

from them its due, and she had not long been Mrs. Corning before she became one of the most happy and contented of her sex. She presided over her home in a most sensible manner, and in all things the woman proved her capability and fitness for such a sphere. At first, Martha had demurred at the practice of her husband in dividing the funds, as we have seen. She was quite satisfied to have him retain them all, and to draw on him as she felt the need of a little money, but he would not have it so, and at last she came to consent to the business-like operation.

From her own private purse, then, Martha Corning was enabled to pursue certain benevolent schemes of her own, and it proved a measure of contentment to her that she could do so. Like her husband, she adopted the plan of setting aside a certain sum for good works, and the practical results of this joint labor of the worthy couple will develop most useful ends to others, long after their projects have passed from the earthly scene.

And now we come to the time when the plan of our friends had opened in a promising manner; the home is established, and in operation; skilled attendants and teachers are employed in its departments. Its walls resound with the echo of childish voices, and little lives, rescued from the degradation of an existence in the streets, are here provided with such surroundings as will insure the development of all that is most useful and beautiful in their natures.

The inmates of Corning farm watch the progress of the work with much satisfaction, keeping constant guardianship over the interests of those young lives for whom it is pursued. Jane Melis continues to care for the toddling ones who are brought here from such vile places as formerly gave them shelter, and she is assisted in her work by the spirit-mother and sister, who bend above her from their heavenly sphere. She is unconscious of such companionship, but the angels are serene in the thought that though they may not make their presence known, they can still protect and guide their loved one in her chosen path; and she, secure in the belief of divine guardianship, moves calmly on to any duty that presents itself; maintaining a firm and abiding faith in the goodness and love of God.

[To be concluded.]

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

MOUNT VERNON.—Frederick Whittaker writes: "The readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT have heard often and favorably of Mrs. Cadwell, who in New York furnished wonderful manifestations. Engaged elsewhere to hold seances in private houses, she had given satisfaction, both in Corry, Pa., and in New Orleans. Overworked and worried by home troubles, and constantly sitting for utter sleepiness, she broke down early in the summer, had to give up her house, and went to Lake Canadigua for rest."

Returning, she slowly and partially regained her strength under the direction of her guides, who enabled her to resume sitting in the middle of October last. Since then she has gone on, steadily improving in the character of manifestations, through one very simple but efficacious measure. This is, the admission of none but friends and Spiritualists to her circles, skeptics being sent elsewhere. Thus, though her circles have never been large, and though, as far as money goes, her business has been behind that of other media in that city, the clearness and intelligence of the manifesting spirits have constantly improved, till to-day the communications received bear a close resemblance, in clearness and precision, to those of a first-class trance medium. I say this from my own experience, backed by that of others who have stood by this medium since her resumption of seances, and have had the same results. In fact, the manifestations received now are very far above those which ever took place at her former home, so far as I have ever heard from any one. In these days, Mrs. Cadwell, admitting almost any sort of stranger to her seances, was often hampered by the character of her circles. Frequently the spirits were unable to say a word without the greatest effort, except in the case of the cabinet control; and they almost always acted as if in fetters. Now, thanks to the fact of generally harmonious circles, I have seen spirits, absolutely new comers, come to total strangers, able to speak at a first appearance; while, in my own case, there is a marked improvement in naturalness and freedom of demeanor in the visitors that come to me; and test messages, from spirits that have never visited the cabinet before, and of whom the medium was absolutely ignorant, continue to multiply.

Mrs. Cadwell now resides at 314 West 56th street, in a flat; but does not give seances there, except to private circles of small number, her accommodations being too limited. She has been holding regular seances on Tuesday evenings and Friday afternoons, at the rooms of Miss Brit, 1327 Broadway, and I have managed to get there once a week at least; generally on Friday afternoons.

All of the seances here have been virtually test seances, for the reason that the rooms are occupied by another person than the medium at other times, and that the visitors have every opportunity to roam through the place before the medium comes, she being on hand only during the hour of the seance. The cabinet has been shifted once since the seances were begun, and now stands between the two front windows, which open on the rush and roar of Broadway, right opposite the Elevated Railroad Station, in the square from 33d to 35th street. The circles are generally small, but almost always harmonious and agreeable; and the only defect noticeable has been the want of strength at times when the sitters are very few.

The manners and customs in vogue at this cabinet differ somewhat from those at other, in consequence of the peculiarities of the control, Miss Seymour. He seems to like strong music, and uses the strength, expended by the sitters themselves, in making up as strong voices as ever came from a materializing cabinet. He is also extremely good-natured, and his wit puts the circle in good spirits, and tugs the members together, where a solemn control would make a dead cabinet.

The children of the cabinet are the spirit-children of the medium herself; the spiritual control, her mother. She, in life, was Mrs. M. A. Burke, and is now a very advanced spirit, giving the clearest lectures I ever heard at a cabinet. Lucille Western, Lizette Hatch, Fanny and Ricardo come principally to show spirit-power in material phenomena; but I am convinced that the true future of this cabinet, by which it can best subserve the cause of Spiritualism, is in the formation of circles, of which the members shall always be the same, and meet regularly, so that the magnetism of the sitters may be most successfully handled.

Judging from the intelligence already exhibited at this cabinet, under adverse conditions, with constantly changing circles, the medium in poor health and under constant anxiety as to financial matters, there is hardly any limit to what may be expected under such conditions as have been afforded, again and again, to other media not any more deserving.

In the leading editorial of the BANNER, Nov. 25th, you say: "Our own experience warrants the assertion that, in addition to the human form, it (materialization) will yet develop all the intelligence found in the best condition of trance-mediumship." I can corroborate this remark by my own experience at this cabinet, and in the same article, appear to me, individually, almost like a special revelation. You say: "Under present arrangements of the seances, this may never occur except where constant association is kept up, under favorable conditions, with one spirit." This I have been especially true in my own case.

where a single spirit—that of a sister passed away thirty years since—has followed me from cabinet to cabinet, the manifestations increasing in strength and intelligence all the time; so that now I find no more difficulty in conversing with her than with a fellow mortal.

And yet, even in this case, there is a marked difference in the appearance and intelligence exhibited by this same spirit at different cabinets, as she told me herself not long since, at Mrs. Cadwell's cabinet, saying: "We can show power in different ways at different cabinets. In one we can make the likeness perfect, in another can show physical strength; at a third intelligence. There is good in all cabinets, and all have their uses for us."

In something over a year's constant association with spirits coming at materializing cabinets, I have never enjoyed the advantage of belonging to a harmonious circle; that is, one of the same members meeting at regular intervals, with the sitters occupying the same seats at all times. I have seen such circles formed and broken up through silly little squabbles among the members. And yet, the concurrent assurance of every spirit that ever spoke from a cabinet on the subject, in my hearing, is to the effect that the highest results of materialization can only be obtained by just such circles.

I write this letter in the hope that it may arouse thought in the Spiritualists of this city and others who may read it, and lead to giving the spirits the conditions they ask. If, instead of roaming about from place to place, or irregularly visiting a medium, without any care as to conditions, as is too much the case with Spiritualists at present, concerted efforts were made to secure perfect surroundings, what might not be accomplished?

If the habitual attendants at any and every materializing medium were to organize private circles, circles retaining the same members, the results would be better in every respect. I say this, not for the benefit of any one medium, but of all. So far materializing mediumship has not been given a fair chance by Spiritualists in general; and there is no reason why they should not turn over a new leaf at once, and give it such a chance this winter.

If every Spiritualist who attends a cabinet would select the day on which he can certainly do so, either once a week or once a month, put down his name and day, and be willing to cooperate with others who select the same day, the troubles of mediumship in this branch would be greatly lessened, and the spirits would be given a chance to do what they say they can do under proper conditions. Furthermore, the medium, not being reduced to chance for a living, will not be tempted to admit rude skeptics; and these latter, finding that they cannot be admitted to a cabinet, save at the price of good behavior, would cease organizing these so-called seances. Let Spiritualists stick together, even if it be in knots. But let the strands in each knot stick fast. Give the spirits a fair chance, and let us recognize that trances and materializing media are co-workers in different departments of the great College of Truth."

