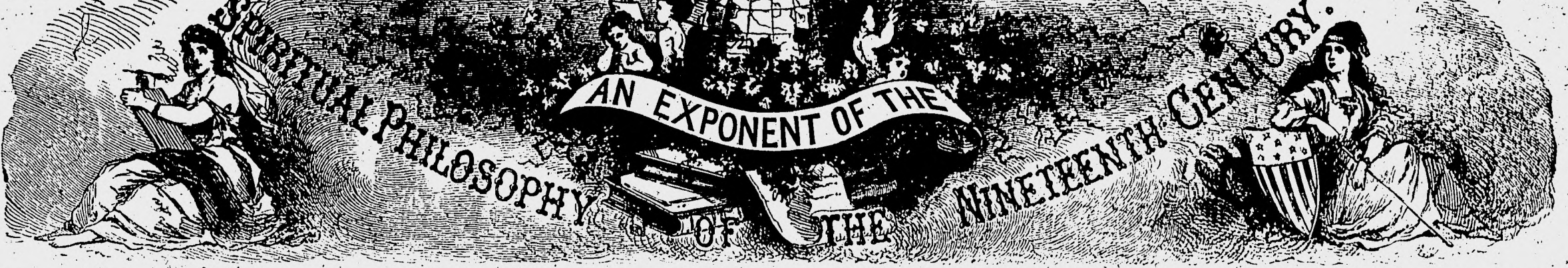


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Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE BROWN LITTLE MAN'S STORY OF THE SPECTRE OF HAPPY-DAYS.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Christmas Eve! Most welcome and glad some eventide of all the passing year; holding the honorable post of usher-in to that genial and sturdy visitor—so aged, and yet so young—Bliss Old Christmas!

God help the hearts to whom the dear old fellow cannot bring happiness! God help the man whom Christmas cannot make a rollicking boy again! God help the matron or maid whom Christmas cannot make a laughing, happy girl! Heaven knows, there be many to whom this ancient guest brings naught but cold and hunger, misery and despair, and who dread his approach, if for no other reason, because the sight of others' happiness causes them to realize more keenly their own misfortunes; and so we say, God help them, one and all!

Having obtained leave of absence from my employers, Messrs. Crapewell & Lacey, the well-known linen-draper of Upper Thames-street, that I might make one at a Christmas gathering at my father's house, situated in one of the large towns of the county of Devonshire, I was busily engaged packing my portmanteau with a few articles of clothing and a goodly number of presents for the old folks and my two sisters, and humming a lively air the while, anticipating the pleasure in store for me when I should once more be seated at the old family hearthstone.

While thus employed, I chanced to cast my eyes out of window, when the first object which met my gaze was a pale, delicate young woman, of some twenty years, it might be, and who, it was easy to discern, from such clothing as she wore, belonged to that numerous class of unfortunate who are forced to beg their bread, if they would not starve.

While my gaze was thus fixed upon this wretched object, she had approached a passer-by, accosting him, and at the same time holding out her hand, after the manner of beggars. The man whom she thus addressed came to a halt, and, after apparently making some enquiries—perhaps to satisfy himself that she was deserving—placed a piece of silver in her hand, and departed. Aside from the man's dress, the fact that he had thus promptly responded to the woman's call for charity was to me sufficient evidence that he was a hard-working mechanic, depending upon his daily labour for support; and if the reader has any desire to know why I formed that conclusion, let him ask the first beggar whom he meets to-morrow, where noble-hearted charity is most promptly bestowed, and ten to one the reply will be:

"Among the working class; and what they give, they give cheerfully. What though it be but a crust of bread?—it is sweeter to us, for being accompanied with a kind look and tender word, than the rarest delicacies which the rich can bestow with stern brow and grudging heart."

At the time when this narrative opens, I was a young man, and did not realize it to be the duty of every person to relieve the destitute, even though forced to practice self-denial to accomplish that end. If I had in my pockets a few pounds which I had no special use for, never a beggar applied to me for aid in vain. But if I had set my mind upon the possession of some object—no matter how frivolous that object might be—I would not deprive myself to save all the beggars in London. But I have learned a lesson since, which taught me that self-denial is a most important adjunct to charity, and that the man who cannot practice the one will be very apt to fall in his duty toward the other.

But let us go back to the portmanteau and the packing. The woman had passed out of sight, and I had resumed my labours. For several weeks previous I had set my heart upon the purchase of a gold chain as a Christmas gift to my youngest sister, to whom I was very much attached, and, by dint of prudent management, I had saved a sufficient amount for that purpose, which was now carefully put by in my waistcoat pocket, as I had to call for the trinket on my way to the coach-inn. I was just thinking how surprised and pleased the dear girl would be, when a knock at my door disturbed my meditations; and, hastening to answer the summons, I found my landlady, with the identical beggar whom I have previously described, standing before me. With some impatience—for I had not much time to lose—I asked what was wanted, and was answered by my landlady, who said:

"This poor thing," indicating the mendicant, "is a sufferer from the comforts of life, and I thought as maybe you'd find it in your heart to help her a bit."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Poldard," I rejoined, partly closing the door as an intimation that I did not care to argue the point; "I have use for what money I have; and besides, I am in a hurry, and can't be troubled with beggars. If she's in danger of starving she can go to the workhouse."

I need all the money I have to-day for my own use. Charity begins at home," and closed the door without more ado; but not till I had caught a look at the face of the mendicant, and saw the expression of pain which my harsh language had produced upon her features, and the look was one which I did not forget for many years after.

Resuming my packing again, my mind once more reverted to the happiness which I was soon to experience in meeting with the loved ones; but somehow the painful expression which I had seen upon that woman's face, when I told her that "charity begins at home," would force itself upon me, and I could not drive it from my memory, try as hard as I would.

"Charity begins at home!" Ah!—how much misery has resulted from that little phrase! How many selfish men and women have taken advantage of it as an excuse for denying some poor wretch the pittance which would keep him from starvation or crime!

But why should this beggar's face make such a strong impression upon me? I asked myself; for I saw such faces daily, here in the great city, and so familiar had they become to me, I had learned to look upon them as being just as essential to the great Body of Londoners as the cathedral-towers, or the gilded equipages of lords and my ladies, and I should as soon have thought of dispensing with the Lord Mayor himself as with the half-starved, wretched creatures who help to make up the city's population; and of which this woman was only a fair representative.

My arrangements being now completed, I hastened to notify my landlady that I should not return for several days, and then hurried on my way to the coach-inn from whence I was to take passage; and having booked my name for one inside, was in due time speeding away from London.

Nothing of importance occurred during the first few stages of our journey. The weather was intensely cold, and from time to time the air was filled with flakes of snow, while the wind cut most bitterly. The disagreeable chill which pervaded everything had apparently communicated to my fellow-passengers, of whom there were four—a lady and three gentlemen—and though a very small stream of conversation had been set in motion by two of the gentlemen when we first started, it was such a very small one that, before we had accomplished a half-mile, it had frozen up completely.

In one corner, and directly opposite me, was seated one of the three gentlemen-passengers, whose singular appearance had attracted my attention, from the time he had first entered the coach, though whether because of the remarkably sad expression of his countenance or the peculiar style of his clothing I have never been able to determine; but as, like mankind in general, in these days, I was far more interested in a man's dress than in his face, and estimated his moral worth exactly by the fineness of his apparel, I have no doubt the singularity of my companion's dress was the cause of my regarding him with so much curiosity. The gentleman in question was a very little man of perhaps three-score and upward, with a very sad face, and dressed in a great-coat, which fitted him so loosely that it would not have been a difficult matter for two just such little men to occupy it in common. The colour of this coat was brown, and I mention this because the Little Man's legs were clothed in brown breeches and brown gaiters, while his head was protected by a broad-brimmed hat of the same brown hue. He wore the great-coat buttoned, and I observed that his little chin rested in the folds of a heavy brown muffler, while his hands were enased in thick gloves of the same colour. The longer I gazed upon this little bundle of brown stuff, the less difficulty I had in persuading myself that nothing was wanting but a ticket attached to one of the great-coat buttons, to convince me that the bundle was really a brown paper parcel which had been billed from Somewhere to Somewhere Else.

As night came on, the snow came on with it; and, as it would be midnight before I should reach the end of my journey, I wrapped my cloak more closely about me, and stowed myself as snugly as possible into the corner of my seat, with a view of being as comfortable as circumstances would permit.

Still meditating upon the singular appearance of the Brown Little Man and his sad face, it all in a moment occurred to me that somewhere I had seen the same sad expression before; and, an instant after, when the face of the beggar of that morning flashed upon me, I knew where I had seen it. Thus recognizing the resemblance, in the two faces, I fell to wondering where the woman was now; whether she had found a comfortable shelter this bitter night, or whether she

was still wandering the streets; or—I shuddered when I thought of it—whether the harsh words which I had spoken to her had not rankled in her heart, till, in a fit of desperation, she had resorted to crime or suicide. Cursing myself for my inhuman conduct, (in my haste I had forgotten to call for the chain after all, which circumstance I regarded as a judgment upon me,) and just as I was hoping that I should meet her again, that I might make amends for my uncharitableness, I was disturbed in my meditation by having the guard, who was standing at the coach-window, tell us that we had reached Grantham; and that as the storm was increasing in violence, and the roads already in a dangerous condition, it would not be safe to proceed further before morning.

It appeared, however, that the Brown Little Man and myself were the only sufferers by this delay, the other passengers having no further to go, as Grantham was their place of destination.

Alighting from the vehicle, the Brown Little Man and myself entered the inn at which we had stopped; and, making our way to the traveler's room, threw off our heavy wrappings and prepared to make the best of our detention.

A glorious fire was blazing on the hearth, crackling and roaring up the wide chimney; and throwing such a ruddy blush upon every object in the room, that the candles burning upon the table could have been dispensed with as well as not, and no doubt the candles themselves realized how insignificant they appeared for they flickered and sputtered and threw their flames first to one side and then to the other, as if struggling to escape the more powerful neighbour, assuming the most grotesque and ridiculous shapes imaginable, for all the world after the manner of those lesser lights of mankind, who, with envy in their hearts, strive to belittle some more fortunate brother, and with pretty much the same result, too, for, after a few moments of hissing and sputtering, they blew themselves out completely, while the fire continued to burn and shed its light the same as before.

Placing our chairs near the hearthstone, the Brown Little Man and myself sat for some moments in silence, until my companion drew a deep sigh, and as he still kept his eyes upon the fire, I wondered if the sigh was in consequence of disappointment because of his inability to see in fancy some familiar face among the coals.

The mortification which I experienced by reason of our detention at this place was very great, and, coupled with the misfortune of being in company with such a very quiet passenger as my companion appeared to be, the prospect was anything but pleasant. However, brooding over the matter would not mend it; I must make the best of it; so, for the want of anything better to say, I ventured to disturb the meditations of my silent friend by remarking, that to me, this delay was a great misfortune.

"Every road over which the journey of life is traveled is studded with the milestones of misfortune," was the comforting reply of the Little Man, with his eyes still fixed upon the blazing hearthstone.

Not being prepared to dispute the gentleman, I did not immediately reply; but after waiting for him to continue the conversation, which he did not do, I ventured to assert that, in my opinion, the journey of life presented an equal number of milestones bearing upon them pleasant memories, which should compensate us for all the misfortunes that crossed our pathway.

