

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE
PHILOSOPHY OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

VOL. L.

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Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

New Era Hall.—The Shawmut Spiritualist Lyceum meets in this hall, 176 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10½ A. M., J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

Richmond Hall.—Spiritualist Meetings, conducted by the Rev. J. B. Hatch, every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and Wednesday evenings at 7½ P. M., at 24 Dover street. Wednesday evenings of each alternate week, at 8 o'clock. Gentlemen are invited to the evening exercises. Mrs. C. L. Hatch, Secretary.

Palme Memorial Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, 10½ State street, commencing at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. F. L. Union, Conductor.

Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street (Old Fellows' Building).—Free Spiritualist Meetings every Sunday at 10½ A. M., and every Wednesday at 7½ P. M. Secret Conference first Sunday in the month at 7:30 P. M. President and Lecturer, W. J. Colville (residence 30 Worcester square); Treasurer and Secretary, W. J. Colville, 30 Worcester square. The public cordially invited to all the services.

Eagle Hall.—Spiritual Meetings are held at this hall, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex, every Sunday, at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M., and Wednesday evenings at 7½ P. M. Meetings also held Wednesday afternoons at 2 o'clock.

Pythian Hall, 12½ Tremont street.—Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Dr. N. P. Smith, inspirational speaker.

Science Hall, 712 Washington street.—Spiritual Meetings every Tuesday, at 8 P. M. W. J. Colville replies to questions under influence of spirit guides, every Tuesday at 8 P. M. There will be held every Wednesday, at quarter before 8 P. M., at this place, a Free Social and Religious Conference Meeting for the consideration of all subjects relating to the elevation of the race, to which all subjects of humanity, without regard to sect or party, are invited.

20 Worcester square.—W. J. Colville holds a public reception, to which everybody is cordially invited, every Monday, at 8 P. M., and lectures and answers questions on the "Spiritual Marvels of the East" every Friday, at 8 P. M.

Ladies' Aid Parlor, 718 Washington street.—The Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meet in this hall, every Friday at 8 P. M., and every Wednesday at 7½ P. M. Secret Conference first Sunday in the month at 7:30 P. M. President and Lecturer, W. J. Colville (residence 30 Worcester square); Treasurer and Secretary, W. J. Colville, 30 Worcester square. The public cordially invited to all the services.

NEW ERA HALL, 176 TREMONT STREET.—Spiritual meetings for tests and speaking will be held in this hall every Sunday, at 10½ and 7½ P. M., by several of Boston's best and well-known mediums and speakers. Good singing provided. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

MYSTIC HALL, CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT.—Meetings are held at this hall, 70 Main street, every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

CHURCH.—The Spiritual Association holds meetings at 3 and 7½ P. M., at the corner of Main and Church streets, every Sunday afternoon, conference. In the evening, C. F. Loring will speak and give tests from the platform.

SHAWMUT LYCEUM.—New Era Hall, Jan. 29th.—The session of Sunday, Jan. 29th, opened with singing and Silver Chain recitations, followed by the Grand March to the music of Miss Dawkins's orchestra; Lessons of the Day for the pupils; recitations by Ernest Fleet, Emma Ware and Cora Murray; reading, by Miss Susie Adams, of "Poor House Nan," and, on being recalled, "Her Fastest Time," recitation by Jennie Smith and Cora Murray; reading, by Mr. Cooley, of "On Board the Cumberland"; recitations by Belle Bond, Hattie Oakes, Jennie Lathrop; vocal recitation (special request), Miss Susie Adams; recitations, by Bella Eaton, of "Golden Hall," and "Story of the Little Hatchet," and remarks by Conductor Hatch, thanking all for their interest in the Lyceum. The Physical Exercises, led by Master Rand, were next in order, followed by the Target March by the whole school, during which the scholars were presented with beautiful flowers sent in by some kind friend of Shawmut.

We have to record the passing from earth to spiritual realms of our friend, Robert Anderson. He was one who always had the best interests of our Lyceum at heart, and was ever willing to help the good work along. He has but just gone before, entering into closer communion with those who are ever working together in love and truth for our advancement.

A. SHELHAMER,
Secretary of Shawmut Spiritualist Lyceum.
471 East Fourth street, South Boston.

PAINE HALL.—Music from Prof. Bond's orchestra commenced the morning session. The usual reading and singing was gone through with, and after that one hundred and five was the number that made up the grand March. The word "Happiness," given to be woven into a sentence, was answered by sixteen children. The following took part in the exercises: Recitations by Kitty Newton, Freddie Stevens, Albert and George Felton, Carrie Huff, May Henry, Esther Oettinger, Arthur and Joseph Cook; vocal duet by Misses Hosmer and Colie; recitation by Alice Danforth; songs by Jennie Weeks and Etta Farns; duet by Jennie Smith and May Waters; piano solo, Cora Gooch. Mr. W. P. Cherrington gave notice of a Masquerade

Party to be given in Parker Memorial Hall, Feb. 24th, the proceeds to be given to the Lyceum. Miss Jeannette Howell gave a very fine reading from "Will Carleton," entitled "The First Settler's Story." The mention of this lady's name was greeted with applause. A perfect rendering of the part she read held the close attention of the large audience. Conductor of the Union and Benjamin Weaver led the song movements. The Target March closed the session. ALONZO DANFORTH, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1.

EAGLE HALL, 616 WASHINGTON STREET.—The meetings on Sunday last were of marked interest. Bro. Lothrop spoke warmly for the suffering ones of earth, and urged upon humanity that they spare the physical life of their fellow-men, even to the wiping out of the barbarous galleys. John Vetherbee discoursed eloquently upon Mediumship, and introduced many of his customary quaint and original figures of speech in elucidation of his theme. Mr. Edson spoke entertainingly upon "Spirit Regeneration." The classic recital of spirit experience by Mrs. Maggie Polson was listened to with deep interest. The controls of Miss Annie J. Webster gave us sweet song and instructive speech. The controls of Mr. Donnelly improvised a poem upon subjects given by the audience. Excellent tests and psychometric readings were given by Mrs. L. W. Litch, Mrs. M. C. Ireland, Mrs. F. A. Bray, Mrs. Dr. Court, and Mrs. Henley. Different subjects were also treated during the day by ENEC COMI, Conductor.

CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT, MYSTIC HALL.—Sunday, Jan. 29th, a very interesting meeting was held in the afternoon at the usual hour. Mr. David Brown, test medium, occupied the platform. Quite a large and intelligent audience was present, and listened with marked attention to the remarks, and to tests that were given to many present, every test being recognized as correct. A lady said she saw George Rush at first, and a gentleman exclaimed, "The second spirit was George Thompson," which Mr. C. declared to be correct. The whole ground of the mysterious relation of mind and body was covered in these addresses, and the causes of insanity and crime minutely examined.

The next speaker was the reverent and philosophical Mr. Cobb, who eloquently gave his views respecting the former condition of the earth, and described the famous sculpture of ancient Greece and the Egyptian statues as far exceeding in perfection of form, all modern efforts. He then spoke of the effect of true Spiritualism in lighting up the human countenance and rendering it well-nigh divine in expression, and of a communication he had recently received from a spirit in relation to the "New Bethesda." The communication stated that it would be a rallying point at which many highly advanced spirits would unite their efforts for the welfare of mankind. Of course many persons would go away unconverted, but even they would receive a spiritual enlightenment and spread the glad tidings of visits of loved ones from the other shore.

Mr. Rhodes thought Lazarus was a better man than Dives, although his sores were licked by the dogs, and that Job, although afflicted with boils, retained his integrity, and concluded by saying, "that we are made perfect through suffering."

Mr. Richards thought his communications would have been still more remarkable if he had been blessed with eyesight and physical health. The writer denied that disease and poverty would drive us "nearer to God," and doubted the wickedness of Dives, because he allowed Lazarus to remain in his door-yard, whereas rich Christians of to-day would be apt to set their dogs upon, and drive away, such a diseased beggar. He thought prosperity was better adapted to moral progress than was poverty; and if sickness was a moral help Jesus would have rebuked blind Bartimeus for coming to him for physical light. He thought a sound mind, a pure soul, and a healthy body, were all necessary to produce the greatest likeness to Jehovah.

Mr. C. closed the meeting by saying that when suffering was not caused by our own acts, it became instrumental to our highest good.

CHARLES STEARNS.

Berkeley Hall Meetings.

On Sunday last, Jan. 29th, W. J. Colville gave a powerful inspirational discourse in the morning on "The Coming Man and Woman," and in the afternoon on "The Via of Galileu; Its Lesson for the Nation." During the course of the last, he referred to the great necessity which exists of securing the services of lawyers and barristers who are elected by the people, and who will have as little personal interest as possible in any trial. Capital punishment was denounced in unmeasured terms as utterly useless as a protection for the innocent. The lecturer was under the influence of a powerful English lawyer, who displayed great logical ability throughout. The large audience frequently gave vent to its feelings in hearty applause.

On Sunday next, in Berkeley Hall, Mr. Colville will speak at 10:30 A. M. on "The Coming Government and the New Dispensation." Eben Cobb will lecture at 3 P. M. on "Material Accumulations and Spiritual Unfoldment." Mr. Cobb has often spoken very acceptably at the Wednesday evening conferences, and it is to be hoped that he will be greeted with a large audience on the occasion of his first lecture in the large hall. At 7:45 P. M. Mr. Colville will give a grand sacred and miscellaneous concert, assisted by Miss Georgia Latham, Misses Annie and Lullie Bigelow, Miss Amy Pierce, Mr. Clarence Hendrick, George Harold and others.

On Friday, Jan. 20th, on the occasion of the funeral of Mrs. Haslett, a prominent worker in the Children's Lyceum for many years, Mr. Colville spoke to a large audience in Rockland, Mass. Sunday, Jan. 29th, he addressed the Chelsea Spiritualists on "The Next Step in Spiritual Unfoldment," and was announced to speak in Natick, Feb. 1st, and Wayland, Mass., Feb. 2d. His Monday and Friday evening gatherings at 30 Worcester square, are entertaining

and instructive; the public cordially invited. Reception on Monday; reading and lecture on Spiritualism and "Magic among Greeks and Romans," on Friday, at 8 P. M. Instructions on Health and the Human Body," by Dr. Dutton, on Tuesday, at 7:45 P. M. Mr. Colville will lecture in East Braintree, Sunday, Feb. 12th, at 7 P. M., and in Lynn, Mass., Feb. 19th and 20th, at 7:30 P. M. Parties desiring his services for week-evening lectures can secure them on moderate terms; address, 30 Worcester square.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday in Republican Hall, 55 West 33d street, at 10½ A. M., and 7½ P. M. Henry J. Newton, President; Henry Van Dolder, Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 2½ P. M. William Hunt, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. A. A. Newton, Guardian.

Rev. Dr. Monck lectures "A possible Healing," and addresses are delivered by other speakers, at "Science Hall," 141 East 8th street, every Wednesday, at 7½ P. M. After each lecture, Dr. Monck publicly and freely heals the sick poor from the platform.

The Second Society of Spiritualists holds free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at Frohman Hall, 23 East 14th street. Mrs. Milton Rathbun, Secretary.

Parlor Meetings in New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On the 18th ult. Mr. E. W. Wallis, under control, gave to delighted listeners an able lecture upon "The Utility of Spiritualism," he also favored us with the recitation "Billy's Rose," which called forth loud applause. Mrs. Wallis, as many know, is a host in herself, for, in addition to the above, he sang appropriate songs and gave true psychometric readings from handkerchiefs, described spirits which were recognized, and improvised poetry. I am happy to announce that he will lecture again in our parlors, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st. Jan. 25th, Mrs. S. W. Van Horn, of our city, delivered a lecture before an audience composed largely of old and well-known Spiritualists, among them Mr. A. J. Davis, J. V. Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Vail, Mr. L. Van Horn, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Vail, and Dr. Henderson. After listening to the delivery of this lecture we are glad to promise our friends another evening to be occupied by Mrs. Van Horn. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham will lecture for us on Wednesday evening, Feb. 8th, and we hope to have Mrs. Amelia Colby here on the 15th of February. All interested are invited to attend.

MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

217 East 117th street.

IN RELIEF OF THE PETITEST.

As your paper is circulated largely in our city, will you allow me, through your columns, to invite, in the name of Mrs. Henry Kiddle and other ladies associated in Spiritualism, all ladies, young or old, interested in relieving the destitute poor, to meet with us each Thursday, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. Kiddle, 789 Lexington avenue?

A temporary organization has already been formed, and we hope at our next meeting to be largely augmented in numbers and strength, and thus be enabled to proceed toward permanent organization and systematic work.

MRS. MILTON RATHBUN.

Springfield (Mass.) Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has been well said that "in union there is strength," and as the interest in Spiritualism begins to call together earnest and thinking minds, the centre thus formed seems to be a magnet, attracting kindred spirits. The Saturday evening circle was largely attended, and the exercises were of an interesting character. On Sunday, Mr. Fletcher's lecture upon "Returning Spirits" attracted a large audience, and elicited many expressions of approval. In the course of the lecture the speaker referred to the Guttery trial, and said that should be he long he would only add one more to that great company of undeveloped spirits who dwell upon the threshold, seeking opportunities to do harm. The government have expended thousands of dollars to convict this man; if they would spend as many thousands yearly to ascertain the cause of crime, and to remove it, we should shortly reduce the number of these unfortunate, who are far more to be pitied than blamed." Striking tests were given from different spirits, which were all recognized as being true.

