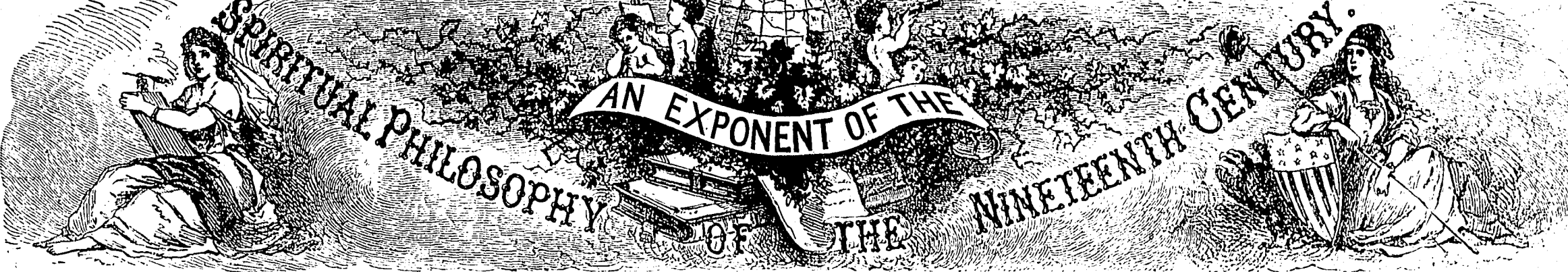


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 22.

Written for the Banner of Light.

OUR BRAVE PROGRESSIVE CAUSE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Our cause, I know, has little grace for those who trust in show.
Who closely follow the stream of life to death would go;
Who trust in popularity and what the many say,
And rest content with what they have, however poor to-day;
Who think these things are far beyond what mortal minds can reach,
And such as highest angels yet have never dared to teach;
Who fear that man has no God-gift, and will to ruin run,
And passion left to Reason's rule, will make the world a snare;
To such as live as living men, confined to one set round,
Our cause has little grace or gain at any moment found;
They have no eyes wherewith to look, no mind wherewith to prize;
Their gaze is all just where they tread, and ne'er up in the skies;
And so perform we let them pass, their feebleness, their loss,
And take with true courage up our consecrated cross;
And know our cause that opens out the long-tilled world above,
Our brave progressive cause, is one of highest light and love;
Our cause has grace and worth complete to minds of noble mood,
To men of heart, and soul, and mind with earnest manhood bold;
To those who know that truth alone can make the heart content,
And that the truth to all the ages like the light is sent;
To those who see with shame and dread the wrongs and sins of time,
Comparing these with possibilities of man sublime;
To those who feel the past to be our childhood's mental dress,
And that the living now wants more of good, not less and less;
To those who feel the angels ought at times to us reveal,
The future's way, to warn from sin, the future's good to heal;
To such as these with virtue crowned, and brave inquiry bent,
Our cause of truth has charms and wiles by others ne'er possessed;
And with the few select like these that ever lead the van,
We stand erect with honest pride and dare to work for man;
We know our cause that opens out the long-tilled world above,
Our brave progressive cause, is one of highest light and love;
Our cause completes the tale of life the rolling years have told,
That man with heavenly blessedness should open commerce hold;
That men on earth and those that were as one in love should be,
And though withdrawn within the veil their forms our eyes should see;
And broken hearts have asked for this, the mother and her child,
The father spent with sorrowing pain, the brother madly wild;
In heaven and in Christian lands the cry has ever been,
To let the secret out revealing all the dark unseen;
Until our cause had birth to meet the people's want and prayer,
No angels e'er were seen or heard responding to our care;
But now throughout the earth, men speak with words of light,
And brethren below converse with friends inhabiting the sky;
And hearts are cheered, and tears are dried, and lives are made sublime,
And all the past has meaning clear fulfilled in this our time;
And so we know our cause that opens out the long-tilled world above,
Our brave progressive cause, is one of highest light and love!

Free Thought.

WETHERBEE'S "NIGHT THOUGHTS."

III.

"Now come still evening on, and twilight gray—
I wait in hushed silence, all things dead."
Allen Deane would have said, as he did once,
When inspiration ruled his hour:
"Now thoughtfully our footfalls homeward bound,
And homeward also to eternal light;
While here, night's mantle overshadows the ground,
We wait expectant for a world that's bright."
How much we are indebted to the night, when
our side of this steady old planet is turned star-
ward. If it were always otherwise, how little
we would know of Nature comparatively, at
least its night or meditative side. The stars,
which the poet said—and truly—are the poetry
of heaven, would be wholly unknown to us as
now present. I have looked at a star when thou-
sands of miles from home, feeling that loved and
distant ones were then looking at the same, and
we shook hands sentimentally in the triangle
thus formed. Bright, cold, unchangeable constel-
lations! thou art indeed a beauty and a mystery.
As we looked at that star, making a triangle with
home, so, it seems to me, we may now look on
Orion and Pleiades, Arcturus, or any of those
unchangeable monuments in space, and feel that
the ancients did the same, who trod the earth
when the pyramids were young, and thus we
form a triangle with the past; shall we say with
Job, that old Arab seer? (presuming the man of
many hoils was not a myth)—he looked with al-
most antediluvian eyes at the same point, mak-
ing a triangle of space and time, with a base line
of unknown thousands of years, a unit of thought
between the old and the new. Stars! stimulators
of thought! How inspired was the poet when he
wrote:

"An unweary astronomer is man."

The world is a safer highway for the stars that
move so monumentally, not only geographically,
but spiritually. Early they drew men's minds
heavenward. How much a thoughtful man can
see in the dark. All life roots in night. All flow-
ering out or manifestation had its beginning in
darkness. Could the sun paint the lily if its life
had not a home in the darkness? Nature seems
to pause in the sunlight, making up its lost time
after dark. Some say we grow only when we
sleep, or in the night. There is a soul-growth in
this suggestion also. Who is not indebted to ob-
stacles, reverses, sorrows, called hours of dark-
ness, poetically and properly, for much of his
growth in wisdom? Who ties, feeling secure, to
the man whose life has been all sunshine, born
with a silver spoon in his mouth, or with silver-
spoon surroundings? Can a man feel another's
woes who has experienced none himself? But
leaving this sentimental darkness, which crowd-
ed itself in here perhaps for a purpose, we will
simply say, all hail to night! we owe thee much!

We might follow out this dark thought and ask,
Why there should be a disposition to slur dark
circles? We own we like open and light mani-
festations, but we know also that the condition of
darkness often pays for the eclipse. This is very
properly a "night thought," and entitled, to the
hour; but we must turn from it now, as well as
the subject and advantages of darkness, simply
saying for the sake of finish, that night precedes
or antedates day. How do we know? say you.
By logic. It is the order of Nature. There is no
other order. "The evening and the morning
were the first day," says the ancient. We may
doubt the date, we may doubt the specialities in
the poem of scripture, but never the order that
day follows night.

If we were going to represent Modern Spiritu-
alism by a symbol, it would not be by a crescent,
or by a cross—it would be by a star. Some one
has said, "They who seek after truth carry a
star in their heads." Do Spiritualists carry stars
in their heads? We think they are emphatically
truth-seekers. In going back upon what is cur-
rently civilization as religion, they have stepped
toward truth, and the world will yet bless the
Spiritualists of this generation for their persist-
ency amid the "pooh-poohs" of science and the
"powows" of the church, for proving all things
and holding fast to that which is good, which in
this connection means the truth of Modern Spiritu-
alism.

Its symbol is a star. Does the skeptic say a
comet rather than a star? Uncertain, eccentric,
mysterious, not to be depended upon, unsub-
stantial, even its nuclei are transparent, no bar
to vision, eclipse nothing, pulled out of its course
by substantial planets, sometimes demolished or
falling to put in an appearance when wanted to
fulfill a prediction—yes, says the critic, Modern
Spiritualism is a comet, a good or bad omen, just
as you please to make it; of no influence in a
well-balanced mind—attenuated—useless gener-
ally—more tall than anything else; we passed
through one once, and the world did not know it.
But we are a star for a symbol for all that, older
than crescents, older than crosses. It can say,
"Before Abraham was, I am."

We are not disposed, however, to snub a comet.
Some have said a comet is a star in the making—
baby worlds. Who knows—but they are spent
balls, or rather spent worlds—spirits of worlds
that once were? As the thought is now before
us, we can trace an analogy in the world's con-
ception of both Comets and Spiritualism. It was
our ignorance, not the former's eccentricity, that
appalled humanity. One recalls that they were
considered omens of evil. Popes issued bulls
against them. They were the forerunners of
famine, pestilence and war. On the sudden ap-
pearance of a comet once in the sky, it is said
seven thousand men in Europe married the women
they were living with as courtesans and mis-
tresses. The spirits must have said one to an-
other, "good for the comet; it did what religion
and preaching could not do." We dare say the
spirits, looking upon a world of injustice to-day,
wish there was something now as effective as a
comet once was. We have an idea that the mis-
sion of Modern Spiritualism is first to demonstrate
a future life, and next to establish justice. We
have an idea it will do both—in fact, doing one
will do the other. As people really believe in the
teachings of this light, that our friends in the
other life see us as we are, not what we seem; and
we, knowing as we do that we ourselves here or
hereafter must right our every wrong, and with
interest—which with delay compounds—it cannot
otherwise than establish justice. Any defalcation
that is not constitutional is wholly in the dis-
obedience of the believer. So if familiarity with comets has
bred contempt, Spiritualism will teach us in the
end a more excellent way of righting things than
being scared into doing right.

