. Returning to the vessel, he gave his friends a glowing account of his little reconnoitering tour.

New scenes, new hopes, new prospects speedily dim the memory of past suffering. While the old German home and neighborhood, its fields and meadows and wooded hills, the joys and sorrows of boyhood, the struggles in school and the love of the Fatherland live in memory's shrine—the heart, transplanted, sends out its tendrils in new directions, and learns to blossom and grow again. And so do all of us, each in his appointed sphere and season, turn leaf upon leaf and open new chapters in the great volume of Human Life.

Nearly one-third of a century has passed by. The pilgrim has passed the zenith of life, seen a good deal of the world and mingled freely with all classes of its people; has also had his share of the trials of life and learned somewhat by the lessons of adversity. Content and competence, he thinks, may be found quite as readily, and more effectu-ally, by limiting and regulating our wants, jealousy and end in disappointment. Simplicity in tastes, appetite and habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly preferment, will save us much unprofitable labor and care. Excessive, perpetual care; ceaseless anxiety are the bane of life in modern society. The eagerness to acquire, the dread to lose, the apprehension of loss of caste, these furrow our brows prematurely. Getting and spending we lay waste our

Taking a glance at the condition of human

life collectively, we find a strange, singular and not encouraging spectacle of warring and conflicting forces. While mankind are all animated by substantially the same needs, impulses, desires and aspirations, we find the greatest possible contrasts in their condition and means of satisfying the natural wants. Religion says that we are all brothers and sisters of one great family, and theoretically our government is based on an avowed equality of the rights of all its citizens: in practice, however, these grand declarations are set aside, or have only an insignificantly small amount of influence. One of the prime objects of republican government is the maintaining of wholesome restraints to an overreaching selfishness.

Through indifference and a lamentable lack of that eternal vigilance which is the price of Liberty, such restrictions are disregarded or circumvented. Men destitute of a patriotic love of the common weal, have legislated largely in the interest of wealth and monopoly. All who reflect must admit that the grants of land by thousands of square miles to this or that favorite of the power which assumed to make them, were made thought-lessly or recklessly. They would not have been made so large or unconditionally, if a reasonable foresight and a patriotic regard for the general good had prevailed. The soil s given, not to aggrandize the few, but to bless and strengthen all, and reason and equity's rule would be to allow no man to appropriate to himself any more of it than he can properly cultivate. As the family is the basis of society, that state of society will prosper best which affords the greatest number of families a fair opportunity to secure a home of their own, to live under their own vine and fig tree. The existing social order is one of division, contention and mutual hatred; leaves millions to grow up in ignorance and pinching want, while a few enjoy every luxury which imagination can suggest. It is a grave mistake to assume that this state of things is owing altogether to the innate diversities of disposition and character. The problem before us is a society which shall embody and express more of the divine principles of a common brotherhood; a social condition in which thousands everywhere will not be dependent apon the selfish policy of a few purse-proud bosses or a corporation with almost unlimited resources; a social condition in which labor will not be a degrading drudgery, and usefulness, whether exalted or lowly, the only path to honor. Seeing how prejudice, selfishness and social discord convulse and darken this world, the imperative obligation rests upon us to stand not idly by, expecting the foaming current of ignorance, error and oppression to exhaust itself, but to embark earnestly in the great work of resisting and overcoming it, assured that only through systematic exertion and organized effort will it be diminished.

I cannot close without adding some words of burning eloquence uttered by that vigil-

ant and keen-sighted advocate of the rights of the common people. Horace Greeley, upon

this subject: "The frightful excess of social anarchy, misery and destitution, in the midst of the most abundant wealth and predigality the world has ever known, is driving millions to inquiry and study with regard to their causes and their cure. Practical attempts are in progress to test and exhibit the possibility, the feasibility of a life of true brotherhood a life harmoniously adjusted to blend and secure the rights and the happiness of each secure the rights and the happiness of each in those of all—a life ultimately free from selfish anxiety, from want and from abounding temptation—a life of which the atmosphere shall be innocence, and the labor worship. It needs only that goodness be goodness, openly and veritably, to commend it to all consciences and all hearts. The wintry sullenness, the frozen apathy of the mass may delay the dawn but the bright day shall may delay the dawn, but the bright day shall come at last. Despite the sway of selfishness, seemingly so universal, nobler and truer thoughts are everywhere breaking in on the human mind."

Let nothing pass; for every hand Must find some work to do; Lose not a chance to waken love, Be firm and just and true. So shall a light that cannot fade Beam on thee from on high, And angel voices say to thee, "These things shall never die."

Geneseo, Ill.

The Present Age.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal:

It seems to me well, dear friend, to pause as we come to the mile stones of the Christmas holidays, and think, from amid the busy whirl of our daily lives of what is going on around us!

The world has never known an age like the present in many ways, but chiefly in the emancipations which are glorifying it. Emancipations from errors, emancipation from ig-norance, emancipation from degrading habthan by a ceaseless strife for increase of possessions and fashionable display—so many of the struggles and ambitions that exercise mankind are born of vanity, nurtured in mankind are born of vanity, nurtured in the councils which work for the good of the nation.

At home, woman has always been the wise and able adviser, but too often her wise advice has had only a partial success, because of a feeling of esprit de corps perhaps, among the so-called sterner sex which has induced many to consider the due recognition of her claim as a derogation of his own position, as if her influence could be exerted against "God and Home, and Native Land!" woman is beginning to stand in her rightful place, beside her other half, and labor with him, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, no longer with the feeling that his domain is intruded on, but with the firm conviction that their forces are doubled by harmonious co-operation.

In a social point of view the struggle has often been a painful one—"she has stepped out of her sphere"—"she has unsexed herself"—"she will lose her womanliness"—"our homes will be no longer what they ought to be"-and numberless other objections which are fading away, as the dews of the morning do before the rising sun.

The emancipation of mind from errors in thought, leading to absolute freedom of speech and of religious belief, which, though often asserted since the time of Luther, has only now begun to be felt as a living force. Not thirty years ago, to be a Spiritualist was considered not only as worthy of ostracism, but as not being "respectable," entirely out of the pale of that phantasm—"society!"Now all literature, all science also, are full of its tacklings and influence and the secolid teachings and influence, and, the so-called 'best people" are amongst its advocates and adherents. Spiritualism has always existed, it is now an acknowledged power, and is being purged of the errors with which charlatanism has fettered it, and is rapidly advancing as it is more intelligently understood. and freed from mistakes and superstition. The creeds are being sifted and expurgat-

ed. until we shall come at last to understand what is God's truth, and which the "com-mandments of men." Once again in the world's history ex oriente lux has made itself felt, and the fetters of

caste have been broken, and our sisters of India have been freed from their prison houses, and can now mingle in society on equal terms with their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. They can join in public religious worship, or any form of public meeting, are no longer debarred from the privileges of education and will form all kinds of associations, as their European and American sisters do. The religious part of the reform is won-derful. The missionary, as Mr. Mozoomdar has said, brought the Christ to them as a European, not as a conception which an Oriental can take home to heart, and yet, the living Christ came, an Oriental. I see the force of the remark and understand its pertinence. The new faith, the Bhrama Somaj, though not calling itself by the Christ's name, is entirely imbued with his spirit, and I can well understand how Mr. Mozoomdar found among Unitarians a home welcome, and puland from which he could freely utter his whole thought. What an advance upon the narrowness of spirit even of half a century ago, though that is not entirely dead, for the W. C. T. U. women, church mambare. pits in which he was fraternally received. W. C. T. U. women, church members though they were, were, while on their holy mission, refused the use of one of Christ's churches in which to hold a meeting for their consecrated work, and this in the year of grace, 1882. In scientific matters also, the "conflict"

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth."

BY MRS. P. O. HYZER.

Above the crash, and roar and jar Of the great restless wheels of Time, I'd blend again my Christmas chime, With every clime anear and far.

For well I know Earth's Christ is born, For I behold his glory bright In every gleam of golden light That lights her planes from morn to morn.

Judea's hills are far away: Gethremane and Gallilee Are only pictures unto me, But Christ I talk with day by day.

The Truth that comes to set us free From Superstition's rusty chain, That clings to human soul and brain. Is the true Comforter to me.

With every dawn of day I read Upon the tablets of the law, Whence all-inspiring truth I draw, Some new translation of the creed.

That God's own hand of love hath traced On all of life in every sphere, That soul can sense while living nere, In signs that ne'er can be erased.

And thus I find that we are one-The God, the Holy Ghost and I-The Trinity that cannot die As symbolized in Christ the Son.

Thus through Love's all-redemptive grace, I see my Savior every hour. In Truth's divine, unfolding power, And talk with God face unto face.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Materialist Silenced.

BY D. M. COLE.

A pleasant home was that of James Walters. and he ought to have been a happy man. With a beautiful and loving wife and three fine children, with a large income, with all the appliances of comfort and elegance around him, what more could he want? Not unseldom he asked himself the question, but could never answer it. Something, he knew not what, was unsatisfied,

Mr. Walters was a man of some culture— if it be culture to read and think one side only of many subjects; but such culture of necessity made him a one-sided, imperfect man; made ignorance, presumptuous ignorance, inevitable. He was accustomed to submit all things to the test of the senses, whether it was possible for the senses to judge of them or not. His human consciousness, his love for his family, his reverence for the true and the good—and he had all these—in his thought were only perturbations of matter, self-moved. He was a materialist of the most pronounced sort; his eyes could not see God, therefore he denied God; he knew man's physical organization was destroyed soon after death, and he scoffed at immortality.

Insensibly to himself the narrow belief had narrowed his power of comprehension; had done more, than this—it had chilled and hardened him. A year before his beautiful boy had passed from earth, and the father who knew of no life but that of earth, stood beside the cossin of the loved one, torn with flerce anguish, with only the poor comfort of the reflection that all must die; the child's death was inevitable. No thought of the possibility of a fairer life springing from the short and painful one here, and no perception of a love outlasting this life, was there to comfort him. His child was dead, gone from him forever; the bright promise of his young life ended in annihilation. From that day he brooded over the terror of death. He might have seen others die before, knew that all must die, but this experience made death a terribly real thing to him. And death killed love, or was killing it slowly. Life so short, what was it worth? Love ceasing so soon, better not to love. He did not argue thus; would have protested against such argument, but so he felt, and his heart was chilled. Wife and children grew less dear; home less pleasing; joy less desirable-a cold icalous, passionate man he had become, and his hungry heart stirred him with impulses: he would not accept, and not accepting, he missed the joy they might have brought him. All the bright dreams, the poetry and aspiration of youth now only received his contempt; he cared nothing for birth or other memorial days-the things they commemorated were dead, too, or soon would be, why speak of them now?

As his love died his power of hate increased, and nothing gave him so much delight as to attack flercely all creeds—he seldom specified any particular creed. If there was anything he hated more than another it was Spiritual ism. With bitterest scorn, he would declare it was compounded in equal parts of unconscious self-deception and conscious fraud. Tell him his son yet lived, (how he would have loved to be assured of this) and he would proclaim it a foolish falsehood. If proof was offered, he would talk about 'jugglery." He knew but little of either creeds or spiritual phenomena, and this only made him the more positive; "lies," "humbug," "fraud," "delusion," saved him all trouble of

His nearest neighbor was Charles Weston, a gentleman about his own age, and whose circumstances and surroundings were very much of a counterpart to those of Mr. Walters. But there was a notable difference in the men. Mr. Weston was a Spiritualist. Freed from the bondage which Mr. Walters called free thought, ready to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good, his mind had expanded in every department of it, and whenever he encountered it, he lamented the prejudice that his neighbor and friend so cherished—that he should be so bitter and bigoted. It only wanted two days to Christmas, and all Mr. Weston's family were busy in preparation for celebrating it, while his neighbor's family seemed to be ignorant that

the world was getting ready to rejoice. "Halloo, Walters! I want you to go with me to a circle to-morrow night, Christmas Eve, and then I want you to send your children to my house Christmas day to help us cele brate it. I have undertaken to provide spectators or audience, as the case may be at the scance and have not time enough to spare, to seek out so many as I want, so I must press

you into the service." "Heaven increase your modesty! You ask me, a denier of the possibility of spiritual existence, one who asserts that Jesus of Nazareth never lived, and that his so-called birthday is only a restoration of a pagan festival in honor of the Sun -worst of all, ask me to take part in one of the foolish, criminal meetings you call scance. You must be crary, or think I am.

"Well, no! I didn't think you crazy, but I have imagined sometimes, tha you are a

little narrow and bigoted in your viewschiefly, it seemed to me, because of defective information, or no information."

'No information! Are not exposures of spiritualistic frauds of almost daily occurrence

somewhere in our land?"

There are some attempts to expose, which are themselves fraudulent, and there are, undoubtedly, some frauds; but what other people have seen or not seen, may only be pleaded, when higher evidence is not attainable. I want you to know for yourself; to personally examine, so that when you de-nounce Spiritualism in future, you may give your own experience, and say-

"All this I saw, and part of it I was." "There is something in that. I might be better posted, undoubtedly; but, if Ldo come, a very positive unbeliever, will not that prevent the manifestations?"

"No, not unless you should undertake to spoil the pleasure of the others by angry criticism or other violent demonstration, and I am sure you would not be so ungentlemanly. Look keenly, listen as attentively as you can, rouse up all your mental activity, criticise as sharply as is possible for you, but not there, and then you will not hinder

anything.
"Well, I will come as an experiment. But I warn you that if I discover fraud, I will

expose it through the press."
"That will be fair if. in addition, you resolve that if you do not find fraud, you will publish that fact, too."

"H-m, people would say I was a Spiritualist if I did that. Perhaps it would be better not to publish a judgment based on only one evening's incidents. Where and when do we meet?"

"I will call for you. And now, for the other half of my request. Let the children come and enjoy themselves. Every point you make against Christmas day can be answered; but I have not time to do it now. If the observance is distasteful, stay away yourself, but let your children, who do not share your prejudices, have their day of innocent pleasure."

"I will leave this question open for the present. I must go now. Good-day." And the friends parted.

Christmas Eve; a clear, starlit night; the streets filled with crowds of pushing active, excited, happy men and women, all seeking for the best way of delighting some whom they loved. Through the busy scene the two friends passed, both looking with eager in-terested eyes. The despiser of Christmas as decreed by a church, found himself warmed and exalted by perception of the thought which underlies Christmas,—a coronation of Love-and had he not been ashamed, would have bought gifts for his own children. Without spoken argument, before he reached the scance-room, he had begun to think Christmas day a worthy institution.

Arriving at the house of the gentleman who had offered his parlors for the occasion. Mr. Walters looked curiously around for the machinery which he devoutly believed was to be used. There was none in sight, but there was, under one of the gas lights a canopy hung un from which heavy black curfoing hung up from which heavy black curtains

descended on all sides to the floor. "What is that?" said Mr. Walters. "The cabinet," said Mr. Weston; "won't you

Mr. Walters drew aside the curtains at the the company were arranged in a compact circle, she taking her place in the centre. After showing how to clasp each other, so as to leave the fingers of the right hand free, he called for singing, and then directed the light to be extinguished. There was dead silence for perhaps half a minute, only disturbed by the measured beat of the medium's hands against each other: suddenly bright blue sparks began to start forth all around, startling those unaccustomed to such phenomema. Now high, now low, now seemingly resting on some one's head, and now seen between two persons, but never revealing anything! Soon strange whispers filled the air, and hands were grasped by cold fingers, and there came to be quite a cross-fire of questions and replies. Mr. Walters sat grasping the hand of his friend Weston, startled, astonished, but with every sense alert, expecting to detect fraud. He had never been to a seance before; the manifestations were all new and unexpected, and he could scarce refrain from crying out, when some tiny fingers were placed in his right hand, and he heard whispered,—"Dear papa, Albert is here." And then came gentle touches over his head and face, as if baby hands were careasing him. Nasriy all present having caressing him. Nearly all present having been greeted by spirit friends, the medium called for a light, carefully inspected the circle, to see there were no vacancies, and moved her chair close to the cabinet, and then ordered the light to be extinguished. Scarcely had this been done, at the very instant of the medium's entering the cabinet, two young girls rushed forth, as it seemed, dressed in white, faces and dress gleaming with a light which revealed them, but nothing else. Only an instant they remained, when they gave place to a tall, thin dame, leading by the hand a golden haired boy, about five years old. Mr. Walters' grasp of Mr. Weston's hand, grew painfully tense and rigid, and he half rose from his chair. The spirit forms beckoned to him; he went to them. They embraced him. He heard the words, "Dear James" and "papa," and he staggered back, half-fainting with emotion as they withdrew. After several other spirits had appeared, a stronger one came, a man with black hair and beard clad in the cos-

ing the paper on that, wrote: "I am glad to see you, friends, to-night. Best night of all the year to hold a circle. for all over the world, men to-night are filled with thoughts of love, and that draws us. Many spirits will manifest to-night here and elsewhere, who could not appear if the atmosphere had not been prepared by the loving thought and loving act which belong to Christmas Day. Older than all religion, are thoughts of motherhood, infancy, love, peace, heaven, God,—the thoughts that the forms of religion were intended to express, and did as well as they were able. Christmas day is the Festival of Love, of Children, of Home and the Family. If bad men have made the day a support of oppressive systems, it does not concern us. The systems are dead, the thought can never die. I don't know, whether there ever was a Jesus, but I know the whole world has taken his name as a synonym of love, and I will not dispute its fitness. Aloving Christmas greeting to all. Goodnight.

tume of a past age. By signs he asked for

writing materials, which having been pro-

cured with some difficulty owing to the dark-

ness, he strode to the mantel-piece and rest-

After his departure a number of other spir-

cabinet, and the seance was closed. Mr. Walters with the others gathered around the medium, congratulating her on her success though he could not deny himself a quick, suspicious glance at the cabinet; but there

was nothing there but the chair. He was thoroughly pazzled. On their way home, for some time neither of the friends spoke. At length Mr. Walters said, "Friend Weston, I have been waiting to have you ask me what I think of what we

have just witnessed."
"I don't want to know, and you don't know
yet. Think it over, away from all the excitement of the evening."
"Cool and calm! Why! I have seen, touched and heard the voice of my dead child, my boy

Albert. How can I be calm?" "Yes, it is a glad surprise to you. But still I say, try to be calm and cool before you say much about it, for if you really have seen your boy, if it be proved to you there is a life beyond the grave, the opinions you have been accustomed to hold must be abandoned. You cannot be a Materialist, and believe you have

seen a spirit." "That's so: but I will proclaim whatever I find to be true at all hazards, and shall be glad to find that I have been mistaken hitherto. One thing at least I will decide. I will send my children to-morrow to help you celebrate Christmas day, and, perhaps wife and I will come, too, in the evening, if admissible.

