No. 18

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For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Weighed in the Balance.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

Weighed in the balances of law, How much of gain, how much of loss? What profits shall my spirit draw Of gleaming gold, from clay and dross?

The roses from the cheek have fled, The form bath less of youthful grace: The bloom of many hopes is dead, And tints of Autumn hold its place.

The years in silence on have swent Regardless of my peace or pain-The joys I've known, the tears I've wept, Have vanished from Life's rolling main,

Leaving no trace of calm or strife. More than the waves upon the se While all the realness of life Still lives, and breathes and glows in me.

My heart sings on as gladly still, My hope beats just as warm and high-Beneath Time's snow once ice and chill, The roses fair and fragrant lie.

I do not dream such fairy dreams, Or weave such fancy-fabrics rare-Life hath more harvest ripening beams, And fewer castles in the air.

The past and future less inspire— I walk a far more central way, And warm me by the genial fire

Of active usefulness to-day. I've given all the law requires. And having all my taxes paid, Am keeping all that God requires

To be within my coffers laid. Demands and their supplies are true;

I lose and win. I take and give, I'm eyer paid what is my due And pay whate'er it costs to live.

Thus in the balances of God Forevermore I rise and fall; The cross, the crown, the kiss the red, Are all of One and One of all.

Eternal Love and Wisdom reign; My being in their being lies, Though I be grateful or complain God's Justice never fails or dies.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. A REMARKABLE DEATH-BED SCENE.

BY D. D. BELDEN.

Abbot Warren, a medium, died in this city (Denver) the 29th of June, 1871, and the writer of this article was present at the death-bed scene. It was at the residence of William D. Robinson, then living on Champa street, this There were also present Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Emma E. Moore, Rev. L. E. Beckwith (then the pastor of Unity Church, Denver) the wife of Mr. Beckwith, the wife of the writer, and Henry Warren, of New York City, the father of Abbot Warren. The scene was so remarkable that I have always said it ought to be written up and published, but feeling my inability to do the subject justice, I have deferred it from time to time until, coming upon the notes made at the time, only a few days ago, I made up my mind to undertake an account of what occurred. Abbot Warren was a young man of more than ordinary natural ability. He had been liberally educated; had traveled in Europe; was fine looking, and was in every respect one of the most refined and accomplished gentlemen it was ever my good fortune to meet. He was about twenty-five years of age. He came to Denver from New York City for his health, but died of hemorrhage of the lungs within six weeks after his arrival. He was in no sense a public medium. his mediumship being known only to those of his immediate acquaintance. He came to my office and introduced himself, having, as he said, heard that I was a Spiritualist. He was so very intelligent and agreeable that I became much interested in him, and after office hours I frequently took him to ride in my with it. He died in a few moments, and ten upon it. At one time I distinctly felt the knows it to be but an old fried buggy. On these occasions he would tell me quicker and easier than any one I ever saw. touch on my hand as it was resting on my name and perhaps a new face.

what he saw and heard from the spiritual side of life, he being both clairvoyant and clairaudient, and he described some of my departed friends with wonderful accuracy. He had hoped for great relief in this climate but soon found that he was not benefited. when he told me that he was not benefited, when he told me that he had about given up any further struggle for life; but he did not seem depressed. At length he took to his bed, and requested me to telegraph his father in New York, and tell him his condition and request him to seem immediately which I request him to come immediately, which I did. When his father arrived in a few days, I saw at once that he was one of the most substantial gentlemen I had ever met, and further and more intimate acquaintance, both here and in New York subsequently proved my first impressions to be correct. I found that he occupied a high and honorable position in New York City. He, as also Mrs. Warren, the mother of Abbot, were both members of an orthodox church, and as Abbot was their favorite son, they had been much disturbed by the radical views that he had embraced respecting religious matters, and more especially his views respecting Spiritualism.

THE DEATH-BED SCENE:

When the supreme moment at length came, about three days after his father arrived here, Abbet Warren appeared to be under a spirit control, and everything seemed to be said and done in all respects as though it was all by a pre-arranged programme. He said: "I have now but a short time to stay with your" and requested that we shall with you," and requested that we should raise his head and shoulders and bolster them up so that he could talk better to us, which being done, he said: "Now get pen, ink and paper and write down what I have to That being done, he proceeded with as much deliberation and system as I ever saw a cool and intelligent witness in giving a deposition. Mrs. Beekwith, the wife of the clergyman, did the writing, and it is a copy of her notes made at the time that I now have before me. As she did not write short hand she omitted much, but I will give here what she did write, and then add some things that I distinctly remember and could never forget Her notes are as follows:

"Tell mother that I love her as I ever have and you, too, father; and tell her that I die happy—not because I know my Redeemer liveth, particularly, but because I know that I shall live again, and I am happy because : know that I shall meet you all again where the Infinite shall say, 'It is well.' Tell Aunt Lois and Helen, and all the family that I thought much of them before I departed. thought very much of them."

"Firmness and patience work all things for us when we really try. I know that when I pass on, if I have been wicked, God will judge me. I know that I shall pass into the pres ence of the great Lord which we call God, and as I have not been wicked I know that God will deal with me mercifully."

"Tell Charley that the light was not bright enough to burn any longer, but in its full-ness it was shielded by a brighter light, until I was ready to go out and pass into higher work. I will meet him some time in the future."

After resting a moment he said, "I want you to see how one can die who believes in eternity. I do not know how happy I shall be, but rather I know that I shall live. I leave this body here. I shall put on the spiritual body." Then turning his eyes to his father he said, "Father, are you not satisfied yet? All you have to do is to use the powers which God has given you. You need strength and you will have it. It is worth going to the other world to make one person happy by the passage, and that person is my father." After a pause: "Remember the poor and the wretched, and do unto others as you would have them do unto you. I die with happiness. It will be some little time before you and mother come, but I will be with you often in the silent hours of night. Remember I can come and I will come. By impressions I will often tell you many things. There are friends here to-night I never saw before, and yet so kind to me. God bless you all. And now may my soul depart in peace and quiet to my Creator. Oh! see! is not that a part of heaven? Is it not beautiful? and yet that is only the one side."

Here Mrs. Beckwith's notes close, but I distinctly remember that his father once asked him, when he was sending his message to his mother, I think it was, "Do you not wish to retract anything respecting your former religious views?" His answer was very clear and firm in the following words: "No, father, it is a stupendous truth." During the scene, at some time, his father asked him if he did not want the Rev. Mr. Beckwith to pray for him, and he promptly replied, "No, father, it will do no good," and added, "but if there is anyone here who can play on that piano I would like to hear some music." Mrs. Beckwith actually went to the piano and played a tune, and when she stopped he thanked her, and I do not think this was more than thirty minutes before he breathed his last. It was a scene never to be forgotten by any one present, and this is a very meagre account of it. As I have said, he appeared to be under spirit control, and spoke so loud and plain that all present could distinctly hear him in any part of the room. When he ceased talking, and after he had put up that little prayer, "Now, let my soul depart in peace and quiet," etc., the power which seemed to have possessed him suddenly departed and his spirit went out with it. He died in a few moments, and

At one time, addressing me, he said, "Who is that person standing by you, Mr. Belden?" a hand. This was startling and fairly made I looked to my right hand where he seemed my blood thrill. It was, indeed, a wonderful triumph in the very hour of death. His father expressed himself as greatly gratified and stated that he could not grieve. It seemed to him rather a time for rejoieing. "Did anybody ever see such a triumph over death?" said he. "Death is swallowed up in victory."

After Abbot Warren's death, and before his father took his departure for New York, he had a long talk with me on the subject of Spiritualism, acknowledging that be and his wife had greatly opposed their son in the matter of Spiritualism, but promising me that he would now investigate the subject, and com-municate to me the result, and accordingly I received from him in the December following his son's death the enclosed letter which, as he has also now passed into spiritual life, there can be no objection to publishing.

THE EXPERIENCES OF II. WARREN. D. D. Belden-Dear Friend:—Your very kind letter of August 3d, enclosing one also from Mrs. Belden to Mrs. Warren, were duly received, and I can assure you they were most heartily welcome. We have many times referred to both for words of solace and comfort in our affliction. Time can never erase the deep and abiding impression of gratitude and esteem in our hearts for acts of kindness and esteem in our hearts for acts of kindness and words of sympathy from yourself and Mrs. Belden; but you may be ready, and I must admit with propriety; to ask why so long silent? Permit me to say by way of explanation, that very soon after the receipt of your letters, Mrs. Warren and myself left. New York for the country, and did not return until the fore part of October, intending to, visit our son and only remaining child. We returned to New York only a few days since. You will recollect that I mentioned in my last letter, my intention to seek for communications from our lamented Abbot, through mediums here, and would write you the result. I did make the effort but was not successful in receiving any communication satisfactory until two days since. Feeling anxious to communicate such satisfactory evi-dence to you as I might, and had faith to believe I should ultimately receive, I delayed writing from time to time, or until I could be in the city to make further tests with well known mediums. Accordingly day before yesterday (being the first convenient opportunity since our return) I called on Dr. Slade, a medium of note in this city, the following being the result: The Doctor and myself took seats at a table, say about three feet square, and very soon after placing our hands upon it, raps were heard under it, on our chairs, etc. Dr. S. asked if any friend of mine was present and the affirmative raps were given. He then took an ordinary school slate and held it under a corner of the table between us with one hand, while his other hand rested on mine on the top of the table. Before placing the slate under the table, he put on it a small piece of slate pencil about the size of a kernel of wheat. He held the slate closely up to the bottom side of the table, consequently the only space between it and the table was that caused by the frame of the slate, and barely enough for the small piece of pencil to be free in the space. I immediately could most distinctly hear the sound of writing on the slate, and on exami-

"My dear father, I am doing all I can to

nation there was plainly written give you proof of my existence.' The signature was not very legible except the letters "War," being too near the corner of the slate to write it in full. About this time I distinctly felt my pants pulled at the bottom, and soon after three decided pressures near my right knee as if produced with a finger. At the same instant and before I had named the circumstance to Dr. S., he declared that he saw the form of a hand pass down by my side. Bear in mind that Dr. Slade did not sit with his feet under the table, but with his side to it. Several times he spoke of seeing bright spots and lights in the room and about me, and two or three times figures in human form pass across the room ; one in particular of a young man, tall and thin. I had not, nor did I at any time, give him any idea that I had lost a son answering that description; neither did he understand what the christian name was of the person I desired the communication from.

The slate was in the same manner again placed under the table, and again the writing distinctly heard; the result was "Dear Father:-I am so happy to meet you

here this morning.—A. WARREN." The request was then made by my suggest tion, to have the two initials written again, and to write them both in capitals. I again heard the pencil on the slate and the result was the letters A. W., very plain. Several sentences were afterwards written, and one of them when the slate was placed on the top of my head; again hearing very plainly the sound produced by the pencil writing, Dr. S. requested to hold the slate under the table. I did so, he not touching it, and a communication was writ-

a hand. This was startling and fairly made

to be gazing and seeing no one there, I said, "No one," "Oh," said he, "I see now, it is a person in spirit life." As he seemed to be to me to examine, which I did, both extertriumphing in death, Mrs. Belden was led to make the remark, "You only die a little sooner than the rest of us." Then raising his voice he said, "Die! I do not die at all! It is no more than passing through the door." It was indeed a wandowful triumphin to me to examine, which I did, both externally, and as I am well acquainted with the construction of the indeception in it. Dr. S. then held it in one had by the strip on the bottom, not touch in a citter the belleve part to me to examine, which I did, both externally and internally, and as I am well acquainted with the construction of the indeception in it. Dr. S. then held it in one had by the strip on the bottom, not touch ing either the bellows part or the keys, the instrument being in plain view and not under the table. He remarked, "Its tendency is strongly towards you." The bellows of the instrument then commenced vibrating firm and strong, producing the usual tone from the so-called "drone reeds," at the same time pressing against my side quite strongly. Dr. S. then held it by the bottom part in the

same manner, by one hand, under the table and requested a tune, when "Home, Sweet Home," was sweetly played with taste and feeling. Another communication was re-

ceived as follows:

"If you will come again we will give you nore." Our sitting then ended.

I am aware that many would say I was demore." ceived in all this. To such I would reply, under the circumstances I believe myself to be the most competent to judge, and fully believe that I was not deceived. The room was the back parlor, and I should judge about 16 by 18 feet in size. The table steed in the by 18 feet in size. The table stood in the middle of the room without covering and open underneath. These manifestations were in open day about 11 A. M., and no person was in open day about 11 A. M., and no person was in the room but Dr. Slade and myself. To me they were of profound interest, and I may say wonderful. It is my intention to have another sitting as soon as practicable.

I have entered into a detailed account as to some of the points of my experience on that occasion, thinking it might be of some interest to you. The communication from

interest to you. The communication from Abbot to you at the house of Mrs. Rooney. way of communication from ou

departed and loved one. H. WARREN.

New York, Dec. 10, 1871.

For the Religio Palle sophical Journal.

The Day Lengthening. BY ALEXANDER WILDER, M. D.

Cinderella, the daughter of the Dawn, hears the crow of the cock and hurries from the joyous festivity. The prince follows to detain her in her flight, but in vain. "Saw you not," he eagerly asks his guards without; "saw you not a coach go forth with rich equipage, and a princess with her suite?"

"We saw no one," replied they; "nobody passed us here but a beggar girl." "But the little glass shoe left here with me-none but a princess, one of gentle kin,

meet to be a queen, might ever have worn it.' The court is ransacked; proclamation is made through the royal city; couriers hurry hither and thither; the Lord will have only her who can wear the glinty shoe—there can be but one who can, and she shall be his consort and his queen.

So long as she retained her shoe the maiden might come and go as they would, and none could detain her; but, oh! she had dropped it in her flight, and now, forsooth, she was his who found it. For the shoe fasteneth its owner to its possessor; and like love born of heaven, it bound the earth-queen

to the sitter on the throne of the sky.

There are some who can read this, and need no interpreter. Who, tell us, then, is this prince, hurrying from his court full of the most beautiful and charming, eager only to possess the one whom others can see only as a beggar-girl?

All our folk-lore and fairy tales have this burden alike. They live and please as other stories have failed to please, because they are always alive and always true. No fool ish fiction is this legend of Cinderella, but everlasting truth folded up like the leaflets of the plant within the cotyledon of the seed, only waiting the call of the prince of life and day, to come forth into his light a per-

fect creature, golden and glorious.

Now, in this midnight of the year the little infant light, the Cinderella, is hidden like an uncomely drudge, hardly fit to eke out the appointments of the vilest household; yet no sordidness degrades her. On the contrary, the very humblest things become for her, coach, horses and chariot; she is transfigured, irradiated, beatified,-aye, meet above all others.

The sun, regent of the year, to-day demands her as his bride. No avail to point her out all sordid, grim and dusky; he has the shoe by which she may be detected, and none of all the earth and sky can wear it, except the one! No more the old ignoble life. scant food and a sitting-place in the dust of the kitchen-corner. She owns the golden slipper glinting with supernal light, and today is proclaimed our Lady and our Queen. We have now a new Monarch and a New Year. The Old has passed; its place can no more be found. It has run its race. "The

king is dead! Long live the king!" How all peoples from remotest time have been wont to rejoice at this beholding of the day of their Lord. The younger of the world's faiths shakes hands with the oldest when comes Christmas day. Every one knows it to be but an old friend with a new

Whether it be carol or evangel, dithyramb or doxology, it is the world's holiday all the same. We need not be tenacious in what dialect we read the story. It is old as time and new as the last revelation,—anciently the divine one with his red fez, and modernly him with his new name of Prince of life. But as he begins each year anew, the Saturnian rite becomes appropriate; there are no masters or slaves in the Golden Age; joyous salutation, festal tribute and paternal giving and receiving are all that he fit the time. ing and receiving are all that befit the time. Joy on earth because time has perpetuated itself into still another year, and the everlasting is figured by the continuing round of

event. The Prince and the Maid, the Sun and the Dawn, the Lord and his World, to-day are welded and the nuptials of the universe are hallowed by the birth of the New Year. The Blind one now receives his sight and sets out on the appropriate the second set. on the annual journey.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Startled Into Believing.

BY THOS. HARDING.

-Hush! Hark! That sound breaks in once

more
As if the clouds its echo did repeat.
Nearer, clearer, deadlier than before.

To arms! To arms! It is-it is-the cannon's opening roar."

In our early childhood we have been awakened from sleep by the sudden pealing of the joyous Christmas bells, and starting in alarm, we have rubbed our little eyes and inquired, "Why are the church bells ringing out a merry chorus at midnight?" We were told that the day, just commencing, was the anniversary of a savior's birth. "This day," they said, "a child is born—unto us a son is given, and the government shall be mean his given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders." And then we began to associate the mistletoe and the holly branch, in some mysterious way, with the midnight rejoicing; and visions of great plum puddings and named in your letter, was deeply interesting to us, and believe me, my dear friend, I shall be most thankful if you will give me in demonstrated in the mountains of roast beef would steal in upon any drawny imaginations until once more tail whatever has or may come to your know- our dreamy imaginations, until once more actined out heads about the soft obsom of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," again to be awakened, when darkness was no more, to find that the sun god had arisen and ushered in a glorious Christmas day.

> A dull world was sleeping in the arms of sense, unconscious of another world of light, joy and love; when the Angel of Progress rang out a peal upon the startled air; not loud, but soft and musical, its reverberations echoed through the souls of men, and reached a chord in the human heart, which answered in joyous recognition, its pulsations beating time to the music of the spheres and giv-

> ing love for love.
>
> The man of science was sleeping in the cold embrace of material knowledge. He heard the music of her chimes, and paused to listen. He thought them beautiful yet he smiled in derision; he weighed, measured and analyzed, and then he pondered and calculated until at length he decided that there was, indeed, another continent to be discov ered, another world whose "force" could conquer his self-sufficiency.

The church was sleeping on the soft couch of form and ceremony. The life of religion had become pulseless in her bosom; she dreamed of bloody sacrifices-revengeful deities and eternal sheels. The brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God were forgotten and the loaves and fishes, the scarlet and fine linen, were the objects of her adoration. She, too, listened to the harmony of the angel bells, but their very simplicity was offensive and she turned away; but, lo! Progression's angel is knocking at her door; she is being aroused from her lethargy and is beginning to wonder and adore.