Spiritualism being a truth to-day (admitting
the fact), it was always a truth, and must have
been as old as man. We speak of its nativity
twenty-five years ago; that was our first intelli-
gent connection with it. It ever broadened over
a dark world, touching the heart of some seer or
prophet, who called it the voice of God; if it came
out of the recognized line, it was false prophecy,
lying spirits, witchcraft, voice of the devil. Com-
mon sense says it was neither God nor Devil.
Then, as now, it was the voice of our brother who
influences us, speaks to our hearts in a language
translatable, and ever did so, through the good
and the bad, the great and the small, the sacred (?)
and the profane. We trembled in our ignorance,
and said, "Moses, speak for us, or we shall die."
Like the comet, it came to us in questionable
shape, or our imaginations made it so, and we
drove it away as witchcraft; but it was the same
old comet; it came to us once, and was an object
of fear; on its return by prediction it was a wel-
come messenger of living light. So when Spiritu-
alism came to us in medieval times, we burned it,
and hung it, and it hid its face from us for our
good; it would not cast its pearls before swine.
Even to-day one must be more or less receptive,
or the light is reluctant to enter; it can wait, if
we can. It came to us when the world was better
prepared for it; and it is the star of the east which
wise men will follow. As we have said, comets
ancient or comets modern, Spiritualism ancient
or Spiritualism modern, in both it is one and the
same thing; medieval or modern, our eyes only
have changed.

The world is full of medieval people to-day,
who call it delusion or nonsense; who fear it as
our fathers did a comet. The light has come into
the world, but men often prefer darkness to
light—darkness to this light. The Catholic
Church, that once bulled the comet, bulls this
substantially—at least, when outside of its pale.
Is it not strange that that old church, which
has ever recognized spiritual manifestations and
turned them to its advantage, should be so
inconsistent as to say it is the devil when the
same thing occurs outside? The church,
with wonderful consistency, has always done so,
in all ages and everywhere, and not confined to
Catholic, or even Christian. Samuel and the
other priests of Jewry did the same three thou-
sand years ago, driving all that had a familiar
spirit out of the land, under penalty of death.
Do you remember it was the Lord who spoke to
Samuel, and Eli told him how to communicate?
But it is written that, after Samuel was dead,
and there was no more open vision in the church
(no one with mediumistic power), Saul, wanting
counsel, hunted up one of the proscribed. Then,
as now, the Lord's anointed, king of priest, hesi-
tated not at that mode of obtaining light. It is
the same to-day. People often say, while among
us, "Lord, Lord," or "Christ, Christ;" but
when the mortal has put on the immortal, they
do not seem to hesitate to return, as Samuel did,
at the back door, if you choose, but the way that
they once considered the devil's entrance way.
We will not criticize the truth of the record of
this scene with the woman of Endor; we find it
in the bible, told as truth. As we have exactly
the same thing to-day, there is no occasion for
disputing it. There is no question, all the cir-
cumstances considered—an outlaw dealing with
her oppressor in distress, returning good for evil,
feeding and consoling the disheartened monarch;
then the production of Samuel, whose mani-
festations were characteristic of that prophet, and
what he said to Saul proving to be prophetic,
that the interview was touchingly credible to
both witch—as she was called—and Samuel; but
few narratives in the bible equal it. It seems
that then, as now, the voices from the better land
were as often (or oftener) found speaking through
profane or heretical or proscribed sources as
out of the mouths of recognized sources of di-
vinity—the priests and Levites of our day. Judg-
ing by the words of truth uttered by the woman of
Endor holds her own with the Ephraim and the
Samuels; and to-day the women of Endor (the
mediums, male and female, of our day) are
nearer the truth and common sense than the
clergy are. As for ourselves, we recognize no
divine right or privileged source for supernatu-
ral communications. Truth before scripture
or clergy; our test, "By their fruits ye shall
know them." The "witches of Endor" may be
as heaven-sent as the "Beelzebubs." Selah!

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—In reply to your
correspondent, M. Greensfelder, in your issue of
the 2d inst., I will state this is a free country;
that "G." and his class have as much right to
take Mrs. Woodhull, with her peculiar teachings,
as their patron saint and guide, as I have to take
Jesus of Nazareth for mine.

When "G." asserts that "spirit communion
has established itself without awaiting the en-
dorsement of the Bible, and that Spiritualism
will eventually swallow up the Bible," etc., I
beg leave to differ. The Bible, from Genesis to
Revelations, abounds with the evidence of Spiritu-
alism, and modern phenomena have produced
no clearer case than that recorded of the woman
of Endor calling up the spirit of Samuel.

There are being some phenomena in these lat-
ter days exhibited that we have no record of hav-
ing been produced in ancient times; while, at
the present day, we have not attained to as high
degree of spirit power or phenomena as in the
signs and wonders performed by Jesus of Nazareth.
The latter is but a confirmation of the former.
Now, forsooth, because the different
sects of Christians of the present day, with their
hired clergy, who hold such a grip on the pub-
lic, have departed from the sublime and simple
teachings and example of our Elder Brother, is
no evidence that what is recorded of Jesus and
his disciples is not true. For an illustration:
John Wesley and Dr. Adam Clarke, the found-
ers of the Methodist denomination, believed in
the doctrine of spirit return and communion.
They derived that belief from the teachings of
the Bible. And so it is: hitherto we have been
looking through a "glass, darkly;" but now we
see face to face. Before, we walked by faith;
but in these latter days we have added to our
faith knowledge, which is power. We have now
a clearer insight into God's laws and plans to-
ward the human race; revealing the fact of the
immortality of the soul beyond speculation, a
sure anchor cast within the veil.

It would be about as easy for your correspon-
dent, "G.," to swallow himself as it will be for
Modern Spiritualism to swallow up the record of
the doings of Jesus of Nazareth, for they will go
hand in hand. Our highest duty is not to tear
down, but to build up. If we can remove the
existing corruptions from the churches; if we can
elevate the standard of morality; if we can
unfurl the banner of Jesus, and do by others as
we would have others do by us; if we preach a
free gospel to the poor, and look after the wants
of the suffering and needy, we will have quite as
much as we can attend to on this mundane
sphere. Now, our good brother, "G.," may, if
he chooses, repudiate God and the Bible, and
charge the pure and unadulterated teachings of
Jesus to be "hypocritical;" if he likes; but we
honestly differ with him; and if Modern Spiritu-
alism would lead me in other paths, I would
leave all to chance.

Tipton, Ind., Aug. 10, 1873.

BRINEX.—The scientists have discovered that
the reason a woman can keep a lover by her
tears, is because love, like beef or pork, is best
preserved by brine.

Literary Department.

ETIENNE;

OR,

LIVING IN CLOVER.

Translated from the French of Etienne About, for the Banner of Light.
BY WILLIAM PERCIVAL.

III.

About five o'clock on Monday morning, Etienne
arrived at the large little city where he in-
tended to finish his days. "The civil and ecclesi-
astical marriage had been fixed for the following
day; Hortense, escorted by the two Bersacs, was
to arrive the same evening with the six o'clock
express train. These pontiffs had decided that a
husband that is to be cannot travel with his be-
trothed, and so the author went on before, in
obedience to the principle that a man of honor
must be first upon the ground.

The omnibus at the station conveyed him and
his luggage to the Hotel des Ambassadeurs. In
less than ten minutes the illustrious Parisian was
installed in a fine apartment on the first floor,
fronting upon the principal street, and lay in a
soft, springy bed, redolent with the pure and fresh
odor of country linen. Two hours of repose,
over and above the goodly share he had taken in
his coupé, refreshed his body and mind; he
dreamed that he was a butterfly in a meadow,
that he was gathering the most beautiful flowers,
and that his vernal bouquet, tied with a blue rib-
bon, resembled Mademoiselle Jousselin, of the
Comédie-Française. Joy or surprise awakened him;
he saw an unfamiliar chamber, a ray of sun-
light, in which millions of atoms were danc-
ing, and three or four trunks piled up in a corner.
Little by little he collected his thoughts; he re-
membered that he was a traveler, separated from
all that he had known, practiced, loved, and on
the way to a new life. "All that I possess is
here," he said; "I leave nothing behind me—not
even a creditor." To this feeling of absolute lib-
erty succeeded the thought of Hortense and of
the irrevocable engagement he was about to enter
into, and he murmured: "In little more than
twenty hours I shall belong to myself no longer."
But he was by no means frightened at the pros-
pect; it consoled him to know that the surrender
of himself involved an equal surrender. To pos-
sess a young and pretty wife whom one adores,
is not that absolute happiness? Is not that the
end of all novelties? But, in addition, to enjoy
comfort, abundance, luxuries, respect, considera-
tion, leisure—there was really agreeably trench-
ing on the ideal; poetry would receive form and
substance from a good, solid prose.

Etienne sprang from the bed, humming an air
from a comic opera:

"Singing to-day,
I love and am loved."

No sooner had he rung the bell than a waiter
came running up, whose admiration was doubt-
less, due to hearsay, but whose rolling eyes and
wild haste did not cease to flatter Etienne's self-
love. Every word, every gesture of this provin-
cial, even his most awkward actions, seemed to
say: "Ah, monsieur, what an honor for us!"

