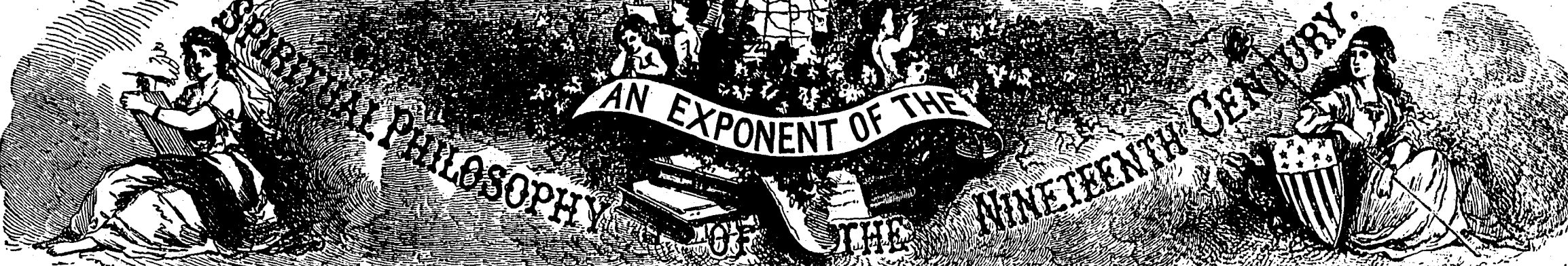


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Christmas Poetry.

Written for the Banner of Light.  
THE CHIME-BELLS.  
BY ISAAC GALE.

Ye bells of sweet, melodious chime,  
That love to greet the Sabbath morn,  
Again your song is of the time  
When Bethlehem's wondrous babe was born;  
When on Judea's midnight plain,  
The watchful shepherds heard the sound  
Of "peace on earth, good will to men,"  
From angel choirs that shone around.

This day from many an ancient fane,  
Sublime the organ's peal shall rise,  
And cultured voices sweetly join  
To swell that anthem to the skies;  
While round them stately sculptures stand,  
Radiant with myriad tapers' sheen,  
And paintings, from some master's hand,  
O'erlook the grand, triumphal scene.

But not from earthly fane and tongue  
Alone shall praise to-day be given,  
For they o'er Judah's plain who sung  
Yet chant "good will and peace" in heaven;  
And friends, not dead, but gone before,  
In tones to mortal ear unknown,  
Love-drawn, may leave that brighter shore,  
To blend their voices with our own.

Nor have such forms (in Christian lore  
Declared off known to human ken)  
Lost the blest power they had of yore  
To manifest themselves to men.  
Of times, when midnight veils the skies,  
Doth slumber ope the inward sight,  
And "spirits pass before our eyes,"  
As erst "in visions of the night."

All outward sense entranced and still,  
We feel their thoughts with ours commune,  
And to the heart such truths reveal  
As light with hope earth's darkest gloom.  
List to the gospel they declare:  
"Oh, man, thy doubts and fears dispel,  
Our life divine thou too wilt share,  
Rejoice to know that all is well."

Oh then, ye music bells, chime on,  
And let your tones, so silvery clear,  
Break sweetly on the silent morn  
In anthems of immortal cheer;  
And e'er as dawns Christ's natal day,  
Swell like the angels' love-born theme,  
Till earth as heaven exalts the lay  
That hailed the "Babe of Bethlehem."  
Natick, Dec. 25, 1875.  
\* Job 19: 13-15.

## "HEAVENLY MATTERS."

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
This title may be somewhat strained, but a friend in a letter says: "I am glad you have finished your fiduciary series (referring to some articles printed elsewhere) and are going to attend to heavenly matters." We have adopted the title more hopefully than expectantly, and running our risk, dear reader, we presume you are willing to also. John Weiss, one of the bright lights of free religion, has treated in a sermon lately, of a spiritual world. Suppose, then, we treat of it with that eminent divine's logic in our mind. So far, then, we are justified in using our friend's suggestion for our starting-point; let us try, then, to stick to our high-flown text, even if it ends elsewhere.

We suppose there is nothing in the whole logic of human mentality for the past twenty years that has been so flat, irrational and unprofitable, as the attempted illumination of Modern Spiritualism, its manifestations, and matters appertaining thereto, by eminent, scientific, scholarly and clerical men. Science has solved the physical basis of the universe by the spectral analysis; hence it knows man, his soul and his future "all to pieces;" it and all practically in the ground. It stoops, like Byron, to touch the loftiest thought, if its paternity is spiritual, and stares when the average man prefers the plain evidence of his senses, and holds on to the fact when the scientific wiseacre says there is no fact that ignorance or fraud cannot account for.

Scholarly men, literary incarnations, knowing all ancient and modern lore, living encyclopedias, full of every subject from Bode's law to printers' notations, except the one thing needed—you open them at Modern Spiritualism, the widest and liveliest item of the nineteenth or any century, and it is omitted—unworthy of notice; will all be explained like other delusions that

have had their day; and they look wild and vacant, year after year, because men of few letters, who cannot translate the Iliad, if they ever heard of the book, still stick to the evidence of their senses, and hold on to the fact when these wiseacres have snuffed it out.

Clerical men, the weakest material passing for men of culture and thought in the nineteenth century, whose whole paraphernalia of thoughts and all that has produced this pulp institution sustains it and them, rests on fraud and delusion, and the experts of their order know it, and all degrees of hypocrisy and inconsistency are represented in it, and the only possible show for any supposable or probable base of truth underlying their claims are the current facts of to-day connected with Modern Spiritualism. The treatment this subject has received from the clerical order—the weakest, as we have said, of the three mentioned orders of the world's teachers—would be laughable but for its solemnity, when every single objection, explanation, apology or criticism tells more against their own data than against the spiritual manifestations, and while thus biting their own heads off they wonder because people turn their backs on their pious platitudes and believe their own senses in the face and eyes of their interpretation of Holy Writ; and though the church is getting filled with the delusion, (?) and the mourners at funerals consoled with it, and nothing else, they charge it with immorality, disturbing social and family relations, when probably, in proportion to the number of parsons to the number of Spiritualists, there are a thousand of the former who are guilty of "true inwardness" to one Spiritualist who is. Two wrongs do not make a right, but it does appear to us as though the truest thing ever uttered by that poet of human nature, the immortal bard, when the same is applied to the scientist, the scholar and the parson in their attempted explanation of Modern Spiritualism, viz.:

"Man, proud man, clothed in a little brief authority  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As makes the angels weep."

We admit the present crudeness of our beautiful truth, we admit its associations with ignorance and fraud; not always easy to separate the true from the false, but the sincere and diligent seeker will find it a truth, and no amount of deception in high and low places will affect a truth. We leave it, then, to those who know, from their experience amidst its crudeness and our limited knowledge of the law that governs spiritual influence, that it is founded in truth, whether there is not something ludicrous and farcical in the varied attempts of men to explain this subject who have no knowledge of it, but often say they have investigated it, and yet those who know it to be a truth, know from the way they present it that they have never given it an investigation worthy of the name; "blind leaders of the blind;" no, worse than that, a blind attempt to lead those whose eyes are open. We have no particular one in view in these comments, but every thoughtful Spiritualist will call to mind the history of these attempts at illumination or extingishment, and while smiling at the efforts of bigotry and the ignorance of wise men, will feel perfectly safe, and see all the time that,

"Ever the truth comes uppermost."

In saying what we have, we know very well there are scientific men, that cannot be claimed as Spiritualists, who think there are some things unknown to them, and that they will know more than they do now on this and all subjects by-and-by; some scholars, yea many, who with all their culture, will not "pooh pooh" a thing that they know nothing of; and there are ministers also who are an ornament to their profession, who have not lost their common sense by familiarity with heavenly matters. But with this admission, the readers of the Banner know how true our statement is as a whole, and have felt almost irritated that men occupying positions should seriously offer such weak, silly explanations as many have, as if the common man was a common fool; as though a yeoman or a boor was not as expert in knowing a bean from a strawberry as a man is who happens to know the shape, size and direction of motion of the Milky Way.

Thus far 't is true "heavenly matters" should have read, "earthly." Perhaps some departed Fulton, or Tyndall, or Weiss, after getting on the other side, and finding out they were lame, have jogged our pen into the direction it has thus far taken; if so, who will find fault? We won't, even if we are our own inspirer.

We must not forget John Weiss and his spiritual world that we were to have in our minds in treating of "heavenly matters." We do not consider him in any sense as belonging to the foregoing classes of teachers, although in the discourse referred to, he is sort of related to them. We have said he was a bright man, and full of bright, rational thoughts, and that is our opinion still. In an analogical sense he is like the young man who approached the Master, who said, "If thou wouldst be perfect, sell what thou hast," &c.; the young man did not do it, so there was a spot on that sun. So would we say to Mr. W., "If thou wouldst be perfect as a teacher, don't put your foot into Modern Spiritualism, or rather go in all over; but like the young man he will go away sorrowing, for he has great mental possessions. Still the world will move on, and Modern Spiritualism also.

Mr. Weiss has got grandly out of the evangel-ical conception of a future life, as every rational man must, but he seems to have nothing in its place. That really is the weak part of free religion, no ghost in the play. It will never have a following until it is adopted. Mr. Weiss don't believe in adopting a fiction; neither do Spiritualists. They have discovered the fact; Weiss has not, so there is no fact! "This world," says Coleridge, "is all too narrow without the ghost! Ah, never more will I hide his faith in the might of stars and angels!" So he would assume a virtue if he has it not. Weiss would not, and there Weiss is wise. Blessed are the Spiritualists, for they have the truth without assumption.

Mr. Weiss has lost some of the confidence he used to have for Modern Spiritualism; thinks so widespread a belief entitled to a fair hearing. We think he intended to, and did the best he could without experience. We credit him with good intentions. The subject is in the air. It may be Shakespeare, of whom he is a student, is influencing him. The subject evidently is attractive, though he finds no truth in it. It would not be profitable to quote from our notes his words, though they were numerous and the points artistic and bright, though neither logical nor true; true to him, but not to one who knows more and knows better on the subject.

Weiss ignores any knowledge of the other world, or man's future life, yet he says flesh and blood do not enter there, which in a sense may be true, but how does he know it? The soul's senses, he says, do not now exist, and cannot. There cannot be, says he, a moment when the soul's senses stir up, because another set is in us and active. We have been stirred in our lives by another man's soul, and woman's too, and are often, although our senses are in us and active. For the life of us we do not see why an invisible or departed soul should not, or even our own soul stir us to high resolve, although our bodily senses may be weak.

The soul, says Weiss, cannot be in two places at once, any more than a man can occupy two souls. This is strong and quite ministerial language for a man who knows nothing about any soul, or any other world. Mr. Weiss must have no idea, for a little knowledge of mesmerism would have taught him that two souls can be doing duty in one body. He says the soul has a body, a soul without a body is a nonentity. He professes, however, to think the soul resides out, and attracts from its surroundings its own body, as the child does in fetal life. We think so, too, and this mortal existence is the fetal life of the soul. We are now in our husks; by-and-by we will be unhusked in the spirit, but always have a body; unless it were so there would be a period when the soul would be a nonentity without a body, which this bright teacher says cannot be, and if the soul is preparing a body for its exit, if ever, so short a period *ante mortem*, that period, the soul inhabits two bodies. First, then, Mr. Weiss knows nothing of the soul or the future, then says in detail what it is and what it cannot be, and, in saying it, is inconsistent, contradictory and illogical, in addition to giving detailed information of what he admits he knows nothing.

There were quite a number of points made, which seemed to be inconsistent with the above, but hardly worth while to extend into them. Mr. Weiss is one of our favorites, keen, eloquent and artistic, but we never heard him deliver so faulty a discourse as this one was, on the "spiritual world." The wonder to us is, he did not see the faults himself. He will when he wakes up. Blessed are those who are now awake!

## How to Entertain Guests.

Read before the Woman Suffrage Association of San Jose, Cal., Nov. 4th, by J. L. W.

Emerson says: "I pray you, oh excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man, or this woman, who has alighted at our gate, not a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a price at any village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your actions, in your accents, and behavior, your heart and earnestness, what he cannot buy at any price at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hardly in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread, and the bed dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the housewife where they are simple, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the Universe; the soul worships truth and love, and honor and courtesy flow into all deeds."