"Shall be most heartily glad to have you, old friend; all the more that I know you have to give up some very positive convic-

So the two friends shook hands and separated, to meet next day to take their part in humanity's chief festival, Christmas day. But from that day Materialism had lost its charm for Mr. Walter. He could not have argued out of it—argument would only have confirmed him in his opinion, but his senses had irresistible evidence of life beyond the grave. He rarely denounces creeds or memorial days now, for he has discovered that back of all creeds, all memorial days, there was a thought worthy of respect. In his case, as in thousands of others, "facts" overruled all his theories, and he became a Spiritualist here was the facts apply not be deviced or because the facts could not be denied or disproved.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Christmas Day versus the Solar-Mythic Jesus.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN. Among the many asserted coincidences be-

tween the solar mythos of antiquity and the life of Jesus, as depicted in the canonical and apocryphal gospels, and as formulated by tradition and by authority, and claimed by tradition and by authority, and claimed by certain writers as probative of the com-plete identification of the crucified Nazarene with the sun-god, we find one which, in re-ality, has a solar-mythic origin, so far as its connection with Christianity is concerned. The day selected as the birthday of Jesusthe twenty-fifth of December-had, undeniably, been celebrated in the heathen world as the natal day of the revivined Sun-god centuries before the birth of Jesus, and from opening left for the purpose, but discovered pagan mythology was it transferred to the only a chair. The medium was a large, somewhat sleepy looking woman, "fat, fair and forty," dressed in a brown merino dress, having no white whatever about her. She gave little heed to what was going around her, till it was declared time to begin the séance, when at her request the door was locked and large turies before the birth of Jesus, and from pagan mythology was it transferred to the Christian Church. But does the pagan derivation of this festal day in any manner lend weight to the theory that the life of Jesus is primarily a solar myth, with no historical foundation? If I am not mistaken, the pagan mythology was it transferred to the Christian Church. But does the pagan derivation of this festal day in any manner lend weight to the theory that the life of Jesus is primarily a solar myth, with no historical foundation? If I am not mistaken, the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan derivation of this festal day in any manner lend weight to the theory that the life of Jesus is primarily a solar myth, with no historical foundation? If I am not mistaken, the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred to the christian Church. But does the pagan mythology was it transferred t when at her request the door was locked, and the company were arranged in a compact to a purely solar-mythical source. Most of circle, she taking her place in the centre. the other so-called proofs of the identity of Jesus and the sun-god are valueless, farfetched, chimerical speculations, while of the remaining few, it cannot be positively established whether or not the Christian legends had a solar-mythic origin. The date of the nativity, however, is certainly a remnant of solar mythology, and the only one positively established as forming a part of the Chris-tian system,—that is, as primarily derived by Christianity at first hand from solar mythology. There are many things in Christianity, in Judaism, in our modern civilization, even in our advanced science, which originally formed a part of ancient solar mythology, but which had lost their mythological signification, by transformation and by their embodiment in historic facts, prior to their assimilation or inheritance by the modern world or by the primitive Christian Church. For example: It is claimed that the twelve apostles of Jesus were myths, personifications of the twelve constellations of the zodiac. It is possible that the sacredness of the number twelve arose from the twelve months of the year and the movements of the sun during those twelve months, culminating in the establishment of the twelve signs of the zodiac and their corresponding constellations; and it is probable that the division of the Israelites into twelve tribes arose from the sacredness of the number twelve. Jesus, a historic character, claiming to be the God-appointed ruler of the restored Jewish kingdom, which was to consist of the re-gathered twelve tribes of Israel, chose for his subrulers twelve men, one for each tribe. Thus we have a historic fact, the original root of which was grounded in the solar mythology of thousands of years previous. But Jesus's choice of twelve disciples had not, in his mind, the remotest connection with solar mythology, but was based on the historic fact of there being twelve tribes of Israel. Jesus and the Jews of his day abominated sun-worship, though their ancestors had been for many generations, up to the time of the captivity, devoted followers of the solar cult; and even Jehovah himself, or Yahweh, had been in primitive times a solar deity perhaps. In like manner, as has been said, Christianity and modern civilization contain many things formerly connected with solar mythology, but not primarily derived, at first hand, from that mythology, as Christmas Day assuredly was. This being the only thing pertaining to Jesus's life proven to have been thus derived, it behoves us to see if such derivation

sustains the solar-mythic theory of Jesus. It is claimed that Jesus is simply the sungod because he was born the same days as Mithra and other solar delties, and that the New Testament narratives of him are mythical accounts of the solar hero's exploits. If the gospels were written as lives of a sungod, born December twenty-fifth, then why is it that nowhere in the whole New Testament is there a hint of his having been born on that day? The solar deities, we are told, are all born at that date and the narratives of them so state; then why is it that the New Testament accounts of Jesus never refer to his birth at that date, it he be a sun-god? Matthew and Luke minutely describe his conception, birth and infancy, but say not a word about the twenty-fifth of December. On the contrary. Luke's gospel excludes the idea

its appeared, recognized as friends or relatives by those present. At length the medium case when Jesus was born; hence, according to Luke, Jesus was not born in that month. case when Jesus was born; hence, according to Luke, Jesus was not born in that month. It is clear that the author of Luke's gospel had no thought of writing a history of a sun-god, but rather the life of a human being, living and dying in Palestine, regarded by him as the Christ or Savior; and so also of the author of Matthew. If Jesus was a sungod, then the earliest accounts of him should be of a solar-mythic nature. But in none of the narratives of Jesus's birth, both in the canonical and apocryphal gospels, is his birthday mentioned; nor is there aught in birthday mentioned; nor is there aught in those gospels, from first to last, indicative that the writers regarded Jesus as a sun-god. No where in any Christian writing of any age or country, from Paul to Beecher and Channing, is there a trace of so preposterous a conception as that Jesus was a solar myth; neither was this idea ever broached in the ancient pages world so fer as we can gother ancient pagan world, so far as we can gather, as all the pagan opponents of Christianity regarded Jesus as a crucified Jew,-a man. not a myth.

No special date was assigned to Jesus's birth by the early Christians; it was regarded evidently as of no importance, so in after times, as the new faith increased in numbers and feast-days began to spring up in the Church, a number of different days were chosen, in different localities, as Jesus's birthday. Tradition was silent on the subiect: hence guess-work and speculation had full swing, and it has been said that over a hundred different days were celebrated as the birthday of Jesus in the early centuries. This fact proves positively that Jesus was no sun-god. The birth of the sun-gods were celebrated in the various pagan countries on the one date, December twenty-fifth, and if Jesus was simply a rehash of the old Greeko-Mithraic solar deity, as claimed, then his birthday would have been celebrated universally in the Romano-Greek world on the same date. The fact that no one knew when Jesus was born, and that the legends and myths of his birth and infancy were entirely silent concerning that date, shows that he was not primarily a sun-god; and the fact that his early followers and worshipers did not select the date of the sun-god's birth as Jesus's natal day, proves that no conception of Jesus as a sun-god was existent among them. The selection of so many different days as Jesus's birthday by the early Christians is demonstrative that the solar-mythic theory of Jesus was foreign to the primitive Christian consciousness. It was not till the fourth century that the

twenty-fifth of December was settled on in the Church as the day to be celebrated as Christmas, and it was so decreed at that time by Pope Julius, and has obtained in Christendom ever since. Christianity having become the state religion in the Roman Empire, this, with other pagan elements, was added to it. This is merely one of the many pagan accretions of the Christian religion consequent upon its adoption by the Roman Emperors. Besides Christmas, a number of other sacred days, saints' days, etc., were borrowed at that time from paganism. But these things formed no part of primitive Christianity,—were never heard of in the days of the Apostles and the New Testament writers. Note the and the New Testament writers. Note the logic of the solar-mythologists. Primitive Christianity knew nothing of Jesus having been born December twenty-fifth, though that day was then celebrated extensively as the sun-god's natal day in the pagan world. In the fourth century, when primitive Christianity became paganized largely, it borrowed from pagan mythology the celebration of December twenty-fifth as the birthday of its Redeemer. Hence, according to the solar Redeemer. Hence, according to the solar mythologists, primitive Christianity was a solar-mythic cult and Jesus was the sun-god, born December twenty-fifth. Such is a sample of the proofs advanced that Jesus is a solar mythic. In truth, the facts concerning the origin, etc., of Christmas Day afford. in themselves, the strongest proof that Jesus could not possibly have been a solar myth, and that primitive Christianity was entirely dissociated from solar mythology,—a separate and distinct cult of Jewish origin, found ed primarily by a young Hebrew, Jesus, and spread abroad in the Roman Empire by another Hebrew, Paul,—both of whom had the usual Jewish detestation of pagan mythology. gy, with which mythology, however, the nas cent church became infected after the death

of its early champions. I had hoped ere this to have published my refutation of Dupuis's astro-theological theory of religions, but I am delayed for the following reason. After nearly finishing that portion devoted to the origin of the zodiac, I discovered that some valuable works bearing on that subject had recently been published in England. Wishing to embody in my re-marks the latest discoveries in science, to embrace, if possible, all that is known up to date thereupon, I have concluded to await the arrival from England of these new works, which I have ordered, before publication of my review of the extreme solar-mythologists. The subject will keep.

"Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Dr. H. P. Fairfield occupied the platform at Brittan Hall, afternoon and evening, Sunday, December 2nd. Subject for the after-noon discourse: "The Natural Philosophy of Religion and Spiritualism." The Doctor argued from the stand-point of naturalism, and sought to prove that every thing is natural existing between earth and heaven, or the material realms and the Spirit-world. His argument on the naturalness of medium-ship was clear and elaborate.

The first part of the evening lecture consisted of a definition of spirit, given in answer to the following letters addressed to Rev. Sylvester Judd, the controlling influence of the Doctor:

REV. SYLVESTER JUDD:-Man has been taught that there is a Spirit-world; that there is spirit; that spirits do return, and that spiritual phenomena are outside of, and beyoud, the material. Can you demonstrate the existence of spirit? If so, what is it? W. W. CURRIER.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. 2nd, 1883.

The control occupied some thirty minutes in defining so-called spirit, claiming it to be refined matter, arguing that there could be nothing outside of, and beyond, matter, however fine that substance might be. He said: "Spirit is an ethereal or refined substance, dwelling in a material being from its birth, and which grows and expands with the infant to the corporeal man."

During the evening lecture quite a numher of spirits were reported as being present: their full names were given and recognized by persons in the audience.

During a conversation with Dr. Fairfield, I learned that he had just closed a very successful month's engagement with the Spiritnatists of Brockton, Mass., where, he says, there is a very lively interest in the spirit-ual cause. He has located at Newburyport, of his having been born in December. Shep-ual cause. He has located at Newburyport, herds in Judea did not keep watch over their Mass., and reports a good degree of interest

ere also. He says that he would like to y to the readers of the Journal that his dress is P. O. Box 785, Newburyport, Mass. Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., occupied the platform at Brittan Hall, Sunday, Dec. 9th, at two and seven o'clock P. M. He is a platform test medium, and is meeting with very good success. The audiences, afternoon and evening, were large, as compared with the regular attendance, the evening audience completely filling the hall, thus demonstrating the fact that phenomena workers call out the people more than philosophy and reason. During the evening scance fifty-one full names were reported, and nearly every one was recognized.

Haverhill, Mass., Dec. W. W. CURRIER.

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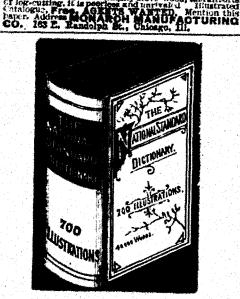
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Woman and the Household.

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

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(EVELYN FIELD TO HER MOTHER.) I promised to tell you, dear mamma, all I did with the furniture and clothing which our precious Aunt Anna left to me when she took her flight to the Summer-land last spring. You know your wild daughter, romping and gay though she is, well enough to be certain that she would not fally part with those things which are so intimately associated with one whom we all loved so tenderly. I hope you know, too, that her blessed teach ings are not altogether lost upon her little dot of a niece, and that I have tried to carry out her own wishes by doing good with the things she no longer needs on earth, in a way that I am sure she approves. And now that it is all over and I'm so happy I don't know what to do, you shall know all about

In the post-graduate course which I am attending, is a young girl by name Mabel Dean, perhaps I have told you about her. Her father, the richest man in town, is crabbed, cross and miserly. Well, in going to recitation I pass right by an old homestead upon which Mr. Dean has some claim or mortgage which nearly covers its value. I have noticed it ever since being in Warrington, it looked so pathetic with its broken palings, and general air of dilapidation, its old garden of damask roses and hollyhocks growing up to a wilderness, that I made up a story to myself about its occupants.

"It seems to me that house belongs to a poor, childless widow," said I to Jennie Darrel, as we were going by there one morning.

"It does; how strange you should think so," she replied. "And a lovely gentlewoman she is. She was one of the favorites among the young people my mother says thirty. the young people, my mother says, thirty years ago. Now she is almost a recluse and

so poor she can hardly live."
"Tell me all about it," said I, and Jennie proceeded to relate the sad story. You see, mamma, she married a man who had but one great fault-he drank. That tells a world of sadness, doesn't it? Well, they had but one child, a beautiful girl, who sickened and died when she was about the age of Jennie and me. Then Mr. Janes grew worse than before; neglected things, ran in debt and mortgaged their homestead to Mr. Dean, and then he

The gentle widow refused to leave the old place as long as she could pay the interest on the mortgage, and so she has lived there alone, summer and winter. It has taken about every cent she could raise to pay the miser \$60 a year, and he never deducted a copper. Every little while she had to sell a piece of furniture, and this fall very little remained to her of all the household that was once her

OWIL. The story touched me very deeply, mamma, and I went to bed one night last week, thinking it all over. Then I dreamed, and it seemed to me Aunt Annie came to me with the daughter of the Widow Janes. And Aunty looked so sweet and radiant and pitiful, but the girl by her side had such a trace of sadness on her face that my heart was melted within me, and I seemed to hear Aunty's

"Evelyn, as you would she would do by your mother were she suffering, so do you by hers," and the voice was just like Annie's, and the girl beside her looked at me, oh! so tenderly and wistfully. Then I awoke and there was no more sleep till my plan was arranged.

The next morning I wrote you for the furniture in Aunty's room, which you know we do not need; also for my quarterly allowance in advance. And when your letter came containing the check, and the intelligence that the sofa and bureau, the easy chair and car-pet and some of Aunty's clothing was boxed and on the way, without your even knowing what I was to do with them, I felt, as never before, what a dear, good mamma you are! Well, I took Mrs. Furman and Stella, where

I board, into my confidence, and they agreed to help me out. Then I went to the other school girls including Mabel Dean, and they all seemed delighted to carry on the joke— the splendid Christmas joke, mamma! You see Mrs. Janes was so proud and delicateminded and reserved that she never complained, and the neighbors could not quite bestow charity. But, between you and me, mamma, I am sure they were too neglectful of her. Think of that delicately reared woman all alone and some times suffering for food and

By the time the boxes came, every thing was in readiness. Stella went to Mrs. Janes the day before Christmas, begging her to go over and help her mother as she was expecting company. While there she managed to see what was needed, and came back with tears in her eyes, saying every thing was needed. So Mrs. Janes came over, neighborly enough.