There is no lord, however great, who does not
incline and relish the incense offered by even the
humblest bumpkin; and Etienne took no offense at
the respectful curiosity which was exhibited
wherever he went. While sauntering through
the streets, after the Paris fashion, he mused
upon this verse of Horace: "It is sweet to see
people point to you and to hear them exclaim:
This is he!" His fame had preceded him; they
were awaiting him, they were looking out for
him, the bookseller of the Rue Imperiale had
decked himself out, as it were, by displaying
Siles, Méville and Moritz, the Prisoner, the Master
of Cologne, Hippolytus II., Evening on Scutari,
Ten, and Jacqueline—the good books and ap-
plauded dramas of Etienne. His picture was con-
spicuous in every stationer's window; some pass-
ers-by saluted him; a beggar accosted him with:
"Monsieur Etienne!" and by this stroke of pol-
iteness gained a five-franc piece. It seemed as if
this prefecture of thirty-five thousand souls was
expecting a Messiah, and that he was that Mes-
siah.

On leaving the hotel, he had refused to take a
guide—a piece of affectation common to tourists.
In this way he had threaded the most mazy
cities of Europe—Rome, Seville, Constantinople,
and Prague. He needed hardly a quarter of an
hour to find the Rue des Murs, that diminutive
faubourg Saint Germain where Hortense's man-
sion and Célestine's hermitage were. The Bersac
mansion was one of the finest in the city, having
been built by the governor of the province dur-
ing the last years of Henry IV.'s reign. A nu-
merous body of servants were busy cleaning win-
dows, dusting the furniture, and putting up cur-
tains. Under the gate-way a respectable-looking
coachman was trimming an almost new landau,
whilst two Mecklenburg horses, grave and sol-
emn as Aulic councillors, had just returned from
their morning promenade. Etienne was in con-
science bound to admit that his dreams could
have but little surpassed this. Even at Paris,
about the Rue de Varennes, it would have been
necessary to walk a good while to count twenty
mansions of a stately air and more dignified ap-
pearance. The front was large and the stories
high. There was no garden, however, but a vast
court, planted with acacias centuries old. How
little soever the château of Belloube might cor-

respond with the town-house, the most exacting
of poets would still have one abode for winter
and another for summer.

In this little palace, belonging to his wife in
her own right, and of which a valid contract se-
cured him the usufruct, he could dream and
stroll about at his ease. No intruder would break
in upon his meditations; the faubourg Saint
Germain is discreet, even in the provinces.
"Sincerely," he thought, "I am entering the har-
bor of true life after a long voyage upon oceans
of soiled paper." When he transported himself
in imagination back to the centre of that great
Paris which he had quitted the evening before,
he saw nothing there but a chaos of crumbling
and contemptible things; a flock of cosmopolitan
livers shorn by a horde of famished nomads,
the strife of foolish vanities, of shameless greed,
of unprincipled ambition; no rest, no happiness,
no love, and severely a soul; no conversation for
want of leisure, the drawing-room deserted for
the stable, the gaming-table and the smoking-
room; the women almost as busy as the men;
people mixed and jumbled together, duchesses
and drabs using the same slang and tricked out
in the same finery; the very bourgeois chas-
tised by the mania for show, the whole peo-
ple led away to squander their capital with their
income, the savings of the past and reserves for
the future melted down, volatilized, destroyed in
the overheated crucible into which ten thousand
millions of francs, more than half the national
revenue, are thrown year after year. "The pro-
vinces produce and Paris consumes; one does
not work, think, converse, love, nay, one does
not live but at a distance of three hundred miles
from this destructive furnace! Happy the na-
tion that has no capital city! Will the time ever
return when cities of ten thousand inhabitants
were contented with themselves, when a polity
lattered elegant and gay society existed by it-
self, in every little corner, and did not look for
its ideas, its fashions, or its absurdities, to the
hail from Paris?"

The breakfast hour short his soliloquy;
and Etienne returned with a light step to his
temporary lodgings. While on his way, he re-
plied in a side street a small copper plate, on
which could be read these simple words: "Monsieur
Percival, Etienne, successors to Bersac senior."
The house, of a fine appearance, had the reserved
look of an office, and nowise smacked of the
shop. This circumstance pleased him greatly;
he saw with childish joy that his predecessor had
not been a tradesman of the lowest order, but a
kind of commission agent, on a level with the
stock brokers and bankers of the city.

He was served with an excellent meal at the
hotel, and the landlord showered upon him a
thousand personal attentions, producing a wine
which, it was said, the Emperor had appreciated
during his tour in 1853. The respectful curiosity
of twenty-five or thirty guests anxiously in-
quired of Etienne: I rather believe he was a little
flattered by it. As he was finishing his dessert,
a servant informed him that the Prefect, M. de
Giboyeux, was awaiting him on the first floor.
He went up to his rooms, and found in his par-
lor a very amiable gentleman of some fifty years,
who, having followed Journalism after 1830,
thought himself warranted, as a man of letters,
in paying his respects to the new star of the
department.

Every public functionary who knows his busi-
ness, eulogizes the district he lives in and says all
the good he can of the population, notwithstanding
he may look to being removed at any moment.
The Prefect did not fail in this duty; he extolled
the generosity of the council-general, who had
built him a palace costing two millions and a half
of francs, where, being a bachelor, he had as
much room at his disposal as a nut in a drum. It
will readily be believed that he did not omit to
praise Madame Bersac and all the family, inclu-
ding old, ultramontane Célestine, whom the au-
thorities liked little, but whom they held in ven-
eration for his virtues and his influence. The
Count de Giboyeux, whom the excitement of the
impending elections sometimes robbed of sleep,
made a thousand advances to Etienne. He gently
insinuated that the member for the southeastern
part of the city was old, incompetent, and had
but little popularity. He had been nominated
with much noise; yet he received a majority of
only one hundred and ten votes. It (said he)
so rich and celebrated a man as he, backed by
the Bersacs, would come to an understanding
with the Prefecture, there could not be the shad-
ow of a doubt of his nomination.

"But," said Etienne, "I care very little for
politics, and do not know a word about it."
"Exactly!" replied the Prefect, "it is from
the file of the indifferent and the doubting that
we get our good majorities."

When alone, Etienne jotted down his impres-
sions and began a journal, into which he entered
the details of his new life. "I possess the manu-
script book, which, unfortunately, is in a very
poor state," he wrote before the Franco-Prussian
war. — *Trinity.*

poor condition and full of large gaps. About two o'clock he perceived that the sky was overcast, and that the rain, a genuine Atlantic rain, such as is seen only in our Western departments, was washing the roofs and pavements with streams of water. It was impossible to go out, and the Bersaes were not to arrive before six o'clock. When he had left Paris the evening before, he took no reading matter with him, unless the railway guide may be classed under that title. He rang the bell for some newspapers; a waiter brought him five or six, which appeared to him a year old, though they had been issued only two days before. Emme took hold of him; these petulant natures can with difficulty bear two or three hours of inaction. He began to walk from the door to the window, and from the window to the door, like a sentinel or a prisoner. The pendulum of the clock moved also, but slowly; and he thought that the minutes might indeed be a little longer in the province than in Paris. The rain was certainly less monotonous, less obstinate, and less insolent in Paris than this departmental deluge. "True, I have sometimes seen the rain pouring down, but I never took any notice of it before," he said. "We would chat, laugh, friends entered and left, and when the worst came to the worst, I opened a book or looked at a painting. Had I felt very melancholy, I should have taken a hackney-coach and gone to Anna's or to the club. In the evening, during theatre hours, it may rain by the bucketful, and nobody will know a thing about it except the hackdrivers and policemen."

Having pushed aside the curtains, he discovered his counterpart on the other side of the street. It was a man of some sixty or sixty-five years, perhaps a retired colonel, who lodged on the first floor of the dwelling opposite the hotel. He was of tall stature and, very corpulent, with his white hair straight and a bristling moustache, and he had on no other garments but a pair of pantaloons, held up by damask suspenders, and a black stock. The apartment appeared to be large and richly furnished; but the poor soldier, it was evident, found little enjoyment in his comfortable leisure. He would walk with large strides into half a dozen rooms, stop mechanically at the same window, rest his right hand against the same pane, draw some short air—the mounting signal of the *Chapeau*—yawn abundantly, and excrete a phlegm upon his right heel. Every fifteen minutes he filled a large pipe, lighted it with paper, threw himself into an arm-chair, took five or six puffs, half opened the window, and emptied the ashes upon the pavement.

These proceedings finally exasperated Etienne. "What," he murmured, "is a man who has been young, active, and ambitious as anybody; he has dreamed of glory and victories, perhaps you would find in his papers, buried in a box at one of the Minister's offices, the account of a heroic action; he does not look like a fool, he appears to have the wherewithal to live; yet he will vegetate to his last day amid this *saute* of the province, like an oak in a flower-pot? Why don't you go to Paris, you big fool?"

Now, as he was not wanting in logic, he at the same time reviewed his own situation. "And I? What am I doing here? Is what I gain by leaving Paris worth what I leave behind? What will become of poor Etienne in ten years, perhaps sooner? How many rainy days will it require to reduce a healthy mind to the intellectual nothingness expressed by the *osier-like* vapors of the gentleman opposite? Supposing I were to save myself? There is yet time; nothing has been concluded; there is reciprocal liberty. What a noise it would cause in Paris! The very evening that all the newspapers—the persons who should meet me on the boulevard would rub their eyes! To do the thing well, it would be necessary for me to be concealed till nine or ten o'clock, and then appear in the full green-room of the *Comédie Française*. 'You're it! Then? Grand tableau! What an adventure! Yes, my child, I am yours for life, and shall read you five acts of a new drama next month!'"