The mother was sleeping under the coverlet of bereavement-but her sleep was not rest—the nightmare of despair tortured her soul-her heart was bloodless and her cheek was pale, for she dreamed of the little one with the bright blue eye and the flaxen curls, who had gone from her bosom, she knew not where, but she hears the chime of the Christmas bells, which the angels are ringing; she has awakened from her sleep and she sees a shining one bearing her beloved to her arms. Now old things have passed away and, behold, all things are becoming new. The tables are being set for a glorious Christmas feast, where the fruits of two worlds will be furnished in abundance, and the board adorned with the sweet flowers of charity, a charity which "vaunteth not itself." There celestial and terrestrial guests will sit side by side and enjoy the sweets of companionship at this never ending Christmas feast. But what can we do to hasten the consum-

mation? Make a noise in the world? No! Quarrel with unbelievers? No! Pose on rostrum? Perhaps not. Advertise as public mediums? Not until you can stand scrutiny. What then, sweet Angel of Progress, is the duty of all alike in reference to thy work? Each home must be a sacred place, and happy every

wife; Whose smile upon her husband is, the sunbeam of his life.

Go! discipline your hearts and tongues and love your children bright.

And conquer every wayward thought, thus "battle for the right."

" Let all the people say Amen." Sturgle, Mich.

An inmate of the Akron (0.) county infirmary, who died lately at the age of 54 years, is said to have taken thirty-two gallons of landsnum in the eight years preceding his d

For the Beligio Philosophical Journal, THE WIDOW'S JOY.

BY O. W. BARNARD.

The old year now was dying fast And Christmas day had come at last, The morn was bright, the sky was clear And all were glad with best of cheer;

All, save a widow, sad and lone, Whose heart was crushed, and dead as stone, For poverty, with chilling breath Has left her naught to hope but death.

The struggle now shall soon give o'er, Her trembling limbs can do no more-Although the day is bright and fair Her soul's weighed down with blank despair,

And as the merry throngs go by She views them with a tearful eye, For on her hearth the fire is low And round her door untrodden snow.

A wayward son in long years past Had o'er her life a shadow cast, But absence long now leaves him dead While all her hopes at length have fled:

The landlord, too, which makes her grieve Has told her she must pay or leave, And every friend of former years Has left her now to grief and tears;

And as the evening shades advance The merry throng with mirth and dance, Are whirling through the giddy maze Responsive to the wildest lays:

The lighted halls with feasts are spread And love's soft flame o'er all is shed-And hearts are light, while joy abounds And music breathes its dulcet sounds,

But 'neath the widow's humble roof Where warmth and comfort stand aloof, Lone shivering by a flickering light She sits forlorn this Christmas night:

Dark thoughts of death oppress her brain, Unbidden oft they come again Until at length with firm resolve. Its mysteries that night she'll solve!

Abruptly then her blood was stirred. For suddenly a rap was heard-The door was swung, and in there came A well-dressed man of portly frame-

"My son!" "my mother!" then was spoken, And thus the ellence long was broken-The widow's arms were round her boy, And none that night felt sweeter joy.

> For the Religio Philosophical Journal. SHELLEY.

BY FLORENCE HOLBROOK.

When the blue waters of the Mediterranean moaned their dirge over the golden head of the poet Shelley, the friends of his heart felt that a spirit of nobleness and truth had taken its flight to fairer realms, and they were weep for Adonais! he is dead."

His life was one struggle for justice and freedom. Wherever he saw an individual or nation striving and sweating under a weary load, with no thought of possible consequences to himself, he took upon himself their burdens and made their cause his own.

He fought openly and unflinchingly all tyrannies in social, religious and political life. Everywhere misunderstood, deceived and despised, he endured calumny and banishment from home and college, and, undismayed, with calm spirit and pure heart he kept on in the steady pursuit of that which he saw was true, always persecuted for right-

eousness' sake.

He lived but twenty-nine years as we count time, but this "heart of hearts" experienced more of light and shadow, intense sympathy, high aspiration, and self-sacrificing love than could be crowded into a hundred years of an ordinary life,

His was a nature of intense spirituality. His poems are himself. He thought it profane to write anything not entirely his deepest convictions, and so we have in his poems his ideals of life and love, his convictions

upon life's problems. In many ways the beautiful thoughts o this sensitive soul repay study and enrich the thought of the student by giving broader views and more generous impulses,—but it is as a teacher of spiritual philosophy I wish

to present him to-day. His greatness of soul unfitted to the nar-rowness of creed,—his generous spirit revolt-ing from the terrible doctrines of the ortho-

dox church as expressed in their creeds,—his truth wounded and sick of the sham and deceit he found everywhere in organized Chris tianity, he turned violently away to that which was outside the church,—to what was termed materialism.

But standing on this broad plane, our Ariel on poised wings more than equaled the flight of his own Skylark and penetrated the starry heavens. Strange indeed, is it that the term materialist was ever applied to this most spiritual of poets. Full of dreams and visions, starting from sleep with the consciousness of having seen the spirits of the departed, haunted by fairy forms, he impressed his friends as being an inhabitant of some fairer land, so pure, so disinterested, so radiant his spirit, and their favorite name for this poet of poets was Ariel. What name so appropri ate for the singer whose carols sprang forth from a heart overcharged with tenderness and attuned to sweetest melodies; songs of love and purity that flooded the earth and rose to aerial heights; for his poetry, though teaching truths for practical lives, seems to shimmer and gleam with a radiance not of the earth, but of the realm of spirit.

Speaking of the problem of a future life Shelley said: "That there is a solution of the riddle no one doubts, but until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, the unextinguishable desire for immortality by which we are all impelled must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the in-heritance of every human being." His soul longed for the philosophy and satisfying truths of Spiritualism, but found them not except in his highest poetic ecstacy. But had he lived to-day Spiritualism would have been a welcome haven to this world-to-sed and weary soul. In fact all his prems embody aspirations for immortality. Selections can hardly be made without injuring the effect. The soul of the reader rises and floate and soars again, expanding under the vivifying influence of noble thoughts nobly

To-cull but a few flowers from this Italia of sweets, we find him saying, in the "Sensitive Plant":

"For love and beauty, and delight There is no death nor change." And in that unparalleled elegy, Adonais, "Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an uprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings
He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonals;"

"The soul of Adonals, like a star.

Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are." In the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty he tells ne that-

"While yet a boy I sought for ghosts and sped
Through many a listening chamber, cave and ruin,
And starlight wood, with fearful steps pursuing
Hopes of high talk with the departed dead," In Queen Mab, written when he was but eighteen, we find the following courageous

Fear not, then, Spirit, Death's disrobing hand-So welcome when the tyrant is awake, So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch burns; "Its but the voyage of a darksome hour, The transient guil-dream of a startling sleep. Death is no foe to virtue."

Chicago, Dec. 10, 1885.

thoughts:

For the Religio Philosophical Journal. A HISTORY OF SLATE WRITING.

BY J. SIMMONS.

In connection with the growth and progress of modern Spiritualism, the manifestation of independent slate writing has played an important part. A few words in relation to it may not be out of place at this time, when reports and retrospective views of past events are in order.

Twenty-three years ago this winter, Dr. Henry Slade was in New Albany, Indiana, the guest of Gardiner Knapp. At that time, rapping and table tipping occurred in heavier. ence. One evening a few friends, having assembled for that purpose, were sitting in a circle at the table, when in addition to the raps, a noise was heard, as if some one was writing on the underside of the table. It suggested the idea of supplying means whereby writing could be produced, if it was desirable to do so. The experiment was then made by placing a slate on which was a piece of chalk, on the carpet under the table. The sound of the chalk on the surface of the slate was heard, when, on looking, the letter W was found written in chalk on the slate During the sitting there was written the full name of the father of a gentleman who was present at the table. This being the first word of independent slate writing occurring in and through the mediumship of Dr. Slade, it becomes a landmark in the history of the movement.

Some weeks after this occurred, experiments were made with a slate and pencil at Dr. Slade's home in Michigan, which were also successful. Many failures attended these experiments, though it soon became evident that grounds were being gained, failures being less frequent, until their occurrence came to be regarded as an exception to the general rule. For some years writing could spirit that they should return in order to only be obtained on the Doctor's slate, held by himself under the table, usually pressing which their early carrying away renders necit against the under side of the table, so that he could grasp it with the slate, his thumb being above the table.

In the meantime many investigators were anxious to have their slates used, often bringing them for that purpose, when many unsuccessful experiments were made. Thus matters stood when a gentleman had engaged for a sitting, at which his slate was to be held by Dr. Slade. Previous to his coming, one of Dr. Slade's guides (Owassoo) entranced the Doctor and said to me: "We think we will be able to write on the slate the gentleman is to bring, providing the medium is allowed to hold it in his hands a short time before the attempt is made to obtain the

manifestation." When the gentleman arrived, he passed the slate to Dr. Slade who at once rubbed the surface with his hand as though he would erase any marks that might be on it. At the sitting writing was obtained on this slate, which was doubtlessly as gratifying to Dr. Slade as it was to the owner of the slate Having succeeded in this instance, experiments were made with others, until it was soon found writing could be as readily obtained on slates brought by strangers as up-

on his own. The next step gained was in obtaining writing while the slate was held above the table; usually on the head, or at the back of the person sitting at Dr. Slade's right, so as to preclude the possibility of the pencil being seen while in the act of writing. This suggested the idea of inclosing the pencil between two slates, which may be held in plain view, when frequently one, and some-times both inner surfaces have been covered

with writing. Evidence of steadily increasing power was next manifested by a pencil writing on the under side of a slate that had been accidentally placed above it at the close of a sitting with a gentleman, who, with Dr. Slade, remained seated at the table engaged in conversation which was interrupted by their attention being called to the sound of writing, apparently on the slate when no one was touching it. After the sound ceased, a message was found written upon the under surface of the slate, the first obtained under such conditions.

Encouraged by this, experiments were frequently made hoping that that manifestation might be repeated. Only at rare intervals were these hopes realized until some months had passed. Then it began to occur more readily, and was soon regarded on a level with other phases.

Together with these improvements came that of some investigators obtaining writing while holding the slate, both the Doctor's hands being upon the table. Possibly one in ten of those sitting with him succeed in obtaining writing in this way. Long before there was the slightest indication of our going to Europe, I was told by the Doctor's guide that we were to visit foreign countries; that through his mediumship they were the first to succeed in producing independent slate writing consecutively, that other spirits becoming familiar with the laws and condi-tions were in search of mediums through whom they would be able to produce it, add-ing that the time was not far distant when

arrived. Arrangements were made for Dr. Slade to visit St. Petersburg, Russia, in the fall of 1876. Leaving New York on the first day of July he proceeded direct to London where he remained until about the first of February in the year following. After that he visited France, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Germany and Austria, before going to St. Petersburg, where he arrived in the lat-ter part of January, 1878.

In April he returned to Berlin, Germany; went to Leipsic about the first of May, and on the 19th of June sailed from London bound for Melbourne. Australia. A year later he arrived in San Francisco, from where he returned by easy stages to New York in October, 1880. Having presented the phenomenan is all the countries visited he had nomenon in all the countries visited, he had encircled this planet with a belt of independent slate writing that can't be rubbed out.

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 with sparkling eyes and happy hearts in anticipa-tion of its advent, when Santa Claus and loving friends will dispense their gifts. "The gentle Nazarene, by his fondness and attentions to children, exhibited a characteristic of sweetness which will ever shine with refulgent splendor."

Since the last annual Christmas festivities, many families will have a vacant chair, rendered so by the death of one of the little children. If we consult the past history of the world, we will find but little light shed upon the final destiny and future status of mankind beyond the damp and dark tomb. Various have been the speculations afloat upon the important subject, while that class of people who believe simply in immortality can give us no definite or satisfactory idea of the life to come. The generally received opinion has been that those who were so fortunate as to be saved, would go so far away to the New Jerusalem described by John in his dreamy revelations, and could only tell us that the elect, redeemed, would play on harps and sing forever the song of Moses and the Lamb. That class of people asserted that our friends who had cut loose from the mortal, could never return again to earth, or hold sweet communion with loved ones left behind.

The vacant chair to be seen at the next Christmas feast, may cause anguish and sorrow to many a fond mother's heart at the seeming absence of her child. Let that mother cheer up, and wipe away her tears, for God is love, and in His infinite wisdom, time and manner, He has partially drawn assunder the curtain between the two worlds, by which we have been enabled to supplant blind faith by actual knowledge, and obtain a glimpse of the spirit, their homes, and con-

The advent of Modern Spiritualism into the world has accomplished that fact, and reveals another truth: Our God is all love, and not subject to jealousy, hatred or revenge. He has created natural laws that are universal and immutable, under which all must square their lives, and work upward in both worlds until they shall have reached the topmost round in the ladder in ethereal spirit purifi-

Children on leaving the body can and do return again. It is best for their growth in essary. I have enjoyed the pleasure of being present at several Christmas tree decorations, when there were far more spirit children present than those in the flesh, and which they participated in, and relished with the greatest delight.

Now, in order to be a little more definite and specific, I will relate a few incidents as coming within the range of my personal experiences. About ten years ago, I became acquainted with a frail little girl seven years of age, who, at that age, began to exhibit the gift of mediumship. Her first evidences were in clairvoyance, in which she saw and described spirits. She had a cousin who had passed away three years previously, when about ten days old, weighing at birth two pounds. This spirit she saw often, as very small, and as the medium expressed it, totling along over the floor, hence from that incident, she was named Totsey, and known by no other name. I will add here that children in spirit life naturally stand on a much higher plane than in the earth form. In the first place they are not cramped by the physical body, and take observation of things passing around them in both worlds. Of the same age of earth children, they are brighter in their perceptions and learn faster.

The medium, Hattie Helmick, had another cousin, who passed away in Paris, France, named Redding, about three years younger than Hattie. Then there are two or three other spirit children, who are not related, but who are often with the medium. At the age of eight years, the little medium child had seldom seen spirits clairvoyantly, but she rapidly developed the phase for independent spirit voices. She was always apparently in her normal condition. I have for many years sat with her, and conversed with these spirit children concerning their spirit employments and home, and noted their rapid improve ments. They often laid their tiny velvety hands in my own. They would join mortals in singing childish songs, and often sang by themselves. They went to school and learned from books not printed on paper with ink, and they could, when in the presence of their medium, spell and read the book used by her. They rapidly progressed in writing, which I tested by handing them pencil and paper, which they wrote upon. On one occasion, they wrote my full address, giving the num-ber of my house and street, for I had changed my residence a few days previous. These children exhibited in many respects human nature still. Redding was retiring and of a gentle disposition, and sang remarkably well, while his little cousin Totsey, was positive, energetic, fond of talking, and often witty in her remarks. If now living in the flesh she would be about ten years of age. She has become the manager of the little spirit band around the medium, and peculiarly rendered so by her natural character and disposition. The medium's guardian spirit is Lucretia More, a cousin of Hannah More, the poetess. She very seldom converses, and then only to impart instructions about her ward.

These spirit children would not only converse and sing, but would learn to play on children's musical instruments. They would eat candy and fruit. The medium slept with whom they would be able to produce it, adding that the time was not far distant when it would be looked upon as a common manifestation; also, that having introduced it in America they were desirous of placing it to the credit of their medium, that through his mediumship it was introduced in Europe. In the course of time the unlooked for event

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

To Materialists and people generally, in the flesh, the foregoing incidents related may appear childish and trivial, but emanating from spirit children they speak volumes.

The strongest tie between earth and the Spirit-world is a mother's love for her dear absent darlings. Spiritualism opens up a way and removes all the doubts and uncertainties about her departed loved ones. She can, if she will, hold communion with them, which honor, fame, power, riches or old the-ology cannot bring her. In that divine fact and experience she finds solid consolation to know that her children, still live, and soon will meet them on the ever green shore. Washington, D. C.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Life without a Savior.

BY CHARLES DAWBARN.

Many years ago the bells rang out right cheerily one bright Sunday morning, and crowds of seventh-day worshipers were hurrying to their respective churches. In those days the Sunday service was counted as almost an interview with the great white Throne; and the minister was unctuous with a sanctity that has now dried up, and left him very much such a sinner as other men. Still, here and there was a solitary man and woman born to think an independent thought. and consequently were viewed with suspicion and hatred by the Christ-saved multitude. His satanic majesty, Tom Paine, was still a holy terror to the saints who first persecuted and "boycotted" the heretic, and when he was ruined and a beggar, pointed to the

justice of an avenging God as the cause of his financial failure. That is largely of the past, save in a few small towns and villages. but not because man has grown better or wiser; but merely because the discoveries of science have left the church and its minister in the dark ages, where they belong. But on that bright and beautiful morning, when the nineteenth century was young, a

father and his little daughter were taking a stroll and watching the crowds hurrying to their respective churches. Pointing across the street to where a fa-hionable throng was entering a gothic portal, and almost keeping step as the organ was already pealing its welcome, the father asked his daughter to look. "Jennie," said he, "do you see that crowd?"