TROY.—W. H. Vornburgh writes, Dec. 13th: "Mr. Charles Dawbarn closed a very successful engagement last Sunday evening, before the Star Hall Association. His able, logical and positive manner of presenting his views elicited the deepest interest from his hearers, and notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the elements outside, large and appreciative audiences greeted him. There are those who take umbrage at some of the ideas he advances; still, the agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom; therefore we should hear all sides and ponder well before passing judgment. None of us possess the whole of truth; according to our teaching and philosophy we have an eternity before us to progress, and I am constrained to believe that the wisest of us will yet learn that there are more things in the heavens and earth than we ever thought to exist. What we may not be able to comprehend to-day we may have the power and wisdom to grasp to-morrow. The man who has a new thought to present should be welcomed and the hand of fellowship extended him. Mr. Dawbarn has his mission to perform in the erection of the great temple of truth, and I hope he will be kept busy. Hon. Warren Chase will occupy our platform the Sundays of Dec. 19th and 26th; following him, J. Frank Baxter for the five Sundays of January."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes: "The father of a little child less than two years of age passed on to higher life, in Malden, Mass., some six months ago, and recently, while the child was sitting at the table, it seemed to be delighted and cried out, 'There is papa!' pointing to a chair the father was accustomed to sit in when in the form; 'Don't you see papa?' The family replied, 'No, we do not see him.' 'Well,' said the child, 'papa is there!' Soon afterward the child remarked, 'Papa is gone.' At another time it awoke and repeated over the pet name its grandfather occupied while in the body. At another time the child was taken to a room which its grandfather occupied while in the body, he having passed on four months previous. The child seemed to know all about the room and what was used to occupy it, and, going to the bed said, 'This is grandpa's pillow,' and spoke of many other things in connection with the young child could not have known from observation or instruction."

In another branch of the same family the parents have three children, the eldest boy some six years of age, the youngest about three. The funeral of the grandfather the little boy attended, and in going home he said, 'They put grandpa in the ground,' and recently, when, in speaking of Christmas presents, the remark was made by the family, 'You have no grandpa to give Christmas presents this year,' the little three-year-old boy said, 'Won't grandpa grow again?' The little fellow got the idea that if any one was planted they would grow again. The family are not in any way connected with Spiritualism; but have had, on several occasions, undeniable proof that an invincible intelligence has manifested in a positive manner. Such evidences go far to substantiate the truth of the theory that children are moved upon by exorcised spirits, or have their spiritual vision opened to spiritual things."

Haverhill.—W. D. Jack, M. D., writes: "The First Society of Spiritualists of Haverhill and Bradford hold their meetings in Music Hall. A growing interest in the services there held is manifested in an increased attendance. The hall has recently been renovated, and to-day the Society has one of the finest places in which to worship, being centrally located, and convenient to cars."

Many of our church brethren can be seen there, listening with rapt attention to words of inspiration, and the evidences given of life beyond. Mrs. R. B. Little lectured here lately. She is one of our noblest speakers, and has, with Mrs. O. Fannie Allen, who gave us the word of life a few Sundays ago, left a people who eagerly look for their return.

Prof. W. F. Peck, of Boston, the sweet singer and fine lecturer, spoke in Music Hall, Sunday, Dec. 11th, to a large and enthusiastic audience; he has many firm friends here.

The interest is growing; I have many calling upon me, and even from our churches, inquiring the way to the celestial city."

ORANGE.—H. A. G. writes: "The public meeting held here, Tuesday evening, Nov. 29th, by the Spiritualist Society, was very well attended. President M. H. Philney opened the exercises with a few remarks, and then introduced the celebrated test medium, Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H. Mr. Emerson read a poem entitled 'Heaven,' and after a brief address proceeded to give tests. He continued them one hour and a half. They were many, and all were recognized fully. The most skeptical in the audience could not fail to perceive in their evidence of spirit communication. A party from the Society at Athol attended, and received a large number of tests. It is to be hoped the meeting the Society met in the parlors in Waite Block, and passed an hour in social chat. Mr. Emerson and Dr. Wheeler, of Athol, giving tests."

Florida.

ORANGE CITY.—A. J. Jojola writes: "Geo. P. Colby has again been with us and given three fine lectures. The first evening the subjects were 'Where are our Spirit Friends, and How are they Employed?' 'Are our Spirit Friends Affected by our Jests and

Borrows?' These subjects were given from the audience. On the second evening the subject was: 'Investigation: Should not all subjects be thoroughly investigated?' Also from the audience. The last evening the control spoke upon 'The Divinity of Jesus.' All these subjects were handled in a very masterly manner. Mr. Colby is employed by the Southern Spiritualist Association to lecture in the Southern States. Spiritualists desiring his services can address him at Lake Helen, Fla. We can recommend him as a good lecturer and test medium."

Texas.

WACO.—G. C. McGregor writes: "Your paper has become a family institution, and we cannot do without its noble teachings of truth and wisdom, lifting the thoughts to a higher plane, and inculcating a greater desire for virtuous action and a more charitable life; educating us to realize that we are to be patient, kind and just, and do unto others as we would have others do unto us, which is the highest of moral laws. We have many schools and churches in our city, but few Spiritualists. There are some of the best men and women here, whose lives are irreproachable, who believe in the spirit philosophy, and whose every-day teachings are influencing even members of the church. So strong is the belief in a spirit-life, and of the power of spirits to return, that the funeral services have partaken of the spiritual teaching that death is only a transition to another life. I could verify many of the spirit phenomena that are described in your columns, but the people have to be educated up to investigate for themselves before they believe or know. Your valuable paper is doing much to enlighten the reading public. May it succeed."

Missouri.

LIBERAL.—C. G. Brown writes: "It is some time since anything has appeared in your columns from this town, noted for its liberalism, and where exist more Spiritualists than in any other place of its size in the world. Till lately the cause looked discouraging, but an interest in it has been revived under the labors of J. Madison Allen, whose ready and unanswerable reason and logic displayed in his answers to scientific and metaphysical questions propounded by his audience, gave great satisfaction to the Spiritualists, and some to the Materialists. To us it was indeed a feast of good things to listen to his wonderful controls, their clear and convincing proof of immortality and wonderful delineations of the various classes who appeared on the rostrum to test Mr. Allen's power as a medium."

When mediums come to my house the BANNER is the first and last sought for, and believe me, it is the paper for every true Spiritualist. I can say this, for I have taken it most of the time from the first."

THE STAR-BEARER.

There were seven angels erst that spanned Heaven's roadway out through space, Lighting with stars, by God's command, All ways of life and knowledge roll, Whence plumed beings in their joy, The servants His thoughts employ, Move ceaselessly, No quodlibet band Looked upward to his face.

There like bright hovering tongues of fire They rest and calm and mule, Nor of far journeys had desire Nor of the deathless fruit; For in and through each angel soul All knowledge of life and knowledge roll, Even as to nadir streamed the fire Of their throats resolute.

They lighted Michael's outpost through Where wheel the armored brood, And the winged earth their omens knew Of spring's budding; Rude folk, ere yet the promise came, Gave to their orbs a heathen name, And in low speech in many a view The watchful Pleiads stood.

All in the solstice of the year, When the sun space must turn, The seven bright angels came to hear Heaven's twin gates outward swing: For in his light and glory they A lordly troop came speeding by, And joyed to see each crescent sphere So gloriously burn.

Staying his fearless passage then, Spoke with strong voice: 'We bear to men God's gift the uttermost, Whereof the oracle and sign Sibyl and sage have told; A star shall blaze in their ken, Borne with us from your post.'

"This night the Heir of Heaven's throne A new-born mortal lies! Earth's first morning hath not shone So bright in her eyes. He spake. The least in honor there Answered with longing like a prayer: 'My star, albeit the earth unknown, Shall light for you each day's way.'"

Dazzling the East beneath it there, The star came out to pay, Right through the still Judean air The shepherds see it blaze— They see the glorious heavenly throng, And burst out their high song Of which in Paradise aware Saints count their years but days."

("The mythological romances clustering around the Pleiades—a constellation on the shoulder of Taurus, the sign of the zodiac, which is said to have contained at an early period of history and legend, and which numbers but six—have ever rendered it a theme for the exercise of much fertile imagery. Lord Byron, for instance, has written of the Pleiades in his 'Prometheus Bound.' Mrs. Felicia Hemans has spoken of one missing from among 'those arms of light'—

"Midst the far depth of purple gloom intense"; but it has been related that CLAUDE LORRAINE STREMAN in the Christmas 'Wide Awake' to bring forward, as set forth by the above quoted stanzas, a new ideal legend of the Pleiades, and to give it the name of the constellation with the appearance of the Morning Star of Bethlehem. Mr. Stegman's closing stanza—which we omit—represents him as bidding the 'Star-Bearer' to now a seraph, standing at the foot of the throne, leading into the face of him who alights thereon; but we prefer to translate the words in them from the theologic altitude of an individual kingly prerogative to that more practical plane of human experience whereon souls apprehend and grasp assurance that self-devoting action for the good of others, whether put forth on earth or in spirit-life, 'shall in no wise lose its reward.'—Ed. B. OF L.)