In the evening Mr. F. took for his subject "The Spiritualism of the Bible," and gave a lecture that was so thoroughly appreciated he has been requested to repeat it at an early date.

A social is announced for Friday, Feb. 3d, and on Sunday Mr. Fletcher will enter upon his third month of lectures, under the most flattering conditions. He can be consulted daily at 2 Hamilton Place, Boston.

Meetings in Lynn, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

George A. Fuller occupied the platform at Mechanics' Hall, Lynn, Mass., Sunday, Jan. 29th. Large audiences greeted the speaker, some coming even from Salem; prominent among them were Dr. and Mrs. Holbrook, the celebrated magnetic healer, and Dr. C. H. Harding, a well-known and excellent test medium. In the afternoon the speaker discoursed upon "The True and False Associated with Spiritualism," remarking that Spiritualists should maintain a noble purpose in life, ever labor to establish truth in the world, and seek to make the world better and brighter. The sunshine of Spiritualism dispels the dark shadows of old theology, explains the mysteries of other religions and reveals the spiritual like a silver thread running through all beliefs. It is a living reformation; its magic touch transforms all who come under its influence. It is an evangel of glad tidings, and will eventually become the saviour of the world.

In the evening the speaker's subject was "Thomas Paine and his Work." This discourse was an eloquent eulogy of this great social, political and religious reformer. It was fully appreciated by the large audience and frequently applauded.

Mrs. Dillingham will occupy the same platform next Sunday, Sunday, Feb. 5th. Mr. Fuller will lecture in West Randolph, Vt.

Foreign Items.

The Count de Bulet, whose interest in Spiritualism and experiments with its phenomena are well known to our readers, is recovering from a long and severe illness.

Miss Lottie Fowler is meeting with a remarkable degree of success in London. She devotes each day from noon until eight in the evening to those wishing private sittings at her residence, which is now at 23 Langham street, W.

Mr. Eglinton is giving séances in Calcutta, a report of which, published in the Indian Mirror of December 10th, we shall endeavor to find room for in our columns next week. Of the séances the Mirror says: "They gave undoubted proof that he possesses the powers he professes to be gifted with."

Literary Department.

"OLD GRIP";

OR,

WHAT CAME OF A WOODEN WEDDING.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY GRACE IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

When Damon Burrill rose on Christmas morning, he made his fire as usual, and swept his room, then made the tea for his breakfast, and while that was steeping, opened his Bible, and read the sixth chapter of Luke, lingering long on those passages which teach of love to enemies. His breakfast was very simple, consisting only of bread and cheese, which he ate from his hand, and tea, his cup and saucer standing on the stove-hearth; the table vibrating as usual, back and forth, with its gentle, persuasive emphasis of the request, so many times reiterated, that he would ask God's blessing before he ate. He knew this was still the meaning of the motion, for whenever he called the alphabet at meal-time the same request was urged. Yet the movements were so gentle, as if keeping time to unheard music, that he began to feel that he was, in truth, discountenancing his angel guests, in thus refusing their request.

Gradually, thus, his ice-bound spirit was freeing itself from its fetters, as the warm, blessed sunshine from a better world poured in upon his spirit.

Noon came, and the table was spread with greater care than usual. He had prepared a Christmas dinner, of chicken, and one or two extras. For many years Christmas had been to him an unnoted day; but now, for some reason for which he could not account, he felt like celebrating the day in his own small way. He had even feasted some evergreen over his table, and over the windows. He sat down to his repast, and immediately the swaying motion of the table commenced, soon growing stronger, but even and gentle still. The knife and fork, with which he was about to carve the fowl, dropped from his hand. A moment he waited; then, with a broken, husky voice, he ejaculated—

"Oh, God, forgive me! Have mercy upon me! I have sinned! I thank thee for this food! Help me to eat it worthily. Help me to be thy servant."

The table was still, but the raps continued on the table and about the room for a little while, then mostly ceased; only now and then a gentle rapping, testifying of spirit presence and approval.

Again it was evening. A heavy knock was heard on the floor, and was repeated many times. After a while the table moved for the alphabet to be called. The following message was given by means of the same heavy, deep-toned raps:

"Many years ago I wronged the father of one whom you know. I am in misery for the sins I committed while on earth. I cannot be happy till those wrongs are righted. You have more money than you need, and I obtained some of it through fraud. Fifteen thousand dollars of what you now possess rightfully belongs to your physician. He is a good man, and is struggling with poverty. Give him what is his, and you will thus bring a higher blessing upon yourself, and release, in part, from this dreadful remorse, YOUR UNHAPPY FATHER."

Questions and answers followed, by which Damon Burrill was convinced that the communication was correct in its statements.

And he sat, and thought, and pondered—while his angel guests whispered to him of duty, and pointed out to him the way, and held up to his view a blessed hereafter, where all wrongs shall be righted, and all sin and sorrow shall cease.

Thus commenced a new period in the strange life of him who was known in the community as "Old Grip." All unknown to the world, a revolution was going on under the roof of the old weather-beaten house, which should yet blossom into deeds of love and blessing.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVERS—PREMONITIONS—A SERPENT AMONG THE ROSES—BROKEN TIES.

In one of the shore towns of Massachusetts, about three miles from the beach, may be seen an old-fashioned farm-house, well built, substantial and well kept. The ample grounds are ornamented with trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the fields stretch out smooth and fertile down to the river's bank, and on the other side to the forest. It is a lovely spot in summer, and in winter the complete comfort of the place sets cold and storm at defiance.

Here lived, many years ago, Mr. Thornton and his wife, and their nephew, an orphan, who owned the estate. Mr. Thornton had been his guardian till he came of age; and, at the request of the young man, his uncle and aunt remained to have charge of the place till he should be ready to take the entire care of it himself.

It was a lovely June morning. Mr. Thornton and his men were in the fields at work; Mrs. Thornton was in her dairy, of which she took full charge herself, and her kitchen-girl

was busy at her work. A horse and chaise stood before the door, the noble animal now impatiently pawing the earth, and now listening for his master's step. Soon a young man appeared, and was greeted by the horse with a neigh of satisfaction. Seeing Mrs. Thornton at the dairy window, he said:

"I shall not be home to dinner, aunt," and rode swiftly away.

An hour later might have been seen the same young man passing down one of the high cliffs to the rocky beach below. He was not alone. With him was a young girl of perhaps twenty years, whom he tenderly assisted over the rough places. The expression of his countenance could not be mistaken. He loved the gentle girl by his side with all his heart.

Was she beautiful? Hardly, as the world is generally understood. And yet you would look again and again at her face, with a sort of hunger, conscious that you were the while feeding your soul with something refreshing and beautiful from her spirit; and you would have an instinctive feeling that you could not exhaust her; that this fount of spiritual loveliness would never fail; and so you would always find in her face something new and fresh and lovely.

They seated themselves on a large rock, and watched the tide as it came in. Listening to the ceaseless plaint of the sea—watching the distant sails, and the sea-fowl, as they sat in long lines, floating on the restless billows—and talking, they heeded not the flight of time.

At last, in a pause in the conversation, the young girl's eyes became fixed, as if on some far-off object, and took on a sad expression unusual to her. The young man was not looking at the scene spread out before them, but his eyes were riveted upon her face with a look of tender devotion. At last he spoke:

"Avis, darling, don't look that way! I don't like to have your eyes turned away from me. You were far away, forgetful of me by your side. I want the light of your eyes myself. Perhaps I am selfish, but I want it all."

She looked upon him tenderly, and tears glistened in her eyes, as she said:

"Damon, my thoughts were here with you only; but—"

"But what, dearest?"

"A strange oppression came over me."

"What was it, Avis? Are you well?"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. I don't know what it meant. I was thinking of you, and it seemed that an icy hand was laid upon my heart, and something snatched you away from me, and miles and years stood between us, and I was alone, and you—I knew not where; only this—were we apart! Oh, Damon!" she added, speaking slowly, as if in a dream, "will you ever cease to love me?"

"Avis, sooner will the sun forget to shine, and the ocean forget its ebb and flow, than will I forget you, my only Love!"

The impression, instead of passing away, became more clearly defined in her thoughts, but she tried to hide it from her lover, who was already alarmed at the unaccountable change in her manner.

Soon after noon they returned to the pleasant home of Avis Gayle, where dinner awaited them. After dinner they sat awhile in the cool shade of the piazza which overlooked the river, and from which they could see the wide stretch of sea. It was a lovely spot in summer, and their favorite retreat.

"Avis, you will miss this pleasant spot, but we will come here often. The months drag wearily, because of my impatience. It seems a long while till October. I think I shall be an apostle of patience by that time, after such hard practice of the virtue. I don't believe you feel half as impatient for our nuptials as I do, my Avis?"

"I don't say so much about it, Damon," replied Avis, with a charming mixture of mischief and tenderness.

"What is Love?" He asked the question with a sort of slow eagerness.

Her eyes wandered off to the limitless blue of the heavens, and then turned and looked into his. There was a world of meaning in their gaze. Her love was beyond the reach of language. At last she spoke:

"I can find no words for it. In heaven, perhaps, there is a language that can tell what it is."

"We can easily find words to express the absence of it, the want of it," said Damon. "Our language is richer to express sorrow and want, than joy and blessedness. I think there must be, as you say, a more complete language in heaven. I sometimes think that heaven is your native climate. You seem to be a stray waif from some blessed shore, let down among us poor mortals for my especial blessing and delight."

"Why, you concocted fellow! What a comfortable reflection that you are so especially provided for! I believe—"

What she was about to say further I don't

know, for her lips were taken possession of just at that moment by Damon himself.

"Shall I try to tell you what love is?" he asked, after some minutes. "It is dew and sunshine to the flower, but it is more than that. It is the cool fountain in the desert to the thirsty traveler—but it is more than that. It is food to the starving, feet to the lame, eyes to the blind—but it is more than that. It is music, light, warmth, joy to the soul—and it is more than that. Life without love would be but another name for death."

"My life, since you have blessed it with your affection, Avis, has been full of promise, and the future looks full of promise. Don't look that sad way again, dearest! The icy hand you spoke of shall not snatch you away from me nor tear me from you! Look into my eyes and smile once more, my sweet Avis!"

"Oh, what is it?" she exclaimed, with a shudder, bursting into tears.

"I don't understand you, Avis," he said, tenderly, after some minutes. "You are always so light-hearted and happy, and to-day you are so unlike yourself."

"Nor do I understand it. As you spoke of the future, a black cloud settled down directly before me, shutting out all the brightness, and at the same time such a weight oppressed me! Did I not see it, or feel it, Damon?"

"No, I saw nothing, and there was nothing, believe me."

"I will not be so foolish!" she exclaimed impulsively, after a few moments, raising her head, and shaking back her curls. "There, Damon! I will not make any more misery for us. If sorrow comes, we will meet it as best we may. Now we will be happy in each other; and I will not see the coming ill, if indeed it be approaching us," and her clear voice broke out in singing—

"The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean."

"Now she is my own happy Avis again?"

"Yes."

"Then listen to me, I am seer, necromancer, diviner, magician—what you will. I behold the future. This is June. We shall continue to have warm weather for several weeks, with occasional thunder showers, and perhaps a hail storm or two, and a few high winds of short duration. Let me see—it must be that the planet Venus rules your life. Mars is off about his own affairs, and has nothing to do with you or me. Venus brings, of course, love, beauty, joy, and fills your life and mine to overflowing with all good and desirable things. The only trouble I see for you is a few optical illusions of sad import—which are caused by a certain madly called nervousness—and which have no meaning in themselves. The summer will pass quietly, happily with you, while I shall be in a fever of impatience for the wheels of time to bring around October with its waiting blessedness. Once the 16th of October here, and we shall be husband and wife, and the fruition of happiness will be ours. There is your future and mine, Avis. Who could tell a better one?"

"You at least show your ignorance of the science of Astrology, and I know no more about it than you do. But, Damon, do you know, I sometimes think that there may be in Astrology more science, and therefore more truth, than we have dreamed of? I have never heard a person speak of it even with respect; but there is something in my own mind that turns back to the mysticism of the past, with a feeling that treasure is hidden there, that great truths are waiting out of sight, in the dusty annals of the past, for resurrection, for recognition, and that they will yet be brought to light again by some one inspired for the work. I believe the ancients handled, in a simple, and perhaps crude way, great and mighty truths, which we have lost even all glimpses of, and which will surely come to light again. This ebb and flow in all things—do you perceive it, Damon? We see it in the history of nations, in the history of religion, in the lives of individuals; and it may be that science will yet reveal this truth in a broader sense, in the history of the universe, or the small portion of it which mortals may be able to study. Strange thoughts press upon me sometimes which I cannot understand. It seems to me that we are on the eve of new and startling revelations. I look toward the future with an impatient expectancy. I am overwhelmed sometimes by what seems to be a spirit of prophecy, and yet I feel the pressure of words to express what I see. I cannot find words of mighty, unrevealed truths. The air seems tremulous with inspiration. I feel that God is about to speak to us!"

There was a peculiar light in Avis's eyes as she spoke, and the color came and went in her face, and finally left her pale than usual.

"I don't care how much you see with those wonderful eyes of yours, Avis, as long as I can see you beside me, with my own eyes. You may see all the invisible things you choose, whether they be witches of the past or phantoms of the future, if you will only keep yourself visible to me, and give me the right to call you all my own!"