"Yes, father," she replied.
"They are all people, my child, who are hurrying to try and save their selfish souls. Now. Jennie, I want you whilst you live, never to think about your soul, but to spend your life trying to do good and make others

That scene and its lesson were never forgotten, and that child Jennie has now "passed on," full of years, after a life lived in the very spirit of her father's lesson. It seems but the other day since I first met her, and little by little learned some of the more marked experiences of her eventful career. When the quaint old lady, richly dressed, but in a fashion of the past, greeted me for the first time at the close of one of my lectures, I wondered at her interest, for my theme had been, "Unborn Man." But as our acquaintance presently grew into intimacy and friend-ship, I learned to understand and appreciate her oneness of soul. She had no hatred of religion, but often visited the church and had warm friends both in pulpit and pew; but all thoughts of another life had become almost impossible to her, and I was astonished to find that even Spiritualism awoke only a passing interest in her mind. She seemed to have hardly a conception of God, or angel, or even of a hereafter—not from inability to think such thoughts, but simply because she was so full of care for others as to leave no hour for any feeling that turned toward her

own immortality. Since I am not proposing to write her biography, I will say I cannot conceive of anything nobler than the life she has lived for twenty years past, and using that period as an illustration, I will leave her earlier record to remain, as it was written in the hearts of those she blessed. Early in the late war she found a deaf mute dying with consumption. To her surprise, there was neither home nor institution for such a case, but only for deaf mutes who could be instructed and educated to self-support; so she took the sufferer to her home, and presently another, and another followed. Epilepsy, dropsy, cancer, and human woe in silent agony found refuge there until she had some twenty of these unfortunates, each counted as her child, and looking to her as mother. When her load grew too heavy, the well known and noble Dr. Gallaudet—himself the child of deaf-mute parents came to her assistance. But for many years she lived amidst such surroundings, and, as she told me, for eighteen years she never had an unbroken night's rest; and all this time she was alone with her deaf mutes in that home, save as visitors and friends became interested in her work and called with donations to cheer her on her way. There was no morning to those sufferers. It was sunset to every inmate, and the vacated room had a new guest to-morrow. No wonder such a life was a study to me whilst she was here, and is yet a study now she has become a

Most assuredly the faculty of worshiping something as superior to ourselves does not inhere to humanity. It is an inherited tendency, born of weakness and ignorance. True life demands no belittling of our own manhood, and may be nobly lived without influence from church or priest. Yet mortal life is a failure, if soul life remain undeveloped. But soul-saving does not mean soul life. That father was right, grandly right, in his lesson to that infant mind. Soul-saving is based on soul-selfishness, and ties the spirit to a sphere where bigotry and church influ-

ence continue to reign supreme. But think of a life so grandly full of soul that it had no room even for Spiritualism. But how could it have? She was actually in the Spirit-world all her life; thinking its thoughts; doing its work; and had only to drop the earth covering to find she had been at home all the time. But she was in no sense a psychic. She could not have done her work amidst such surroundings, had she been a sensitive. I often "sensed" the pres-ence of her father and mother in the hours when I could induce her to talk of her early life, and I feel sure that their impressional influence was none the less a blessing because unrecognized by her.

She had made up her mind to take a long needed rest, and was intending to visit Europe, when on another summer morn, after but an hour's rest to a wearled spirit, she once again heard her father's voice, "Jennie, my darling, home at last;" and so passed out into the life that awaits all who live to make others happy.

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

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Granny Sapp's Christmas.

BY JULIA E. BURNS.

In Grayson county, Kentucky, near a little stream called Caney Creek, there lived a widow and her seven sons. She was known far and wide as "Granny Sapp." She had come to the little log house when a bride. Here her children were born and reared, and now in her old age and widowhood she lived in peace and comfort with them. Simon, the youngest, a handome boy of seventeen, was his mother's pet and favorite. It was a humble but happy home until the cry of war came through the land. One by one Granny's boys went at the call; one by one they fell: John. the eldest, at Bull Run; another at Shiloh, and so on until the six lay in bloody Southern graves, and the poor old mother clumg with closer arms about her only boy, Simon. The war-cloud grew blacker and the love of country grew stronger in his breast, and one day he came home and putting his arms about his mother, spoke that one sentence that has paled the cheek of many women, "Mother, I have enlisted!" She, with Spartan mother calmness and religious faith, answered, "Go,

my son, and God be with you." My father, who lived near, and who was the minister at the little church that Granny faithfully attended, often called on her. She could neither read nor write, and father did both for her, and tried to comfort her in her loneliness. Simon enlisted in March. In November a letter came from his Captain saying that he had been killed. The anguish of the mother was terrible. Every one was kind and sympathetic, for the badge of mourning was upon nearly every door-post in the land. I was then a very little girl, and could write only when under the control of spirits. This strange phenomenon was looked upon with awe and kept very secret by my father-not even my brother at home knew of it, and I did not understand anything about it.

One day, not many weeks after the news of Simon Sapp's death, my father took me aside to have some spirit writing. A message was written that made his dear face shine with joy, and his eye to fill with happy tears. He read it over carefully, and then said to me, Get your shawl and hood and come with me." I obeyed, and we went directly to Granny Sapp's. I can see her now as she sat so desolate and lonely by her fireside with a great old-fashioned Bible upon her lap. Although she could not read, she said it "was though she could not read, she said it "was though she could not read, she said it "was the said to prove the said to be sai ist sich a comfort to sit and hold the Bible." My father seated himself near her and said in his kindly way, "Sister Sapp, you have confidence in me, have you not? and you will believe that I am sincere when I tell you that I have this morning learned that Simon is not dead?"

"Oh! Brother Mavity, do not deceive me. You know his Captain wrote all about it. Yes! my boy, my baby, is gone forever from

She rocked to and fro, wailing pitcously. My father, in the plainest manner and in the very best way that he could command, rold her of the strange gift that I possessed, and that he had that morning received a message from her son John, saying that Simon had been taken prisoner, and that he would come home. It took a long time to make her understand or believe. At last she produced an old school slate with one of Simon's half finished "sums," and his pencil, and watched with eager eyes my hand as it was moved to write. I well remember the words, for father read them over and over to her:

"Dear Mother, Simon will come home to

"This is the fifteenth," said father. you can look every day for him." She was the happiest woman I ever saw. We lived on the highway leading out from Litchfield, the nearest town, and I watched the road every day, hoping to see a form in blue going toward Granny's house, but the days went by and Christmas-day came, cold and clear, but still her boy had not come. Father was disappointed and full of sorrow for her. He went down to the little house to pray with her, and try to comfort her. I went with him as far as the creek, but I would go no farther. I felt as if I had committed a crime in being used as the means of raising false hopes in the poor old woman's bosom, and so I lingered, playing on the ice, and soon forgot her sorrow in the childish delight of "sliding." A noise in the snow made me turn, and there—a mere skeleton, a gaunt form in soldier blue-stood Simon Sapp. I ran to him with a cry of delight! "Go to the house and tell mother I don't want to sur-prise her." "Oh! she won't be surprised," I said. "What a blessed Christmas gift you will be!" and I caught his hand and almost pulled him along. He was weak and faint from his long tramp, and still longer starvation. We went up to the little window and looked in. My father was praying and the poor old mother with closed eyes and clasped hands was kneeling, the tears streaming down her withered cheeks. The man at my side trembled; he let go my hand, softly raised the wooden latch, noiselessly opened the door, and crossed the room, then with a great sob he sank down by his mother's side, and put both his gaunt arms about her! Her wild cry of—"Ah! my son!"—made my father look around, and then he closed his prayer with the most emphatic Amen I ever heard him utter. He arose, came out, closing the

In some recent scientific experiments on the effects of cold, two frogs were frozen solid in a temperature of about 20° Fahrenheit, and kept in that condition for half an hour. On thawing slowly they recovered perfectly, but it was found that longer periods of exposure invariably killed the animals. The experiment was tried of freezing hermetically sealed meat, so as to kill its bacterial organisms, and thus render it incapable of putrefying. It was found, however, that so low a temperature as 80° below zero would not destroy the vitality of micro organisms. It was thus made clear that the attempts to preserve meat for a long time by a momentary freezing of it must be abandoned.

door, and we went home. We did not have

any turkey for dinner, nor did I get any

presente; but all the same it was the happi-

est Christmas of my life.

A club for deaf and dumb people has been formed in Paris. It is called the "Club of the Silent," and nobody who is not deaf and dumb can be a member. The waiters and other servants are also deaf mutes. There are over fifty members, all wealthy, and all great whist players.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

ASSISTS MENTAL LABOR.

Prof. ADOLPH OTT, New York, says of the Acid Phosphate: "I have been enabled to devote myself to hard mental labor, from short ly after breakfast till a late hour in the even-ing without experiencing the slightest relaxation, and I would not now at any rate dis-pense with it."

Woman and the Mousehold.

DECEMBER 26, 1885.

BY HUSTER M. POOLE. [106 West 29th Street, New York.]

CHRISTMAS.

The universe must utter and fulfill
The mighty voice which states,
The mighty destiny which holds
Its keynote and its ultimate design.
Waste places and the deserts must perceive
That they are priced, Not less than gardens in the Heart Divine Sorrow her sorrowing must leave, And learn one sign With joy. And Loss and Gain

With joy. And Loss and dam.
Must be no more.
And all things which have gone before,
And all things which remain,
And all of Life, and all of Death, be slain
In mighty birth, whose name
Is called Redemption.

Helen Jackson, (H. H.)

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY. The year had been full of blessing and hap-

piness to Mrs. Tracy. The family had all been well, Mr. Tracy's business had prospered beyoud their hopes. Augustus had taken a prize at school for good behavior, and Jessie had proved a treasure to her mother. It was the day before Christmas, and the gentle woman sat in her pleasant library, with a check for fifty dollars in her hand, and a look of perplexity upon her motherly face. "How can I spend this money so as to do the most good?" thought she. "My dear husband has given it to me for my own personal luxury. It shall go to some one who is not already living in

At this moment her glance happened to fall on a little brown cottage, bleak and bare, situated at some distance from her own home, on a cross-road but little traveled. Her attention was arrested by the slender figure of a woman in the act of chopping wood. After a few feeble strokes of the axe, she gathered up the limbs she had managed to sever from an old tree and disappeared within the house.

It was the work of but a moment for Mrs. Tracy to don cloak and bonnet and start for the cottage, thinking, meanwhile, how she could approach the object of her compassion. The wife of the richest man in the community, she had been in the habit of subscribing to all charities and societies which applied for help, and then sending them to her husband, to fill out the blank according to his judgment. The fact was, like most of us, Mrs. Tracy shrank from the sight of poverty and suffering. Why should she come in contact with misery? "Woman's province was home;" "We have enough to do in duty to our families," she was accustomed to say. But somehow the sight of this thin woman, clad in scant garments, smote her like a blow, and she began to think herself derelict and hard of heart. A sense of unused ability and responsibility deepened with every step she took, and when she knocked at the door, rotting from its hinges, Mrs. Tracy felt as if she were there to receive, rather than to give.

A feeble "come in," was the response, and the visitor, pushing open the creaking door, entered. What a scene was before her! Cowering over a feeble fire in a dilapidated stove. sat a woman, gaunt, hollow-eyed and thinly clad. She held to her breast a sickly baby, wrapped in clean rags. Its little pinched face bore a look of suffering which haunted Mrs. Tracy's dreams many a long night afterward. Beside them crouched another child, a girl of about four years old, out of whom all childhood seemed long ago to have been starved. A dull, apathetic look was on her pale face, and she did not even stir at the en-

The mother, on the contrary, glanced up with the wild, shy look of a frightened deer, when it turns to gaze at the hunter. She had been beautiful, one could see the marks of it still left in the curves of the attenuated face, and in the indescribable air of refinement which enveloped her as an atmosphere. It was also exhibited in the room, stripped as it was of all but what was necessary to barely enable the inmates to keep body and soul

together.
"I have come to bring you some Christmas cheer," said Mrs. Tracy, breaking the silence which was maintained on both sides, for a moment. "I did not know that a woman lived here alone. How long have you been here? Is your husband dead? continued she, pressing her hand upon the shoulder of the mother, who was about to rise.
At these questions a rosy blush spread itself

over the pallor of the face, and she replied,

"No, not dead, but he has left me." "Deserted you? Left these little children —and in poverty, too? He is a brute."
"Ah! Madame, he ceased to love me, and I

could not compel him to stay, you see, under those conditions."

"But he left you penniless? Why did you let him go? You should have had him ar-"No! he divided with me his small proper-

ty, and I had enough to live on very plainly. It was invested in the hands of a brother-inlaw who used it to speculate with. A few months ago the man lost all, with his own property, and he is now a fugitive from justice in Canada. My sister is left as desolate as I am, with three little children. So she cannot help me any."

"What a sheeking state of affeirs"

What a shocking state of affairs." "I should have got along somehow, but baby came not long after my husband left me, and my anguish nearly cost me my life, as well as her own. I only wish they had let us both die. except for the sake of little Grace, here, I would have gone."

And thus the poor woman poured out her story, slowly and with inexpressible depres-sion, as one who had been deserted by God and man. It did not take long for her visitor to return to her own warm and sheltered home, whence she immediately returned with store of food and clothing, and a man followed bearing heavy parcels to satisfy her most pressing necessities. Mrs. Tracy soon had a huge fire crackling in the stove, nutritious food on the table, and she herself helped the feeble mother to clothe herself and her little ones in flannel, from head to foot. By some strange process known only to the good Samaritan and her Betty, warm curtains were hung at the windows, the cracks about them were stuffed with cotton, a warm rug extended before the fire, and the kettle soon simmered upon the stove. The table spread with decent linen and dishes, was drawn up nearer, and the half-famished mother was almost fed by her kind preserver, who found her patient had lost the appetite which had so long gone ungratified. Every now and then the sympathetic woman would rush into the adjoining room, cheerless and cold as it was, and, wringing her hands, ejaculated to the bare walls, "Only think of my sitting down surrounded by every luxury, while a sister woman was starving with her children?"

And so a portion of the fifty dollars went at once. In a few days, when Mrs. Wallace had somewhat revived, she enlarged still further upon her sad story. She and her husband were both intellectual parsons, conversant

with the most advanced thoughts of the age. Mr. Wallace had a small store in a village some fifty miles distant, and had always been a good provider and an affectionate husband and father. In an evil hour he fell in with persons who believed in following out every live in the same house, and be companions; and bring up their child to feel she had a father as well as a mother. He had come across a woman similarly situated, who was already pining for "fresh fields and pastures new." Of course their "magnetisms" suited one another, and both these persons—the father on the one side and the mother on the other, taking advantages of the loop-holes in the laws of other States—procured absolute divorces, and, turning their backs on old as-sociations, were married to one another. They had the good grace themselves to go West, and attempt to build up a home anew outside of the remnants they had left. How long before they found fresh affinities, no one knows.

When Mrs. Wallace's babe opened its eyes to the light of this world, it was to no fathor the light of this world, it was to no father's tender care—the heart-broken mother must take the part of both parents. Disasters quickly followed. She was too feeble and grief-stricken to take care of herself, even if she had been capable by a proper business education. In a few months she had drifted where Mrs. Tracy found her drifted where Mrs. Tracy found her.

Under the fostering care and encouragement of this tender-hearted matron, (who had previously thought her duty consisted merely in giving a certain portion of her pin-money into established institutions) Mrs. Wallace was restored to a pale shadow of her former self. It was found that she had exceptional gifts for teaching little children, and a kindergarten was soon established in which she forgot her misery for a few hours deliver the control of the little. daily. There she yet remains. The little ones are growing up as well as they can, who had been stunted and blasted by early

As for herself and Mrs. Tracy, a fast friend-ship dates from that eventful Christmas. They both unite in a common work against certain existing laws and fallacies. They

First. That feeling can ever take the place of Duty. One may be as fleeting as a Will o' the Wisp; the other is fixed and real. Secondly. That what constitutes marriage and divorce in one State, does not in another. Also, that feeling alone is paramount to the obligations which are assumed when two parties enter into the solemn life-partnership of marriage. And that it is not the height of selfishness to consider oneself alone, in this relation. Thirdly. That a woman does not need thorough training in business methods and the care and management of property; and that she should not be independent of her husband, in this regard, for the future of herself and children.

(Note—In attaching names to a dozen unsigned poems, the editor of this column inadvertently exchanged one by Ternyson and one by Mrs. Piatt, so that the Poet Laureate was credited with a woman's melody, while "Home they brought her Warrior Dead," was given to the sweet singer from Ohio. Of course our readers instantly detected the mischauce. If any of our friends find waifs of poetry by women, especially such as are universal, soulful and melodious, they will confer a great favor by enclosing them to the editor, at the address given above.)

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Early Prophecies of the Future of Spiritualism.

BY BRONSON MURRAY.

There is at least one of the early prophecies made through spirit-raps, which has been remarkably fulfilled and that, too, at a day much earlier than was at the time of utterance expected by those who heard it. I refer to the prophecy that the manitestations then being made at, and confined to Hydesville and few other places were destined to ville and few other places, were destined to encircle the earth and to be known and recognized by and among all nations; that these were destined to revolutionize the then received notions of theology and to liberate the minds of men from thraldom in certain directions. This, as I remember it, was the substance of prophecies which at the time found their way into the secular newspapers as coming from spirit-raps, and which, by the papers, were jeered or scorned.

The object of this writing is to solicit persons who may be cognizant of prophecies of this character and of the newspapers in which, at that time, such prophecies appeared, to send to the Journal a record of the date of issues of such papers and, if practicable, the articles as printed, as well. For myself, living in Illinois at the time, I have a distinct recollection of seeing such prophecy in print, but, whether in an Illinois news

paper or some other has entirely escaped me. The fulfilment of prophecies is cited as evidence of supernal authority by the adherents of all so called religious creeds, from Moses to Mormonism; and if there is any force of evidence in the fact, it may as well be had for what it is worth in support of Spiritualistic teachings, as well as for teachings whose alleged prophecies are not so manifestly fulfilled, and whose historical truthfulness cannot be so clearly demonstrated, being buried in the obscurity of ante-newspa-per days, if they really had their alleged or-

Besides, and independent of any supposed evidence in support of supernal origin, the generations yet to come doubtless will be interested in the mere authentification of these early prophecies which would be given by quotation from newspapers printed at the

time. There are not many original readers of the papers of that day, but there are some still among us. Some of these or some persons who have been or may hereafter be exploring the files of Rochester or other papers between 1848 and 1854, will perhaps have it in their power, now or hereafter, to furnish the Jour-NAL with such information and the extracts

desired, and so confer a general benefit. The three original Fox sisters are still left among us. Their recollections, and the recollections of others, have been published in various forms; but it is not of such that there is need. What is wanted and will be wanted, and will be valuable, is the reference by date and title to papers, books or pamphlets, printed within the years mentioned containing prophecies of the then future of Spiritualism. Who will give us such? Who is able? New York, Dec., 1885.

Magazines for December not Before Mentioned.