The most obtuse must see in this quotation the whole philosophy of hospitality. One of the greatest delights of having a home of our own is to have a place in it for friends and strangers. We do not build a house simply to meet the wants of our own families. We have one or more guest chambers and the extension table, to which we may welcome our friends. The larger our means the more liberal provision we make for hospitality. They are greatly to be pitied who can barely supply their own physical wants, who dwell in narrow quarters, who have no pillow or place for a friend's head, or a chair for a guest. The whole secret of putting our friends at their ease is to be at ease ourselves; and in order to be thus, we must not misinterpret their visit. They have not come to see our furniture, our surroundings, our dress, but ourselves. Courtesy, then, rather demands our society and conversation than our silver-ware and cookery. There is no objection, of course, to the best tea-urn, and cups and saucers to match, but they should set upon the table as if they were every-day ware. By all means let the turkey if that is your humor, but do not tell your guest that the bird has been waiting for his coming a month. Let the rare dish be served up with as much ease as if it were always upon your table. Keep your art, whatever it may be, out of sight. Do not let your guest suspect that you are making an effort to entertain him, lest he go away pained with the feeling that he has been a burden to you, and never come again.

Nor should we turn aside wholly from the routine of our daily life to make our guests welcome. Every one worthy to sit at your table knows that life has its necessary duties. Do not burden them with the thought that your business is suffering derangement and loss by their coming. Your intercourse will be all the sweeter and more profitable for coming in the intervals of your regular cares. Give them to-day only that which you have to spare to-day, that there may be no strain on the morrow for your lost possessions, and no wish in your heart that they had not come at all, or at least when they did.

## A Splendid New Serial.

### DAISY DOANE: OR, SUNSHINE AFTER DARKNESS.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,  
BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

Author of "Dora Moore;" "Country Neighbors;" "The Two Orphans;" "Rocky Sock A Tale for the Times;" "Bertha Lee;" "My Husband's Secret;" "Jealousy Gray;" "Pictures of Real Life in New York;" "The Two Cousins;" or, "Sunshine and Tempest;" "The Lights and Shadows of One Woman's Life," etc., etc., etc.

"God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, 'If this please God, let it be as it is.'—JEREMY TAYLOR."

#### CHAPTER I. The Baptism.

It was Sunday morning, but the quiet which usually prevailed in the old Doane mansion at that time, was broken by the chattering of cook and housemaid in the kitchen as they bustled about in their preparations for a more varied dinner than was common on this day in the household. From the open door Peter could be seen, rubbing the horses with great vigor, standing back every other minute to admire their glossy coats and long manes. When this work was completed he took down the silver-plated harness, already very bright, and with a few vigorous strokes made it shine so that his own black but comely face was reflected from the surface of the bright metal as if it were ornamented with a collection of tiny daguerreotypes. "Mr. Joe don't zactly like me to do this Sunday," he said to himself, laughing so that his white teeth gleamed between his red lips, seeing which Peter laughed the more, and made wonderful grimaces, which was quite a waste of the comic, seeing that no artist was at hand to immortalize them.

"No, I suppose Mr. Joe would tell me to say the fourth commandment, and remember only works of necessity and mercy. But this is a extraordinary occasion; can't make things too bright to-day. Thirty-eight years this day since a child was baptized in this family, and never a wedding, though the house has been built nigh on to a hundred years. Now I call that remarkable, extraordinary, uncommon, and (there, I have it now) as the minister said when I asked him to explain how seeds grow in the ground. Never a wedding all these years! Well, that comes of havin' sons and no daughters, for we can't count Miss Joan a daughter as was likely to marry. Ha! ha! ha!" and Peter, forgetting the day, laughed so loud as to be heard in the kitchen.

"Why, Pete?" said Betty, as she turned to the door, holding in her hand the thread and needle with which she was sewing up the crop of a dressed chicken that she had just stuffed with a savory mass of chopped bread and sweet herbs; "you forget what day it is. By the way you laugh I should think it was, the Fourth of July."

"And what is that in your hand, Mistress Betty?" said Peter. "Is that the way you keep holy the Sabbath day? You should wait till Monday mornin' to mend old clothes!"

"I ain't mending old clothes, you goose. I am about such work as is my duty."

"I donno what else you can call it but mendin' old clothes, when I see you with my own eyes at work on that chicken's jacket; but hounsover, I ain't a goin' to quarrel on this blessed mornin'." In my view it is better to laugh than 'to let your angry passions rise.' The sun shines, and the birds sing, and the garden is a laughin' all over with flowers, and, best of all, we are to have a christening to-day. Look at them horses and that harness; do n't they do credit to the occasion? And I have rubbed the old carriage till it looks like new."

"You have been long enough about it," said Betty, who always was chary of her praises of Peter, who she considered held altogether too high an opinion of himself. "You better go now and study your catechism, and remember that good works won't save you."

"Shall I try had ones, Betty? I can sew up the other chicken if ye want help?"

"Go along, I say; you always hinder more than you help."

Peter returned to his stable, and harnessing the horses to the old-fashioned carriage, sat down with primer in hand, unconscious that he held the result of his work in the brightness of carriage and harness, and the gloss of the well-rubbed horses. A little broken mirror in the stable had revealed the fact that he too shone from head to feet. His hair was *glad*, his black skin *glad*, his white spencer *smooth* from Betty's ironing, and his "pumps" were as shining as "Day and Martin" could make them.

defaulting was understood, would take good care of its deposits during the hour of absence.

Up stairs, in the large front chamber, the mother sits with her babe in her lap. She has taken him from his bath, and is wrapping the dripping cherub in soft flannel, while the water drops sparkle on the tiny brown curls on his head, and he winks and laughs as they roll down his cheeks. He is a fair and lovely infant, and the fond mother kisses cheek and mouth and dimpled feet, as she wipes the water from them and calls him by those endearing pet names which little ones understand so well. On the chair beside her hangs a long white robe of India muslin, costly and rare, and in a box of sandal wood lies a tiny cap most exquisitely wrought with needle-work which must have tested severely the eyesight of her who wrought it, for its wreaths and sprays are a study for an artist, as most surely is the rich, antique lace that adorns it. Now, though the baby is certainly a good-natured baby, and sleeps all night long, and cries only when it is sure they have forgotten the dinner hour, and crows and laughs, and kicks its tiny feet and squares its little fists as if it meant to let the world know it had come here to have a good time and make the most of life, yet it has a decided objection to dress, is entirely satisfied with itself as it came into the world, and would prefer to paddle about naked in the little bath-tub to being arrayed in fine linen and needle work. That costly robe, wrought long years ago by fair hands, in that eastern land where they talk in flowers, has no attraction for him; he pushes it one side, and he resists the cap likewise; if it were a crown he would do the same (so much wisdom is there in ignorance sometimes), and his struggles would amount to a tiny rebellion were he not diverted from his belligerent intentions by a little girl in white muslin and blue ribbons, who stands before him, clapping her tiny hands and bidding him look at her. He does look, for he has learned to love that face, and to listen for that voice. I think he likes nothing as well, unless it be his mother's lullaby.

"Look here, birdie, darling, see!" she exclaims, and she rattles some little silver bells and laughs her gentle, rippling laugh that is in sweet harmony with the bells, and he stretches out his little hands toward her and laughs, too, and the mother meanwhile slips on the robe and cap, and even the rich, flowing sash, and before he knows it he is dressed to his mother's satisfaction and the delight of the little girl, who exclaims, "Oh, mamma, there never was anything so beautiful as my baby brother! You dearest, sweetest, darlingest baby! I love you with all my heart!"

"Then, my darling," said the mother, "I will put him in the cradle and you may sit down beside him, while I dress."

It was a pretty sight—the baby happy as long as the little girl was near him, and she full of delight to be there.

"How cunning he looks, mamma," she said, "in this cap; and yet I think I like his little curly head better."

"Yes, indeed," replied the mother, as she robed herself in pure white muslin and wound her own abundant hair about her head; "I much prefer him without the cap; but baby's father was baptized in that cap; and I think I shall put him in it, as an heirloom in the family, and I put it on to please Miss Joan. She would hardly think the ceremony complete without it. I must take baby in and show him to her."

"Mamma," said the little girl, "was I ever baptized?"

"Yes, my child, in India; I shall never forget that day. Come here, my darling," and the mother drew the child to her bosom, kissed her tenderly, and as she did so a tear fell upon the little girl's forehead. "Yes, darling, you were baptized in India, in a little mountain town. I held you in my arms under the shadow of a great tree while ground us were the curious, eager faces of our Karian congregation. They had never seen a white child before, and they gathered close to me, and wondered much when your father, taking you from me, sprinkled the water upon your brow, and dedicated you to God. This little band of natives, who had just begun to understand Christianity, and who were in the morning twilight of its great truths, heard for the first time the solemn words of the ceremony?"

"Did I wear a white frock like my little brother?"

The mother smiled as she glanced at the costly robe of the babe.

"Yes, darling, you wore a white frock, but it was not much like this. It was a plain robe made from your mother's wedding gown."

"Did I have any presents, mother?"

"You know Mr. Tracy sent my brother a silver mug, and Uncle Joe has given him a porringer."



"No, my child, we were far away from our friends. But stop; yes, one of the Karen women brought you the sacred flower of the Hindus—the lotus. I do not know where she got it, for it did not grow near us—it is a water plant. But she was aware that some religious ceremony was to be performed that day, and she no doubt traveled a great distance for her gift. I dried and pressed it, and if you will remind me of it I will show it to you to-morrow."

"I think that was beautiful, mamma. I like flowers better than silver things. I shall not forget to ask for it to-morrow."

There was a knock at the door. It was Jenny, from the kitchen. She had been promised the privilege of holding the baby on the way to church, and bringing it home after the ceremony. She wore a flowered India calico, of rather high colors, and around her head was wound a plaid turban of scarlet and brown. Jenny, like the rest of her race, liked rich colors, and they surely became her to day as she stood there smiling and showing her regular white teeth, with her hands held out for the baby. There was something about her which pleased his taste also, for he sprang toward her, and the dark colors of her face and dress made a fine background for his white drapery.

"Daisy" (the little girl's pet name,) went out of another door into her own room, and from thence to a large, handsomely furnished chamber, where a middle-aged gentleman stood at a mirror tying the bow of his neck-cloth with great precision and care. He was very neatly dressed, according to the fashion of the day, in a blue coat with brass buttons, waistcoat of black satin, linen cambric shirt frills, and pantaloons of fine drab broadcloth, silk stockings, and shoes that were tied with black ribbon. As he heard the little girl's step he turned to look at her, and a smile lighted his face. "Well, my darling, you and I will ride in the chaise to-day, for the carriage will be full. Are you ready? for you know we must be punctual on this day, and perhaps we had better ride on slowly-ahead and be there to meet them when they come."

"Yes, Uncle, I will be ready in a moment," and she returned to her room for her hat and gloves, but was soon at his side again.

"Uncle Joe, what do you guess was my present when I was baptized?"

"I can't guess, Daisy; a gold ring?"

"Oh, Uncle, no; that would be too funny."

"But little girls like rings," glancing at one upon her tiny finger, of whose real value she was happily ignorant.

"Yes, Uncle Joe, but we don't give them to babies."

"Was it a porringer, then?"

"No, no, Uncle; you can never guess, and I must tell you. It was a flower, a rare flower—a lotus, given by a poor Karen woman in India."

"Well, that is beautiful, Daisy. But I know of one who would have gladly given you a richer offering had she been there."

"Ah, you mean Aunt Alice, Uncle Joe."

"Yes, Daisy."

"But she would not have loved me any more than you do, Uncle Joe."

"No, my pet, I do not think she could."

As she spoke, Daisy had climbed upon his knee, and her arm was round his neck.

"And nobody loves you so much as I do, Uncle Joe," and she put her red lips up to his smooth-shaven cheeks and kissed him.

"Do you know, Daisy, why I am so glad that we have a baby in the house, or rather I should say that your mother has a son?"

"Why, we are all glad, ain't we, Uncle Joe?"

Everybody in the house is glad. Even Miss Joan is glad, in a droll way to be sure, for she says it keeps up the Doane name; so if it was a girl she wouldn't be so glad, and Peter laughs and says, "we all 'precipitate' in the honor of having a son and heir to the estate."

"Well, Daisy, I am glad for those reasons, and I will 'precipitate' with Peter, and join with Miss Joan, glad to have the Doane name kept up; but I am glad for another reason too: your mother has a baby of her own to love, and it will be a great blessing and comfort to her."

"Ay! ay! Uncle Joe," said Daisy laughing, and raising herself on her knees so as to bring both arms round his neck. "You are jealous a little; but, Uncle Joe, you think I love my mamma more than you, isn't that it, Uncle Joe?"

"God forbid," said her uncle, though a blush suffused his face as if the child were near the truth. "I would not be guilty of so mean a passion, but I have sometimes been troubled lest it pained her because I make such exclusive claim to you, and now that she has another child, your loss will be in a measure made good."

"It was not a loss at all, Uncle Joe; mamma loves me none the less, and I heard her say once to Uncle Sam, when she did not know that I heard her say it, 'I am so glad that Daisy loves Uncle Joe so much, so thankful that my darling is a comfort and blessing.' Dear Uncle Joe, mamma loves you, and Uncle Sam thinks you are the best man that ever lived, and Aunt Margie says, 'Daisy, my child, thank God that you have an Uncle Joe.'"