The Little Man slowly raised his eyes from the fire, and gazed at me with such a sorrowful expression that I almost regretted what I had said, fearing I might have caused him distress. After a moment, however, his face brightened, and he said:

"A happy man he who can regard the sorrows and joys of life as being equal! You are yet young, and youth, fortified with hope, is prone to anticipate what it can never realize, hiding from view present sorrows by encircling them with contemplations of future joys. But as time creeps forward, and age wraps about its mantle of fact, the old sorrows come trooping back to us, and the grave, which in the beginning appeared so repugnant, becomes at the end a welcome retreat."

The melancholy tones in which the speaker gave utterance to this last remark, together with a deep sigh which escaped him as he finished, convinced me that his heart was heavy with some great grief, and I felt a sensation of sadness come upon me which contrasted strongly with the joyous emotions which I had experienced but a half-hour before, in anticipation of being seated with loved ones about the paternal hearthstone.

I glanced at my companion again, and observed that his face wore the same sad expression which I had first seen there, while he looked dreamily into the fire, which crackled and burned as cheerfully as if trials and disappointments and misfortunes never had, never would and never could exist. I wish, thought I, that I knew this singular man's history. Should I ask him to relate the cause of his present sadness? I felt confident that his story would prove interesting, and help to pass away the time more agreeably, and perhaps when I had learned the nature of his troubles, I might offer some little word of consolation which would lighten his grief. No better time in all the twelve-month round, thought I, to make a heavy heart lighter, by word or deed, than Christmas Eve.

I do not know how long the Little Man had been contemplating my face; but when I again raised my eyes to his, he was looking at me with such an encouraging smile that I was emboldened to ask, in as delicate a manner as possible, what great sorrow he laboured under.

"But for the unfortunate circumstance of our detention here," I added, "before many hours I should be surrounded by dear ones with smiling, happy faces, betokening hearts filled with love and sunshine; and that fact causes me to view your melancholy mien with more than ordinary interest. Besides, it must be that your grief must arise from no slight cause, if you cannot overcome it this night, of all others."

"But what if I should tell you," cried the Little Man, with some vehemence, "that the greatest trouble I ever knew came upon me and mine on Christmas Eve six years ago, and that I am forced to live it over every year, lest my daughter—God, help her!—should be lost to me forever?"

"Why, then," I replied, "I should say that, unless you were deservingly all this trouble, in consequence of some great sin which you have committed, you are entitled to all the sympathy of mankind; and I do not hesitate to assure you that you have mine. If there is no harm in asking, I should be glad to learn in detail the nature of your misfortune."

The Little Man arose from his chair at this point, and proceeded to pace the room in a thoughtful manner, looking earnestly at me, now and then, as if he were considering the advisability of making me his confidant.

After walking thus in silence for a few moments, he stepped to the window and looked out into the night; after which, he fell to pacing the room again, and then resumed his chair, at the same time drawing another long sigh. Possibly it was because the fire had burned lower; possibly the exercise he had been indulging in was the cause; and possibly, it was imagination on my part; but, as I gazed upon the face of the Little Man now, it looked so pale and haggard that I hastened to apologize for anything I might have said to cause him distress.

He did not reply, but continued to sit in a thoughtful attitude for some moments, and then said:

"So you think you could sympathize with me, if you knew the nature of my trouble?"

I assured him that he could depend upon it. "Ah! Do you always have sympathy for the wretched?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon mine. "I do not know why it was, but I fancied that this question was intended to remind me of the course I had pursued toward the woman who had sought aid of me that morning; but when I saw a weeping smile gather upon the Little Man's face, I had no doubt of it; so I stammered something about doing good so far as my means would permit; that my purse was not a large one, but, so far as kind words would serve to lighten the misfortunes of others, I endeavored to act the part of a Christian."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Little Man, bitterly. "Kind words! good! How many hungry men and women, think ye, were ever saved from starvation by kind words? Not one. Kind words are all well in their place, when they mean anything, which—like the majority of prayers—don't often. But when a cry is heard from some starving wretch for bread, and the appeal is met with, 'Poor creature! I sympathize with you! It's a hard world, but keep up a good heart; what nourishment, think ye, does that carry to the starving's stomach?' And then, 'Keep up a good heart,' when the poor devil's stomach is so empty that there is nothing to prevent his heart from tumbling completely into it. 'Ho! ho! ho!' with another bitter laugh, 'shall I carry the kind words to the butcher and the baker? and if so, what then? I'll show you!'"

Here the Little Man took from one of his coat-pockets a pair of diminutive scales, and from another pocket a diminutive sandwich, which he placed upon one side of the scales for weight, and then holding them close to my face, requested me to breathe upon the opposite side. There was such a mischievous look upon the little face, and such a wicked twinkle in the little eyes, when he made this request, that I hesitated several moments before complying, lest my companion should prove a wicked magician, after all, bent on my destruction. But, finally plucking up courage, I breathed upon the empty dish of the scale, and, nothing serious resulting therefrom, I felt greatly relieved.

"Good," said my companion, withdrawing the scales and settling back in his chair. "So much for your kind words, which would not raise a crumb." Then taking from his waistcoat pocket a sovereign he continued: "Mark the difference," and placing the sovereign upon the empty dish, the beam descended so suddenly, that the sandwich fairly jumped from its resting-place.

"Are you satisfied?" asked the Little Man, raising his face to mine with another wicked twinkle in the little eyes. "If you were starving would you prefer the breath—which is equivalent to the kind words—or the sovereign?"

I replied that of course money would be preferable when food was in the balance, but that, besides poverty, there were other misfortunes entailing headaches and misery, which gold and silver were powerless to remove, but which could be greatly lightened by one kind word.

"Granted," rejoined my companion, replacing the scales and sovereigns into his pockets, and tossing the sandwich into the coals. "Granted! when they come from the heart; but I was speaking of poverty, you know, and made my illustration to show the difference between beneficence and sympathy. A very small dose of the former will save life, where the sufferer would die though he had oceans of the latter. I'll warrant you now that many a cold, half-starved wretch could be found to-night in London who would tell you that, if he could barter all the

words of sympathy which have been bestowed upon him to-day for one farthing, he would gladly make the exchange."

As the Little Man ceased, the pinched face of the mendicant whom I had refused that morning again arose before me, and caused me to wish that I had bestowed some trifle of money, however small the sum had been; besides, I thought it possible that my companion, by the tenor of his conversation, was in some way familiar with the circumstances connected with that affair; and when I raised my eyes to his, at this moment, and beheld in them the same mischievous twinkle that I had noticed there before, I was sure of it.

"You were saying, a little time ago, that you would like to hear the story of my misfortunes," he said, his voice again assuming a sad tone. "Your wish shall be gratified. I will relate the circumstances which led to the great misfortune of my life, and which brought me in contact with such a formidable milestone that I have never yet succeeded in passing it. By the time I shall have concluded my narrative, a coach will be in readiness to bear me to the scene of my story, and you shall accompany me, that you may witness what I could never find words to describe. But we must make ourselves as comfortable as possible, for the story cannot be told in a minute; so, will you have the kindness to order candles and a bowl of rum punch, with glasses for three, while I stir the fire?"

"Glasses for two, you mean," said I, as the Little Man proceeded to stir the fire.

"I said three," answered the Little Man, with emphasis, and such a mysterious expression upon his face, as he looked up at me, that I did not say anything further on the subject, but summoned the waiter, to whom I gave the order; and who, appearing a moment after, with candles and punch, just as my companion, having finished the stirring, had seated himself at the table.

The Little Man then proceeded to dish out the steaming beverage, which done he settled back in his chair and glanced over the table at me, to assure himself that I was prepared to listen, whereat, having swallowed about half the punch to which I had been served, with the glass in my hand, that I might finish the remainder at my leisure, and with my feet resting upon the fender—I leaned back in my chair, and intimated by a nod of my head that I was ready to hear.

#### THE BROWN LITTLE MAN'S STORY OF THE SPECTRE OF HAPPY-DAYS.

"Not many miles from the spot where we are now seated, there stands an ancient farm-house, under whose roof I first saw the light, and beneath whose shadows I reached the years of manhood. An only child, I was the idol of my parents—long dead now—whose chief aim at all times was to secure my welfare. Then I was happy! Life was but one long and merry day; dream, and I looked forward to the future with such bright anticipations of bliss and happiness, that now, when I realize how much I have suffered since, I wish I could have died ere the clouds of adversity had cast their shadows upon the fair picture which my fancy had created.

"Golden days of youth! Dawning upon us but once in the whole period of our lives—whose sun goes down just as we reach the most rugged pathway of our life-journey, and when, more than at any other time, we need its light the most!"

The Little Man paused at this point, as I thought, the better to carry his fancy back and live again, for a few brief moments, in the memory of those Happy-Days which he had been describing; and during the pause I found myself occupied with wondering if all people who grew old would be as sad and melancholy as he; and then I wondered if the beggar I had refused to aid could remember a time when, as a laughing, happy child, he had held just such bright visions of a future as this old man before me; and if he could, how wretched he must be now to realize that he must beg for bread. As a sequence to this last thought, I fell to cursing myself for my cruelty in adding to her sorrows by refusing the charity she had craved, and I verily believe that, had she entered the room at that moment, I should have bestowed upon her the entire contents of my purse, and been content to perform the remainder of my journey on foot.

I was disturbed in these meditations by hearing the Brown Little Man ask me to pass my glass, which was now empty; and after he had filled both mine and his own, he proceeded with his narrative:

"Within a half-mile of my father's house, there dwelt, with their parents, two daughters, who were the pride of all the country round for their virtue, grace and beauty. The youngest of these daughters—and to me the fairest, for she was my sweetheart, and true love sees perfection in its idol before which all other objects pale, and which even disease or death can never change—was a blue-eyed, brown-haired, red-checked lass, about my own age; and I venture to say that, during our courtship days, no happier couple, high or low, could be found in all England."

"I will not attempt to describe to you the happy hours we passed in each other's society during those halcyon days. I will not attempt to describe to you the bliss which filled our hearts when, at twilight's hour, in summer days, we would seat ourselves beneath the branches of a spreading oak—our trysting-place—and, only disturbed by the trifling murmuring of a rivolet, as it journeyed on its pebbled road toward the sea, or the loving cry of night-bird to some distant mate, whisper our vows of love, or confide our



th where they live. Oh, how I wish the veil



of mystery which surrounds the habitation of the two hundred and twenty-six (present report) who were plunged beneath the wild waves with the *Ville du Harre* was lifted. Where are they this moment?

The "vase of flowers" which A. Bininger says was moved Monday night was recognized by him as a manifestation from his wife, touched by his wife's hand the next night after the sinking of the ship. She must have been there; but where is her home? her spirit-home? how far from the earth? where away?

A month ago I gave a course of lectures in a Western city. Since then, a young man has laid off the clay mask. Within this short time, she has tasted of the bitter. The question of spirit existence, of soul communion, comes to her now as a matter of personal interest. The young man, admired by his parents and esteemed by his friends, suddenly snatched from their midst—where is he? is the long question of the mother's heart. The Christian religion can furnish her no answer. The knowledge of future existence which Spiritualism imparts to thousands is needed to light up the "valley of death." This fact alone is glorious; but every kind of information about future life will be welcome.