"Oh, Damon! You are incredible! Why will you always bring everything back to me? Why will you not go on, and out, with me, into the great world of thought, and find what may be there revealed? You always bring me back so suddenly to myself, and it humbles me, dear Damon!"

"Strange being! sweet dreamer! I can only follow you in your weird wanderings in the realm of imagination; but I try to keep close to you, for I fear to lose you, and then—should lose all! I can't live, Avis, without your love!"

"It will never fail you, Damon!"

And Damon Burrill knew that the affection of that true and loving girl was all his own, yet he said:

"It is very sweet to hear you say that, Avis. It isn't enough for me that you love me—I want you to say it. I want to hear the words from your lips."

"I can't, Damon!" she replied, with a pretty pout—"you know I can't! You know I do, but I can't tell it and I'm not going to try!" she added, with a charming willfulness which he fully appreciated and enjoyed.

"You don't know," said he, "how glad I am to hear you say something that sounds like a naughty child—like the 'I won't'!—that springs sometimes really human; for I sometimes fear that you will be spirited away in some of your ethereal flights, and I shall never see you again!"

Avis laughed, and sprang up quickly.

"Come, Damon, see, the sun is not an hour high, and I'm going to pick some strawberries for tea, and you may help me, you like."

And, putting on hat and sun-bonnet, they went merrily out to the strawberry-beds.

Damon Burrill drove up to his own house in the early dusk of evening, and was surprised to

see a young lady walking slowly among the bushes, stopping now and then to cull a blossom or a sprig of green. As he approached, his eye was arrested by her beauty and peculiar grace of motion. He at once surmised who she was—a niece of his uncle's wife, who had visited them two or three times while he was away at school. He had never seen her, and was not prepared for the vision of beauty which now greeted his eye.

A few minutes later he went out with his aunt, and was presented to the stranger. As his eye met hers, and in view of the close family connection—their hands met in greeting, he felt the powerful magnetism of her personality, and was at once interested in his new acquaintance.

In almost every respect Pauline Foreythe was the opposite of Avis Gayle. Taller, and queenly in her bearing, with a certain hauteur which well became her style of form and feature, a complexion of almost marble whiteness, which was never ruffled or tinged by quick leaps of thought or feeling, self-poised, self-contained, self-satisfied, in fact, self-centered, and self-filled, and endowed with a magnetism of unusual power—Pauline Foreythe was the war-horse upon his master's fallen foes. Her heart was too full of self to find room for love or pity for any one. She loved power; she delighted in conquest; and she wearied of one triumph when ever she found a new victim. Such was Pauline Foreythe. A few more touches of my pen, and you shall see her more clearly. Her abundant hair, dark and glossy, was arranged in massive braids high on her head, from which escaped a single heavy ringlet, which the evening breeze now slightly stirred. Even in the motion of that single lock of hair there was a language. The fascination of her magnetism not only permeated herself, and all her belongings, but overflowed into the atmosphere around her, and wore to him whose nature was not shielded and fortified by an inherent purity of purpose, and strong, indwelling integrity. Her eyes were as black as her hair, with long, drooping eyelashes, from under which they shot dangerous fire, whenever she chose to make an attack on the citadel of a human heart. Her nose, slightly aquiline, was perfect in form, but her lips would have been considered perhaps a trifle too thin by an artist or a physiognomist. On her hands, which were of almost dazzling whiteness, she wore two or three valuable rings; and her dress was rich, and tastefully arranged.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Foreythe," said Damon Burrill. "I have so often heard my aunt speak of you that I have long desired your acquaintance."

With a graceful inclination of the queenly head and a bewitching smile she replied:

"I didn't suppose that I should be an unexpected guest, as I sent a letter a week ago to my aunt, telling her of my intended visit; but the letter, it seems, lost its way."

"It doesn't matter, though," said Mrs. Thornton. "Pauline is always welcome, as she very well knows."

Pauline's mother, who was the favorite sister of Mrs. Thornton, died when Pauline was a babe; and, notwithstanding her many faults and few virtues, Mrs. Thornton loved her niece sincerely.

"Come," said Mrs. Thornton, after a few minutes of conversation, "the dew is falling; let us go in and have some music. We want to hear you play and sing, Pauline."

And in music and conversation the evening passed quickly away.

Notwithstanding the attractions of his new acquaintance Damon Burrill's last thoughts that night were of sweet Avis Gayle, and his last conscious breath a prayer for her.

It was nearly noon the next day, and Pauline sat in the large square parlor, impatiently turning the leaves of books and magazines, while her thoughts were evidently elsewhere. Her aunt entered.

"Pauline, I am afraid you are lonesome. This afternoon we will take a drive, but I am always busy in the morning."

"Where is your nephew?" asked Pauline, abruptly. "I haven't seen him since breakfast. Does his business take him away all day?"

"He has no business, excepting to take care of his farm and other property," said Mrs. Thornton. "He will take the whole charge of the place next November, and we shall leave then. The one engrossing business of his life, at present, is his attentions to his intended bride. He sees her nearly every day. They will be married in October."

Down in the gloom of Pauline's heart reverberated, in passionate tones which only angels could hear—"Never! never!"

A close observer, looking at her, would have seen a sudden flash of the black eyes, and a slight compression of the lips for a moment. Her aunt saw neither. Pauline said quietly:

"I hope I shall see her. Ask her here very soon, will you not, aunt? What is her name?"

"Avis Gayle."

"Is she beautiful?"

"She is very lovely. You would hardly call her beautiful; but she is something more than that."

"I must see her."

"Well, I will send her an invitation to spend to-morrow or next day with us, if you wish."

"Do, aunt. I am impatient to see your nephew's choice."

Revolving and resounding in Pauline's heart were the words—"Avis Gayle shall never be mistress here! Damon Burrill shall acknowledge me as his queen. Ah! you shall be as clay in my hands, Damon Burrill, and I will mold you to my will!"

A smile of fiendish triumph distorted her beautiful features. She turned to the window, just as the clatter of a horse's hoofs was heard on the gravelled driveway, and Damon Burrill came in sight. Her aunt did not see the smile. She only heard the quiet remark—

"Mr. Burrill is coming now."

Mrs. Thornton left the room.

"I wish, Damon," she said to him, as he alighted, "that you would try to keep Pauline from being lonesome. She is accustomed to a great deal of stir and bustle, and our quiet ways must seem very dull to her."

"Well, aunt, if I have no worse task imposed upon me than to entertain a charming young lady, I shall not complain," he replied laughingly, as he hastened into the parlor.

The seemingly careless grace of Pauline's attitude struck him as he entered. If he could have seen the care with which she had disposed of feature, and limb, and drapery, previous to his entrance, the desired effect would have been lost. There was an expression of sadness on her face which touched him; and he even upbraided himself for having been absent the whole morning, while his aunt's guest was there. He desired to atone for any negligence on his part, and, in the single kindness of his heart, suc-

ceeded in bringing back the smiles to her face and the merry laugh to her lips.

Every smile, every ripple of laughter, was an agent, in the employ of a wicked heart, to work a devil mischief in two human lives!

The victim was not easily ensnared, at first, for the love which he bore to his promised wife was, for a time, a safeguard; but at last he gave himself up to the pleasing fascination of Pauline's power. He did not once dream of wronging the pure, gentle girl, who loved him so tenderly. No; she would be always, he believed, as now, first and best; but how could he do otherwise than pay homage to such rare beauty as he now saw for the first time in Pauline Foreythe? And she, as his aunt's guest, certainly had claims upon his attentions, which he would not be so ungentlemanly as to refuse.

So the days wore on, and Pauline was doing her wicked work day by day, hour by hour, and surely.

But to turn back a little, to the day when Damon brought his intended bride to his own home for a few hours: we find that Pauline looked more regal than ever, in her superb beauty and rich attire, while there was a triumphant glitter in her eyes and a satisfied expression of conscious superiority curling her lips perceptibly.

When Avis came into her presence she read her purpose as if her heart had been an open book, and she saw that her own fate was sealed.

It was a proof of Pauline's power of acting, that to Damon she was all smiles and loveliness and gentleness, while to Avis she was haughtily condescending and cruel in her scorn. And all this so artfully carried out that Damon saw only the side which she wished him to see, while Avis saw the whole and could not mistake her purpose. She intended that Avis should see it all. She wished to arouse in her heart all the jealousy of which her nature was capable, that so she might be less lovely in Damon's eyes.

Here, we pause. We will not unveil the weeks that followed. We shrink from following Avis through the tempest which broke pitilessly over her head. At first the struggle was terrible, though unseen by mortal eye—unseen even by her faithful lover, except as he saw the traces of it in the thin, pale cheek and dimmed eye and faltering step. She uttered no word of reproach; but when she saw that her love was no longer of worth to him she released him from the engagement, and turned calmly away, saying this only:

"Wherever you may be, Damon, may God keep and bless you!"

There was such noble pride and true womanly reserve in Avis, disdaining to sue for continued favor where she had bestowed favors in a truly royal way—for in the realm of the affections the true woman is a queen always, conferring favor and not asking it—there was so much in her nature of this high delicacy and nobility of soul, that Damon Burrill for a moment wavered, with a feeling that he could not give her up. One moment his good angel plead with him, and then—the image of Pauline arose in his thoughts, and he turned from the True to the False!

And Avis faced the inevitable: she accepted her destiny meekly, questioning from depths of woe which no mortal scanned, "Is it God?" until at last, even in that rayless gloom, she felt the clasp of his guiding hand; and the years, as they went by, left upon her soul the signet of Peace!

(Continued in our next.)

Free Thought.

Materialization and its Opponents.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Whatever may be the facts of the case, I feel sure that no honest and competent investigator, who has witnessed under proper conditions Mrs. Crindle Reynolds's remarkable powers of materialization, would for a moment believe that she ever knowingly practiced trickery or fraud, although like all other sensitive she might have been induced to sit under conditions that would enable the enemies of the cause, on both sides of life, to use her organism through the psychologic powers that many persons even while in mortal life possess, for unworthy purposes such as Mrs. Crindle has been individually charged with by the enemies of truth, together with scores of other mediums.

I hope the time is near at hand when all mediums, and especially those for materialization of forms, will learn to exclude from their séances all sitters who are not approved of by their spirit-guides and guardians. In this I think, consists their only safety. There is no use in trying to disguise the fact that there exists a cordon of self-constituted, would-be leaders and organizers of the Spiritual Philosophy and phenomena, extending from San Francisco, through Chicago, New York and Brooklyn, to London inclusive, many of whom have control, as editors or contributors, of portions of the spiritual press, who have entered into a tacit understanding and firm resolve to blot out and utterly extinguish every vestige of spirit-form materialization.

They consist mostly of individuals who, having in past years been indoctrinated with a partial belief and knowledge of the phenomena, have supposed that they have learned all there is to be known on the subject, and are content to rest on the falsities of their previous experiences and henceforth make for themselves a "respectable" name among men by organizing both mortals and spirits into a creedal church, after the fashion that has for all time been adopted by the priests and pharisees of the day; thinking to raise themselves to positions of influence and power, by driving from earth the spirit-powers that have ever sought to direct every new development of spiritual outpouring, and taking the helm of progress in their own selfish and self-conceited hands.

Our spirit-mediums have seemingly outlived all, or nearly all, opposition and abuse from the secular press. Henceforth their chiefest enemies are to be found in the household of Spiritualism. Never since the inauguration of the rappings at Hydesville have such vituperative outpourings of malignant billingsgate abuse been heaped upon the heads of our innocent, persecuted mediums by any portion of the secular press as has been for some years indulged in by some of the spiritual journals, and that evidently with the approval of scores of would-be leading Spiritualists. Let the great body of honest Spiritualists rise in their might and resolve that it shall be brought to an end.

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Philadelphia, Pa.

WELSH RAREBIT.—Cut thin slices of bread, remove the crust and toast quickly; butter them and cover with thin slices of new, rich cheese; spread over it a little made mustard and place on a plate in a hot oven till the cheese is melted; cut in square pieces and serve at once on a hot platter.

A Spiritualist Christmas.

On the evening of Saturday, Dec. 24th, a number of the personal friends of Miss M. T. Shelhamer, the medium for the *Banner of Light* Public Free Circles, assembled at her residence in South Boston, to present to her the compliments of the season, and to greet through her medial instrumentality her spirit band, and others who might control—among them "Lotela," one of her Indian guides—a vivacious original maiden, who fails not to make friends whenever and wherever her appearance is made manifest.

A beautifully decorated and well-laden Christmas tree was arranged in the front division of the parlors; and evergreen and floral displays were made at intervals in other localities.

After a service of songs, participated in by the medium and her brothers, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Mr. Robert Anderson, and Mrs. Nellie M. Day, Miss Shelhamer was controlled by Spirit John Pierpont, who spoke as follows:

Friends: We are told that where two or three are gathered together there would be—the Christ—be in the midst of them. Where two or three are gathered together in harmony of spirit, and perfect unity and concord of feeling, each one being in sympathy, and with only the desire of benefiting the other, there not only will the spirit of Christ (which is the spirit of peace and good-will) be in the midst of them, but other uplifted souls who have taken on the divine status of the immortal life, and who, free from the trammels of the flesh, are ever anxious to aid and guide the onward steps of that division of kindred humanity which is yet tolling in matter's gloomy vale.