Then you should have seen us scamper. Stella and Mabel and I and Stella's brother, James, easily got into the James house, and wern't we busy! We had previously engaged a carpenter, and James had a can of paint and some putty, and we went to work with a will. We had a teamster all ready to haul up the boxes and open them and help us lift in the furniture: The front room which was as bare as a charity ward in a hospital and much cleaner, soon had Aunty's carpet on the floor. Then went those warm, maroon curtains up to the windows, and a spread on the old mahogany table remaining in the room, and then Aunty's big lounge fitted beautifully into the corner just where the sun shone over it all the day long. But the easy chair and the little rocker and footstool, they looked, as James said, "too utterly precious for any thing." And I thought so too, as I remembered how dear Aunty had used them in her days of suffering But I forgot to tell you about the stove. Mabel Dean's father had a new parlor heater this fall, and the old stove-a good one, too-was set away to be sold. Well, Mabel went to him with her persuasive powers, and the old man finally told her she might have the stove if she would take it away in half an hour. (He thought she couldn't do it.) We sent the teamster over for it, and in less than half an hour that stove was in the south room and a good fire in it. That was the crowning glory of the day and our work; a good fire and a lovely old room with family pictures on the walls, and some books on the centre table, and warmth and cheer with the sun shining in through those wine-colored curtains over

Then I took your draft, mamma, with my quarter's spending money, and went down to the nearest grocery. Then I told my story, and coaxed Mr. Smith to throw off a lot on his sent up his boy at once with more than I bargained for. And while I was gone, James had been to the post-office, and told the boys black pall settled over her, which would

who were round—as they always are—that who were round—as they always are—that we were giving Mrs. Janes a Christmas benefit. And the boys—good fellows, after all—went around and made up a purse and then off to Mr. Gibbs to order coal. Whew! wasn't the coal dealer close? But James laughed and the boys chaffed till he was ashamed, and fairly sent three tons of coal for the price of two. And James told him he would get out of purgatory a hundred years sooner for that, which quite shocked Mr. Gibbs, for he is a decrea and very rious though he does he is a deacon and very pious, though he does sell short weight and poor coal at that.

One thing more, and the hardest of all, was to tackle Mr. Dean. (Now, Mamma, dear, don't be shocked at "tackle." It is not bad slang and is so expressive.) We debated awhile and concluded to all go to him in a body. By this time quite a lot of young people had got together and all were in the spirit of the thing. You may be sure I pressed them all into doing something. So we formed two by two in a solemn procession and went to his house, in marching order; James and Joe Steadman were ahead, each playing the flute. Steadman were anead, each playing the nute. We were ushered into Mr. Dean's office, and the boys, taking off their hats, told him as boldly as if they were conferring a favor, that they wanted one, instead.

You should have seen his face when he understood that it was simply that he should then and there draw up a life-release of the annual interest which Mrs. Janes is connelled.

annual interest which Mrs. Janes is compelled

to work so hard to pay him semi-yearly!
"Such impudence, youngsters," he articulated as soon as he could speak, for he was fairly overcome at the proposition.

Then James told him in a very manly and sensible manner, all that we had done-and he gave me too much credit for it all, mamma-and appealed to his pride, his charity and good feeling, to his age and his Christianity, to remit the interest during the widow's life-time. And the old fellow—forgive the disrespect—was fairly shamed into drawing up the release, and he can't get be-

hind it for we were all witnesses.

You may believe we were a happy band of young people; it was better than a Christmas tree and a lot of presents. We all went back to the house, where the carpenter had been fixing locks, hinges and doors with a will, fired by our enthusiasm. And the neighbors hearing what was going on, sent in many little offerings. Curious, isn't it? how much people are ready to do when it is no longer needed. One old farmer going by with turkeys left one at the door; another grocer sent some apples and potatoes, and another some kindling wood, until finally we had a little of every thing you can think of. Then we shook hands all around and went home, the

boys whistling and silent.
Stella and I went back with Mrs. Janes at night-fall. You ought to have seen her astonishment and bewilderment, mamma, when she entered her old home. There on the table burned a new student's lamp, a good fire blazed in the stove, and the room was as cosy and lovely a spot as you ever saw. Then when she looked about and saw her conveniences and the store of provisions, and last of ences and the store of provisions, and last of all, perused the release from the interest—well, I can't tell you any thing, you must just imagine it all. But I fancied I heard the sweet words of approval of Aunty at the use made of her furniture, and felt the happiness which Mrs. Janes's daughter must experience at the comfort which a little self-lenial brought to her mother. And oh! when I feel ashamed of my last winter's bonnet and regret the new trimming to my best dress which I cannot now afford to have, I can easily console myself by thinking that I can easily console myself by thinking that I have gained more than I have lost in assisting to bring comfort to a mother who loves her daughter, as you, mamma, dear, love yours, EVELYN. yours,

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Christmas Evening's Golden Keys.

> > BY B. R. A.

December again draws near; the cold winds and sleety rains will soon wrap the climbing grape vines, and the grand old oaks in the forest, in their dreary icy shrouds. The graceful stems of the refreshing flowers will lie upon the frozen ground, their faded petals dressed in diadems of ice, and the tasteful Frost King will weave about their whitened corollas a frosty crown, while memory's tears will glitter in jeweled corone upon their stiffened leaves. Revelry, gaiety, dance and song will gladden the hearts of many, while sorrow may spread her dusky wing over the hearts of the few. Christmas! what a thrill of joy it sends to the heart! It seems to Suggest sleighbells, buoyant young hearts, glad parties, festive dinners, skating and general parties, festive dinners, skating and general jubilee in the daytime; at night, games, gifts. love-making, jovial stories and merriments. Memory calls to mind one Christmas scene over which she seems to linger with a kind of sweet sadness. Our family was a happy little circle, consisting of five members: father, mother, three sisters and one brother,—he who tells this story.

But my story is chiefly concerning our

But my story is chiefly concerning our darling little auburn haired Jennie; she was just eight years old, day before Christmas. stelfa was two years Jennie's senior, and they were, if possible, more than sisters; Jennie's grief was Stella's, and each knew the bosom secret of the other. Many a pretty and pleasing present had been suggested for little Jennie, and these were all bought and laid carefully away that her little heart might be made glad as well as those of the other members of the family. Each of us knew what every other member was to receive; but no one knew what he himself should receive. But I weary your patience. A few days before Christmas, diphtheria, that unconquerable enemy of childhood, had laid a chilling finger upon sister Jennie's heart. Oh, her suffering was terrible. /She seemed to revive near midnight, December 23rd, felt better, and talked a little about an imaginary waxen doll, which she dreamed that we had purchased for her. I can never forget how lov-ingly she fixed her large blue eyes, already bright with radiance from beyond the cloud, and upon me, and while her breath came thick and fast, she said: "Will, you don't know what I have got for you." I took her cold little hand in mine; the doctor had just told us that she was dying. All had gathered about her bed with feelings many may appreciate, but none can express. It seemed as if our sunshine in life was going out forever. At ten o'clock as she lay facing the east window, she suddenly stopped breathing for a moment, opened her eyes as if looking intently at some object, then turning to us she suddenly exclaimed, "Grandma!" From that moment her countenance was illumined with a look of joy. She declared that grandma and Uncle Thomas, with many other beautiful spirits, were waiting to carry her away. She was all delight-we, saddened and heartsick. Far off in the blue Orient, the constellation Orion hung in seeming calm and stillsugar and tea and flour and butter, and he ness; but Jennie was dying, and our hearts were breaking. To father, who was an atheist,—and denied the continuance of life, a

never rise again. Generations would come and go, but little sister's would be no more forever. Mother's belief was even less comforting. Jennie would enter a great, dreary golden mansion, and if we should ever be so fortunate as to meet her there, it would not really be our dear little Jennie at all, but one transformed into a real angel.

I was then a lad of sixteen; I could see

nothing but the cold sod, the dreadful coffin and-death! Mother had her arms around Jennie's neck as she crossed the mysterious boundary which lies between the spheres. Jennie's last words were, "Mother and Ishall come back often."

December 24th—night—how dreary seemed the earth. "Oh! could it be—could little sister be forever blotted out of existence?" Again. Orion hung in the eastern sky-a murky haze was gathering in the west. I stood in the front yard where I could see the lamps burning dimly in the room of death; around me were the sounds of joy and festivity, but my heart was saddened, dumb, almost dead within me. I longed for death.

The reader may appreciate my narrative better, when I inform him that this was in 1849. The phenomena of Spiritualism were spreading all over the world. My mother believed it to be the work of the devil; my father that it was the result of triglery. father, that it was the result of trickery. Well, upon that lone evening, December 24th, we had all silently gathered about the remains of our darling. The presents were untouched. Next day Jennie would be buried in the old cemetery, and her silvery voice join us never again. A holy quiet came over the sad little sorrow-stricken circle of four.

I was astonished to see that Stella was moving her eyes about the room, and actually smiling. Mother was the first to break the silence in a voice of gentle reproof— "Stella!" But just then, what was our astonishment to hear her break forth in merry laughter, exclaiming, "Oh! Jennie! Jennie! Grandma, give her to me!" The excitement was such as to rouse her completely; but she seemed perfectly transformed; her eyes were bright, her whole countenance was illumined with inv. She avalenced. "Oh! mother method with joy. She exclaimed, "Oh! mother, mother, I have truly seen her; grandma had her in her arms; she stood right there by papa; she did, indeed-and, oh! mamma, you can't know how happy she looked! and she started to go to you but she was too weak." I can hardly, understand it myself, but somehow we all felt inclined to believe Stella was correctin fact, there was a feeling of conviction per-vading the room, that little Jennie was not dead. The conversation was kept up con-cerning this vision until after midnight. It was, I think, about half past twelve that a slight sound like the dropping of water was heard upon the centre table; father first noticed it. Now, let it be understood, gentle reader, that Stella, Jennie and I had sat for these mysterious raps ourselves, but we feared to tell father and mother, least they

should laugh at us.
Stella timidly asked mother if it would be wrong for her and me, to lay our hands upon the stand. This was reluctantly accorded. Well, soon we called the alphabet and received: "Jennie is right here with you; ceived: "Jennie is right here with you; wishes you to be comforted; will soon talk to you herself." (Signed grandma) Again: "Stella can see her; sit often." Well, suffice it to say, dear reader, that these tiny raps brought joy unspeakable to that little household. We saw darling Jennie's body laid away in the cold earth, but knew well that Jennie was not there. Thirty-four years since then, have not there. Thirty-four years since then, have come and gone with their whirling scenes and changes. The recollections of that night will ever remain impressed upon the old man who now records them.

Yes, Jennie is with the good angels; we all know it now, but how much of anguish it Often now, far away from the scenery of my boyhood, I sit and look at Orion rising grandly, in the east, and think of her, who looked upon it with her last earthly consciousness. She, like it, has risen—risen above the mists of earthly nights—risen into the sphere of eternal love and light, but unlike it she will shine on in bright glory and peace when Orion shall rise and set no more, and the stars shall be blotted out forever.

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(hristmas Day.

Just now the Nation is in a spasm of enjoyment, and eagerly seeking for means of manifesting it. Publishers issue handsomer books than usual, and their stores are crowded with eager purchasers. Toys, jewels, fancy goods of all kinds, are rapidly changing hands. Huge masses of confectionery appear and disappear with marvellous rapidity, and busy matrons are bending all their energies to newer achievements in cookery. All this is in honor of Christmas day; all this in every city of the land-in a majority of the homes in the land. Old and young. rich and poor, wise and foolish, the busy and the idle ones-all welcome this day.

Yet, if it were meant only to celebrate the birth of Jesus, never was a day so universally honored with less apparent reason. Certainly Jesus was not born on the day his birth is celebrated; certainly not in the same month, nor even in the year to which our calendars assign the event. There is reason to believe he was born in spring-time, March or April: some say seven years earlier than we usually reckon; nor was the day chosen originally as the real anniversary of the birth of Jesus, but was the day on which a festival was held in honor of the sun; the people being accustomed to a celebration on that day, were more easily persuaded to continue it as a festival in honor of the birth of the son of Mary.

But the observance has become universal everywhere where men can be found, in street of city or dungeon solitude, on height of mountain or in depth of mine, on sea or shore. Christmas day is hailed with joy. The Church has appointed other festivals, and made them as popular as it could, but none equal Christmas, none stir the heart of humanity as that day does.

Is it because it commemorates the birth of world? No! for men who only use the name | supplying the place of Mr. A. J. Davis while of Jesus to give force to an oath or a curse, he takes a little rest and recreation."

observe Christmas day. Nay, we have heard of Jewish purists lamenting that Jewish children clamor for, and have, Christmas trees; certainly with no thought of commemorating the birth of the despised Nazarene. Still less is it because some branches of the church have decried its observance-Ecclesiastical authority is very weak these days, and is steadily growing weaker. Men do not think of theology, but humanity, on Christmas day. A child born? Yes; how strong an appeal to home memories. Rejoice? Yes, but why? That they are men and women, and all men and women belong to the same family. It is as if each year a wave of love passed over all lands, and the day is enshrined in the thought of all men as a day of love, a day to feel and to create joy, a day for forgiveness of injury, a day to consider the poor. So ought every day to be, says one who don't like Christmas observance. True, but every day is not so kept, even by the objector, and that men should agree, once a year, that only loving thoughts shall rule, is too large a gain to be slighted, even if they are as selfish as

ever all the rest of the year. Just think of it. fifty millions in our own land'alone, all striving to discover what new pleasure they can give to children, friends, neighbors, strangers, forgetting their selfishness, greed, antagonisms and hates; their sole set purpose to manifest love for others! Is not this worth doing? One might approximately, perhaps, calculate the benefit to the race, even in dollars and cents, and the total would be enormous, but the spiritual gain, it is absolutely impossible to estimate. For it is not likely that the influence of the pervading thought of Christmas day can end with the day. Men cannot be as hard and grasping, as captious and cynical the day after Christmas as they were before. They have felt the impulse of an unselfish love for one day, and cannot at once get back into the old ruts. The themes of the preacher, the schemes of the statesman, the plans of the business man, all are modified by the influence pervading the time. No preacher talks of hell and punishment, only of heaven and the love which makes it. Our courts adjourn, lest the bitterness of personal feud should mar the sweetness of the holy timea day consecrated to love of humanity is the holiest of all times.

We have said that all men observe this day. but there are exceptions. The Agnostic, the Puritan, the Spiritualist, at least some of the latter. A curious conjunction, the Agnostic and the ones who would have hanged him as a blasphemer, the Spiritualist and the witch hunter, for them to agree in anything is strange, yet they do agree—the Puritan because Christmas was invented by the Romish church: the Agnostic for the all-sufficient reason-to him-that he don't know, and the Spiritualist because he looks so steadily heavenward he is apt to forget his youth; so afraid of the church he has left, that it is sufficien; to condemn a thing if the church proposes it. We object to all this. We are human and rejoice in our humanity. Christmas is not theological; it is the embodiment of an idea older than Moses by centuries, "God manifest in the flesh;" the divinity of humanity. So we eat and drink better food on that day to gratify one side of our nature, and give in response to the diviner impulses we recognize. What if some do hold a theology we reject, and Christmas day is used as an illustration. a support of that system, can we not let them link whatever other idea with it they will and rejoice that in the feeling of human brotherhood and love pervading the day, we too, can share?

But to Spiritualists, Christmas day has a special significance. Not the birthday, but the day on which is commemorated the birth of the greatest medium the world has seen. the most wonderful teacher of our faith, the unfolder of the doctrine we believe, that you can best serve God by being helpful to man; one who gave wonderful tests, and always referred to them in proof of the truth of his mission; who from the dark circle at Bethlehem to the materialization in Mary's presence.from the manger to Calvary, was always attended by invisible spirits; the first Spiritualist, in the sense of teaching it as a truth, and showing how mediumship could be developed. Whoever shrinks from observance of Christmas day, it should not be the Spiritualist, for Jesus was their prophet, their example, their revelator.

Prof. Felix Adler lectured before the Ethical Society, last Sunday, having exchanged with Mr. Salter. The small hall was packed to its utmost capacity, many standing. Among the andience were many Spiritualists, and there should have been many more. The lecture was a very fine effort. It received the closest attention and was enthusiastically applauded at the close. The Journal regrets that it has not complete notes to place before its readers. On Monday the editor of the JOURNAL, in company with many other citizens of Chicago of various religious beliefs. paid his respects to Prof. Adler at the Leland House, where an informal reception was held

A correspondent writes: "I am not a regular attendent upon the ministrations of the gifted speaker, Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham, but often hear her with great pleasure and profit. It has also been my privilege to listen to Mr. Lyman C. Howe of late, and I have been very much pleased with him as a speaker and a man; he has steadily grown in favor as the andiences show by increased numbers, his last lecture completely filling Republican Hall. I am glad to hear that we are to have one whom so many call the Savior of the him with us yet a little longer in New York.

The Probability of the Immortality of Man, Considered from a Rational and Philosophical Stand-Point.