W. F. JAMESON.

## The Sabbath Question Considered by a Layman.

### Part Third.

#### HOW THE PAGAN SUNDAY BECAME THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

Egyptians, Arabians, Persians and Indians have immemorially measured time by seven-day divisions. Patient and acute thinkers, peering through the mists of antiquity, have caught glimpses of the SABBATH name and institution as existing among the Sabaeans long anterior to the time of Abraham. The Sabaeans studied astronomy and practiced astrology. They recognized the special influences of the heavenly bodies upon man, and earth, his dwelling-place. They revered the sun, moon and planetary influences. The similarity in name of the Sabaeans mentioned in Job 1:15 (believed by many scholars to be a much more ancient book than any of the books of Moses) suggests that they may have been of the same stock. The slight allusion to the sun and moon worship, in chapter xxxi, v. 26-28, indicates that Job was not unacquainted with the Sabaean sacred rites. Traces of their civilization have been discovered in some of the countries bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Southey, in his "Common-Place Book," *second series*, p. 44, quotes certain Roman Catholic writers as declaring that the primitive Christians used to assemble on the Basilica of St. Peter's to see the first rays of the rising sun, and they there knelt, with bowed heads, in honor of the glorious orb. The practice was afterwards prohibited, because it savored of and led to Gentilism. Certain of the religious ideas of the Sabaeans survive among the Parsees, or Persian refugees, who were driven from their native land, by Mohammedan persecution, to India, where they are eminent for their industry, economy, and lofty sentiments of honor and honesty.

The wise men or Magi of the Sabaeans were called the Sabae. They came together on new-moon days, full-moon days, and the intervening middle days, for mutual consultation, on State and religious matters. Such days were designated as *Saba* days, because the Sabae assembled on those days. The reader cannot but notice the similarity in sound of *Saba* day and *Sabbath* day. This resemblance, conjoined with the fact that the Sabaeans existed as a nation before the Israelites became a nationality, tends to show that the Hebrew *Sabbath* was derived from the Sabaean *Saba* day.

The common people believed that the Sabae possessed *open vision* (I Sam. III: 1), or a susceptibility of intercourse with spiritual beings who were invisible to ordinary mortal ken. Persons susceptible of spiritual intercourse among the Israelites were described as *men of God*. Moses, Shemariah, Elshah, David and others are each respectively mentioned in the Bible as a "man of God" (Deut. XXXIII: 1; I Kings XII: 22; II Kings V: 20; II Chron. VII: 14). When the common people among the Sabaeans desired tidings from their loved ones in the spirit world, or when they needed advice beyond what their neighbors could give, they would leave their ordinary occupation, and resort for the desired assistance, on *Saba* days, to the Sabae, who then assembled. From the periodical coming together of the Sabae and the common people, the Saba days became festival days, and easily gave rise to public fairs or markets on those days. The Sabaeans believed that peculiar influences were shed upon the earth from the sun, moon and various planets. Clemens of Alexandria, mentions that it was the duty of the Egyptian sacred scribes to be acquainted with the position of the sun, moon and the planets, as if only *five* planets were then known. The Sabaeans were not ashamed to make their daily acknowledgments to the heavenly luminaries. That they might do this religious work the more perfectly, they dedicated the *first* day, as taking precedence of all other days, of the week, to the Sun, which they regarded as chief of all the celestial bodies; the second day, to the Moon; and the remaining days of the week, respectively, to the planets now known as Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn. Hence the first day of the week was named Sunday; the second day was designated as the Moon-day, or Monday; and the seventh day received the name—which it yet bears—of Saturn's day, or Saturday. Our Sabaean ancestors subsequently dedicated the other days of the week to their own deities, and adapted to them corresponding names. Mercury's day became Tuesday, in honor of Tulse, the Saxon god of war. The middle day of the week no longer recalled to mind the mischief-making Mercury, but was named Woden's day, and has now become Wednesday. Jupiter gave way to Thor, and his day was called Thor's day, or Thursday. Venus retired before Friga, the wife of Odin, and the day formerly sacred to the goddess of love came to be regarded as an unlucky day, and not unfrequently is now set apart for the infliction of the death penalty upon supposed violators of human laws. The Sabae assembled on the very day of the new moon, numbered it as the first day of the week, and set it apart to the worship of the Sun; so that the Saba-day, first day of the week, and Sun-day, originally were one and the same day. It is possible that the *seventh* day of the week was designated as the Sabbath, or rest-day, to the Jews, instead of the first day, because of their antipathy to the Egyptians, their ancient oppressors, who observed the first day of the week as the holy day. As the Sabbath institution existed prior to the birth of the Hebrew nation, it is not impossible, as before intimated, that the Hebrew word *Sabbath*, or "Sabbath," was derived from the language of the Sabaeans; or perhaps both languages were offshoots of a yet more ancient tongue.

But the question arises, "How came the Pagan Sunday to be adopted by Christians as their sacred day?" History gives the answer. The first Constantine, a native of Moesia, now a part of European Turkey, had been educated as a Pagan, and had been taught to observe the heathen festivals. Under that emperor, whose disposition and mental characteristics resembled those of Moses more than they assimilated with the spirit of Jesus, what was called Christianity became the State religion of the Roman Empire. Fearing Jehovah more than he loved "Our Father who art in heaven," Constantine ordered that Sunday, the conspicuous sacred day of the ancient religionists, should be observed as a day of rest. There does not appear to have been a legal prohibition of Sunday work until his statute of about A. D. 321, which was as follows:

"Let all judges, inhabitants of the cities, and artificers rest on the venerable Sunday. But husbandmen may freely and at their pleasure apply to the business of agriculture, since it often happens that the sowing of corn and planting of vines cannot be so advantageously performed on any other day, lest, by neglecting the opportunity, they should lose the benefits which the divine bounty bestows upon us."

This statute closed the civil courts on Sunday; so that afterwards it was a legal maxim, *Dies Dominicus non est iudicium*.

*tena*: The Lord's day is not a judicial day—that is, one on which the courts are open. From a prudent forethought for the interests of agriculture, Constantine permitted husbandmen to labor on Sundays as on other days. It was Leo VI. who about five and a half centuries later interdicted agricultural work on Sunday. Thus his edict opened a "We ordain, according to the true meaning of the Holy Ghost, and of the Apostles thereby directed, that on the sacred day wherein our own integrity was restored, all do rest and succumb labor; that neither husbandman nor other on that day put their hands to forbidden work." We have italicized the words which indicate how much more extensive was the prohibition of the Pope than that of the Emperor.

From the foregoing it appears that Sunday was observed among Gentiles as a Saba-day, or rest and recreation day, long before the Jewish nation existed; that Jehovah, the tutelary deity of the Jews, appointed the *seventh* and not the *first* day of the week as the Sabbath; that Jesus observed neither the seventh nor the first day as a Sabbath; that it was a Roman Emperor and a Roman Pope, and not the Hebrew's God nor the Christian's Saviour, who initiated the *Sabbath* observance of Sunday, the Pagan holy day. We doubt not, but the contrary we admire the wisdom and policy which prompted those statesmen to secure, by legal enactment, at least one day in seven as a day of rest for the people. Laws should be made for the protection and not for the oppression of the people. The Sunday law probably originated not only from a sense of duty to the Gods, but from an honest purpose to protect laborers from the exaction and oppression of the nobility, who at times sorely tyrannized over them.

Calvin, Melancthon, Beza, Zuinglius, Crutcher, Knox, Jeremy Taylor and other reformers taught that the Sabbath was abrogated, and that Sunday, or the Lord's day, by which name ecclesiastics had christened it, did not succeed in its place as a divine appointment. Luther said "The gospel regardeth neither Sabbath nor holidays," and, in a letter to a friend, intimating that if anywhere the day was made holy for the mere day's sake—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, "then I order you," he wrote, "to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it, to do anything that shall reproach this ennoblement on the Christian spirit and liberty."

Unwise persons, not knowing that "nothing is law that is not reason," even ministers of religion, not appreciating that "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor, therefore *love* is the fulfilling of the law," (Romans XIII: 10,) not standing in the liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free, and, therefore, bound again to the yoke of bondage (*Galatians* V: 1), have attempted to put a yoke upon the necks of Christians and other humble men and women, which neither the great Protestant reformers, the ancient Hebrew sages, nor the Apostles were able to bear (*Acts* XV: 10).

The sanctimonious mode of observing Sunday which prevails in the New England and many of the other States of the Union, came with the early colonists from across the ocean. The English Puritans—so called, as some say, because they considered themselves pure and free from sin, leaving out "forgive us our debts" in their recitals of the Lord's prayer, but as other historians intimate, because they professed to follow, as far as possible, the pure word of God—always called Sunday the Sabbath. They thought Sunday to be a *profane* name, because it was derived from idolatry. Catholics and Episcopalians, having no scruples of conscience on that score, continued to designate the first day of the week as Sunday; and these names, says Hume, were known symbols of the different parties.

Jeremy Collier, in his *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, published in 1708-1714, thus alludes to the origin of the Sabbath day controversy in England in 1564: "The Puritans, having misinterpreted in their open attacks upon the Church, endeavored to carry on their designs more under cover. Their magnifying the Sabbath-day, as they call Sunday, was a serviceable expedient for this purpose. Preaching the strict observance of this festival had a strong color of zeal, and gained them the character of persons particularly concerned for the honor of God Almighty." A Rev. Dr. Bound had published a book on *The Sabbath*, in 1595, in which he maintained that the command of sanctifying every seventh day in the Mosaic Decalogue is moral and perpetual—that the rest, on this day must be particular and distinguished from customary usage, so that scholars must not even then study the creditable sciences. "This doctrine, being singular in strictness, and those who recommended it persons of unexceptionable behavior, grew very popular, and great numbers were proselyted to it. The learned, notwithstanding, were divided in their opinion. Some looked on this doctrine as agreeable to the Holy Scriptures, and a reasonable revival of ancient truth. Others believed Bound built upon a weak foundation, and that, though his inferences might be right, his principles were wrong. However, since they tended to the advancement of piety, they thought it more serviceable to let the mistake pass upon the people. Others looked further, and censured these assertions as a restraint of Christian liberty, and throwing us back to the Mosaic dispensations." (Vol. VIII, p. 182.)

John Strype, in his "Life of John Whitgift, the last Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," in Book IV, chapter 25, touches on the Sabbath discussion in England, in the year 1599. In the following words: "The disciplinarians shewed themselves not much about these times. But in one point of doctrine they grew very successful; namely, on a Jewish sabbath-keeping, which they preached up and wrote books for. The chief of the inventors of this sabbatharian doctrine was one Bound, who wrote a book in the year 1595, that the commandment for keeping the Sabbath was moral and perpetual; and that Christians were bound to rest upon the Sabbath and to keep it as the Jews did. It was preached in Oxfordshire, that to do any work upon the Sabbath was as great a sin as to kill a man or commit adultery. It was preached in Somersetshire, that to throw a bowl on the sabbath-day was as great a sin as to commit murder. It was preached in Norfolk that to make a feast or wedding-dinner on that day was as great a sin as for a father to take a knife and cut his child's throat. It was preached in Suffolk that to ring more bells than one on the Lord's day to all people to church, was as great a sin as to do an act of murder. This severe doctrine, however, took deep impression upon men's hearts; insomuch that the Bishops cited several ministers for preaching it. Archbishop Whitgift and Sir John Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England in 1600, called in books on that subject and forbade any more to be printed. By their censure, they declared that the sabbath doctrine of the brethren agreed neither with the doctrine of our Church, nor with the laws and orders of this kingdom, disturbed the peace of the commonwealth and church, and tended unto schism in the one, and sedition in the other."

