







Poetry.

HOME. BY T. WESTON. Broad lands and stormy seas lie spread Between me and my home, But still its ancient paths I tread, Still round its walls I roam.

Interesting Miscellany.

"IT IS IMPOSSIBLE." From the report given in the Cincinnati Times, of the recent debate on Spiritualism, in that city, between Rev. J. H. Fowler and Rev. Mr. Peters, we gather the following amusing incident:

PREJUDICE AGAINST NEW THINGS. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, speaking of the Atmospheric Telegraph, and of the discouraging treatment which its inventor has received from the community, makes the following observations, some of which will apply in another direction quite as pointedly as in that for which they were intended.

FOR THE NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST. DREAMS. When I'm gone the shades of buried Hoopes, My spirit takes its flight in Dreams, I deem some visions memory steals, And lifts the veil of memory.

New Testament. "Miracles" and "Modern Miracles." The comparative amount of evidence for each; the nature of both; testimony of a hundred witnesses. Price 60 c.; postage 6 c.