New Publications.

FACTS AND FICTIONS OF MENTAL HEALING. By Chas. M. Barrows. 12mo, cloth, pp. 248. Boston: H. H. Carter & Karlok, 3 Beacon street.

Mr. Barrows will be remembered as the author of a spicy little work of two years since, entitled "Bread and Butter." Since that time he has availed himself of exceptional facilities for studying the operation of mental healing, and in investigating a great number and variety of cases of alleged cures, he has thereby been convinced "that if the mental treatment of disease be not all its most sanguine advocates picture it, it is a powerful therapeutic agent when skillfully used." His convictions in this regard have led him to place this book before the public.

ONLY A YEAR, AND WHAT IT BROUGHT. By Jane Andrews, author of "Seven Little Sisters," etc. 18mo, cloth, pp. 233. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A simple, domestic story to put in the hands of young girls, inculcating right modes of living, free from every trace of sensationalism, yet entertaining throughout.

RONDANI, OR, THIRTY-THREE YEARS IN A STAR. By Florence Carpenter Dieudonné. 12mo, cloth, pp. 230. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

Three men and one woman are, during a severe storm, cast from the earth to a small star, which, at the time, was in a volcanic state and but partially cooled. Their experience during a thirty-three years' residence thereon is described in a manner exceedingly bright and fascinating.

N. W. AYER & SONS, in their current Newspaper Annual, state that there are published in the United States and Canada 15,420 periodicals, issuing of every edition 8,165,520 copies. The daily papers circulate nearly five million copies, and the monthlies six million. A vast amount of information, valuable to all business men, especially those who advertise, is given in this work, and 1200 pages. Political and other statistics, and a very full assortment of leading offices and towns, render it a desirable book of reference. It is published by N. W. Ayer & Sons, Advertising Agents, Times Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

WATSON'S PLAIN ENGLISH for sale by Col. W. B. Rish. Price 50 cents.

Spiritual Phenomena.

A PROMISE REDEEMED AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

On Sunday evening, Dec. 11th, in company with Dr. R. W. Flint, of 133 West 36th street, this city, I attended a seance for full form materializations at the residence of the well-known medium, Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer, 785 Sixth Avenue. The circle was a small one, only seven persons being present, the venerable and genial editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT being one of them.

Just before the seance closed Dr. Flint was asked to approach the cabinet to meet a form dressed in military uniform. When he returned to his seat at my side I asked if he recognized the spirit. "Yes, fully," said he, and then related the following:

"Just before the close of the war I was stationed at Lexington, Ky., and had charge of the hospital located there. We were crowded with patients, having at the time I now refer to over thirteen hundred in the wards. Among them was the man who has just spoken to me at this cabinet. He was a captain in the army, and had received a severe wound, which finally resulted in his death. During my care of him he became attached to me, and expressed great gratitude for the care and attention I was able to give him. Just before he passed over, he said to me, 'Doctor, if it be possible for a man to return from beyond the grave and communicate with his friends, I will return to you, and say, as I do now, 'God bless you, doctor,' and to-night he came and greeted me with the very words he promised to use.'"

"I have never before spoken of this to any person, and do not now recollect to have thought of it during the past twenty years, but his appearance and salutation have recalled the incident vividly to my mind."

Here is something for us to ponder. Dr. Flint is himself a well-known medium for getting answers to sealed letters addressed to spirits, and has made it his exclusive employment for the past eighteen or twenty years; has often, during this time, been at the seances of other mediums, and yet this friend found no conditions that he could make available, until this late day, to redeem the promise he had made.

At this same seance, which was of less than an hour's duration, some fifteen different forms came from the cabinet and talked and walked with the members of the circle; on three occasions two forms being outside of the cabinet at the same time, and once three forms were outside and conversing at the same time.

An Indian maiden, who used to manifest to Mr. Colby, through the mediumship of Mrs. Conant, some twenty years ago, came out, beautifully illuminated, and, crossing from the cabinet to him, in the circle, a distance of some twelve feet, greeted him with great affection, and then, being introduced to me, conversed for a moment. She then went back to the cabinet, and in a moment returned, leading by the hand another spirit, Miss Ella Simpson, a niece of Mr. Colby, and both remained and conversed with him for some little time.

On the following Monday evening I was again present at Mrs. Sawyer's seances—this time there being nineteen in the circle, and Mr. Colby again being present. This is a circle composed of regular attendants, and was quite harmonious. I kept a record of the forms as they appeared and of the names they gave, and I find that thirty-four fully materialized forms came from the cabinet and conversed with their friends, while just at the feet of Mr. Colby and of a Mrs. Clark, who sat beside him, a child-form materialized and again dematerialized at the same place.

When Mrs. Sawyer first entered the cabinet the pianist began singing the hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," but before two lines of the first verse had been sung, a male spirit, known as Dick Harrington, came from the cabinet, leading the medium by the hand, she soon retiring, while the spirit walked over to the piano and played a few notes. At six different times during the evening there were two spirits out at the same time, both far away from the cabinet, and both at the same time talking to their friends.

At one time during the evening, little "Maudie," Mrs. Sawyer's familiar control, began to sing one of the old familiar war songs, and then said, "Col. Ellsworth is here." Several said they were glad to greet the Colonel. Maudie said, "Why don't you come up and see him?"

She was asked: "Who does he wish to see?" She replied: "Why, the lady he was engaged to—of course."

A lady then arose, and, approaching the cabinet, spoke with the Colonel. Returning to her seat she said that there was no one present in the circle who knew of her acquaintance with Col. Ellsworth, but that it was as "Maudie" had stated.

It is not my purpose to give what occurred at these seances in detail, as it would be but to repeat what has often been told; but the points given may be of interest, especially as showing that what we fall to obtain through one medium we may get through another. Mrs. Sawyer's mediumship for form materialization is of a high order, and is deserving of the patronage it receives. JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK, New York City.

SEANCE WITH HENRY SLADE.

It gives us great pleasure to greet our old friend, Dr. Henry Slade. We are glad he is once more on this side of the water, and hope he has come to stay.

We have had several sittings with him and the manifestations were remarkable, very satisfactory and convincing. On the afternoon of Dec. 3d we called with Mrs. Dake at his rooms, 88 East Ninth street, where we met our esteemed friend, Mr. Luther Colby, who has been for so many years, and still is, the Major-General in the spiritual movement. Long may this distinguished veteran pioneer be among us. Bro. Colby had just concluded a sitting with this remarkable medium and was highly pleased. Immediately after we had taken our seats at the table, loud raps were heard answering questions and signifying that friends would come to us and communicate. Much to the astonishment of my dear wife, chairs and furniture moved around lively. A book placed upon a slate, under the edge of the table, disappeared, and after a very careful search could not be found. Upon request, it was returned. The slate held under the table, partly in view, was suddenly taken from the medium's hand by that of my wife, who sat at the opposite side of the table. The slate then disappeared, and played "peek-a-bo" at different sides of the table.

My wife wrote a question, which only to her

self, and laid the slate face downward on the table; immediately she felt touches, and something pulled her. On taking up the slate the following appeared:

(Questions)—"Is Alice here?" "Yes," was the reply. "Did you pat me, Alice?" "Yes, I did."

Dr. Slade then took two new, clean slates and put a small piece of slate-pencil between them. The control signified that they wished them placed upon Bro. Colby's shoulder. The writing was distinctly heard by us all. When it ceased, on opening the slates we found one side covered with a communication to my wife from her sister Alice, of a private and remarkable nature, giving information known only to ourselves. She was so delighted with the evidence of her sister's identity that she took the slates home with her.

For twenty years we have known Dr. Henry Slade, and have always had wonderful spiritual manifestations in his presence. He has been a favorite and faithful instrument in the hands of the spirit-world.

Yours for truth and humanity,
DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D.,
304 Fifth Avenue, New York City, Dec. 8th, 1887.

Western New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: The first real cold weather this season asserted itself on Wednesday, Nov. 30th, with snow and sharp wind. The roads were frozen in very bad condition throughout Erie County, yet, despite all, a goodly many assembled in North Collins, and listened to a sterling and interesting lecture from Mr. J. Frank Baxter on "Spirit-Phenomena, and Their Value." Several times has he been here, but all present on this occasion are unanimous in mind that the seance surpassed all previously given. Mr. Baxter, as a lecturer, orator, and medium, is certainly unequalled. The well-known gentleman and lecturer, George W. Taylor, introduced the speaker, and announced that in a week or two Mr. Walter Howell would address them. The apt and versatile writer, Mr. Emma Train, whose poetry is read and quoted far and wide, especially in spiritual, religious and reform periodicals, entertained Mr. Baxter, and is the Secretary of the Society.