Notwithstanding these repressive measures, the discussion did not cease, but took a seventh-day turn, as appears by another extract from *Collier's Ecclesiastical History*, Vol. VIII, p. 76: "About this time (1633) the Sabbatarian controversy was revived. One Theophilus Bradburn, a clergyman in Suffolk, refreshed this dispute. About four years since, he published a book entitled, 'A Defence of the most Ancient and Sacred Ordinance of God, the Sabbath Day.' In this tract he maintained the fourth commandment was absolutely moral; that Christians as well as Jews were obliged to the perpetual observing that day; and lastly, that the Lord's day or Sunday is a working day; that it deserves no preference, and that it is no better than rude worship and superstition to raise it to the solemnity of a sabbath in virtue of the fourth commandment." Bradburn afterwards submitted to a conference with persons of learning and ecclesiastical power and power, "where his scruples being happily disentangled, he was recovered to an Orthodox belief."

The Puritans, who emigrated to Massachusetts in 1620, when in England the Sabbath controversy was smouldering, followed their ordinary occupations on the seventh day of the week, but refrained from them on Sunday, which day they designated as the Sabbath, or Lord's day. On that day they attended religious services in the meeting-houses morning and afternoon, listened to long prayers and longer sermons.

They counterbalanced their "profanation" of Jehovah's holy day by their fearfully austere observance of the heathen's sacred day. They ordered that all persons who should on the Lord's day walk and enjoy themselves in the streets or fields, should severally pay a fine of five shillings, or suffer corporal punishment for each offence. Parker, C. J. (*In Pearce vs. Atwood*, 13 Mass. R.) said that "some of our ancestors so far regarded the laws of Moses as of perpetual obligation as to propose for their code the punishment of death for the crime of disregarding or carelessly observing the Sabbath." The Friends did not believe that Sunday was a holier day than any other day. They manifested their opinions so plainly in words and actions that the Puritans, with all their virtues (that of forbearance was not a prominent one), could not endure them. Instigated by their religious teachers—for ministers at the General Court were then a greater power than they have since been—the legislators ordered that whatsoever one of the "cursed sect of heretics," commonly called Quakers, should come into Massachusetts, should be forthwith committed to the House of Correction at their entrance therein severely whipped, and kept at work and suffered to converse with and speak to no one. For a second offence he should have his ears cut off, and for a third offence his tongue should be bored through with a hot iron. On an unusually cold day in December in 1662 three women who held and acted out their own Sabbath views, and harmed no person, were made fast to a cart-tail and whipped upon their naked backs through Boston, Roxbury, Dedham and eight other towns, a distance of eighty miles.

Little could those sticklers for forms appreciate the spirit of the words uttered by a later and humane prophet than Moses: "I desired mercy, and not sacrifice, and the knowledge of God more than burnt offerings." (*Hosea* VI: 6.) Like all followers of Moses they had "a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge." (*Romans* X: 2.)

From time to time some of their wiser ones doubted the validity of their own arguments. For instance, Single Bradstreet wrote to Increase Mather, April 29th, 1681: "I am apt to think among good Christians there is not one in a hundred able to maintain the Christian Sabbath with any strength. Their usual arguments are, the practice of the church, and Christ's resurrection." (*Mass. Hist. Col., Vol. VIII, Fourth Series*, p. 177.)

It is well to note that, though the resurrection of Jesus on the first day of the week was adduced by Puritans as a reason for observing it as a day for religious services, yet they "ordered that, whoever shall be found observing any such day as Christ-days" (which day, if any in the year, was specially appropriate to commemorate the resurrection of Jesus), either by forbearing of labor, or feasting, shall pay for every such offence five shillings." (*Record of Mass., Vol. IV, Part I*, p. 206.)

Sunday was a gloomy day among the Puritans. Its sadness assimilated with the stern disposition which the religious persecution waged against them at home had engendered in them, and which a compulsory exile across the Atlantic, to a bleak and sterile country, had strengthened. The Puritan law, though somewhat thinned; yet obscured the New England Sunday. Who cannot sympathize with the little orphan girl that was brought up by her aunt after the straightest Orthodox sect? On one Sunday, the child had been most punctilious in avoiding dolls and play, and had worked hard all day on hymns, catechism, Bible lessons, texts, and heads of sermons, and performing all the other supposed Sabbath duties proper for a little girl to perform on that day. The pious aunt commended her niece as she was going to bed, and assured her that, if she continued to be as good a child as she had been on that Sunday, when she died she would go to heaven and live there forever. The little orphan was far from being cheered by the promised prospect. She was perplexed; but, catching a gleam of hope, she pitiously asked, using some words she had acquired in church and at the Sunday-school, "But, auntie, if I am *very, very* good, won't God sometimes let me go to hell on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, and have a good time?"

From time to time, the Puritan Sunday enactments, somewhat humanized through lapse of time, are rigorously enforced by officials, spasmodically zealous to manifest their vigilance against prod and checker players, pug and newspaper vendors, victuallers and apothecaries. Hungry Sabbatarians sometimes growl about their neighbors' dwellings, seeking for prey. It is scarcely six months since a worthy mechanic in Brookline was prosecuted and fined for training a vine over his cottage door on Sunday. Within nine months, Mr. John Gage, a Spiritualist, one of the most valued, public-spirited and respectable citizens of Vineland, N. J., seventy years of age, was complained of and prosecuted by a Methodist minister of about the same age for chopping wood on a Sunday morning in his own yard. The fact was admitted; but the jury—to their credit be it mentioned—after five minutes of consultation, returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Mr. D. Conway has truthfully remarked that the poor man's Sunday is still a disgrace to our civilization. The sum in which a Massachusetts Sabbatarian magistrate could mulct a Sabbath-breaker has increased by statute, a few years ago, from ten dollars to fifty dollars. Religious liberty and freedom of conscience do not yet exist in Massachusetts.

We do not doubt the fact, weekly commemorated by Christians, that Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week. But we ask, as a practical question relevant to social well-being and happiness in the present age, if that circumstance be a sufficient reason to fine and imprison men and women for doing on that day work and labor other than what a magistrate or a jury may consider as necessary or charitable? Multitudes of intelligent men and women, living, credible witnesses, (and I offer myself as one) have had palpable evidence, and believe that many sons of men and offspring of God have risen from the dead and appeared alive after their last mortal sufferings; but we do not know that their resurrection have all occurred on Sunday. We certainly would not offer that circumstance, though it were a fact, as a good reason for depriving, under forms of law, our brothers and sisters of their personal liberty of property, because they did not do as we did on Sunday.

All New England ministers are not Puritans. Theodore Parker blighted their courage, their strict devotion to duty, but a broader culture had enabled him to outgrow their bigotry. He declared, "I am not one of those who wish to give up the Sunday. I would make it yet more useful and profitable; I would remove from it the superstition and bigotry which have been so long connected with it; I would use it freely as a Christian not enslaved by the letter of Judaism, but made free by an obedience to the Law of the Spirit of Life. I would use the Sunday for religion in the wide sense of that word—use it to promote piety and goodness for humanity, for science, for letters, for society. We can easily make the Sunday ten times more valuable than it is even now."

Rev. J. F. W. Ware, of Boston, in his discourse on the 23d of last February, said, "The so-called friends of the so-called Christian Sabbath are the worst foes to the true Sunday, and of the men to whom the Sunday needs to be made a helpful day. They bind burdens grievous to be borne; and because men will not or cannot bear them, are plentiful in epithets of abuse."

But why do ministers differ in their views upon the question? Theodore Parker said that the difference between himself and Orthodox divines arose from the fact that he went deeper for causes and more widely for effects than they were accustomed to go. Prof. Huxley divides the clergy into an "immense body who are ignorant and speak out, a small proportion who know and are silent; and a minute minority who know and speak according to their knowledge." He probably embraced in this analysis the English clergy; he could not have intended those of Hyde Park, for he never visited the town.

We prize Sunday as a Sabbath or rest-day. But it is a physiological fact that the cessation from action that refreshes or rests some persons on that day, does not so operate on every body. We would that Sunday should be a joy, a delight to

all the people, that every man, woman and child should anticipate its approach with pleasure. On that day, if on no other, let the edifices of the church be open free to all who love its praises, prayers and instructions. Let the tables and alcoves of the Public Library be accessible to such persons as feel that there they can find suitable mental and spiritual food. If the Social Science Association, now active in promoting good fellowship and liberality of feeling, desire to, let it also add its proportion of good tidings to the feast of the day. By-and-by, when Hyde Park possesses them, let its art museums, halls of science, academies of music, and galleries of paintings display their treasures on Sundays freely to visitors. Let all persons be unmolested on that day to seek the enjoyment and kind of rest they may respectively need, they alone being judges thereof; always providing that no one shall infringe on the equal freedom of any other person. There is no more reason why I should be compelled to observe Sunday according to any other man's way, than that he should then be obliged to conform to my way. Corporations, being statute creations, may be legally restrained from requiring work of operatives on that day. No statute punishes a man for working on Thanksgiving day, or Fast-day, or Fourth of July, or Christmas day, or Washington's birthday, or New Year's day. All these days are more or less times for merriment, happiness and truly religious service. We harmonize with Luther's sentiment that every Lord's day should be a festival day among Christians, and not only a festival day, but a *rest* day. As what is one man's food may be another man's poison, so what to one man is rest, to another may be servile labor.

"Best is not getting the best career, Best is the offering Of self to its glory. 'Tis loving and serving The Highest and Best, 'Tis onward, unswerving, And that is true rest."

The narrowing, hardening, inhuman tendencies of certain professional avocations and conventional prejudices is not always perceived until the observer has put himself outside of them. For instance: imprisonment for debt is now deemed so contrary to human rights, that perhaps there is not a State in the Union where, pure and simple, it is legalized. Yet, on Nov. 23d, 1771, one hundred and two years ago on the very day of the date of the Gazette in which this article appears, Mrs. Stephen was expelled from the Temple, one of the English Inns of court, for writing a book on the impolicy of imprisonment for debt. I hope the ministers and my other fellow citizens of Hyde Park will not taboo me and give me the cold-shoulder because of difference of views on keeping Sunday. I appreciate their love and their good opinion. May I not say with them—I certainly can with good George Herbert—

"Sunday—thou art a day of God's gift, And where the week-days tread on ground, The light is higher, as they think, Oh, let me take thee at the bound, Leading with thee from seven to seven, Till that we both, being lost to earth, The land be land to heaven."

ALFRED E. GILES.

NOTE.—Inquiries who wish to examine the Sabbath question more fully can with advantage consult the following works:—*Sabbath Laws and Sabbath Duties*, considered in relation to their Scriptural and Scriptural grounds, and to the Principles of Religious Liberty. By Robert Cox, Edinburgh, 1826. 8vo, pp. 285. *The Enforcement of the Sabbath Question*, by Robert Cox, in two volumes. Edinburgh, 1828. 8vo, pp. 300. The Westminster Review for October, 1854, contains a very learned and able article entitled, "Sabbath Institution," which treats of the origin, extent and obligation of the Sabbath.

The foregoing works advocate a Free Sunday and the superiority of Man to his institutions. Persons who wish to make a study of comparative religion, or who are desirous of making a collection of comparative religious literature, may find the most valuable and complete collection of religious literature in the light of Reason, Revelation and History, with sketches of its literature, by the Rev. James Giffman, Edinburgh, Scotland. Published by the American Tract Society, New York.

## Western Correspondence.

BY WARREN CHASE.