This was the subject of Mr. Tiffany's lecture before the Philosophical Society of Chicago, on Saturday evening, the 15th inst. He proposed to examine the question from premises so nearly self-evident, that the contrary would seem to be absurd. His first premise was, that the universe was without beginning as a universe; and, hence, must be considered as self-existent; that being self-existent, it was necessarily self-sufficient and eternal: that the attributes of the universe, included, power, life and consciousness, which must have co-existed with the universe, and therefore with the universe, were selfexistent.

His second premise was: That the universe, in its operations, had been eternally working in the direction of producing individualities. from the union of elements into particles, particles into bodies and bodies into systems; and at a certain stage had commenced creating organs within the individual, and endowing such organs with faculties having specific functions to perform in such individual; that in the creation and endowment of such individuals, there had been orderly and continuous progress, from the beginning to the completion of the individual in the human form: that in the order of such creation and endowment of the individual, that which preceded any advance became essential to that which was to follow; and that which followed could have been created only from the preceding advance. And that it was so from the beginning of any individual form.

His third premise was: That so far as manifestation had revealed the operations of the universe, the tendency was in the direction of creating a complete individual, or a race of individuals complete in form, in life and in mentality. That form was essential to the manifestation of individual life; and that individual life was essential to the manifestation of individual mentality; and the individual was essential to the race, etc.

His fourth premise was: That it would appear, from all that had come into manifestation, that all the operations of universal being and existence, were engaged in ultimating a race of individuals, endowed with every essential attribute of the universe itself, in form, faculty and function; that from the elemental particle to the ultimate human individual, the operations by which the complete individual had been created and endowed, had been orderly, progressive, and, so far as could be known, complete in the human constitution, as no individual had hitherto been created containing other and

higher capacities. His fifth premise was: That the human individual contains in himself, every faculty and function known as belonging to the universe; that is, he possesses all there is or can he of the elements of form: all there is or can be of the elements of life; and all there is or can be of the elements of mentality; and that he possesses each in such a degree of potency or capacity, that nothing above or beyond can be conceived of to be added to his completeness. He therefore inferred, that it would not be irrational to suppose that man had become immortal as

the universe which had begotten him. His sixth premise was: That it would be unphilosophical to infer the contrary, because there exists and is the eternal and immortal universe, which has created and endowed him, to draw from, and supply every thing essential to an immortal existence: and because the individual human, in his ultimate individuation, is so connected with this universal presence, that he can receive that which is essential to an endless and eternal life; and because, he has an aspiration for such a life, which he could not have if it was impossible to the human constitution; and he concluded by the inquiry, "Has man, through the eternal and progressive operations of the universe, attained to this ultimate status of individuation only to perish as he arrives at the possibility of completeness?" What must be the stupidity! what the blindness! what the intellectual and moral deadness! of a human soul, which cannot see in all these things, the indications of a destiny worthy of the eternal operations of the self-existing Presence of the universe; and cannot feel the dignity and value of that humanity which is not only the flower, but is the eternal fruitage of the uni-

Such was in substance, the argument of the paper, each premise custained by citation of facts in natural and spiritual history.

Then commenced the criticisms. Professor Van Buren Denslow, commenced by saying that these wordy papers or talks about immortality, using large words, which it would take a half hour to explain or define, did not satisfy the inquirer. He wanted facts, substantial facts as bricks. The only way to satisfy one of the immortality of the soul is to be able to talk with the dead. That these talks about immortality did not amount to anything; we need the proof-by talking with the dead, and that such was the only evidence which would be satisfactory. Prof. D. proceeded to state that there were phenomena which he had witnessed which could not be accounted for by any known natural law or principle; and he instanced slate writing under impossible circumstances, according to natural law or natural experience. He also instanced the formation and dissolution of the human form in his presence where there was no opportunity for trick or hallueination; and said that the most expert prestidigitators had declared these things beyond his mind the fact of man's immortality.

Dr. Garrison likewise criticised the speaker, not the paper, except to contradict the fact that all the known elements of the universe had been found in the human system. He declared that he would not believe the statements of any one or every one who would certify that they had witnessed these extraordinary phenomena, because he would not believe himself or his own senses in such matters.

There were other criticisms of the subject matter of man's immortality; but none of the positions taken in the paper. They all seemed to mistake the subject under discussion, which was a philosophical interpretation of the operations of the universe, so far as they have come into manifestation. It was not proposed to prove the immortality of man from any other premises than the universal teachings of such operations of the universe, and they should have been criticised by either controverting the premises or the deductions made from the same.

Almost a Miracle.

A correspondent of the Inter-Ocean from Eureka, Cal., relates an incident of the remarkable preservation of a little girl about two years of age, Stella Henderson, who was riding in a covered wagon which, with the horses, was projected over an almost perpendicular chasm, a distance of over one hundred feet. When the dead horses and crushed wagon were reached, little Stella was found lying on her back between one of the dead horses' legs, in such a position that, had the horse struggled, she would most surely have been killed. The horses were so terribly crushed it is conjectured that they never moved after striking the bottom. About twenty feet from the dead horses lay the wrecked wagon, literally smashed to pieces. The uninterrupted fall was over one hundred feet. Had not the vehicle been momentarily stopped before the final leap, by the hind wheels striking against a log, the six occupants would most certainly have all been killed. When picked up the child was crying. Her face and head were bruised, and her face considerably swollen, but fortunately no serious injury was sustained. It will ever remain a mystery and a matter of conjecture as to how and in what manner the child became extricated from the wagon in its plunge and crash and got between the dead horses' feet, twenty feet away, since the wagon was covered, and the wreck shows it to have struck right side up. The sweetfaced, flaxen-haired little girl is now more idolized than ever. When the wagon was momentarily stopped by the log, all the occupants thereof managed to get out, with the exception of the little waif, whose life was so fortunately preserved.

The detectives are again telling the story of the revival that had occurred in the jail in Hartiora, Conn. The prisoners held then religious meetings in a room given them for that purpose. The zeal ran especially to music and the songs were of the shouting kind. Great progress was made, and an abundant harvest seemed certain, but it was accidentally discovered that the sick absentees were busily sawing the bars in another cell.

Mrs. S. L. McCracken, semi-trance medium, will answer calls to lecture. She writes: "My guides wish me to take the name of "Spiritual Independent," instead of Spiritualist. Why they make the request I know not, unless it means independent of all spiritualistic fraud and follies, as well as orthodox ones. At any rate I find them very forcible in denunciation of all foolishness and contemptible trickery, wherever it may be found, irrespective of creed or name."

Prof. Brooks, of Phelps, N. Y., thinks it possible that the peculiar lights attending our sunrises and sunsets are due to our being enveloped in the tail of a gigantic comet. An Albany astronomer says he is satisfied that the illumination is an unusual exhibition of what is called the zodiacal light, a nebulous girdle, having the sun for its center. There seems to be no certainty or well-defined theory among scientific men as to the cause of the phenomenon.

It appears that notwithstanding all that has been thought, said and written about it the Vatican Library is a hollow sham, and that the recent opening of that institution to the secular public was not much of a boon after all. A Mr. Carmichael who was "personally conducted" through it, told the English Royal Society a few days ago that he failed to see there "a vestige of a printed book." The bridge, therefore, that was to "span the gulf" between the Vatican and modern thought is really a weak plank.

An English Episcopal clergyman—Canon Furse-recently advised the London pupil teachers to read the works of Cardinal Newman and John Morley. The one is the most distinguished Roman Catholic writer living: the other the greatest of the Agnostic writers, and he is, moreover, the panegyrist of Voltaire. Canon Furse qualified his advice by telling the pupil teachers that Mr. Morley's and Cardinal Newman's books should be read "as a study in good composition." But the pupil teachers will hardly read them for that purpose alone.

In reply to an inquiry: The Journal welcomes to its columns messages from spiritlife as cordially as those from mortals, the only standard being that of merit. If a spirit desires to give a test of identity, he is always welcome; if he wishes to discuss philosophy, science, metaphysics or any other subject, his message will receive the same consideration as though written by a mortal and no more; if it is well written it will be their art. But still they did not establish in used, whether the Journal agrees with the writer or not.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mrs. A. J. Davis has gone to Washington. D. C., to recruit her health.

Mrs. E. M. Dole, the medium, has gone to Atchison, Kansas, for rest and pleasure. Any book in the market advertised in the newspapers, can be obtained through the

JOURNAL office. Mrs. Kate Blade, the slate-writing medium. has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., where she will re-

main for two weeks. The Journal wishes its tens of thousands of readers a merry Christmas, and sends good will to both friend and foe.

As the old year draws to a close, we hope our subscribers will redouble their efforts to increase our subscription list.

Subscribers of the Journal having friends whom they would like to see copies of the JOURNAL, will please send their addresses to the publisher.

Several articles intended for the Christmas number of the Journal, have been unavoidably crowded out. They will appear in our next issue. We are requested to say that Mrs. L. P. An-

derson has returned from her Eastern trip, and will receive calls at 465 W. Madison St., upper flat. "Dr." Shea who has been so long imposing

on the people with his fraudulent materializations, was fined \$100 on the 12th for holding a "show" without a license. Last Sunday Giles B. Stebbins lectured at

Good Templar's Hall, Detroit, Mich., for the Spiritualists. He lectures there also the 23rd and 30th. Lyman C. Howe lectured at Steck Hall, No. 11 East 14th street, New York City, last Sun-

day, in place of A.J. Davis. He lectures there also next Sunday. A correspondent writes that Mrs. Mary Parkhurst, the well known healer of Roches-

ter, N. Y., is Kept fully occupied, and is very successful with her patients. Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn will hold a parlor scance at the hall, 619 West Lake st., next Sunday morning at 10:45, and also lecture in the evening at 7:30. Conference and medi-

ums' meeting at 3 P. M. S.M. Baldwin & Co., have started an Archæological bookstore, 207 41% street, next to N. E. Corner Pa. Ave., Washington, D. C. Old, rare and new books are bought, sold, loaned and exchanged.

We are informed that Mr. Bates, the well known proprietor of the Bates House, Saratoga Springs, and a successful magnetic Healer, sued Mrs. Hebbard for services rendered. and obtained a judgment.

Sargent's "Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" is a book which every Spiritualist should own and be a thorough master of its contents. No better book can be placed in the hands of investigators. Price, postpaid \$1.60.

In Shawano County, Wisconsin, a 16 months old baby was lately carried off by a bear. The child was playing in the door yard when seized; its screams were heard by the mother who aroused the farm hands, and made pursuit without success.

The San Marcos Free Press says that Billy Reed gives a rather marvellous story of a clock at Maj. Standifer's. It is thirty years old, and had been silent for eight years, until a few days since it suddenly wakened up and struck 180 without stopping.

"The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," is a valuable book in two volumes. Volume second of this work, containing a large mass of well authenticated phenomena and other interesting matter. can be had separately. Price, \$2.00 per volume, postpaid.

A spaniel belonging to William H. Baylies of Providence, saw a horse that had broken loose from a hitching post fall into Lobin's Pond. The horse was too bewildered to find his way out. The Spaniel plunged in, swam to the horse, seized the bridle with his teethand gradually pulled the horse around and guided him to the shore.

In the nine years last past, 541,196 people emigrated from Canada to the United States In the last four years 401,200 came. The Marquis of Lorne, knowing this to be the case, is lecturing in England about the superiority of Canada to the United States as a field for English emigrants. The Marquis should be recalled to Canada to persuade the Canadians to stay at home.

The best results in the investigation of Spiritualism come after the verification of the phenomena. In true spiritual culture this can only be obtained by earnest endeavor on the part of the individual, aided by the best thoughts of writers and mediums to be found in current spiritual literature. Money now squandered in witnessing the Punch and Judy shows could be profitably invested and would return steadily increasing value if spent in books and papers.

The London Graphic and The Illustrated London News, both appear in most gorgeous holiday attire. The Christmas numbers of both papers are works of art. The colored engravings, of which there are several, are marvels of beauty. The Graphic contains an engraving of ten of its attists, copied from Harpers, and a very interesting sketch of its own history. It now numbers besides its actual staff of professional artists, no less than two thousand seven hundred and thirty persons over the country, who send them sketches for their paper. They sell 50,000 copies in America alone at 50 cents each, upon which they have to pay a duty of 25 per cent. There has been great improvements made in the past ten years, when it took them one week to prepare their sketch; through improved machinery they are now able to produce the same in three days time. International News-Co., New York, are the American Agents.

The Terre Haute (Indiana) Evening Gazette contains an interesting letter from F. A. McNutt, son of our old subscriber, Judge Mc-Nutt. Mr. McNutt writes from the U.S. ship Enterprise off Batavia, Java Island, and gives a very thrilling account of the recent earthquake.

It is reported that in the town of Noyou, where John Calvin, the great Genevese reformer, was born, the very name of Protestantism has been almost forgotten, and that the name of Calvin was unknown. M. Cadot, the Baptist pastor of Channy, has succeeded in opening a small room for the preaching of the Gospel in the place. M. Cadot says he found a hearty welcome, and that his meetings were attended by some of the leading families. The result of his visit will be the founding of a new church.

The January "Popular Science Monthly" will have an article from Herbert Spencer on "The Past and Future of Religion." His point of view has been developed in past times, and is to be still further evolved in the coming ages, and his problem has been to find the fundamental law of this progress. This is stated with great clearness and power in the forthcoming paper, which will probably be claimed as the final scientific position on the subject. The ground taken is that religion is not destined to pass away, but that it will be purified and exalted with the further evolution of human nature, of which it is an indestructible element.

The Chicago Tribune says: "Col. Ingersoll has moved into his new house at Washington. next to Senater Sherman's. His family is a very charming one. Mrs. Ingersoll has a wonderful tact as hostess, and her two daugh- | To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: ters are gifted the same way. During the winter they give weekly receptions. Every one with a decent coat and gentlemanly manner is welcome. But somehow the gatherings are not satisfactory. The best people do not go to the Ingersoll's. The spectre of atheism is over that home. His family feel it, and the Colonel finds that he has not obtained friends or reputation by his 'anti-Christian assaults. Consequently he is giving up lecturing."

Mr. O. A. Bishop at the West End Opera House.

On last Sunday evening, Mr. O. A. Bishop gave a very interesting lecture at the West End Opera House, his subject being, "Frands." He briefly alluded to the fraudulent merchant, who misrepresents the texture of his goods and imposes on his credulous purchaser, giving an example where a presperous dealer in this city carries on a successful swindling operation by manufacturing shoddy blankets, and representing them as composed of genuine wool. The groceryman, too, was brought prominently forth, and his frandulent practices exposed. He then in turn alluded to medical frauds, clerical him, as we all presumed, in good physical frauds, legal frauds, political frauds, and health. I received a telegram of his death then entered into a critical and careful ex- He stated to his mother two weeks before his amination of spiritual frauds. Being a Spiritualist, he earnestly desired to see the spirtual ranks divested of those miserable trick-the 27th of November, and again on 29th he sters who are constantly preying on the credulity of the people.

Mr. Bishop alluded to a mountebank by the name of Ackerly, who has been giving exhibitions in this city, claiming to be a medium. Under precisely the same conditions employed by Ackerly, Mr. Bishop imitated him exactly, making all the manifestations that usually take place at his fraudulent scances. The lady sitting by his side could feel the pressure of his hands on her arm while the 'spirits" were at work; apparently both of his hands were completely idle while the guitar and banjo were thrummed, bells rung, "spirit" hands appeared and messages

It was very difficult-indeed, well nigh impossible, to see how Mr. Bishop accomplished this work so very nicely, until he stepped forward to explain Ackerly's method. Mr. Bishop, as well as Ackerly, had a mechanical hand carefully concealed under his coat, which he skillfully applied to the lady's arm, producing the exact pressure of the natural hand, leaving one hand free to carry on the manifestations. He also explained other methods by which the trick might be accomplished. His successful exposure of the ways that are dark, employed by Ackerly, Shea and other fraudulent mediums throughout the country, were enthusiastically received by his audience.

Those who were present and who had been duped by the fraudulent mediums of this city, wondered how they could have been such consummate dunces. The ring trick, rope-tying trick, the methods adopted to dematerialize a person, and the new system now being "played" in Philadelphia, called "etherealization." were all elaborately explained, and their fraudulent nature fully exhibited. The lecture and accompanying experiments were highly interesting.

For the benefit of thousands who will see this number of the JOURNAL, we desire to state that the speaker on this occasion is not only a Spiritualist himself, but the husband of Mrs. O. A. Bishop, one of the best trance and test mediums of this city.

Exercises at Lester's Academy, 619 West Lake St.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal:

Last Sunday morning, the weather being very stormy, and the audience rather small Mrs. Allyn proposed to adjourn to the large parlor off the hall. There a very cozy and interesting meeting was enjoyed. The first question, "What are the results of Dark Séances on the people, and what influence do they have on the medium?" was ably answered and discussed, the speaker claiming that the results on the people are bad; the condi-tions exerting a demoralizing influence, there being no chance to determine whether the manifestations are genuine or not. She gave a number of psychometric readings which

were very satisfactory. Mrs. Allyn gave the children a nice enter-tainment in the parlor of the hall from 6 o'clock to 7, with a magic lantern presented to her by Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb; they seemed to enjoy it very much. In the evening, she received her subject, "Predestination," from the audience; it was very ably discussed. D. F. TREFRY. Foretold His Death.