Mr. Baxter went from North Collins to Buffalo, where he was detained by friends who intercepted him on his route to Lockport. The Buffalo and Lockport press report on the seance, and Mr. Baxter's Lockport Dec. 1st. The Union said it delivered a well and forcibly written lecture, devoted to showing that all the spiritual phenomena of Bible history are in accord with the modern scientific view of to-day. Mr. Baxter is a pleasant and fluent speaker and a very good singer. But the interest of the evening was the seance at the conclusion of the lecture. Then a half column was devoted to a narrative about the spirits who manifested, ending by saying: "Any suggestion of collusion about all this is met by the statement that Mr. Baxter was never in Lockport or vicinity before; that he was met by Mr. Edgar Gregory at East Avenue, and taken by him to his residence, where he had tea and remained until they came to the church. The Lockport Journal said: 'Prof. Baxter, the Spiritualist, had a good-sized audience in the Universalist Church last evening. He not only astonished his auditors but convinced many that there was a good deal of truth in what he said.'"

On the second evening, the name of B. SPENCER, a voice says: 'I wonder if they got that insurance all right.' A folded paper is presented, and it is now apparently found, and a sample of many others. Mr. Baxter indicated one of three young men who had entered the church after the lecture began, and came forward to a wing pew. It was the son of Mr. Spoor, who, in surprise, recognized his father's name. He said to a reporter, "while he was not a seance, yet he could not feel to say to the power, spirit or what. Yes, they did get the insurance, after a while, all right." This is but a sample of many telling and convincing tests given and recognitions made.

Mr. Baxter left on Saturday for Cleveland, O., and carried with him the best wishes of all Spiritualists and Liberals of this section. The hoped-for arrangements can be made for another visit.

[We are in receipt of remarks from another correspondent, over the signature "Witness," alluding in eulogistic terms to Mr. Baxter's efforts in Lockport Dec. 1st and 2d, (whether he had been called through the efforts of Messrs. E. A. Doty and Edgar Gregory) and to the great good his lectures and very convincing descriptive seances produced in that city, in the course of which he says:

"I certainly wish all the pastors of the city could have sat together in a room, and listened to his eloquent protest against the big and small attitude of the church in warring upon Modern Spiritualism in its efforts to bring immortality to light."

December Magazines.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRY.—The outbreak of smallpox alarmingly heralded as existing at Perth, did not extend beyond eight patients, all of whom had been vaccinated, some of them three times, and four of them professional nurses, who, it is claimed, can never have the disease because protected by legally imposed blood poisoning. Dr. Charles Creighton, a distinguished Aberdeen graduate, and rising London practitioner, has dealt a heavy blow against vaccination, in an essay that has called forth much comment from the press. Its disastrous effect upon children, as shown by Dr. Creighton, leads the *Weekly Times* to say: "Grant, if you like, that vaccination is a protection against smallpox. It is worth while availing ourselves of it, at the cost of cultivating another disease as deadly and loathsome in its consequences? Is it worth while to propagate steadily and industriously, as we seem to be doing, a disease so nearly akin to syphilis that medical men hitherto have considered their consequences, for the sake of a fancied security against a foreign malady which has run its course apparently, and from which the best protection is to be found in a scrupulous insistence on isolation, and the observance of ordinary hygienic laws?" London: E. W. Allen.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY greets us with a superbly colored frontispiece, "Sweet Williams." The pages that follow contain timely hints for the successful culture of indoor plants and suggestions for the season that follows the opening of the new year. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—"Pleasant Winter Resorts" is the subject of an illustrated article concerning Mexico. Suggestions for practical philanthropy are given in an account of "Fenny Dinners in England," by Jennie Chappell, and students will find instruction in a paper describing a system of "Mathematics in Delineating Character." New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

THE BIZARRE. NOTES AND QUERIES.—Additional to answers to many questions and others waiting replies, articles are given upon "Early Portraits of Christ," "Fifth Monarchy Men," and "Sufism." As this closes a volume, a title-page is given, together with an index for Vols. 3 and 4. Manchester, N. H.: S. O. & L. M. Gould.

MENTAL HEALING.—The advocates of healing by spirit-power, but who choose to give the agency they employ various other names, will find in this much to add them in their mission of good works. Boston: L. M. Marston, 130 Chatham street.

THE EMBOTRIAN.—Prominent articles this month are editorials upon "Patent Office Reform," and "Street Railway Traction in New York." "Tests of the Julien Accumulator," and a valuable treatise by Dr. Wellington Adams. New York: Elec. Pub. Co.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.—Exceedingly interesting and finely illustrated articles are given, the chief of them being "The Shah and His Court," by Wolfson Seiberbrand, "Mr. Crowley, the Chimpancee," by Olive Thorne Miller, and "From Forest to Floor," by J. M. Oxley, the last a graphic account of lumbering and the lumber interest in Canada. In fiction we have a humorous story, "Mr. Oubly and the Gold Punch," one of love, "Yessie," and a pathetic sketch, "Lynhaven Cross." New York: Sunlight & Field Co.

A TEMPERANCE TALK.—It was one of the old-time printers who, in the days of the early press, there is nothing in the observation for those who have no sense in them. *Forth Worth (Tex.) Press.*

"To furnish hold the blow or drive" requires strength. To secure and keep strength a good stomach is required, and it must be kept strong and healthy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will put your weak stomach on a good working order, and give you a new lease of life.

Childhood and Youth.

MAMIE'S CHRISTMAS.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

Mamie Brighteyes sat swinging her feet upon the wooden steps of the only home she had ever known. There was a little pucker across her white forehead and a shadow in her usually keen black eyes, for the child was thinking very seriously of Christmas, which was just a week ahead, and wondering why Santa Claus, who was so good to everybody else, never came to the people who lived in the same house with herself.

The boys and girls of the district school where Mamie learned her simple lessons had all some wonderful tale to tell of the years that old St. Nicholas remembered them with full stockings of toys and goodies; and some of them were rude enough to turn up their noses at Mamie Brighteyes and Tom Knowsmuch, because they had no treasures to show after the coming of the famous Christmas king, and especially because these two little ones lived in the almshouse and had no one but the town authorities to provide for them.

That is, Tom Knowsmuch had lived there until recently; but now he was making his home at the Raynor Farm, doing chores and other farm work, for his living. Tom was a quick-witted lad of about twelve years, red-headed and freckle-faced, but warm-hearted, and the especial friend and champion of Mamie Brighteyes. Tom had been found by the roadside one morning, ten years before this story opens; only that his name was "Tom," so he had been taken to the poorhouse, and for want of a better name, and because of his habit of asking questions, he had been called "Tom Knowsmuch," a name which suited him well, for the lad contrived to pick up a deal of useful information as he trudged over the rough journey of life.

But we are leaving Mamie Brighteyes swinging her feet and wondering of what good Christmas is, anyway, when it forgets the poor who have nothing and favors those who have enough. She was only eight years old, and had lived here since she was found, a wee baby, upon these same old wooden steps. The name "Mamie" was pinned to the coarse garment that covered her tiny form, but that was all. Her bright, sharp, black eyes soon won for the baby the name of "Brighteyes," and by-and-by it came to be called "Mamie Brighteyes," and so the child had remained ever since.

"I do n't care," she thought now, "if Santa Claus did n't bring me anything, he might 'member Tom and old Granny Brown; she's lame and can't get out of bed, but I'd like something little extra, I guess. Oh dear! why can't every one in this house get a present, I wonder? But the old fellow won't come here; he never does; 'spos his pack gives out 'fore he gets round."

Suddenly the thought flashed into the little head that perhaps she could get something for Tom's Christmas, and she racked her brains in trying to think what she had that the boy would like.

"He's awful good to me," the child thought soberly. "Didn't he always save the nuts and things he found in summer for me? and didn't he help me over the ice and give me slides, and keep the other boys from snow-balling me in winter? Don't he save every apple he gets now on the farm for me? Course he does! Wish I could give him somethin'; 'twould be a whole bushel of good things, if I had 'em."

Mamie's hands were growing red with cold, and old Frost pinched her little toes, but she did not heed, for she was not wondering what she could give Tom to make him realize that Christmas was different from every other day in the year, and that she loved him better than any one else in the world?