IOWA.—This prairie State, located away from the ocean and the lakes, and consequently having no great commercial city, filled with poverty and wealth in unequal proportions, and vice and virtue in about the same proportions, with poverty and vice always in the ascendant, is at this time alive with agitation from two prominent causes, which are sufficient to prevent any general sectarian religions revival this winter as a natural result of the financial crisis. These two causes are Spiritualism and the Grange movement among the farmers. Both are reformatory and progressive, and much may be anticipated from them, as they will ultimately work together. Some have supposed that the social question, so much harped upon by some speakers and writers, would check the spiritual cause by dividing its advocates; but the Spiritualists of Iowa are a cool, reflecting, and sensible class, with few exceptions, and not to be frightened from so important a subject by any false alarm or mad dog cry of imaginary danger. In our State Convention, although the platform was free, the social question was not discussed, and nobody condemned nor censured, and such has been the case in the many meetings which we have attended since in different parts of the State.

There is a general awakening and more inquiry than we have ever before found in the State. Everywhere we have been we had good audiences, and urgent appeals for more lectures and calls from many places we could not visit, and we are already engaged for its next State Convention, for which arrangements are already being made. Our brother and co-laborer, E. V. Wilson, has done a great and good work in Iowa, and he will long be remembered by many of the citizens with gratitude and love for his words of wisdom and spirit messages of recognition. The people of Iowa are largely an industrious, temperate, honest and intelligent people, and hence well fitted to receive our philosophy and facts, and to accept the new religious dispensation.

The Grange movement is as radical a political measure as the Spiritualist philosophy is religious, and promises great results in harmony with ours. We have lectured on both the political and religious agitations, and having been long picked out on the advance lines of all the reforms, social, religious, political and philosophical, we are at home on any of these subjects as our friends and enemies very well know. We got into the court-house of Hardin County—one of the best counties in the State—and lectured on political subjects, which made a demand for Spiritualism, which had not been publicly defended in the town of Eldora, the best hall and one of the churches was soon at our service, for the people knew that religious reform was as much needed as political, and that both must go together.

The Grange movement in Iowa is already strong enough to control the State, and we are glad to find most of our Spiritualist friends identified with it, and we know they will use their influence to keep it out of the control of scheming politicians of all parties, and to guide its power to efficient and important reforms. These two great movements furnish the leading topics of discussion for the winter evenings in Iowa, since the little war flurry, got up by speculators in crops and money, on the Spanish and Cuban difficulty, has subsided. It seems strange that a nation as far advanced in progress, measures, and as thoroughly opposed to settling disputes between individuals by a field, should, upon the slightest occasion of difficulty with a neighbor and a republic, stir up for a fight. There is no principle of settling difficulties between nations by a fight, that is not equally just and honorable in settling disputes between individuals in the same way, or equally just as a means between States. Suppose New York and Rhode Island had an irritating dispute, how would it look for New York to bluster up and start for a fight? To us and to many people in Iowa, it would look as well and as just as for us to stir up to Spain in a warlike attitude on account of the wickedness of some of her Cuban subjects.

On the whole we like the people of Iowa as well as those of any State in the West, and no State except Kansas in the West can at this time offer more and better inducements for settlers from the East, and especially Spiritualists, who do not wish to go out of the reach of good schools, good society and social comforts. We shall spend January in Des Moines (the capital), where we are engaged to lecture the four Sundays on Spiritualism, and evenings on politics, temperance, &c. As this will be during the session of the Legislature, it will afford an opportunity for many of the leading minds of the State to hear our philosophy.



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## Working of Spiritualism.

It is not to be apprehended that Spiritualism is ineffective in its influence over the public mind because it works upon the unseen. The most potent agents in human redemption are, nevertheless, the least in their manifestations. It is the still, small voice, that whispers the whirlwind, now as it did aforetime. Believers in our times, simple and beautiful, truths are not to feel the pang of a growing discouragement, merely because they cannot observe the strengthening and expanding of a formal organization, such as marks the progress of the race through its weary experience, with ecclesiasticalism. It is not in the outward, but the inward, that the real success of spiritual work is to be sought. And although it be very true that the exercise of the moral sentiments is greatly stimulated by a regular conformity to ecclesiastical rules, it is much more true that the interior, or Spiritualistic, faith operates profoundly upon the entire organization of the character. And no spiritual truth, once known of man, can be suppressed again. It lives to manifest itself at a time least expected, and above all the precautions or influence of prejudice and even hostility. Spiritualism does not need to be all the while calling the roll of its believers, or heaping the revile to drain up its recruits. If comes among men as the angels themselves descend, with noiseless wing and a footstep that has no echo.

And this it is at work everywhere to-day. It would not work in any other way, and still be a consistent influence. It need not bring the cushions of the popular pulpit to announce its living presence, nor erect proud edifices as proofs of its greatness, nor marshal its priests and followers in order to demonstrate its power; for what is called by the name of The Church is far from being an existence outside of the forces of Society, upon which it relies, instead of being its creator; and therefore, as Spiritualism is working with its sure but noiseless influence in society, not yet ambitious of establishing itself in an organized form, but preferring the service that controls and creates all organizations, it clearly includes the church in its aims, and is surely destined to reform and revive it by its silent power. It works, it is true, in the individual hearts of men that it brings its influence, trusting, with the highest reason, that in good time all the needful forms will be faithfully wrought out. This, it will have to be admitted, is the right order: first, the individual, then the mass, and finally, the organization. The latter is of necessity the last, and not the first, in the order of things. It is but an expression of interior life, at the most; and as that life undergoes its changes in achieving progress, it must emit continually new forms of expression. The churches, therefore, deceive themselves profoundly, if they expect to overcome the work of Spiritualism by any process short of eradicating the faith it inevitably inspires in the human mind.

Who has ever attempted to marshal the facts concerning the spread of our elevating faith? Who has made a serious effort to spread out in detail the judgments which it has secured in the hearts of the people, not in this country only, but throughout the civilized world? It so happens, as already stated, that it is without accurate statistics, for the reason that it is as yet without organization. And that it continues to be thus formless, so to speak, or thus unorganized, is that it may work the more free and untrammelled, that, like the rays of light, it may steal noiselessly and penetrate everywhere, that it may animate high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, with the same fresh and fervent faith, and that it may include, instead of being excluded, and inspire, rather than claim to be inspired. So far as mere mortal comprehension can make the mysteries of spirit plain, it cannot but be evident that here is the very proof which is needed to establish the great fact of the higher source of the power of Spiritualism: it is superior to circumstance because it enters into all circumstance to govern it; it supplies the motive power of creeds, and that is the best reason for believing that it will reform them; it is silently exerting its influence on society through the individual, and thus it is preparing the way to erect its own churches and establish their laws in harmony with those of Heaven. And let us not omit to thank God even for contumely and persecution at the hands of those whom it is destined to benefit by emancipation, for this is the surest proof that Spiritualism is not of man.

"LETTERS OF TRAVEL."—No. 17, by J. M. Peebles, is on file for publication at an early day. These letters are written with remarkable perspicuity, and are, therefore, highly appreciated by our readers.

## Louis John Rudolph Agassiz.

Passed the bounds of that materiality to which he had given such energetic and wide-reaching scientific study—and concerning which he administered so much of information to abate the fever of scholastic inquiry or to retreat upon the paralysis of human ignorance, to enter upon the broader *champs* of the spirit, the world of causes, of which this one is but the realm of effects—on the evening of Sunday, Dec. 15th, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

He was born in Switzerland, though his relations were French. He came to this country in 1816, to lecture and study the natural history of the country. In 1818 he became Professor of Zoology and Geology at Cambridge, and has spent the past twenty-five or thirty years of his life in carrying out and perfecting the great work in which his whole energies were heartily enlisted. His funeral occurred at the Appleton Chapel, in the Harvard grounds, Cambridge, at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 18th, Dr. A. P. Peabody, College Chaplain, officiating, among the crowd in attendance being the Governor of Massachusetts, the President, Fellows and Overseers of Harvard College, Hon. Henry Wilson, Vice President of the United States, the Mayor of Cambridge, representatives from the Boston Board of Trade, and a large number of distinguished persons. The remains were then removed for interment to Mount Auburn.

As usual, the "respectable" element has seized the first opportunity to silence—before a chance can be had to raise them—all hints as to liberality of sentiment, on the part of Prof. Agassiz. But the effort to prove him a bigot of the old school is overstrained; and the following paragraph going the rounds of the press, we shall prove before closing, an absolute falsehood as to its main points; but we will charitably conclude that it is one which has sprung into being on account of ignorance concerning the matter written about, rather than from a wilful desire to pervert facts.

His love for truth in science was only equalled by his antipathy to sham and falsehood. In the instance, when he thought himself thus persecuted, he called forth from him a fierce wrath that astonished those who had only seen the gentler side of his nature. Some friends made an arrangement, when a noted exhibition of "Spiritualists" was in progress, to have a scientific investigation of the alleged phenomena, and invited Prof. Agassiz to make one of the party. He turned his back upon his friends, pointing them to the open door in almost speechless anger, and only adverted to it afterward in expressions of surprise that anybody who knew him should insult him by asking him this to waste his time.

Robert Dale Owen, upon seeing this paragraph at its first appearance in the columns of the New York Tribune, hastened to reply to it, in the following strain:

"Pardon me if I doubt the accuracy of this statement; not the fact that the Professor declined to be present at the proposed meeting—for I have heard that he did—but the 'speechless anger' ascribed to him, and the 'resenting as an insult' a friendly invitation to look into a subject that has engaged the attention of earnest men in all civilized countries, including among the number eminent scientific names."

With his hands, alas! ever full, it was natural and reasonable that he should refuse to engage in a field of inquiry foreign to his pursuits, and where he probably thought it to be unlikely that anything positive and useful would be found. But I respect too highly his good temper and good sense, I know too much of his genial and kindly nature, to credit the alleged manner of his refusal. He probably knows by this time, as we shall all know by-and-by, that the field he was too busy to enter is of all scientific fields, the one that yields most toward the ethical processes and the civilization of our race.

Henry Ward Beecher, in an address made last year to the theological students of Yale College, said:

"You cannot afford to shut your eyes to the truths of human nature. Every Christian minister is bound to look fairly at these things, and to try to understand them. It was a waste of time, and gave expression to other sentiments of dislike. I am not an adherent of the spiritualist theories. I have never seen any case in which the phenomena that are wrapping up millions of men, and which affect their condition, are not to be explained by scientific men, whose business it is to study phenomena in all its branches. A scientific man may say that he has no time to examine them, and that some other man must investigate them; that would be right, all men cannot do all things. But to speak of anything of this kind with contempt is not wise. I am not afraid to look at this thing, nor at anything."

Is not that the philosophical view to take of a matter which may give us assurance of an immortal and immortal part within us, and of a world, still of human relation, beyond that which is now open to our senses?

## Hotel-Branding, New York, Dec. 14th, 1873.

To this reply, we offer a supplementary paragraph, embodying a matter which may have escaped the memory of Mr. Owen, he having been at the time of the occurrence absent from the country as United States minister to Naples. In the month of June, 1872, Prof. Agassiz, however "speechless with anger," he may have been at the time mentioned by his biographer, (if such time ever had any existence save in the fertile brain of said writer,) formed one, with Profs. Horsford, Pierce, and Gould, of the celebrated Harvard Investigating Committee, and spent six afternoons in examining the spiritual phenomena offered through the mediumship of the Fox girls, Davenport, Mr. Redman and others, at the Albion Building, corner Beacon and Tremont streets, Boston. Dr. H. F. Gardner acted as committee of arrangements on the Spiritualist side of the question, assisted by Alvin Adams, Esq., Dr. Luther V. Bell, Alvin Putnam, A. M., and Maj. Raynes, representative of Judge Edmonds, of New York. Where is the report of said committee of *sarans*, which was to explode the whole matter of Spiritualism, and let the light of the noonday sun of truth shine through its rifted flaments? An expectant world of science and theology and materialism awaits it yet in vain!