A Young Man Near Baltimore Predicts t e Hour of His Demise.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 8.—At the services attending the funeral of Christopher C. Brooks, at Mount Olivet Cemetery, near this city, yesterday, the Rev. C. E. Felton told how the young man had foretold his own death, and the pastor of the Mount Vernon own death, and the pastor of the Mount Vernon Methodiet Church, in commenting on it, said it was one of the exceptional phenomenal cases which point to a newer and higher philosophy. Young Brooks was 17 years old, and died in Brooklyn, N. Y., last Wednesday. He belonged to a prominent family here. His mother, who had been traveling in Europe, was summoned home by cablegram announcing her son's illness. On her return she found him able to go about, and his physicians had no fears as to his perfect recovery. The youth stated, however, that a former teacher and friend of his, a Mr. Hall, who died about five months ago, had appeared to him in a vision and told him he would die of heart trouble, Wednesday, Dec. 5th, at 3 P.M. Young Brooks had never had any trouble with his heart, and his friends to whom he made the statement were in no way concerned about it. Dr. Mack, bis physician, laughed at it, and said on the contrary that he would get well. The young man was, however, thoroughly impressed with the belief that he would die at the time indicated. A few days before that time he sent flowers to some friends with fore that time he sent flowers to some friends with a note saying: "I shall never again be able to ex-press my appreciation of your kindness." He ac-companied a lady friend to an entertainment the companied a lady friend to an entertainment the afternoon of Dec. 4th, spent the evening in her company, and received a promise that if he wrote to her the next afternoon she would come to say goodby. His physician told the brother and the mother of the youth that he would divert his mind from the subject by physical means, and Tuesday night put a fly-bilster on his neck. Wednesday morning young Brooks rose as usual, ate an unusually hearty breakfast and to all appearances was good for a long life. Brooks rose as usual, ate an unusually hearty breakfast and to all appearances was good for a long life. While taking lunch with the family as usual at 2 o'clock he complained of feeling faint and asked to be assisted to his room. After resting in the bed a few moments he wrote to the young lady, and in about twenty minutes she arrived. He died in the presence of the family at 3:10 o'clock of paralysis of the heart. His physician and his mother arrived but the heart. His physician and his mother arrived but two or three moments later, and were shocked to find his prediction fulfilled.

I wrote to Mr. Christopher C. Brooks, of

which the following is a copy: "DEAR SIR: My only excuse for troubling you at this time, is my great desire to know whether a statement published in the New York *Times* of the 10th inst., copied from the Baltimore Sun of the 8th inst., is correct and truthful. I am a searcher after truth, and have been so often misled that I feel it somewhat necessary to be cautious about accepting newspaper statements as truth. "Fore-told his own death," is the heading of the article referred to, which states that your son died in Brooklyn on the day and at the hour he previously stated was given him by an old friend who died some five months since. Will you have the kindness to write me all the particulars connected with this very re-GEO. II. JONES." markable case? New York City.

The following is a copy of Mr. Drooks's

289 McDonogan St., Baltimore, Md., Dec 12. DEAR SIR: Yours of 10th inst., is at hand. If the article in the N. Y. Times of 10th inst., is the same as enclosed slip, it is correct in all important particulars. My son resided in New York until within two weeks of his death, when he went to live in Brooklyn in the family of Dr. Mann (not Maw) the celebrated specialist for nervous disorders. I was with my son in New York the 5th and 10th of November and again the 26th and Dec. 1st.; that day I left at noon, leaving Wednesday evening, the 5th of December. death that he would die on Wednesday adhered most positively to this all the while. We attached no importance to it, but seeing the deep impression made upon him, and thinking it unhealthy, did what we could to remove it from his mind. Fear of death in his case could not have verified his prediction, as he was entirely free from any fears on this subject. He was of strong faith, an earnest Christian, and of remarkable purity and sincerity of character, bright, cheerful and friendly in all his relations in life and a great favorite with all who know him. It appears strange that the last two medical acts of Dr. J. Marion Sims should have been an operation on a Mrs. Dillon (I presume he refers to Mrs. Sidney Dillon), and the evening before his death he directed my son to be removed to Dr. Mann's. The next morning the Doctor died of heart disease. Mrs. Dillon died on the same day that my son did. So the Doctor and his last two patients are within a brief period, all in another world. Yours respectfully, CHR. C. BROOKS, PH. D.

The copy in the N. Y. Times is the same as the original in the Baltimore Sun. GEO. H. JONES.

Business Notices.

CLAIRVOYANT EXAMINATIONS FROM LOCK OF HAIR.—Dr. Butterfield will write you a clear, pointed and correct diagnosis of your disease, its causes, progrees, and the prospect of a radical cure. Examines the mind as well as the body. Enclose One Dollar, with name and age. Address, E. F. Butterfield, M. D., Syracuse, N. Y. CURES EVERY CASE OF PILES.

Eassed to Spirit-Life.

Joel M. Hubbard passed to spirit-life from Bowen Station Mich., Nov. 17th, 1883. He was a devoted Spiritualist, and is now fully realizing the beauty and grandeur of the spiritual philosophy. Passed to spirit-life on Thursday morning, November 22nd, at 1:30 o'clock, Mrs. Mary McCain, wife of Abraham McCain,

of Milford, Oakiand County, Michigan.

Born January Sist, 1812, she was a member of a well-known Puritan family named Kimball, whose ancestral acres extended over a large portion of the present site of Waltham, Mass, and grand niece of Major Wellington, of Revolutionary fame. Early in life she joined the Baptist Church and remained with that denomination until, becoming convinced of the truths of modern Spiritualism by a close investigation of its ideas and phenomena, she embraced that faith, and its light brightened and solaced her later years and banished all fears of the great change which must come to all. Nearly her last words were: "Mother is calling me, 'May! Mary!' Don't hold me; I want to go," and her transition was calm and peaceful. At an early day she found herself able to describe diseases clairroyantly, to come into close sympathy with the sick, to feel their symptoms and to prescribe remedies. Thus an extensive medical practice, reaching over forty miles around her home, grew up and lasted for thirly years. Many intelligent people had great confidence in her skill, and her presence brought comfort to many homes, where she will be greatly missed. She was devoted to her healing work, and always ready, night or day, in storm or sunshine, to go out and exercise her gifts. The funeral services were in the Presepterian Church, Saturday afternoor, November 24th, and Glies B. Stebbins spoke fit words to a full house. of Milford, Oakland County, Michigan.

Spiritualist Meeting.

The First District Association of Spiritualists, composed of Oakland Macomb, St. Clair and Lapeer Counties, Mich. will hold its second Quarterly Moeting at Stone's Hall, Metamora, Lapeer County, the second Saturday and Sunday of January, 1984. The hour of the opening of the meeting will be at 2 o'clock r. M. Saturday; again at 10gis a. M. Sunday; also 2 o'clock r. M., and 7 o'clock, evening. Various good speakers, will be in attendance.

Reduced raises to 21 00 per day at hear?

will be in attendance.

Reduced rates to \$1.00 per day at hotel.

MRS. F. E. ODELL, Secretary Association.

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AGENTS Our newwar book, DEEDS OF DAR-ING, by Blue and Graz, is outselling all other books. Illustrated circular and terms free. FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit. free. Address H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me.

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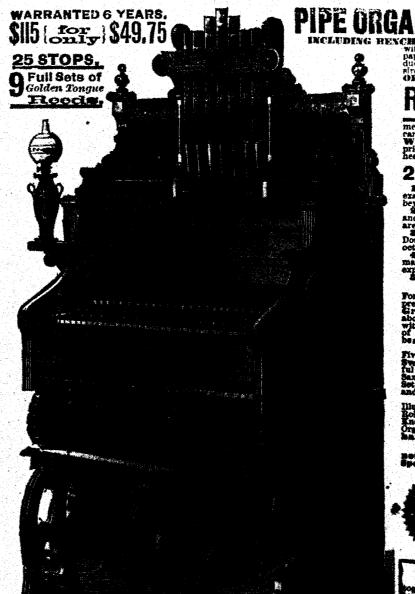
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Voices from the Leople, AND INFORMATION ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

For the Rallgio-Philosophical Journal. Augel Ministry.

Above life's cradled innocence, Where first we heard love's lullaby. Unconscious of danger or defeuse, Our guardian angels hovered nigh.

BY MRS. E. L. WATSON.

For royal prince or lowliest born, God measures not his meed of love, But unto all, as comes the morn, Frem light's celestial founts above,

So come these silent, unseen powers, To guide, to warn, to bless and cheer, Their tender thoughts, like fadeless flowers, Filling with sweets life's atmosphere.

To King Belshazzar at his feast, In strange hand writing on the wall, As free to the greatest as the least, With winning words or warning call; They crowned the dark browed Socrates,

With pearls of wisdom, love and truth, Unveiling life's deep mysteries To heary age and eager youth. And on the hills of Palestine,

Love's starry harner they unfurled, Pouring from Heaven that song divine, "Peace and good will to all the world." And unto Peter, John and Paul They came according to their need,

E'en as to-day they come to all, Helping our holy thought and deed. Along life's shadowy paths of pain, They walk beside us day by day,

And by their sacred love restrain,

When blindly we would go astray. And if we sometimes turn aside, From Virtue's sunny paths of peace, In sympathy they still abide

And when, life's fitful fever o'er, The last great change on Earth shall come, They'll meet us on the farther shore, And bid us tender welcome Home. Sunny Brae, San Jose, Cal.

Until our wayward wanderings cease.

Our Heliday Visitor from the Realms of Space.

To the Palitor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: When long absent visitors from distant regions look in upon us, especially during the holiday season. it is not improper for a philosophical journal like yours, to take note of their presence, to bid them welcome and all hall! and to ask of them what lessons they can bring us from the deeps of outer dark-

There is now approaching from the north-western evening sky, the comet whose last and only visit (as noted) was in 1812, the momentous year when the bloody meteor-like rule of Napoleon was broken by the disastrous Russian campaign, when Moscow be, came the food of flames, and as a consequence, 450, 000 Frenchmen fell a sacrifice to the rigors of a Muscovite winter, on their terrible retreat.

Thanks to our "star-eyed science," we have ceased to look upon these erratic bodies as omens of evil, of war, postilence and famine; otherwise considering the association connected with its last appearance. and perceiving that astrology still has a voice in defense of its once boasted claims, we might well tremble for the nations.

The long absent stranger is, however, as yet, quite inconspicuous, being now (becember 10th) barely visible to the unaided eye; though in the telescope it is quite a showy object, exhibiting a marked central condensation or nucleus, surrounded by a hazy light, some 4 minutes of arc (or one-sixth of the moon's

apparent diameter) in size. This augular dimension at its present distance (90,000,000 of miles) corresponds to a real size of about 100,000 miles in diameter, while the nucleus itself is probably larger than the earth. It, as yet shows no tail; but as it approaches perihelion the solar heat will probably arouse more and more its long dormant life, and drive out from it an append age of that character. According to our figuring from known elements, about December 7th,the earth in her annual orbit passed through the plane of the comet's orbit, and the comet, then \$4,000,000 of miles distant, was heading almost directly for us at the rate of nearly two million miles per day; but, before Jau, 16th, about which day the comet will dive through the plane of the earth's orbit (ecliptic), old mother earth and her denizens will have whisked away on their annual journey at the rate of about one and one-half millions per day, and will be entire ly out of danger, even from a brush of its tail. bowl ing along at the safe distance from his comet-ship o nearly 63,000,000 of miles; almost too far, we would suppose, for even an effective glance of his evil eye. On Christmas day, when it is to be expected, the

readers of the JOURNAL will peruse this true story and doubtless many better ones, we trust the come will be sufficiently plain for all the "boys and girls," old and young, to see it, not far from the most east erly star in the "cross of the Swan," alias "Eta Cyg-ni," which will be considerably upward, and to the left of the bright silvery star "Vega," so conspicuous in the north-west during the early evenings of the Christmas season

When you find it, just stop the sport and jollity for a little while, and reflect that the dim mist's visit, as you now see for the first time, is perhaps a vast unborn world yet to ripen into uses now unknown; that during the past 71 years since its last appearance, it has been traveling round an enormous elliptic orbit more than three thousand millions of miles in its longest diameter, and about 900,000,000 in its shortest; that most of this time it has been moving entirely beyond even telescopic sight, lonely and shadowy. like a stupendous ghost, beyond the limits of our solar system, yet ever obedient to the far reaching law of our sun's attraction and is now returning truer "than the needle to the pole," in fulfillment of ite appointed time and to be again wheeled by the solar energy into a repetition of its solitary and seemingly fruitless revolution.

Though we call it a holiday visitor, its nearest ar proach to the earth will not be until about Jan. 6th, 1881, distant 59,000,000 miles; it nearest point to the sun (its perihelion) Jan. 25, distant from him nearly 72,000,000. Its greatest brilliancy will probably be in January; but will never be so striking as the not-

It may be interesting here to note the striking dif-ference between the orbit of this comet of 1812 and the more remarkable one of 1882. The ellipse in which this one revolves around the sun is very large and broad, as the dimensions above stated show-not much more than three times as long as wide, and its nearest approach to the sun is only about 20,000,000 of miles inside of the earth's orbit. On the contrary, the very bright visitor of a year ago, travels in an ellipse (if I remember correctly) about one hundred times as long as wide, and wheeled around its perihelion only a fraction of the sun's diameter from its surface, and at a speed, on the turning point, of 1,000,000 of miles per hour. It will also reach out into space more than five times as far as the present one, to return not again, according to the most approved deductions, until nearly 700 years have passed away, instead of 71 years, which fills

ut the period of our present less fierce and fiery holiday visitor, which is content to wheel in its perihe lion with one-sixteenth of the velocity of the former. I would lare to enlarge romewhat, if room permit-ted, upon the probable nature of these wandering strangers, as far as improved modern science has reached, and tell of the beautiful laws whereby all the above statements are made deducible and assured, but believing my complement of space in the Christmas number is now complete, must for the present be content.

J. G. JACKSON.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. "The All," Savier of All.

BY THOMAS HABDING.

The ever recurring Christmas keeps in memory the existence of that universal principle which sooner or later, in one way or another, accomplishes the salvation of mankind. In our soul's youth, like school children in the primary department, we need object lessons to teach us truth—to fix our minds and keep them from wandering too far into the desolations of earth by ambition; but when we arrive at maturity, we no longer need crutches and crosses to lean upon, pictures to illustrate, or allegories and symbols to instruct us, but as true men we depend upon our own powers of thought and ac-tion, aided and sustained by those who better un-derstand the immutable laws of nature. We no longer feel the need of a specially appointed Savior, possessing delfic and human qualities united in his person and character, believing that each one pos-sesses these in himself, and that by the interblending of intellectual knowledge with spiritual aspira-tion he will, with the help of a higher wisdom, be enabled to work out his own salvation and in good

time assist others to work out theirs.

It is only by time and hard labor that we can divest ourselves of the influences of early object lessons, or that we can erase a personality from memory's tablet and adopt a principle in its stead. It is hard to comprehend how angels have soared to heavenly hights from the depths of human experience and earthly contempt. How many a pure soul, now encased in a foul casket or a helpless one, re-ceives succor from above. But the Lords "are very pitiful and of tender mercy;" they live near the heart of the Infinite and breathe the atmosphere of reciprocated love. They send their angels on errands of mercy to the erring, and while we think and labor they keep watch and ward. They whisper the inspirations of The All Parent to the receptive soul. They hold the helm on life's long voyage and steer the yielding bark into a port of security and peace

The lamp of this new philosophy, pendent from the dome of nature, throws a flood of light upon struggling humanity. The valleys of earth are illuminated and the reality of heaven is made manifest. Oh! it is glorious to bear testimony to its truth—to know ourselves the instruments of its power—to see in its doesne and to be preprinted prophetical. to suffer in its defense and to be permitted propheti-cally to see a world once half skeptic and half vision-ary, living in the light of truth; a world where sel-fishness once held sway, changed to an Eden where "each esteems the other better than himself," and renders justice and affection under the eyes of an-

who would not lend a helping hand to hasten such a consummation? Where is the man who would not raise his good right arm and strike a blow for human liberty? Where is the woman whose heart does not yearn to see the redemption of the world? Who would not scatter broadcast the seed in hope of such a harvest? The Incomprehensible looked down into the depths, and beheld the ways of mortals, that they were vain, and now comes to the rescue by inspiring man to be a Savior unto him-

Does any one ask, "What good thing has Spiritual-ism done for the world?" Much already, and will do much more in the future. What a glorious thing it is to take away the fear

of death. It has done it.
What a sweet thing it is to prove that "we shall know each other there." It has done it.