In a little box stowed away up stairs Mamie kept a handful or two of cherished treasures—some acorns and cones, a few smooth pebbles, and two or three walnuts that some one had painted with fancy colors and given to the child. There was nothing that Tom would like, she thought, until the idea came that perhaps by taking them all she could make a gift that would be useful and pretty.

"Bill Jenkins will help me, I know he will," she cried, jumping up and rushing to the hiding-place of her treasures.

"Bill Jenkins" was a humble carpenter and wood-jointer, who lived in a tiny cottage half a mile away, and who performed such jobs for the townspeople as came in his way. His home, though small, was neat and attractive, and held many little ornaments, such as boxes and brackets, the work of Bill's own hands. The man had taken quite a fancy to little Mamie, and had shown her some kindness, for she reminded him of his own little girl who had passed away from earth.

And so now, when Mamie came to him with her rude little box of treasures, and told him what she wanted, the man was quite ready and willing to help her. "I'll smooth and varnish the box outside first," he said; "then I'll paper the inside with bright stripes, and set the cover with a couple of hinges. Then I'll get the glue ready, and we'll stick the acorns and things on where we think they'll look best. Come round to-morrow and it'll be ready to fix."

When the box was finished it was a very pretty thing, smooth and shining on the outside, which was ornamented here and there with a ring of russet cones and acorns inclosing a bit of glittering white stone; and lined within with crimson and gilt paper, it presented an attractive sight to the eyes of the little child who had planned and helped to complete it. "Don't you think Tom will like that, Bill?" she enthusiastically asked, dancing up and down with satisfaction, as she eyed the box. "Everybody in town called the man 'Bill,' so he took it as a matter of course from this midget, and he replied, 'Of course he will, Brighteyes; and you'd better leave it here till Christmas morning; then come round and see what's in it.' I don't live so far off as you do, and old Santa Claus may happen to call this way. Don't come to the shop, but go right to the house where me and missus lives."

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold. Mamie sprang up with a start, but her heart was warm and sunny, for she was not to ask permission to go to Bill Jenkins's for the beloved box? At present, the child was surprised to find a pair of little warm red mittens by her place, and a large pile of brown, which bore the name of "Mamie Brighteyes," and she had come from "Bill Jenkins's" for sale by goods.

mission of Miss Wentworth, the matron, to go out, which was granted her. "You had better take those mittens to Tom, and tell him Christmas brought them with love," said Miss Wentworth, with a smile.

This lady had not been at the poorhouse long, but she had already won the love and regard of its inmates by her kind and pleasing manner. She had not forgotten them at this Christmas time, but had provided the mittens for the children, and some little remembrance, out of her scanty means, for each of the poor people now under her charge, not forgetting a bright picture and a soft handkerchief for poor old bedridden "Granny Brown."

At the Jenkins cottage a joyful surprise awaited Mamie Brighteyes. She knew in a minute as she entered the door that Santa Claus had been there during the night, for beside the chimney hung a pair of small scarlet stockings, stuffed out full with something they held inside, and in front of them, just away from the heat of the stove, stood the wonderful box, open, and full to the brim with little paper parcels. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins welcomed the little comer, and the former said as he drew her into the room, "The old fellow's been here sure enough, as I thought he might. You see the mittens," as he always called his wife, "set to make you a pair of stockings for Christmas, and when she got 'em done she said, 'who knows 'raps if we'd hang 'em by the chimney, St. Nick might come an' fill 'em.' I declare, we never thought of Tom, till you came to have me help you on the box, an' then it came to me to put it handy, where the old fellow could n't see it; for Tom's a decent boy and deserves a treat. Sure enough, child, when we got up to build a fire this morning, what should we see but things this way?"

The child turned first pale, and then red, with the excitement of this surprise; but she was gently pushed into a seat by good Mrs. Jenkins, and the plump red stockings placed on the table before her. Eagerly a pair of little hands dived into them, drawing from one a roll which proved to be a highly colored picture book, a tiny china doll, with a chair, cradle, and table for its use; a colored rubber ball, a little brown purse, with five cents in it, and a small box containing a spool of thread; a cushion with needles and pins, and a cute little brass thimble with the words "Try me" upon it. Was ever little girl so rich before? At least, none ever felt as wealthy as did this child of poverty, in this happy hour.

From the other stocking there came a paper of candies, one of nuts and popped corn all sugared, a red apple and a yellow orange, and lastly, a slice of plum cake, all wrapped in bright silver paper.

Tears stood in the eyes of Bill and his wife at sight of the excited joy of their little guest, and the couple fairly hugged the child as she turned to them with eager thanks for the stockings, and "for letting Santa Claus come to her and Tom."

"I must go to Tom now," she said, heaping up her treasures, which Mrs. Jenkins gathered into a paper bag for her. "If you don't mind I'd like to leave his things in the box till he sees them, it's so good to put 'em out yourself, and he'll like to be the first to look."

They did not mind, and so the child departed loaded down with Tom's treasures and her own.

She found the boy waiting for her at the farm lane, where he often came to bring Mamie an apple or a cookie. He knew she would soon be along, and he had come, after chores, to give her the red ear of corn his master had given him to pop that morning.

It was a wonderful story the little girl had to tell her boy friend that day: All about the box, and the mittens, and how Santa had remembered them at last. Then her presents were displayed, and next the contents of the box examined. Down on their knees the children went, unmindful of the cold, for fairy treasures lurked within that pretty box. First came four papers of candy and corn and nuts and cake like Mamie's, also a small apple and an orange. Then came rolled up in paper a black-handled knife, the sight of which made the boy tremble with delight, for he had never owned a "real knife"; a top and string, a handful of marbles, and lastly, a bright-bordered handkerchief, neatly folded.

Well, they had a good time that day, and when Tom told Mamie that Mrs. Raynor invited her to dinner at the farm, and that they were to have roast goose and plum pudding, and she must go right home and ask permission to dine out, the little girl felt that all the best things in the world had come to her all at once.

But we cannot linger over the joy of these little friends; for one day at least the world shone brightly upon them; everybody was kind to them, and when the sun went down at night it cast its fading light like a blessing of peace upon two little grateful hearts.

Tom never forgot that Mamie had parted with her hoarded treasures in her loving gift to him, and to this day he prizes as a thing of rare value the pretty box which was his first and best-loved Christmas gift.

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE CHRIST-LOVE.
BY BELLE BUSH.

"And a new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, for love is the fulfillment of the Law." In the Christ-love, oh! mortals, behold ye the law. In the life that God giveth is never a law; Then shelter and cherish, but never deem low One child that his wisdom alone can bestow.

But oh! give it time, give it room here to grow, In the sunshine of love let it ripen below; Then its fruits will be blessings, and curses no more Will sweep o'er the world with their pestilent lore; Every hand that will plant in life's garden the seeds That shall show in his harvest increase of good deeds; And the blessings of age will then equal men's need. Then the gibe and the jeer, and the passionate leer, Will give place to a smile, and to words of good cheer; And sorrow will meet here with sympathy's tear, Then prisons and chains, then the gallows and knife, Will mark not the growth of this wonderful life, Or wake the dark fountains of hatred and strife; But men taught of angels will cultivate flowers, To bloom in life's highways as well as her bowers, And the Christ-love triumphant give joy to the hours.

Now You Know It All.—A bibliophile is a bibliophile with a special regard for bookbindings. A bibliophile is a book miser. A bibliophile is a book-seller for bibliophiles. A bibliophile is a hoarder of valuable books. Mr. Lenox, who would not let Frederick see his Mexican manuscripts, was a bibliophile, and so was a bibliophile. Bibliophiles in the worship of books.—Art. Bostonian.

Transference of Thought and Disease.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: As much is said and written of late on mind transference, in regard to the modus operandi of its accomplishment, I would like to add an experience of my own. While since I was called out of the city some twelve miles, and as I was leaving, the lady of the house whom I called said to me: "I see before you a gibbet, with some one hanging upon it; it does not seem to be real, but more as a representative."

I could think of nothing then that bore any relation to such a scene; but to my surprise, after riding about the same distance subsequently I met another lady who described a man who had abused a poor widow out of her hard-earned money, and said she, "I would like to see him hung." She was not an acknowledged Spiritualist. The thought came to me, here is the ap- plication of the lady's vision, which was given to me about one hour previous, by a lady living twelve miles distant, and by an entire stranger to the other lady.