The Boston Herald lately gave a burlesque report of one of Mrs. Stoddard's seances in this city, the lady supposing when she invited the reporter that he belonged to a respectable newspaper, or at least his own self-respect was a guaranty that, however critical he might be in regard to the manifestations in presence of the medium, he would not in his report descend to the role of the blackguard. His announcement that one Barnes, who happened to attend, was the representative of this paper; the reporter well knew was a falsehood when he penned the sentence, as it is patent to every one connected with the press that the individual alluded to is ignored by every respectable Spiritualist in the land.

The author of "Mental Cure"—Dr. W. F. Evans—received in one day last week several letters from foreign countries speaking in the most complimentary terms of that work: one from a distinguished physiologist of Boulogne, France, two from London, one from Glasgow, Scotland, and one from far-off Cape Town, South Africa. The book is becoming widely known and highly prized by the leading thinkers of the world.

## The Psychic Stand.

It will be seen from the following correspondence, which explains itself, that the Patent Office at Washington has overruled the action of its subordinates, by which Gen. Lippitt was to be excluded from a patent for his "Psychic Stand," except under condition that he should register it as a toy or game. It is evident that the Patent Office sees that the attempted "game" of its subordinates is a little too despotically high-handed; and though full and complete justice has not yet been done, it is in the process of doing, and we have no fear of the result.

Cambridge, Dec. 15th, 1873.  
EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—My departure from the country has been from day to day unexpectedly delayed. I leave to-morrow. Please direct below the sequel to my correspondence with the Patent Office. On my return, I shall proceed at once to demonstrate to the Office the truth of my assertions, and thereupon claim my patent. During my absence abroad, all applications in regard to the manufacture or use of the Stand must be made to Mrs. Sarah A. S. Peabody, 21 Westminster Street, Boston. Respectfully yours,  
F. J. Lippitt.

U. S. Patent Office, Oct. 29th, 1873.  
Sir—Your application for a patent for Psychic Stand and Detector has been considered by the Examiners-in-Chief, upon appeal, and they remand the case to the Examiner for the applicant to prove by demonstration the truth of his assertions. Respectfully, &c., M. D. LECHE, Commissioner of Patents.  
F. J. Lippitt, Esq., Cambridge, Mass.  
(In re Psychic Stand.)

Cambridge, Oct. 29th, 1873.  
Hon. M. D. Leche, Commissioner of Patents:—

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the 29th inst., informing me that the Examiners-in-Chief have remanded my case to the Examiner, in order that I may prove by demonstration the truth of my assertions. I shall be very glad to comply with this just and proper requirement. Please inform me whether my personal presence, with my Stand, will be required in Washington, or whether I may exhibit the power of the instrument here or in Boston, in presence of some person to be named by the Patent Office, whose report would be accepted by the Examiner. As applicant, however, the former course would be at present impracticable, since, apart from the heavy expense it would involve, I am under an engagement to leave for Europe at very short notice.

Respectfully,  
Francis J. Lippitt.  
Washington, D. C., Nov. 7th, 1873.  
Francis J. Lippitt, Cambridge, Middlesex Co., Mass.

Please send below a communication from the Examiner, subject-matter, "Psychic Stand."

Very respectfully,  
M. D. LECHE, Commissioner.

Room No. 5.

Applicant's letter, relating to the application referred to above, inquiring if his personal presence with the Stand will be required in Washington, was received the 4th inst.

In reply thereto, the demonstration suggested by the Board of Appeal as necessary, will be required to be made in Washington. As applicant, however, has two years under the law (Sec. 327) from the date of the last action by the Office, to furnish the proof required before the application will be held abandoned, applicant's personal presence in Washington, or that of any agent he may designate for the purpose, can be safely postponed until after his return from Europe.

## The News in Newspapers.

The daily journals profess to tell the world every morning and evening what is going on. And what is it? Run your eye carefully up and down the telegraph and news columns, and the staring head-lines and emphasized captions that detain it by the way are certain to be, in a large degree, announcements of murders, suicides, accidents, catastrophes, drownings, shootings, stabblings, tenement-house homicides, bar-room brawls, and other matters of similar interest and merit. These papers are taken into the family, and wives and children feast their thoughts on their contents. What a mess of miscellaneous stuff for a family to have to digest, one day with another!

But is there nothing better to give as the staple of fresh daily reading? Alas, it so happens that the real world of men and women are those of whom nothing is ever publicly spoken! Did any reader ever pause to reflect what a world it would be, if every one were to get into the public journals in his or her turn? There would be no enduring it. So that, after all, it is but a small fragment of the real world that we find reflected in the so-called newspapers, and that is mostly of a character which it would be far better never to have seen. If these horrible records could only be wholly forgotten again, and the very recollection of their reading rinsed out of the mind, that would be some little qualification; but as it is, the actual food offered for the daily consumption of the public intelligence is just such a shocking compound of the worst side of human nature possible to concoct.

## The Truth of the Matter.

"Mr. Maginnis," so an exchequer informs us, "is the delegate from Montana, and he tells some rather startling stories about the doings of the Indian agents." This person affirms that "the agents will take a barrel of sugar to an Indian and get receipt for ten barrels; just so they will take one sack of flour and get a receipt for fifty. They will take three hundred head of cattle, march them four times through the corral, get a receipt for twelve hundred, give a part of them to the Indians, sell part to a white man, and steal as many back as possible." This kind of business is just what the President and the Republican party have been trying to break up. It is generally believed that a pretty effectual stop has been put to it; but if not, and Mr. Maginnis knows where the winding still prevails, will he be kind enough to designate the thieves, or at least, give information to the Interior Department? We do not doubt and we have repeatedly asserted the belief, that half our Indian difficulties grow out of the injustice of the whites; but it is useless to attempt to completely do away with these practices unless those under whose observation they occur will come out and tell who the men are that engage in them. Maginnis, according to his own story, is just the man.

## The "Sabbath Question."

Considered by a Layman," is brought to a close in this issue of the Banner, by showing how the Pagan Sunday became the Christian and Puritan Sabbath. These Sabbath essays, written by Mr. Giles, well deserve the commendations given to them by A. J. Davis in his note published last week as being "convincing articles concerning the true meaning and wise observance of the Sabbath." They will be forthwith published in tract form. We hope our liberal friends will send large orders for them, and give them an extensive circulation among our Orthodox brethren at this season of the year when interchange of gifts is fashionable.

## The Avon Sensation.

We are in receipt of a late copy of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, containing a long article with this caption: "The Spirit-Land—Five Weeks in a Trance—An Avon Mystery—A Young Lady Dons Her Shroud and Dies, Predicting Her Return to Life." The Rochester Union and Advertiser of Dec. 17th contains the following comments:

"In another column we publish a communication from a resident of Avon in relation to the mysterious trance case which is now occupying so much of the public attention. We understand, however, that now the friends of the lady say that they do not believe she is a trance, but that she is really dead, the soul having entirely separated from the body. This was in accordance with Miss Bonney's predictions, and testified to, as they claim, by the supernatural shaking of the house. Considerable speculation has been made as to the cause of death and the other singular events that have taken place in connection with it, but little in addition to that already given in the Democrat and Chronicle has been learned."

A physician from this city—not a believer in Spiritualism—visited Avon yesterday, and made an examination of the body, as he had done before. He was not allowed to touch the body, but merely to look at it, as it was one of the conditions of the "going out" that no hand should be brought in contact with it. This condition has been conscientiously lived up to by her attendants. The physician states that, in his opinion, the woman is positively dead, and it is an utter impossibility for life to be brought back into the body.

Since his last examination, about a week ago, there had no material change taken place in the appearance of the corpse. He noticed, however, a slight ring about the eyes, which was a little lighter in color than the rest of the body. This he accounts for by saying that it is a perfectly natural result of the sinking in of the eyes. They at first aid for some time protruded slightly from the head, as it was claimed was predicted would take place, but have now sunk somewhat, which gives that appearance about the eyes so often seen in a corpse.

As regards the odor in the room, the doctor says he thought he detected, on his visit yesterday, a different scent from that which he found on his first one. This, however, he did not think grew from any decomposition, as, in his opinion, that had not set in. Many reports have been circulated in regard to the time which it was said Miss Bonney predicted she would remain in that state, but her friends state that she did not give the exact time when she expected to come back to life, but said that they should keep her six months, not burying her unless decomposition should set in. When the soul returned the body, she said they would hear a sound like the booming of a cannon.

One thing is stated by the doctor, which, if true, is certainly remarkable. About four weeks ago, when he was about to go up to Avon, he bought a bouquet of very choice, handsome flowers at Vick's store on State street. That bouquet he took with him to Avon, and it was placed in the room where the body of Miss Bonney was lying. The flowers are to this day as fresh and as fragrant apparently as when they were purchased.

## Music Hall Spiritualist Free Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 21st, Prof. E. Whipple, of Cambridge, addressed the attendants on this course, in a highly eloquent and acceptable manner, his theme being "American Society—Its Present and Future." We hope at an early day to present a report of his remarks. He will speak in the same hall Sunday afternoon, Dec. 28th, on "The Old and the New."

## Gerald Massey.

Will, as has been previously announced, occupy the platform at Music Hall the Sunday afternoons of January. Let every friend of free thought and fearless independence of spirit, who may be within reasonable distance of our city, make it a point to attend. Mr. Massey has been called upon, both in his country and our own; to make heavy sacrifices, social and pecuniary, on account of "the faith that is in him," and the Spiritualists of Boston should evince, by their presence, their sympathy with him in that hour of trial which inevitably precedes the dawn of success.

Tickets of admission to his lectures can be found on sale at the Music Hall Office. See announcement elsewhere.

## More Pious Business.

We would be the last to prejudice so professedly good a man as Gen. O. O. Howard, late head of the Freedmen's Bureau, but it cannot be said that it is prejudging his case to comment with perfect freedom upon it, in view of the very plain and specific charges brought against him by the Secretary of War in an official communication to Congress. He declares the pious Howard to be a fraud. The country has never been treated to such gushing in public on the subject of Orthodox religion as by this same pious Major-general. He has brought his religious profession into such disrepute that all men, except perhaps the Orthodox, are crying out against him. "To be placed in charge of such a sacred trust as the care of the Freedmen, so far as they are the wards of the nation, ought to have impressed him with such a sense of responsibility as to forbid the slightest tampering with money that the people put in his hands for the Freedmen's benefit. The Secretary of War, however, distinctly accuses him of having squandered and appropriated it to other and personal uses, so that the poor blacks have never received what was appropriated for them. The money has gone so far as this, that vouchers of moneys paid to the blacks are now on file in the office of Gen. Howard, when the proof is incontrovertible that they never received a dollar. This is rank cheating, and should be called by no other name. The person who is proved guilty of it should be punished. Yet this is just what the Secretary of War tells Congress the pious and Orthodox Gen. Howard has been guilty of, and he calls for an investigation. Gen. Howard dresses up in his uniform, cries before the Committee, and wants things kept quiet. We need not add that he is not a Spiritualist."