His mind was so delighted with the particulars of this supposition, that he forgot the colonel, the clock, the rain and all. When the landlord came up and cried: "Monsieur, the train will arrive at the terminus in twenty minutes," he became aware that he had been sleeping in broad daylight. It was the first time in more than thirty years. He shook off his last delirious illusions, and hastened to meet Hortense. The Bersae family had received an accession on the way, in the person of cousin George, the major of the *chasseurs pols*. Etienne was on the point of representing to the old people that a widow would do better to travel with her intended than with a rejected suitor; but he was disarmed by the loving welcome of Hortense, and the honest look of the cousin, who was himself about to be married in a month, after the general review.

They were driven straight to Célestin's dwelling, where they dined among themselves without any formality. Some notabilities of the city, the flower of the right-minded legitimists, numbering at most ten persons, men and women, arrived to tea at nine o'clock. The female portion left much to be desired; but the male members of the party were not as grotesque as Etienne had supposed. They vied with one another in cocking him up, intimating that they would be wholly his if he yielded, like the rangel himself on the side of good principles, and if he honestly broke with that flippant literature which respects neither the throne nor the altar. "Messieurs," said Bersae junior, "I have his word of honor. I will answer for him as if it were myself."

Etienne would most gladly have exchanged the compliments of this senate for three minutes' *tête-à-tête* with his betrothed; but the obstinate wretched eyes of the Bersaes pursued the poor lovers to the last. The women took advantage of a change in the weather to conduct the young widow in a procession to her mansion, several pettifogged body-guards escorting her even to her bed-chamber, whilst the band of old men attended Etienne back to the hotel. Need I say that he awoke a hundred times for once, and that he accused the sun of lingering behind the horizon? Day finally appeared. Gala carriages rolled through the city; the Mayor, repeating the few words of address which he was to extemporize, girded on his sash; the four witnesses chosen by Célestin Bersae carefully examined the knots of their neck-cloths; the while Etienne dressed himself, stamping with impatience, and poor Hortense had much to endure at the hands of the six tire-women from the best families, who volunteered their services.

The act of civil marriage, so grand in its simplicity, profoundly moved the men, but caused the women to smile, they reserving their emotion for the church. They then all set off for the cathedral amid the loud pealing of the bells, alighting in the midst of the inevitable crowd, and Etienne, while passing, caught the commentaries of the vagrants and beggars.

"A beautiful woman, isn't she? Baptiste? I would not mind having one like her myself."

"Is that tall man the bridegroom? She has taken him for his money."

"All the authors of Paris are present to see the marriage."

"Show me Alexander Dumas."

"The little light-haired man yonder must be he."

"Ah, kind monsieur! I will pray to God to give you half-a-dozen children!"

After the mass and during the noise at the audit-house, Bersae junior embraced Etienne with warmth. "Ah, my friend," he said, "you have abjured your errors in bending the knee before our holy affairs."

"My dear sir," replied Etienne, "I once took off my shoes and stockings before entering Saint Sophia; I had to do so; but that did not make me a Mussulman!"

The nuptial train left immediately for Bellomère, where the domestic of Madame Etienne had spread a large table. The master and mistress of the chateau were received at the entrance to the village by the curé of Saint Maurice, the mayor, and the thirty-two firemen, with a band of music at their head. The magistrate was not too awkward, and the firemen's band reserved its fullest notes for the ball in the evening. The curé, a very genial man, but a sly rogue if ever there was one, begged M. Etienne to excuse the dilapidated condition of the old church, beheaded by the vandals of the Revolution, and insinuated that the bounteousness of some lord of the castle would sooner or later revert the parish steeple. In the meantime, the man of God allowed himself to be conveyed to the chateau with the mayor, and ate his share of the dinner.

All passed off in the most pleasant manner possible; the repast was seasoned with more gaiety than one would have predicted, for the bald heads were decidedly in the majority. Etienne discovered that one may grow old in the provinces without turning sour. An old magistrate, slender and neat, very prettily sang a little aria which Mozart had taught him in 1786. And when one of the ladies expressed astonishment that he should have so well preserved a memory of his early boyhood, he replied, proudly: "But, Madame, in 1791 I was sixteen years old, the age of Cherubini, and I had a little of his spirit too."

At the close of day the guests and villagers assembled on the lawn. Hortense opened the ball with the captain of the firemen, and Etienne with the mayor's wife. This profane amusement did not at all dismay the good curé. Etienne congratulating him upon his toleration, he replied: "Do you take us for people of the middle ages? The church has made great progress, unchangeable though she is said to be. Be Christians, respect our dogmas, submit to our authority, and we release you from the rest. A thousand millions of rigadoons give less offence to God than one line of Voltaire."

The time sped rapidly for the dancers of every age and condition, Etienne and his wife excepted. They finally escaped about ten o'clock and reached a spacious chamber, where the servants of the deceased, still retained, had left the portrait of their master. The happy husband took no notice of it; but the next day, while Hortense's pretty head was still reposing on the pillow, he suspected that it was old Bersae in the cap and robe of a consular judge. He got up noiselessly, gravely saluted the picture of the old man, and said inwardly to him: "Thanks, sir, for having bequeathed to me, if not a young girl, at least a pure and beautiful woman."

[Continued in our next.]

THE HELMSMAN OF LAKE ERIE.

BY EPIUS SARGENT.

Brave fellows, in my day,
Have I beheld—
Brave on the quarter-deck,
Brave in the hour of wreck,
Brave where no hope impelled;
And death before them lay.
But if you ask of me
Who of them all,
First to my thought appears,
Bright through the mist of years,
Foremost at memory's call,
This would my answer be:
John Maynard, he's the first—
Here's to his fame!
He of the "Ocean Queen,"
He of that fearful scene,
Who, out of smoke and flame,
On us a saviour came.
Crowded with passengers,
Was our good boat;
Crossing Lake Erie,
Hardly the shore could see.
When came that dreaded note,
Which most the heart-blood stirs—
"Fire!" And the captain cried,
"See to it there!"
"Wheel, ho!" Whose hand is on?
"John Maynard's!" "Steady, John!"
"East-south-east let her tear!"
"Ay, ay, sir!" John replied.
John, a rough sailor-lad—
Why should he stay?
Thrust at by tongues of fire,
There at his post expire?
"Ely, John, at once! Away
Where rescue may be had!"
True, all to God in thee
I look now for aid.
Trembling in view of death,
Men, women hold their breath—
But shall they safe be made
Through thy deep agony?
Swathed round with flame and smoke,
John still held on:
"Only five minutes more,
And we may jump ashore."
"Steady!" the captain spoke.
"Steady it is!" said John.
"One minute longer, John,
Can you remain?"
"Ay, with God's help, I can,"
Quoth the lad, grown to man.
In that extreme of pain,
With crown celestial on.
Up on its wings of flame,
Up drove the keel;
Up to the shelving beach,
Out of the billows' reach,
Where men could leap and knell,
All with a glad acclaim.
"Saved! All are saved!" one cries—
"Three hundred saved!"
John Maynard—where is he?
Bring him forth! Let us see
Him who the fire-demon braved?
"Hush! There, in death, he lies!"

EDITORIAL.—An Irish leader says that "in the absence of both editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."

Spiritual Phenomena.

Communion with Spirits—Materializations.

FRANCES AT DR. SLADE'S.

In my honest endeavors, during a few past years, to investigate the philosophy of what is known as "Modern Spiritualism," I have often had the pleasure of reading in the *Banner* and other journals, narratives of strange and startling phenomena, which were claimed to be communications from those who now live in the Spirit-Land, which communications gave words of cheer to the sorrowing sons and daughters of earth, assuring them that there is no death; also that they are ever near the stricken mourner. My opportunities for witnessing spiritual manifestations have been very limited. My age, 71 years, should rather forbid my waiting inactive, if I would witness these revelations. I therefore resolved to visit Dr. Henry Slade at New York City. As his fame as a medium had obtained such public notoriety, I had the utmost confidence in his veracity, and also in his great spiritual gifts. With this feeling, near the last of July, 1873, I left my home in Potsdam, being bound for that great commercial mart, New York. When I arrived at Amsterdam, where resides my daughter, Mrs. T. C. Eldridge—who is a zealous member of the Methodist Church—she kindly consented to accompany me to my Spiritual Mecca. At the same time she remarked that I would find the conditions not right, and that she should see me swindled out of ten or more dollars; yet she thought it would be money profitably expended, as I would then be willing to acknowledge that I had followed an *ignominious* path, and that our spiritual philosophy was a delusion. I gathered from her conversation that then she should fondly hope that I would be willing to rely upon the blood and merits of the lowly Nazarene for my salvation and future happiness.

July 29th, 1873, I arrived in safety in New York. Wested at the St. Dennis hotel, which we found an inviting and quiet home for the stranger and the weary. On the 30th, being somewhat rested from the fatigues of my journey, of nearly five hundred miles, I determined to visit Dr. Slade that day. Accordingly at half-past two o'clock p. m., we called at 413 4th Avenue.

We were admitted by J. Simmons, the business partner of Dr. Slade. He inquired our business. I informed him that I desired to see Dr. Slade, as I wished to obtain a test, or knowledge of immortality. He invited us into their parlor, saying, "The doctor is busy just now, writing; you can see him soon." Ere long the doctor came in. After being informed of the object of our visit, he said that he would give me a sitting. I requested that my daughter should sit with us, as a witness to that which might be given. Consent was kindly given. We then, with the doctor, entered a medium sized sitting-room. This room contained little save a sofa, black walnut table, and a few chairs. By request, we took seats at the table, laying our hands upon it, and in contact with those of Dr. Slade. Soon numerous distinct raps were heard, which sounded as made upon the underside of the table. The doctor remarked, "I think your friends are here."

"Sir," I said, "I have daughters, and many friends in the Spirit-Land. I would be much gratified to get a communication from either of them." We gave him our names.

