

THE WIDOW'S JOY.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

The old year now was dying fast And Christmas day had come at last.

All, save a widow, sad and lone, Whose heart was crushed, and dead as stone.

The struggle now shall soon give o'er, Her trembling limbs can do no more—

And as the merry throngs go by She views them with a tearful eye.

A wayward son in long years past Had o'er her life a shadow cast.

The landlord, too, which makes her grieve Has told her she must pay or leave.

And as the evening shades advance The merry throng with mirth and dance.

The lighted halls with feasts are spread And love's soft flame o'er all is shed—

But 'neath the widow's humble roof Where warmth and comfort stand aloof.

Dark thoughts of death oppress her brain, Unbidden oft they come again.

For suddenly a rap was heard— The door was swung, and in there came

"My son!" "my mother!" then was spoken, And thus the silence long was broken—

SHELLEY.

BY FLORENCE HOLBROOK.

When the blue waters of the Mediterranean moaned their dirge over the golden head

His life was one struggle for justice and freedom. Wherever he saw an individual

He fought openly and unflinchingly all tyrannies in social, religious and political

His poems are himself. He thought it profane to write anything not entirely his

In many ways the beautiful thoughts of this sensitive soul repay study and enrich

His greatness of soul unfitted to the narrowness of creed, his generous spirit

But standing on this broad plane, our Ariel on poised wings more than equalled the flight

Speaking of the problem of a future life Shelley said: "That there is a solution

Together with these improvements came that of some investigators obtaining writing

Encouraged by this, experiments were frequently made hoping that that manifesta-

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"Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep! He hath awakened from the dream of life."

"The soul of Adonais, like a star, Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are."

"While yet a boy I sought for ghosts and sped Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin."

In Queen Mab, written when he was but eighteen, we find the following courageous thoughts:

"Yet human spirit, bravely hold thy course. Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue."

Fear not, then, Spirit, Death's disrobing hand— So welcome when the tyrant is awake.

A HISTORY OF SLATE WRITING.

BY J. SIMMONS.

In connection with the growth and progress of modern Spiritualism, the manifesta-

Twenty-three years ago this winter, Dr. Henry Slade was in New Albany, Indiana,

The sound of the chalk on the surface of the slate was heard, when, on looking, the letter

Some weeks after this occurred, experiments were made with a slate and pencil

When the gentleman arrived, he passed the slate to Dr. Slade who at once rubbed

The next step gained was in obtaining writing while the slate was held above

Evidence of steadily increasing power was next manifested by a pencil writing

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arrived. Arrangements were made for Dr. Slade to visit St. Petersburg, Russia, in the fall of 1876.

In April he returned to Berlin, Germany; went to Leipzig about the first of May,

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Spiritual Manifestations Among the Children.

BY JOHN EDWARDS.

As we are nearing the Christmas festivities, we are constantly reminded of it by the young folks who are looking forward

Since the last annual Christmas festivities, many families will have a vacant chair,

The advent of Modern Spiritualism into the world has accomplished that fact, and reveals

Children on leaving the body can and do return again. It is best for their growth

Now, in order to be a little more definite and specific, I will relate a few incidents

Since I am not proposing to write her biography, I will say I cannot conceive of

Most assuredly the faculty of worshiping something as superior to ourselves does

But think of a life so grandly full of soul that it had no room even for Spiritualism.

She had made up her mind to take a long needed rest, and was intending to visit

The Missouri Cremation Society has 400 members, twenty-five of whom are women.

would bring her one. Now all the doors and windows were closed, but a spoon in less than

To Materialists and people generally, in the flesh, the foregoing incidents related

The strongest tie between earth and the Spirit-world is a mother's love for her dear

Washington, D. C.

Life without a Savior.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Many years ago the bells rang out right cheerily one bright Sunday morning,

But on that bright and beautiful morning, when the nineteenth century was young,

"Yes, father," she replied. "They are all people, my child, who are hurrying

"That scene and its lesson were never forgotten, and that child Jennie has now

"Oh! Brother Mavry, do not deceive me. You know his Captain wrote all about it.

She rocked to and fro, wailing piteously. My father, in the plainest manner and in

"This is the fifteenth," said father. "Now you can look every day for him."

In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen

A club for deaf and dumb people has been formed in Paris. It is called the "Club

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled

For love and beauty, and delight There is no death nor change."