We are pleased to meet you at this hour, and to give you the blessing of the angels of peace. We might speak to you of the many enfranchised ones gathered here to-night to witness your pleasure and to participate in your enjoyment—likewise to bring unto you the blessing of the heavenly land, and to lift your spirits still nearer to the kingdom of heaven which is to come in love and harmony; but we prefer, and it is our purpose rather at this time, that your chief attention be directed to pleasant social communion with an angel host.

We bear you the greeting of the angel hosts here gathered; we would say to each one: "We bid you welcome; we trust you will here receive some little measure of strength—obtain at this time the foundation of some happy memory, which will bless your souls in the days of trial which may be before you." Each one of these spirits present unites with us in wishing you not only "A Merry Christmas," not only "A Happy New Year," but also a joyous and prosperous future throughout your lives—just as it may be deemed best for you to experience by the great Father of us all! If it shall be thought best by him that your pathway should be strewn with beautiful flowers, be thankful for the gifts bestowed; but if thorns surround you in coming time, remember they are sent that beneath their quickening touch the powers of the spirit may be wakened to conquest over material things, and the seeds of bright interior flowers be sown, which shall gain their rich and full fruition in the Morning-Land.

It is not thought best that any extended time be devoted this evening to spirit control; a few intelligences present will vocally manifest their continued interest in your mundane affairs; but at this festive hour it is best meet that you enter into the glad spirit of the season.

All over Christendom men and women are at this time hailing the return of what they hold to be the anniversary of the advent of the Christ among men; and though we defy him not, though we celebrate this present time not as marking the recurrent date of the birthday of a God, yet we reverence the name of Jesus as the name of a friend of mankind, a martyr for human good, a type example of what the race may hope to be when spiritual unfoldment shall bring in earth's coming Better Day. We do homage to the memory of him who, though he has saved no one in a vicarious sense, has yet shed down the ages an influence redeeming man from error, and casting upon his onward path the illuminating rays of eternal truth; and we do homage also to the great souls whose works on earth preceded, or have since blended with his influence, to unfold to humanity the sublime verity that the real heaven of happiness lies in loving deeds performed for each other's good.

Mr. Robert Anderson then read the following poem, which had been written for the occasion:

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

Once again the dwelling tides
Bring the happy Christmas tides.
When the sounds of mirth and gladness
Spread abroad on every side;
Now sweet love and holy blessings
Fall upon each heart like rain,
Causing it to sweetly blossom
Into flowers of peace again.

Once more are our hearts united
Into harmony complete,
With the love that richly floweth
From the angels' pure retreat;
As in friendship here we gather
To bestow the kindly word,
May the love of God, the Father,
In each soul be nobly stirred.

Angels here with us assemble
To commemorate the birth
Of the gentle, tender Jesus
On this lowly mortal earth;
And amid our gay rejoicing
Mingle thoughts of him who died
For the cause of truth and justice,
Pierced by thorns on every side.

And the angels gather with us,
With their spirits filled with love
Like to that the "man of sorrows"
Brought us from the world above,
And we greet each one with gladness,
Greet all with a happy joy,
For no taint of pain or sadness
Comes to darken and annoy.

Welcome, then, each soul in mortal;
Welcome, every angel friend;
May the blessings of our Father
Sweetly on each heart descend!
May his love and benediction
Rest on every soul to-night,
Whether traveling through the darkness,
Or through paths of perfect light.

At the conclusion of the reading, the company joined in singing, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," after which the presents were deftly removed from the tree and bestowed on those for whom they were intended—much merriment, and marked satisfaction also, being called out by the process.

During the evening—both before and in the course of the present-giving—various spirit-intelligences, "Lotela" included, controlled Miss Shelhamer in an informal manner, to the pleasure of all present. A touching episode during the meeting was the manifesting of Mrs. Shelhamer, the mother of the medium, who, on the preceding Christmas, had been in the mortal,

and apparently in robust health, but who had, before the coming of another anniversary, passed to the realm of life's grander activities. This loving mother, from spirit-life, conveyed a blessing and a brief message, to her husband and each of her children, and a kindly recognition to the guests assembled—her demonstrated presence giving practical proof of the loving kindness retained and manifested, when opportunity offers, by the denizens of the soul-world for their friends left on earth.

At a late hour, and after an appropriate benediction by Mr. Anderson, the meeting adjourned, the friends uniting in wishing "Lotela" and her medium success in the mediumistic work in which spirits and the willing and faithful mortal instrument were so harmoniously blended.

The Movement for Justice for the Nation's Wards.

There has hardly been a more notable example of the influence of public opinion, and the convictions of the serious-thinking people of the land upon the politicians, than is now manifest in the temper of Congress touching Indian affairs. People who are inclined to doubt the force of popular agitation to accomplish good ends, may learn a lesson by what they will probably see accomplished during the present session of Congress. From all over the land there are coming in petitions and memorials, and the more certain elevation of the Indian race under the care of the Government. Three demands are prominent: They are for education, for individual ownership of land, and for the protection of the laws; and these demands are made even by hard-headed men of affairs who have awakened to a sense of the real condition of matters as regards the Indians, and by the Indians themselves, who have been taught by several recent events to see more clearly their way out of the life of the past into independence and a better relation with their white neighbors in the future.

That these reiterated and emphasized demands are producing an impression upon the minds of members of Congress is clear to all who observe their conduct, and it is doubtful if we see many more such exhibitions of contempt and bitter hostility toward Indians because they are Indians, as have been seen in the past. Neither will it be long before the Indians themselves do not care for any of these things. Through one means and another they are coming to an understanding of their real circumstances and of the means of obtaining and securing their rights as men. They see, as they have not seen before, in what respects the white race is their superior, and they are becoming ambitious of attempting to share with white men all the advantages of citizenship and civilization. The great work done by the schools for the Indians, and the fact that the Indians themselves do not care for any of these things. 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has never been one of those, of whom there are too many, who believe the Indian is a creature incapable of usefulness or advancement, and fit only for ruthless extermination, and he has for a long time past done whatever he could in his place to favor and establish a policy of justice and righteousness which would cement friendly relations between white men and Indians, and enable them to live in harmony with each other. One of the most important of recent steps in the way of developing the Indian's capacity for self-government is that of taking Indians into the service of the United States as a kind of police, and placing upon them the responsibility for the good order of their tribes. It is not generally known that the first experiment in this direction was made by General Crook in Arizona, in 1873, after the war with the Apaches, when he issued an order which is here for the first time published:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF ARIZONA,
Prescott, April 26, 1873.

General Orders, No. 13.
The following memorandum of instructions is hereby published for the guidance of officers commanding troops stationed on the several Indian reservations in this department:

I. With a view to bringing the straggling bands and families still at large upon the reservations and to serve as a nucleus for the establishment of civil government, a small number of the Indians recently used as scouts will be retained in service, under existing laws, at each of the reservations hereafter specified. Each of these detachments will be under the command of an officer designated by the Department, and will be charged, under the supervision of the commanding officer of the post, of their clothing and accounts; but the post commander may communicate with them at any and all times.

These Indians will be selected from among the best of their several tribes, and will be liable to be mustered out for misconduct toward the Indians of their own or other tribes, or other good cause, and their places filled by others of the same tribe.

They will be used, from time to time, upon the application of the agent, or the commanding officer's own motion, to preserve the peace, report and correct any irregularities that may occur among their own or other tribes in the vicinity.

II. Commanding officers will add the duty authorized agents in instructing the Indians in, and establishing among them, civil and religious principles, and enabling them to settle their differences according to the usages of civilization, gradually showing them its benefits as contrasted with their own barbarous forms and customs. To do this they will require different forms to suit the peculiarities of different tribes, and the agents of the several reservations are requested to meet the officers commanding the military on their respective reservations, and agree upon the necessary forms, being careful not to make them too complicated at first for the comprehension of the tribes to which they are to be applied, leaving them to be enlarged with their capabilities, so that when the auxiliary force can be dispensed with, they will be capable of self-government, and eventually become good citizens.

While they should not be judged harshly for acts which, in civil eyes, would constitute minor offenses, care should also be taken that they do not succeed in deceiving their agents, and that they are not, in greater import, being careful to treat them as children in ignorance, not in innocence.

Perfect harmony between the officers of the Indian and War Departments, on duty together, is absolutely necessary in treating the Indians, and so apparently intractable; and the Department Commander earnestly enjoins this harmony, and directs that in case of difference in matters where the line is not plainly marked, that officers should avoid such difference being made known to the Indians, and that they refrain from any overt act in the matter at issue until instructions from these headquarters shall have been received.

By command of Brevet Major General Crook,
(Signed) A. C. G. A. A. General.

[Official.]
The results of this policy pursued by him were entirely satisfactory, but it was years afterward before the chief authorities seized upon the idea and put in operation a similar scheme at various agencies, the excellent results of which are fully set forth in the reports of the Interior Department for two or three years past.

Daniel Webster.

A STATEMENT AS TO HOW HIS COLLEGE BILLS WERE PAID.

The recent anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster renders all facts pertaining to his early life and education pertinent and interesting. For this reason the following statement as to how his college bills were largely paid is valuable. In 1798, Timothy Bigelow was a young lawyer, residing at Groton, in this State. He was then in the midst of a very large and lucrative practice, which not only took him to the Middlesex, Worcester and Suffolk Courts of Massachusetts, but also to Hillsboro, Rockingham and other counties of New Hampshire. In his legal circuits, Mr. Bigelow often tarried with Ebenezer Webster in Salisbury, who, as is well known, was a farmer, innkeeper and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Hillsboro County. One day, just after dinner, Judge Webster asked Mr. Bigelow if he knew of any gentleman, in or near Boston, who would pay a young man's college bills, because he had a son at Dartmouth, and, unless such aid could be had, the son would have to be removed. It happened that the son in question was then at home, it being vacation, and Mr. Bigelow promised, in the evening, after the Court adjourned, to have a talk with the young man. This was done, and for two hours Timothy Bigelow conversed with Daniel Webster as to his studies, mental aptitudes, life plans, etc. That the interview was satisfactory, may be gathered from what was said by Mr. Bigelow at its close, when he took young Webster by the hand and told him: "Young man, give yourself no uneasiness about your college bills. Send them to me, and they shall be paid." The promise then made was fulfilled to the letter, and for three years all the money wanted by Daniel Webster to meet his college expenses came from Timothy Bigelow. After graduating, Mr. Webster gave his note to Mr. Bigelow for the sums advanced by him, and it is somewhat remarkable that the principal was not paid for more than twenty years! But this does not mean that Mr. Webster was not willing and did not offer to pay the same. For, in a letter dated Bosworth, Nov. 24th, 1806, he writes to Mr. Bigelow: "How shall I pay you the interest on my note? And when must I pay you the principal?" And again, in a letter from Portsmouth, July 2d, 1811, Mr. Webster writes to his great benefactor: "Be so obliging as to inform me the amount due on my note to you, and I will forward you a fresh note therefor, or the money, if it is more agreeable to you." Mr. Bigelow was evidently most willing to have the principal remain unpaid, and it was not until after his death, in 1821, that Daniel Webster paid the long continued, and often renewed note to John P. Bigelow, as executor of his father's estate.

When Daniel Webster delivered his Plymouth address, Dec. 22d, 1820, Timothy Bigelow was one of the Vice-Presidents of the day, and, as he sat in the church listening to that masterly oration, he whispered to Timothy Williams, the then great Boston merchant, who sat beside him: "I had the honor and pleasure of paying that young man's college bills." Pride, in having added such a student in obtaining a liberal education, doubtless had something to do in the long continuance of this particular note. Mr. Webster repeatedly admitted to Mr. Bigelow's children—Mrs. Abbott Lawrence, Rev. Dr. Andrew Bigelow and Hon. John P. Bigelow—his indebtedness to their father for his education, all of which was well known to them. The last time Dr. Bigelow met Daniel Webster was at President Everett's house, at Cambridge, on Commencement. Mr. Webster

sought out Dr. Bigelow, and, after an extended conversation on the improvement in collegiate education since he was at Dartmouth, he said: "Dr. Bigelow, had it not been for your father I never would have had a liberal education." It is right to add that Timothy Bigelow, who rendered this great service to the great expounder, presumably argued more causes than any lawyer of the American bar. For, in thirty-two years of practice, they numbered upward of fifteen thousand. He was best known as Speaker Bigelow (Edward Everett wrote of him as "the eminent Speaker Bigelow"), from having been speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for eleven years, when Maine and Massachusetts were one State; and, though the members were sometimes more than seven hundred, yet he could call them all by name two days after organization. At the death of Jeremiah Mason, Daniel Webster thus spoke of Timothy Bigelow, in the Supreme Judicial Court: "He was a lawyer of great reputation, a man of probity and honor, attractive by his conversation, and highly agreeable in his social intercourse, filling high offices with great credit, and known to me from my early youth."

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The newly elected officers of the C. P. L. take hold of the work earnestly, and the outlook for the coming year, under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Z. Hatcher and Mrs. Ella Williamson, the new Conductor and Guardian, is promising. Mr. Hatcher has been identified with the Cleveland Lyceum the past five years, assisting principally in the musical department. He is eminently fitted for the place, and only needs time and opportunity to develop into a first-class Conductor.