In this connection I will relate an instance of the transfer of disease in advance, which occurred in the manner at the same time: As I was leaving the residence of the lady last mentioned, a distress was felt in my left side; it was as real as though I had the affliction, and I could hardly separate it from myself, though I was feeling quite well otherwise. I said nothing of this to any one, but soon after reaching the lady she called to her husband for some hot water, as she was distressed in the back, near the heart—at the same time remarking to me that she received an injury when a girl, and at times it was very distressing. In fact, the pain existed in her system precisely as it was thrown or transferred to my own.

This to me was proof positive that the disease and distress were transmitted to me miles away, before the lady saw the presence of the lady thus afflicted—this being done by the same or similar natural law, by which the gibbet was seen before the lady spoke of wishing the man hung for defrauding the poor widow.

In these two cases the act did not have to be accomplished before the mind of the lady or the spirit could discern it, but either the spirit or the mind of the lady saw it, and the act was accomplished. It is the occurrence—which is just the reverse of what is being done in various parts of the country to-day by so-called "mind-readers."

443 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass.

OUTSIDE THE GATES.

OTHER TALES AND SKETCHES.

BY A BAND OF SPIRIT INTELLIGENCES, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

And Love shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and the faces of the dead shall glow radiant in the light of Heaven. Then, the weeping shall cease, and rest; and the heavily-laden shall drop their burdens; for the Land of the Blest over- floweth with boundless mercies for all who enter therein.

This new volume consists of two parts: the first, containing a series of articles by Spirit "Intelligences," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of interest to Spiritualists, and the second, a series of "Other Tales and Sketches," which are the work of a band of Spirit Intelligences, communicated through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. The first part contains a series of articles by Spirit "Intelligences," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of interest to Spiritualists, and the second, a series of "Other Tales and Sketches," which are the work of a band of Spirit Intelligences, communicated through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer. The first part contains a series of articles by Spirit "Intelligences," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of interest to Spiritualists, and the second, a series of "Other Tales and Sketches," which are the work of a band of Spirit Intelligences, communicated through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

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TO BOOK PURCHASERS.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 2 Howarth street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of SPIRITUAL, PSYCHIC, AND MEDIUMISTIC BOOKS, and all the latest and best of the kind. Terms Cash. Orders for books to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid by P. O. D. Orders for books to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by the full amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that we cannot undertake to return or refund any money on any book unless it is found to be defective in the press, or if it is found to be a duplicate of another book. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the **BANNER OF LIGHT** care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (submitted or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve material which contains matter of a personal nature. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter of our interest, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires especially to recommend for perusal.

When our patrons desire the address of the **BANNER** changed, they should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not forget to state their present as well as future address.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the **BANNER** goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Special Notice to Advertisers.

Those of our patrons who have advertisements on our seventh page which they wish renewed must see that they are at this office on Friday, 23d, as the first forms containing the seventh page will go to press that night. Christmas coming this year on Sunday, the event will be celebrated Monday, the 26th, and the **BANNER OF LIGHT** establishment will be closed on that day.

Funerals, Burials, and Cremation.

The Burial Reform Association is a new organization which has just set out with the adoption of a constitution. The purpose it has in view is to discourage the present extravagance and ostentation which are the accompaniments of funeral ceremonies, such as the purchase of costly flowers, the hiring of an expensive retinue of carriages, and the purchase of rich and costly burial caskets. It is a reform that is greatly needed, and has not been undertaken in this organized way any too soon. The New England Cremation Society simultaneously disbands and returns its insufficient funds to those who subscribed them. But the subject of cremation, as opposed to burial, has by no means fallen off in public interest either in this country or in Europe. At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, the subject of so disposing of the dead was not to affect unfavorably the health of the living was discussed with unusual seriousness. A Liverpool professor read a paper on graveyards, characterizing them as perpetual sources of pollution. Among other statements made he said that he had himself witnessed the removal of portions of four cemeteries and the whole of a fifth, near Liverpool, and that what he saw was more than enough to convince all physicians of the urgent need of an immediate reform in the disposition of the remains of the dead.

He said that in opening the graves of those who had been buried as long as forty years, a stenoh arose which the workmen were unable to withstand, and which polluted the air for a long ways from the cemetery. The average British churchyard was characterized by him as "masses of boxed-up putridity," and he asserted that the dead lying in them could not be regarded as buried at all. Many were placed in metallic caskets, or oak coffins, or those made of mahogany, rosewood, and other woods that, under favorable conditions, would remain sound for a great many years. While this continued, noxious gases were escaping and poisoning the air, and liquids were running out to pollute streams and wells. The professor said that the churchyards in which rich people were mostly buried were the most dangerous. Their bodies were generally encased in metal so as to jealously prevent the benignant and all-healing earth from absorbing the decaying elements, or imperishable woods were used instead. Then the coffins were placed in strong boxes, and the latter were frequently deposited in a vault of masonry. The grave was afterward filled with earth that refused to absorb either gases or liquids. And this, said he, is called burial, which it is not. It was simply a method of prolonging the period of decomposition and decay.

In view of this state of things the Professor expressed himself decidedly in favor of cremation, as he said almost every one did who had given serious attention to the different methods of disposing of the dead. He had no idea, however, that the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church would be likely to very soon tolerate cremation, and he found at present very few of the clergy of the English Church who were disposed to favor it. Therefore he contented himself with trying to induce the clergy to cooperate in settling on foot a reform in respect to the manner of burials. They ought, he claimed, to readily see the necessity of so disposing of the dead that they should not become a peril and an obstacle to the living. He recommended to them to make an united effort to secure the abolition of the

wicker-basket, or a coffin made of compressed paper-pulp for those made of hard wood, metal, stone and cement. And he further recommended the filling of graves with charcoal, or some other substance that will readily absorb noxious gases. And he likewise suggested the planting of trees, shrubs and smaller plants in graveyards, that will take up and thrive on the gases which are generated under the ground.

A contemporary is led to express its serious doubts about making cremation a rapidly popular idea, on account of the many obstacles which beset a movement in its favor. There is the dogmatic religious hostility to it to be encountered in the first place; but behind this will be found arrayed the professional directors of funerals, called undertakers, the keepers of livery stables, florists, organists, and singers, and, more than all others, the chisellers of monuments of every size and shape, and the shareholders in large and fashionable cemeteries. These certainly are to be considered, and seriously so, in any attempt to reach a final solution of the revived cremation problem. We omitted to state that, although the New England Cremation Society has been disbanded, it recommends to all those interested in its purposes to apply to the Worcester Association for assistance in carrying out any designs they may entertain in this direction. That the generations which are to follow us will incline to avail themselves of this purest and most efficacious way of disposing of the lifeless remains of relatives and friends, we have little doubt, if only because of the rapid increase of population and its increasing tendency to concentrate in municipalities.

The Plundered Utes.

The Indian Bureau and the War Department are agreed in asking the Government to indemnify the Ute Indians in Western Colorado for the losses sustained by them from the campaign of last summer against Colorow's band. The agent finds that these Indians were depopulated of over six hundred horses, thirty-seven head of cattle, nearly twenty-five hundred sheep and goats, five thousand pounds of dried meat, beside a large amount of camp property which was of years' accumulation. The reports were sent flying in all directions, at the time, that the men in pursuit of Colorow's band were defending the frontier from a roving gang of thieves and cutthroats, whereas it appears that they were only in pursuit of plunder themselves on the pretext of protecting others. Lieut. Burnett of the Ninth Cavalry showed that Colorow's camp had been surprised, in violation of what the Indians understood to be a square agreement; and Gen. Crook, who is cited in the report of the Secretary of War, afterward defended them from some of the charges brought against them. Commissioner Atkins, however, gives a complete account of the whole trouble, and ranks it unhesitatingly with the Sand Creek and Camp Grant massacres.

He states that when the Utes, in 1882, were removed from their homes in Colorado to the new reserves in Utah, several bands remained between Douglas Creek and the Utah line, and among these were the followers of Colorow, who insisted that they were on lands which had been pointed out to them by the Ute commissioners. They also claimed the right to hunt in Colorado under the agreement of 1873. At the agent's request, however, they moved their camp forty-five miles further west, afterward wandering back again. The Indians claimed all the time that the eastern boundary line of the Ute reservation was east of Douglas Creek; the settlers claimed that it was the same with the eastern boundary line of Utah. The surveyor's line was not marked so as to be identified, owing to the roughness of the country, and this left a debatable ground over which many disputes have arisen. An agency employé was dispatched last March, with a cavalry escort, to Colorow's camp, then near Douglas Creek, with instructions to establish the line and remove Colorow west of it, if found outside the reservation. Little or nothing came of that, and monuments defining the line could not be found. Warrants were afterward got out on sundry flimsy pretexts for the arrest of Indians, and it was in serving one of these warrants on an almost empty camp that the trouble really began. Violence was used on both sides, and the Indian men and women fled for their safety, abandoning everything. Colorow next sought the advice of two prominent citizens of Meeker, and was told on the 14th of August last that he could have fifteen days in which to get back to his reserve, one hundred miles distant. He collected his stock of all kinds and started off accordingly. Ten days afterward he realized that the militia were on his trail. Two of the whites had a talk with two of the Indians. The latter were asked to remain where they were until morning. They declined, on the ground that they must overtake the women and hurry on to the reserve according to the agent's orders. They left, being assured that they would not be molested.