And in that unparalleled elegy, Adonais, he says:

the street. Had he been observed he would have been taken for a thief carrying off his booty--or a madman escaped from confinement. The night was frosty, but the snowy gusts had ceased and the moon was bright in the high heavens.

The display of this season's Christmas and New Year cards is equal if not superior, to those of past seasons, and Messrs. Prang & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Boston and New York, have a most artistic array.

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What a Critical Paper Says of the Journal. We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, published by Colonel John C. Bundy, of Chicago.

A couple, each over 70 years old, who separated about two years, were remarried last week in Rutland, Vt.

LIFE AND LOVE.

A Hymn. BY EDMUND S. HOLBROOK. Thou God of LIFE and LOVE, We worship Thee!

For powers of varied thought Through endless days; For lines of wisdom taught, We give Thee praise.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

Another year has been added to our earthly pilgrimage and spiritual experiences since we sang the Christmas carols for 1884.

A Children's Progressive Lyceum has been inaugurated, and is in charge of one of the children's friends, Mr. D. N. Ford, as Conductor.

The morning light is surely breaking, and one of its best and brightest rays appeared in Boston, Nov. 13, 1885, when Archdeacon Farrar, in his lecture on "Dante's Hell," confirmed the teachings of the mediums for the past twenty-five years.

There was no uncertain sound in that declaration. The fires of hell have not burned for many years. There was no golden age in all the new Jerusalem to supply the city of New York for one day, hence something must be done, and that right now.

We are teaching our children that they alone are responsible for actual wrongs done, and they alone must suffer the consequences.

Mrs. Guilvere Ward recently gave a performance of "Antigone" in Melbourne for the benefit of the Melbourne Hospital, which netted twenty-five thousand dollars.

"It is absolutely impossible," said Lord Rosebery in a recent address in Scotland, "that in the future we could ever take place between the United States and England."

GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE.

The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. The announcement that Mr. Gopal Vinayak Joshee, the Hindu scholar, servant and disciple of Buddha, from Bombay, would lecture for us on Sunday, Dec. 7th, attracted good audiences and many strangers.

The speaker compared Christ and Buddha and the work and results of both. His criticism of Christ was caustic and severe, and gave the apostle Paul credit for the foundation of Christianity.

The lecture for the evening was "Spiritualism in India." After a prayer to the source of all life, the speaker spoke in substance as follows: "Spiritualism as it is understood in this country is an entirely new thing to the nation of India.

Modern Spiritualism has a sound foundation and can be maintained. What is then impossible? Why are the churches against the Spiritualists when spiritism is so prevalent in the country?

The natives of India are precluded from entertaining the thought that the spirits of the dead haunt their former habitations, and move around their surviving friends and relatives.

The Hindus believe that the spirit of the dead one remains in the ground when he dies for twenty-four hours, and a lamp is kept burning there.

"Another man, Navayan Bowa, left home for truth and wandered far and wide. One day he listened to a discourse on philosophy given by a sage.

"After further importuning the beggar was allowed to see the man. He prescribed a simple decoction of leaves, and the patient recovered.

and that the spirit should not be in any way connected with the support and comfort. As we well know before such promises are made the crows will immediately touch the rice balls and eat them up.

"As there are evil spirits, so there are good spirits also, but their avocations are different; the good spirits enlighten those men only who have no desire for earthly things, but spiritual light.

"Our mediums are sometimes controlled by evil spirits. Fridays and Tuesdays are the fit days for their seances. They change their ordinary clothes of diversified colors, and dress in green, if the spirit be that of a Hindu; but if it be that of a European, the medium is always dressed in white.

"We have in Benares haunted houses where no one lives except the spirits. The neighbors know that the house is swept by spirits, utensils washed, carpets spread and dusted, reading and repeating gone through with, windows opened and shut, and yet no living person is seen to have gone there.

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Weak and weaker grew the bodily form of Robert Parker. All recognition now was over, save that of glances which would flash upon him now and then, but he knew that he was being watched with severity.

and sat on the spot? The leper did so and his leprosy disappeared. No one was well known before and has since, that the leaves of that tree possess no virtue whatever in removing that disease.

The lecturer related instances where death had been predicted of persons who lived at a distance. He told how those who devoted their lives and substance in acts of charity were sustained; in one instance where a benevolent man had borrowed money for this purpose and on the day when he had promised to pay the debt, it had been previously paid by a stranger whom no one knew.