Mrs. Ella Williamson, the newly elected Guardian, has been in the Cleveland Lyceum for fifteen years, and has passed as a scholar from Fountain to Liberty groups—held nearly every office, been Musical Director for the past three or four years, and is now on the top round of the Lyceum ladder. She is probably the youngest Guardian of any Lyceum (being yet under twenty-one years).

Mr. Charles W. Palmer, the new Musical Director, is a thorough musician, and though only recently a Lyceum member, has for years rendered efficient aid in all Lyceum exhibitions whenever called upon to do so. He intends that the musical department shall be a prominent one in the Lyceum, and intends training several of the scholars, that they may aid him in the exercises. Miss Flora Rich, daughter of the lately retiring Guardian, is a rising and promising scholar. Coming from the Kirtland (O.) Lyceum to Cleveland about twelve years ago, she has been a constant attendant since; has musical talent, and is ambitious to cultivate it. Miss R. has lately been promoted to an office, and bids fair to rival her mother as a Lyceum worker. May there be more like her.

Moses Hull spoke here Sunday Jan. 8th and 15th, and was accompanied by his wife, who closed the services by inspirational improvisations. During the week Mr. H. gave two stereoscopic lectures on Egypt and the Holy Land, in Cleveland, and one at Warner's Theatre, Newburgh.

Mrs. Stratton, better known as Mrs. "General Tom Thumb," and her escort, Mr. and Mrs. Blecker, attended the Spiritualist meetings in Wegsberger's Hall, when exhibiting here, and also attended one or two seances. Mr. and Mrs. S. are avowed Spiritualists, and are no strangers to its phenomena or its philosophy; as the Cleveland Herald, when commenting on the fact, said:

"Mrs. General Thumb is an easy and graceful talker, and surprised her hearers at a conversational last night by her intelligence on Spiritualism and general matters. 'Why, I am somewhat of a medium myself,' she said. 'Occasionally when I sing or speak before the public, all thoughts of the words I should say leave, and I find myself overpowered almost with some strange sensation, and unconscious of what I am doing, until I am led off the stage.'"

Certainly no one can form any adequate idea of her mental resources by seeing her in public. Her symmetrical and tiny form is hardly more phenomenal than her mental and spiritual capacity. The little lady informed me she was a school-mate of one of our best known spiritual speakers, C. Fannie Allen, since which time they have remained firm friends.

Moses Hull's recent lecture on "Jeanne D'Arc, or Spiritualism in France four hundred years ago," was reported by the Herald of this city, and favorably commented on.

The Ladies' Good Samaritan Society is industriously preparing for the annual Fair, some time next month.

The Lyceum Societies are proving a success. Preparations are on foot for the 31st of March, and there is some talk of inviting the Chicago Lyceum to participate in the Cleveland Annual Exercises.

Yours, &c.,
Jan. 19th. THOS. LEES.

Ladies' Aid Fair.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you please publish, through the columns of your valuable paper, the following report of the Fair lately held in the Ladies' Aid Parlors by the First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, of Boston:

Whole amount of money taken.....\$538.35
Expenses.....\$123.68

Net Profits.....\$414.67

The first prize for benefit of season ticket holders, an elegant China tea-set, was drawn by Miss J. T. Southern; the second, parlor lamp, Mrs. M. L. Barrett; the third, a large camp-chair, Mr. N. B. Woodard, South Boston; the fourth, thirty yards cotton cloth, Mrs. J. W. Pope, Jr.; the fifth, glass pickle-jar, silver trimmed, Mr. George W. Freeman, Charlestown.

Although the sum of money realized from this Fair far exceeds the most sanguine hopes of the few ladies furnishing the tables, it is but a small amount toward carrying on the object for which the Society was formed. The calls for assistance by the poor, sick and needy were never before so numerous, and the Society earnestly solicits contributions of clothing, boots, shoes (secondhand or otherwise).

The Society feel deeply grateful for the assistance of the Banner of Light in making known gratuitously its many needs and the work these ladies are doing for humanity.

A. A. C. P., Chairman Com.

We can't help entertaining a severe respect for the science that can instantaneously photograph a flying horse, but force a man to sit for four eternal minutes in front of a camera, his head braced into a pitchfork, and his nerveless eyes staring relentlessly into the fathomless realms of the undefinable. Rockland Courier.

Heavenly love is of such a nature as to desire that whatever is of its own should be another's; consequently, no one in heaven regards the good he possesses as good in himself, unless it be also in others. This is the origin of happiness in heaven. Swedenborg.

Hop Bitters gives good digestion, active liver, good circulation and buoyant spirits.

The Woman's Union.

One of the best works that is being accomplished in Boston is that done by the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union. It has for its object the elevation of society through the elevation of womanhood, and its growing success registers that it has met a real need of community. As its President, Mrs. Diaz, says, "There is worse than money poverty; the woman possessed of all the resources of wealth may still have needs. She may need motherhood enlightenment; may need inspiring; may need humanizing; may need to be rid of narrowness and self-conceit; may need to exchange frivolous pursuits for a noble purpose; may need to be drawn into sympathy with all woman-kind; may need that familiar intercourse with her less fortunate sisters which shall reveal to her the worth in all the divine in all. These needs are as urgent as are the more generally recognized ones of the lower classes, so-called. To inspire a rich woman is as well worth doing as to teach book lore to a poor woman. Beside, the good done to any one class cannot remain with them. It will strike through to others. It must." The Union has its standing committees on finance, social, moral and spiritual development, on industries, education and protection—the last of which is especially useful to working women, who often suffer from the unjust withholding of wages due. As an instance of this work we extract this item from the report of the Secretary:

"The withholding of lawful dues does not often occur in our large and honored business firms. It is the petty dealer, the boarding-house keeper and dressmaker, who knowingly cheat their employees. Most glad are we when on comes not only restitution, but payment of the costs of court. Our investigations reveal a want of moral integrity among third and fourth-rate employers, which shins down from one to another, till recovery is hopeless from those who live only on promises. Shops open a new trade, offer to teach girls; the girl gives her time for a month, and spends her money on material, then is told that her work is no longer satisfactory. Her little savings are gone, and she finds the public does not need this new source of industry, which has lived on what it made from these poor girls. Within the past year we have investigated one hundred and forty-four cases, and recovered moneys on claims amounting to \$105,10."

The reading-room of the Union is supplied with daily, weekly and monthly periodicals; there are some four hundred books that form the nucleus of a library, and this room is freely opened during the day and evening, and from one to six on Sundays. Classes are formed in French, German, Latin, drawing, painting, English literature, elocution, stenography, embroidery, crocheting and dress-making. The Industrial Department receives all varieties of woman's work, which it sells on a ten per cent. commission. Here can be found decorative art-work, plain and fancy needle-work, cake, jellies, preserves, knit and crocheted articles, in fact, all kinds of woman's handiwork. The Christmas sales have amounted to over eight hundred dollars, of which only ten per cent. goes to the Union, so it will be seen that many women must have been receivers of money for work. The sale is not a fair, but a sale of articles made by women.

The Sunday-afternoon meetings for women constitute a feature of interest. They are open to all denominations, every sect having its opportunity, not only in their speakers, but in the discussion which follows. They are held every Sunday afternoon, in the rooms of the Union, 157 Tremont street, and all women are cordially invited.

Spiritual Phenomena in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Thinking the remarkable spirit phenomena occurring through the mediumship of Mrs. Thayer to be worthy of record as a matter of interest to the public, I write to say, that at my residence, on the evening of Jan. 18th, a number of persons being present, that lady seated herself in a small room, adjoining the more commodious sitting room, the curtains closing the entrance. The control then requested Mrs. Kase to sit beside the medium, which she did. While thus seated, with the medium's hands in her own, Mrs. Kase distinctly felt hands on her head, neck and shoulders, and presently the control said she might retire. She had scarcely taken her seat in the larger room, when the curtains at the door of the room she had just left parted, and Mrs. Thayer appeared, a beautiful spirit-form standing by her side, at a distance of about two feet, both spirit and medium being plainly seen by all; this was several times repeated, the spirit making a low bow each time it retired. There was present with us a well-known lawyer, of Philadelphia, who said he was entirely convinced of the possibility of the return of loving spirit-friends, but had never before seen anything satisfactory to his mind of the truth of Spiritualism: To use his own words, he felt himself "completely floored."

Mrs. Thayer has her usual manifestations of flowers, frequently in the daytime.

One other incident: Mrs. Thayer and her daughter were with us one Saturday afternoon in May last, at which time I was quite ill. In the evening the daughter's hand was controlled, and it was written that there was a band of chemists and physicians present who had looked at my situation, and gave it as their opinion that unless I took active measures for relief I would soon be with them. We were then directed to place a pitcher under the table and sit around it, and they would bring some medicine. We followed the directions, and in a short time, to our very great surprise, recognized the fragrance of herbs. We lighted the gas, and taking up the pitcher found it to be one-third filled with medicine. This I took, as per directions, and was materially helped thereby.

S. P. Kase.

1601 North 15th street, Philadelphia,
Jan 21st, 1892.

LIGHT VERSUS DARKNESS.

How closely we cling to some foolish old error. That, long in the past, should have been laid away; that, every day, is being reborn in horror. If any one deems it unfit for to-day! But sunshine awaiteth the clouds passing over. To send its rays down to the children of men. Until they are able to clearly discover. The depth of the darkness in which they have been.

—Dr. D. Ambrose Davis.

PRINTER'S PUDDING.—One cup of suet chopped fine, two eggs, three tablespoons of sugar, one cup of milk, one cup of raisins, one cup of currants, one-half of a nutmeg, two teaspoons of baking powder, and flour enough to make a batter. Boil for two hours.

Read "ZOLLNER'S TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS." The Rocky Mountain News, of Denver, Col., says it is a very interesting book, worth any one's perusal "who has any desire to investigate the mysteries of spiritual manifestations." Colby & Rich have the work on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

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Translated from the German, with a Preface and Appendix, by

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Of Lincoln's Inn, London, England, Barrister-at-Law.

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Author of "Witch Marvel Workers," "Sally, a Spirit," "Memories," "Spiritualism," "Witchcraft and Magic," etc., etc., "Angels and Other Spiritual Beings," etc.

While producing this work of 322 pages, its author obviously read the darker pages of New England's earlier history in the light of Modern Spiritualism, and found that in origin Witchcraft then and today's superstitious phenomena are the same; and found also that intervening Witchcraft historians, lacking insight of today's light, left unexplained, or, if explained, a vast amount of important historical facts, and set before their readers erroneous conclusions as to who were the real authors of the barbaric doings they were describing.

Mr. Putnam, well known by our readers, and, as stated in the preface, a native of the Barboursville, which Witchcraft had its origin, and descended from across them and there, in this interesting and instructive work has done much to dispel the dark shadows which have long hung over our forefathers, and put a little that which is real and shortcoming and misleading by the historians, Hutchinson, and others who follow their lead.

The work is a work of general interest.

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GREGORY'S Seed Catalogue.

~~As~~ The reader's attention is called to the Verifications of Spirit-Messages on the fifth page of the present issue.

He that hideth hatred with lying lips, and he that uttereth slander, is a fool.—*Scripture.*

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THE PRETTY FLOWERS ARE FADED.

BY MARSHALL S. FINE.

Now the pretty flowers are faded,
And the song-birds have fled;
And the forest leaves are shaded,
All the greenwoods now are dead.
But new flowers will bloom and brighten,
In the showers of falling rain,
When the birds their fleet wings lighten,
And the summer comes again.

All the haunts which love hath chosen,
Sleep in snow above the glen,
And the fragrant hills are frozen,
Where the daffodils and the fern,
But again the hills will ripple,
To the river's rapid flow,
When the buds of blushing maple
Kiss the wooing winds that blow.

Heath still touches beauty's finger,
And the warm red lips turn cold;
And his foot-prints ever linger,
Where the worn-out heart weeps old.
But beyond love's tender mission,
Far beyond life's shallow shore,
Far beyond the brightest vision,
Lost and loved ones meet once more.

Berkeley Hall.

The Origin, History and Meaning of the Christmas Festival.

An Unprecedented Discourse delivered by
W. J. COLVILLE,
In Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning,
Dec. 25th, 1881.

Requested for the Banner of Light.

All the world is rejoicing. Nature has commanded us to be glad on this joyful day. She has heretofore instituted the Christmas, as she has indeed instituted all the festivals in the calendar which involve theological and national changes, and remain dear to the hearts of men who ever civilized beings are to be found.

Festivals may be divided into two great classes—the natural and the ecclesiastical. The natural are always observed, no matter how current opinions may change with the lapse of ages. The ecclesiastical are only observed by those who are attached to certain customs and beliefs. Whenever the ecclesiastical are, however, built upon the natural, the church may lose its hold upon the minds of the people, and its influence may be disregarded, but the basis on which the festival rests holds it up in spite of waves of aggressive skepticism and, divested of its supernatural garments, unadorned by myth, save its own native purity, it remains as a blessing to all people, and continues to be observed even by those who are avowedly the sworn foes of ecclesiasticalism in all its varied forms.