THE STORY OF THE EARTH.—William Denton, well known to the Boston public as a speaker upon Geology and Spiritualism, will deliver a course of six lectures at the New Fraternity Hall (Parke Memorial Building), corner Berkeley and Appleton streets, commencing Sunday evening, Jan. 4th, and continuing successive Sunday evenings till the course is completed. See announcement on our fifth page concerning the subjects to be treated of, etc., etc. Tickets for sale at the Banner of Light Office. Prof. Hall, Paleontologist and State Geologist of New York, says of Mr. Denton:

"I have heard him in a single lecture on Geology (on the Carboniferous Limestones and the Coal Measures) with much pleasure and interest. His manner of presenting the subject is interesting and graphic, his descriptions show that he has read Geology in the book, and studied it in the field; and his lectures cannot fail to be instructive and interesting to all persons."

SIFTINGS THROUGH A MEDIUM.  
NO. I.

\*\*\* The greatest enemies of a new idea are those who dine and sup on an old idea which the new one threatens to destroy. Jesus was put to death for having troubled the digestion of the chief priests, the scribes, the Pharisees, the retired money-changers and grocers of Jerusalem. If Socrates were alive now, claiming as he did of old to have spiritual intercourse, how many good church-going people there are who would like to make him drink the hemlock over again!

\*\*\* "It is customary, it is not customary," such is the argument of the worshippers of routine, in all ages, in favor of an abuse or an error, and against all new ideas. Innovators! be contented: routine is the argument and the rule only of bigots, ignoramuses and dolts.

\*\*\* The man who believes he has an idea or truth useful to mankind, and who does not impart it, as far as it is in his power, is a poltroon; if his reticence is through fear, and a sneak, if it is through indifference or calculation. Gerald Massey seems to believe heartily in this maxim. The fossilized pedants at Princeton who canceled his lecture engagement because they feared he was going to rob them of their devil, may take either horn of the above dilemma.

\*\*\* All ideas, claiming to be new, on God, or man, or on the world, are, at least in their germ, in Pythagoras, who was himself the synthesis of the ideas of Egypt and of India. The new, in ideas, as in money, is ordinarily only the old fused and recast under another form and another date. This is not meant as implying censure. What does Nature herself in her creations, but re-invest one identical eternal substance with new modifications? Used-up forms are no more current in the Universe than among men. Everywhere is re-formation and transformation.

\*\*\* Many persons deny the perfectibility of our race in order to dispense with laboring for the progress of humanity and for their own perfection. But they are punished for their malevolence and their idleness by revolutions and evils without number; for, to every stationary or retrograde condition of man, God attaches some grievous commotion, in order to teach men that they must keep moving in advance. Consider our late civil war! Consider, before it is too late, the labor question, the social-evil question, the question of municipal corruption, the question of excluding women from the suffrage.

\*\*\* The veritable Utopians are those who combat, in good faith, the coming Utopias; ignorant that the impracticable has alone been practiced hitherto among men. What does history show us, but a series of "successive impossibilities," in the subjection, through violence or fraud, of the many to the interests and caprices of the few. What seemed so impossible twenty years ago, as the sudden emancipation of our slaves? Yes, the impossible is alone the possible here below. Those who rule by the grace of an old Utopia are well aware of this. And so it is not so much against new Utopias themselves that they make war, as it is against new Utopians, whose device will necessarily be, *Take yourselves away, so that no man occupy your places!* If the Utopia could present itself without the Utopian, it would be generally welcome; for we naturally love novelty and change, when they have not for their end the displacing of ourselves from influence or office, salaried place or social position.

\*\*\* To affect an air of disdainful superiority is simply to show one's self inferior to those one tries to look down on; for a man affects only that which he does not really possess. Consider this, ye savants who sneer at Spiritualism—ye Tyndalls, Huxleys, Carpenters and Fiskes of our day! \*\*\* Let us not confound philosophy and science. The savant is to the philosopher what a book is to Nature, what reflected light is to direct light, what an echo is to the voice of which it is a repetition. The savant is a passive memory, a heavy dictionary, a mediocrity crammed with pedantry and pride, an avaricious forestaller who sells often very dear the ideas of others. The philosopher is a modest intelligence, a radiating activity, a sun which turns generously upon itself to enlighten gratuitously with its splendor all that gravitates around it. Read Dr. J. R. Buchanan (philosopher) on "Soul and Body," in Britton's Journal for October, and then read the tract by Dr. Carpenter (savant) on "Unconscious Cerebration."

\*\*\* The least ignorant among the savants is he who, appreciating human science at its just value, defines most things as *I know not what*. While he is cautious in the admission of facts, he is at the same time cautious how he utters that cheap and easy word, "Impossible!" \*\*\* How shall we distinguish between the fools and the wise men? One is wise as long as one is in pursuit of wisdom. One is a fool when he thinks he has caught it. The self-complacency of a Huxley or a Fiske in assuming that the thousands of their contemporaries who believe in Spiritualism would repudiate it if they were only a little more scientific, would be comical were it not sad.

\*\*\* The love of God and of man alone constitutes the true devotee; interest and fear make only the bigot. Unfortunately, true devotion is as rare as true friendship; and humanity is at present composed chiefly of bigots and false friends. \*\*\* Perish the universe, so that I may save my soul! This device of the priest is the sublime of egoism, and would not be disavowed by the orthodox Satan himself. And yet how many half-way thinkers there are who assume that to be anxious to save one's soul is the highest proof of morality and religion!

\*\*\* There is a moral paralysis which prevents certain people from feeling certain truths. There are atheists, for example, who seem to be deficient in a certain faculty—afflicted with spiritual deafness and catarrh.

\*\*\* There is no truth that can hold out against interest. Men would put in doubt the science of mathematics itself, if it were for their interest so to do. We contest only those moral truths which molest or cross us; and we should never go contrary to reason if reason were never contrary to our passions.

\*\*\* If the soul is immortal, it is necessarily eternal in substance. Immortality, in the system of temporary creation, would imply an eternity eternal at one end and not at the other—an eternity not eternal; that is to say, a veritable absurdity.

APOLONIUS.

A domestic broil makes an unsatisfactory meal.



## The Poor of Boston, and the Press.

The hard winter through which we are at present passing, bears heavily upon the poor, many of whom, thrown out of employment during the first days of the winter, are seeking out a pitiful subsistence verging upon slow starvation during these dismal hours, and looking forward with what hope gets lodgment in their hearts to the improvement of business prospects in the early spring.

At the commencement of the cry of suffering, the red tape serpent of city formalism raised its head and demanded that "time should be given it to demonstrate how low each one wanting assistance had been a resident of Boston, but acted upon by the urgent agitation of the abuses of the public charity system in the newspapers, the Overseers of the Poor at last opened their hearts and instructed their subordinates to help starving people in some measure, even if they had not a legal settlement in Boston.

Thus the press accomplished a better work for humanity than all the network of churches and benevolent societies in the city, notwithstanding which, the said press must be taxed to sustain these multitudinous theologic institutions, which take refuge from the Collector behind a robe of sanctimoniousness, on the back of which are written clauses 3, 7, 9, Chap. XI, Sec. 5, of Mass. General Statutes.

## Woman.

The Governor of Wyoming, in his message to the Territorial Legislature, bears emphatic testimony to the good results of woman suffrage, as follows: "The experiment of granting to woman a vote in the Government, which was inaugurated for the first time in the history of the world by the first Legislature of our Territory, has now been tried for four years. I have heretofore taken occasion to express my views in regard to the wisdom and justice of this measure, and my conviction that its adoption has been attended only by good results. Two years more have only served to deepen my conviction that what we have done has been well done, and that our system of impartial suffrage is an undoubted success."

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION, Susan B. Anthony, President, holds its semi-annual Convention in Washington, D. C., on January 15th and 16th, 1874. This Association holds that the Constitution of the United States has already guaranteed suffrage to female as well as male citizens.

## Kleptomania among School-Girls in Chelsea.

Under this mild heading the Boston Herald recently gave a statement that three school-girls, fifteen years of age, and of highly respectable parentage, had been detected in purloining gold rings, perfume, etc., etc., from the stores of several Chelsea merchants. On being taken before Justice Bates for legal examination they confessed, and presented the following extraordinary line of defence, viz: that they took the things for a table at the coming fair of the "Young Men's Christian Association."

Where rests the responsibility for the false system of education under which these young misses seem to have been reared, by which theft was hoped to be pardoned if only its fruits were to be devoted to the "glory of God"? Can the Church or the Young Men's Christian Association reply? Society has the right to an answer!

Grignon W. Bazin, the veteran printer, known in this city for over a half century, and commanding the highest respect, not alone in matters pertaining to his own business, but also in many outside circles where his influence was felt, died at his residence on Milford street, Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, having reached the age of seventy-nine years and eight months. Mr. Bazin was born in Portsmouth, N. H., April 29th, 1794, served as an apprentice at the same time and on the same paper (Morning Chronicle) with Charles Greene of the Boston Post; printed Whittemore's Trumpet (Universalist organ) in Boston for nearly forty years; served the city as Common Councilman; was one of the oldest members of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and closed his industrious life as an employe of Messrs. Rand & Avery, of this city.

Steps are being taken to induce the repeal, this session, of that portion of the late act of Congress regarding free matter in the United States mails, which refers to newspaper exchanges. This is as it should be. It always appeared to us that this abolition, by the "assembled wisdom" of the nation, of the system of free exchanges—bearing so hard as it did upon the country papers—was the greatest piece of folly ever perpetrated on a civilized community, inasmuch as it placed a taxation upon the circulation of intelligence among the people, and struck a direct blow at the interests of the press, which has ever been the palladium of American independence.

A neat eight-page illustrated paper, entitled "The Lyeum," comes to us for January, 1874. It is issued at Toledo, O., by P. H. Bateson, publisher—Geo. W. Bateson (who is well known to the spiritualistic public) holding charge of a department called "The Progressive Lyeum." The editor states, in one of his introductory paragraphs, that "The Lyeum will be, what its name indicates, a place for the discussion, in a liberal spirit, of every question of importance to the rising generation." There is room in the liberal field for all earnest workers; so let Bros. Bateson and Bates take heart and push on.

"Soon as a man dies and leaves money to establish a public institution, somebody discovers that he is insane. It is said that the will of Seth Adams is to be contested on this ground. The only way in which any one can securely dispose of property is to deed it, subject to the life of the owner."—Haverhill Publisher.

The italics are our own, and the words of the Publisher are truthful in the extreme. Especially is this the case when the property is desired to be left to a Spiritualist Institution—vide the "Barnes Will" in Indiana, and many other instances where bigotry has proved too strong for the expressed wishes of the testator.

See notice in another column of the removal of "The Truth-Seeker" to New York City from Paris, Ill.

THAT SPIRITUAL PICTURE, "The Dawning Light," is advertised on seventh page. An appropriate "New Year's Gift."

Read the fine poem by Gerald Massey on our second page, entitled, "Our White Dove."

## Banner Contents.

First Page: "The Brown Little Man's Story of the Spectre of Happy Days, a Christmas tale by the spirit-pen of Charles Dickens. Second: Same continued: Poem—"Our White Dove," by Gerald Massey. Banner Correspondence: "Report of A. A. Root." "The Chicago Convention," by E. S. Halliwell. "When I say 'No' to W. F. Johnson," Third: "The Sabbath Question," considered by a Layman, by A. K. Abbott. Western Correspondence: "By Warren Chase, Fourth and Fifth: Miscellaneous Editorials, Items, etc. Sixth: Spirit Messages: "A Package of Pickings," by J. M. Dodge. Poem: "The Temple of Dreams." Prospective Convention calls, etc. Seventh: Book and other advertisements. Eighth: "Beasts," "Spiritual Conventions," "Chicago House," "The First Spiritualist Convention of Baltimore," "Public Moralists Providence," etc.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

CHRISTMAS. There's glory in the upper air, There's glory in the earth; There's glory, glory everywhere, This day of Jesus' birth!