"And Miss Joan?" asked Uncle Joe, with a twinkle of his eye.

"Oh, Miss Joan says, 'My brother Joe is a fine business man; if he only had a little more of my independence of character, he would be perfect.'"

"Many thanks to my sister for so much."

There was a knock at the door, and Peter's shining face appeared. "Please, sir, the chaise is ready, and it wants five minutes to bell-ringing," holding a big silver watch in his hand.

"Ah, Peter," said Uncle Joe, "your watch is a good time-keeper," glancing at an ornate clock on the mantel; "to a second with mine!"

Didn't Peter's teeth gleam and his whole face light up at this compliment to the "pride of his life," a silver watch that was once the property of old Squire Doane, Uncle Joe's father?

The invalid, Miss Joan, was in bed, with her high-crowned, broad-ruffled night-cap on, when the baby was brought in for inspection. It was a grim smile—nevertheless it was a smile, almost painful, because the muscles had been in the life-long habit of going downward, and it was therefore difficult to turn them the other way, and the smile was a sort of "I-would-if-I-could" one, that did not improve the harsh features. She looked more at the cap and robe than at the bonny face of the child, and as she laid her hand upon them, said: "Well preserved, are they not? Nothing like sandalwood and cedar for storing up treasures. The name?"

"Why, Richard, Miss Joan; you know it could be nothing else," said the mother.

"No silly fancy name tucked-on? no Danies, or Franks, or Arthurs?"

The mother hesitated a moment. She had wished to couple her own father's name with that of Grandfather Doane; but to add the "Lee"—to call him Richard Lee, would have been so displeasing to Miss Joan, that she renounced the idea at once, but with reluctance. "Only Richard," she said.

Miss Joan pointed to a box which lay upon the bed. "Then this is his," she said. "There lay within the box a heavy gold watch and a wrought gold chain with massive seal and key. They were of great value. 'This is for the first male grandchild,' she said, and the baby, attracted by the glittering treasure, put out his little hands for it. He was then carried to Aunt Margie's room. He had been here often before, and as soon as he caught sight of the brown face and white short gown, with the black stuff petticoat, he struggled to get from his mother's arms into those of the old woman.

"My darling, bonny birdie!" she exclaimed, "our precious first-born—our lamb without blemish, which we will offer to God," and she rose up, and laying her hand reverently on his head she said, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee, the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and give thee peace in life, and joy in death!"

There was deep silence for a moment in the room; even the little one seemed awed, and tears stood in the mother's eyes.

Uncle Joe and Daisy were already in the chaise and driving out of the yard. Mr. Sam Doane, the baby's father, came to say the carriage was at the door. Peter was waiting, and Betty was to ride with him on this grand occasion.

"Now, Peter, you sit still, just as Mr. Sam tells you, and hold them horses steady—none of your showin' off their spirit to-day."

"You need not go to advising me about horses, Betty. I know my duty on this extraordinary occasion, and I mean to do it. You may be a thinkin' of your puddin', and chickens, and free your mind from all 'sponsibility of the coach and horses—they belong to me, and I am fully im-potent to the business."

"I believe you would have the impudence to think you could drive General Washington's coach, you are so self-conceited, Pete Doane."

"I'd like to try it, Betty-Pringle. Heard Mr. Joe tell how much the General liked a good horse, and how grandly he rode 'Squire Tracy's' blood mare, and di-amounded under that very old elm you see yonder. Now, Betty, when two men loves horses, and knows how to manage 'em, yee see there is a 'quality between 'em. I have no doubt if General Washington were living, and here, he would appreciate me as a driver."

"I should think you was 'Squire Dalton' himself, you are so lifted up above your feller critters. I advise you to go to the barber's and buy a wig with a pig-tail cue."

"I am thinking about it," said Peter, very seriously, at which Betty's look of contempt was withering; and she was studying fit words to reply when Mr. Doane said, "Drive on, Peter; we are a little late, I fear." At these words Peter's face looked like black satin in sunshine, and he did show off his horses, while poor Betty dared not remonstrate.

It is certainly a beautiful sight (however theological opinions may vary on the right or duty of infant baptism) to see a young mother bringing her babe and thus publicly consecrating it to God. It is her greatest treasure, and she brings it here with a prayer for God's blessing upon it, and a hope that its life may be pure and blameless. As a simple act of consecration it is a solemn and a touching scene.

The minister who officiated, and who succeeded the venerable Father Sewall in the church, had just lost a child—a little one that he too had, only a few weeks before, thus publicly given to God, and his voice trembled, and tears came to his eyes, when he took this one in his arms and pronounced the solemn formula of consecration.

"Richard Doane." This was the name, recalling to almost all the worshippers a stately old gentleman who had for so many years occupied one seat in that church.

Daisy was very grave and reverend in her manner, and bowed her bright head, joining most fervently in the prayer; but her thoughts did wander occasionally to the scene of her own baptism as described by her mother that morning, and she resolved to learn more of her own baby-life in that far-off land. As for Jenny, who stood waiting to receive her charge again, her only fear was lest the little fellow should cry, and dishonor his reputation for being the best nurtured baby in town. As for Peter, who stood on the vestibule with one eye on his horses and the other on the ceremony, he had only one feeling of pride that it was a grand occasion, and that it became him to be very grave and dignified in manner, as near like the old Squire as he could recall the stately manners of that olden time. When Jenny came out with the baby he took it in his arms, exactly as the minister had done while performing the ceremony, and gave it back to Jenny when she was seated in the carriage with great solemnity. Peter had a due sense of what should be the public deportment of prominent men.

"You never did see a better behaved child," said Jenny, as she took the baby into Miss Joan's room on her return. "It did not mind the water at all; indeed, I think he looked into the minister's face and smiled."

"And why should any of our family be afraid of water?" said Miss Joan. "Have't they been on the ocean more than on the land? He would not be a Doane if he were afraid of water. He'll make his way on land and water if he inherits the spirit of his race."

Aunt Margie took him in her arms, and crooned over in a low voice.

"Gude me, oh thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me with thy powerful hand."

during which the little fellow fell asleep, perfectly indifferent to the applause or censure of the world.

The dinner did justice to the day, and Peter in particular felt in duty bound to honor the occasion by consuming an enormous quantity of roast chicken and pudding, so that all efforts to keep awake were in vain, and the two hours before afternoon service were spent in sleeping in his chair, with his Testament open on his knee.

"Daisy" was in Uncle Joe's room, sitting on a low chair, with some little book in her hand, but her eyes were not on her book; they were fixed on the carpet, as if she were either studying the "pattern," or dreaming some day-dream. The gentleman was reading the "Panoplist," evidently much absorbed in some article. After awhile the paper rustled, and he sat back in his chair as if tired of reading. At this the little girl sprang up into his lap. "Uncle Joe," said she, "do you know my history?"

He looked into her bright questioning face and smiled. "Let me see; how old are you, Daisy?"

"Why, Uncle Joe, you know I was nine years old last June! Did n't you give me this pretty ring on that day? You forget quick, Uncle Joe. Do n't you know what a nice time we had, you and I? We made great nosegays in the morning, and filled the house with flowers, and Betty made a frosted cake with my name on the outside, and everybody in the house made me a present, and in the afternoon you and I rode down to the beach, and we stayed till the sun set, and the clouds were purple, and red, and gold. It was so beautiful that I asked you if it was n't just like heaven, and you put your arm round me and said, 'My darling, heaven is around us now,' and I fell asleep, and slept all the way home, and I do n't believe I awoke till the next morning, because I could n't tell when I undressed. Oh, Uncle Joe, it was such a happy day!"

"And you were nine years old that day?"

"Yes, Uncle Joe; do n't you forget any more."

"I will try to remember, but I am thinking that a little girl of nine years has n't much of a history."

"I suppose you think that is too big a word to use; I mean, then, a story about myself. I have such queer dreams sometimes. I call them dreams, but perhaps they are not dreams after all. I have been thinking so to-day since mamma told me about the lotus flower, and then you know you are not my father, my own father, I mean, though I could n't love an own father any better," and she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, to give emphasis to her words.

He returned the kiss, and said, "Daisy, God sent you to me when my heart was sorely troubled, and your love has been a great comfort. Yes, child, you are the sunshine of Uncle Joe's life. Do you know I cannot bear to have the years go by that will make a woman of you, and remove you further from me? I wish I could forget how rapidly that time will come."

"What do you mean, Uncle Joe?" said the child; "what do you mean? Must I go away from you one of these days—when I am bigger?"

He looked into that fair, beautiful face for an instant, and a shadow gathered on his own as he clasped her still closer. "Not for a long time—a long, long time, I hope."

"Never, never," said the child. "You never will send me away from you."

"No, I shall never do that, Daisy."

The little girl was silent for a moment, and then said, "Oh, Uncle Joe, I know what you mean! People die sometimes; but I do not want to talk about it. Let us not talk about that. But they do grow old, and I want to grow older. I want the time to come when I can have long frocks and put my hair up with a great shell comb like mamma's, and carry a big fan, and go to parties. Yes, I should like to be handsome like Bessie Jackson, and be called the belle of the party."

Again Uncle Joe looked into her face, sparkling with this happy outlook into the future, and said, "Meanwhile I shall grow old, too, Daisy."

"Of course, Uncle Joe, you will grow older, and then you will want me all the more, will you not?"

"I think I shall, Daisy."

"Well, then, do n't look so solemn, because I am not going to die. I do not mean to die till I am old enough to be willing to leave the world."

"Daisy, Daisy, life and death are in the hands of the Lord!"

"Yes, Uncle Joe, but don't you know the Bible says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.' I have thought that over a great deal, and I have tried to do just as mamma and Uncle Sam and you wish to have me do, and I am sure I shall live to be an old lady, and I promise you, Uncle Joe, I will never leave you; no, not even if the prince in the fairy tale comes to me as he did to Cinderella. Now, will you be good, Uncle Joe, and not look so serious?"

"Yes, I will try to be so, Daisy; your receipt for a long life strikes me as something strange. I wonder that I never thought more about it. Do you find it very hard to keep the commandment?"

Daisy broke out into a merry little laugh. "No, Uncle Joe, I don't. You see Uncle Sam, my father, always speaks kind to me, and never lays any commands upon me at all, and mamma always says, 'Do just as Uncle Joe thinks best; you are his little girl; and you, you dear old fellow, you let me do just as I please, and never scold nor punish me. Suppose you try me, and give me something very, very hard to do?'"

"Why, Daisy, I forbade your going in a boat on the water, with half-a-dozen little girls last week, and you wanted to go very much, and when I said no the tears came into your eyes. I think it was hard for you to obey them."

"Only for a minute, Uncle Joe, before I thought how anxious you would be about me all the time, and I did n't want to make you feel badly, and so I forgot about it in ten minutes; and then, do n't you remember, you bought me a wax doll that very afternoon—my beautiful Fatima?"

"If you are always so thoughtful, Daisy, there will not be much trouble in governing you."

"Governing me, Uncle Joe! you do n't govern me at all. I have had a curious thought lately; do n't laugh now, but I must learn to govern myself! You know they sing,

"For there's a cross for every one, And there's a cross for me."

"Pray do n't be looking round for crosses, my child. You will find them fast enough as you walk through life."

"Uncle Joe," said Daisy, looking very grave, "I want to talk to you about something. Perhaps I have found a cross. You know Miss Joan suffers much pain, and finds it very hard to bear. Now and then I guess she gets fretful."

Uncle Joe smiled. "Yes, Daisy, now and then she does. But you do not have the care of her; Mrs. Coffin is here for that purpose."

"Yes, Uncle Joe; but Mrs. Coffin gets tired sometimes, and I think she is cross, too, and I should n't like her if I were sick. She had a headache the other day, and mamma asked me if I would go in and sit with Miss Joan and wait upon her. I went in very still, and carried my doll to show her; but she said she did n't like dolls—she never did when she was a child. So I put it away, and then I said, 'Should I read?' and she said, 'No, I looked so much like a Lee she could n't bear the sight of me,' and so I went in to a corner and sat very still till Jenny's work was done, and mamma sent her to take my place. What did she mean, Uncle Joe, and why should n't she love me as well as all the rest in the house?"

"That question involves an answer to your first, viz., to tell your history. But it is time for church now. I shall walk with you go with me, or stay at home and rest on the lounge."

"I will go with you, Uncle Joe. I do not get tired when you let me sit on the little corner seat with the high stool to put my feet upon."

"Well, then, after church I will tell you a little story about yourself."

(Continued.)