What a happy thing it is to convince that humanity is a brotherhood and the sexes equal. It has

What a consoling thing it is to demonstrate that

the departed can return. It has done it.
What a blessed thing it is to show to the poor and the oppressed that there is a better world "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Spiritualism has done it, and much, oh! how much more than can be told; but, perhaps best of all, it has established religion and morality on the sure basis of intellectual and spiritual knowledge Never before, since power sent this planet bowling along the highways of heaven, has such a chance been offered to man to regenerate himself; never before have the human intellect and the human heart, had such glorious work to perform; never before, has brave science been encircled in the arms of a holy religion, and each been bound to the other by such bonds of mutual interest, that no divorce courts

Ah! let the superstitious man flatter his vanity the skeptic seek for consolation in a grave-yard, and as for me, give me true spiritual perception for give me death." Sturgis, Mich.

For the Relicia. Philosophical Journal. A Leaf from the Life of one Medium.

It was approaching the holidays; nature had laid the bright leaves to rest upon the breast of the brown earth that she might be nurtured and warmed by them until her parent sun should make his annual return. In the heart of our home a stranger was expected, a tiny visitor, who was to make its first Christmas visit to us; indeed, we looked upon its advent as a sort of Christmas gift which heaven was sending to give us joy, and great preparations had been made to welcome the little stranger, who in due time came early one cold morning, as though dropped warm and loving from angel arms. A few hours previous, while the watchers waited and wondered, a great light filled the chamber and a radiant spirit showed himself at the portal whispering, "at four o'clock she will be here," and when the hour struck a baby voice rang out clear upon our ears, and the little one had made its advent upon earth, a sweet wonder to the parent eyes that looked upon it. One night ere the little one had been with us a week, while the mother was watching its slumber, for she could not sleep for the great joy that had come to her, she heard a strain of music, which seemed afar, yet so distinct that, raising herself she called out, "Nurse, do you hear that beautiful music? Do see if you can tell whence it comes." The nurse, weary and worn from long watching, cried out, "I hear no music. Let us go to sleep." Again the mother listened; again each note was distinct, the voices of the different parts, even to the accidentals of the music, and then some instrument accompanying; still a third time, the music came like a rich strain of heavenly sound, and no longer satisfied, the members of the household were summoned, and going into the village street, they found all quiet there, not a light nor a sound from any house; yet three times the mother heard the pæan of joy. It was a hymn the angels sang as a promise to the mother, who from that time was to be an instrument in their hands for doing good unto others and becoming a power, a connecting link from

The child, unfolding day by day, seems sometimes as though inspired, and is now a most thorough going little Spiritualist. The other day she said, "Mamma, I believe I am a medium, for I can see into the hall where I am going this afternoon." Frequently she tells us she has been dreaming while awake, and tells us what she has seen in those wide awake dreams. And the mother, oh! she has passed through wondrous scenes. The angels come and talk with her, and she has learned to know that the living aspirations of our soul are not placed within us to de-lude; that all the wealth of affection of which we are capable is not to be treasured for a little time, and then drop out of existence for us forever more

What is there in this world of ours Beyond its care or pain, To cheer us on from day to day,

If all we do is vain? If love is born within the heart, To perish like the flower, And memory may ne'er survive

The breath of dying hour,

We needs must work with flagging feet To climb life's rugged bill And often pause despairingly Aud oftener stand still

But hope is planted in the breast To bid us still work on, And something whispers, "All is well! When duty well is done.

It is not in this sphere alone Our actions live or die; Our words, our deeds, are writ above And live eternally.

And memory within the soul Enshrined fore'er endures, And as we make life true or false, Sorrow or peace secures. Swampscott, Mass.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, Children.

BY LUX VERITATIS.

It should give one pleasure to see the life and joy-ousness manifest among children. In the morning of life there is a natural demand for such activity as will give a healthy physical development quently there must be an impulse in the child, stimu-lating it to supply such demand. It becomes a joy to see such little ones go to their sports and plays with a right good will, and in doing so they are doing the will of the heavenly Father. As children they need this buoyancy and activity to give them health and prepare them for the proper unfoldment of their higher natures. At this time of life, it is more important to give them good physical constitutions, healthy and vigorous bodies, with correct habits, than to give them intellectual and moral powers not required in their juvenile condition. Childhood is the time for preparation. The higher faculties and powers will become readily developed, if suitable preparation be made through a healthy, well developed body and correct habits. This can be done by giving to nature her orderly course. She will inspire the child with a sense of life and joyousness which will seek expression in running, skipping, jumping, singing, dancing and childish sports.

This is exemplified by all about us. All development whather of body or of mind damands satis-

ment, whether of body or of mind, demands activity—the exercise of that which is to be developed. ity—the exercise of that which is to be developed. With the young, the need is for physical development; therefore, nature prompts to great physical activity. It is as natural and as necessary for the child to play and skip about, as it is for him to eat or sleep. Children seem to possess this excess of life, and they make an effort to work it off. For the came reason the range of minuals have the same same reason, the young of animals have the same impulse, and they manifest it in their playful ac-

tivity.

Those having attained complete physical development have no natural demand for these frolicksome exercises. The sober mother, viewing the sports and gambols of her little ones, enters into sympathy with them; and, to aid them in their enjoyments, she frolicks with them. But for herself when away from her children, she has little inclination to engage in such exercises. There is no natural demand for them. When the fully developed individual, in his physical maturity, feels a demand for such amusements, that he may enjoy himself, there is manifest an indication that, with him, social, intellectual and moral culture have been neglected. Such demand has its source in selfish desire, and not in an orderly and

natural impulse to supply a need.

The child as well as the young animal has this demand prompting the supply of its physical needs. At its time of life it needs strength of bone and muscle more than it needs strength of mind; therefore, as a child it cannot keep still. While awake, it must be in motion. Physical activity is its greatest need. Undertake to enforce quiet, and a difficult task is on hand. Coaxing, scolding, threatening, etc., are of little avail. The child cannot be quiet without comlittle avail. The child cannot be quiet without committing treason against its own nature. If you enforce obedience, you do so at the expense of its happiness; and, if long continued, at the expense of its life. Imprison the little one in school, in the factory, in the workshop or where you will, it will soon become pale, puny and feeble. Its eye will grow dim and its spirit will languish.

During these early years, the child should be treated as being under the rule of its physical needs. It is not old enough to undertake the solution of those intellectual and moral problems, which are to qualify

intellectual and moral problems, which are to qualify it for the society of the world. These questions can-not be dealt with, until, in divine order, the physical has become properly developed. This being accom-plished, one will feel the demand for such knowledge as will qualify him to engage in intellectual and moral pursuits. The instincts of the affectional nature will be sufficient to regulate one's social in-tercourse, provided he is not afflicted with a bad organization or has not fallen under the influence of

bad examples. Precocious children, cither in intellectual or moral and religious unfolding, are not to be desired. God, through nature, speaks most distinctly upon this sub-ject. All precocious ones fail of true development. If one department of the individual being is developed in excess of any other, it is at the other's expense; and, hence, such development tends to defeat or to postpone the attainment of complete manhood. As rule, precocious religious development is fatal to physical and intellectual life or completeness. All such die young—die for want of completeness of individual unfoldment.

The days of childhood should be days of physical activity and of childish glee. The child should b carefully disciplined in all things pertaining to correct habits and to the status of the future woman. But this discipline should not interfere with the spontaneous activity and happiness of its young spirit. Teach the child the principles and the value of truth, of purity, of justice, and of all right-eousness. Unfold in it the spirit of love and good will for all. Warm it into life, with perpetual love manifest in acts of kindness and good will. Make its little tasks easy and full of delight. Be careful to teach it by example as well as by precept. Raise high its hopes and its aspirations. Make stable its faith in God and the right. Make truth, purity, fidelty and love an incarnate presence in its soul. can be done beautifully, and consistently with the uses of its body, and the freedom of its spirit, bringing it to the stature of perfect manhood in Christ.

Is it the Duty of Spiritualists to Make Earnest Efforts to Promulgate their Doctrines and Experiences?

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: Since reading your able advocacy of "organization," I have been viewing the field of thought for reasons that strongly call for action. It seems to me that a little reflection will satisfy every thoughtful person that in the broad domain of religious dogma, but a single inquiry remains, namely, "If a man die shall he live again?" Spiritualists are the only people who claim to be able to answer the inquiry by a positive demonstration. The most that has ever been claimed by the teachers of modern Christianity is what they term "faith" in the truthfulness and correctness of the testimony of the Bible in these matters. The Bible informs us that prior to 1883 years ago, a goodly number of persons whose bodies had been dead many years were seen by many credible witnesses in such form and under such circumstances as to put their identity beyond a doubt. Christianity has never ventured to admit testimony on any question, if said testimony does not emanate directly from the Bible, hence the churches are un-able to satisfy those who question the ultimate authority of the Bible. The inquirer says to the churches, "Your most recent witness has been dead, churches, "Your most recent watness has been dead, by your own showing, about two thousand years, and your best authorities do not at all agree as to the value and meaning of the testimony of said wit-ness." Here we, as Spiritualists, stand alone in declaring to the people, that there was never a time since man became a part of the history of the world, that there was not direct and clearly demonstrated testimony that human beings live after the death of

Now, brother Editor, is it not clear that we owe the world a debt that rests upon no other people? We are not allowed to drop our burdens with the indif-ference usually manifest in our ranks. All of our teachings not attended with positive proof are of no more value to the world than the cheap orthodox faith, and I fear that our boast that we have millions of adherents would be greatly modified if nothing but honest and undoubted testimony were received. Our mediums should not be anxious about the quantity of testimony they are able to give, but the quality should be the constant burden of their lives. We should be so fully argained and our treesures. should be so fully organized and our tressury well supplied with funds that we could send well supplied with funds that we could send approved mediums all over the world to give to the waiting people the food they need "without money and without price." I have but little hope of separating the "chaff" from the "wheat," so long as we are under the instruction of those who require the instruction of those who require the instruction of those who require the inquirer to pay the highest market price. Let them show themselves worthy of the "hire" and it will be given. I am satisfied that we are fully able to present a better showing of our doctrines than is found in our present mode of operating. I do not wish to be understood as opposed to a liberal payment for the truths of Spiritualism, for all else is utterly val-ueless, but we must not forget that we have a "com-mission" to go everywhere and teach the only doctrine that can give comfort to the aching heart. We should go as "sheep among wolves."

Kansas City, Mo.

S. D. BOWKER.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. My Saviors.

BY LITA BARNEY SAYLES.

As the beautiful Christmas feetival approaches, when so many hearts are made glad by remembering the Man of Calvary, the Immanuel, whose advent to earth upon that day is to them a matter of great rejoicing, because "he shall save his people from their sins," I am reminded to look into my own heart, and seek to understand who and what are, or have been my Saviors, for I have had many. And as I know that there is no death, so I also know that those of my Saviors who were individuals, are living still, even if gone from earth, and perhaps by that very help are yet connected with me in their spirit-life, and, I am glad to believe, take proportionately to their affinity with me, a continuous relation as ministering and directing spirits, and as guardian

angels. Not only may others, by their actions and teachings become our saviors in a strict sense, but our own experiences in life, our false steps, and shortcomings take shape as warning beacons to us to save from further error, and point the way to truth and happiness. These become saviors, when we through them realize where to find the road to salvation, to become receptive and teachable like little children, to adhere to the higher and true, and reject the base and false, and to treat others, so far as possible, much better than we expect in return.

In this short article, I must leave the consideration

of my human Saviors, whom I do not in the least forget, and briefly touch upon the working of un-seen powers or forces whose action becomes manifest through incidents of our lives. Our individual experiences are usually of most use to ourselves, but I will to-day give one example from mine, which may arrest the attention of some inquirer, whereby I was helped to turn from my self-arrogance and pride of the flesh, and from that egotism that condemns without sufficient examination; an account of my first lesson in the upward and enward march, that of humbleness in view of my own ignorance, and which effectually precluded my further cry of "humbug," in view of manifestations which I did not quite understand.

In the fall of 1851, we were hearing much in our State, Mass., about spirit-rappings, and of course, al-though there were various notions abroad concerning their origin, the balance of public opinion proclaimed it all delusion, and I in the wonderful pride of my own conceit, was ranged upon the side with the greatest number. I think I take some satisfaction even at this late day, in thus publicly retaliating up-on my younger self and its assumptions of extraordi-

nary acuteness.

I had made arrangements to visit Miss Nancy Jayne, a spirit-rapper, who also tipped tables, and who lived not far from my mother's house, and during the day previous, a physician in whose wisdom we placed much reliance, called upon us, and among other conversation asked me what I knew "about these 'spirit-rappings.'" I said, "nothing; but I believe them to be complete humbug;" that I was intending to visit one of the "rappers" that evening and should no doubt, be able to find out all about it. He expressed confidence in my shrewdness, and was He expressed confidence in my shrewdness, and was quite as sure as myself that I should explode the whole business that night, and be able to fully clear up the mystery to him upon the following day. So with my vanity doubly tickled, I repaired to the place

of rendezvous that eve.

It was to an humble abode that I bent my way; the floor was bare; the table at which we sat was an old "three-foct" pine one, bare also, save of an old-fashloned tin candlestick in which was a tallow candle, and of pencil and paper by which to keep account of the letters of the alphabet indicated by the raps as the letters of the alphabet indicated by the raps as communications. These raps were most astonishing in quantity and variety, they came in showers at the same time and all over the room, the floor, the doors, the windows, our chairs and the table, and each cluster of raps gave out different sounds, entirely distinguishable from each other. I have never heard such an avalanche of raps since that, at any one time. Although I was puzzled to account for all this, and I think I did really and instantly give up the fashionable theory of "toe-snapping." etc. Yet I am sure I could not fully take in the wonders of that great manifestation of power, and variety of unexgreat manifestation of power, and variety of unex-plained sounds, until some time after. We received communications through the raps upon the table, which, I should also say, came with distinctly differ-ent expression upon different parts of the table at he same time, but the communications were not at all conclusive of any intelligence other than that of the medium herself, she having been acquainted with all those who purported to manifest in that way.

The little things of this world are chosen to confound the wise ("me too"), and one of the most insignificant of these was used to bless me by knockng away the pillars of self-conceit from beneath my feet, and revealing to my awakening spirit that I knew very little of the laws of the universe, for all my assumed wisdom. The old tin candlestick, the paper and the pencil annoyed Nancy by rolling to-ward the edge of the table every time that piece of furniture chose to tip into her lap, which it often did. I was amused to hear her politely address "the spirits," and ask them if they would please hold these articles in their place when the table tipped, and which request, to my utter astonishment was instantly attended to, by whom, I knew not. I only saw the results, and am glad I can give myself the credit, even then, of being awed by such an exhibi-tion of the suspension of the law of gravitation. Much more wonderful manifestations of spirit-power, have crowded my succeeding years, but never a more useful experience has been mine in physical phenomena. It was the "setting aiar" of the "beautiful gates" that since that have opened more widely and brought me knowledge instead of blind belief. Let the skentic account for this strange suspension of a known law of nature, except by the direct contact of an intolligent will-power if he can. I am open to conviction to the truth, and have been ever since that memorable evening when through these small, yet large phenomens, my Savior, since called Spiritualism and its corresponding Philosophy, was born in the manger of a poor and lowly habitation, and my soul forever exorcised of the demon of egotism that is crying out "humbug" to every new thing not cognized by it.

And so at this happy Christmas-time, I gratefully acknowledge my lasting indebtedness to the Light which then broke upon the morning of the day which to me ushered in the rising Sun of our Spiritualist Philosophy, whose beams have in the years since gone by, reached to every portion of our earth, and made glad the hearts of millions who before this were accepting the type dixit of others, instead of investigating for themselves, and thus obtaining a knowledge of life, its eternality, and its great uses, and of the best means conducive to its wisest ends; our "Immanuel with us." New York, Dec., 1883.

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. Holy Days are Holidays.

BY G. B. STEBBINS.

Streams of spiritual life filter through many generations, as water runs through rock and earth be-neath the surface, until, at last, a clear fountain comes forth,—a life starts on earth so vital and healthful that it is for the healing of the nations. So came Garrison, Sojourner Truth, Ramzuohem Roy, Swedenborg, Savanorola, Jesus and others. Such men make epochs; tendencies and ideas amidst which they are born get wrought into their being, spoken out from their lips, and acted in their careers. The tendency of Europe toward Protestantism was born into the large personality of Luther, flamed out in his words of fire, and wrought the Reforma-tion. Buddhism, Christianity and kindred epochs came in like way. A tendency in Sweden to look toward the angelic world took personal life in Swedenborg and his heavenly visitations, and the pure stream had become the broad tide of modern Spiritualism. What streams of sweetness and light must have centred in the life of Jesus! By no miracle, but by spiritual law, does all this come. It may be marvellous, but the marvel of a golden sunset is greater than the miracle of water turned into wine. The miracles of theology are poor beside nature's

Gifted and true persons enrich the lands where they are born. Good King Alfred, George Fox and their like make English life warm and pure; without them its mills and mines and treasures would be of small use,—for the full purse is a dead weight to the lean soul. So we may well be grateful for what

is more precious than gold or diamonds, and see how a true life is a new gladness to the world.