The Indians camped that night on the disputed ground, believing themselves on the reservation line. They felt such security that they left their position wholly exposed to attack, turning their ponies out to graze and not even posting an outlook. Soon after daybreak, on the morning of August 25th, while they were cooking their breakfast, the soldiers and the posse from whom they had parted the evening before were seen to be occupying the surrounding bluffs one hundred yards distant, and without the least warning they proceeded to open fire on the unsuspecting and defenseless camp. One of the Indians ran forward to the attacking party, begging them not to shoot until the frightened women and children could be got out of the way, but the only reply he received was a wound in the thigh. The fire was kept up, and in self-defense the Indians returned it, continuing it for over three hours.

It was under cover of this fire that the women and children were removed to a safe distance. The Indians then abandoned their entire camp outfit and moved three miles nearer the agency, in order to be absolutely sure of being on reservation ground. The militia and the cowboys retired fifteen miles to Rangely, and there corralled the Indian ponies which they had driven off while the fight was going on. The Indians had one man, two small girls, and an infant boy killed, and two men and a boy severely wounded. They likewise lost their entire winter supply of dried meat, furs, blankets, trinkets, and all their possessions. At this juncture Lieut. Burnett with a handful of troops interfered. It was none too soon, for a hundred and fifty superbly mounted and armed Utes from the agency had just reached Colorow's camp, to defend him. The troops enforced peace, assuring the militia and the cowboys that the Indians were on reservation grounds.

And it is for the severe losses suffered by

them in this deliberately intended massacre that the Utes ask reimbursement at the hands of the Government. Will they get it? Let us watch closely and see.

Profit Sharing.

So far as the trial of it as a theory has gone, profit sharing has proved to be a practical success, with every likelihood of its becoming a measure of immense benefit to all participating. This opinion we are glad to find corroborated by that of a writer in the *Forum*, who goes on to say that it will surely tend to do away with the great majority of strikes, if experience be allowed to be a witness; that it will tend to increase the net profits of the employer by raising the level of labor in quantity and quality; that it will satisfy most of the well-grounded claims of the working classes for a fuller compensation, and will reveal to them the weakness of other irrational demands; that it will tend powerfully to bring about peace and friendship, as it is, in fact, a partnership between employer and employee; and that, when further problems arise in the industrial world, as rise they must, it will enable us to confront them with far more confidence than we should have met them had we been standing upon the present inequitable and unsatisfactory basis of the pure wages system.

The writer sees, as we do, that the employer and the trades union cannot fail to be convinced in time that this practical plan of partnership is far better than the existing one, which can hardly be called a plan, and only leads to perpetual contention. Of course competition may be expected to continue, but, as our writer says, it will be, as Prof. Jevons admits, a natural competition of establishment with establishment on horizontal lines of division. The language of Prof. Jevons is quoted as follows: "The present doctrine is that the workman's interests are linked to those of other workmen, and the employers to those of other employers. Eventually it will be seen that industrial divisions should be perpendicular, not horizontal. The workman's interests should be bound up with those of his employer, and should be pitted in fair competition against those of other workmen and employers." The more this important question is discussed, the more light is thrown upon it, and we do not by any means despair of seeing a rapidly increasing understanding between employers and employees, on the basis of partnership, that will steadily make this whole dispute a thing of the past.

Woman's Right to Suffrage.

The American Woman's Suffrage Association held its annual meeting in Philadelphia last month, and adopted resolutions declaring its united determination to press the claim for the right of suffrage, and to appeal to Congress for a hearing on the proposition to amend the Constitution of the United States so as to confer on women the right to vote at all elections. It would be an extremely difficult matter for Congress to formulate its objections to such a request, if it be the fact that such objections exist. Should the measure pass Congress, it would then require the confirming votes of two-thirds of the States to give it operative validity, so that conservative nerves need not be shaken, in that nothing would be likely to be done without due deliberation.

The tax-paying women of this country unite in the opinion that they have waited long enough for the accomplishment of this measure of plain justice. For years they have continued to protest with all earnestness against the injustice of being taxed without being allowed any representation in the making of the laws. But protests and petitions have alike been either disregarded or ridiculed. There is really no good and sufficient reason for refusing to consider and act upon this most righteous and proper claim any longer. The Association will be before Congress with it soon after the holiday adjournment is over, and will do its utmost to press it to a final, and we trust successful, issue.

The Clock Stopped.

Geo. Fry, depot-master at Big Rapids, Mich., of whom a local paper says: "No man stands higher for truth and honor than he," has in his possession a clock left by his brother Gideon when the latter went to Oil City. The Cleveland *Leader* states that on Sunday night, Dec. 4th, George wrote a letter to his brother Gideon. In conversation with a reporter of *The Derrick* the next morning he said:

"I wrote a letter to Gid, and just as I had finished it I glanced up and noticed the clock had stopped. I got up and wound the clock, and pulled out my watch to set it by. It was fifteen minutes to ten; I set the clock, and just as I started it I heard the words, 'I'm gone, I'm gone.' It was Gid's voice, and it seemed to come out of the clock. I heard it as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life. It startled me, and I related the occurrence to my family. I am no Spiritualist, but I believe that must have been the time and those the last words of brother Gid."

Mr. Fry shortly after received a letter stating that Gideon died at fifteen minutes of nine, Sunday night, Dec. 4th, and his last words were, "I'm gone! I'm gone!" The discrepancy in time is accounted for by the fact that there is a difference of one hour between Oil City and Big Rapids.

Several correspondents have written us that the issue of the **BANNER** for last week was one of the most interesting they have ever perused—although they regard each number as a credit to the cause as well as the publishers. One in particular states that the spirit answers to questions in the **BANNER** of Dec. 17th were unusually interesting, and that the one on the finances of the country would have done honor to any of the best writers upon the subject. So we think. Another correspondent testifies that the messages given in the same issue, through Mr. Fletcher, were excellent evidence to him of the return to earth of exorcised intelligences—the Barnes message being particularly satisfactory through its characteristic presentation, our informant having been well acquainted with Mr. B. when he was in the mortal. Spirit Dr. H. F. Gardner's message, through Miss Shelhamer, is spoken of by another as wonderfully like him in manner and matter, and that what he said in regard to the physical mediums was true to the letter. We fully agree with this correspondent's endorsement of Dr. Gardner's expressions as set forth in his message: "We abhor all simulation in connection with the manifestations wherever found; at the same time, we are friendly to all honest mediums, as we consider their vocation a holy one, and shall unhesitatingly defend all such in *THE BANNER* in the future as we have in the past."

We have issued an extra edition of the Christmas **BANNER**, and can supply all orders.

CHRISTMAS FROM THE STANDPOINT OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

The days fixed in our calendar for religious observance have all, more or less, now become mere holidays, instead of being, as originally intended, holy days. They are rather social festivals than days of sacred commemoration, being devoted, almost exclusively, to physical recreation and sensuous enjoyment, very little, if at all, to spiritual exercise and culture. The latter element has passed away from them and left only the gross and materialistic. This is the common tendency of our earthly state of being—to lose consciousness and cognition of the spiritual and eternal in the more obvious perception of the gross, the temporary, and the sensual.

Christmas, the feast-day designed to celebrate the nativity of the Messiah, like so many of the other Christian festivals, though to a much greater extent, was, from the earliest times, mixed up with pagan rites, ceremonies and superstitions—at first with those of Greece and Rome, and subsequently with the Scandinavian, Saxon, and Druidic. Indeed, it was as a continuation of the ancient custom of paying devotion to the Sun at the time of the southern solstice, that the date of the Christmas celebration was fixed at the 25th of December. This day was not definitively appointed by the ecclesiastical authorities till about the middle of the fourth century; as Easter, in commemoration of the Resurrection, was fixed at about the time of the vernal equinox.