## Banner Correspondence.

### New York.

MIDDLE GRANVILLE.—Mrs. Eliza Blossom writes, Dec. 8th: I am aware that your columns are crowded with testimonials of spirit return, demonstrating the immortality of the soul, but please allow me to add still more incontestable evidences received through the mediumship of Henry B. Allen, (the boy medium, so called,) in my own house, which can be attested by many reliable witnesses. Many who were previously skeptical have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and saved from doubts and fears in regard to the future life, and are satisfied that their fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, children, and friends who have "died" (as they call it) still live.

Mr. Allen and his lovely young wife have been spending a couple of weeks with me and holding circles. I have visited the Eddys, read much of Mrs. Compton's, Andrews' and others' sciences, but have never found anything more convincing than what has been given through Mr. Allen's mediumship. We proved absolutely his honesty and reliability. The playing upon musical instruments was very fine. Letters were written by my spirit friends and others, by materialized hands, while the hands of the medium were held by myself and others; writings were made upon the walls of the rooms, nearly to the top of the wall, and over my head they wrote these words, "Good angels will ever be with our dear sister, Mrs. Blossom." Also names of many friends in spirit-life were given in their own handwriting, etc., etc. Should I attempt to give a minute account of his sciences, it would fill your whole sheet; I will therefore confine myself briefly to a few more facts, such as the shaking hands with the spirits, the removing of rings from one person's hand to another, taking off my cap and placing it on another lady's head, smoothing my hair down straight, wrapping me up in a counterpane, putting a pillow to my back, manipulating me for a pain in my chest, which immediately left me. At one of the circles a gentleman, one of our most respectable citizens, though extremely skeptical, gave the spirits leave to do what they pleased with him, if they would only convince him that it was truly spirits that produced the manifestations. As quick as thought they commenced shapping him over the head and shoulders until he begged them to desist, but still they continued to move over him, and finally took him by the ankles, two strong hands upon each, and raised his feet upward until his head rested upon the chair seat. This and other demonstrations satisfied him, and he went on his way rejoicing. I will here mention that his weight is between one hundred and seventy and one hundred and eighty pounds.

At another circle my adopted daughter, who passed to spirit-life three years since, came, and we talked with her by means of the raps; she shook hands with us, patted and kissed us; my son had in his pocket a splendid gold watch that was hers before she left the form, and I asked her if she would not like to take it in her hand again, (as she used to think much of it.) She immediately took it from his pocket, removed the lock from the button hole, and with considerable effort brought it past several persons, and placed it to my lips to have me kiss it, then returned it to him again. I held one hand of the medium all the while, and another person held the other. I hope all who are doubtful will investigate the physical phenomena of Spiritualism, and avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining satisfaction through the mediumship of Henry B. Allen.

FRIENDSHIP.—S. E. Latta writes: "We are to have Lyman C. Howe speak in this place on the first Sunday in January, at which time we are to organize our society permanently, and will have meetings on the first Sunday in each month through the winter. Bishop A. Beals and George W. Taylor have been here speaking for us with great acceptance to large audiences."

### Vermont.

WEST BURKE.—J. S. Kimball writes, Dec. 13th: It is but little more than two years since the truths of our beautiful Philosophy began to be promulgated here by a few earnest believers, of course meeting with the most bitter opposition. Mrs. J. J. Clark, of Boston, came here at that time, and application was made to the Universalist Society of this place for the use of their vestry for a lecture, which was refused, and for a time the most bitter denunciation was indulged in by that society against Spiritualists and mediums with the following result: That society is now without a preacher, and their house is closed.

A few Sundays ago, when an application was again made for the house for a lecture, it was freely granted, and a good audience of all denominations listened to words of comfort and instruction from the angel-world as they were given through the lips of Mrs. A. P. Brown, of St. Albans, Ct. It was a spiritual feast, and gave satisfaction to all.

Mediums are being developed all about us. A young farmer of this place, a Mr. Richardson, is being prepared for the physical manifestations. It is only about six weeks since the manifestations commenced with him, and now wonderful things are done, to say the least. Beautiful lights are seen in his dark circles, and bells and other instruments are played upon. In his light circles hands are materialized, and last evening two forms were seen partially materialized. Independent slate-writing is also given through him. Mr. Richardson is a thoroughly reliable man, and without doubt will become one of our most powerful mediums.

### New Jersey.

VINELAND.—Mrs. Rachel Walcott, of Baltimore, having just closed an engagement in Vineland, says: Extreme ideas meet here, on account of which the harmony and joint action of the friends of Spiritualism have been interfered with; yet I hope the time is fast approaching when our friends here will unite upon one common platform of spiritual principles. That being done, they will present an array in point of numbers and ability before which the Orthodox opposition will stand appalled. Amongst our friends are numbered the good and the true. I experienced from those of all shades of opinion only the most genuine hospitality and kindness.

Upon my request, permission to speak in the Unitarian church was cheerfully granted to me, and one evening I occupied the pulpit and discoursed to an appreciative audience, to whom I was introduced by the pastor of the congregation. Such an act of liberality deserves to be mentioned, and credit given to the clergyman and congregation who have thus boldly thrown down the barriers which bigotry and superstition have erected against us. I trust the example thus set will commend itself to others—even to those of Baltimore, where the opposition of the clergy, as well as the secular press, is unbounded. I trust I bid only a short good-bye to Vineland, for before my memory off will rise the landscape of the place, with its beautiful cottages and their evergreen surroundings, whilst from my heart will well up thanks to the many friends for their kindness toward me.

### Dakota Territory.

FORT ABERCROMBIE.—Serg. Daniel Collins writes, Dec. 4th: There has been an attempt made by a few of us soldiers to get up a spirit-circle at this post. We had some success, but not yet of as convincing a nature as we wished, but we hope to get something better in time. I lend out the Banner to anybody who wants to read it. I am going to send a few copies to Ireland, and I am firmly convinced that the beautiful "Banner of Light" is the purest paper in America. Why do the Spiritualists and spiritual papers to lack the means of support? Surely there are enough of believers in this country to keep up the few papers devoted to the grand truth of the return of our loved ones from the summer-land.

From the Cleveland Daily Herald, Dec. 7th.

### Memorial Meeting.

Addresses and Resolutions Relative to the Late Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, a Well-Known Spiritualist.

According to previous arrangement, quite a large number of Spiritualists assembled Sunday, at Temperance Hall, to pay tributes of respect to the memory of Mrs. Sarah M. Thompson, a well-known Spiritualist and medium, who died in Madison, Ohio, last week, and was brought to this city for interment. The meeting was presided over by Mr. James Lawrence, with D. S. Critchley as Vice President. On motion, Thomas Lees was made Secretary, and a committee was then chosen to draft resolutions of sympathy and respect, consisting of W. E. Preston, D. A. Eddy and T. Lees.

While the committee was at work a number of the persons present improved the opportunity to bear their individual testimony to the high character of the deceased. A few of the remarks were subjoined. Mr. Thomas Lees spoke as follows:

"It is seldom we, as a body, formally meet to do honor to our dead, and, although consents of my inability to express our sorrow and our feelings on this occasion, I cannot let the opportunity pass without adding my voice to those here assembled, to render tribute to the memory of one we all loved so well, Sarah M. Thompson, the good woman, the true wife, the loving mother, the kind friend, and honest medium. My story of her is short and simple. Our acquaintance began in 1862, and whatever I have gained by being a Spiritualist—and to me its truths are beyond price—I feel under lasting obligations to the one we have met here to honor. She continued the work, then just commenced, thirteen years ago, by Mrs. Nellie Winslow-Harrison, now Mrs. Nellie Palmer, and mainly through her letters, and by her aid in my investigation I became a Spiritualist. What greater obligation could one be under to another? And I here offer my sincere condolence to her bereaved family, with the hope that in my future relationship with them I may never forget the sacred obligation I am under to her who has just left us for a brighter home. If our philosophy is based on the solid rock of truth, which we all believe it to be, then indeed was the earth-life of Sarah M. Thompson not a wasted one, for ever since I have known her it was her constant effort to spread its glorious truths. She opened wide the gates already left ajar, and hundreds (I believe I might truthfully say thousands) of skeptics were brought to a knowledge of immortality through her instrumentality as a medium. \* \* \* The wave of sadness and tears that swept over the assembled group at her funeral showed the love and esteem felt for our departed sister, and the truth of our emotional nature; let us then now prove our philosophy by the confidence we have in its truth, and rejoice that her physical troubles and sufferings are at an end."

Mr. D. A. Eddy next spoke as follows:

"Day before yesterday we were assembled together 'with one accord in one place' to mingle our tears with the mourners, and by our presence offer such sympathy and solace to the bereaved family of our ascended sister as the nature of the case afforded. I have attended a great many funerals, but never before to my recollection where the tears of joy went so far to neutralize those of grief as on this occasion; joy at the release of her physical sufferings and triumphant ascension to meet with angels in angelic hosts; and loved ones, and while the grief at parting with the material form in which her spirit had been developed, was in accordance with the natural and affectionate emotions of our nature. Although little can be said or done at such moments to soothe the keen anguish of the bereaved, yet that little is of a nature that soon comes to our relief, as it virtually takes away the dark and gloomy associations that formerly surrounded the belief in death, by imparting to us the positive knowledge that there is no such thing in the economy of God's universe. It is written 'In the midst of life we are in death,' whereas the very reverse is the case. In the midst of death we are in life. By substituting the word change for death we get the true expression of what this original seer should have intimated. The word death is a misnomer; all nature repudiates the common accepted definition of the word. The leaves fade and fall to the ground in autumn, giving life and nourishment to new forms of life and vegetation. The rose loses nothing by its fading beauty; its aroma has gone out into the atmosphere, from whence spirits readily aggregate and condense the diffused particles into as perfect a flower as when attached to the original branch. Nothing is lost. Matter and spirit, both subject to their respective laws, are indestructible, and, although closely and intimately connected, have each their respective offices to perform in the grand working and dispensation of God's universe. Hence we affirm, and speak advisedly, that the soul that has departed this mortal coil is just as much with us here to-day in this room and is just as sensible and cognizant of the tribute we desire to offer to her memory, as when she gave life to the physical form in which she was developed and with which she has just parted in obedience to the immutable law that resolves the physical back to its original elements, having performed its part in the grand laboratory of nature by producing and maturing an immortal spirit, which under favorable conditions can return and identify itself in many ways, even to materializing herself so as to be fully recognized by our outward vision. When Mrs. Thompson came to Cleveland many years ago to make this her permanent home, Spiritualism was then comparatively in its infancy. She continued her work at home, where many hundreds can now testify they received the first evidence and conviction that the gospel of to-day is a truth, a glorious truth, a demonstrated reality, and that a life and conduct in accordance with its teachings will insure to us our being's end and aim, happiness here and hereafter."

Further remarks, which we have not space to publish, were made by Messrs. W. E. Preston, D. S. Critchley, Levi Nichols, F. C. Rich and James Lawrence. The following resolutions were then adopted:

Whereas, In obedience to a natural law, our sister and co-worker, Sarah M. Thompson, has passed to a higher life, we do hereby tender to her bereaved family the love and esteem in which we held her, and still hold her; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in her spirit flight we recognize the fulfillment of an immutable law, and point with pride to the fact of her having lived her earth-life (as far as we know) in conformity with her highest convictions regarding truth, purity, and charity, as the highest and noblest of virtues, the possession of which cannot but strengthen her in her entrance to spirit-land, and thus secure for her a more exalted position than she occupied in her mortal state.

Resolved, That in her departure to the summer-land the Spiritualists of this city have lost one of their earliest and most earnest workers, a thoroughly honest medium, whose life and conduct as a medium, Spiritualist, wife and mother, in fact in all the relations of life, were worthy of our most hearty approval; and be it further

Resolved, That we tender our sincere condolence and sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives, with the hope that the glorious truths and teachings illustrated by the life of the deceased will prove the greatest of value



Invoking divine blessing even beyond your  
prayers, I remain, yours for truth,  
ELIJAH MYRICK.  
*Ayer, Mass., Nov. 28th, 1875.*



### To Book-Buyers.

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## Banner of Light.

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### Reforming Society.

Some people say that complaints against society are more a habit than anything else; that if matters were exactly to every one's mind, there would be no more contentment, and that it is a conceit of superior penetration and insight that leads so many persons into a state of chronic fault-finding. Perhaps this is easier than to institute a serious examination into the faults and wrongs complained of. The spirit that lives in an atmosphere of reform is never afraid of fault-finding, nor is it inclined to become weary of complaint. On the contrary, it invites criticism and protest from everything and from all quarters. It knows that the air is best oxygenated and purified when the winds blow the most freely, that the tree which stands out exposed to all the storms grows the most perfectly and is the most vigorous and strong. And so will that social state be the best which is the most open on all sides to the breezes of criticism.