ST. LOUIS ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (St. Louis, Mo.) Contents: Concord Men and Memories; Literary Chats and Views; A Strange Experience; A Page of Poems; Editorial Mar-

WIDE AWAKE. (D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.)
The Chrismas number of the "Wide Awake,"
is not to be excelled. Two "plastic sketches" modeled by the Messrs.Low of Chelsea Art Tile Works, are indeed art-treasures. Fire place stories is an instructive article on tiles. The whim,—who gloried in the supremacy of feeling over duty. It did not take him long to conclude that his wife was not his "affinity," and that it was, therefore, a deadly sin for them to live together. In vain she sought to persuade him that, at least, they might live in the same bonse and he companions: a Jewel are some of the best stories. A series of historical stories is begun. There are many poems, jingles and illustrations, and the Chantauqua Readings are specially interest-

> THE UNITARIAN REVIEW. (Boston.) Contents: William Lloyd Garrison, by Rev. John W. Chadwick; Rufus Ellis, by Rev. A.P. Peabody; The Pantheistic Panacea, by Rev. C. A. Bartol; Our Chinese Question, by Rev. J. H. Allen; Louis Agassiz, by Rev. Thomas Hill; Editor's Note-Book and Review of Current Literature.

> THE MIND-CURE JOURNAL. (Chicago.) The following are some of the articles for this month: Religious Intolerance; The Mental Cure; Mental Healing; Belief; Life the Cause of all Action; Oneness of Life and Mental Healing, and the Doctrine of Conversion.

> THE HERALD OF HEALTH. (M. L. Holbrook M. D., New York.) Timely and suggestive articles will be found under the following heads: General Articles; Answers to Questions; Topics of the Month, and Studies in Hygiene for Women.

> THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. (Fowler & Wells Co., New York.) Contents: Prof. Hubert Ansen Newton; On indications of character in handwriting; The Highland Home of Queen Victoria; Elizabeth Fry; Catarrh Rem-edies; Editorial Notes and Items, Etc.

> THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE. (John B. Alden, New York.) Contents: The Glasse of Time; Carlyle as a Political Teacher; Natural Heirship; Education; The Development of Religious Error; Baghdad in 1885; Current Thought.

> BABYHOOD. (New York.) This monthly has many good articles, notes and items by some of the best writers. Being exclusively devoted to the care of infants and young children it will be of much interest to mothers.

> THE NEW YORK FASHION BAZAR. (Geo. Munro, New York.) The usual amount of fashions, notes and plates are interspersed with stories and poems,

> MIND IN NATURE. (Chicago.) This popular journal of Psychical, Medical and Scientific information has an interesting table of contents for this month.

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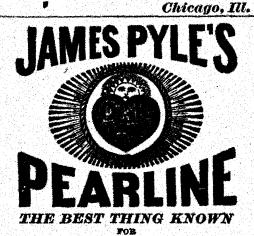
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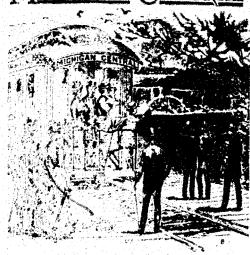


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The Religio-Philosophical Journal desires it to be distinctly understood that it can accept no responsibility as to the opinions expressed by Contributors and Correspondents Free and open discussion within certain limits is invited, and in these circumstances writers are alone responsible for the articles to which their names are attached.

Exchanges and individuals in quoting from the RE-LIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, are requested to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Anonymous letters and communications will not be noticed. The name and address of the writer are required as a guaranty of good faith. Rejected manuscripts cannot he preserved, peither will they be returned, unless sufficient postage is sent with the request.

When newspapers or magazines are sent to the Journal, containing matter for special attention, the sender will please draw a line around the article to which he desires to call notice.

CHICAGO, ILL., Saturday, December 26, 1885.

A Day of Good Cheer.

Whatever may be the history of the day designated as the 25th of December, whether of pagan origin or otherwise-we take great pleasure in wishing the readers of the Joun-NAL a merry Christmas!-a merry Christmas from which such practical, vitalizing lesson can be derived, that it will exert its conial, elevating influence during the entire year, making each one better adapted to meet the trying exigencies of this life, as well as better prepared to face the scrutinizing glanco of angels.

It has been well said that "our lives have their many different aims, as the ships on the ocean are making for every port on its shores. Some, bearing rich cargoes, are steering away for lands beyond. Some, also freighted, make for other points on the same shore. And there are pretty pleasure crafts, that day by day put forth on a swift, aimless course, and return to the starting place, only to repeat to-morrow their voyage, objectless as the butterfly's zig-zag flight. We ought not to restsatisfied that all is well when we do not know toward what harbor we are turning our course." Hence the impetus of good will and good cheer that one cordially receives and generously imparts to others on Christmas, should invariably tend towards the elevation and refinement of character. and continue throughout the whole of the coming year, in fact, exist throughout the entire life. "As each ray of the sunbeam aids in the production of the photograph, so each good deed, however trifling it may seem. is an element in the development of our moral being," and tende to unfold a true manhood and a refined spiritual nature.

A very pretty story is told in New York by the Herald, of Mrs. William Astor. She sat at her parler window on Fifth Avenue, on one occasion, watching a gang of one hundred men who were excavating in the street for steam pipes. The day was hot, the labor severe. Toward noon she sent her butler to inform the foreman that when the men stepped work she wished them to march past her house in single file. As they did so the butler stood at the foot of the steps and gave each man a dollar with which to purchase something extra for lunch.

The world will not be what it should, until the kind promptings, generous impulses and philanthropic purposes that generally well up in the soul on Christmas, are continued throughout the entire year, and, like this wealthy lady, each one endeavors to create good cheer and sunshine wherever it is possible to do so. regardless of the day or the occasion.

In wishing all the subscribers of the Jour-NAL a merry Christmas, we do so with the heart-felt realization that we have performed with painstaking care and unswerving devotion to the truth, our obligations to them, in furnishing them each week with a paper containing some of the best and most advanc- precious treasures of his heart and brain ed thought of the age. In analyzing the char- into the waters and mournfully watched acter of what purported to be manifestations | them as they floated out of sight. When the of spirit power, in every case our judgment | last volume was cast over the rail, he glanced has proved correct, and what we have pre- around him quickly to see if all was quiet, sented as fraudulent phenomena, has eventu- and then began to drag his emaciated form ally proved to be that and nothing else. up to the top of the railing. In another mo-Feeling that we have done our whole duty to | ment he would have passed to his accounting the patrons of the JOURNAL in a careful, con- had not Officer Sheehan, who had been watchscientious manner, we are especially happy | ing him from behind a pillar near by, grasped in wishing them a merry Christmas, and him and pulled him back. Before Justice prosperity through the coming year.

Feeling, too, that our good wishes and sincere regard for our subscribers will awaken a responsive chord in their hearts, some who are now delinquent could greatly strengthen our power to continue the good work, and | himself and then broke out with the exclagreatly aid and encourage us by remitting mation: "Yes, it is true, I wanted to drown the small amounts due us. We are confident | myself. I have no friends and was tired of they will do so, for we have an abiding faith life." The Justice then thought it best to

and trust in those who have rallied around the Journal in the endeavor to redeem Spiritualism from the charlatanism that has so long infested its ranks.

Every one should bear in mind that Christmas constitutes only one three hundredsixty-fifth of the entire year, and the happy thoughts, philanthropic intentions and schemes for the betterment of those less fortunate than himself, should not be allowed to diminish in intensity. As one Christmas recedes and another approaches, the days intervening should each respectively have their share of practical discriminating benevolence; his obligations to others should be considered as sacred, and the balance sheet show in his favor in that region where Justice presides, taking cognizance of all the acts of man.

The Journal sustains itself on the principle of giving and receiving, and the constant aim has been to so conduct it that its readers may feel enriched spiritually and otherwise, by its weekly perusal.

Mydrophobia in Its Various Stages Cured by Ineculation.

A cablegram from Paris to the Chicago Tribune, gives an account of a visit by a gentleman there to the laboratory of M. Pasteur, the noted Parisian scientist, who treats successfully hydrophobia in its various stages by inoculation. He passed through several corridors and ante-rooms lined with hundreds of cages containing rabbits in every imaginable stage of hydrophobia. In the court-yard were dozens of caged dogs, some of them mad, others about to become mad. In the corner of the laboratory he found a young medical student examining a dead rabbit with a microscope. He asked, "Can I see M. Pasteur?" The student approached him cautiously, with an inoculating syringe in his hand, and replied, "Are you the gentleman from Lyons that was bitten last week six times by a mad mastiff?"

"No," said the gentleman, "I am a Tribune correspondent, and am very anxious to see M. Pasteur." The young man at once took his card to M. Pasteur, and in a few moments returned in company with the famous chem-

The visitor explained to M. Pasteur about the children bitten in New Jersey by a mad dog, and who were then on their way to Paris, to be treated by him, and asked, "Is there any hope for them?"

"Most certainly there is," says Pasteur, 'In fact, I have received a cablegram about these very children. Of course the sooner after the bite the treatment begins the better. I don't like to attempt a tour de force, except from necessity, but I am confident my treatment will be successful if commenced at any time before actual hydrophobia sets in, even if a year or more elapses between the bite and the commencement of treatment. In fact, I have already successfully treated several cases that only reached my laboratory two months after they had been bitten. The treatment in such instances lasts longer and is more complicated."

Pasteur now has seventy-three cases under his treatment. They are both male and female, and of all ages, ranging from four months to sixty years. They are doing well, and in no instance, it is said, has the treatment failed. The Government has placed the Hotel Dieu Hospital at his disposal for patients whose wounds require dressing. Most patients, however, live in apartments near his laboratory, and call once or twice a day, as the case may be, for inoculation. The majority of his patients are so poor they are scarcely able to pay for sustenance. He accepts no fee for attendance, but any sum that the patients can afford to pay or send him he puts aside as a fund to defray the expenses of living for destitute patients.

Pasteur claims that there ought to be a hydrophobia hospital in New York or some central point in the United States that would suffice for the whole continent of North America. A model hospital should also be established in Paris which would suffice for Western Europe. Another hospital should be established in Russia, where hydrophobia is very frequent, not only among dogs but among wolves. Four weeks ago a Russian peasant bitten by a mad wolf was sent to Pasteur from Siberia, but he died of acute hydrophobia before he was able to reach Paris Wolf hydrophobia is much more virulent than dog hydrophobia, and works with far greater celerity.

An Old Man's Vagaries.

Frederick A. Goetz, as he stood on Madison street bridge one night last week was sixty years old and weary of life. His arms were full of books. Some manuscripts were among the lot. The solitary old man threw these White the next day the old prisoner said at first that he had no intention to commit suicide, and spoke so rationally that the Justice had no suspicions as to his sanity, but in a few minutes Mr. Goetz began to mumble to remand him until the county physician could examine him as to his sanity. So says the Tribune.

The poor, from a variety of causes, always have been, and will continue to be for a long time in the future, an integral part of the human family, and will require the assistance and encouragement of those more fortunate than themselves in the possession of this world's goods. To some poverty is unavoidable, and without assistance in various ways, they would, like that old man, seek relief from their troubles in suicide. A little financial aid, with kind and encouraging words, has enabled many who were on the verge of destruction, to rally and become useful citizens of society. Each one should try and assist some one beneath him, and render his or her pathway smoother in life.

Christmas.

In accordance with our usage for some years we issue this as a Christmas number of the Religio-Philosophical Journal. By long established custom Christmas is a holiday among more than a hundred million people. Of these the larger part have educational and traditional opinions touching the miraculous birth and mission of Jesus, and the mysteries of Trinity and Atonement which we do not accept, which are slowly but surely fading away, and which are not in accord with the genius and spirit of the great spiritual movement. Yet good reasons exist, and will long stand, for the Christmas festival. It is a holiday, and in this working and toiling world, such days give needed refreshment and cheer to soul and body. It is a revival of the idea of "peace on earth and good will among men," and surely that is needed. It is a day given not merely to the speaking of cheerful words, but to the doing of kindly deeds, and all helps of that kind are good.

It is a celebration of the birth day of a person rich in spiritual gifts, whose words | England cities during the spring and auand works opened the way for a great religious movement, a step upward to clearer light and broader views.

We are well aware of the critical doubts as to the existence of Jesus, of the darker side of historic Christianity, of its present imperfections and of the dogmatism that assumes sole fitness for its name to-day, but it is reasonable to recognize it as one of the great efforts of mankind for spiritual development, even as we do Buddhism and Mohammedanism, and other like steps. Long after all superstitions and miraculous conceptions touching the career of religious pioneers and leaders shall have passed away, men will hold festivals to commemorate the birth of the good and great sons and daughters of humanity, and in such spirit we can keep this Christmas.

Spiritualists celebrate March 31st as the birthday of modern Spiritualism, and in doing so they fitly recognize the greatness of the opening of a new era; yet there is an imperfect si le to persons and things in Spiritualism, as in modern Christian churches. We celebrate the clearer opening of a great truth-precious even if "these treasures are given to us in earthen vessels."

We may well bear in mind that Christmas is a day which revives and helps to keep clear the thought of our immortal life, for the birth and resurrection of Christ are closely linked in many minds. These views of the resurrection may be dim, yet they show the soul's instinctive outlook beyond; and if we can see better what it meant, and what natural rising of the spiritual body from the so-called death-bed awaits us all, it is well

We fill this Christmas sheet with the golden words of many choice contributors, and while we cheerfully join with the millions to celebrate the day, would thus give it a larger significance.

Our gifted poet, Lizzie Doten, well says: "For the soul in its unfolding,
Evermore its thought remoulding,
Learns more truly in its progress, 'how to love and

The New York Tribune says that society at St. Petersburg is just now much occupied with the revival of a very curious story. About three years ago there was a spiritualistic scance at the Officers' Club in that city, at which the spirit of a famous departed general was called up, and prophesied amongst other things that there would be a great war in 1886, in which Russia would take the leading part. As the ghost of the deceased warrior mentioned amongst the names of officers who would greatly distinguish themselves in the war, those of some men who did not even figure in the army list, the affair was looked upon as a joke and nothing more was thought of it. But, by a strange coincidence, amongst recent appointments to the rank of commissioned officers the very names appear which the spirit had foretold, the bearers being men of no family, who have risen from the ranks. As there is no country in the world where superstition is carried to such an extent as in Russia, the incident has caused quite a sensation. It would be very strange if at the commencement of the year 1886 we should see Russia drawn into a war with Austria, as a result of the struggle between Servia and Bulgaria.

In the Chinese maritime reports it is stated that the Amis savages of South Formosa "harden their children" by bathing. The infant is thrown into a tub of cold water on the day of its birth, and a month afterward is taken to the river or sea and allowed to struggle until tired out. The Amis children can swim long before they are able to walk. It is said that the "hardened" ones become strong because they were born so: the treatment knocks out the weak ones.

GENERAL ITEMS.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Portland, Me., January 17th and 24th.

Giles B. Stebbins spoke in the Unitarian church at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., Dec. 15th.

We regret to say that Payton Spence, of New York city, is suffering from an attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Mrs. L. Spencer lectured last Sunday at 167 Washington St., for the Society of United Spiritualists.

The inspirational lecturer, Geo. A. Fuller, of Dover. Mass., has removed to Boston, and is now located at 136 Chandler Street.

A few articles intended for this number of the Journal were unavoidably crowded out They will appear next week.

The Western Bookseller, 133 La Salle street, this city, has issued its Christmas number. It is fully illustrated and devoted to the interests of the book trade.

Charles Foster, at one time an excellent medium, who had been sick for a long time with softening of the brain, passed to spirit life at Salem, Mass., December 15th.

Mr. Doud, a pupil of Dr. Hotchkiss, the "Snapping Dector" of St. Louis, is now located at 655 W. Lake Street, where he can be consulted by the afflicted.

Sunday, December 20th, Mr. J. J. Morse spoke in the engine house, Sawyer's Mills, Dover, N. H. In the evening of the same day a social meeting was held at which Mr. Morse was present.

Dr. D. P. Kayner has returned from his trip to New Mexico apparently much improved by his sojourn in the mountains and better prepared for business than when he left. He can be addressed in care of this office till further notice.

Mrs. F.O. Hyzer, 6 First St., Baltimore, Md., will be pleased to accept calls in the New tumn. She can be addressed as above, and all correspondence will be promptly attend-

Charles H. Tweed, who died at Pittsburgh recently, said in his will, "No flowers at the funeral, crape on the door, nor monument nor stone to mark the grave. The first is cheap respect, the second heathenism, and the last I cannot afford. What money there is must be devoted to useful purposes."

Richard B. Westbrook, D. D., LL.D., delivered an excellent Memorial Address at the opening of the spring course of lectures of the Wagner Free Institute of Science, at Philadelphia, March 7th, 1885. It has been published in pamphlet form.

The Spiritualist meeting at Portage City. Wis., the 11th, 12th, and 13th, was addressed by Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. L. Spencer of Milwaukes. Mrs. Spencer gave two scances in a public fiell, which were largely attended, nearly all of her descriptions of spirits be-

The express companies throughout America are constantly enlarging their capacity for issuing money orders. This is a safe and easy way to remit by letter, and we heartily recommend it to our patrons. The fee is small and the company are responsible for

Under date of Dec. 14, J. Simmons writes as follows from Boston: "Next Wednesday Slade and I will start for Weston. W. Va. We expect to remain there a week or ten days. The Doctor has been ill most of the time for three weeks. He dressed himself this morning but was obliged to go back to bed. He is being handled very strangely."

Referring to the decision of the Roman Church declaring the operation of craniotomy to constitute homicide, Dr. Mielziner writes to the Medical Record that according to the Mishna-the earliest collection of rabbinical decisions—"it is justifiable to kill the unborn infant in order to save the mother, as her life precedes his life." If the child be partially born, however, the rule does not apply, as "one human life must not be set aside on account of another."

A Stonington (Conn.) man past the meridian of life, and soaked in tobacco since he was a 6-months-old babe, has suddenly stopped using the weed, and can give no reason for the act. The man relates that when a baby he was very cross, and no remedy for his ill-nature could be found. One day, creeping on the floor, he chanced upon a chunk of tobacco, put it in his mouth, and the effect was magical. He was a good-natured babe thereafter. So he was given tobacco along with his milk. Now, after fifty years, he eschews the weed.