Religion is a social, moral code, couched more or less for the guidance of the ignorant. But it has always been abused by the executor and the executed.

Spiritualism is a stepping-stone between ignorance and wisdom. Spiritualism emancipates mind from superstitious religion. It is a safe and sure guide to lead to that plane where all differences of opinion are forgotten and all enmities are buried in friendship to make the last sign of life is never our foe.

"My dear friends, the strength and power of Spiritualism consist in the observance of strict rules of conduct; let us therefore pray to God that our minds may be freed from superstitions and prejudices. Here lies the secret of Spiritualism in India."

Brooklyn N. Y., Dec. 7, 1885.

Robert Parker's Farewell.

The day was just dawning in the pleasant village of Eaton, and lighting up the red tips of the maples in Robert Parker's yard.

The fever had taken a strong hold upon his vigorous frame, and had run its course with unusual rapidity. Since midnight it was evident that the end must soon draw nigh.

Weak and weaker grew the bodily form of Robert Parker. All recognition now was over, save that of glances which would flash upon him now and then, but he knew that he was being watched with severity.

bliss along its rocky bed towards the Susquehanna. shadowed by spruce trees and the mottled features of the rocks. Dawn has not yet appeared in this shrouded spot, yet by the light of stars which shine directly down as into some chert of the earth we may perceive an old stone mill standing by the side of the stream just where it plunges into a pool darker and more rocky than the rest.

Here he had reared a considerable family of honest sons and daughters, of whom all had gone from the nest but Martha, the youngest, now a woman of some thirty years. Silas Parker and Mary his wife were Quakers, though not of the more rigid order, and Martha, who was the veritable staff of her old age, though plain of features, was possessed of that quiet spirit of kindness and helpfulness which would brighten a far darker forehead than was theirs; moreover she possessed beneath an unruined exterior a sensitive spiritual nature, and her inner eyes were at times opened.

Martha Parker was strongly attached to her relatives at Eaton, with whom yearly visits were usually called for, and for her cousin Robert, particularly the aged and infirm, she always felt a deep regard. But few letters passed between them, however, and on the morning dawn when we have seen Robert Parker lying unconscious and dying at his home, stricken down suddenly from what seemed to be full health, Martha and her parents had not heard that anything was amiss with him.

Under the low slate roof of the stone house which Silas Parker had built with his own hands many years before, beyond a bed-room, Martha Parker was softly sleeping—not fast nor beautiful, not youthful, yet the expression upon her face was calm, restful, happy. She was in that blissful state, half dreaming, half awake, that perfect equipoise of soul and body, when, if ever visions come, and this was what she saw. Coming in at the door with beaming face and outstretched hand was cousin Robert. He came in, took her hand, and holding it said "Cousin Martha, I have come to bid thee farewell. I am going on a long journey." His face was radiant with affection, and yet had in it the tenderness of a long farewell. It was some time before he departed, softly fading from the room, but when he was gone, Martha was awake, and tears stole softly to her eyes, but she could not grieve. She had caught something of the dawn and springtime of Infinite love in this last night.

"Mother," she said, when breakfast things were put away and she sat sewing by the old lady's chair, who was knitting steadily the while,—"I have something to tell thee. I feel that cousin Robert is passing away. He came and said farewell to me this morning." And the following night when at dusk a stranger drove up, she said, "Mother, he has come to bid us to the funeral," and it was so. F. M. P.

A Christmas Story of To-day.

A good life, words full of light and love, a death of saintly triumph, are no miracles which none may dare to imitate or equal. "Greater things than these shall ye do," said Jesus to his disciples. The joy of Christmas will grow brighter as the good days are celebrated, and the birthday of the man Christ Jesus, and not of an anomalous and unchristianized man. Incidents and experiences occur among us to-day quite like those of old apostles and disciples in Judea. See them all in the same light of reason, and the lines between "sacred" and "profane" history, and between "holy" land and other regions fade away.