As the Roman people became enslaved they delifted the Cæsars;—the Emperor was all, his subjects nothing. With a poor ideal of man these Saviors were exalted and delifed. Buddha and Christ never asked, or sought, to be styled "the Lord," yet so are they both called. With a higher ideal of man these

Saviors become our elder brethren, beckoning us toward their upward path, and "the man Christ Jesus" blesses the world in a human and natural,

yet quite divine way. Christmas Day is the world's rejoicing over a noble personality and a beautiful spiritual life on earth. In that we can all join, for the holy days when the Christs were "born among the lilies" may well be the world's holidays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity.

Detroit, Mich.

Terribly sensitive are Spiritualists to even a threat of dampness. The night of December 9th was not rainy, but there was a "Scotch mist" which was enough to cause Col. Heimstreet to have a somewhat small audience to listen to his discussion of "Supplemental Demonology." The speaker, not depressed by this, spoke with accus omed ease, and succeeded in thoroughly interesting his audience. He said: "From all ages there has been a belief in the existence of disembodied spirits, of demons. In this age, despite the materialism which seeks to narrow our perceptions to what can be seen, touched or felt, our perceptions to what can be seen, touched or felt, the scientific world is beginning to recognize that there are other forces than it ose they have cataloguchere are other forces than it owe they have catalogued, and demonology is now a very respectable theme. The word demon means a spirit, who appears to men either to help or injure; a comprehensive theme, one that engaged the attention of ancient philosophers largely. Aristotle, Plato, Socrates and a host of others, discoursed on this as well as they were able. Our Bible is founded upon demonology. The Greeks and Romans believed in the existence of these who had lived in hodies on earth. spirits of those who had lived in hodies on earth, as well as of those who had not. If any one will carefully observe the public press it will be seen there is a general and firm belief in the existence of spirits, who are able in various ways to act upon living

"Religious teachers proclaim it, too. Only a few days ago, Rev. Dr. Pentecost said that the doctrine of evil spirits infesting men runs all through the Old Testament as well as the New, and is not controvertible. Are we subject to occult influences that do not come from within? If soul-force be a real existing entity to be classified with all material forces, then immortality can be scientifically demonstrated. It will not be necessary to prove the soul is material. if we can show that it never acts without the aid of a material organization. Dr. Adam Clarke says there are times when the soul recognizes the presence and influences of departed spirits. Sir Walter Scott gives similar testimony. One who believes in the Bible must believe in apparitions. I might give a thousand pages filled with citations showing the university. sand pages filled with citations snowing the universality of the belief. The Popular Science Monthly published an article declaring immortality a fact of natural science. There is an infection of social sympathy, giving rise to ideas, feelings and actions which seem to be automatic. Spirits reach their like, free as the magnet to the needle. The first gun at Sumter shook Western windows. There exists an all-nerveding something, not known as material.

an all-pervading something, not known as material; it is this essence which pervades the spiritual body.

"The soul is not a dream, nor a bundle of ideas. If all speech were lost, men would still be filled with love and faith. There is no social democracy; always some individuality dominates. Emerson says: A river of command streams from the eyes of some men.' This not a result of correspondence, but an intermingling of forces. Spirit is a substance, soul is a substance. I oppose this thought to the idealism of to-day. Accepting it, you can feel the symbolism of the Bible, know what is meant by the eye of God and the hand of God. It is only when we come down from the heights of speculation, that we get clear conception of God. There is no depravity that cannot be cured by sympathy; one material replacing the other. It is difficult to believe that God is a substance, but when you can, how much now obcure will be plain.

"There is good logical reason for believing that the soul exists after death; that disembodied spirits act on the living, is at least probable. The spirits seen subjectively may be projected outward and become objective, and so prove Spiritualism. A person may see as I have said, but that they could make me see I don't believe. Spirit-cure of disease I think is possible, and may be even more effective than drugs."

The speaker closed by urging careful examina-

The speaker closed by alging calcult examina-tion of the subject for our own sakes. Mr. D. M. Cole made a few remarks, which were briefly replied to by Col. Heimstreet, and Dr. Guy continued: "The Colonel seems to say there is but little difference between spirit and material sub-stance. If the spiritual body is material it must have weight, but the material body weighs as much after death as when living. Many of us have evidence, the Colonel says he has not, of the continued existence of our friends after death. The strongest evidence of the return of individuals after death, has been given. If so, these identities must be clearly defined as something apart from the body. Is it only force, or force wedded to matter? God must be an organized being, because all things around are organized. An organism is needed to create organ-

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 8th, 1883.

Jesus-Christianity-The Brotherhood of Man.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: It is alleged that, the founder of the Christian religion was of humble parentage and born in a mang-er, "there being no room for him in the inn." It is further asserted that his most intimate friends and companions were a few simple fishermen, and that while the scribes and Pharisees of his time turned from him and his teachings with utter contempt, the common people heard him gladly. Among the teachings attributed to Jesus, recorded in the pages of the so-called New Testament, can be found passages of great force and marvellous beauty. Among them also can be found passages the most unnatural and unreasonable that can enter into the mind of man to conceive of. Ultimately Christianity "climbed the throne of the Cæsars,"and is now the religion of the whole civilized world. But, what would Jesus say, could he now appear among us, in propria persona and behold the splendid churches and magnificent cathedrals erected in his name and to his praise; the immense amounts of money raised for the purpose of spreading among the heathen of foreign lands the of spreading among the heathen of foreign lands the theological tenets of orthodoxy; his very fashionable and respectable worshipers; the gilt-edged prayer and hymn books and all the paraphernalia going to make up our modern popular ecclesiasticism? What would he say to see side by side with all this, grinding poverty, gaunt want, hollow-eyed misery, wretchedness and the most woful and utter despair? Unquestionably much of the misery existing in the questionably much of the misery existing in the Christian world is due to the sufferers themselves, but just as unquestionably a state of society in which the few are benefited at the unnecessary and cruel expense of the many, is a state of society utterly at war with the great principle of the "Brotherhood of Man," and this principle we are assured by the Christian Church itself, was very near to the heart of Jesus and manifest not only in his doctrine, but in his practice also. A genuine and thorough revival of a sense of the vital importance of this great principle in the hearts of all professing Christians, would be one of nears of an professing Unitstians, would be one of the grandest events possible in connection with the coming Christmas-tide. The effect of such a revival would be great, beneficent beyond all calculation. It would be, indeed, like the gentle and refreshing-rain upon the parched vegetation of nature. It would be food to the hungry, clothes to the naked, homes to the homeless and work for the enforced idler. Not

rlad and the despairing take new hope and courage for the future. Are we, as professed Spiritualists fully alive to the use and beauty of this grand idea of the "Brother-hood of Man," glowing in characters of light upon the communications we are constantly receiving from that unseen world which touches this so close on every side? Without a clear recognition and every-day practice of this great truth upon the part of its nominal believers, the redemption of the race from gnorance, poverty, superstition and vice may as well be given over; but with its recognition and practice, the time will rapidly hasten when all the waste places shall be built up, the great desert of human need and aspiration rejoice, and the "wilderness blossom as the rose." W. C. BOWEN.

to the homeless and work for the enforced idler. Not

only would the rich and powerful enjoy the coming Christmas festivity as never before, but the mourners

would dry their tears, the sorrowing look up and be

TAKIGRAFY is the improved system of shorthand writing for general use and verbatim reporting. It is the simplest, most easily learned, written and read of any; and succeeds where all others fail. Successful instruction by mail. Illustrated circular free. "Popular Shorthand in a Nutshell," ten cents. D. Kimball, 79 Madison St., Chicago.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal: I hope my absorbing interest in a new work in which I am engaged will be a sufficient apology for making it my subject for a contribution to your col-

umns.

Although perfectly domestic in my nature and leving the duties and pleasures of home-life, I often fear its sweet contentment beguiles me into a happy selfishness of which I am but half aware. It is so tempting, so pleasant, to close our door on the struggling world outside and fold our hands in the comfortable assurance that we are unrufiled by its warfare; but after all, is it not our duty to go forth, adding our feeble mites favered the righting of wrongs? ing our feeble mites toward the righting of wrongs?
Ah, though I am a woman, and tenderly sheltered and guarded from the hardships of wordly contact, yet I am a true Spiritualist, and I feel that each rational being should be of some use to the world; that we have no right to be drones in the busy hives of life. Often

no right to be drones in the busy hives of life. Often have I regretted my incapacity to serve humanity and, like many others who have good intentions, I probably neglected to do what I could, because I could not do what I preferred.

True, my spirit friends have continually said that I had a large work to do before I crossed the border-land, indicating things which seem to me impossible. They have repeatedly assured me that I would make a fine magnetic healer, only for one obstacle, but that obstacle I had every reason to believe would remain through life. In cases of pain, some of my ont that obstacle I had every reason to believe would remain through life. In cases of pain, some of my friends have found great relief from the simple stroke of my hand, and last winter they claimed to feel unusual benefit; but I feared they were self-deceived. I was conscious of a new sensation, a singular force within myself, but could not for awhile accept its apparent results. My ambition had been in a different direction, and I could not realize that I was selected from so many around me to carry out the infunction. "Heal the sick."

I was selected from so many around me to carry out the injunction, "Heal the sick."

While in this state of uncertainty, I chanced to be in presence of a medium who, in sitting for independent writing for a lady, addressed herself directly to me. She said I was to be a wonderful healer; had already performed cures, but doubted my own ability; that I was so sympathetic and impressional I could often ascertain the allments of persons; and that in two or three days I would perform a cure which should satisfy even my skepticism. Much more did she tell me which I can now see is shaping itself into truth; and the same story in substance was told me the next day by a trance medium. Neithwas told me the next day by a trance medium. Neither of these persons knew my name, residence or aught else about me, and have never heard of me since. True to the prediction, after several days I treated a patient for a very obstinate case of dysentery, and in about twenty minutes the disease was vanquished and has never returned. A case of ulcerated sore throat disappeared in the same way, and I knew such diseases were not the creation of the patient's mind. Their symptoms are too practical to be passed over as fancy. Since then my work grows constantly; some cases being cured in a very short time, and others requiring a course of treatment. I have used this power hundreds of times, going through heat, cold, rain and darkness, giving my services free to all; but now I have so little time for myself, I am obliged to have some recompense.

Chronic diseases, pronounced incurable by our best physicians, are always relieved by me and occasionally cured; and sometimes when death has been so near that the tongue and mind of the sufferer were paralyzed, I have (by the help of higher intelligence) restored the power of speech and the consciousness to direct it. This has been witnessed by friends and naighbors. was told me the next day by a trance medium. Neith-

ousness to direct it. This has been witnessed by

riends and neighbors.

I find I can impart the healing qualities to various articles which act favorably on disease; and I have reason to believe I can produce somnambulism, which has been proven of inestimable value to those who have tried it. A good somnambulist, under the influence of his magnetizer can diagnose his own

who have tried it. A good somnambulist, under the influence of his magnetizer, can diagnose his own disease and that of others. If the physicians of this country would avail themselves of this advantage, as some of those of the old world did, they could produce cures they dare not hope for without it.

While most people are not very susceptible to the subtile power of magnetism, others can receive it without personal contact, and at the distance of six or eight feet (probably more, I am only speaking of my personal experience.) And though the imparting of this life-principle to others sometimes leaves the healer weary and exhausted, he is comforted with the assurance that it often relieves agony when all the assurance that it often relieves agony when all else has failed; he is glad to know that in this great world where there is so much to do, he is among its workers; he must necessarily meet the prejudice and intolerance that has always attacked a new fact, and he must be so strong in his desire to sustain a principle of nature and to do good to human kind, pense, fall powerless before him.

And so, I, too, with my heart open to the recep tion of this divine gift, have the conviction that it is for use. I take up the dangers and burthens I know it will bring me, for the benefit I hope to bestow on others; and through this effort to bless them, I am blessed myself. With the best wishes for the Jour-NAL forever, I am, very truly, your friend, Cairo, Ill. AMARALA MARTIN.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Touching Incident.

BY A. J. FISHBACK.

How beautiful and impressive is the ministry of angels in the dying hour. I wish to relate a remarkable and touching incident of this character, which occurred in the Campbellite or so-called Christian Church, prior to the advent of modern Spiritualism. The facts as given by eye witnesses are as follows:
On the 9th day of December, 1834, Joseph Gaston, a Campbellite minister, who resided four miles from Carrollton, Carroll Co., Ohio, was attacked with bleeding of the lungs, and continued to bleed until he was so weak and exhausted that he could not lift his hand or move his head, and could scarcely speak in an audible whisper; he remained in this dying state an author winsper; he remained in this dying state until the Monday following, Dec. 12th, when to all outward appearances his spirit took its departure from the body. His friends, supposing him dead, preceded to prepare his remains for burial, and in deing this a full hour passed away, during which there was no pulse in his veins or any other signs of the print of the bury took held of his bedy to her him out. life, antil they took hold of his body to lay him out, whereupon he instantly rose to a sitting posture in the bed and remaining so without assistance, talked an hour to those present in a strong, loud voice, assuring them that he had been in heaven, relating in tender and touching accents what he had seen, and giving messages of love to all present from their departed friends. Still speaking in a full voice of the beauties and glories of heaven, exhorting all to be good and to do good; to live pure and holy lives and thus prepare themselves to see and enjoy the higher and better life, he fin lly spoke to his wife, saying, "Eleanor, bring the children to me," and kissing them, he bade all good-bye and fell back upon the

Joseph Gaston, along with Walter Scott, Barton Storer, Alexander Campbell and others, was one of the distinguished founders of the so-called Christian Church; had high spiritual tendencies, and I have no doubt but that he and his colleagues were inspired by the good angels, and therefore were great and good men. To me it is a heautiful and soul-cheer-ing truth that Spiritualism, with its wonderful phe-nomens and hallowed influences, has lighted the ages; and hence the same bright angels that revisited this earth and lifted up their voices in songs of praise and thanksgiving when the prophet of Gallilee was born, are with us still. Liberal, Mo.

When Suffering with catarrh or cold in the head I have never found an equal to Ely's Cream Balm. I had to bandage my head to juiet the pain. C. A. COOPER, Danby, N. Y.

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The Old Testament Revision Company has completed the third revision of the minor prophets.

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What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love; but the secret of my friend is not mine.—Sir P. Sidney.

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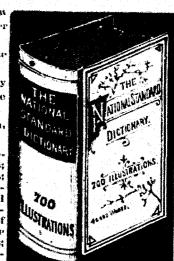
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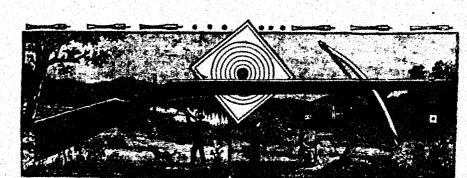
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Continued from First Page.

so-called between science and religion is almost entirely at an end, though still we sometimes hear the cry that they are irreconcilable and that the tendency of scientific studies is towards infidelity; it is only the dying struggle of an exploded idea. Before the comet of 1812 returns to visit the earth-vicinity again, such assertions as this, "Science is Godless," will be relegated to the Limbo of dead ideas, where it of right belongs.
All Nature is instinct with intelligent life,

the inspirations emanating from the Infinite Being whose thought called it all into existence, teaching in its details all we can learn of himself, the expression of whose mind it

I do not wonder at the worship of the sun and other forces of Nature; it was the utmost grasp of the intelligence of those days of a being whom they dimly recognized in and through his works, as the Creator of all.

When the truth shall be entirely grasped that spirit underlies all creation and is the energizing principle, then we shall hear no more of the unbelief induced by science.

I heard it said of a woman who had devoted a long life to study, "How wonderful that

she believes in God."

What a commentary on the position of the so-called "learned" as regards the source of all knowledge; as if learning were not the greatest guide to the knowledge of him whom to know is life eternal! Go on, dear friend, teach the race what true Spiritualism is, overturn and overturn,

cleanse it of all its errors and prove to perfect conviction and irrefutable demonstration that our level ones have only "gone to live elsewhere." Hoping that all the coming years of your

life and of those who are dearest to you, may be filled with happiness, health and prosperity and with the compliments of the Christmas tide, I am very truly your friend, New Orleans, La., Christmas, 1883.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Materialism vs. Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There has been a constant attempt in some quarters, to unite Spiritualism with Materialism, or in milder phrase, free thought and liberalism. It has been the custom for the managers of spiritual meetings to advertise that "the Spiritualists and Liberalists" will meet in such a hall or grove. Undoubtedly the motives which prompted such announcements, were good enough, though, perhaps, the truckling spirit of hoping to gain popu-larity by the union might at times be detected. Liberalism and free thought are highsounding but yague terms, which admit of a great diversity of meanings, and when thus attached to Spiritualism, they have been prolific causes of bringing in Issues remote from those desired by Spiritualists.