Dec. 27th. Michikazu Yosida, Nawa, of Japan, for several months a member of the Boston Law School, died on Wednesday, Dec. 27th, of typhoid fever, at the age of thirty-one. He had distinguished himself in the wars of his country, and accompanied Mr. Mori to this country as second secretary of the Japanese legation. Soon after the arrival of the embassy, he resigned his official position, and coming to this city, commenced the study of law. He was a young man of ability, and his career promised usefulness to his country and fame to himself.

AN APPRECIATIVE ADDRESS. The Christian Register reports that, last Sunday, one of our ministers preached a sermon on "The Abuse of Trusts, and Sudden Falls into Disgrace of Men of High Standing," without being aware that he had an especially fit audience. After the sermon, he was told that six bank presidents, two cashiers and a city treasurer had listened to him.

"Roundabout" has at last found one thing that is what it's cracked up to be. It is homely.

Chicago is ashamed of the amount of fuel shown by its country authorities, who have actually let a new court-house be built for \$200,000 less than the estimated cost.

No, sir! you can't live in this world and taken active part therein, without treading on somebody's corns. It's an impossibility to avoid it.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a female quarrel, but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another." "Pardon me," said the wife, "but I've lived long enough to learn that one man is just as good as another, if not worse."

One of the Japanese students at Yale was accosted by a green sophomore the other day with, "What's your name?" "The gentleman from Japan," answered the student, giving his surname. "Oh!" rejoined the would-be questioner, "You mean that you have no first name, I see?" "What was the first name of Moses?" was the reply.

"The world moves" in Mexico. Ponce has been abolished, and the Church has been separated from the State. The people celebrated the passage of the articles with orations, illuminations, and a military parade.

It is a waste of valor for us to do battle," said a lame Arab to an Arab who had suddenly come upon him in the desert; "let us wait till we see who shall be considered the victor, and then go about our business." To this proposition the Arab readily assented. They cast lots of the Arab cast lots of stones, and the ostrich cast lots of feathers. Then the former went about his business, which consisted in skinning the ostrich.

For more than ten months the lofty volcano, Mauna Loa, Sandwich Islands, has been burning with almost uninterrupted brilliancy. This is especially remarkable, from the fact that the eruption is going on at an elevation of nearly fourteen thousand feet above the sea. The column of molten lava thrown out of the summit crater varies from two hundred to five hundred feet in height, and assumes all the various forms of a great fountain of water. The old crater of Kilauea, which is four thousand feet above the sea, is also unusually active.

A Sophomore says he cannot understand how any one, possessing what is generally known as a conscience, can counterfeit a five-cent piece, and put on the back of it, "In God We Trust."

The new working-rooms of the Boston North End Mission were presented on Saturday, Dec. 20th, with a handsome Grover & Baker sewing-machine, for which the managers extend hearty thanks to the firm.

Some writer contributes the following neat bit of rhyme to the "People's Call," and christens it THE NURSE'S CRADLE-SONG. Sleep, little babe! Thy father has gone to his club; Thy mother has gone to her school; So swallow the beautiful lullaby tune— Sleep, little babe!

Sleep, little babe! Sleep, little babe! A wolf had after some sheep; He stole a young lamb from the shepherdess— There was not much left of that lamb, I guess! Sleep, little babe!

Sleep, little babe! Sleep, little babe! Sure, paragon's cheap; Tattus use it when catnip fails— It stops the howling and the crying— Sleep, little babe!

Milton, in California, was entirely destroyed by a tornado, on the 11th. Not a building was left standing, and injured, but no lives were lost. About the same time, a regular tornado was felt from about the centre of England to near the centre of Scotland. Many places in the north of England and some in the south of Scotland are mentioned as having been among the suffering communities.

The retrospective of past misfortune, like shade to a picture, gives to present bliss greater force and brightness.

The Dutch troops in Achien are now in possession of all the country on the left side of Achien River. The march of the Dutch is strongly resisted by the Acheenese.

The life of an honest man is a beautiful poem; and every human being who reads it feels better; stronger, more hopeful for it.

WOMAN'S RIGHT TO LEARNING. Oh, men that plan the state's life, When law and justice lay, And drive with subtle hand and who Your mothers from the door away, Undo the doors in the high noon, And give her heritage have you, Your cold exclusion's out of tune With Nature's hospitality.

Why is it that a man who steals \$30 is sent to State Prison, and one who steals \$300,000 is hanged?

A Paris journal publishes the following curious paragraph: "The oldest journal in the world is published at Pekin, China. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff as took place a thousand years ago. The only thing changed is the writers."

The "Virginius" was surrendered to Capt. Whitling, of the "Worcester," on Tuesday, Dec. 16th, at Bahia Honda, the "Despatch" being used for the occasion; and now the Attorney-General of the United States pronounces her "filluster" craft. Send her back! As we go to press, reports indicate that England is about to supplement the action of the United States by a demand for the punishment of Burial.

Times of general equality and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest evils. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the highest thunder-bolt is elicited from the darkest storm.—Colton.

Gold mines have been discovered in Alaska. If they are worth anything, they will be the means of putting a stop to "the wolf's long howl from Donkasska's shore."

They talk of erecting a hotel in San Francisco of a 1200 man-power.

"When Dr. — preaches," said a humble pastor, "the ploverman leaves his farrow, the tradesman his shop, the scholar his books, and the fine lady her toilet, to crowd round the pulpit. When I preach, I let all things to rights again, and every one follows his own business."

New Jersey's valuation is \$515,000,000, less a few dollars.

My lord cardinal, (Handiand Richelieu) there is one fact which you seem to have entirely forgotten. God is a sure paymaster. He may not pay at the end of the week, month or year, but he never fails to remember that he pays in the end.—Anne of Austria.

A benevolent lady in New York supports eight poor families, at an expense of \$10,000 a year.

An Indianapolis man gives \$100 weekly for charitable purposes. Such charity "maketh not ashamed."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, when he overtook a few miles from Little Rock. "I am going to Heaven, my son."

I have been on the way eighteen years." "Well, good-bye, old fellow; if you have been traveling toward Heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Loudness has become the banner cotton State, producing this year 1,200,000 of the 3,000,000 bales raised in the South. To accomplish this the cultivation of sugar has been largely abandoned.

The man who carries a lantern on a dark night can have friends all around him, walking safely by the help of his rays, and he is not defeated. So he who has the enlightening light of hope in his breast can help many others in this world's darkness, not to his own loss, but to their precious gain.

The great bell at Mendenhall, Upper Vermont, is said to be the largest and heaviest bell in the world now in the cathedral bell of Moscow. It is twenty feet high, and its inside diameter is sixteen feet and four inches. The weight of bell, pin and shackle altogether is about ninety tons.

The only deaf-mute library and reading-room in Boston is that at 229 Washington street, which has been formally incorporated, and of which Mr. Adams Johnson is the authorized agent.

A Calcutta despatch states that one-half of the supply of food in the Province of Bengal has been exhausted, and it is now believed that a famine cannot be averted. This far exceeds any actual distress among the people.

The regular Sunday evening entertainment at Voltaire's Bowler, took place, as usual, on the night of the 21st. The exercises consisted of the recitation of a poem by Mrs. Parker, and of addresses by Messrs. Charles McLean and H. E. Langley. These were, respectively, nearly one hundred persons, most of them laboring people, and the most persons of regular zeal in the cause of labor reform.

The addresses developed the various phases of the labor question, that of Mr. McLean being devoted, in part, to the subject of woman's suffrage.

A discussion in the National Convention of Friends, the other day, would seem to indicate that even the Quakers are beginning to yield to the "spirit of the age." One speaker asked that "the question of dress should be one simply of utility and convenience," and said, moreover, "the practice of wearing the hat in meeting, which so long prevailed, was remarkable chiefly for being a stupid violation of sanitary law."

In his autobiography in "Ten Minute Talks," Eliza Burritt tells how he studied mathematics. He could not afford time to go to school, so he used to calculate problems in his head, while hammering away at his anvil. Here is one of them: "I have many yards of cloth, three feet wide, cut into strips, each half wide and half long, and each end for the top, would it require to reach from the centre of the sun to the centre of the earth, and how much would it all cost, at a shilling a yard?" The would not allow himself to make a single figure with chalk or charcoal in working out this problem, and he would carry home to his brother all the multiplications in his head, and give them to him and his assistant, who took them down on their slates, and verified and proved each separate calculation, and found the final result to be correct.

A petition is in circulation, sent out by the Liberal League of Boston, for the equalization of taxation for the benefit of the poor, and according to churches and other religious bodies.—Albion.

And all liberal people in the State should speedily sign it. There is no sort of reason why the poor should be taxed to support the rich!

Warren Chase

Lectures the four Sundays of January in Des Moines, Iowa, and the four Sundays of February in Topeka, Kan. Address accordingly.

"We have no reply to make to the personal letter of our old friend D. A. Edly, of Cleveland, O., published in the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Nov. 29th, except the paragraph at the foot of the column and immediately under the letter, which reads as follows: 'We unto him who is inspired by his prejudices, for he shall walk in darkness, and the shadow of unrest shall fall upon him.' We will, however, reaffirm every statement made in our report referred to in the letter condemned by him."

James M. Peckles, whose "Package of Pickings" will be found on our sixth page, has been addressing large audiences during December at the Oxford-street, Unitarian Chapel, Lynn, Mass. He goes next to Troy, N. Y.

Read the advertisement of THE ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, Chicago, on our fifth page.

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DEMON G. DAK, M. D., assisted by Dr. H. I. HOPKINS, is now located at 935 Washburn avenue, Chicago. Remedies sent to any address. O.3.

Dr. Willis will be in Chelsea the first Tuesday in every month, at Deacon Sargent's, No. 80 Central avenue, and at 25 Milford street, Boston, the first Wednesday and Thursday. Office hours from 10 till 3. D20.

J. L. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth ave., New York. Terms, \$5 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. N1.

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THOMAS G. NEWMAN, Manager, Room 27, Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill. Dec. 27—2w

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 The ruling on the Time, and the Time;  
 Here history waits with Romance at his side,  
 There reveals Love with Beauty belied,  
 Here regal gales bid the seasons wait,  
 Where with the Time, and the Time;  
 Young blood still Spring in robes of green estate,  
 And fervent Summer with live visage crowned;  
 Here the colds of winter, and the Time;  
 O'er fruitful Autumn and eternal snows,  
 There War's dark angel thrusts his sickle in,  
 And reap the harvest of the crimson plain;  
 Here the Time, and the Time;  
 And dying martyrs, by the blood slain,  
 In robes of life ascend to realms untrod;  
 Here the Time, and the Time;  
 Thus I wander where the Genii keep  
 Their gauded splendors, and their trophic height  
 In haunted chambers fraught with charms that see  
 The Time, and the Time;  
 Drinking the spirit of their lustrous beaus,  
 A captive in the Temple of Old Dreams.

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concert of action to encourage some to the adoption of a natural system of dress—one comporting with all the duties of woman—we invite lovers of truth to meet in convention in Plum-street Hall, Vineland, N. J., Tuesday, Wednesday, January 20th and 21st, 1874. As an important aid to the work proposed, we respectfully urge that every woman who can, come to the convention in such costume as may best express her thought of a rational dress for

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