He then bit a piece from a slate pencil, about the size of a wheat corn, and then presented for our inspection a small school slate. It was without writing or marks of any kind. The bit of pencil was laid upon the slate, placed under the table, the doctor holding it by one corner. Soon we heard the sound of writing upon the slate. Upon raising the slate to the table, we found plainly written upon it, Joseph L., and something about a Dr. J. R. and his partner. We could not read it all. The slate was placed under the table again as before, when there was plainly written—"God bless you, Betsy Davis," which is the name of my deceased sister-in-law, and my wife's sister. I could but think that that loved sister was near me, as the salutation was so characteristic of her warm greetings when in earth-life. Again the slate and pencil were placed under the table. Then was written the name, "Mary Angelina Lawrence," this being the name of my deceased daughter. Very little else was written when the slate was under the table. Dr. Slade then said, "We will place the slate on the top of the table; perhaps we may get something there." A bit of pencil was then placed upon the table, and a clean slate turned over it. We then joined our hands upon the table, no hand being nearer the slate than ten or twelve inches. Soon the sound of writing upon the underside of the slate was as distinctly heard as though the pencil was being moved by mortal hands. When the writing ceased, the slate was turned over, when we found very plainly written thereon the following communication:

"DEAR FRIENDS—How glorious is the thought that your loved ones are ever near you whispering to you, and words of love and hope; you have many loved ones around you, all feel to rejoice to meet you at the gate of communication, but they are not yet able to control the influence to write. We will do the best we can for you, A. W. SLADE."

We were informed that this communication was from the spirit of the wife of the medium, Dr. H. Slade. The above is nearly all that we obtained at our first sitting.

At half-past seven the same evening, we again called upon Dr. Slade, with a desire to witness the materialization of our spirit friends. We seated ourselves at the table as we had previously done, the room being lit up by gas sufficient to read very fine print. Dr. Slade remarked that he would put a bit of pencil on the table, and place the slate over it, as the spirits might wish to say something to us relative to their materialization, or whether they were going to be able to materialize themselves or not. The pencil was placed upon the table. We then examined a slate that was handed us. It was perfectly clean. It was then placed over the pencil. Our hands were again laid upon the table, and in contact with Dr. Slade's, all being many inches from the slate. At once, we heard distinctly the sound of the pencil, as if writing upon the underside of the slate, which continued for several minutes. When the sound ceased, we turned the slate over, whereupon we found written the following communication:

"MY DEAR FATHER AND SISTER—We shall do the best we can tonight, that you may see us. Dear father, I have been so long looking for this hour of communion with you! It has been upwards of twenty years that I have been a spirit, and yet it seems but a day. Aunt Betsy Davis is with me much of the time; also sister's husband, Joseph L.—he wishes me to say to sister there followed a few words touching business, of family matters, which, for the feelings of others, I will omit.] You must not doubt our being with you every day, and we shall be, until you come to your loving daughter and sister, MARY ANGELINE LAWRENCE."

At the close of the above communication, Dr. Slade fastened to the wall of the room a dark red table spread, saying it would enable us to see plain. He then placed a wire across the room, fastening it at each side to the wall. From this wire was suspended a piece of black cambric; I should judge it was four by four and a half or five feet. It was distant from the wall or table-spread six or seven feet, the lower edge of it being against the table, and hanging two or three inches below the top of the table. In the centre of the curtain was an aperture about twelve inches square, and situated directly in front of us, on the opposite side of the table from where we were seated. Dr. Slade sat at my left, at one end of the table. There was no cabinet here, with the medium shut in, but everything plain to be seen, and subject to the most rigid scrutiny, which was earnestly invited by the doctor. I think there could be no chance for fraud or deception. The gas was partly turned off, yet not so much but that every object in the room could be distinctly seen.

Soon what appeared to be a cloud of luminous white vapor presented itself, some distance from the curtain. As it neared the aperture, the form of a human face appeared. It was the face of a man, and, when very near, my daughter exclaimed, "Oh, Joseph!" meaning Joseph Lombard, her deceased husband. The features were his. His forehead was high, and he wore a standing collar, such as he used to wear when in earth-life. He then disappeared, but soon came again, though not with much, if any, difference from first appearance. A palm-leaf fan was lying in the lap of my daughter, which was taken therefrom, then reached up and fanned her. She took hold of the fan, when it was drawn downward and fell to the floor. She then said, "If this is Joseph, will he hand the fan to me?" It was at once reached up.

Another face then appeared. It was that of a female, which I thought much resembled our daughter Angelina. I asked, "Is this my daughter Angelina?" She bowed her head twice. I again asked, "Can you speak to me?" when she shook her head and disappeared.

Soon another, a beautiful female face, approached the aperture—a bright halo of light above and partly surrounding the face. When very close, there appeared a light, not unlike the rays of the sun, which fell upon the face, and then suddenly disappeared. The last face of which I have spoken, my daughter thought much resembled that of her sister Huldah, who has been in the spirit-land many years.

In a short time there appeared another female face, and the last one that we saw. This was a full face, with what is termed a double chin. We thought it bore a striking resemblance to our loved sister, Betsy Davis.

The materialization of those faces was not as satisfactory as we could have wished, on account of the complexity or hue of the face. It was not like that of the living or the dead. I am not able to describe it.

After the materialization, Dr. Slade arose, and in an unconscious state, repeated a few lines of poetry, which were very appropriate to the theme of our investigation. He then sat down, but soon said, "I feel somebody coming." He immediately arose, when, as is claimed, the spirit of a Mexican Indian spoke through Dr. Slade, as near as I can repeat as follows: "How'd do me Owasso; (shaking hands with us) white squaw, her chief say, much exite; he not much write to-day. He say me tell you (directing his talk to my daughter) you come to-morrow, ten o'clock forenoon; you sit in other room; let this man (pointing to me) sit with medium, and he write your letter." We said, "We will come, Owasso."

The doctor sat down. A chair was then moved away from the table some feet, seemingly without hands. The chair in which I was seated was then moved twelve or eighteen inches, turning me partly around. My weight 198 lbs. At this time, Dr. Slade appeared much exhausted. He arose, opened the door to the parlor, when our business for the evening was closed. We bade the doctor a kind good-night, repairing to our hotel to rest, and perchance to dream of the angels.

July 31st, at ten o'clock A. M., we made our last call upon Dr. Slade. My daughter remaining in the parlor, the doctor and I entered his sitting-room, and seated ourselves at the table. Dr. Slade then put a small bit of pencil on the table, and placed what I knew to be a clean slate over it. This was in broad daylight, the curtains being turned back from the window. We then placed our hands in contact upon the table, and away from the slate. Soon we heard writing upon the slate, and during which time the doctor was talking to me of this wonderful phenomenon. When the writing ceased, the slate was turned over, upon which was legibly written the following letter, or communication:

"MY DEAR LIZZIE—I am so happy to see you so pleased with your visit! Now you'd know that I live, and can return to you again; for you saw me last night. Now, dear one, I want you to please me. You will please me if you will there a request was made which I consider of a private character, and designed as a test for her, which I omit.] He mentioned the name of J. Reynolds and his partner as the physicians who attended him in his last sickness, speaking kindly of them. He then adds, 'Dear Lizzie—Let this glorious truth vibrate with its sweet and gentle strains in your soul, and let the religion of the past be lost. In this beautiful truth, you will find it to harmonize with nature's laws and nature's God; it unites soul to soul. It cramps not the mind of the young, and makes the mind of the old rest in peace. Give my love to Dr. Reynolds, also to your good husband. I am ever your loving husband, JOSEPH L.'"

In copying the above communication, I think it worthy of note that many words are underlined as written upon the slate, which was always observable in the letters of Mr. Lombard in earth-life. His letters have been compared with that written on the slate. These underlinings were not made in either of the other communications. I have copied the communications from the slates, which are now in my possession, containing the same writing, which I do know was not written by mortal hand. The slates are free to be inspected by all who may desire to do so.

After the last communication was given, Dr. Slade said, "Perhaps the spirits will play for us upon the accordion." He took such instrument down from a shelf, and held it by the bellows and under the table. The air known as "Sweet Home" was played with seeming angie strains, at least I feel sure I never heard it played with such thrilling effect by mortal hands.

We had many other tests of spirit presence. As

this letter is, perhaps, already too long, I will not particularize anything further. We bade good by to Dr. Slade and his partner, feeling grateful for the kindness and blessings we had received.

My brother, in writing this letter, I seek no fame. I ask no reward, save a consciousness of having discharged a sacred duty, in giving my testimony to the world, in this brief narrative of facts of spiritual phenomena which I have witnessed, fondly hoping it may be read by some lone brother or sister who may be looking into the grave for their loved ones who have passed away. May they be inspired to look to the spirit-land, the bright home of their darlings, with the happy assurance that there is no death. It is this knowledge that will buoy us up amid the vicissitudes and checkered scenes of earth-life, making us better men and better women; leading us to a knowledge of our Spirit Father, who pervades all matter, and is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

I will add, this letter is but another link in the great chain of evidence already existing, giving us a knowledge of immortality and spirit communion. Fraternally yours, W. R. LAWRENCE.

WESTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR—I want to say a few words, at the start, about the city of Grand Rapids. Then I will tell you something else.

THE CITY.