The "Convention Number" of the Union Signal is very attractive. It contains a full account of the 12th annual session of the N. W. C. T. U., lately held at Philadelphia. The object to be attained is a worthy one and should be well sustained. The plans for a world's W. C. T. U.; the department of organization and the suppression of the social evil, are more directly under the supervision of Miss Frances E. Willard, the President, than other departments. These plans are reviewed thoroughly and in an interesting manner, and appeal to the best sentiments of all thoughtful men and women. Other interesting subjects, too numerous to mention here, but of vital importance, are allotted much space and many words of good cheer were received and read. Miss Willard and her co workers are entitled to much praise, and we join their host of friends in wishing them much success. This number should be freely circulated and well read, for the facts therein contained are pertinent and debate-

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal, THE DIVINE CHILD.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

A November night, with gusty wind and the first snow whirling in the air from the black masses of clouds, rifted and torn, which drifted past the ascending moon. A man might have been seen by any one who felt sufficient interest, hurrying along the almost deserted street, towards the river front. He reached the wharf, and as he paused near the last lamp, it might have been observed that although his clothing was of rich material, he was not prepared for the inclement weather. One would scarcely notice his clothing, once having caught a glimpse of his face. The features were finely cut and sharply defined, but thin, deep-lined, haggard and careworn, with the pallor which comes of dissipation. Once handsome, strong, manly: now fascinating with mystery, pitiable because of a half-revealed history of a wrecked life. He paused, furtively glanced around him, and in a voice cultured, but shaky and rough from indulged passion, uttered the thoughts which could only take sufficient form and substance by

'The sun went down red to-night, which was as it should be on this, my last day. I have seen enough of red evenings, and red days for that matter, and now we will have an end of them. Cold! Yes, I am cold, but it is a pleasure to suffer. It takes a little off the torture of my mind, to which any physical suffering is a relief and rest. No waste is like that of a wasted life, and when to that is added the wasting of other lives dependent on and devoted to you, what damnation ought it not to bring? Opportunities? They were great and many, but I have seized only those for evil, and have thus soon reached the end. If this deed is done where will it find me? I take the chances, as I could at cards, but here there is no stuffed sleeve, no bluff. An inquest over a man drowned will be the finale. Blow sharply, winds; and cool the heat of my temples with your frosty breath. You have pity in your coldness. I have found little elsewhere, and have shown less.

He walked slowly toward the wharf, where the outlines of the ships were dimly visible, chafing at their moorings, while beyond the dark tide streamed in with lines of foam, and hissing dash of spray. A cold and angry sea-scape, forbidding to the lover of life; inviting to those who have satiated on its poi-

soned cup to the bitter dregs. "One swift leap and the tide will claim all that is given it." He looked down beyond he oozing timbers where the water im-

patiently eddied in swift streams. "It is cold," he said. "Ahl cold, but it will put out the fires of hell burning in my soul. The flame has grown hot by what has it fed upon, until nothing now is left but the embers of a blackened memory, which soon will be as though it had never been." mean came from the shadow of a tall warehouse, like the wind, yet not the wind. He turned, and again it rose more distinctly. "That is a cry of distress. Some human being wants assistance to live! Life may be worth its trials to some—at least they think Mechanically he walked in the direction of the mean. In the shadow lay a bundle from which proceeded the sounds that had attracted his attention. A mother, in scorn of nature, had described her helpless infant. The white mantle of snow had shrouded it. as though the clouds in sympathy with her agony had woven a garment for it with their frozen tears. He brushed the snow from the lamp-light. "If it is destined to die, it had better die with me than linger here, freezing through the night! That would be murder! " He laughed in a hard metallic tone. "Murder, but what boots it? I have already red hands, red with the blood of the one whom loved better than life or hope of heaven. He then drew aside the coarse, ragged shawl and the light fell on the face of a young child, sweet and beautiful. He gave a sudden start, and almost dropped his burden. His face expressed quickly any emotions of the heart; despair, joy, regret and absorbing

Oh! God in heaven," he at length cried. 'What is this I look upon? Her dead face, her auburn hair, the dimple of cheek and chin reproduced, and those eyes, with the same soft light and questioning? Speak!" he cried madly, "Speak, and tell me how you were cast on this shore at this eventful moment, to reprove me with your gentle eyes, and call me back to the penalties of life! Speak," he continued, frantically clutching the burden as though he would wring the secret from it. "Speak!" The child smiled in his frenzied face and stretched out one tiny arm. "I am a fool as well as a knave. It has no word for me. Fool, who, under the moment's excitement, sees in this babe the features of the only one I ever loved. Loved? Aye, loved, and gave for her love disgrace.

He leaned against the lamp-post clutching tightly his burden, and memory reproduced the swift, moving scenes of the past. A youth with all advantages, leaving the path of honorable endeavor, and plunging into the seething tide of indulgence. In a lucid moment he meets a maiden who is all he ever dreamed, and actuated by the high incentive of winning her by making himself worthy. he reforms. Then came the home made attractive by wealth and skill. The garden, the lawn, the arbors, and paths where the days were too short for the joys they brought. It was a landscape with brilliant coloring, spanned with rainbows and sparkling with the dew of life's morning, over which suddenly swept a black cloud charged with the thunder bolts of despair. He was tempted, and fell out of this Eden, with clouded intellect and excited passions and was charged with high-handed crimesfled, and in the seclusion of the lowest dens of infamy concealed his shame. At length gaining mastery of himself, he returned to his home to find it deserted. A single year had been sufficient to bring the shadows of desolation, and blast the early Eden. paths were grass-grown, weeds flaunted their coarse leaves among the roses, the arbors were broken, and neglect and decay spoke the absence of attending care.
"Where has she gone?" As Ask the old man

trudging along through the village street, and he will tell you that her proud heart could not brook the sympathy it received on every hand, and she fled from the kindness of her friends to lose identity in the city and to die. That was the brief story which bore the weight of infinite suffering. What more? Nothing but the expiation of his crime; to forestall the law and go swiftly to the goal towards which it crept.

'No!" said he, as though repulsing a temptation. "Over my own life I may have a right, but not over this innocent one. My heart grows warm toward it, and if I save its life, possibly it may in part atone for some wrong committed." He closely pressed it to his bosom as he swiftly passed along the street. Had he been observed he would have been taken for a thief carrying off his booty-or a madman escaped from confine-

The night was frosty, but the snowy gusts had ceased and the moon was bright in the high heavens. The crystal snow sparkled in its light before the swift footsteps of the eager man. He soon reached the suburbs of the city, out in the country where the farm-houses became separated by long intervals, silent, austere and lonely the landscape extended away on every side, hooded over by the pale sky. On, on, he slackened not his pace, even when the grey east blushed red with the coming morning, and here and there across the cold fields the shining lights spoke of the early risers having begun the

He was not weary, but the moaning cry of his burden partially awoke him from his lethargy, and as the sun arose in brilliant glory, he stopped at a farm-house and begged of the kind hearted mistress to give it food. He tasted none. He was neither cold nor hungry. He was dazed as by a blow, and determined on a single purpose. On the agged day he control the deer of his second day he opened the door of his deserted home, carefully laid down his burden on the sofa while he kindled a fire in the grate. As the blaze lighted the familiar room, his mind aroused as from a dream, and he looked around with interest, dream, and he looked around with interest, on the pictures adorning the walls, and the many objects which her hands had placed to make the room attractive. His eyes were not moistened with tears, rather dry with burning heat, and his breath came quick and fast, for there was a choking in his throat and throbbing of his heart and throbbing of his heart.

When the room grew warm, he unwound the shawls from the child, and taking it in his arms, stood in front of the fire. Attracted by the bright flames, dancing and flashing, the child stretched out its tiny arms and uttered a cry of delight. How the tones went through the heart of the man, and seemed to reach its fathomiess depths. The light flashed on a portrait of a young and beauti-ful lady, radiant as a rose, and delicate as a forget-me-not. The eyes of the man wandered to it, and he started with a cry of pain.

"Oh! child, oh, child! that you could understand, for I must speak to some one, and tell what I now suffer. Do you see that face? It is that of her whom I loved, to destroy. It was I who won her trust, to ruin the fair promises of her life. These hands are red with her blood, and this heart is accursed forever." He sank down in an arm chair and covered his eyes with his hand as though he would shut out some dreadful The child smiled at the blazing hearth, and no sound was heard except the slight crackle of the flames. He gave no heed to time in the profound grief which held his being enthralled.

Softly the door opened, and in the shadow stood a woman with her mantle closely drawn around her. She nervously drew back when she saw that the room was occupied, then curiously glanced at the occupants. The face of the man she could not see, but that of the child was turned towards her, and a light from the blaze. With a sharp cry she rushed forward and seized it in her arms.

"My darling, my darling," she cried, pres-sing it again and again to her bosom, "Heaven has answered my prayer and restored you to your own mamma.

Startled by the intrusion the man sprang bewildered to his feet. Man and woman stood face to face, the child only between. There was a brief moment of silence, of suppressed breath, and then they were folded in each others arms.

dead," he at last found words to say. "It was told me you were dead, and I came, oh! so near madly rushing into the unknown after

"I went to the city in hopes to find you. My search was without profit, and weary beyond expression I went over to the hospital, hoping nothing better than death. A month ago I left its protecting roof and engaged as a clerk, for I had to do something to be employed to keep myself from thinking. While thus engaged I left my child in the care of a nurse, and this day week she claimed it was stolen from her. I walked the streets day and night, asking all I met if they had seen my child, but no one informed me of my treasure. All I learned was that a beggar woman had been seen with a child such as mine too sweet and beantiful for its station, but even this slight trace I lost.

"Then I thought of our old home and that I must see its dear walls again, and this evening I came on the train, walking from the station that none might observe me, for I wished to lie down in this room to die alone.

'Who can doubt that our lives are guarded by attending providence or angels, for I found the lost treasure, and driven by a com-mon impulse sought this roof as the only harbor of rest in all the world. Thou art a divine babe, Azalie. Thou hast resurrected thy mother from the shades of death, and ransomed thy father, not only from death, but from a life far worse."

There was no further allusion to the past. The present and the future were alight with happiness, and theirs. The shock of some great grief, some blasting disappointment or vital error, sometimes in a moment changes the entire character, fixing it on a more permanent center, where it becomes self-poised. reliant and heroic in strength. The years have gone by, and darkness has never again entered the home where the high resolve, silently made, has been sacredly held. The child, Azalie, has grown the image of her mother, and a son inherits the sterling qualities of his father. The blessed Damoselle smiled as she gazed over the bars of heaven that eventful night when the divine child again was found, and again enacted its part in the sacred drama.

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. While it is the acknowledged organ of the Spiritualists, it is by no means lacking in that thorough spirit of investigation which marks it as an able journal, and also the implacable foe of all those humbugs which cloak themselves under the name of Spiritualism. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, may not agree with the theological opinions of the Journal, but none can deny the fact that its opinions are boldly and fearlessly spoken, and that too with a degree of candor that at once arrests the attention of the reader and the investigator into the science of life. Each number will be found replete with able and exhaustive articles, scientific and otherwise.—South Western Railway Ad-

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

vance.

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. There is such a variety in style that one cannot be otherwise than pleased. They are in single and double cards, fringed and unfringed, fine satin paper finish, illuminated, etc., etc. Flower and figure as well as landscape designs are to be seen, and some of the ideal heads are not to be excelled in delicacy of tint and expression. The Prize Cards are four in number, and show great pains-taking and skill: altogether the list for this year is to be much admired. One of the features is the variety of Calendars; some in the style of screens, are indeed quite unique and original. Prang & Co. have a condensed catalogue with many cuts, being fac-similes of the cards, and it will be found useful to those ordering direct from the publishers.

Publisher's Notice.

The Religio-Philosophical Journal will be sent free until January 1st next, to new subscribers who remit \$2.50 for one year's subscription.

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Readers having friends whom they would like to see have a copy of the Journal, will be accommodated if they will forward a list of such names to this office.

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We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Knickerbocker Brace Co., in this issue of our paper. We can rec-ommend this Company to do as they agree, and or-ders intrusted to their care will receive prompt atention.—St. Louis Presbyterian, June 19, 1885.

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The Journal is uncompromisingly committed to the Scientific Method in its treatment of the Phenomena of Spiritualism, being fully assured that this is the only safe ground on which to stand. Firmly convinc-ed by rigid investigation, that life continues beyond the grave and that spirits can and do return and manifest at times and under certain conditions, the Journal does not fear the most searching criticism and crucial tests in sustaining its position.

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BY EDMUND S. HOLBROOK.

Thou God of LIFE and LOVE, We worship Thee! In Thee we live and move; We worship Thee. The earth in beauty bright, The glowing stars of night, Our souls within, invite To worship Thee.

II.

For powers of varied thought Through endless days; For lines of wisdom taught, We give Thee praise: For health and peace and home, For conquests o'er the tomb, For hopes in worlds to come, We give Thee praise.

III.

We need Thy guiding star O'er life's dark way: Thy presence near and far: To Thee we pray. The shadows of each night, Vain struggles for the right, Our weakness and Thy might Teach us to pray.

IV.

For righteous walks of life In reason's care: From hatred, wrong and strife Oh, hear our prayer! For truths of Heaven most dear, For love's sweet rapture here, For angels hovering near, Oh, hear our prayer!

So let earth's journey end, That, when 'tis o'er, We shall with joy ascend You Golden Shore. There, as our hopes descried, Time, pain and death defied, Let LIFE and Love abide Porevermore.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Haverhill and Vicinity.

Another year has been added to our earthly pil-grimage and spiritual experiences since we sang the Uhristmas carols for 1884. Have our experiences given us a more wide and practical, more reasonable and philosophical standpoint from which we may hope to develop our natures so that we may be of more real value, not only to ourselves but to humanity at large? Let us pause and look over the situation, in each of our immediate vicinities, and see what has been accomplished for the good of the people in a spiritual sense. I have the pleasure of saying to the Spiritualists of the country, that so far as Haverhill is concerned, we have taken a step forward in the form of a legal organization under the saw of the communication whereher was more from laws of the commonwealth, whereby we may from a business-like standpoint be able to know what we are doing. Our Society is known as The First Spiritualist Society of Haverhill and Bradford, and is officered with a president, vice-president, clerk, treasurer and board of trustees, which together form a board of management, with full powers. Our meetings are held every Sunday at 2 and 7 P. M., in Good Templar Hall, Merrimac St., Haverhill.

Our corresponding secretary has engaged the best atform talent obtainable for the full season, both inspirational and phenomenal. Connected with the Society we have the co-operation of the Ladies' Aid Society, which is fully officered, and is doing a vast amount of benevolent work for the needy in the vicinity. Our success up to the present time has been all and more than we expected. We hope the coming year may develop a permanent home for our meeting that shall be worthy of the aims and objects we are studying and trying to teach as we learn the

truths of Spiritualism.

3 NEW LYCEUM AT ONSET, MASS. 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. Mr. Ford was for many years Conductor of the First Boston Lyce-um for children, but having permanently located at Onset, he has lost no time in gathering in the chil-dren. Through the kindness of the friends at Fox-boro, Mass., a lyceum outfit, together with a library of some three hundred volumes, has been donated (All Hail'), and still there is room. Longet the (All Hail!), and still there is room. Don't forget the children. Can you conceive of anything holier or more divine than the laugh of a child? Then make their little hearts glad at this Christmas and at all

The Onset Bay Times says that the Lyceum had an attendance of sixty persons, Sunday, Nov. 29th. If we would see a higher standpoint of morals, truth, justice, love and mercy, a better manhood, a purer womanhood, it must be developed with and through the rising generation. With this fact before us, how all-important that nothing shall be left undone that shall in any way advance the better conditions of the young in our midst.

The morning light is surely breaking, and one of its best and brightest rays appeared in Boston, Nov. 4th, 1885, when Archdeacon Farrar, in his lecture on "Dante," in Tremont Temple, confirmed the teachings of the Spirit-world as expressed through the madiums for the past twenty five years when her had a surely street and the past twenty five years. mediums for the past twenty-five years, when he discharged the big gun and the report thereof said:

"Whatever hell may be, we do not believe that it is like the hell of Dante, a burning slaughter-house of physical horror, a torture chamber of endless vivisections, and worse than inquisitorial agonies. Dante knew just as much and just as little as you and I about the future. He knew only what God has revesled to us. But there is a moral hell, and a moral heaven, and that hell and heaven are tempers, and not places; they are states of the soul and not physical fires or golden cities in the far off blue divine. Daute knew, as all men must know who have in them soul enough not eaten away by selfishness, to know what God is, and feel what sin means."

There was no uncertain sound in that declaration. The fires of hell have not burned for many years. There was not gold enough in all the new Jerusalem to supply the city of New York for one day, hence something must be done, and that right now; so the Protestant church got a shipment of common sense from the Mother Country, to take the place of brimstone firee and heavenly gold, and with one consent the church accepts the fact that "tempers" make their heaven and hell.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY.

We are teaching our children that they alone are responsible for actual wrongs done, and they alone must suffer the consequences. When the time comes, as come it must, that the Church shall accept the as come it must, that the Church shall accept the fact of moral responsibility—no forgiveness for sin, when vicarious atonement is laid upon the shelf beside the "brimstone and gold," and all the children are taught that they must do good to be good instead of doing had to be forgiven so that they can become good, then will morality be appreciated, and character pass for real worth, in place of reputation through salvation by grace. The signs of the times are giorious. Surely the world moves. The people read and think. Then let us place our best thoughts before the children that they may not only learn to read and think, but also act as well. read and think, but also act as well. W. W. CURRIER.

Haverhill, Mass., December, 1885.

Miss Genivieve Ward recently gave a performance of "Antigone" in Melbourne for the benefit of the Melbourne Hospital, which netted twenty-five thou-

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

GOPAL VINAYAK JOSHEE. The Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation.