When speaking to you a short while ago on Natural and Revealed Religion, and reviewing the present attitude of Rev. O. R. Frothingham toward revealed religion, we took occasion to remark that natural and revealed religion are in their essence identical, as there is only one kind of true religion, and this lies at the root of every so-called religious system. The Ethnics, Aryans, and Catholic religions of the world are all founded upon something solid. Superstitions and idolatries are like barnacles attached to a rock, parasites twining round a tree, or mud bespattering and concealing an otherwise beautiful picture or wall. The barnacle is not the rock, the parasite is not the tree, the whitewash is not the fresco; but these excrescences and attachments oftentimes so completely disfigure and conceal the realities beneath them that passers-by and casual observers are unaware of the reality, as they gaze only upon the veil which hides it. It is even so with religious festivals and traditions: every legend has a foundation in a real natural, though misunderstood, occurrence; every myth is founded on a reality; every ceremonial observance is the relic of some older custom that originated somewhere with some one who understood how to minister to some felt need in human nature.

We have to do today with one of the most interesting, perhaps the most interesting of all the annual feasts observed in Christendom. Christmas comes to us new every year, with such novel freshness as leads us to feel as though we had never kept Christmas before, and at the same time it comes to us as a dear old friend with whom we are intimately acquainted, but whom we have not seen since twenty months ago. No sooner does this old friend get out of his carriage at our door and make himself at home in our parlor, than we feel as though the past had all come back to us; as though our friend had never been away; and yet there is such a fund of new joy in his presence that, while all things have become old, everything at the same time has been made new.

How wonderfully are all things made new in this world every morning. We can never grow tired of watching the sunrise; never become wearied of the sweet voices of the birds as they sing their matin hymns; never weary of returning springtime, because in everything there resides such an unfathomable depth of beauty, that every time we gaze upon one of nature's lovely exhibitions we actually see something new to us. It may have always been there, but we never realized its presence before. Christmas Day is the true New Year's Day; it is the birthday of the sun. It is also nature's feast of the resurrection, as, after the sun has been apparently dead and buried three whole days, he rises victorious from his tomb on Christmas morning, proclaiming to all the world that he has never died, but only that our eyes and our earth have been turned away from him, while he has been shining brightly all the time, and actively blessing other parts of the earth, even while we have failed to rejoice in his immediate beams. Has it never struck you how wonderfully the law of compensation rules in all parts of the earth? In northern latitudes, where the sun seems absent for the greater part of the year, in the summer he seems unwilling to retire at night, even for a few hours. Oh! those beautiful long summer evenings, so enjoyable in Scotland! what do the Hindus know about them? Their days are nearly of the same length all the year round. At the equator the sun rises at six every morning, all through the year, and sets at six regularly every evening. As we draw nearer to the poles we have less of the sun on some days in the year, and more of the sun on others; and in the far north, where he hides himself for several months at a time, the beautiful aurora borealis, or northern light, glids the winter with a splendor fully equal to that of the brightest summer day.

The longer we live, the more we witness and endure, the more absolutely certain do we become of the existence of a principle in nature of perfect equity, which we call God, signify-

ing the absolutely and infinitely good. The ancients were very rational as well as poetical in their sublime idea of the Infinite source of all things. To them God was a great Central Sun, originator of all worlds and systems, from whom every planet derived its life. Astronomy clearly teaches us that our sun is only one of many, and that it is by no means a sun of the first magnitude. As Earth, Venus, Jupiter, and all the other planets, revolve around the centre of this system, as satellites or moons revolve around the planets respectively, so does our sun, in company with many others, revolve around a far larger and more powerful sun, whose child it is, as this earth is the child of this luminary. The ancients not only knew that the worlds were in motion, not only knew fully as much as modern scientists know of the position of the heavenly bodies, but they also, aided by planetary and other wise teaching spirits, recognized the fact that every world in space either had been, was then, or would be, inhabited. They knew that different orbs represented various degrees of spiritual as well as physical attainment, and very naturally fixed the abode of the God of the earth, or the Guardian Angel, in the sun. The powerful and regnant spirit who controlled the earth they called Osiris, or the eye of day, and to him they paid their praises when they worshipped the sun, his dwelling-place and symbol.

Among the many remarkable and magnificent remains of ancient architecture, no one monument is half so eloquent in its majestic form as the great Pyramid of Gizeh, aptly termed "a miracle in stone." This marvelous structure has been designated by turns a storehouse, a tomb, and a temple. It is all three: it is a storehouse indeed, not for provisions and merchandise in days of famine consequent upon overflows of the Nile, but for spiritual and scientific truths, embodied, concealed, and yet revealed to all eyes who can read the mystic language of form as expressed in solid masonry: it is a tomb for the great King Cheops, who gave the land whereon it stands, and whose remains are interred within its mystic precincts; it is a temple, both of science and religion, dedicated to astronomical research as well as to direct spiritual investigation, as its form and entrances distinctly prove. Twice every year the sun rested upon its apex and illuminated its entire face; once in the springtime the sun went forth on his triumphal journey through the summer signs, and once in early autumn, ere the monarch of the skies passed through the wintry signs under the reign of the Dragon or Scorpion of the skies. Under the veil of astronomical allegory, the Egyptians always hid their spiritual knowledge.

Solar worship originated with the earliest inspired men the earth ever knew, as inspiration and enlightened reason always lead men to look upward, while carnality leads the eye to gaze downward. One of the distinguishing features of man is that he is an erect, upward-gazing animal, while inferior creatures tread the earth with their gaze downward. It is proverbial of an honest man that he has an upward expression, while the evil-disposed look toward the ground, as though afraid to encounter the eye of Heaven. The majesty of shining and revolving worlds, the immensity of space, the grandeur of the sky—these glories are ever attractive to the aspiring student. No one study probably can do for man, as an aspirational creature, one-half that astronomy can. Astronomy and religion have always been united; we cannot separate the religion of the East from its astronomy, and while there is much truth in the doctrine that Christianity is only a perpetuation of solar worship, those who, like the celebrated French writer, Dupuis, and others, deny that such a man as Jesus ever lived, are unsupported in their assertions either by history or common sense. This day, Christmas, is truly the birthday of the sun, and also the feast of his resurrection, as we have before stated. Five thousand years ago men traced in the risen Osiris as multitudes to-day rely upon the ascended Jesus for salvation. Hundreds of millions of Orientals take refuge in Buddha, while they know nothing of Christ. A knowledge of an historical personage cannot be necessary to salvation if there be any justice in the laws of Nature, or all would have a knowledge of that personage, and it would be their own fault if they rejected his claims.

Christmas certainly did not originate with the birth of the great Galilean seer, though it cannot be doubted by intelligent students of history that about 1881 years ago a remarkable teacher was born in Palestine, who left so great an impression on society that Ernest Renan, called a skeptic by all evangelical Christians, remarks that without Jesus of Nazareth human history would be incomprehensible. According to the New Testament records Jesus must have been born in the warm season of the year, certainly not in the winter, as, though Judea is a warm country, the flocks are never left outdoors at night in the winter season, and we are very plainly told that the angels who heralded his birth first appeared to shepherds who were keeping watch over their flocks by night. In winter time the flocks would have been safely housed at night; in summer they were left outdoors, with men to guard them from the approach of ravenous beasts, and to tend them lest they strayed beyond recovery. In the early Christian centuries the Fathers of the church confessed that they did not know when Jesus was born. They kept Christmas at various seasons of the year, until, by common consent, it was decided to observe the nativity of him whom they called the Son of Righteousness on the day when all peoples were rejoicing in the birth of a new year, Christmas day being really New Year's Day; January 1st being in truth only the first day of the first whole calendar month of the new year; or, as it was once regarded, the first day of the eleventh month, the civil year commencing March 1st, March being the month in which winter ends and spring commences. The names of the months are ample proof of the truth of this latter assertion. September is derived from the Latin *Septem*, meaning seven; October from *Octo*, eight; November from *Novem*, nine; and December from *Decem*, ten. You are all aware that December 21st is the shortest day in the year, and that the length of day appears to remain stationary during the three following days, Dec. 22d, 23d, 24th; then, on the 25th, the sun is newly born, the days begin to lengthen, and a new year has been ushered in in the Christian calendar. Dec. 21st is dedicated to the apostle Thomas, who entertained doubts concerning the resurrection of the Master, as on that day the ancients were doubtful whether the sun-god would successfully cope with his winter adversaries, and reappear as their king, or succumb in his encounter with the hosts of darkness.

The early Christians did not immediately decide upon continuing to observe feast days already held universally sacred, but after la-

bored and fruitless endeavors to arrive at exact dates, the early Christians decided to celebrate the leading events in the history of the founder of their system at those seasons of the year, and on those days, when the solar worshippers and others around them were keeping holiday in commemoration of leading incidents in the lives of their gods and goddesses. True it is that about the time when Christianity began to spread over Europe, solar worship was not the avowed religion of the European nations, among whom the Christians went; but, be this as it may, the religions of Judea, Greece, Rome, Persia and others, were all offshoots from one great parent stem—the astronomical religion of India, a land whose traditions and monuments are older than those of Egypt, Assyria, Chaldea, or any other celebrated portion of the eastern hemisphere.

On this bright and happy day, when young and old rejoice together at the birth of a saviour, it may be justifiable, and even necessary, to distinguish between myth and historic truth, between the real and the fabulous in theology; but to those who, with the enlightened understanding of the spirit, can peer deeply within and below the crust of "old wives' fables," the soul of all traditions is ever as far superior to popular conceptions of it as the loftiest ideal in the soul of the artist is infinitely grander than the picture he has painted, or the bust he has chiselled into form. Where is there anything in the outward world fully satisfying to man's spiritual nature? Man has been called, by some men of note, a melancholy and discontented being. While much of sorrow results from a sense of failure in the attempt to do one's duty, a large share of the disappointed or unsatisfied feeling, common to the very greatest and noblest of men, arises from the fact of the soul dwelling in a spiritual as well as in a physical realm. The world of spirit so far transcends in loveliness the world of matter that the outer earth, no matter how beautiful, is inadequate to fully satisfy the yearnings of the immortal occupants of these physical forms we often erroneously look upon as the men themselves.

Christianity, as a system of religion, is as inferior to the teachings attributed to Jesus in the four gospels as can well be imagined. Every one sees something to admire in the lovely utterances of the holy Nazarene. Even Ingersoll, the great Agnostic orator, in his lecture, "What Must I Do to be Saved?" places a very high estimate upon Jesus as the leading character of the New Testament. One of the strongest objections to the Orthodox plan of salvation put forward by him is, that it is irreconcilable with the teachings of the reputed founder of the Christian system; for, while he does not demand biblical sanctions for his own conduct in any particular, he very justly contends that those who profess to be followers of Christ, should carefully follow his teachings, and frame their creeds and lives after his precepts.

It is very easy to say with truth that almost every great word and act attributed to Jesus may, with at least equal truth, be attributed to certain of his predecessors; also that his new commandment is only new to those who have never before been directly appended to by the spirit of Love as the conqueror of all Evil; that the Paternoster is taken from the prayer of Hillel in the Jewish service, and the Golden Rule is found in sentiment certainly among the Arabians before the Christian era; but those who are acquainted with spiritual revelations know full well that truths are ever given to nations and individuals only as minds are able to bear them. A truth may be very old to you and quite new to some who have never before been familiar with it. The great success of a spiritual teacher depends, not so much upon his brilliancy or originality as upon his power to adapt his utterances to his hearers. All truth is worthless to an individual until such time as his mind is unfolded sufficiently to receive it.

The earth is gradually overrun with spiritual truth. In one age or period of history, Egypt is the centre of knowledge; at another, China; then Persia; then Palestine; more recently, Europe and America. The mission of Jesus and his associates was to enlighten a people who had not yet become imbued with the principles of the highest morality; his teachings conflict with none of the sayings of the great seers of the Orient who have preceded him. Confucius pointed to his ministry as to a star which should arise in the West; and while the great Chinese philosopher touched the intellect of Asia, and gave soundest laws for the government of nations, the influence of such self-sacrificing souls as Gautama Buddha and Jesus was necessary to directly appeal to the hearts of men, and bring home to the affections the ethical code which otherwise only appeared before the intellect as a brilliant but inanimate spectacle. The peculiar beauty in the life of Jesus is the ineffable tenderness of that life; its utter self-abnegation, its absolute willingness to do all, dare all, and suffer all in behalf of humanity. If in such a history as that of the life of Jesus men can see nothing more than a zodiacal myth; if Jesus is the sun, and his apostles the twelve signs of the Zodiac in their estimation, and that only, it must be because their own natures are so hard and blunted that a perfect man, throwing himself utterly into the work and blessing his race at the expense of his own life, has no charms for them.

Some critics are so far below Jesus that the existence of any one so pure and benevolent is, to them, an incomprehensible mystery. Bent upon serving self at all hazards, the philanthropist is, in their eyes, a myth, a hypocrite, or a lunatic; but to those who appreciate true benevolence, and are willing themselves to work disinterestedly for others, Jesus is no myth and no mystery; he is a simple man, whole-souled and true to every trust; not of necessity infallible or impeccable, but at the least (and that least is the greatest of all human attainments,) a man of spotless integrity and unswerving devotion to his sense of right. Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle: all of these and many other splendid Greeks had done their work and left their impress on society long before the lowly Jewish maid gave birth to the "desire of all nations"; but Mary's son fills a unique place in human history, and, fired by his example, more deeds of heroism have been performed than at the instigation of any other great name.