Grand Rapids is a live city of some 25,000 inhabitants. It is growing with greater rapidity than any other city in Michigan. I heard a great deal about the place prior to coming here, but I was unprepared to behold such a centre of business and culture. The business houses are large and of the latest style of architecture. Sweet's Hotel, destroyed by fire some time ago, has been rebuilt, and is as popular as ever. The Rathbun is also a favorite. The city sports a street railway line. The cars have a novel notice in them, viz.—No smoking allowed inside the car. There are three daily papers—the *Times*, *Democrat*, and *Engle*. Churches are numerous. Evangelical Christianity is strongly entrenched in the city. There are elegant churches, especially on every "hau" (The Baptists, for example, are noticeable in this direction). Their church, now approaching completion, will be one of the finest edifices of the kind in this immediate region.

Grand Rapids has the vim of the new cities of the far west.

LIBERALISM.

There are quite a number of liberals in religion, in the city. But, of late, nothing has been done in the line of public meetings. Benj. Todd and J. O. Barrett held a meeting here some months ago. W. F. Jamieson and myself have been speaking here the past three Sundays. We have had a spacy time.

There is a beautiful park in the city. Thursday evenings, when the band begins to play, everybody goes to the park. Bro. Jamieson thought the park would be a nice place in which to hold a meeting. We did so the next night. Then, on the succeeding Sunday, we followed the Young Men's Christian Association. As soon as the Y. M. C. A. man said "Amen!" we announced another meeting. The crowd said, Go on. Radicalism was then talked. Fossils said, Great God! can such things be? This must be stopped! But the period did not come just then. We had our say.

During the week the Y. M. C. A. members were troubled. We learned that we should not be allowed to speak in the park again. Madame Rumor talked about a mob. We went to the chief of police for permission to speak and for protection. He referred us to the mayor. His Honor, Mayor Pierce, gave us cordial greeting. He had no objection to our using the park, but he did refer the matter to the Common Council. He did so. Bro. Jamieson presented a written request for the use of the park, and attended the session of the august body. At first the petition was tabled. It was then called up again. Mr. Jamieson explained matters. Then the sectarian serpent began to hiss. Councilmen orated. One said he would vote No, because he dissented from the views of the speakers. Another declared that the park ought not to be opened to these men, because they were exciting and stirring up the people. Alderman Leitolf mildly suggested that, as the Council had granted permission to the Y. M. C. A., these gentlemen, strangers to the place, ought to have the same privilege. He wanted fair play. Aldermen Dishman, Leitolf, and Minnie, by their votes, said the same thing; but, alas! they were in the minority. Conservation won the day, and we were refused the park.

The excitement then began in earnest. The press, led by the *Times*, spoke brave words for freedom. The people took the matter up. Cordial greetings came in from all sides. We addressed a large assemblage on the street Sunday afternoon; also, in Luce's Hall, morning and evening.

Many had thought our assertion that there was danger of religious proscription in this country, a sensational statement. We appended to the action of the Council as proof of what we had said. The shot went home.

At the evening session we were invited to return to Grand Rapids for the entire month of September. We accepted the offer, so you see, there is work ahead for us.

THE FRIENDS.

We are encouraged to go on in the good work of spreading liberalism. Dr. E. Woodruff, an old reader of the *Banner*, engaged Luce's Hall, the first Sunday. He nobly stood by us to the end. Mr. Butler, a prominent business man, subscribed liberally for the September campaign. We enjoyed the generous hospitality of Mrs. Barnes. Lecturers appreciate the blessed influence of a happy home. In Grand Rapids we enjoyed genuine home comforts. Mattie Barnes is possessed of strong mediumistic powers, and under proper influences, would develop into an excellent public speaker. I wish educated and vivacious, she has within her the elements requisite for success in the sphere of public labor.

There are but few public media in Grand Rapids. Mrs. Squires is a professional clairvoyant.

NOTES.

Grand Rapids has had a big fire. This seems to be the fashion. Talk about water-works was next in order. A heretic observing that the citizens were locking up \$100,000 in a church edifice, remarked that the money could be used to better advantage by investing it in water-works. The saints exclaimed, "Blasphemous wretch! water-works will not save souls." The heretic smiled and retorted, "Save your houses and your souls will take care of themselves." The saints fled.

Christianity mutilates the spirit of caste. A heathen, the other day, visited a fellow heathen. Inward looking, he saw a crooked ground. The visiting heathen, emboldened by his love for the game, and recalling the oft repeated professions of "love your neighbor," by the christian world, gracefully ascended the steps of the mansion and asked permission to use the grounds for a short time. Over-dressed, fastidious young America, affectedly asked, "Who desires to play?" The heathen said, "A friend next door." The response was, "We do not associate with those people, therefore we rather you would not play." The heathen smiled a Pagan smile and retired, mentally resolving that he would not ask another favor of anybody in that town of close communion Parks and costly churches.

Equality: what an inspiration there is in that word! And yet how much snobbery there is extant. The Shah of Persia, and his diamond overcoat, receive the applause of thousands. Governments entertain him, but the people have to pay for it. Down with caste. Put souls into corporations. Let women vote. Teach capital the lesson of justice. Tax churches. Make Sunday a holiday. Compel Conservatism to mind its own business—these are among the demands of the times. CEPHAS.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Written expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY J. M. SPEAR.

Some rare, old, happy, sleek
Wish me partaker of thy happiness,
Wish me partaker of thy happiness,
Wish me partaker of thy happiness.

Editor BANNER OF LIGHT.—On Chinese soil at last. Hong Kong, a rough border island, has been under British control since 1842. It is properly an English Colony, though the people are mostly Chinese. The sweeping distance we traversed from the Southern portion of New Zealand to China was nearly seven thousand miles, meeting necessarily with islands, coral shoals, calms, rain tempests, burning equatorial suns—many bitter experiences! The passage occupied over two months.

I became heart-sick of hearing the guttural gable, and of looking at our China passengers with their inevitable cues dangling from their gowns; their shaven heads, almond-shaped eyes, that noses, high cheek bones, saffron-colored complexion, and sack-like clothing loosely hung around them. And then withal, they are filthy in their habits, parasite vermin being with them matters of mirth. Being from different portions of China, they had among themselves one serious fight. They fought with clubs, bits of wood and marlin-pins, the blood flowing freely for a few moments. While censuring, I must not forget that these are coolies—the poorer classes!

THE GENERAL OUTLOOK.

China proper has eighteen provinces, each of which is divided into ten divisions called *Pu*—and these are still further divided into *Hien*. Politically speaking, these correspond somewhat to districts, counties, towns, only they are much larger than with us in America. The Empire contains five millions of square miles. Each provincial capital averages about one million of inhabitants. The whole Chinese Empire numbers nearly five hundred millions—one-third of the whole human race. It has one thousand seven hundred walled cities.

The time and place of a country, is while one is in it, as then the pen-pictures become more life-like. After-notes are like half-faded memories.

The country, so far as I have seen it, presents every conceivable shade of landscape; rich valleys, alluvial plains, high table-lands, and magnificent mountains. Stretching along the coast cities, canals to quite an extent take the place of roads. Instead of locks they have what are termed "mud-slides," using cables of bamboo and windlasses. Men, instead of machinery, turn them. Mules are born, eat, sleep, live and die in these boats. Everything looks un-American. The people are mainly agricultural, cultivating almost every available foot of the soil. Every object seems to indicate an over-burdened population. The canals swarm with boats, the shops with artisans, the roads with pedestrians, and the fields with hard-tilling workmen. It is work or starve in China.

THE DREAMY PAST.

For a period of nearly three thousand years China existed in almost complete isolation from other portions of the globe. This made her arrogant and egotistic. During those medieval times known as the "dark ages," the very existence of China was unknown to Europeans. The Chinese themselves knew nothing of the term, China. Speaking of their country they denominated it *Chang Kwoh*, the Middle Kingdom—or *Chung-Hoo-Kwoh*, the Middle Flowery Kingdom, because they consider themselves as occupying the middle of the globe, and as being the centres of civilization and intelligence. They further believe that their Empire, once proud and world-commanding, was established by the "law of Heaven" over forty thousand years ago, and is destined to stand forever. Owing to national conceit, Western nations call them "Celestials."

The almost measureless antiquity of China is not denied. The point in dispute is as to the boundary line between the genuinely historic and the mythical. Of this, Chinese scholars are certainly the best judges. Meadows, in his elaborate work upon the Chinese, puts the reign of Fuh-hi B. C. 3327. The reign of the *Chow* dynasties began about one thousand years before Christ, during which Lau-tze and Confucius lived. Though Lau-tze was the oldest, born B. C. 604, they were contemporaries. Both of these philosophers were refering to the wise who lived before them, term them "the ancients."

Herodotus and Ptolemy, treating of this quite unknown country, referred to these isolated people living in the north-east of Asia as "inventive and prosperous." Marcellinus, the Roman writer, Virgil, Pliny, Tacitus, and other historians, mention these olive-colored people under the name of *Seres*, dwelling in the land of *Seria*. They speak of them as "rich in silks" and the "luxuries of life," besides being encumbered with "much useless lore."

The "Chinese Annals" give their nationality an antiquity so vast that sectarists sneer. This is a too common argument of both the ignorant and the impudent! A learned Chinaman, *Le Chu*, assured me that Confucian scholars put their reliable historic records relating to creation, back four thousand years ago. The candid and scholarly John Williams, in his "Observations on Comets," admits the accuracy of the Chinese chronological computations. In his investigations he shows from the "records in the Shu-King, one of the oldest historical documents of the Empire, that the star *Cor Hydra* culminated at sunset on the day of the vernal equinox in the time of *Tsu*—the sun must have been in Taurus, then the equinoctial point. By a simple calculation, *Tsu* can be shown to have lived four thousand one hundred and seventy-three years ago, or two thousand three hundred B. C., just after the dispersion from Babel, according to the common chronology. * * * Dr. Hales long ago pointed out the agreements of the Egyptians and Chinese with the Babylonian or Chaldean astronomical observations.