The fault-finding, unhappy temper is by no means the same thing with the progressive, reforming temper. It is not even related to it. Professed reformers will do well to keep this fact in mind. Those who are continually filling the air against individuals and their doings are not the ones to catch the interior meaning of the social system in which all individuals are absorbed. They are not much more than querulous gossipers. Their hates are personal, do not run to objects and institutions. They have no reach to their view, do not comprehend largely, are ignorant of the supreme value of comparative knowledge and opinions. Hence they make but trifling headway in the betterment of society; if, indeed, they do not positively retard the work of others by exciting hostility where the want chiefly is of inquiry. They would do better to withdraw from the conspicuous position they ambitiously seek, and wait until their natures are swayed and their sight clarified with a longer experience. There is no quality the reformer needs more than patience. Has not God himself waited all these centuries?

Yet, by whomsoever the faults and shortcomings of society are recited, it is necessary that it be done, and done continually. As the march of the generations of man is without pause or rest, so is the growth and progress of the social state a perpetual motion. Sometimes, it is true, the waves recede and seem to carry everything back with them, and then there is a widespread feeling that all is lost and that there is no further use for noble effort; but with the exercise of patience one can see that the tide is the silent master of the wave, running under it and holding it in its larger bosom, and that the tide is rising with a steady motion and an incessant force. It is this close and patient observation that convinces the philosopher, the truly spiritual mind that all goes well, and that the race is going forward without a break in the order of its march to a limit which no human conception has been able to fix. This is the thought that holds up the weary hands and strengthens the feeble knees of the reformer, who loves rather than hates his kind, and would see their elevation and advancement.

One cannot look over carelessly about him in these times upon society without feeling the impulse strong within him to run out almost violently against the shams, the deceptions, the pretensions, the assumptions, and the hundred other evidences of the faultiness and falsity of the society in which he lives and of which he is compelled to be a part. It oftentimes disgusts to witness the picture, and oftentimes it enrages. The impulse is as often to visit judgment on individuals as on the system. When shoddy erects its crest and exposes its brazen features to public view, the temptation is to "smite it with the open palm of honest indignation." To simply think that the fact of having suddenly obtained money entitles one to push aside all the axioms, the rules, and the results of generations of patient, self-sacrificing culture, leads one to express a contempt for the social system that will tamely submit to be thus patronized and taken possession of by people without a certificate of any kind but of an unknown character.

It is true, after all, that there are some sins against the health of society which are capable of removal only in a rough and energetic way. This one is as nearly one of them as any other. Sheer, precipitous ignorance, that beetles above all recognized rules and principles with its loud repetitions of self-importance, deriving its patent of worth from the mere sound it makes, needs to be lashed and scourged into something like humility before it can be brought into a condition where it will submit to be taught. Satire and pasquinade are very effective at times, but at others, nothing seems to answer but the resolute exertion of the superior will. Quackery is the bane of social life, as ignorance is the parent of all shortcomings, if not of sins also. We look around to-day and see that it is nothing but what are called "hard times," that is, the punishment of a complete set-back, that has served to bring people out of their past dance of delirium into

their soberer senses. And we can easily see, natural inference as it is, that the social state will have to be regenerated after this break-up of its ten-year hollow and noisy pretensions.

But by means of this universal remodeling comes the opportunity for the finer and higher influences. Spiritualism ought to be ready and eager to improve it, instead of wasting any of its strength in differences, and wranglings, and jealousies among its members. If it is a power in the world, then without any doubt it has a work to do among men. It can take men's religions and make them more religious. It can take the proud and haughty spirit and silently shame it into acquiescence with truth. It can revitalize and reassure a crumbling social state, that has lost its tenets and its leaders, and inspire it with new thoughts and aspirations, give it a fresh start on the road to its true destiny, weave it together in all its varied elements and forces, and impress on the universal mind the living fact of the eternal brotherhood of man. Who that accepts this latest revelation from the heavens cannot understand the high character of the work in which he is called to take a part? The reformation of society will begin to be seen as soon as it is taken hold of in this spirit.

### Some Sensible Talk.

In his Friday evening "talk" (Dec. 24) to the weekly audience which he assembles in Bunker Hall, Rev. Mr. Murray gave expression to some vigorous thoughts and excellent reflections. It is evident that he has been thinking matters carefully over of late. His talk was on the subject of giving—giving ourselves, more particularly. He said men did not begin to comprehend the spiritual meaning of Christ's plain and direct injunctions, that if they were smitten on one cheek they should turn the other, that if they were compelled to go one mile they should go two, and that to him who takes our coat we should give our cloak also. Yet we are bidden to do just these things, that is, act in just this spirit toward others, in order that we may be like our Father in Heaven, or, in other words, his children. He makes his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust.

Mr. Murray said it is of no use to try to belittle these words of Christ, to reduce the force of their meaning. He declared society is itself in fault, that it has itself built a great barrier across Christ's teachings. The revolution, said he, which will finally bring about a perfect form of government, has got to be a revolution touching the very organic structure of society. And he added with the force of perfect truth, "modern society, modern civilization, as it is called, has made people decent; modern civilization has made people moral; modern civilization has made people respectable; but it has not yet made people Christian. I have my doubts if it can ever be expanded into Christianity. I have my doubts if ever the cold body of it can be warmed into Christianity, or if you can ever make the breath of the Lord Jesus Christ stay in its body, even if you breathe into it a thousand times."

And then Mr. Murray came down to the spiritual principle or seed of the whole thing, as illustrated in the life of the Quakers. "I have an idea," said he, "that those little thought-of and, it may be, laughed-at Quakers have really got the seed and germ of the true civilization. I really have, looking at it as a student of ethics, of history, of government. I suspect that even the communistic principle, the central idea of communism, is a truer approach to Christian politics than any other principle we have in America to-day." This is a plain and outspoken acknowledgment of the utter falsity of our modern system of society, because it is founded on and is the outgrowth of the spirit of war instead of the spirit of love. It is also a timely recognition of the true, the living principle, which is that we should love all and give ourselves to all, especially to our enemies. So doing and so loving, we should have no enemies, and society would in time become reconstructed durably from its centre, instead of as now from its circumference.

Against the organized charities of the day Mr. Murray freely offers his protest, characterizing them as costly, cold and ostentatious; driving off the needy, instead of drawing and warming them with its love, patronizingly offending that proper principle of pride in their hearts on which rests the superstructure of self-respect and moral conduct. He told his hearers how to act, as these organized bureaus do not usually act toward the needy and wretched; "as Christ gave himself for you in your unworthiness, give yourselves and your property to them, and may God bless you in the giving."

### Was Henry Wilson a Spiritualist?

The Hartford Times, which lost no opportunity to attack the late Vice President Wilson during his lifetime, will not even let him alone in that mysterious state that some call death. It gives publicity to a Boston story that Henry Wilson was not only a Spiritualist but a believer in the no-theorists Mrs. Hardy, whose peculiar exhibition here, not long ago, was the cause of considerable remark. This is rather too hard on him, considering he cannot reply to the charge. —Hartford Daily Courant.

The "Boston story," which was copied by the Hartford Times from the Boston Herald, is true in every particular, and can be vouched for by scores of people in this city and elsewhere. It did not say that Henry Wilson was a believer in any particular medium, but asserted, what is well known, that he was a frequent visitor to mediums, and that his faith in their peculiar power was not only thus manifested, but by the liberal fees which he paid. —Boston Sunday Herald.

If to be a Spiritualist is to entertain a belief that the friends called dead by the world have the power to return and commune with those left behind, through certain appointed instruments called mediums, then the late Vice President was, in the true sense of the term, a Spiritualist. Since his translation we have received abundant testimony to the fact. During his last visit to Boston before his decease, he had sittings with Mrs. M. M. Hardy, at 4 Concord square, Mrs. C. H. Wildes, 61 Bedford street, and Mrs. Rockwood, 14 East Springfield street, and at all these places he expressed satisfaction with the results obtained. He was, so we are informed by personal acquaintances, frequently in the habit of doubling the fee charged by the medium, so pleased was he with what he received through the instrumentality of the same. The story of his experiences at Saratoga Springs, last season, with Dr. J. V. N. N. field, the sealed-letter-answering medium of New York—as published recently in these columns—is vouched for by several parties who were then in that place, and who inform us that Mr. Wilson, at the time, made no secret as to the source from whence he obtained the written slips which he read to friends in the parlors of the hotel, where he was stopping. It is well known that he visited W. H. Mumler, 170 West Springfield street, Boston, for a spirit-photograph, and a copy of that picture is now in our possession. Churchmen may deny the statement, but like many

other of our public men now living, the deceased Vice President was a Spiritualist at heart, though, for reasons best known to himself, he, during his mortal life, (as they are doing now,) kept silent before the world on the subject, and hid his light under the bushel of respect for a bigoted public opinion. Should Spiritualism ever attain to a degree of popularity whereby it would be considered safe (socially, pecuniarily, etc.) to acknowledge a belief in its teachings, the world would be astonished at the vast number of its heretofore secret converts, and the whole body of the church systems would melt as wax in the fervent glow of that universal joy which would then permeate the throbbing heart of an enfranchised humanity!

### Purity of the Press.

The press should not only be free, says the "American Journalist," in a moral sense of the term, but pure! It is too glorious in its very ideal, of too great weight in an enlightened community, its mission is too sacred, to be prostituted to selfish and unworthy ends—the propagation of shameless falsehoods—of base attacks upon established character—or to pandering to schemes and enterprises of doubtful tendency, whether they be professedly philanthropic and reformatory, or political, religious, financial, municipal, legislative or executive. It should be far removed from all unjust bias and false prejudice, far above all duplicity, sophistry, low wrangling, or the toleration of error in any form. A corrupt press benumbs, debases and pollutes whatever it infests; poisons with its foul breath the institutions it controls, and blasts with its pestiferous stime the flowers that blossom in the pathway of society. A pure press elevates, ennobles, dignifies, adorns, assists and refines humanity in its onward and upward progress.

A pure press maintains on all occasions and under all circumstances the manly tone of virtuous independence, scorning the slavish sentiments of passive obedience to the vile despotism that rules over and degrades the time-serving press, and withers and destroys the last vestige of all that is good and fair. A press of unswerving purity operates largely to the refinement of individuals, families and communities, of all that come within its influence. Its effect, especially upon children and youth that are merging into maturity—upon the rising generation that is coming up to fill the places of the much-loved matrons and venerable sires that are passing away, is most salutary. It educates them to lofty sentiments, noble deeds and high resolves. It is at home a friend, in society an ornament, in solitude a solace—it chastens vice and guides virtue—no enemy can alienate it, no local despotism enslave it.—It is to all a master spirit of refinement.

A venal press is the school of scandal, and is suited only to the calibre of vulgar minds. Its direct tendency is to taint the moral sensibilities, vitiate the mental appetite, prompt to ignoble ends, pervert the virtuous aspirations of the human mind and smother all the finer feelings of the soul.

We call that a pure press that will not hold its peace when a political or religious spirit is abroad disturbing the social and domestic elements of society, fanning the flames of fanaticism, and that would curtail the right of private judgment and peril the liberties that are so dear to every American heart. That is a pure press, when scenes are enacted by the powers that be, that would dim the lustre of our noble institutions—that comes conscientiously, willingly and fearlessly to the front! That press is pure that would suffer martyrdom sooner than be driven, or tempted to an ignoble service—that throws off the fetters of antique superstitions and modern bigotry, and from principle—not from policy—makes it a rule to speak its honest convictions of truth, be the consequences what they may.

### Christmas.

The day of the year is come that melts down the dividing walls of society and makes the sympathies of all hearts flow together. Heaven be blessed for sending one day to man when the stifles of human life are stilled in the presence of Love. Christmas is the great landmark of Love on the journey through life, its annual milestone, on which all travelers hang garlands as testimonials of their affection. It would be a hard matter if there were not set aside from the three hundred and sixty-five days of each year at least one day on which the materialism of the world might be forgotten, and the cares and struggles of life be merged in the exaltation of a better feeling? Perhaps it is just because "Christmas comes but once a year" that it is so tenderly cherished by young and old alike.

The day overflows with the spirit of childhood, which is a spirit of innocence and truth, of natural affections and mutual attractions, of kindness, and trust, and love. Out of this germ has unfolded a festival that spreads its branches abroad so that the whole human race may come and sit under them. In one nation it has in times past been celebrated in one way, and in another nation in another; but in all to which it has come, and to our own last among civilized nations, its observance has invariably expressed, and still continues to express, the interior life and affection of the people. A myth in one age, a revelation in another, and a talisman of love in all, it has wrought mysterious effects upon the popular heart by the simple observance of social and domestic rites which most closely knit families, communities, and peoples together. So that Christmas is not only a holiday but a holy day likewise, for it performs a work distinguished above that of all other days. In its solemn the passions of the world are purified from their dross, and what it leaves behind is permanent, and therefore present always.