Three salient and very important facts need to be presented to those who are in doubt concerning the real existence of him whose birth all Christendom celebrates to-day, and thoroughly considered by them before they will find themselves in a position to decide intelligently for or against the doctrine of his actual personality. There are some who have a theory, who ride a hobby, and are striving to cut down every fact until it is small enough to fit their own conception of truth; to such we do not speak. As well present flowers to the man who closes

his eyes and will not open them, and ask him to admire their beauty; of course with shut eyelids he cannot perceive them. Our words are not to those who value theory more than fact, but to those who love the truth more than all else beside, and who wish to form a right judgment concerning all things.

To all truth-seekers we bring forward our three witnesses who declare that Jesus is a man and not a myth. The first says as it is an historical fact that the early Christians were in doubt as to the time of the birth of Jesus, they must have intended to celebrate the birth of a man and not of the sun, as it could not have been a matter of doubt among any sane persons as to when it was right to celebrate the birth of the solar orb, all nations having unanimously agreed that the days begin to lengthen Dec. 25th, and this fact was patent to every casual observer. The second witness says, as the author of "Art Magic" declares, it is impossible to account for the history of the period without admitting the fact of the existence of a great and good man similar to the Jesus of the gospels, and it is inconceivable that multitudes of men and women would have endured inconceivable tortures through their devotion to a myth. If you object that Roman historians make little or no mention of Jesus in their writings, and that the celebrated passage referring to him in the works of Josephus is an interpolation, we reply that this is not to be wondered at or considered as any evidence against his existence, it having been well known that the Jews at that time were not an influential people. They were the vassals of the Romans, by whom they were looked down upon and treated with contempt. In addition to this it cannot be denied that the early Christians were a proscribed people, and Jesus, according to all traditions, filled no honorable place among the nobles of the world, but was an itinerant teacher and healer, surrounded by a crowd of common people who heard him gladly, while civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries stood afar off. Witness third says, on the testimony of the most exalted and intelligent and every way truthful spirits now communicating with the earth, you are assured that Jesus exists and holds an exalted place among the truly great in spirit-life. If some spirits know nothing about him, is their ignorance to be set up in opposition to the positive knowledge and affirmative statements of those who are at least their equals in all respects?

The absurd attacks made upon the doctrine of the real existence of Jesus to-day, are pitiable evidences of the degrading effects of a superstition. The present hatred of the Bible, the prevalent blind and bigoted hostility to the very name of Jesus, are the direct result of the degrading superstitions so long associated with the good old book and the majestic man. Reactions always set in when irrational and inordinate claims are made in behalf of any person or any thing. One extreme of human thought makes Jesus everything—God of gods and Lord of lords, the Supreme Creator and Preserver of the universe; the opposite extreme makes him nothing—a mere myth, a shadow, a fabrication of priestcraft. Truth always lies between extremes, and Jesus, calmly viewed by impartial minds, in the light of history and inspiration, is a man, good and true, pure and noble, but one of ourselves; born as we were, exalted by virtue of his own merits, as we shall be exalted if we are ever exalted at all. Remove the supernatural from Jesus, and he stands before us a brother, friend, helper, teacher; a saviour and redeemer in no other sense than all are saviours and redeemers who instruct men both by precept and example, by moral suasion and spiritual force, to obey the laws of Nature so fully that their own souls may shine out through the windows of physical life, and illuminate all who cross their pathway. Strip Jesus of all theological trappings, and he remains to you, as all your great heroes remain, one of yourselves, invaluable because a practical power and example, which as Almighty God he never can be.

For ourselves what is the meaning of this Christmas festival? To all natural religionists, to all who read of God more from the pages of nature's boundless volume than from the inspired or uninspired words of any men, Christmas comes freighted with boundless promise; its bells do not ring out in vain when they call the people together to worship a new-born saviour. To some of you the churches, and even the Bible, may contain no Christ. In the opinion of some of you the voice of the spirit speaking in this later age has rung out the false and rung in the true; rung out the old and rung in the new; and with eyes and minds averted from the Christ who has been and who now is, you have looked for the Christ who is to be. This new Christ, this new saviour, comes to you in the form of a new year, filled with fresh golden opportunities for usefulness. This new year, born to-day, asks you to forget the things that are behind in your eagerness to press toward the things that are before. Joy, joy, a year is born, we may all sing, and this new year to us all may be a true saviour; but the new year, like the historic Christ, only offers to deliver us from our sins—not to take us to heaven on the merits of another, while we are yet in iniquity. "His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." This is precisely what Jesus offered to do for the Jewish nation, but they would not accept the salvation the great teacher brought. The Evangelical Church to-day is offering the kind of salvation the Jews clamored for; a salvation antipodal to that which the great teacher offered them. They had clung with utmost tenacity to the letter of every prediction; they looked for a Messiah who should save them from their enemies by the sheer force of physical power; they expected their Messiah to become their King, and fight all their battles for them, until the Romans should be utterly defeated, and they themselves the masters of all the wealth of the then civilized world. Jesus told them that moral reformation must precede national greatness, and that without national purity their fate was sealed, no matter what outside deliverers might attempt to do for them. Therefore, his bitterest denunciations were directed against those scribes and Pharisees who kept the people in a state of perpetual satisfaction with demoralization, so long as they gave titles of their possessions, and thus enriched the priests and rulers.

Who can read the story of Greece without arriving at the conclusion that the absence of solid morality was the cause of the decline of the splendid civilization of that justly celebrated land? Art and literature were placed on the highest pedestals of honor; culture was at its height; but real principle, sterling integrity, was lacking. Immorality sapped the vitality of that illustrious land until its glory was lost in the after-majesty of the Romans, who, in their turn, fell utterly to ruin through social anarchy and impurity. Almost every prophecy

was made to the Jews conditionally. Their great men told them what they could become, what they certainly would become, were they only faithful to the light. They were unfaithful; they lacked character, and hence they fell an easy prey to their enemies. Their last opportunity of amendment came to them in the person of Jesus and his immediate followers. The spectacle of the great teacher weeping over Jerusalem, is one of the most beautiful and affecting of all pictures ever presented to the human mind. It needed no special prophetic power to enable him to predict the destruction of Solomon's temple and a dispersion of the people. He knew that their rejection of the truth he lived to proclaim was the seal they themselves had set upon their own doom; and with more than an ordinary patriot's love of country, he wept bitterly over their downfall, even though he realized that to him it would bring no shame or loss. But into the very midst of the thick darkness of that eventful period in history there came a new light, the religion of the lowly Nazarene. The civilization carried far and wide by the Jews, wherever they wandered, brought to the world a new day, surpassing in splendor all previous days of human sojourn on earth.

It is always darkest just before the dawn; the old proverb is everywhere and at all times true. When affairs become desperate they always begin to mend. The very pessimism which can only look upon the darkest side of life, is in itself a witness to the truth of optimism, for unless the world was really growing better men would not have sufficiently fine moral perceptions to realize that it was growing worse, while the very realization of the badness of an existing condition is the first step to its betterment. Mortification is accompanied by insensibility to pain. Physicians all admit that acute suffering in dangerous cases is far less dangerous than no sensation at all. Let us see an evil, let us believe it to be an evil, and we shall then set to work to try and remove it. You would never clean your houses unless something convinced you that they were dirty; and just as house-cleaning raises dirt, and for a time seems to make matters worse, without the agitation of the dust it would never be removed. Some astrologers and others have spoken as though between 1880 and 1887 terrible malarious influences exerted over the earth would occasion frightful pestilences, battles, murders and every form of disaster and distress. Malarious influences are not all needed to occasion seeming disasters. Good influences, the spirit of progress, will make herculean efforts to rid the earth of an incubus; and cutaneous eruptions very frequently manifest nature's efforts to rid the blood of its impurities, while it may be very unpleasant to bear the externalization of disease at the time when the malarious is most conspicuous. Nature is a great homeopathist; in one sense she ever assists disease and calamity to come to a head, that when the crisis is past the man or nation may take a new lease of purer and higher life.

Oh! if there are any of you whose lives are sad and dark on this glad day; if the jubilant music, and the bright evergreens and flowers, and the smiling faces all around you grate harshly upon your lighted hearts, remember, oh, remember, we implore you, that the meaning of our rejoicing to-day consists in our recognition of nature's invariable method of causing a new light to shine out of the depths of chaos and darkness. Christmas, then, is the feast of the new birth, and the resurrection of light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow, life out of death. It has always been hard to account for the tradition that three days elapsed between the death and resurrection of the Christ, without looking to the sun for information. Only thirty-six or forty hours can pass from Friday afternoon to the dawn of Sunday morning; but here in midwinter, after three whole days of apparent burial, the victorious light-bearer of our universe arises with healing in his wings, the beautiful midsummer constellation, Virgo, reappears with Bootes or Joseph, her consort, standing near, but not immediately at her side. And thus every year an infant light-bringer is born of the virgin of the skies, with Joseph for a foster-father, in the stable of Capricornus (the goat), the zodiacal sign for December. How intimately the material and the spiritual are ever blended in human experience. In all outward things, the inner is symbolized, and while the temporal things which may be long dissolve, the eternal and invisible remain forever.

Let the eternal spirit of love be born in your hearts to-day, and while you will profit by all that the great and good of past ages have done for the race, you will not need to be accurately informed concerning the history of bygone days ere you can enter into oneness with all that is really true and great, for a living Saviour will be born into your own lives, and the new Christ will be the spirit of truth reaching earth from the living sphere of ascended humanity.

Spiritualist Camp-Meeting in Vermont.

A Stock Company of five thousand dollars, divided into shares of one hundred dollars each, is being formed for the purpose of fitting up a private park for Spiritualist Camp-Meetings, Thiele Park, and a Summer Resort, to be known as "The Forest City Park Association." Every stockholder will be entitled to one lot for each share, of suitable size for a cottage. A piece of land on the shore of Lake Champlain, lying two miles north of the city of Burlington, Vt., covered with a fine forest, nearly level and dry, well watered by a fine spring of water, on a bluff, about thirty feet above the lake, giving a splendid view of lake scenery, has been developed as the place of location. Parties that have attended some of the largest Spiritualist Camp-Meetings have visited this ground, and said, "It could be made one of the finest camping-grounds in New England." This piece of land, containing about fifty acres, can be purchased for one hundred dollars per acre.

It is proposed to raise fifty dollars on each share—twenty-five hundred dollars—the first year. One thousand dollars for first payment on land, and fifteen hundred dollars for fitting up the grounds and public buildings, preparatory for the coming Camp-Meeting.

It is earnestly hoped that Spiritualists and all interested in a Camp-Meeting in Vermont will assist the committee in this enterprise, by taking stock in the company, and thus develop a place in Vermont where thousands can gather, to listen to some of the ablest speakers in our land. The Central Vermont Railroad has kindly offered to render us assistance, if the enterprise promises to be a success.

The books are now open for the sale of stock, and a goodly number of shares have been taken.

The first stockholders' meeting for the election of officers and the adoption of constitution and by-laws, will probably be held the last of March. Each stockholder will be notified a suitable length of time before the meeting. Each one interested is earnestly requested to act as agent, and help push the enterprise forward as rapidly as possible.

After this organization is completed, cottage lots will be for sale at as low rates as possible, giving all who wish a chance to fit up a fine cottage home beside this beautiful lake, where an effort will be made to annually hold a first-class Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

Further information can be had by inquiring of either of the committee.

GEO. A. FULLER, Dover, Mass.; G. S. BRUNSON, St. Albans, Vt.; E. N. GOULD, West Randolph, Vt.; J. B. BOURGEOIS, Burlington, Vt.; ORANGE M. ABBOTT, Waterbury, Vt.; B. F. RUGO, St. Albans, Vt.; Committee on the Sale of Stock.

Science has never been an aggressor. She has always been a defender and left to her antagonists the making of wanton attacks.—J. W. Draper.

Drowsiness, biliousness, pains and aches, and ague, Hop Bitters always cures.

Pearls.

And quoted tales, and jewels five words long,
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

YOUTH'S DREAM.

Oh! there's a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again.

In every action reflect upon the end, and in your
undertaking, it consider why you do it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

FATH WITHIN WORKS.

And when a man can live apart
From works, on theologic trust,
I know the blood about his heart
Is dry as dust.

I have played the gross fool to believe the bosom of
a friend would hold a secret mine could not con-
tain.—*Manning.*

VISIONS OF THE LOVED ONES.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,
I only shut my eyes,
And the child on all about me,
A vision from the skies:

The babes whose dimpled fingers
Lost the way into my breast,
And the beautiful ones, the angels,
Passed to the world of the blessed.

—*Margaret L. Sangster.*

There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures
of charity, pity, temperance and sobriety. These
treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when
he leaves this world.—*Isidore L. Sanger.*

FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE.

The sun is set, and now the moon is here.
Brief while ago on the strong sun rose
In sudden glory, such as no man knows.
One of those bright, swift, so strong, so clear,
The day I had not played for did appear,
And yet to fight the legion of my foes.
Then, south, I gathered my flower and rose,
To crown my lord, my master, drawing near,
I sought him, as the sunflower seeks the sun,
He turned me, blessed me till the day was done,
I felt I could not because the night fell fast,
The longest day could not forever last;
And it is something, now the sun has set,
That this pale moon is shining on me yet.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

Truth and love are, in their essence, forever young;
And it is the hard condition of nature that they cannot
always appear so.—*George William Carter.*

A Strange Case.

The Suit of Gannon vs. Fleming About to
Come to Trial—Requittal of the Alleged
Facts—Pathological, Psychological and Ecce-
sionist Questions Arising.