The coarse jollity of the Christmas festival seems to have been in part borrowed from the Roman Saturnalia; the peculiar use of the mistletoe from the British Druids; and the Yule log and candles from Scandinavian worship of their God Thor. The Christmas tree and Santa Claus are of Teutonic origin. Most of these things, in various places, still form a part of this festival, but they have nothing to do with Christianity, nor any relation to any Christian idea or event. Idle and foolish ceremonies and superstitions that are related to Christian history and tradition are, however, still extant. They rock the cradle of the infant Jesus in the Roman Catholic churches; and in some parts of England, it is said, the common people believe, or did, not long ago, that on Christmas Eve the cattle, by a peculiar religious instinct, kneel down in their stalls, in adoration of the infant Saviour, whose first earthly abode was a stable, and his first cradle a manger.

There is no evidence whatever that Jesus of Nazareth was born on the 25th of December; and, indeed, if the Scripture narrative is true, his birth could not have taken place at that season of the year. A large part of Protestant Christendom reject the date, and the festival as far as the religious commemoration is concerned.

Connected with it, and giving rise to the custom of the Christmas carol, is the beautiful legend of the angels' appearance to the shepherds of Bethlehem, announcing the "good tidings of great joy," and bearing the message of "peace and good will" to mankind. This has been, unquestionably, the most useful of all the traditional narratives connected with Christmas. Spirit messengers from the exalted sphere of peace and purity communicated sensuously to men—they were both seen and heard; and, let it be observed, the communication was not of any great fact of science or philosophy; it announced no novel invention in mechanics, physics, or chemistry, nor gave a clue to any; it did not make known the existence of any rich gold mine, nor present any wonderful impromptu poem or brilliant composition deserving a place among the treasured gems of literature. It merely proclaimed, in the simplest manner, the birth of one who was to perform a great spiritual mission, being, according to a Hebrew metaphor, anointed (*christos*) for that special work.

Let it be also noted that these angels, or spirit messengers, did not appear to the learned, dignified, and pompous ecclesiastics, who felt that they possessed all possible authority and knowledge in religious matters, but to a few simple shepherds, and, moreover, at night. Of course, the message, though purely a spiritual one, was not received by the Jewish clergy; it was rejected with scorn; and we can imagine the disdain and derision with which the reverend clergy of these days would listen to a story coming from shepherds or peasants, that they had beheld such a scene as is described by St. Luke in his infallibly-inspired gospel; albeit the other three evangelists say nothing about it, nor is any account of it to be found in any of the extant apocryphal histories—neither in the *Protevangelion*, nor in the *Book of Infancy*, which narrates so many marvelous feats performed by, or through, the infant Jesus.

Whencesoever Luke obtained his account of the angels' visit to the shepherds of Bethlehem, it is a beautiful story; and, even if merely legendary, has been the source of associations and influences that have made the Christmas festival a time of cheerfulness, peace, and mutual good will. Whether true or fictitious, the general belief in it has done as much good as if it were entirely authentic. Should we as all it as a fiction, the devotees of the ancient Scriptures would passionately defend it as an interesting portion, or incident, of a great revelation of God to mankind, and stigmatize as infidels all who should call in question its probability or authenticity. As Spiritualists we have no reason to deny its occurrence. We can readily accept it, because we are able to account for such a phenomenon on rational principles, and correlate it with known facts of the past and present. There is a warning here that should be heeded, and that is, that the

messengers—should appear to mortals, and should especially appear to the humble, simple-minded of earth rather than to those puffed up in their own vain estimation as great scholars, self-righteous, Pharisaical church ministers, acute theologians or ecclesiastical dignitaries. To such persons angels' visits are "few and far between."

Luke's narrative is a spiritualistic story; and, since it is nineteen hundred years old, the reverend ecclesiastics are able to accept it with reverential faith; but had its events occurred only a week ago, though reported not merely by peasants, but by the most illustrious savants in the world, they would denounce it as a vile fraud or a mere hallucination, due to the operation of some of the "latent powers of the human mind." Such an event now-a-days ought not to occur, because the "canon is closed"; no more sacred Scripture is ever to be accepted or written than that which is its divine mission, or "call," to expound and employ as the text of their learned discourses. All the Christian creeds are based on the Holy Scriptures, written more than eighteen centuries ago; and were new Scriptures to be admitted, what clashing of "doctrinal truths" might occur! Even a revised translation, correcting indisputable errors of a very serious nature, cannot be borne; it must for policy's sake be rejected and suppressed, because it tends to wake up the slumbering flocks, and to "disturb their faith," thus serving to bring in an "age of reason," so awfully disintegrating and ruinous to fossilized religious systems. In fact nothing that is not extremely ancient can be accepted as the "Word of God," sometimes called the "Ancient-of-Days"; and Spiritualism, as well as spirit messages, even to simple-minded shepherds, if of sufficient antiquity, and forming a part of an orthodox system, must be respected; while all the facts of modern experience must be rejected or explained away.

It is an interesting fact, however, that should not be lost sight of, that the messages received from the spirits who appear to us, or communicate with us, at this time give us the same greeting, of peace and good-will, as that of the angels to the shepherds of Bethlehem; and it is a remarkable fact, that of the thousands of spirit messages given to the world in the **BANNER OF LIGHT** and other publications since our spiritual movement began, there are none that proclaim any other doctrine or sentiment than that of love, harmony, kindness, peace and good will to mankind and among mankind. Erroneous and contradictory opinions of an intellectual character may be contained in these communications from the spirit-world, but spiritually they are sound and good, and ethically kind and loving.

They have not, as yet, proclaimed the birth of any individual, personal Messiah, but they have announced the advent or approach of a new spiritual cycle, in which humanity will receive a fresh enlightenment—a new evangel—which will tend to their salvation from the miseries of earthly sin, suffering, and moral obliquity of every kind, and lead to their better preparation for that higher, purer and happier life beyond, for all who are sufficiently unfolded spiritually to enter and enjoy it.

Let us observe the Christmas festivities in the spirit of the glad greeting of the angels of Bethlehem, as well as of the good spirit communicants of our own time, burying all animosities in the oblivion of angelic charity, cherishing "peace and good will" toward all men, defending the truth with zeal and activity, while pitying those whose mental vision is so clouded by prejudice and bigotry as to be blind to its effulgence, and in patience awaiting the dawn of that new day when the healing wings of the Spirit of Love shall be spread over humanity with a perennial Christmas benediction, and the reign of Truth, Justice, and Fraternity be established in the minds and hearts of all mankind.

Phenomena in Canada.

The interest that has made itself manifest in Canada in the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism is not to be diminished by any efforts the conservative and bigoted may make to thwart the plans and purposes of the invisible workers who have created it. This may reasonably be inferred from the history of every movement of the kind since the first in Western New York; and in the locality above alluded to events are occurring, and are likely to further occur, that will show the futility of any and every attempt to crush the truth.

The *Evening Journal*, published in Ottawa, placed before its readers Dec. 8th a telegram from Toronto, reporting what it terms "a remarkable case," adding it is so much so "as to make many believe that after all there is something in Spiritualism."

The occurrences narrated took place at the house of William Wade, 133 Richmond street, Toronto, and more intimately concerned Nellie Adams, a young woman employed by him as a domestic. On Sunday night, 4th inst., Miss Adams started at about 10:30 to get her room on the third floor. Reaching the foot of the second stairway, what she beheld is described by her as follows:

"At the head of the stairs I saw my sister, a girl of nineteen, standing at the top. She was dressed just as I knew her when she would be going to bed. She had her night-dress on, her hair hung over her shoulders. Her hands were crossed in front of her, the right over the left, and what I particularly noticed was that she had a ring on her right hand. She did not say anything. I am nervous, but still it did not make me afraid. I started to walk up stairs, and all the while I kept looking at her. She did not speak, but kept gazing straight into my eyes, and I looked as steadily into hers. I got up to the top step and then she disappeared." Still I did not think it remarkable, but went to bed."

From other people in the house it was learned that at about 8 o'clock Monday morning Nellie went into the room of a couple who were boarding in the house, for the purpose of lighting the fire. As she knelt before the stove she was noticed to be crying, and the lady asked her what was the matter. Nellie said that she was sure she was going to hear dead news, and she told the lady and her husband about her dream and her younger sister's appearance.

This occurred at 8 o'clock, and at noon, four hours later, a telegram came to her stating that her sister had died at 11:30 Sunday night of dumb ague, near Miss Adams' home. I got up to the top step and then she disappeared. Still I did not think it remarkable, but went to bed."