"We see our common life divine, And every land a Palestine." One such experience I give, for Christmas, an acquaintance of mine in this city, Avery Thompson, 169 Howard Street, I know well as a man of business affairs and integrity, trusted with the larger affairs in other cities of a matter of interest. Some two years ago he became a medium, hardly knowing what it meant at first and having paid but little attention to such matters. Until a few months since not even his wife knew of his experiences, but matters assumed such shape that concealment was impossible. She saw some strange things and said: "Avery, you are a medium," and the admission of this fact became a matter of interest to the family. At night, in their room, raps were heard and questions answered, lights appeared, their faces were touched by invisible hands. In day light tables were moved, a few times with no one near. I have sat by the large dining table at tea and seen it lift and move in a way that it was plain to my vision cause for its motions could be given. I have heard loud and clear raps in answer to questions. I have seen him, in different handwriting, give letters to the family, and mechanically, he paying little attention to the writing, and matters being told to others of which he knew nothing. He has answered a few sealed letters satisfactorily. Much of the writing purports to come from a Mr. Spencer, who gives his full name, the street and number of his law office in Pittsburgh, and the year of his death. All this can be tested, and Mr. Thompson says to me: "I do not wish to be believed or to mislead others. I shall not write in Pittsburgh on business and find out how this is." On his return from that city I learned that the statements were all correct, that Spencer was a well known lawyer with his office at the place named, and that the time of his death was truly given. Mr. Thompson had never heard of his existence until these writings came through his hand, and, at first, he was incredulous, but he had to believe. He has come out in the same way. Commence and less. The "diversities of gifts, but the same spirit," are manifest here and now, as in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. Life and immortality are brought to light in Michigan, as they were in Jerusalem, and among the Egyptians and Hindoos, ages before the birth of Christ.

"A merry Christmas" to one and all, kept to mark a day which helped the spiritual unfolding of man. G. B. STREIBINS, Detroit Mich., Dec. 20th, 1885.

A Message from Justice.

EXPLANATORY NOTE FROM J. SIMMONS. Some time ago I proposed to Dr. Slade, that we have a sitting, at which our spirit friends or some one of them should be asked to write something for the Christmas number of the JOURNAL. On Thanksgiving Dr. Slade succumbed to another attack of nervous prostration, which prevented our sitting till yesterday. On the accompanying pages will be found a copy of what was written on the inner surface of two plates never before used, while resting on the arm of a gentleman (Mr. Pratt) who sat at the side of the table to the right of Dr. Slade. Boston, 223 Shawmut Ave., Dec. 3, 1885. THE MESSAGE. MY FRIENDS:—It is now the time of year when sweet memories of home will return to us again, and paint anew the honors of the family and the endearments of home. I loved my home and friends, but it seems I was not loved until I was what is called dead. Then I could often hear a kind and loving word for me. If I could have been so fortunate as to have had them spoken to me then, it would have moulded my life in a way to do more good for those left behind. My friends, while your loved ones are with you in the flesh, you should all give your gifts, speak your love with trembling lips and outstretched arms, and tell them of their good deeds before they leave you and go to a world where we are known by what we will have heavy accounts to settle. Humane United Trust Company, to remain forever, and which cannot be removed to Canada. Then there will be no necessity for you at the grave to have in your sorrowing hearts regrets of remorse for not being just and kind to the ones gone from your sight. I am the spirit of JUSTICE.

THE DYING YEAR.

"Sic transit gloria mundi"

The Year is dying now—the same disease That steals the verdure from the forest trees...

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

If man came into the world by a special creation—if angel powers materialized or organized a human body after the fashion of the modern science room and the ancient epiphanies...

Yet wait, nor judge of Nature by what seems, Since that is off illusive, like the dreams Of night, when fancy roams by reason's sway...

What then? Shall Nature change and death defy And only Godlike man forever die? The heaven-born aspirations of his soul...

At a meeting of the French Society of Medical Jurisprudence a case was reported of a child who had died—so stated the certificate—of strangulation, which had also caused a rupture of the heart...

AN INVITATION.

BY EMMA TUTTLE.

O hundred angels, who kept Christmas cheer With us, in your dear bodies, long ago, It may seem cruel from your flower-starred lands...

Your pictures wreathed with holly light our walls, Fixing your outlines as you were of old; Now you will come clad in Heaven's gauze and flowers...

While our coarse suitings bar the winter's cold, New friends are dear, but old friends seem divine, And we were lonesome if you joined us not...

The gentle tones which blest our Christmas days When we were children, eager for but toys, Would fail like balmy blessings on our ears...

Come and rekindle hope within our hearts, And give us patience while fruition waits; Sing to us strains of the grand triumph songs...