The civil suit of Lizzie M. Gannon per pro-
prio vs. John H. Fleming, of the nature of which
mention was made in the *Daily Advertiser* in
July last, soon after it was entered, is likely to
be tried within a short time in the Superior
Court for Suffolk. The case, as remarked at
that time, promises to be one of the most curi-
ous and interesting ever tried in this State.
The defendant named in the title is the clergy-
man in charge of the St. James Roman Catho-
lic Church of this city, and the archbishop, the
Rev. J. J. Williams, is joined in the suit as de-
fendant. The plaintiff, a girl of about thirteen
years of age, at the time when the alleged acts
of the defendants were done, brings suit through
her father, William H. Gannon, alleging con-
spiracy on the part of the defendants. In view
of the peculiarity of the case and for the pre-
sentation of facts developed since the former
publication, it may briefly be restated: In the
spring of 1879 the plaintiff became susceptible to
that peculiar nervous condition called
"trance." Her general health was good, and
colliarily her appearance and conduct were as
that of other girls of her age. In these
trances she claimed to have visions of heaven
and the angels, and especially had much to say
about her deceased brother, whose angel spirit
was among those of the vision. Her entrance
upon and recovery from these trances appear
to have been dependent upon or were facili-
tated by the suggestions of the neighbors, who
were greatly interested in her declared revelations
concerning the heavenly state, and ere long the
matter became known to the defendant, Fleming,
whose parish includes the vicinity of
Hudson street. The mother of the girl is a
Roman Catholic, and as such was one of the
defendants. The neighbors, however, were
generally Catholics, but the father is a
Protestant Unitarian. He was absent on a dis-
tant journey when the matter became known
to the parish priest. The women of the family
cordially assented to the priest's expressed de-
sire to observe the developments of the case,
and he thereafter frequently visited the house
when the girl was in this tranced condition.
The father, upon returning and learning the
state of things, appears to have made no opo-
sition, not apprehending that any harm to the
child had arisen or was likely to. Matters
went on in this way for a considerable time,
and the priest, as is stated, sought to effect a
change in the child's possessions concerning
the image by substituting therefor a necklace
of beads such as are commonly used by chil-
dren of Catholic parents, and to which, having
been bestowed by a priest, a sanctity is believed
to attach. The experiment was not a success,
and the child, when thus in a trance, showed
an unalterable preference for the image and
disregarded the beads. The priest, as is stated,
at length induced the child to give up to him
the image, she charging him not to injure it,
saying that if he did serious harm would come
both upon her and himself. The priest appears
to have regarded the attachment of the child
to the image as a form of idolatry, it being an
image not allowed under the usage of the
church, and thought to cure the child by the
"heroic treatment." So, having the image in
his hand, he cut off its head with a penknife,
and put the head upon the point of the knife
and held it up before the child, then in a state
of trance. The child exclaimed that he had
committed a murder, and soon in her grief
went into spasms.

Her distress was so great that it was sought
to relieve her by putting into her hand the
duplicate image which the child had given the
lady; but this the child would not accept as a
substitute, though she appeared to place value
upon it. The shock caused by the spasms had
permanent effect, as is stated, in depriving the
child of power of speech whenever she was
overcome by one of these trances. The defend-
ant, Fleming, took possession of the duplicate
image also, and the box in which the child kept
the favorite trinket. The child, knowing that
he had them, could thereafter only be relieved
of her vocal incapacity by his presence, and
whenever a trance spell came on he was sent
for. In such case she seemed to have a pre-
ternatural knowledge of the whereabouts of the
trinkets, and would tell him in which pocket
of his garments he had placed them. The
defendant, at length ceased his visits, and the
parents, finding that the child could not be
pacified when entranced, sought to get the im-
ages from the defendant, so that relief might
be afforded without his intervention. He re-
fused to give up the images, and also, as stated,
declined the other alternative of continuing his
visits for the relief of the child whenever she
became thus afflicted with a trance; for the

parents had ere this come to regard the trances
as an affliction.
An appeal was made to the archbishop by
both parents at different times, and as they say
he promised his intervention in their behalf,
but in fact accomplished nothing to the pur-
pose. Thereafter the father appeared by letter
to Cardinal McCloskey, in New York, but got
no response. The priest got possession of the
images about the month of May, 1881. In
1880, the parents sought to remove them from
him, but were refused. Numerous later efforts
were made from time to time, the appeal to the
cardinal having been made in June, 1881, short-
ly before bringing the suit. In response to one
of the latest of these efforts the priest said he
had lost the images and did not know where
they were. During all this period the child
continued to grow worse in health and the
trances have latterly ceased to be manifes-
tations of consciousness and intelligence and have
become seasons of torpor, and even when
aroused the child is now speechless.
During the entire period since the child's con-
dition became a matter of anxiety, she has been
attended by Dr. R. M. Hodges, who for many
years has been the family physician. Recently
he has said that he knows of no relief that he
can supply. The child has lain for a week or ten
days past in a helpless and most of the time un-
conscious state. When the priest was written on
the subject, he made to the archbishop, the parents
enclosed two written opinions with the letter.
One, a legal opinion, was that of L. M. Child,
Esq., affirming that the parents had a legal
right to the images as their property, the daugh-
ter not being of age—this being designed to
meet an objection made by the defendant Flem-
ming, that the child had given them to him,
and that they were his property.

The other opinion was that of Dr. Hodges,
and was as follows: "The figures of the child
seemed to have produced a deep im-
pression on Mr. Gannon's daughter, and I am
of opinion that their restoration would be of
advantage to her, as regards the condition of
hysteria in which she now is, and has been for
a considerable period of time." To the declara-
tion of the plaintiff the defendants' counsel,
Messrs. Gaston and Whitney, have responded
in a denunciation. Thus the issue becomes one of
the right of the plaintiff to the images, and a variety
of questions which may involve considerations
of pathology, psychology and the prerogatives
of parents, clergy, and possibly those of physi-
cians. The counsel for plaintiff are Messrs.
Child and Powers.—*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

Report of the Quarterly Convention
of the Vermont State Spiritualist
Association, held at Essex Junction,
Jan. 6th, 7th and 8th, 1882.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In the absence of the Secretary, W. M. Wil-
kins, Esq., the undersigned was appointed to act
in his place, and in compliance with a special
request, furnishes the following report of the
proceedings of the Convention to the *Banner of
Light*, much to the interest and regret of the
instructive being necessarily omitted for want
of room, of which I may mention the message
of our ascended sister, Aelsa Sprague, and
many other messages, accompanied with inci-
dents and data so complete and characteristic
that nearly every spirit that presented himself
or herself to the medium was recognized.

Of the speakers I may mention Dr. E. A.
Smith, of Brandon, Harvey Howes, of North
Burlington, Charles Crane, of Hyde Park, A.
E. Hubbard, of Plymouth, and others, showing
that there are profound thinkers wherever Spiritu-
alism has planted its standard. The mind of
every convert has been touched with the finger
of inspiration, inasmuch that ideas crystallize
in the very air we breathe; what one mind per-
ceives, another takes up to elaborate, and so on,
until it is presented to the world in its best pos-
sible form.

I wish also to premise that an erroneous idea
obtains that the members of the Association are
taxed with stipulated annual dues. All
any one has to do to become a member is to
sign the Constitution. But a fund is raised by
those who are willing to sign the obligation to
pay into the treasury annually, men fifty cents
and women twenty-five cents. All have the
privilege of signing this obligation, but there is
no compulsion.

REPORT.

The Convention assembled in the spacious hall
of the Junction House, on Friday, Jan. 6th, 1882, at 2
p. m., the President, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, in the chair.
In absence of the Duxbury Circle Club, some of the
members of the Essex Association offered their
services and furnished with delicious and in-
strumental music, and continued so to do up to the
closing hour. The Convention in its gratitude for this
contribution, took up a collection and presented it to the
ladies. During the sessions of the Convention, the
services of the Duxbury Circle Club, and the
quartets by the following skillful performers: Nelson
Steady, bass; Henry Teachout, tenor; Eva Tarbox,
soprano; Angie Trux, alto; Nora Trux, organist.
Among the songs and songs, the following were
both spirits and mortals, who: "We have come from
the Spirit-Land," "We're a Home Over There," "We
are Going Home To-Morrow," and "Give Me Faith to Rise."

Speakers not having arrived the afternoon was
devoted to a social conference by the members present.
Harvey Howes of North Bennington, said:
"Christianity has effected its purpose, finished its
mission, and now it is time to close. Materialism
seems ready to supplant it, unless Spiritualism
usurps the field, as it will if we do our duty."
Mrs. Manchester, of Randolph, said: "Positive and
negative, good and evil, both are necessary. How can
we know we are good, unless we have the negative
Sabine Scott, of Eden Mills, remarked that he came to
get new ideas; old ones had ceased to interest him.
"No one is satisfied with what he has, but is reaching
out for more." Mrs. Richardson, of
Essex, thought the late action of the Church in
warning its people to say nothing against Spiritu-
alism, an indication of a better state of things. Mrs.
Manchester replied: "A cock buried into this audi-
ence would be a solid proof of the truth of the
time has already come when he who would lead
men must appeal to their reason. Of Dr. Shale's state-
ment, a careful scientist has said, 'One shade is cer-
tainly either shade or light, and I know
the world made. And that is the only way to
the world made as it is today.' B. F. Knight, of
Waterbury, a Shaker brother, said: 'There is not a
nation upon the face of the earth that has not
Spiritualism in some form. The influence of a
demon will cease to be set down as the work of the
devil, commensurate with the advance of civilization.'"
The President, Mrs. Wiley, portrayed at some
length the glorious state to be enjoyed by society when
the platform and described the influence of
a broader clarity and more fraternal love shall take
the place of selfishness, and referred to some of
the true heroes and heroines of the past as spec-
tacles to the deity and the future of a higher civiliza-
tion, and the child, when thus in a trance, showed
an unalterable preference for the image and
disregarded the beads. The priest, as is stated,
at length induced the child to give up to him
the image, she charging him not to injure it,
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be afforded without his intervention. He re-
fused to give up the images, and also, as stated,
declined the other alternative of continuing his
visits for the relief of the child whenever she
became thus afflicted with a trance; for the

events, institutions and nations are passing by like
spectres, leaving only the good and the true. Prof.
Phelps, in his dogged denunciation of all truth, is
doing injustice to his own mankind, the mercy of
which is the only hope of the world. The age in
which he lives. To arms! to arms! rally to the battle
cry of the ages for the world's redemption from the
worst species of slavery that human ingenuity and
malice can invent.

At 2 o'clock p. m. the convention again assembled,
spending an hour in conference in an interesting and
instructive debate, after which E. A. Stanley, of
Essex, delivered a lecture, which for solid argu-
ment and vigor has seldom been surpassed. He
said: "Being a matter of fact, I seek to build up
Spiritualism by establishing it upon a basis of facts.
We are too apt to copy the easy methods of society,
forgetting that while we are passing shadows we are
drawing the choicest of meat to the very dogs. We in-
clude in the follies of the world, losing sight of the
only facts upon which we can build with safety. It is
not to the credit of any one to belittle results. It is
not in this, each one to its use, that make up the
aggregate of the world's great achievements. Yesterday,
the theology of Jonathan Edwards was the best
the world had attained to; but today we teach a
divine belief, a deeper and broader knowledge. The
Christian is one who believes the transgressor may live
in his sins up to the last hour of mortal existence, and
then, by an act of faith, become pure and holy through
the blood of Christ. The Spiritualist is one who staves
himself with the knowledge that he is a being of
practical life, thus forming a chasm between the old
and the new that all the powers of earth and heaven
can never close up or bridge over. The important
truth that places Spiritualism in the center of all other
truths, is that it is a man's immortality. At 7
o'clock p. m. the convention again came to order.
We had another interesting conference, after
which Mr. Colburn gave another of his serene de-
monstrations, that spiritualism is a reality with
him, followed by Mrs. Howard, who again
described spirits in her convincing manner. She said:
"A lady comes rushing along with her clothes on fire,
and says, 'Convey to my dear mother the fact that I
believe as much as you all when here.' I believed
wonders, why God should make me from her in such a
sudden and awful manner. A kerosene can exploded
while I was kindling a fire, and that was the cause of
my departure." A gentleman wishes to reach his
friends, but cannot account of their Orthodox be-
liefs. Another says, "I wish to give my old friends
greeting, but they will not believe, though one arose
from the dead." (A voice in the audience: "They will
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Edward Copeland says, "I deemed this a false doc-
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learn my mistake, though I cannot see how I could
the blood of Christ has efficacy to cleanse from all
sin, I have learned there is no efficacy in blood."

Fannie Davis Smith, of Brandon, followed with a
lecture in the same style, and she said: "The great
need of this age is a great spiritual outpouring—
a real Pentecost baptism that will touch and in-
spire every soul and quicken the spiritual energies of
every heart and mind. Many are asking, 'What good
is this? What is the use of this? What is the use of
bringing life out of the frozen benightedness and twigs of
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—*Essex Morning Journal, Jan. 8th.*—A happy company
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Dr. Newbury said that when a child he sought to know what true religion was. The God he then formed in his mind was too loving to doom his children to lasting punishment, and this belief came to him because his own dominant faculty was benevolence. Calvin's dominating faculty was destructiveness, therefore his ideal of God was revengeful and cruel.

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