All Spiritualists are Liberalists and free thinkers, but all free thinkers and Liberalists are not Spiritualists. They are in many instances violently opposed to it as a superstition. In essential aims and purposes Spiritualism is much nearer related to Christianity than to Materialism. There are many things held in common with the first; none whatever with the last, except the assertion of freedom of thought and destruction of superstition; hence a handbill announcing that "the Spiritualists and Materialists will hald a macrine" hold a meeting," etc., is stranger than an an-nonncement of "the Spiritualists and Meth-

odists," or any other church, would be. The result fully justifies this statement, vnefever and whenever tried, the attemp has been an utter failure. No persuasion can make water and oil unite, without blending both into something far remote and distinct The platform, where Materialism and Spiritualism have equal rights, has been an arena where one destroyed what the other built.

Destruction is a narrow plank for two great movements to work on together, yet Spiritualism and Materialism are using the term, iconoclasm, as indicative of all forms of liberalism; and even in this respect the harmony is in appearance only.

There can be but two methods of explaining the origin and evolution of the universe—the material and spiritual. The first sees in matter all potentialities, all possibilities. and claims that of and by itself it passes through the changes called creation. There is no need of external intelligence or God. There is no spirit existence. Love, justice, truth and right grow out of selfishness, are a part of it and go out with the expiring taper we call life. This is the philosophy of muck; the science of dirt, the philosophy of well-

Spiritualism sets out with the claim, that beneath the fleeting phantasmagoria called creation, is a realm of force and energy, of which we only know by the effects we observe. Justice, right, truth and love, are-not because in the "struggle for existence" man has found such most expedient as rules of conduct, but because they are inwrought into the foundation of things. The human being is not a wave thrown up from the seething sea of life, to fall back again in foam, but the heir of an infinite existence.

How can two systems, so radically distinct, absolutely antagonistic, unite? The idea is absurd, which is rapidly being learned by those most interested.

As Spiritualists we seek to become free from superstition and bigotry, and become liberal in the broadest sense. But as we have escaped from the beliefs and dogmas of the churches, we have at the same time passed over the barren fields of Materialism. The first taught us that future existence was something foreign to this life, which was bestowed because of our acceptance of certain beliefs, or for the purpose of fearful punishment. The latter would have us believe that there is no future life, and that our hopes and aspirations are cruel mockeries. Neither satisfied us, and we came to this pleasant mountain summit where we can gaze back-ward and forward, into the dim vistas of two eternities, the past and the future. In the past we see the infinite toil and suffering, by which nature has pursued her undeviating aim, until the perfected fruitage of the Tree of Life, appears as man with his moral and intellectual consciousness. Beyond, into the future, we see the escaping spirit carrying forward into another state of existence in unbroken continuity the individuality which has been the object of creation's infinite travail

The muck philosophers may talk of the morality of chemical changes, the religion of a foot-rule and a pint-cup by which they as-say to fathom the depths of the universe, and measure the aspirations of the soul; the Agnostic may bow to his crucible of dirt, from which the dictations of science are to be received as finalities; the Spiritualist has a science and philosophy beyond them all.

We do not with egotistical presumption after eliminating God, bow in servile homage to the "Unknowable." To pronounce on what can be and caunot be known, we must be all-knowing. Yet no philosopher or seientist can explain beyond the immediate spirit speaking to me. I should never more for Spiritualism in every respect. The remcause of a single effect. In the true understanding of the Baconian method, the Spirited and I spoke of my conviction to my friend, reformation should start and be pressed with ualist sets no such boundary to his investigation. He creates no "Great Mogul" of the "Unknowable" to bar his progress. On the contrary he declares that to know is the birthright of the spirit, and its possibilities

in this direction wholly undefinable. Thus clearly defined in its position, having for its aim the development of the highest faculties of the mind, and the perfection of character; uniting the present world with the future; bringing the world of spirits near, and into direct relations with us in our daily lives; cheering as well as instructing us by inspiration, and kindling our aspira-tions for the perfection and sweetness of the beyond, Spiritualism has little in common with any other system, and least of all with Materialism.

How vain then to attempt to marshal the forces of the two, and in meetings or conventions force their advocates on the same rostrum. The Spiritualist has not time to waste on the discussion of issues dead in the times of Hume and Voltaire. He has not time to listen to tirades against Christianity and the churches, or the defamation of gospel min-isters, or the coarse, cheap ridicule which passes for criticism of the Bible. A vast constructive work is now before him, and he is assured that when his temple is completed, with its deep foundations resting on the material world, and its domes alight with spiritual knowledge, none will go astray from its gateway.

Remarkable Tests Given Through Henry Slade.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: Your correspondent at the present time happens to be rooming in the very building where nearly four years ago through the instrumentality of Dr. Henry Slade, he received his first direct and unquestionable evidence of immortality. His apartments were just at the other end of the hall, and as I pass and repass the doors that give entrance to them, I am forcibly reminded of the exciting experiences which I then had with him; but as the purpose of this communication is not altogether that of giving a recital of those ex-periences, I will merely mention one of the inany which made a very vivid impression upon my mind.

I had had one of those peculiar and satisfactory slate writings for which Slade's mediumship is remarkable; I had seen an accordion played without contact other than that of being held by the bottom part in the right hand of the medium, keys downward; had seen the instrument in motion and the keys to move without visible touch, playing "Home Sweet Home" in a beautiful manner; I had seen a book disappear into nothingness or at least beyond the reach of sight or search; had seen a slate glide from under the farther end of the table, describe a half circle upward in the air, and go back to the hands of the medium: I had seen a chair five feet away give a leap towards us; had seen in the clear sunlight a lady's hand, that beyond the wrist appeared detached from any living body; and after all this and much more I saw, or saw in part and felt in part, that which for me was the strangest and most satisfactory manifestation of all.

"You may now write," said Slade, "the name of any relative or friend on the slate, whom you know to have passed to spirit-life." As a matter of course the names of many ocdenly in Havana while I was a resident of that city. Accordingly, taking the slate close to my person I carefully wrote the name of Manuel Jaumeandreu, using great precaution that Slade should not see me write, or even the motion of my hand. I then carefully placed the glate upon the table the fully placed the slate upon the table, the name on the under surface and the medium dropping a crumb of pencil on the exposed surface, took the slate in his right hand and held it under the table. Immediately as he did so, a heavy hand grasped my right leg near the knee, and I distinctly felt the thumb and fingers encircling my limb. I was just a little startled at a salute so unexpected but at the same instant I heard a scratching upon the slate and with excited curiosity, I awaited the result. The end of the slate to-ward me projected about two inches from beneath the table, so that a considerable portion of the surface was exposed to view, and as I watched it intently listening to the writing, the little crumb of pencil appeared in sight and, moving of itself, finished the loop of a letter, and stopped. On bringing forth the slate the medium presented it to me for perusal, and the message ran thus: "It was I who just now touched you. Man-

uel J." The whole of the surname would probably have been written out had not the little pencil been surprised at its work. As to the touch, it was upon the leg farthest removed from Slade; both of his hands were in sight and the room was as light as two windows looking out upon the noon-day sun could

SPONTANEOUS PHENOMENA. An estimable lady of my acquaintance who never has had any faith in Spiritualism, nevertheless relates the following occurrence in her life experience, and says it is only one of many that have forced themselves upon

her observation:
"My home was in one of the Western States before coming to the Rocky Mountain region, but I have now been a resident here for a great many years. My husband preceded me to this country by some months in the early days, and liking the country very much, he wrote for me to come. The people of our vil-lage regretted exceedingly to have me go away and resolved on making a party for me which took place on the evening previous to my leaving in the morning. It was a pleas-ant affair and broke up at a late hour. I was stopping at the house of a friend. The stage was to call for me the next morning. I retired for the night, taking my two young children to bed with me. Not long had my head been settled upon my pillow when I felt both my hands clasped in a manner so natural and familiar that I involuntarily exclaimed, 'Why Henry, is this you?' The grasp was relaxed, but there came no response. I called to my friend who was in the adjoining apartment, who came running to me, and I said. My husband has been here; how did he get into the house?' But no Henry could be found, though diligent search was made with a light, nor was there any evidence that the house had been entered. My friend tried to persuade me that I had dreamed, but I never feit more conscious of a presence than I was then that my husband had been in the room. We again retired, and as I lay pondering upon what had happened, I heard a voice say, 'Martha, trust in God, and all will be well

who tried to persuade me that I had only dreamed, and to comfort me in many ways.

"The stage called at an early hour, and we got on board. Friends flocked around to give us the parting word, and among them my good old Spiritual adviser, Bishop N—, 'Tell your husband, said he, not to stay out there, but that I want him to come back. The opportunities are excellent for him here. and we cannot spare him.' Said I. Father, you are very considerate in sending such kind messages, but I never expect to see my husband again in this world.' Tut, tut, what nonsense is that?' He asked, and I told him of my experience during the night, but he, also tried to quiet my apprehensions.

"At this instant my husband's former partner came running up bringing two letters. I handed them over to my friend and told her to read the fatal news herself, as I had not courage to open the letters. 'But one of these letters is in your husband's own handwriting, said she, and it is pretty fair pen-manship for a dead man, I must say! The letter was opened and read. It was a cheer-ful missive, full of hope and bright prospects for the future. I was somewhat comforted, for alas! I forgot the many days it had been upon the road."

"The last good-bye was said at length, and we were soon out upon the plains. After days and nights of weary travel we reached our journey's end, and were left at the hotel designated by my husband for us to stop at. Old acquaintances were there to greet us, but the dear husband and father came not. I inquired for him and found that I had not been mistaken. On the very night that I realized his presence and at the very house in which I seemed to feel his grasp and hear his voice, his spirit left its earthly tenement here-he passed away suddenly and unex-

"I returned not long after to my old home, where I remained several months, settling up my affairs preparatory to coming here to reside. My friends remembered my premonition, and on reminding the Bishop of our conversation he replied, 'My poor child! too well do I recollect your words and your story.' 'And what do you think of such things Bishop?' 'Ah! it is true.' Spirits are around us as thick as the blades of grass upon the prairies!"

Denver, Col., Dec. 12, 1883.

Spiritualism in its Various Aspects.

To the Editor of the Religio Philosophical Journal: Permit me, as one of your subscribers and a constant reader of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPH-ICAL JOURNAL, to wish you not only a Merry Christmas, but that the New Year, which according to Christian chronology is so near at hand, may be to you a very happy and pros-perous one. I take this public method and occasion to say to you, and for the public eye to see, that there are many sincere lovers of truth who know you well enough to appreciate the motives by which you are actuated in placing the Journal before the public. I say this because I know that a large number of well meaning persons, have not had the opportunity, by a personal acquaint-ance with the editor of the JOURNAL, of understanding his deep reverence for the great truths and the sacred and beautiful philosophy of genuine Spiritualism. It is this comprehension by the mind and adoption by the curred to me at once, but desiring, as a bet- heart, that gives a righteous indignation ter test, to make use of some odd or unusual against the prostitution of the sacred nature name, I bethought me of a beloved pupil, a of mediumship to ignoble purposes, and puts Cuban, who many years before expired sud- the seal of condemnation upon every case of

> that you were uncharitable and not the medium's friend. Any person who contemplates the past of modern Spiritualism and wishes its welfare in the future, will readily see that a public journal aspiring to a healthy growth and commanding influence, seeking to exalt in the minds of men the value of spiritual truths, owes to the cause it espouses and to the public it seeks to educate, a duty which must be unflinchingly performed. Truth is a cardinal virtue. It is the essence of knowledge; it is synonymous with honesty in its application to the dealings of man with man, and of angels with angels or men. The higher the apparent source, the purer should be the utterance. Integrity in our dealings should be insisted upon both of and for us. In the economy of nature I suppose it must be conceded that everything serves some purpose, and under that concession the liar, the fraud and cheat among the human race, go to make up its general stock, as do the lizzard, viper and pole-cat in the animal kingdom. But who will say the world will not be improved when they are extinct, and their places supplied with something better. It is pleasing to know that human advancement is postulated on the eradication of this obnoxious evidence of human depravity from men and women, and the extinction of these peets in the animal kingdom. The early settiers placed a premium on the head of ferocious beasts, and countries supposed to be civilized offer rewards for proclaimed outlaws as the readlest means of protecting the innocent against them. For ages the clergy has been preaching against the devices and wickedness of a personal, spiritual devil. Spiritualists know just how much truth there is in this doctrine, and they cannot ignore the fact that applying the word devil to what we know as evil in humanity, the devil or devile) is having a relliable time. devil (or devils) is having a rollicking time. The fact is established by abundant proof,

that susceptible persons known as mediums are liable to become unconscious instruments in doing the will of some spirit in whom the element of what we call evil largely predominates. I know of nothing more sad than to realize that a pure-hearted medium may be an unconscious victim of a flendish spirit. The important questions for immediate solution are, can this danger be averted? and ought it to be done? Some well meaning persons contend that the spirits should not be driven away but treated kindly, and they point to instances where it is claimed this has been done. In dealing with these matters we must look at what appears to ourselves for the greatest good of all; and for one I can find no comparison between the good that may result and the evil which seems sure to follow from such a control. I do not believe that a delicate medium can be the absolute instrument of a spirit actuated by a degrading passion without leaving the medium in some degree con-taminated by the unhallowed contact; nor do I believe such control at all essential to the reformation of the spirit. The yielding medium to some extent aids the purpose of the spirit, else there would be no motive for with you and the children. I would save you the spirit's approach. The sequence natu-from your long and tedious journey if I could, rally follows that the more mediums there but I cannot. It will be best for you to go.' are developed who can readily be made avail-At this I felt certain that it was my husband's able to malign spiritual influences, the worse

vigor among Spiritualists by those who love and value what the possibilities before us really are.

The riff-raff of medium hunters, who seek to gratify curiosity or to advise with the unseen to accomplish selfish purposes, are a positive curse to the cause. They show to the world by their own lives how little Spiritualism has regenerated their hearts. They attract to the medium spirits like unto themselves and degrade the medium accordingly. If spiritual knowledge has made the believer no better than he was before, he had as well have remained ignorant. Bigotry from with-out, and prostitution and fraud from within, its professed ranks, are the bitterest and most deadly foes against which you have to contend. The first of these will give you least concern. You know where to find it, for it looks you squarely in the face. The others are lurking devils, working and conspiring back of the masks which hide a monstrous visage. In the name of Spiritual-ism so much that is wrong has been done, that were it not that now and then the world can catch a glimpse of the angel of truth pointing the way to a brighter future, Spiritualism as a distinct movement, would have long since died, to be remembered as one of the wickedest superstitions of the age. Under the obloquy this brought upon it, how many thousands who believe in, and strive to live according to, its philosophy, shrink from the name, and are identified with Universalist and Unitarian churches, or live within themselves? Surely a mighty host, influential and powerful enough to command the respect and attention of the world, were they organized and their efforts properly concentrated!

If we leave the cause, where shall we go? We may answer as did Peter, "Where shall we go, for thou hast the words of truth." Our duty is to do our utmost, even though we suffer now from the wrongs and persecutions of its professed friends, who are driving the cruelest spikes and thrusting in their wicked spears at the heart of the cause; but in the end it will be without avail. The truths of Spiritualism are eternal in nature and cannot be destroyed, although they may be re-tarded in producing their ultimate results. To soonest eradicate the evils complained of, favor the course of the Journal in its efforts to promote organization on a basis that, so far as possible, separates the spurious and immoral from our ranks. If mediums are held strictly accountable until it is clearly shown they were either unconscious or ut-terly unable to control themselves, we shall have less of fraud, deception and immorality. Conscious mediumship should be encouraged, for it enables the medium to be self-protecting, and at the same time be subject to a greater degree of responsibility for his own acts. There is much more upon this subject that requires thought, and in its noble mission,I bid the Journal "God speed!" A. H. DAILEY. Brooklyn, N. Y.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A Christmas Carol.

Good cheer! good cheer! Snow covers the ground, Christmas is near! The banners of Joy are flying; Winter, they say to mother Earth Is death; then let her be dying. For us it is welcome new birth To Love and Joy and Mirth! Therefore let's shout: Good cheer! Stop whining and cease crying, Christmas is near! The banners of Joy are flying!

ANOTHER.

A sparkling star

Stands high in the sky. It would be too far To travel to see it nearer; But it sends its light, So divinely bright, All through the night Through endless space To earth's poorest place. A comforter, a hearts-cheerer! 'Tis the star of Home. 'Tis the Christmas Star That shines from the heavenly dome: And wherever you roam, Whether near or far, If you see it shine, Then open the shrine Of your soul to the star, It will make it forever clearer! A CHILD'S WELCOME.

We welcome to this world of ours, You little heir to joy and toil, Which like the poisons and the flowers Are mixed in this our earthly soll.

You tiny seed, you tender germ, Like to the oak grow strong and firm, You spark of the great fire above, Give heat and light, wisdom and love!

A CHILD'S FAREWELL. An angel alighted from the sky But would not linger with us mortals; His pinions grown, he tried to fly, And found ajar the portale!

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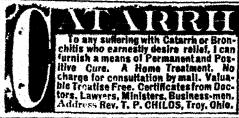


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NEWSPAPER MEN ATTENTION.

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