To the Editor of the Religio-Philoso

The announcement that Mr. Gopal Vinayak Jo-shee, the Hindu scholar, savant and disciple of Buddha, from Bombay, would lecture for us on Sunday, Dec. 7th, attracted good audiences and many strangers. The subject for the morning was "Chris-tianity contrasted with Buddhism." It was an exhaustive statement of one of the oldest religions in the world by one of its disciples. The speaker said: "What is Buddhism? Buddhism is not a religion, "What is Buddhism? Buddhism is not a religion, it is not a plan of salvation; not a policy of government; not a system of education; not a code of moral ethics and not the design of intelligence; in fact, it has nothing in common with any other ism of this world. It is, therefore, preposterous to compare it with Christianity, What is it, then? Buddhism is higher than truth, better than virtue; Buddhism is nobler than humanity, in a word, Buddhism is the essence of all sciences. All religions of the earth proclaim trath, diametrically opposed to each other, so that collectively it is false, though individually it may be correct. Buddhism is, therefore, higher than relative truth. It is better than virtue, because virtue liself is worthless when set up as a standard. Virtue, compulsorily practiced, has no merit; it is like a bird in a cage. Life convicts are more virtuous than the generality of mankind. Buddhism is nobler than humanity. Humanity inculcates sympathy with, and alleviation of, the sufferings of fellow creatures, whereas Buddhism takes cognizance of all beings. Buddhism is the essence of all sciences, because it incorporates all principles which ences, because it incorporates all principles which constitute the gigantic fabric; in fact, it is a natural philosophy founded on facts like all other sciences. Although Buddhism has nothing in common with Christianity in its aspects and prospects, yet the com-parison of their founders, if made side by side, will highten the importance, and lessen the value of the

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. He showed that what we termed the miracles of Christ were paralelled among the sages of Buddhism. He quoted largely from the sayings of Buddhism in comparison with the teachings of Christianity, claiming for Buddhism all that he had laid out in the beginning of his lecture.

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. They be-lieve in spirits, but not in communications from the departed souls through a medium. They were taught that only the discontented souls hover round-about those who displeased them when they were embodied. These persons are teased by such spirits. and thus become mediums, but we never knew or heard that the departed friends of one person sent messages through another, or appeared in material-ized forms in a scance. There are many instances on record of materialized spirits walking in the forest or in haunted houses, and immediately disappear-ing, but nothing on record of any attempt being made for manifestation. No one brought messages from the dead to the living. I therefore say that the mod-ern Spiritualism of England and America is a new discovery to the Hindus of India. I understand how t is developed. Different religious beliefs work out different results. Things are formed according to design. Nothing is spontaneous. A mote can be turned into a mountain and a mountain into a mote. Matter is dissolved by mind, and mind is bound by

matter.

Modern Spiritualism has a sound foundation and can be maintained. What is then impossible? Why are the churches against the Spiritualists when Spiritualism supports the beliefs of the churches? Jesus is recorded to have been visible to many of his votaries. Churches are, therefore, as essential for the growth of Spiritualism as Spiritualism is for the stability of churches. Mind draws together matter and evolves desired objects. The Bible says that this world was created out of nothing or chaos. When a person laughs at Spiritualism, he simply ridicules realities and believes in absurdities. There is retribution in every action. The best materialists are the most scrupulous, and the most religious the worst infidels. Ignorance breeds human weaknesses, and knowledge dispels darkness and strengthens minds against superstition and prejudice. I have not yet come across a man who is really free from abuses of thought and belief. It is more than 1800 years since the Western mind has been nurtured in a belief that the dead will again meet in heaven. Every person dying in this country devoutly believes that he will forever commune and associate with all his dearest survivers. I do not, therefore, think it strange that most of the Spiritualists—nay, even the devout church going people have felt the presence of the departed aroundabout them; but it is not the same with the natives of India. In the first place, worldly cares and desires have engrossed the mind so much there that the presence of the spirit is not felt because of its lightness. Mind absorbed in matter is not fit to take cognition of spirit. It was only the other day I realized rapping going on near my ears when I was in bed. I recollect having noticed such things several times in my life, but never though till

now that it was the work of spirits. The natives of India are precluded from entertaining the thought that the spirits of the dead haunt their former habitations, and move around their sur-viving friends and relatives. The western mind is trained to cherish the memories of the dead and to long for these associations. Here the law of evolution steps in and forms a union between the living and the dead: but the Eastern mind is differently educated. The natives of India are taught by religion as well as the usages of the country in which they are born to assist the souls of the departed to go on-ward till they reach the goal of perfection, and thus avoid the rotation of births. Discontented, vindictive or guilty spirits, however, resort to earth in spite of all efforts for their onward progression. These spirits come back and torment those who had teased or persecuted them while alive. It is these spirits who are again transformed—women who die while in confinement, men who are cut off suddenly while in the heat of their ambition, and those who thinking highly of themselves, are classed among discontented spirits. They are after death immedi-ately transformed or settled as ghosts or spirits. That they may not become spirits and return to earth, the they may not become spirits and return to earth, the natives of India take timely precaution. They perform morning and evening services that the sins committed knowingly or unknowingly during twelve hours should be washed away. Everybody is conscious of his sin. It is, therefore, required of him to be solicitous of repentance, penance, performances of offerings and sacrifices as a sequence. Giving food to the poor is one of the duties enjoined by their religion, so that they may feel that they have relieved the distress of the sufferers. Consciousness of good acts goes a long way to effect; conciliation within a the distress of the sufferers. Consciousness of good acts goes a long way to effect conciliation within a guilty heart. When thus reconciled man is liberated from earthly bondage. When a man is lying at the point of death his last desire is to do some charitable acts. His friends will ask him to name his wishes, and he will express his desire to give gold to the poor with his own hands. He will distribute blankets, and clothes, brass and copper pots, shoes and umbrellas. He will give cows away. He will have young oxen purchased and let loose in the forest that they may not be yoked together to plow fields. that they may not be yoked together to plow fields When his time draws nigh, he will desire somebody to read holy scriptures and put in his mouth the leaves of the sacred plant and breathe his last repeating, 'Rama, Rama, Rama.'

"The Hindus believe that the spirit of the dead one remains in the ground when he dies for twentyfour hours, and a lamp is kept burning there. the second day the spirit moves in the house from place to place where the man slept, sat and ate. On the fifth day the spirit quits the house and goes to the fifth day the spirit quits the house and goes to the burning ground, where the body is cremated. The Hindus remove the body within ten hours after death and burn it to askes immediately, but the spirit is supposed not to have known it. It, therefore, searches after it, and when it is not found in the house, goes out tracing the route to the burial place where it is reduced to askes. The spirit hovers there for five days. On the eleventh day the relatives and friends will go there, make three balls of cooked rice, and place them on the grass as an offering to crows. Sometimes there will be fifty to sixty crows denoting about the rice balls without touching them crows. Sometimes there will be fifty to sixty crows dancing about the rice balls without touching them with their bills. Friends and relatives will wait for half an hour, and when they find that the spirit of the dead will not allow the crows to eat the rice balls, they will conclude that it is not willing to depart. They, therefore, think that the spirit is very much attached to his former house and relatives. Promises will, therefore, be made that good care will be taken of the wife, some and daughters of the dead,

and that the spirit should not be in any way concerned in their support and comfort. As soon as such promises are made, the crows will immediately touch the rice balls and eat them up. This is a good proof that there is a hereafter. Food to fishes in water, animals on land, and the hungry poor souls is profusely distributed. The dead, therefore, do not come back and appear to their relatives, nor do the latter seek their return either for counsel or enjoylatter seek their return either for counsel or enjoy-ment of their sight. From this statement, it is evi-dent that the natives of India do not court the spirits to come near them after they have once departed from here. However, as I said before, the discon-tented spirits do come back and torture those they

"As there are evil spirits, so there are good spirits also, but their avocations are different; the good aiso, but their avocations are different; the good spirits enlighten those men only who have no desire for earthly things, but spiritual light. I will, therefore, throw some light on the subject by giving you some account of the evil spirits and the good spirits. In the city of Nasik lived a man who had married a second time. His first wife died while in confinement, and became jealous of his second wife. She was never happy; she always suffered from the infinence of the deceased woman. Torture and torfluence of the deceased woman. Torture and tor-ments were hers. After many miscarriages the un-fortunate woman had a child which the evil spirit of the first wife strangled to death and threw it on the street, through the window. There were many eye witnesses to this incident. On another occasion the woman was invited to her sister's house where ten or twelve persons were engaged in conversation; in the meantime this woman screamed out that some one was scratching her. 'What nonsense,' said her sister. 'Do you not see that there is no one near you.' 'Look, look, sister,' she said; 'See what is the matter.' Her sister examined her body, and t was, indeed, much scratched and blood was oozing. The same evil spirit threw things down from the third story of the house when there was nobody there. With the assistance of evil spirits, robberies are committed, seduction effected, and diseases in-troduced into families. There are several expert women in India who steal the milk of cows by the aid of spirits. A woman in her own room holds a can between her knees, and milks a cow that was tied in her neighbor's house. The owner goes to milk his own cow, but he finds no milk, the woman in the adjoining house has drawn all the milk from the neighbor's cow, and filled her own can by the aid of unseen power controlled for that purpose. There are men, women and children caught, as the saying goes, by the devil. These people look very wild and show restleseness of mind. In this country they would be treated as innatics, and confined within the four walls of an asylum. The natives of India cannot do so. They believe that the spirits have disturbed their equilibrium. They think the spirits alone can restore them to a perfectly sound state of mind. There is a town near Kathapur in Bombay Presidency, where such patients are sent for cure and become convalencent. In that temple is a fixed and even pillar. A sick person stands with his back touching it, and immediately begins to scream out; he feels that he is tied to it, and begs to be released. The evil spirit that is located in that body makes a tremendous effort to get out, but he cannot. The evil spirit is whipped by another un-seen power. He then makes promises to leave the body and never to return. Thus the patient gets cured and goes home like a good man. These are not theories, but facts witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people. I have been an eye witness to many,
"Our mediums are sometimes controlled by evil

spirits. Fridays and Tuesdays are the fit days for their scances. They change their ordinary clothes of diversified colors, and dress in green, if the spirit be that of a Hindu; but if it be a Mohammedan spirit, the medium is always dressed in white. A Hindu redium will all accessing her legs, with some Hindu medium will sit crossing her legs, with some kind of incense burning before her, that throws her into a trance. Then the body makes a sensational start that indicates that another outside spirit has start that indicates that another outside spirit has taken possession of it; then rocking and shaking, pressing and rubbing hands, take place, after which the outside spirit addresses the audience gathered there to receive answers to their silent questions. 'What do you want?' says the spirit. 'Why have you come here?' Silence will prevail there. Every body will ask silent questions, and they will immediately be answered. 'You will have a son in course of time.' 'Your husband is on his way home.' 'Your brother died a month ago.' 'The sick person will not get better. Jut linger a year or two and then will not get better, but linger a year or two and then die.' Give him such a medicine and he will be cured.' Everybody after this will make a bow to the ing the medium in a senseless condition for half an hour or so. We have no table rapping resorted to for answering questions, but we take a copper or brass pot and fill it with water up to the brim. A pile of wheat is made on which the pot is placed. We all sit around it, as you sit around a table, touchwe are sit around it, as you sit around a table, touching the pot with one finger. Questions will be asked by turns, and the pot will answer them by moving right or left. Moving to the left is a negative reply; to the right is a positive reply.

"We have in Benares haunted nouses 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. Spirits who haunt these houses are called giants. They were very learned Pandits, but pride and selfconceit checked their advancement in the Spirit-world. The Hindus, therefore, try to destroy germs of vanity, ambition and self-esteem. These discontented spirits—sometimes useful, and some-times hurtful. The good spirits illuminate dark minds panting after truth; they come to the rescue of those who have realized the vanity of the world. A truth seeker faces all dangers; to him life becomes burdensome. He leaves palaces and fortune, and walks in the forest like an absent-minded man; to him alone comes light from above which removes darkness and doubt. A man, by name Vishnu Bowa, had such revelations. He waited on several good and plous men for knowledge, but in vain. He at last determined to die, resting his head on the feet of his deity. He went up to a mountain and sat on a temple for seven days and nights, without food or water. On the seventh day at midnight, a bright light flashed forth and he heard a voice saying, 'Get up, don't sit here.' The man said he would not go, unless blessed with knowledge and wisdom. His request was granted, and he became a new man altogether. He lived among us as a philosopher for twelve years, defeated the Christians in argument. and saved many souls from conversion to Christianity. His books have been translated into English by Col. Phelps, who was his devotee. He has written a treatise on the 'Royal Road to Heaven' and 'Royal Philosophy.' In the former he has illustrated how man can become God; in the latter he has shown that all human beings belong to one family. It is the duty of a king to take care of all the children as his own, and thus relieve parents of their responsi-

"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. In his discourse he touched all points which had troubled this truth seeker most. His doubts were removed in the twinkling of an eye, and he was thus reconciled. Now the sage knew all the mental troubles that man was suffering from, and cured him of his disease by the aid of good spirits. The sayings of holy sages possess some claims. The great bulk of the people rely upon prayers and animal magnetism to effect cures. If a child is taken ill, the oldest man in the house takes a pinch of sahes and breathes upon them while he mutters a prayer. Then he administhem while he mutters a prayer. Then he administers the ashes to the patient and the latter promptly recovers. On one occasion a beggar stopped at the door of a house where lay a man dying from a peculiar disease known as "Throat-neck," a disease which causes a ridge of inflamed fisch to puff up and encircle the throat and neck. "'Allak,' (give me something) said the beggar. 'Begone!' ordered the dying man's wife; 'the house is in trouble.'

"'Mother,' persisted the beggar, 'what is the trouble you worry so much about?"

"'Why should I tell you? You cannot redress our grievance."

"After further importuning the beggar was allowed to see the man. He prescribed a simple decoction of leaves, and the patient recovered. The cure was miraculous. It could not have been caused by any virtue in the plant itself. Another case is somewhat similar. Near Tamna there lived a man very old, who despised the world, living in primitive simplici-ty. Gold and dust were alike to him. Thousands of nations gathered around him beseeching sures, but he treated them graffly and abused them with severity. Among the number was a man of great persistence: 'Why come you to me?' mid the old hermit. 'Am I God? Go to your prayers.' The man unwound his cost and showed his legrony: 'Go,' said the hermit, take a lest from that tree youder,

and eat it on the spot.' The leper did so and his heprox disappeared. Now it was well known before and has been since, that the leaves of that tree possess no virtue whatever in removing that disease. Our holy men live in their quiet way, and our people see them. They see that they possess some great power, and come to them to know what it is that they may do likewise. These holy men are not endowed with any power that any body else may not possess by living the holy lives that they do. It comes as the sequence of their lives, and is exercised in a very ordinary way as a matter of course. Those are holy men whom people come a long distance to see and they do wonderful things—not to show what they can do, but through charity and some such motives. They live there; you see no money and no food, but they have everything they want. You go into their room and there is nothing there, but when

the meal time comes they have it."

The lecturer related instances where death had the recturer related instances where death had been predicted of persons who lived at a distance. He told how those who devoted their lives and sub-stance in acts of charity were sustained; in one in-stance where a benevolent man had borrowed money stance where a benevolent man had borrowed money for this purpose and on the day when he had prom-ised to pay the debt, it had been previously paid by a stranger whom no one knew. These things may seem strange to you, he said, but the people of India think nothing of them. There is no divine religion on earth; all faith and dogmas are invented by man. Had there been an eternal unerring Spirit, these re-ligious would not have been diametrically opposed ligions would not have been diametrically opposed to one another. What is truth to one is falsehood to another. We all know this, and yet strive to form other convictions according to our own ideas. If we had confined our labors to our own progress and development, we would have established peace and

tranquility an earth. Religion is a social, moral code, couched more of less for the guidance of the ignorant. But it has al-ways been abused by the executor and the executed. Spiritualism has saved mankind from gross forms of religion. It teaches that revelation and inspiration come to all, to every man and woman. No Brah-man, Buddha or Christ will save us. We are to be saved by ourselves in the manner we please. If we wish to meet with our relatives after we depart from earth, we can with certainty reach that goal. In short our desires will be fulfilled. No one desires to go to a worse place. No hell is, therefore, in exist-ence. Your desires are for meeting on earth, and will be in heaven also. It is for this reason that the Brahman sages of old as well as Buddha himself re-linquished desires that their bliss might not be dis-turbed in heaven. The ideal religion is that which

absorbe all cares, anxieties, lust and pride, and leads us to eternity in a perfect state of happiness. 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. Spiritualism teaches us to be virtuous. When we are virtuous we become wise. Perfect pleasure, which is happiness, you will have attained when you have brought your bodies and souls into a state of satisfied tranquillity. "Philosophy cannot change the laws of nature, but she may teach us to accommodate ourselves to them. She cau-not annul pain, but she can arm us to bear it. Nature levels us in death, but how mild is the death of nature, with philosophy to spread the pillows and friendship to take the last sigh; death is never our foe. Examine the ills of life. Are they not of our own creation, or take they not the darkest lines from our passions and ignorance? What is slander if we have no vanity it can wound and no anger it can kindle? What is neglect, if we have no ambition it can disappoint and no pride that it can mortify? What is persecution if we have our own bosom in which to retire and a spot of earth to sit down and rest upon? What is Death, when without super-stitions to clothe him with terrors? We can cover our heads and go to sleep in his arms. What a list of human calamities and misfortunes we have expunged. Poverty, slander, neglect, disappointment, persecution and death. The perfection of wisdom and the end of philosophy is to proportion our wants to our pessessions, our ambitions to our ca-

pacities.

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

Mr. Joshee's lecture was listened to with deep attention and frequently applauded. At our Medium's Meeting Mrs. Emily J. Pike gave interesting experiences. Mrs. E. W. Mills gave a great many satisfactory. Brooklyn N. Y., Dec. 7, 1885.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. Robert Parker's Farewell.

The day was just dawning in the pleasant village of Eton, and lighting up the red tips of the maples in Robert Parker's yard. The breath of early spring was softening the air. The willow tree back of the porch in the yard had the faint shadow of the coming green upon its pendant branches, and that en-terprising fellow, the robin, up bettines, was an-nouncing "Day time—spring—spring-work begins— Come on! Come on!" to the sleeping hamlet, unconscious of the fact that the shadow of death was

For within a darkened room of his tree-embowered home, Robert Parker lay dying. Robert Parker, the genial friend and business associate, the favorite son and beloved brother, the fondest of fathers, the most affectionate of husbands,-he had fallen a prey to the consuming demands of a large and complicated business. Continued loss of sleep and mental strain had sapped his vital powers. He had not heeded the warnings of his friends, that he was killing himself. With the tremendous issues at stake the interests not only of his own family and his name, but also the welfare of half the village which was dependent upon the success of his factory—it would have been almost impossible for a man as conscientious as Robert Parker to have done otherwise than he did.