### A Discussion on "Materialization"

Drew together a larger audience than usual at Paine Hall, Boston, last Sunday morning. The subject was briefly introduced by Mr. Horace Seaver, who said that if materialization was a truth, he and those who thought like himself would be glad to know it. Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Verity, Robert Cooper, Mrs. Burr, and others followed, and their remarks excited considerable interest. At the conclusion it was announced that Mr. Cooper would give a lecture on "Continental Europe," Sunday morning next. (Dec. 26th) after which the discussion on materialization would be continued from last Sabbath.

The Iowa woman suffragists are preparing to take measures to secure the attention of the General Assembly, for the purpose of obtaining the assent of that body to submit to the people at the next general election the proposition to strike the word "male" from the State Constitution.

### Prof. William Denton at Paine Hall.

On Sunday afternoon this eloquent expounder of truth gave a telling delineation of "The Utility of Spiritualism," before a large audience at the upper hall in the Paine Building, Boston, a full report of which we shall print in our next issue.

At the conclusion of his discourse, Mrs. Mary M. Hardy gave a sitting for the obtaining of casts of spirit forms. The details of the séance were identical with those attending the sitting given by her at this hall on a previous occasion (an account of which we then gave), with the exception that Mrs. Hardy sat alone at the table on the platform before the audience, her movements being carefully scrutinized by a member of the committee of three appointed to weigh the paraffine pall. The pall and its contents before being put under the table weighed eighteen pounds three ounces. When the raps indicated that the manifestation was complete, the table was raised from the floor, and beneath it was found the mask of a face. The weight of the pall showed a loss of three ounces; the face weighed two and three-fourths, leaving one-fourth of an ounce to be accounted for.

One of the most remarkable points connected with the manifestation was the condition of the shawl upon which the face was found. This shawl was lent to Dr. Gardner by a lady in the audience, at his request, was carefully examined and found to contain nothing—in order that the assembly, which at times manifested much excitement, might be disabused of the idea of any confederacy in the matter—and placed under the table. When the table was raised the cast was found fast downward upon this shawl, and the garment itself was spattered in many places with the liquid paraffine, which had cooled in white beads over its grey surface, showing that the invisible workers had their "chips" to exhibit when the light was restored, much after the manner of mundane laborers.

In the evening Prof. Denton gave a highly interesting lecture on "The Races of Men and their Destiny," at the lower hall.

He speaks next Sunday at this (lower) hall, afternoon and evening, after which he goes to fulfill engagements in Minnesota during January. His subject for the afternoon will be "A Sermon from the Buddhist text, 'Thou shalt not lie,'" and in the evening a conclusion of "The Races of Men and their Destiny."

### Prof. R. G. Eccles.

With whose labors in the West our readers are familiar, will succeed Prof. Denton at Paine Hall, giving a course—his first in Boston—which will commence on Sunday, Jan. 24, 1876, at 2:30 o'clock, and continue in the evening at 7:30 o'clock, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Jan. 25th, 26th, 27th, and on Sunday, 28th, at 2:30 and 7:30.

The division of subjects will be as follows: Sunday, Jan. 24, afternoon, "Anarchy the Curse of our Race." In the evening, the first lecture of the scientific course; subject, "The Physics and Metaphysics of Sensation," with optic, electric and acoustic experiments. Lecture 2d, Wednesday, Jan. 25th: "Modern Scientific Parseeism, or the Debt we Owe the Sun," with physical, chemical, magnetic, thermometric, optic and electric experiments. Lecture 3d, Jan. 26th: "Oxygen the Monarch of Matter," with brilliant experiments in chemistry and electrolysis. Lecture 4th, Jan. 27th: "Matter and its Polar Forces," with experiments in optics, magnetism, and crystallography. Lecture 5th, Sunday, Jan. 28th: "Aeronomy," subject to be selected. Evening, "The Last Grand Generalization of Science, the Law of Continuity." The five evening lectures will be upon the general subject "The Constitution of Nature," and will be illustrated by a great variety of wonderful, startling and instructive experiments. To bring this course of scientific lectures within the reach of all classes of people, Dr. Gardner, the manager, has placed the price of tickets to the entire course (no reserved seats) at \$1.00; to a single lecture, 25 cents.

### What We Would Like to Know?

1. Why cannot the Spiritualists all over the United States put their shoulders to the wheel of Progress they so much profess to glory in, and with the advent of the New Year—the centennial year of the existence of the nation—place upon our subscription books double, yea, four-fold, the number of names we have upon them at the present time?

2. Why not also aid more liberally all the other papers devoted to the cause, if you are honest in your professions, which we should be extremely loth to think otherwise? Why this listlessness? It is not possible to circulate our papers except at great expense; but when, friends, your Divine Philosophy is at stake in consequence of in-ertness or selfishness on your part, is it not quite time to bestir yourselves, and render that aid to the publishers of the spiritual journals commensurate with their arduous duties? Do not allow the past to repeat itself in this particular, is our earnest request, and the anxious desire, too, of the invisible hosts who are always ready to co-operate with us.

The above are pertinent questions, and should be answered at once, from every section of the country, if the friends sincerely desire their Philosophy to become a power in the land for good.

In the Chicago Times of a late date, a correspondent, "Maud," (who says she is not a Spiritualist, and never has been,) gives a hearty endorsement of the genuineness of the occurrences at the séances held at Terre Haute, Ind., by Mrs. Stewart, and relates the following remarkable spectacle as having been witnessed by her at one of Messrs. Bastian and Taylor's séances in Chicago, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Adams street:—

"Among other wonderful phenomena, a departed friend of mine appeared. The light circle had not progressed very far before he opened the door and stood in full form before us, not a ghastly ghost of the old-time description, but a radiant being, supple of motion, and graceful and strong in appearance as when in perfect health. He was attired in a long white robe that seemed to be pervaded by a mellow light, reminding me of moonlight upon new fallen snow. He carefully reached out, touching a chair, and then, to the surprise of all present, took three or four steps outside of the cabinet, and seated himself in the chair, facing the audience. I said, 'Please brush your hair back.' He reached up, and running the fingers through the hair, disclosed a very high, full forehead, totally unlike the medium's. He then leaned forward, and stroked his long full beard, that I might note all the features carefully. Then he arose and attempted to step back into the cabinet. At this my self-possession deserted me, and I begged him earnestly not to go. He stopped and looked back as if to comply with my request, and then occurred something miraculous and bewildering. He rapidly grew smaller, not merely sinking downward, but diminished in all directions, until from a manly form six feet tall, he became about the size of a boy of twelve years, though he retained the face of a man, the long, full beard, mustache, and other features completing his identity. By the time he was inside the cabinet he was not more than three feet tall, and while we still watched, his figure changed to a floating white cloud, and vanished. Several skeptics present expressed joyfully the convincing power of this scene."

The elegant testimonial presented to Mrs. Cora L. V. Tappan by her English friends, has arrived in the United States, and is now on free exhibition at the Bookstore of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

### Our New Serial.

As we remarked in our last issue, the votes received from our patrons in favor of publishing Mrs. Porter's story were two to one, and in obedience to this decision we commence DAISY DOANE in this number. We have also received letters enclosing votes against the story from esteemed friends and correspondents, who, while they evinced the highest appreciation of Mrs. Porter's talents, still hoped the valuable space of the Banner would not be given up to fictitious narratives. To such we in all kindness and deference say, the fault lies at the door of the Spiritualist believers themselves. It costs money to publish any newspaper, particularly one dedicated, as is this, to the advocacy of an unpopular truth, and if those who hold that truth in their hearts cannot come forward to sustain the periodical press devoted to its advancement, the publishers of the Spiritualist journals must do the best thing they can to keep up their circulation, and retain names upon or attract them to their subscription books. In our particular case we have for years noticed that when we have published stories from Mrs. Porter and other talented writers, our circulation has been increased, and when we have ceased doing so, it has been diminished. The lesson is patent to every Spiritualist reader. Strengthen our hands sufficiently by endeavoring to aid us in enlarging our subscription lists, and we will cease to devote our space to stories, and not only do that, but will enlarge the pages of the Banner, and introduce varied means for widening its sphere of usefulness. Spiritualists of America, the matter rests in your hands!

### A New Inquisition.

The trial of Piper, in this city, for the murder of little Mabel Young in the belfry of one of our up-town churches, though it resulted in neither his acquittal or conviction, nevertheless disclosed a form of tyranny through the operation of the so-called detective system that has startled and rendered indignant a great part of the community. One of our City Detectives, it seems, applied himself from the first to the work of verifying his own theory of Piper's guilt by besieging the prisoner with open accusations of it. This was testified to as one of them: "Now, Piper, you know you killed that little girl, and you might as well own up to it as not!" Getting a man in the clutches of the law, and then plying him with such means as this whereby to establish his guilt, is equal, in spirit at least, to anything in the history of the old Inquisition.

Whether Piper is guilty of the murder or not, or whether, as is mysteriously dropped in different quarters, an entirely different theory has got to be constructed before the truth in this shocking case comes out, it is not to be disputed that no such proceeding toward even a guilty prisoner is to be tolerated by an official, though his guilt cannot be proved otherwise than by thus extorting a confession from him. It seems that Piper was thus badgered and bullied when he took his meals in jail, in the expectation that he would be overtaken in an uready state of feeling and surprised into a confession. This is not to be allowed by any law which professes to be founded on civilization. It is enough to demonstrate an accused person's guilt by actual facts or an irrefragable chain of circumstances; but this new detective style would hang a prisoner even before he is convicted.

### Spirit Hand Branded.

A correspondent, writing from Springfield, Mass., says: "Mrs. Collier has just obtained the cast of a negro's hand, crushed and branded with a heart. The negro spirit says his owner's name was Hart. There was quite an amusing incident while he was speaking to us in the direct voice. He answered in one corner of the room rather abruptly to a question, 'Yah.' One of the sitters remarked that he ought to be polite and say 'Yes, ma'am.' The sitters were seated around the paraffine pall, when suddenly a loud 'Yes, ma'am,' came out, as it were, from the pall, startling every one; and it was singular indeed to hear the laugh of the negro mingle with ours. So the work of spiritual evidence goes on, and our spirit friends are coming very close to us. Is it time, yet, for a Scientific Congress, whose business it shall be to record, systematize and tabulate these phenomena?"

### "Mrs. Seaver's Spiritual Circles, &c."

Read the article on our third page by Thomas R. Hazard, Esq., who is widely known among liberal readers as a man of sound sense, a writer of forcible diction, and a witness of the highest order of reliability. Mr. Hazard has been engaged for thirty to forty years past in more or less discussions and controversies, running through thousands of pages, many of them very acrimonious and bitter, but never once has it been shown by his opponents that he has stated anything for a fact that has been overthrown or proved to be the contrary.

### "Does Matter do it All?"

Admirers of the grand reply made by Epes Sargent, Esq., to the inflated nonsense of Prof. Tyndall, which answer appeared recently in our columns, will be pleased to learn that it has now been issued as a pamphlet, and can be obtained at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, at the low price of five cents per copy. Circulate it, friends, for it is admirably fitted as a tract to do pioneer service wherever it goes.

### A Fine Holiday Gift.

And which will prove to be a most acceptable one, will be found in Mrs. Conant's Biography, which is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. It is beautifully bound, in full gilt, price \$2.00, postage twenty cents.

Letters are coming in appreciative of our new Message Department. Those selfish spiritualistic critics who were quick to throw cold water on this department of the Banner at the moment of Mrs. Conant's translation, and are yet occasionally indulging in hypercritical remarks concerning our Free Circle Room, will ere long be obliged to change their tone—for we have faith to believe that God rules, and that He has delegated full powers to His angel messengers, in whom we fully trust, to guide us aright in conducting this paper.

Mrs. Mary M. Hardy will hold a public séance for obtaining molds of materialized forms on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th, at a quarter to 8, in Waverly Hall, Charlestown. Mrs. H. has discontinued her Friday evening séances at 4 Concord Square, Boston.















Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That, on the stretch of fore-finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

LIFE.  
Life's more than breath and the quick sound of blood;  
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.

Be what you are: this is the first step toward becoming  
better than you are. (J. C. Hart.)

SPRIT VIBRANTS.  
The stranger at my bedside cannot see  
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear;  
He but perceives what is; while I do mine  
All that has been is visible and clear.

Are there no underwriters for human hopes?  
For the most precious of interests is there no insurance?—John  
Paul.

PERSONAL AND PROFITABLE.  
It then will observe  
The first of two—much by temperance taught,  
To start that of the first and drink of the second  
The second—much by temperance taught,  
To start that of the first and drink of the second

It is a cold, lifeless business, when you go to the shops to  
buy something which does not represent your life and  
talent, but the gold-mint's. (Eaton.)