THE NAMES KNOWN BY.

The then, the now, and the will be—a golden-linked triplet, comprising the all of eternity! The ancient inhabitants of Southern Asia, speaking of the people now known as the Chinese, used the terms, *Jin*, *Chin*, *Sin*, and *Shinista*, referring evidently to the *Tsin* dynasty, which took absolute control of the northern portion of the country about 770 B. C. Being ambitious and powerful, this *Tsin* family wielded the sceptre over the whole Empire as early as 250 B. C. This period and several hundred years previous, was famed for its literary men. The prominence of *Tsin* and the dimmed records of travelers confirm the view

taken by learned commentators that the Chinese were referred to in the forty-ninth chapter of Isaiah—"Behold thou shalt come from afar, * * * and those from the land of *Sinim*." Classic writers described the country under the names, *Sina*, *Seres*, *Serica*. An Alexandrine monk, writing in the sixth century, called it *Tzinista*, which much resembles the Persian appellation, *Chinistan*. The Turks and Russians knew it as *Khitai*. The Khitans were of Nanchu lineage, and related to the present imperial family. In the tenth century they completely conquered the adjoining provinces. From about this period or before, strange as it may seem, Europe became utterly oblivious of any such great civilized nation in the East! But in the year 1245, John of Plano Carpini, a native of Umbria, and another Franciscan monk wandering along the Mongolian desert, found their way into Eastern Asia, and returning from their mission, told of a highly civilized people living in the extreme East, upon the shores of the ocean. To this country so unexpectedly found, they gave the name of Cathay. One of these monks describes them thus:

"The Cathayans are a Pagan people, who have a written character of their own. They are learned in many things. They worship the one God and have sacred scriptures. * * * They have no beard, and in their features are very much like the Mongols, but not so broad in the face. They have a peculiar language. Better craftsmen in all the arts practiced by mankind are not to be found on the face of the earth. Their country also is very rich in corn, wine, gold, silver, and in silk, and in all other things that tend to human maintenance."

De Rubruquis, an intelligent monk, was the first to identify, in 1253, Cathay with the ancient *Seres*, or *Sinim*. In 1295, Friar John went on a mission to China. Writing to Rome, he says:

"I have bought gradually one hundred and fifty boys, the children of Pagan parents, who had never learned any religion. These I have baptized, and taught Greek and Latin after our manner; also, I have written out Psalters for them, with thirty Hymnaries and two Breviaries. * * * And I have a place in Court, and a regular entrance and seat assigned me as legate of our Lord the Pope, and the Chuan honors me above all other prelates, whatever be their titles."

All early travelers to this Asian country were stars of second magnitude, however, compared to the Venetian, Marco Polo; and yet, there was a time when he was counted a romantic. The injustice after a time died away, and this gentleman's veracity and correctness of observation shine brilliantly to-day under the recovery of much lost and forgotten knowledge. His descriptions of cities, libraries, civilization, and the general refinement of the people, read to western nations like fairy tales. He was the great traveler of his age.

Hon. Anson Burlingame, head of the Chinese embassy to our and other countries, said, in his speech delivered in New York, June, 1868:

"China is a land of scholars and of schools; a land of books, from the smallest pamphlet up to voluminous encyclopedias. It is a land where privileges are common. It is a land without caste; for they destroyed their feudal system over two thousand years ago, and they built up their grand structure of civilization on the great idea that the people are the source of power. This idea was uttered by Mencius between two and three thousand years since, and it was old when he uttered it. * * * They make scholarship a test of merit."

LAU-TZE; THE GREAT MAN.

Circumstances rather than merit often weave the crown of fame. Confucius is often termed the sage of China. That he was treasury-keeper to the court of Chow, and a wise man, is admitted; but he was not original, as was the old philosopher, Lau-tze, who founded the Taoist sect or school of thinkers. Taoism is literally rationalism. Confucius spoke as a schoolmaster, quoting the ancients of almost forgotten dynasties as authority. Lau-tze was an intuitionist. Confucius's brain was a cistern; Lau-tze's a living fountain. Seeing the hollowness of education, government and society, he condemned it; and then, soaring into the regions of thought, he uttered truths, and lived them.

It is a matter of no little surprise to us that friend Stebbins, in his excellent compilation, "The Bible of the Ages," made no selections from the venerable philosopher, Lau-tze, who, though preceding Confucius by a few years, lived in the sixth century before Christ.

The following are gems gathered at random from the volume entitled "Tao-Teh-King":

"The wise produce without holding possession; and without presuming on the result, complete their work without assuming any position for themselves; and, since they assume no position, they never lose any."

"The sage has no special love. He puts himself last, and yet is first; he abandons himself, and yet is preserved. Is not this through his having no selfishness? When a work of merit is done, and reputation is coming, he gets out of the way. To produce and have not to act and expect not—this is sublime virtue."

"A man to whose cannot stand still; his neighbor he cannot walk on. He who is self-displaying does not shine; he who is self-praising has no real merit. The unwise are full of ambitious desires, lusting for the stalled ox, or for sexual enjoyment. The wise conquer themselves, putting away all impurity, all excess and all gaiety."

"The sage, timid and reserved, blends in sympathy with all, for he thinks of them as his children. There is no greater misery than discontent; no greater sin than lust. 'Tan the Spirit, is permanent, yet undiminished. Spirits, but from some source of spirituality, would be in danger of annihilation."

"The sage wears a coarse garment and hides his jewels in his bosom. He grasps nothing, and therefore loses nothing. He does not copy others. He recompenses injury with kindness, and excels in forgetting himself."

After a conference between Lau-tze and Confucius, the latter said to his disciples—"I can tell how the runner may be snared, the swimmer may be hooked, and the flyer shot by the arrow. But there is the dragon; I cannot tell how he mounts on the wind through the clouds, and rises to heaven. To-day I have seen Lau-tze and can only compare him to the dragon!"

AS SHE WAS, AND IS.

Cycles are certainties, pertaining alike to individuals and nations. China had her noontide of prosperity many thousands of years ago. To-day, and for centuries, she has been in a galloping decline. In that indefinite period known as antiquity, she rightly considered herself the superior race, the centre of civilization and learning. It must not be forgotten by Americans that the Chinese were adepts in astronomy and medicine nearly three thousand years since—that they employed the magnetic needle when Europe was smothering under the pall of the dark ages—that printing, originating with, was used by them for centuries before known in the West—that they discovered the curse, gun-powder, and that they have excelled in silks, china-ware and porcelains from time immemorial. They admit that "Western barbarians" excel them at present in science and the mechanical arts; but they claim the pre-

eminence in literature and the mysterious sciences, such as astrology, geomancy, physiognomy, divination, and necromancy, or methods of conversing with the dead.

During the tedious voyage from New Zealand to a crew of Chinese, I was surprised one day to see a young Coolie perusing a fine Chinese volume thickly embellished with pictures and plates of the human form—the human brain laid open—the curves and facial features indicating character—delicately marked, and the fortune-teller of the hand clearly traced. Inspiring through the interpreter when written and by whom, I ascertained that it was one of a series of volumes by an old sage treating of reading character by the brain organs, the facial angles, and the general contour of the person—*alias* a volume upon phrenology and physiognomy.

It cannot be consistently alleged that Christian missionaries would be partial to or inclined to overrate the virtues and intellectual attitudes of the "Heavenly" natives were sent to save. And yet the Rev. J. L. Nevius, ten years a missionary in China, says in his work entitled "*China and the Chinese*," "China may well point with pride to her authentic history, reaching back through more than thirty centuries; to her extensive literature, containing many works of sterling and permanent value; to her thoroughly elaborated language, possessed of a remarkable power of expression; to her list of scholars and her proficiency in higher letters."

"If these," says Dr. Nevius, "do not constitute evidence of intellectuality, it would be difficult to say where such evidences might be found." Further, China has given a literature to nearly forty millions of Japanese, and also to the inhabitants of Korea and Manchuria. If the Japanese surpass the Chinese in skill and impulse, action, the Chinese excel them in intellectuality and morality. The better classes of Japan use the Chinese classics; much as we do, in our collegiate courses, those of Greece and Rome.

There seem to be three classes of Chinamen: the coolies, or servants, the middle class, or farmers and tradesmen, and the mandarins. For centuries the Chinese have been traversing the downward segment of their national cycle. Compared with Americans, they seem dull and phlegmatic. Though their bodies are healthy, they lack energy, muscular force and mental activity.

To see a Chinaman in a hurry would be a marvel. They walk their narrow streets moderately, seldom getting excited about anything. Gynasiums and vigorous athletic exercises are quite unknown among them. They have the appearance of being timid; and yet, I am told they are persistent in accomplishing what they undertake.

Instead of eight and ten, most of the Chinese labor sixteen hours a day. Their industry is proverbial.

PECULIAR WAYS.

Landing in Hong Kong harbor, we took a "sand-pan," i. e., a small Chinese boat, partially roofed with bamboo, and started for the shore. There were seven residents in this junk-like skiff—grandmother, father and mother, and four children, the smallest of whom was strapped to the mother's back, Indian fashion. Both grandmother and mother took a part in rowing and sculling. These families know no homes but "sand-pans."

Hong Kong has a population of one hundred and twenty-five thousand, about four thousand of whom are Europeans and Americans. The buildings are roofed with tiles. The streets, narrow and dirty, swarm like bee-hives. All nationalities dress to suit themselves. Nearly every Chinaman has an umbrella over his head and a fan in his hand. They are compelled by law to carry a hand-lamp, if traversing the streets after seven o'clock. Only a portion of the women—the better classes—have small feet. These, in walking, simply waddle as though lame. They think it graceful.