Oh! reassure us that you live, and love, And carry thoughts of us within your lives; We are so blind and doubting!—oh! forgive This thousandth time the ghostly doubt revives...

THE GARDEN OF EDEN.

BY JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

If man came into the world by a special creation—if angel powers materialized or organized a human body after the fashion of the modern science room and the ancient epiphanies...

But the drift of traditional theology is singularly parallel to the drift of scientific ethnology generally adopted that the Aryan race to which we belong, had its origin in Southern Asia...

There is believed to have been the original hive from which the Aryan or Caucasian race marched westward. Central Asia had an advanced civilization when Europe was but a wilderness...

If we infer from the present climatology of the earth, we would look to the Poles for the beginning of animal and vegetable life, in consequence of their lower temperature...

The theory, however, has been gravely put forth by President Warren of the Boston University, that the Garden of Eden was located at the North Pole...

I have frequently directed the attention of psychometers to that region, and the uniform report has been that at the North Pole there is an island or small continent which enjoys a tropical climate...

The warm climate at the Pole is due not to the causes that regulate climates elsewhere, but to subterranean fire. If we descend in the earth and find at every fifty or sixty feet...

As caloric everywhere diffuses itself at a certain rate proportional to conductivity, and in a short time establishes nearly an equilibrium, it follows that all parts of the interior of the globe at equal distances from its center...

perature at the equator, but does not send enough heat to the arctic circle to thaw its icebergs. The entire arctic zone would, therefore, be the home of eternal ice...

This is what psychometric explorations reveal in my experiments; they describe a warm country with beautiful birds and flowers, and not destitute of human inhabitants...

A warm climate at the north pole is so entirely contradictory to universal opinions, and so intrinsically improbable when we consider the power of arctic winds even when moderated by unfrozen seas...

Of course the arctic zone cannot have the same temperature as thirteen miles below the equatorial surface of the earth, for its natural temperature resulting from the balance between sunshine and radiation is below zero...

The rich vegetation of the boreal region discovered by psychometers was the source of the drift wood coming from the north which encouraged Capt. Symmes in his theory that it came from the interior of the earth...

The warmth brought up from ocean depths explains the Eden climate of the polar island, as the warmth of the Gulf stream explains the mild climate of England...

Mrs. B. recognized a similar region with a delightful climate, rich soil, tropical vegetation, and abundant life, which she predicted would prove inaccessible from America...

But when this isolated Eden is discovered, we shall find its humanity in a very primitive condition. The only Garden of Eden worth our study is that which belongs to each life as it comes fresh from creative power...

Let us preserve our Eden condition—our youthful freshness and docility through life, and we shall not be far from the Kingdom of heaven. To-day I finish my seventy-first year, and I see no reason why the latter years from seventy to a hundred should not be as bright...

DEATH OF A NOTED MEDIUM. Charles Foster, the once noted Spiritualistic medium, who ten years ago made such a furor in this country and Europe...

Charles Foster, the once noted Spiritualistic medium, who ten years ago made such a furor in this country and Europe, appearing before scientific men here and the crowned heads of Europe, died December 15th...

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the late Esop Sargent wrote of him that once, when two skeptics held his arm and asked for writing to appear on it, something to fit their case, at once there appeared the words, "Two fools."

To my daughter Ida: Ten years ago I entrusted a large sum of money to Thomas Madden to invest for me in certain bonds. After my death he failed to account for the investment to my executors...

Retrospection and Divine Providence. The closing year is a fitting occasion for the retrospection of our past lives. We may go back to our earliest memory, and track ourselves all along our journeyings...

Now, this is practicable; and, through all of the task, while we shall doubtless find much to bring remorse, regret, and the deepest contrition of heart and soul...

Now, it is not every one who finds rapturous delight at the conclusion of his review of his whole past life; but this is because such a one has never truly repented of his sins...

It is well before leaving our retrospect to direct our memories to the pleasing and cheering incidents of divine providence which are like flowers giving out their perfume of hope and trust along the pathway of every pilgrim in life's journey...

We conclude this short Christmas paper by wishing a happy Christmas to everybody; and especially that happiness which the writer feels springing from the retrospect of his past journey; and may such review concentrate to a focus the strength of every element of mind, soul and spirit in songs of praise, love and gratitude to the giver and preserver of our lives...

U. R. MILLER, M. D.

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