EVER NEAR.  
Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn!  
Oh, burning love that never is dried,  
The dead, though they depart, return  
As though they had not died!

The living are the only dead;  
The dead live nevermore today;  
And often when we mourn them fled,  
They never were so dead.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an in-  
crease in the disposition than to be always talking  
and thinking of being genteel. (Hart.)

Col. Olcott on the Eddys.

"When my eyes caught the head-line, 'Exposure of the Eddys,' in today's Sun, I said to myself that the grand exposure of the Eddy spiritual manifestations, which, in common with the whole public, I have been patiently waiting for, had come at last; but upon reading the narrative through, I was sorry to find one more added to many unimportant unsatisfactory explanations of a prevailing mystery."—N. Y. Sun, Nov. 30, 1875.

On page 31st of "People from the Other World" Col. Olcott says: "It will not be seriously urged, I fancy, against youths whose bodies were seared with the lash, electrified by burning wax, by pinching manacles, by the knife, the bullet, and by boiling water, who were starved, driven to the woods to save their lives from parental violence, &c., &c., that it will not be urged against such as these that they were in conspiracy to deceive, when they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by abandoning the fraud and being like other folk. The idea is preposterous; and we must infer that, whatever may be the source of the phenomena, they are at least objective and not subjective—the result of some external force, independent of the medium's wishes, and manifesting itself when the penalty of its manifestation was to subject the unfortunates to bodily torture and mental anguish."

And now, strange to say, Col. Olcott is "waiting patiently" for the expected exposure of these mediums, and feels "sorry to find" that this anticipated exposure has not yet been made!

On another page of his book he says: "They are the galley slaves of the invisible powers back of the manifestations." And again, in speaking of William, (page 104.) "Poor fellow! if any envy his mediumship, let them come and see what it has done for him, and what theirs has done for his brothers and sisters."

What a pity, indeed, that these poor slaves of a power beyond their control should not have been clearly and finally branded as impostors! Is this what the sympathetic investigator, who so eloquently bewailed the suffering of these "poor fellows," is so sorry for?

His opinion would seem to have altered marvellously since he wrote: "These Eddys hear spirit voices calling to them in the night watches, and I myself have heard them in the circle-room slumbering, whispering and delivering discourses upon their spirit life."

Now, grammatically considered, this sentence is ambiguous, but no one who has read his book will question that the writer meant to state the fact of his having himself heard "spirit voices" whisper and discourse upon their spirit life, and yet he who heard and testified to this fact among many others not less marvelous, is "sorry to find" that those through whom these "voices" spoke have not been proven to be base charlatans!

In the letter to the Sun, its author states that he agrees with Dr. Beard that "the whole battle had to be fought at the door of the cabinet, not inside; that it was a single alternative of personating by William Eddy or an occult force." On page 149 of his book we find the following statement: "Hence, in my presence, one evening, losing her power, sank, as it were, into the floor, up to her waist, the upper portion of her body retaining its solidity." Also on page 201: "On the next evening I saw more spirits than on any other single occasion but one, during my whole visit. Seventeen showed themselves. There were of babies, two; small children, three; women, young and old, five, and adult males, seven." Of the baby spirits he says (page 380): "Painted knees, quotha? William Eddy's painted knees? Why, can a man's knees walk, detached, and say 'papa,' and 'mamma,' and 'I am happy,' and throw kisses to us, and courtesy, and all that sort of thing? Could they even if they were painted 'dumdeeky' and mud-colored, edged with sky blue scarlet?" How this original style of artistic decoration could work so remarkable a transformation of knees into walking and talking babies it would require a sagacity and penetration equal to those of the gifted Colonel himself to understand; but we, at least, have his assurance that there is no alternative if we refuse to accept this peculiar transformation but that of "an occult force," which force Col. Olcott could hardly have been so sanguine as to expect the correspondent of the New York Sun to explain in a way that should leave no "provoking mystery" to puzzle truthfulness in the future.

Great has been the change which has come over the spirit of Col. Olcott's dream, and whether he dreamed when at Chittenden he officiated as specially selected investigator, or whether he is dreaming now, it must require the divining power of one more experienced in occultism than himself to determine. Is he not sometimes, in thinking of it all, tempted to exclaim with Bret Harte:

"Do I sleep? do I dream?  
Do I wonder and doubt?  
Are things what they seem,  
Or are visions about?"

In nothing is this remarkable change of feeling

and opinion more marked than in the estimate of William Eddy's character at the time when the interesting and venomous narrative from which I have had the pleasure to quote was written, and in that made manifest, in the Sun letter. In the book (page 158), after dwelling upon William Eddy's "simple, quiet, suffering life," in which he "seems more familiar with the beings we call unclean than those who jostle us in this world," he says: "He is the unlikeliest of all men to take rank among the great impostors of society;" and then he continues, thus to expatiate upon the character and habits of this medium: "After an acquaintance with him of nearly two months, and the opportunity of seeing him every day, almost every hour of the time, he gives me the impression of being, at least, at the present time, a man of pure mind and heart; tender and truthful, giving to the poor every spare dollar he earns, frank and open to all, having no tricks, disguises, concealments or pride."

Truly, almost a Christ-like man! Now, look upon this picture, and on this: "There is" (I quote from the Sun letter) "one point upon which, however, I am not left in the slightest doubt, viz.: that a more churlish and backbiting set of people than this same family I never encountered. And, in general, I have no reason to differ with your correspondent as to their shrewdness and general characteristics."!!

Surely some magician, with his or her cabalistic "Presto! Change!" has worked sudden and singular revolutions in the mind of this disciple of occultism, this gentleman who "is" and "is not" a Spiritualist! How complacently he destroys all the value which may have been attached to his book when it was supposed to be a correct delineation of character and an accurate statement of facts! A statement, too, made by one who says of himself that the great New York dailies would not have engaged him to investigate and describe the phenomena at the Eddy household if they had supposed him "either of unsound mind, credulous, partial, dishonest or incompetent."

No enemy could so have discredited him, at least, of those attributes as Col. Olcott has done in his suicidal self-refutation. Who so incredulous now as to the reliability of the mediums who fill his book with their marvels (all worthless trash if they be frauds) as this "savant," who, doubting much, believes in magic; black and white, and in the four elements with their indwelling and outcoming spirits, beings destitute of souls and consciences, but wise enough to outwit and lead astray human beings who claim to have both? Surely these wicked elementaries must have obsessed the mind of this competent investigator before he could so serenely invalidate his own statements and devour his own words, without even the sauce of apology or explanation!

If the scientific gentlemen to whom "People from the Other World" is dedicated should regard the author's course with corresponding satisfaction, one will almost be persuaded to believe in the possession by him of certain magical powers by which he can make black and white, true and false, convertible terms, and by which he can help perambulate by the said clever though soulless elementaries) he can compel others to be content alike with a serious statement of facts, and with the declaration that he who made these statements is "patiently waiting" to see the aforesaid "facts" exposed as shameful impostures! He who told the world such a wonderful tale, shutting off carefully every avenue of escape from a conviction of its reality, is now "sorry" that the pretended exposure was unsatisfactory, and that a "provoking mystery" remains which even the worst enemies of the Eddys and of Spiritualism cannot solve!

In view of all this inconsistency and self-contradiction, we are reluctantly forced to class Col. Olcott among those "pseudo investigators" to whom he alludes in his book; and we cannot but feel that this "sorry" skeptic who is patiently waiting for the exposure of his "whim" heroes, speaks very characteristically of and for himself in saying: "If one tells them of babies being carried in from the cabinet by women, of young girls with little forms, yellow hair and short stature; of old women and men standing in full sight simultaneously, ghosts instantly recognized by friends, and ghosts speaking audibly in foreign languages of which the medium is ignorant—their equanimity is not disturbed for an instant. One sound and sufficient rule is applied: exclude everything troublesome and explain away the rest as fraud. Let the world wag as it will, they are omniscient and infallible; and, with Sir Oracle, say, 'And I owe my mouth, let no dog bark!'"

A. SAXON.

Letter from Emma Hardinge Britten.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I cannot report to you from personal knowledge anything of the New York meetings; I only hear of them by rumor; but of our Brooklyn meetings at the Brooklyn Institute, and for the little Society of which I have been the constant speaker for four months, I have nothing to say but, words of thankfulness and good cheer. Our audiences have grown in numbers, and I believe I may venture to say in mutual love and interest.

We have no forms or ceremonies, as one of your correspondents has hinted to you. The same order of meetings prevail with all our spiritual audiences have been familiar ever since I have been in the ranks—a little singing, (I could wish there were more,) and such speaking as the good angels inspire me to give. My kind listeners seem to appreciate the spirits' efforts to the full. I leave these dear friends for one month's recess to speak at New Haven, and some of our most esteemed members of the Brooklyn Society have begged me to state thus publicly that the temporary parting is entirely of my own seeking, and from no weariness or misunderstanding on either side. I leave my kind friends because my close and unremitting devotion to professional duties at home imposes upon me the necessity of a little change of air and scene, hence I shall make a few Sabbath-day excursions to New Haven, returning to my Brooklyn friends in January.

I have been led into these egotistical details at the solicitation of some members of the Society at Brooklyn, who consider that their efforts and our spiritual status deserve a fair representation.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours for the truth,  
EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.

206 West 38th street, New York.

"Str," asked an attorney, recently, of a witness who was testifying in a case of assault and battery, "have you been in this court before?" "Yes, sir," said the witness. "I have been here, often." "Ah, been here often, how?" "I have been here, often, in a triumphant tone. "Now tell me what for?" "Well," replied the witness, "I have been here at least a dozen times to see you, to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe."—San Francisco Chronicle.

New Publications.

THE WESTERN—published by an Association of the same name at St. Louis, Mo.—is received for December, and presents diverse articles of special interest, not the least of which may be mentioned the sketch of explorations among the Andes, Indian Mounds, at Fenton, Mo., which is contributed by F. E. Roessler.

WALKER'S VALLEY MONTHLY—issued at St. Louis, Mo., Wm. F. Lettewich, editor—is received for December, and proves to be filled, as usual, with much entertaining and valuable matter. This magazine, it is announced, will hereafter be published by "The Valley Monthly Publishing Company," and will appear at the beginning of the year 1876 in superb form and with some important changes suggested by the Company.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA.—We have received, through the kindness of Horace King, Thompsonville, Ct., general agent for the Eastern States, an installment of four numbers of the new and revised edition of this deservedly popular work of reference which its publishers are now supplying. This work is printed on excellent paper, in clear type, and contains nearly one hundred and fifty thousand articles, all prepared with consummate skill by the most able authors. It is fitted to give to the seeker most valuable information concerning history, biography, geography, science, art, language, natural history, botany, mineralogy, medicine, law, mechanics, architecture, manufacturing, agriculture, bibliography, church history, religions, etc., etc. This revised edition, besides much new matter, is to be furnished with eighteen maps (finely colored), which have been specially prepared for it, and which are provided with a peculiarly arranged system whereby any locality can be found by the signal letters given in the Key. Any person desiring to know more of the work can obtain a specimen copy, with map, for twenty cents, by addressing Mr. King as above.

WIDE AWAKE, for December, is issued by D. Little, 200 N. 3d and 40 Cornhill, Boston. The publishers evidently intend that each number shall surpass its predecessor. This number opens with "Kim's Last Whipping," a delightful story by that favorite among the story-tellers, Sophie May. Sketches, illustrations, etc., etc., bearing the names of popular favorites, combine to make this number a most attractive one. The California Juvenile Magazine, Sixty-sixth, has just been incorporated, with this lively Eastern periodical. The most attractive announcements of the field to be occupied by this magazine are, put forth by the publishers.

THE PHIENEOLOGICAL JOURNAL for December—published by S. R. Wells & Co., 77 Broadway, New York City—is offered for sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Its pages are crowded with much practical information. In the January number for 1876, besides the usual variety of interesting subjects, sketches of five well-known lady journalists—"Grace Greenwood," "Jennie June," "Mrs. Clemm Ames," Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Louisa Child, and "Moulton"—with authentic portraits, and given, also one of the two Prize Essays—"Reason and Religion."

THE "MYSTERY SOLVED," or "The New Departure" of Victoria C. Woodhull Examined.—In this pamphlet, of some 50 pages, which comes to us from the press of Messrs. Hall & Co., 730 Washington street, Boston, Messrs. Hall criticizes in the most unsparring manner, the new positions taken by Mrs. Woodhull concerning the Bible, and the hidden meanings contained or veiled within its text. Those who have read her views as put forth for some time past in the columns of Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly, will do well to peruse this brochure, which evinces its thorough knowledge of the matter under consideration. However, it does not stay in the course of the article to copy the position of a critic concerning her, but frequently gives credit to Mrs. W. for what she has accomplished for liberalism in the past, and ends by exhorting "The Weekly" and its conductors to come back into the [original] field where they have done such valiant service."