Yesterday, took several rides in sedan chairs. Though an easy method of locomotion, I do not fancy them. It saves too much of slavery to be borne upon men's shoulders. Are we not *brotherless*? To-day, have visited the Chinese temples; medical hospitals, founding institution, and other places of interest.

To-morrow, start for Canton, Macao and Foo-Chow, preparatory to embarking for India by the way of Ceylon and Java.

Through our consul, the missionaries and several intelligent Chinamen, I have learned their methods of holding converse with spirits. The prevalence of the belief in spirit communion among the Chinese is astonishing. It is almost universal. With the lower classes, it is mixed up, however, with absurd superstitions. In our next, shall describe these matters in detail.

Hong Kong, China, May 27, 1873.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

DEAR BANNER—Early in spring I wrote to you about publishing the "Experience of a Medium," but circumstances compelled me to leave America before I had completed the work. How full of change is life! The most unexpected events toss us from one extreme of the globe to the other! Had my dear spirit friends lifted the veil of futurity two years ago, and revealed to me that I should at this time be wandering alone and unknown through Europe, I should have termed them false prophets; but, here I am, without a friend or companion, at the foot of Mt. Blanc, bound I know not whither! Alone! I said; but no, I have invisible friends who will never desert me, never weary of my whims, never repel nor misjudge!

Thank the All-Father for opening the gates of the Summer-Land, so that lonely exiles can go in and out, and find sympathy and love among those who here once trod the same thorny path they tread. When tears of anguish flood the eyes, and the heart is pained to rend with its burden of pain, through these misty gates hasten angel feet, and low cooing spirit voices breathe words of comfort to the despairing soul, and the erstwhile hopeless form is encircled by invisible arms, more tender and protecting than the most loving embrace of earth-friends.

I have been residing in Paris for the past six weeks. My husband thought he could do me no greater favor than to send me thither to regain my health and vivacity, for New Yorkers speak of Paris as the elysium upon earth for all who are fortunate enough to reach its magical precincts. But alas! it is a materialistic Paradise for the fullest sense of the term, and consequently for one who is mediumistic and sensitive, no place could be less adapted.

All my Parisian days these lines of an old Scotch song rang in my ears, "It is well to be off with the old love before you get the new." Unfortunately for me, I was not "off" enough with the "old love" to enjoy the new thoroughly. A young married lady traveling alone, unless

she be a discarded wife or mistress, and ready to take on with a new love, is an anomaly in Paris. A woman may be as heartless as possible, may have deserted husband or children, may have eloped with a lover, may be gross and sensual, and she will not be treated with distrust or suspicion, but that she should leave a husband whom she loves and who loves her, and yet permit her to travel alone, is to them an incomprehensible problem.

Society complains of the free love of American Spiritualism, but I think its worst form is not to be compared to the free love you meet with in even the most respectable pensionants and hotels of Paris.

The more I travel in foreign countries the better I love America. The more I see of foreign gentlemen the greater respect and regard I entertain for our American gentlemen. Frank, outspoken, kindly to women, they are a type by themselves. Long may it be, ere intercourse with older sections will give them the light regard for woman's affection, the superficial politeness and disregard of domestic pleasures, which is the prevailing sentiment abroad.

In Switzerland I find more honest and simple natures than in Paris, less refined taste. In Geneva, Nature reigns above art. In the presence of grand old Mt. Blanc, the tinsel and show of life appear in their true tawdry worthlessness. The air is deliciously pure, the sky of paradisaical dye, and the lake of that wondrous, gem-like blue one's fancy gives to Italian waters. Mt. Blanc appears to rise from the dark rocks that rear their crest above this lake, like some white soul, some awful God, solemn and profound, with the mystery of eternity set upon its front.

I imagine that my spirit friends can reach me from these everlasting heights more direct than they could in brilliant, artistic, sensualistic Paris. Farewell! I long to return to America, but may be obliged to spend the winter in Italy.

SARAH G. HORS.

Author of "Strange Visitors."

Penmont Lake, Kohler, Geneva, V.
Switzerland, July 25th, 1873.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY GEO. A. BACON.

Whether one looks at the Labor Question in a comprehensive light or from a special point of view, it is evermore one of paramount importance. It stands related to and is dove-tailed with all other questions of a practical, social and humanitarian character. The welfare of every member of society is concerned in its settlement. It needs the best thought and repeated contributions of the ablest minds in the land to really comprehend, appreciate and popularize what is now on all sides laboriously intricate and complicated.

The Labor Question involves what it has never received, an equitable adjustment between Labor and Capital on a recognized basis of mutual dependence and reciprocal relationship; lessening and determining the hours of toil; the rate, method and principle of compensation; the codification of all laws pertaining to usury and taxation; in short, the incorporation of a larger element of simple justice into all branches of Political Economy.

The friends of labor in this State, a week or two ago, held a delegate meeting in Lowell, on which occasion they confined themselves mainly to a consideration of means whereby to obtain the speediest passage of a Ten Hour Bill. In a matter of this specific character it would be ineffectual if not entirely superfluous to introduce anything further than the introduction of this subject in order to ensure its immediate passage and complete enforcement. Ah! for the mutability of human hopes. Just such a bill failed to pass the late Legislature, owing respectively to the indifference, opposition and treachery of some of its friends.

In England, according to all accounts, the Labor Movement is meeting with more gratifying success than in this country, a fact which ought to make us feel ashamed. Success there arises mainly from the superior manner with which the subject is canvassed and managed. Greater concert of action also characterizes the movement there than it does here—two features which in themselves, other things being equal, are sufficient to win success.

There the effect of trades-unions has been so great that the National Federation of Associated Employers of Labor was held recently, for the purpose of taking measures to counteract the influence and power of these organizations. Aggressive enormous funds and employing all possible policy, their position by virtue of united and harmonious action has arisen to one of commanding altitude. Every step taken has been marked by rare wisdom; hence their present success; and inevitably, at no distant day, their controlling power.

We rejoice to learn that they are now directing their attention toward obtaining direct representation of labor in Parliament, on a somewhat extended scale, and with every prospect of success. The character of the men selected to represent the Labor Question in the House of Commons, may be gathered by a brief consideration of the life of Mr. Joseph Arch, President of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union, whose arrival here is announced as one of the interesting items of the week.

Only when American workmen can keep in the background their personal matters, local idiosyncrasies and all minor considerations, and work together intelligently, unitedly and harmoniously, will they supplement and complement the action of their English cousins, and begin to meet with the success they so justly deserve.

Boston, Aug. 18th, 1873.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—I notice in your issue of July 26th, an article relating to the man whose name is given above. Though Mr. Spear was born and educated in and belonged to Boston, and for several years prosecuted his mediumistic labors in this vicinity, he was long ago sent forth to work in varied and distant fields. The result has been that this prophet became more honored elsewhere than in his native place. As with many others, so with him, the earlier outworkings of mediumship extensively shocked the sensitiveness and nonplussed the credulity of many beholders, caused his sanity, integrity and benevolence to be questioned, and clouds of distrust and obloquy to hang over him and obscure his intrinsic worth and marvelous operations.

A psychometric diagnosis of him by A. J. Davis, more than twenty years ago, detected in him the special properties for an efficient missionary medium; and the plang which a band of highly untrained and phantasmal spirits made of

him as their embassador extraordinary to most of the more enlightened nations on the earth, and to associations and individuals whom the supernals desired to interest in the work of bringing the spirit-world and this one into more familiar intercommunities, indicate that their perception of him was the same.

If the reader will peruse Spear's brief report or narrative of his labors and experiences which you published last autumn—entitled "Twenty Years on the Wing"—it will be seen that his work has been peculiar and extensive, and that, by means of sublimity came to him as marvelously as food did to the prophet whose baker and butcher were ravens.

Having known Mr. Spear more intimately than his controllers permitted him to be known by many persons, having been, as it were, behind the scenes when courses were decided upon and acts performed which were derided by more distant observers, he has unwaveringly retained my esteem and approbation for his unselfish and unreserved devotion to his unseen controllers, and for his desire and purpose to be ever doing that which he deemed his best possible work for furthering the highest good of his fellow-beings. His faith has been eminent. I have never known another person in whom that quality has seemed to me so controlling and sustaining as in him.

He was carefully and formally selected by a band of supernals for specific service, and at the end of twenty years unresisting compliance with all their demands, which were often humiliating and generally exhausting, he received from them an honorable discharge from their service, accompanied by their request that charitable mortals should procure for him a comfortable home, in which this man of about three-score and ten may pass what remains to him of earthly life free from pressing labors.

You quote from the London Medium and Day-break what shows that a subscription for him has been opened, and considerable sums subscribed in England. You also kindly offer to receive and transmit any sums which may be offered you for this purpose. I pray and trust that hearts will be moved to contribute enough to procure for him a comfortable rural home, a five thousand dollar house. His labors have been extensive and effective—more so, perhaps, in calling other laborers into the spiritual field, and outlining the works of a future generation, than in immediate palpable results—yet extensively and abidingly effective. His movements have been so extensively solitary and unobtrusive that he is relatively much less known by his own generation than he will be by those that come after us. He deserves—and those who have specially employed him desire that he should receive—some temporal compensation in the world as you can to obtain the fee of some spot on which he may glide smoothly and cheerfully down the hill of mortality; where no landlord shall step in to molest or make him afraid.

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OF THE

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OF THE

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