The fever had taken a strong hold upon his vigorous frame, and had run its course with unusua rapidity. Since midnight it was evident that the end must soon draw nigh. He had been apparently unconscious, and was lying, in these early morning hours, in a sort of stupor. Emma, his wife, was in a chair near the bed from which she had scarcely moved all night, except to administer the medicines which she would not trust to the nurse. The doctor, who had spent most of the long vigil with her, could not persuade her to take the much needed rest; but at last nature was avenged; her physical frame was completely prostrated, and she had sunk in the arm chair, her beautiful dark hair failing disordered over the hollow, etricken face. Sally, the nurse, moving to the bedside, was struck with the singular repose in the face of the dying man who had been so lately racked with fever. Although the breathing was still labored, the flushed face was now pallid and a composed expression rested upon his features. As Sally looked a pleasant smile broke over his countenance he smiled again and moved his lips as if speaking and made an effort as if he would reach out his hand, but only the fingers opened slightly. In another moment he started as if awaking from profound sleep and called "Emma, Emma." His lips hardly moved, but his wife was bending over him in an in

Their eyes met in tenderest love—such as no tones can voice in softest cadence—such love as only passes from heart to heart when a mastering sorrow seals the lips and a glance lays here the soul.

Then she took up the pale hand and kissed him again and again, her tears breaking forth as she called his name, for she knew the end was near. Again Robert's lips moved, but this time no sound could be distinguished. What did he want—not water—no, the light did not hurt his eyes. He could not make them understand; he was now too far

water—no, the light did not hurr his eyes. He could not make them understand; he was now too far gone. But when the little Jennie was brought in weeping and alarmed, he smiled again content.

The sun rose, ushering in the cheerful spring day.

Presently the boys and girls with satchels and marbles went by to school, pausing perhaps a moment to speak of poor Mr. Parker.

Then came the grief-stricken mother, the brothers and sisters, and said their last farewells to Robert, tenderly, reverently, with great sorrow, for his detenderly, reverently, with great sorrow, for his de-parture seemed like the removal of a light from their midst.

Weaker and weaker grew the bodily form of Robert Parker. All recognition now was over, save fittel glances which would flash up now and them. And thus softly, peacefully, happily, a good man breathed his last, and like the strong sun, that spring morning his soul mounted on the wings of day.

II. And now let me conduct you in Imagination in the dim light of the morning of this day into a deep dedle or valley through which Roaring Oreck tum-

bies along its rocky bed towards the Susquehannah, shadowed by spruce trees and the motley features of the two abrupt hills. Dawn has not yet appeared in this shrouded spot, yet by the light of bright stars which shine directly down as into some cleft 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. And there a little back, at the very foot of the declivity is the house of Silas Parker, the miller. Many years has he lived in this solitary spot since he left the neighborhood of Eton village, an independent younger son.

younger son.

Here he had reared a considerable family of hest sons and daughters, of whom all had gone from the nest but Martha, the youngest, now a wo man 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 their old though plain of features. Was possessed of that age, though plain of features, was possessed of that quiet spirit of kindliness and helpfulness which would brighten a far darker fireside than was theirs; moreover she possessed beneath an unruffled exterior a sensitive spiritual nature, and her inner eyes were at times opened.

Martha Parker was strongly attached to her relatives at Eton, with whom yearly visits were usually exchanged, and for her cousin Robert particularly she entertained affectionate regards. But few letters passed between them, however, and on this spring 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 been distributed. and her parents had not heard that anything was amise with him.

Under the low slate roof of the stone house which Silas Parker had built with his own hands many years before, beneath snowy linen, Martha Parker was softly sleeping—not fair 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 outstratched hand was consin Polart. He face and outstretched hand was cousin Robert. He came up and 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 spring time of Infinite love in this

of the dawn and spring time of infinite love in this last farewell.

"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.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journa: A Christmas Story of To-day.

A good life, words full of light and love, a death of saintly triumph, are not 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 day is cel-ebrated as the birthday of "the man Christ Jesus," and not of an anomalous and miraculous personage. Incidents and experiences occur among us to-day quite like these of old apostles and disciples in Ju-dea. 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

"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, 160 Howard Street, I know well as a man of business vigor and integrity, trusted with the larger af-fairs in other cities of a firm here, and actively en-gaged in practical and material affairs. Some two years ago he became a medium, hardly knowing what it meant at first, and having paid but little at-tention to such matters. Until a few months since not even his wife knew of his experiences, but mat-ters assumed such above that acceptants was inters 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 touched by invisible hands. In day light tables are 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 such way that it was plain no visible cause for its motions could be given. I have heard loud and clear raps in answer to questions. I have seen him, in different handwritings, give long messages rapidly 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 deluded or to mislead others. I shall soon be in Pittsburgh on husiness and find out boy this is?"

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 other names and incidents of which he was ignorant have come out in the same way. Comment is need-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. STEBBINS. Detroit Mich., Dec. 20th, 1885.

> For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. 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 evening 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 slates 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. 4, 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 lov-ing word for me. If I could have been so fortunate ing 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 outstreto el arms, and tell them of their good deeds before they leave you and go to a world where we are known. There you will bank heavy accounts in a 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 remores for not being just and kind to the ones gone from your sight.

The michrophone—an electric stethoscope whose ensitiveness to the faintest sounds has been described as making "the walk of a fly seem like the tramp of an elephant"—is likely to become of great use in medical diagnosis. In the Atlanta Medical and Surgical Journal, Dr. Eve describes an inter-

your sight.

I am the spirit of

and Surgical Journal, Dr. Eve describes an interesting series of experiments made by him with the instrument. He was able to detect the nature of obscure fractures by the character of the sounds conducted through the instrument and could differentiate aneurisms from tumors by the sounds of pulsation. Inter-cramial and muscular sounds were made out with great clearness, and in diagnoses for stone the instrument worked with mathematical accuracy. The doctor suggests that an audiphone constructed on the principle of the microphone would prove institution in the principle of the microphone would prove institution in the principle of impaired hearing.

For the Rollgio-Philosophical Journal. To Old Santa Claus.

BY ANNIE P. BEEBE.

Jolly old Santa Claus, happy and gay, Working for others, receiving no pay, Sliding down chimneys with beautiful toys, Expressly prepared for the girls and the boys, Then dashing away in some other direction; Oh! what a power there is in affection.

Jolly old Santa Claus, happy and gay, Why do you never visit by day? How do you travel way up in the air, And carry for each such a bountiful share? Where do you live all the rest of the year, Why don't you tell us what makes you so queer?

Have you a home and a Santa Claus, too, Who comes with rich presents expressly for you? Is it profane to question you so,

And has reason become your inveterate foe? Yet down through the ages you've travelled to us So dear, good old Santa, we'll not make a fuss Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Smallest Dog in the World.

Nearly two hundred different kinds of dogs! Think of it! And yet this is not difficult to believe; for, we have water dogs, and watch dogs, and sheep dogs, and fighting dogs, and pet dogs, and sledge dogs, and carriage dogs; thick dogs and slender dogs, long-legged and short-legged dogs; dogs for killing rats, and dogs for killing wild boars; dogs for use, and dogs for ornament; dogs to care for us, and dogs for us to care for.

Then there is the little dog—the toy dog, as it is called. The smallness to which a dog can be reduced is remarkable; and if the size of the very smallest dog had not been officially recorded, no one could be amed for doubting the facts concerning the little

fellow.

"Tiny," a black-and-tan terrier, has the honor of having been the smallest full-grown dog that ever lived. He belonged to Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Maclaine of England, and in honor of his controlly preserved under a controlly preserved under a treme tininess, is now carefully preserved under a

Tiny was less than four inches long, and could comfortably curi up and take a nap in a common glass tumbler. An ordinary finger-ring was large enough for his collar; and when he sat up, a baby's hand would almost have made a broad and safe resting-place for him.

Of course Tiny was of no account against a rat. Indeed, a hearty, self-respecting mouse would have stood its ground against the little fellow. But if Tiny had not strength, he did have courage, and would bark as lustily as his little lungs would let him at the biggest rat that ever lived—when the rat

To tell the whole truth, Tiny was remarkable and he was famous, but he was not very happy. He could have had almost anything he wished to eat, but he had no appetite. He shivered most of the time, even though he was usually hidden in warm wraps. Of course he caught cold easily, and then, ch, dear! how pitifully he did sneeze!—C. J. Russelt, in the Christmus St. Nicholas.

Those Pansies.

The bouquet of pansies shown in our advertising columns, is intended to attract the eye of farmers as well as florists and all who take an interest in a good agricultural newspaper. Gen. C. H. Howard, well known for many years as editor and proprietor of the Advance, Chicago, has, with Mr. James W. Wil-son, for ten years business manager of the Western son, for ten years business manager of the Western Rural, purchased the Farm, Field and Stockman. The established character of these gentlemen insures not only a well-conducted journal; but one whose methods of business will be wholly reliable. The new publishers have changed the paper from a semi-monthly to a weekly. It will be a live, valuable agricultural paper.

Why Jews Live so Long.

The New England Medical Monthly comments very favorably on the proverbial long and healthful lives of the Jews. Dr. Picard holds that this super-iority is due to their stringent health laws. The Mosaic, like the older Egyptian code, is very string-ent regarding the cating of flesh and other articles of food. Of the animals examined, a large proportion are always condemned as unfit for food. People who eat meat indiscriminately are very prone to disorders of the blood and of the kidneys, for meat is composed of nitrogen, which the kidneys have to remove from the blood, and of course they cannot do this successfully except by the aid of Warner's safe cure, the best kidney strengthener, unless it is temperately partaken of and only the very best meat is used. Jews also use alcoholic liquors very spar-ingly and thus keep up good digestion, and then again they are a holiday-loving and Sabbath-observing class. - Housekeeper.

An experienced arctic explorer says that any further attempts to reach high northern latitudes must be made by way of Franz Josef land.

For the Ladies.

Laughter is the poor man's plaster, Making every burden light; Turning sadness into gladness Darkest hours to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deepest and the cheapest Cure for ills of this description, But for those that woman's heir to. Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription."

Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

A Philadelphia journalist has the largest collection of canes of any man in America. They were gathered from all quarters of the globe.

Burmab, against which Englaud has gone to war, has a population of 4,000,000, scattered over a territory of 199,500 square miles.

Chronic Catarrh.—I have suffered for years from Chronic Catarrh. Six weeks ago I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instantaneous, and continued use has resulted in an almost complete cure.—S. M. GREENE, Book-keeper, Steam-boat Co., Catskill, N. Y.

Was afflicted with Catarrh and Cold in the Head. I tried many remedies without any beneficial effects, at last I used Ely's Cream Baim, which effectually cured me.—W. H. I. HILLARD, Dentist, Bor-

A newspaper devoted to suicide and murder will soon be started at Chambersburg, Pa. It will be appropriately called *Death*.

I Had a Dreadful Cough,

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

Dartmouth College students demand that their reading-room shall be thrown open on Sunday, but the faculty refuse.

* * * Delicate Diseases, affecting male or fe-male, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book for 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main

A colony of lunatics has been established on Long Island. It is in charge of the Brooklyn Poor Board.

In 1850

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and from that time their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Ashima, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled. Sold only in boxes. 25 cts.

The experimental test at the new Mount Olivet rematory on Long Island was an utter fallure.

What powder will I use this warm weather? Why, Possoni's Complexion Powder lasts longer than any other, and is not sticky.

OLD AGE.

How Man's Lease of Life may be Lengthened.

The possibility of prolonging life has dicted. The practical thing to consider "Ayer's Pills are

THE BEST

remedy for sick headache, arising from an impure state of the stomach, and are I now rejoice in a renovated system, and the mildest and best purgative in the my health is restored." John Slaubaugh, world. They were first recommended to Eglon, W. Va., writes: "I think very me, by my mother, thirty years ago." highly of Ayer's Pills, and use no others. Mrs. J. G. Smith, Campbelltown, Ga., They cared me of Dyspepsia." W. E. says: "I have been cured of Rheumatism, Quivey, Jackson, Mich., writes: "Ayer's and am now enjoying good health, through Pills are the best thing I ever found for the use of Ayer's Pills. I am nearly Sick Headache." M. J. Mead, Sr., Canseventy years of age." Mark Johnson, ton, Ind., writes: "Ayer's Pills have Monterey, Mexico, says: "I have used afforded me great relief from Liver Com-Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and plaint, of fifteen years' standing, and from um satisfied that I should not now be alive Constipation. I was had it not been for these Pills. By using them I have been enabled to avoid the bilious diseases peculiar to this climate." J. V. Thompson, Mount Cross, Va., says: "Ayer's Pills gave me quick and

HAPPY RELIEF

stipation, and Headache, from which I "I have prescribed had been a great sufferer. I found the action of these Pills easy, and obtained prompt relief. In continuing their use, a single Pill, taken after dinner, has been single Pill, taken after dinner, has been all the medicine I have required. Ayer's in cases of Dropsy, as well as for many medicines ever before tried." D. T. Sum- been attended with excellent results." mers, P. M., Wayside, Kans., says: " My wife suffered, for several years, with Costiveness and Sick Headache. She was Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., I. v. completely cured by using Ayer's Pills."

may reasonably expect the coming man to commanded the serious attention of emi- the human system. He will also have a nent scientists, and the discovery of thorough appreciation of the importance some compound or clixir capable of pre- of Ayer's Pills, as a means of keeping the venting or suspending physical decay, has system in a healthy condition, and of their been, more than once, confidently pre- power to cure Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, and Sick Headache. Wm. Taris, however, the prolongation of life by rant, Alexandria, Va., writes: "Reing a proper care of the health, one of the victim of that horrible disease, Dyspepsia. best means of maintaining which is the I decided to try Ayer's Pills. In a few days occasional use of Ayer's Pills. S. C. my appetite returned, and, by exercising Bradburn. Worthington, Mass., says: a little care in the selection of my food, I could eat a hearty meal and not feel

DISTRESSED.

TROUBLED

with Dizziness, Indigestion, oppression after eating, and general Nervous Prostration. I now feel like a new man, all owing to a few boxes of Aver's Pills." from billions and sick headaches. I have John C. Bobenreith, Elgin, Ill., Writes: now used them for two years, with in- "I was troubled, for some months, with creasing satisfaction." M. V. Watson, a disordered liver, and began to fear an 152 State st., Chicago, Ill., says: "One enlargement: After using only one box year ago I was induced to try Ayer's of Ayer's Pills I am entirely cured." Pills as a remedy for Indigestion, Con- J. Tabor, M. D., Jefferson, Penn., writes;

Pills have benefited me more than all the abdominal disorders, and their use has

For sale by all Druggists.

\$1.75 Domestic Type Writer, 20,000 in use in busi-mess. Great Instructor for Children. Agents wanted. H. S INGERSOLL, 46 Cortlandt St., New York.

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29 Fort Avenue, Boston,

Is now giving attention to the treatment of chronic diseases, aided by psychometric diagnosis and the use of new remedies discovered by himself. His residence is in the mare elevated, healthy and picturesque location in Boston, and he can receive a few invalids in his family for medical care.

MRS. BUCHANAN continues the practice of Psychometry—full written opinion three dollars,

LIEBIC'S CORN CURE WILL CURE

All kinds of hard or soft corns, callouses and bunlons, causing no pain or soreness, dries instantly, will not soil anything, and never falls to effect a cure; price 25c. Liebig's Corn Salve sent by mail prepaid on receipt of 30c. The genuine put up in yellow wrappers, and manufactured only by JOS. H. HOFFLIN, Druggist, Minnerpolis. Minn.

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Opposite the Illinois Central and Chicago and Alton Depot. Street cars run from the Lake sirle and Western a d Indian apolis, Bloomingt n and Western Depots, in Bloomington direct to our stables in Normal. Address. DILLON BROS., NORMAL, 11.L.

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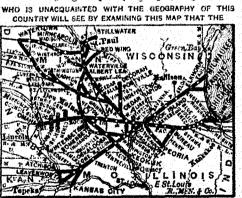
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A PRIZE. Send six cents for p stage, and re-will not post of either sex, to more money right away than anything olse in this world. Fortunes await the workers ab-solutely sure. Terms mailed free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Me.



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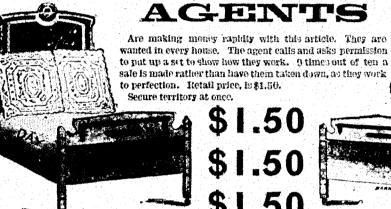
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That the efforts of the Practical Farmer during 1885 to advance the Farmer's interests and promote progres-ive agriculture have been partially successful, and are appreciated by the intelligent husbandmen of the country, is evidenced by the numerous words of commendation and approval which have poured in upon us from all directions. From North, East, South and West letters have been coming daily, filled with words of encouragement, thanking us for the aid we are giving to the farmers of the country. Such unatinted praise, coming from such sources, encourages us to go on in the path we have been traveling, resolved to do even better during 1886, keeping the Practical Farmer in the van of every carnest effort to dignify, elevate and promote the calling of the farmer. For thirty years the Practical Farmer has advocated the cause of the farmer and endeavored to promote his interests, both by giving currency through its columns to the views and experiments of the leading agricultural writers of the country, and the every-day experiences of that vast army of workers, the practical farmers of the country, ard defen ing their interests in its editorial columns against all measures and theories, which it believes to be infinical to their best and highest interests. That these efforts have been recognized and apple estated, the letters, with which we could fill columns of the Practical Farmer, received from our readers, abundantly testify.

We shall go straight on in the same path, and, guided by the experience of the past years, better equipped to do battle for the farmers' interests, and to fill its columns with such matter as will the best enable the tiller of the land to receive the most returns from his labor, and to advance him on the road to prosperity. All its departments will be filled with articles which will be of the greatest benefit to its readers. In the broad fields of Ag leulture, Horticulture, Gardening, Stock Baising, The Dairy, Poultry Raising, Bee Culture and Veterinary Science, the thoughts of the most advanced students will find expression in its columns, supplemented by the experience of the practical husbandman, giving to its readers of these topices a judicious blending of practice, experience and theory. It will aim to so instruct its readers that they will be thoroughly: equipped for their profession, following it with the intelligence necessary to him who, while reaping rich harvests from his broad acres, adds to their fertility and increases their value from year to year. Market reports from the leading trade eea ires of the country will continue to form one of its special features, enabling the farmer to note the rise or fall in the prices.