"BALLADS OF HOME," edited by George M. Baker, is published by Lee & Shepard of this city. Curiously running over its contents we speedily came to the conclusion that it is a very entertaining work. Holmes, Tennyson, Phoebe Cary and John G. Sax figure conspicuously in it. The wood engravings are simply exquisite. We shall notice more fully this elegant work next week.

T. H. PETERSON & BROTHERS, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, have sent us a strong representative department of their popular series of standard fiction, in the shape of the following named volumes from the pen of George W. M. Reynolds, author of "Mysteries of the Court of London," "Rose Foster," "Caroline of Brunswick," "Mary Price," etc.

THE RUINED GAMBLER:  
THE OPERA DANCER;  
OR, THE MYSTERIES OF FEMALE LIFE IN LONDON.

LIFE IN PARIS; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF ALFRED DE ROSANNE IN THE FRENCH METROPOLIS.

CURIOUS AND THE SECRET OF A FUTURE GALLERY.

WE have also received from the same house the following works by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynne," "The Water," "Five Thousand a Year," etc., etc.

CYRILLE MAUDE'S FIRST LOVE:  
MARRYING BEHIND YOUR BACK.

WE have received from the publishers, William F. Gill & Co., 309 Washington street, Boston, two numbers of the select series of novels which is now being issued from their press, viz.:

FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE CASTLE.

THE DEED OF DEER, by Mrs. Henry Wood.

RECEIVED: THE ILLUSTRATED HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE, for December, 41 Park Row, New York City.

THE SANITARIAN, for December, A. N. Bell, M. D., editor—published by McDevitt, Campbell & Co., 79 Nassau street, New York City.

NEW MUSIC.—We have received from the publisher, Louis Meyer, 143 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., the following choice pieces of new music, which are issued in his unique style at popular prices: "Gentle Clara," words by "E. F. S.," music by Kille Smith; "Ten Orations," music by Charles S. Smith; "The Angel's Call," words by Miss Mahoney, music by Adam Gelfelt; "Holy Father, we Adore Thee," song, words by E. F. Stewart, music by A. Gelfelt; "One by One," song, words by Adelaide Proctor, music by Kille Smith.

Mediumship of Mrs. C. M. Morrison.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I noticed in the Banner of the 11th inst., a paragraph touching the complaint of Julius Leach of Wamego, Kan., about Mrs. C. M. Morrison, the magnetic medium of Boston, implying dishonesty on her part, because she had not sent a diagnosis as expected. I was much surprised that she should rush to a newspaper before she knew the facts, and by implication state a person who was to me a total stranger. I am not personally acquainted with Mrs. Morrison, but have procured several diagnoses, and sent parties other, all of whom speak of the eminent success with which she read their cases, and those who have had personal interviews with her speak of her in the most exalted terms.

Mrs. M. was absent in Oswego, her former residence, and Mr. Leach was advised of that fact. He was bound to believe his communication would be answered at the earliest possible moment, and if there was a little delay, it was a just inference that she had been detained, or some good reason caused the delay.

Mrs. Morrison is a medium of remarkable power, and being such has no need of clap-trap or fraud to aid her. Being publicly before the world for its service, she of course on the low plane of selfishness would hold herself to her public announcements. Notwithstanding Mr. Leach's insinuation, there need be no fear but that all who have occasion to consult Mrs. M. will be fairly and honorably dealt with. I shall recommend her in the future in the past. Some time ago I saw her in the city of New York, and heard her speak of her communication for some four weeks. I had no suspicion of any fraud on her part, but thought possibly the letter might have been plundered of its money, and wrote her inquiring if she had received the letter. In a day or two I received the reading, accompanied by a note stating that she had been sick. Our letters passed each other on the way, and I venture that the letters of Mr. Leach to the Banner and the one from Mrs. Morrison to me, in the manner passed each other. If in my case I had gone to the newspapers to impose upon the integrity of Mrs. Severance I should have done a dastardly act, as gross wrong to an innocent party. I trust Mr. Leach, when he shall have received his answer and diagnosis, will make the amende honorable, and put Mrs. Morrison right before the public. FRANKLIN, FOSTER, JR., Providence, R. I., Dec. 13, 1875.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Rachel Walcott will speak in Putnam, Conn., during January. Her address there will be care of Mrs. S. M. Kingsley.

Giles B. Stebbins lectured in Chicago, Ill., Sunday, Dec. 19th, morning and evening, before the First Spiritual Society, corner of Green and Washington streets. Mr. S. is a speaker of great merit, and should be constantly employed.

John Collier has just spoken at Sturgis, Mich., and goes thence to Kendallville, Ind., for the 26th inst. Through January he will speak in Chicago, this being his second visit to the city during his present trip West. He is most desirous of receiving correspondence from points between Chicago and San Francisco. Will friends at Council Bluffs, Omaha, Salt Lake City, and intermediate places,

write? Letters will be promptly answered if addressed Lock Box 157, Springfield, Mass. Mr. Collier is reported to have had the most flattering success thus far on his Western journey, and he desires to be kept well at work.

Warren Chase's address will be Oakland, Cal., after January 1st till further notice.

The meetings and stances held under the auspices of Dr. T. B. Taylor, as speaker, and Frank T. Ripley as test medium, at Baltimore, Md., so writes a correspondent, are still crowned with the highest success. In a late lecture Dr. Taylor discoursed on "Distinguishing Men who are and who are not Spiritualists," and there was not a foot of standing room to be had, while many went away not being able to get inside the hall."

Mrs. S. A. Rogers Hayden, of Haverhill, Mass., is spoken of very highly in letters of Dr. Chase and S. A. Day. This truly noble woman, and excellent clairvoyant and test medium, as well as lecturer, has done a great amount of good in the spiritual field in the last half dozen years or more. On account of ill health she has not always been able to respond to calls, but now she is ready to accept engagements for stances or lectures in any part of New England.

Dr. William Cleveland, the magnetic healer, has arrived in San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. A. Dwellins is at 171½ Tremont street, Boston, as will be seen by her card in another column. Her patrons declare that she possesses rare powers of mediumship.

Capt. H. H. Brown, State Agent, writing from DeWitt, Ia., Dec. 14th, says: "I have given since Thanksgiving four lectures in Maquoketa, four in two country eight miles from that place, and time here to give three; have been to give one, and shall probably return and give another course inside a month. I go from here to give a second course in Lyons, then go to Fulton, Ill., and thence to Monticure and Nevada in this State. Address till spring, Nevada, Story Co., Iowa."

Frank T. Ripley's address is at No. 19 Light street, (in-stead of 20 North Stricker street, as printed in his advertisement in another column,) Baltimore, Md.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PAISE MEMORIAL HALL.—Prof. Wm. Denton will continue his course of lectures in this hall, Appleton street, each Sunday at 2:45 and 7:45 o'clock until further notice. Dr. H. F. Gardner, Manager.

JOHN A. ANDREW HALL.—The meetings at this hall, 114 Chalmers street, are free to the public. Mrs. S. A. Day, of the spiritualist, will lecture and answer questions from any persons in the audience at 2½ and 7½. Quartette singing.

ROCHESTER HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum will hold its sessions at Rochester Hall, 730 Washington street, every Sunday, at 10 o'clock. Julia M. Carpenter, Cor. Sec'y. Lecturers on the subject of Spiritualism, etc. Librarian has notified that this hall is open for engagements during the week, or on Sunday afternoon and evening. Parties wishing to secure a hall should correspond with Joseph Banforth, address his name at the hall.

The Ladies' Aid Society will until further notice hold its meetings at Rochester Hall, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, and on Wednesday morning, at 10 o'clock. President, Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

LEITCH HALL.—Free Public Circles are held at this hall, No. 3 Winter street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. by many of the best test mediums and speakers in the city. Good music provided. All are invited to attend.

ROCHESTER HALL.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 will do honor to Christmas eve by preparing "a tree" after the most approved old-time fashion at this hall. The public are invited to attend free.

The Ladies' Aid Society will give its first ball masque for the season, at Rochester Hall, on the evening of Tuesday, Dec. 28th. A good time may be expected.

The Bible of Bibles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Owing to the numerous calls for this work, and the conclusion to enlarge it, I shall be compelled to postpone for a few weeks a compliance with the numerous calls to lecture in the West (amounting to nearly a hundred). These calls disclose still further the urgent need of a systematized library by which lecturers can be sent to localities where but little can be collected in the shape of funds. This can easily be done and will be done just so soon as we properly appreciate the cause and place it above our own selfish interests.

When we become truly and practically Spiritualists, itinerant laborers will be sent abroad supported by a general fund raised for that purpose sufficient to defray traveling expenses, being deputed to preach the glorious spiritual gospel of the new dispensation and scatter spiritual newspapers by the thousand. Then the millions who know nothing of the grand truths of Modern Spiritualism would begin to flock like doves to our windows. I feel an anxious longing to see at least some Spiritualists moving in this direction.

Richmond, Ind.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

The "Comments" of Mr. Stebbins, in your issue of Dec. 18th, upon my article headed "Victoria C. Woodhull as a Medium," which you published Nov. 20th, are free from offence in either matter, form or spirit. You could do no less than publish at least one rejoinder to me, so kind and courteous as that. You must be reluctant to open your columns to any extended disputations clustering around a noted individual, and which, if commenced, would be extremely liable to soon become pointedly personal, if not acrimonious. I could express dissent, and reasons for it, from some points in the "Comments," but will not ask for a line of space in which to do so. Neither do I wish for a "lengthened discussion" upon this topic, but want "dispute" upon any. Indeed, I doubt whether he and I should differ widely enough upon almost any topic pertaining to Spiritualism to furnish basis for lively dispute, and in regard to the one up, our fundamental differences are probably much less than they have been made to appear.

I had found in my article, as I hoped each one of your readers would, an invitation to practice as much leniency in judgment concerning all persons both in and out of the ranks of liberalists, and as patient waiting for predicted results, as we ask that religiousists, scientists, and all opponents should manifest toward ourselves, his view of the combined purposes and desired effects of my words might have been modified. The person named is thought to be a medium of remarkable capabilities, and yet eccentric and often offensive to our views on right and proper conduct. When expressing belief that the future course of the medium might be worthy of the unprejudiced watch of the Spiritualist, I felt ready to manifest, and as far as example should operate, allure to the exercise of broader charity than is generally prevalent.

ALLEN PUTNAM.

Mr. Converse, the Treasurer of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company at Edgeworth, has received a sum of conscience-money, with the following letter: "Mr. Converse—Sir: Conscientiously, as a Roman Catholic, having complied with the sacred religious duties which we are commanded to by our mother, the church, on the occasion of the nativity which befell your factory I took an article therefrom which deprives me from approaching the table of the Lord until I remit this as restitution, \$1.25."

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Book on Mediums, or Guide for Mediums and Invocators.

Containing the Special Instruction of the Spirits on the Theory of all kinds of Manifestations; the Means of Communicating with the Invisible World; the Development of the Medium; the Nature of the Hangers on the Mediums; the Encumbrances in the Practice of Spiritism. By Allan Kardec. Translated from the French, by Emma A. Wood. Second edition, revised and corrected. 12mo, 380 pages. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors; or, Christianity before Christ.

By Kersey Graves. This work contains new and startling revelations in religious history, which include the original origin of all the doctrines, principles, precepts and miracles of the Christian New Testament, and furnishing a key to our Bible, and the sacred scriptures, heretofore comprising the History of Sixteen Crucified Gods. Second edition, revised and corrected. 12mo, 380 pages. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

Around the World; or, Travels in Polynesia, China, India, Arabia, Egypt, and other "Heathen" Countries.

By J. M. Peebles. This thrillingly interesting volume, describing the Manners, Customs, Laws, Religions and Spiritual Manifestations of the "Heathens"—is the author's masterpiece. Second edition, large 8vo, beveled boards, gilt side and back. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

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Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism.

By N. B. Wolfe, M. D. This is a record of startling and significant phenomena occurring in Modern Spiritualism, which have not only been of the most important era in the world. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism.

By Eugene Crowell, M. D. The author, in his dedication, says: "I feel that the Christian churches who are disposed to welcome new light upon the spirituality of the Bible, even though it may proceed from an unorthodox source, will not only consider, even though they may reject, the claim herein made for the unity of the higher teachings of Modern Spiritualism with those of the Bible, but will also be induced to make it a popular favorite. Cloth, \$1.25, postage 16 cents. Also, Vol. II, just issued, \$2.50, postage free.

Poems from the Inner Life.

By Lizzie Doten. Tenth edition. This volume contains the poems of the inspirational utterances given chiefly before the public, and is a most important era in the world. Price \$2.00, postage 20 cents.

Poems of Progress.

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The Voices—Poem in Four Parts.

By Warren Sumner Barlow. Part I—