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value of the stone Circle and of guarding its sacred precisely from anything londing to lower its moral tone. It impress the approximate a nearly as possible to the model Faum Paper, and every column and page will be accutinized and supervised; with that end in view.

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For the Religio Philosophical Journal, THE DYING YEAR.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The Year is dying now-the same disease That steals the verdure from the forest trees And wastes the lovely forms of earth away, Is making now the vanquished Year its prey, And Nature, as if conscious of the doom Of this last son of Time, is wrapt in gloom. Lest haply he should see the year expire The Sun has valled his chariot of fire In hazy clouds, and from his zenith height Withdraws his course and hastens out of sight. The crescent moon shall fill and wane once more To light the dying monarch to the shore Of those unfathomable, mystic seas, Where, silent, sleep the bygone centuries!

Of all the train of this departing year, Of months and seasons, one alone is here. Spring, Summer, Autumn-all are with the past, And Winter, stern and cold, has come at last From northern climes and frozen arctic shores, To howl in tempests round our very doors. Chilled through the heart the dying king will go, Wrapped in a winding sheet of ice and snow; A wreath of withered leaves his crown shall be, His requiem the storm king's minstrelsey: Cold wintry blasts attend his obsequies, And sing his dirge through all the leafless trees. No birds will come their joyous notes to swell, And bid the parting year a last farewell-No mortal rear a mausoleum grand, But in our hearts his monuments will stand. No bard immortal will, in flowing verse, The praises of the dying Year rehearse, But unknown hands must weave the flowing rhyme, And strew bright flowers upon the grave of Time.

The spectral past that rises in review, As years expire and time begins anew, Though silent to the ear, hath voices still That through the chambers of the mem'ry thrill. They speak of hopes, resplendent in their birth, But faded like the blighted flowers of earth; Of youthful visions fair, but born to die Like snuset hues from out the evening sky: Of cherished forms that come at mem'ry's call Before the mind like shadows on the wall; Forms that no prayers, nor sorrowing tears could

From Death's embrace, nor from the silent grave. The voices of the past are in the soul, And speak in visions we can ne'er control, When through the passive outward, "streams the light.

Of other days" upon the spirit eight, Revealing every old familiar scene As though long years had never rolled between. 'Tis thus when life's brief journey here is run The past and present mingle into one. There's not an aspiration of the mind That to external life can be confined, Nor object loved and fondly cherished here, That in the future will not reappear.

Why should the church-yard seem so cold and dread That city of the congregated dead, Whose marble towers and mausoleums rise To show where Wealth, or Fame, or Fashion Mes? Ah, well we know the spirit cannot stay Beneath those mould'ring monuments of clay, And though a name be graven on the stone, We read it feeling we are there alone, Not does the grave's unbroken ellence give One token that the loved and lost still live; Yet from the tomb where bitter tears were wrung From weeping eyes, immortal life hath sprung, And though the willow sad may o'er it wave. The amaranth should grow above the grave.

On fountain, stream and lake, his icy seal Recistless Winter sets. They all congeal Beneath his blighting touch and chilling breath, And though all life before, lie still in death. Shook by autumnal blasts, the sere leaves fall In silence to the earth—a fitting pall To hide the forms of death that withered lie Where herbage, grass and fragrant wild flowers die. Through forest wild, in mountain, copse and glen, O'er fertile fields, among the haunts of men-Where'r the frosty feet of Winter tread The earth is strewn with relics of the dead. And e'en the stately trees, in Summer ripe With latent vicor, seem bereft of life. And Nature now no promise deigns to give That e'er again her mould'ring dead will live,

Yet wait, nor judge of Nature by what seems. Since that is oft illusive, like the dreams Of night, when fancy roams by reason's sway Unchained, through scenes that, waking, fade away Wait! till the resurrection morn shall break Upon the earth and bid the dead awake! Then starting into life, new forms shall rise, And vernal beauty glow in earth and skies! No high grehangel's thrilling trump shall sound, To wake the slumb'ring dead and rend the ground, No voice shall echo through the realms of death, Save that which speaks in Spring's warm, gentle

breath. Yet that shall break the power of Winter's reign, And fill the earth with life and joy again. Such changes time, on silent, tireless wing, And rolling years in quick succession bring. More potent far than king's imperious nod, The voice of Nature is the voice of God!

What then? Shall Nature change and death defy And only Godlike man forever die-The heaven-born aspirations of his soul Find in the grave their final rest and goal? Shall Spring to earth restore new life and bloom And man not live again beyond the tomb? Shall darkness flee before the morning light And human life go out in endless night? No! doubting soul, let what thou here dost see Of Nature, teach thine immortality; And when thou treadest on the verge of time, Repose thy spirit on this trust sublime. The years may pass till Time itself grows old, Till Spring no more succeeds the Winter's cold, The wearied sun go down at night in gloom, And never more the darkened earth relume, The stars grow pale and fade from out the sky, But man, while God endures, can never die!

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; and the latter fact was confirmed by the autopey. The father of the child was accused of having strangled it, and was placed under arrest. The Court was not satisfied with the medical evidence, and summoned Professor Brouardel, who stated that the rupture of a healthy heart can never take place after strangulation. The Professor then examined the heart and found ulcerations and an aneurism in its wall. The father was at once acquitted.

P. E. FARNSWORTH.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. An Invitation.

BY RMMA TUTTLE.

O kindred angels, who kept Christmas cheer With us, in your dear bodies, long ago, It may seem cruel from your flower-starred lands That we invite you to our fields of snow. You, in your well used freedom to expand, Your youth regiven, your wisdom deep and clear, But come and be our guests this Christmas tide, Forever beautiful, forever dear.

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. You may be viewless, but our souls will know If you are near in spirit, as in thought.

The gentle tones which blest our Christmas days When we were children, eager for but toys, Would fail like balmy blessings on our ears, So sore confused and pained with blameful noise Your sweet unselfishness which, it may be Hastened your going to immortal lands We tax again, and toward the far unseen Plead hopefully, and reach our shivering hands.

Come and rekindle hope within our hearts, And give us patience while fruition waits: Sing to us strains of the grand triumph songs Which you have learned beyond Death's marble gates,

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 ghastly doubt revives.

The pallid fear about the Ego lest Rises to haunt the brain uncounted times. And then we hark to hear you sing, " I live, And so shalt thou!" in musical, sweet chimes. When Christmas bells ring for the Prince of Peace. And good will seems indeed reality, We shall bid welcome to our angel guests Wearing the flowers of immortality.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal

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 scance room and the ancient epiphanies, it is presumable that the spot selected for such a purpose would have been the best or most genial location on the earth, where the mildness of the climate, the abundance of wild fruits and foods, and freedom from formidable animals and pestilential airs made it a safe and wholesome residence. Refigious traditions point to Southern Asia as the Eden land, and somewhere in regions north of the Persian gulf theologians have sought a possible location for the Eden of the Bible, but without finding any local evidence of the Biblical legend. Neither along the Euphrates and Tigris, in Babylonia, Armenia, Bactria or Cashmere have theological antiquarians been able to agree upon a loca-

But the drift of traditional theology is singularly parallel to the drift of scientific ethal investigation which has led to the opinion generally adopted that the Aryan race to which we belong, had its origin in Southern Asia, in the elevated regions east of the Caspian Sea, and north of the Hindu Kush and Paropamisan mountains—a region in which the returning Aryan wave of British and Russian nationalities came so near a bloody conflict which was averted by the Christian statesmanship of Gladstone.

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, inhabited by wandering savages; but Mexico and Atlantis had a refined civilization also, probably as old as that of central Asia, and they had even more charming and genial regions for the cradle of humanity. But were any of these beautiful Eden lands the real primitive Eden for which we look through the vast night of antiquity?

If man came on the earth like other beings as soon as it was ready to receive him, his advent would probably not have been in any of the regions mentioned. It would have been in the locality that was first sufficiently cooled to admit of vegetable and animal life, and where the most advanced conditions ex-

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. may infer that the North Pole afforded the first habitable region for man; but we know so little of terrestrial conditions in the immense antiquity of that period, that at best we can have only a plausible speculation. 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 not seen his volume on this subject, but I have ventured on the basis of psychometric explorations to suggest that there may still be a Garden of Eden in that inaccessible region, which future explorations may discover.

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, and is surrounded by an unfrozen sea. In future publications I shall report more fully on this subject. Psychometry is a limitless science, and the five hundred pages of my "Manual of Psychometry" give but a small portion of its unlimited

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 descent an increase of temperature to the amount of one degree, it is easy to calculate at what depth the glowing heat of subterranean fires could be reached.

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, would have an equal temperature, derived from the interior heat. The summit of a high mountain would, therefore, aside from all atmospheric causes, have a lower temperature than its base; and the Equator would for the same reason have a much lower temperature than the Poles.

But the surface of the earth is heated by the sun. If left to itself, the entire surface would speedily be frozen by the coldness of

perature at the equator, but does not send | the late Epes Sargent wrote of him that once. enough heat to the arctic circle to thaw its icebergs. The entire arctic zone would, therefore, be the home of eternal ice, were it not for the fact that a portion of it is so much nearer to the central fires of the earth that they may melt the ice, and by warming the soil and water, maintain a tropical climate surrounded by the icy barrier which has defied exploration.

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, who have no intercourse with the outside world. Prof. Denton arrived at similar conclusions, and our experiments being without concert or co-operation, as neither knew of the other's discoveries, their entire coincidence greatly

strengthens my conviction of their truth.

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, that we need to fortify psychometric reports by some additional reasons which are obvious. The arctic zone is nearer the center of the earth than any other portion of its surface, and the north pole itself is thirteen miles nearer the center of the earth than the equatorial regions. If the subterranean heat were equally diffused through the substance of the globe, the land at the north pole would be as hot as the land at the equator, thirteen miles below the surface. As the temperature in this region increases one degree for every lifty feet, the temperature at the depth of thirteen miles should be, if the same increase is maintained. 2372 degrees—a temperature between the melting points of zine and brass. That the internal heat of the earth increases as I have stated, is shown by an English mine in Cornwall, which has the temperature of one hundred degrees, and by the uniform experience of miners in every country, as well as by boiling springs which prove a tempera-ture of 212°. Volcances are a still stronger demonstration.

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, and this coldness at the surface must penetrate a certain depth, in conflict with the internal heat. The solid strata of the earth would conduct so slowly that the zero temperature would descend considerably below the surface, and the conflict between intense heat internally and intense cold externally would cause a more rapid increase of heat in the soil as we penetrate the crust of the earth, than in temperate climates. This has been proved by experience, for in digging a well at Jakutskin Northern Siberia. temperature increased one degree for thirty-seven feet, while in other locations it required from fifty to sixty-five feet for each

It is possible, therefore, that the body of the earth is cooler toward the poles than toward the equator; but if on the polar side there were good conductors, the internal heat would reach the surface and make a warm locality. This condition would be supplied by a body of water of sufficient depth. The heat at the bottom of the sea would soon reach the surface. A body of water at the north pole with a depth of two miles, should have a temperature of a hundred degrees at least, even if the rate of increase were no greater than it is further south. A deep sea, therefore, is all that is necessary in the arctic zone to produce a warm body of water at the surface, which it would not do in the midst of the Atlantic ocean which does not lie over the same subterranean heat.

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

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. Prof. Denton's psychometer when advancing to the margin of the ice discovered a current of water flowing from the Northeast, which reminded him of the Gulf stream. Going further North he discovered an open sea with water that was not cold, and he discovered that the warmth of the water came from below. Trees, ani mals and people were seen on the land, and birds of wonderful beauty.

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 would ultimately be approached and discov-

ered from the European side. But when this isolated Eden is discovered we shall find its humanity in a very primi-tive condition. The only Garden of Eder worth our study is that which belongs to each life as it comes fresh from creative power, inspired by a mother's love and uncontaminated by the malaria of life's battlefields. Let us, if we can, preserve through life the freshness of spirit, the lightness of hope and the docility of childhood-that docility with out which it is said we do not enter the kingdom of heaven, and without which I am sure we do not participate largely in the Divine wisdom. The scientific and literary minds of the world to-day have generally lost their juvenile docility, and sunk into the stationary hebetude of premature senility, blind to all spiritual light.

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, as fresh and as fruitful as the beginning of manhood.

29 Fort Avenue, Boston, Mass.

DEATH OF A NOTED MEDIUM.

Charles Foster, the once noted Spiritual stic medium, who ten years ago made such a furore in this country and Europe, appearing before scientific men here and the crowned heads of Europe, died December 15th, at the residence of his aunt, Mrs. Call, in Salem, of softening of the brain, with which he has been afflicted for years. When a schoolboy he was of a queer and strange disposition. When but fourteen years of age, while a pupil in the Phillips School, his attention was called to rape near his desk, then loud noises would awaken him, and his furniture would be found scattered in confusion. Later, in the day time, the furniture would be heard moving about when no one was present. Osborne, a barber in the Lynde Block, took him in charge as a mesmeric subject, and from that he developed into a Spiritualistic medium. He performed more wonders than all the mediums of the time. When scarcely of age he planetary spaces, and the frozen condition would gradually reach its center; but the heat lost by radiation is replaced by the heat from the sun, which maintains a high tem-

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." The Hon. Charles De Long, when in California, laughed at the stories of Foster's power, but consented to visit his He did so unknown to Foster, who said he could get but one message and that was for Ida. He asked if any one knew who Ida was. De Long was startled and acknowledged that Ida was his wife's name, On his wife coming the next evening he (Foeter) claimed to receive the message, and, seizing a pen, wrote as follows:

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. The money was invested, and 1,250 acres of land were bought and one half of this land now belongs to you. I paid Madden, on account of my share of the purchase, \$650. He must be made to make a settlement. Your father. VINEYARD.

The outcome of this was that Mr. De Long called on Mr. Madden and found that the land was worth at least \$25,000, for which she received a deed. When in Australia Foster became homesick, and, although he was receiving 100 guineas per day for sittings, he left for home. While there he was known as the "American puzzle." He performed feats in second sight and Spiritualism which have never been explained. He was at one time confined in the Danvers Insane Asylum. When he was in his prime he made a large amount of money, but gave it away as freely as it came to all who asked, and a few years ago the home he had purchased for his parents was sold on a mortgage foreclosure. He was 52 years of age, and had been married twice, being divorced from his first wife, who survives him. He has been under guardianship for several years .- Chicago Tribune.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal. 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 as well as through the gathering shadows, the darkening clouds, and the bursting storms which then seemed ready to engulf us, as through the dawning sunlight growing brighter and brighter to meridian glory, and scintillating joy, peace and prosperity in every undulating wave. We shall find it profitable to note accurately our mental and moral states at every fork and crossing of our roads, as these had much to do with our lights and shadows, and our successes and failures: and, also we should remember our intellectual and spiritual standings as they appear now to have been marked at every day's ending in our journey. We can in this way be able to note our progress, comparing every advanced landmark with the past, and our present, which makes the sum of all, with that which marked our beginning,

Now, this is practicable; and, through all of the task, while we shall doubtlessly find much to bring remorse, regret, and the deep-est contrition of heart and soul, we shall also find that all things have worked together for our good under the guiding hand of divine Providence; and, with ineffable joy of contrite love and gratifude, we shall behold the dark valleys through which we have groped, and the rugged mountains we have climbed, all aglow with the light of expeeffulgent with spiritual edge. What renewed strength now for our future conflicts. What noble purposes now swell our bosoms. What grand aspirations now move us to truer, purer, nobler lives; and, what happiness! The past of error, of failure, of sin and transgression, is blotted out in a moment, and the soul is rapturous in the knowledge of the wisdom, justice and love of God which have found harmonious union within a temple so fit.

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, nor given evidence within his own soul of a true reformation of his life. Repentance evinced by reformation, evidenced by a restless desire and effort to make reparation for all damages done to one's self or to others, is the end of the law for righteousness, for in this act of the creature alone can divine justice harmonize within the individual, with the divine wisdom and love. Therefore, let every one do this and be saved. The whole purpose of the divine machinery of the moral universe, operated through men and angels, through good and bad spirits through-out the realm of humanity in the flesh or out of the flesh, is to this end: to make all good and happy. How long, oh, God! for the completion of this spiritual work for human redemption, we know not; but this we know that now is the opportune and acceptable time

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. Here and there these gems of beneficent care sparkle brilliantly along the way, and memory picks them up, and brings back to the heart the joy which then filled it with gratitude and love. Many of these beautiful gems, evidences of a beneficent providence, have been gathered along the writer's journey from childhood to present old age. In all of his life he discovers the guiding hand of some unseen intelligence adapting means to the accomplishment of what now is evident, of ends for his moral and spiritual exercise and training; now leaving him for awhile to try his own moral muscles in the conflict, and then tenderly extending the hand of Fatherly love and help when nearly exhausted in the struggle. This reminiscence cheers his heart to-day as his sun declines to meet the horizon of its final setting, and establishes his soul in the joyful confidence that the Father's preserving and guiding hand will sustain him to the end.

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 strengh of every element of mind, soul and spirit in songs of praise, love and gratitude to the giver and preserver of our lives through the ministry of good spirits who are ever at work in the great moral vineyard of humanity for the salvation of our race. And we cannot forget the offering of our grateful hearts for the blessings of the Religio-Philosophical Journal which, for so many years past, has been a beacon light to every storm-tossed pilgrim guiding all into the heaven of truth to salvaion's sure anchorage. May it prosper long after its self-sacrificing editor shall have joined his indefatigable confreres in the Spirit world, is our Christmas well wish for himself, his family, and all humanity. U. R. MILNER, M. D.

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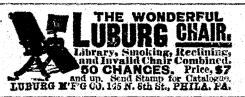
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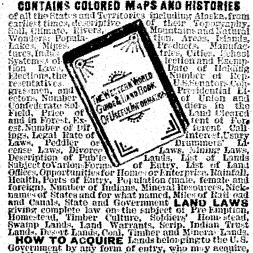


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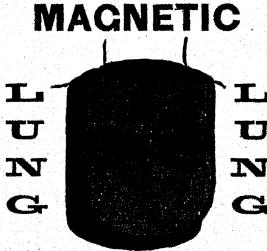


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