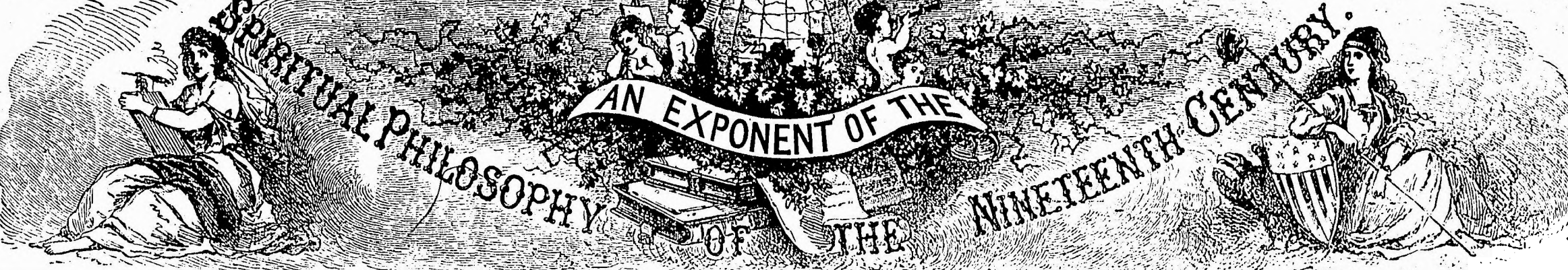


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 23.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER TWELVE.

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

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT.—Greetings of good will from the country of Confucius, Lao-tse, Mencius and other sages of the East!

If the rattling, rolling stone gathers no moss, it may from motion and friction secure a smooth surface to which its stick-in-the-mud kindred must remain strangers. Nations being but aggregated units, having on certain planes common impulses and aspirations, one's Western prejudices rapidly wear away when mingling with the Asian races. Surely, "hath God made of one blood all nations of men." Though the human mind in certain stages of its unfolding admires the novel and the unique, it soon wearies in studying the characteristics of the packed millions constituting the Chinese Empire. The motto in the country must be, sketch, write and run.

CANTON.

The native name is *Yung-Ching*, meaning the "city of fairs," but from subsequent mythological circumstances connected with the wise men of the past and their communion with the gods, it now signifies the "city of geni." Thronging with a population of over a million, it numbers less than two hundred foreigners. The city is situated on the Pearl River, up the country some ninety miles from Hong Kong, and is reached by a daily steamer. The river, wide, muddy and moderate, reminding one of the lazy Missouri, flows into the bay at Hong Kong, just under the shadow of Victoria Peak, a mountainous point, towering up nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The flat lands all along this Pearl or Canton river were covered with rice-fields, banana plantations, ly-chee trees, laden with ripening fruit, peach orchards full of promise, and bayonet shrubbery, more ornamental in this latitude than useful. Odd-looking villages lying a little distance away, dotted the river valley from Hong Kong to Canton. They are more noted for compactness and bustle, than cultivation or beauty. The most important of these minor cities, commercially considered, is *Wampoo*—virtually the port of Canton—being just at the head of navigation for heavily-laden vessels. Seen from the steamer, agriculture and architecture seemed decidedly primitive. The buildings were generally one story high, and covered with tiles—no glass in the windows, nor gardens in front of them. Back in the fields, men and women were plowing their half-submerged rice-lands with water-buffaloes. These huge, hairless creatures are considerably larger than our wild droves of the West. Butter made from their milk is white as lard. These buffalo-cows, with others, and goats also, are driven to the door to be milked, thus avoiding the city pests of pure milk—"pumps."

CENETERIES.

Just before reaching Whampoa, we had a fair view of a Chinese cemetery, the tombs in which were constructed much in the shape of the Greek Omega. They are built upon hillsides, and terraced up to the very summit. It is believed that tutelary gods protect the graves and guide the spirits of the dead back at certain seasons to their earthly homes and ancestral altars. Our captain, pointing to this hill of bones and ashes, said, "I have seen on festal days crowding about these graves fifty thousand people." At the time of burial they usually make an offering to hungry and unhappy spirits, believed to haunt burial-places. They clothe their dead, bodies in several suits of garments, for burial. Fashion demands this, which is neglected by the children, is construed as a want of filial piety. White is the proper emblem of sorrow and mourning—red of joy and gladness. Widows are required to wear mourning three years, while the widower is expected to mourn but one year, wearing a white girdle. The Chinese have not the least fear of death, and really mourn deeper and wail louder at their weddings than their funerals. The aged procure their coffins before they die, decorating them with red silk and other costly material, keeping them in their houses as ornamental furniture. One monument in this cemetery, towering above the others, was erected to the memory of a "literary man." Money, oftener than merit, puts up marble shafts in both Europe and America. They are useless expenditures in any country.

CANTON WITHIN THE WALLS.

Approach to this, the wealthiest and most elegant city of China, seemed almost impossible, from the wilderness of skiffs, "sam-pans," and junks playing the muddy waters. These junks, clumsily modeled, yet richly decorated, have bamboo sails, and are better adapted to inland harbor and river purposes than European-rigged vessels. Full two hundred thousand Cantonese live, traffic, eat, sleep and die on these river-boats. Their sam-pans, though floating property, are their real estate! The smallest children have bamboo-blocks tied to their bodies, so that should they tumble overboard, they could be easily rescued. Landing and presenting letters of introduction from the Rev. Dr. Eitel, and our gentlemanly and kind-hearted Consul, Mr. Bailey, (from Cincinnati,) appointed to Hong Kong, and, by the way, a distant relation, his maternal grandparent being a Peabody, we were made the recipients of the Rev. Dr. Kerr's hospitalities.

The streets of Canton, irregularly laid out, are from five to seven and ten feet wide, and generally covered in with fluttering matten and ban-

no-roads, giving them a dull, shadowy appearance. Broad avenues are yet to be dreamed of by Chinamen. Wheeled carriages out of the question, sedan-chairs, carried by Coolies are the only means of transportation. It pained me to see that the shoulders of some of these poor burden-bearers were calloused and seared! The principal streets, with such lofty names as "Pure Pearl," "Just Balance," "Unblemished Rectitude street," etc., have banners and gaudily painted signs dangling in front of their bazars, presenting an aspect at once gay and gorgous.

Traversing the streets, the factories suffering more or less from contiguous meat-markets, gaping crowds would gather around us, commenting upon our dress, beard, unshaven head, calling us in Chinese "red-haired men from the West." It is reported that they shout, "*Pan Kwei*"—foreign devils. Though, this were true once, it is not now. They treated us with perfect respect. Do they eat "rats, cats and puppies?" as the old geography-makers said? If so, it is an exceptional custom practiced by paupers. I saw no cats—but did see a few dressed rats and dogs, in the Canton markets. Missionaries are very apt to see in "hethen lands" what they search for. Dr. Kerr informed us that a very small portion of the poorer classes probably ate them, superstitiously connecting them with certain medical effects upon the principal that "every part strengthens a part." The unjust reports that Chinamen ate "cats and puppies" put in circulation by sensationalists, were not supplemented by the fact that Europeans ate swine, shrimps, snails, frogs, horses and water-serpents!

The Chinese are naturally a rice-eating people, and in the palmy ages of their old seers they subsisted entirely upon vegetables, grains and fruit. Meat-eating and the shaving of their heads are modern customs, the one indicating the moral degeneracy, and the other subservience to a foreign power. When the Tartars poured down from the North, conquering China, the shaving of the head, except the queue, was imposed as a token of subservience to the new dynasty. It is now fashionable, the more foppish adding black silk braids to make their long glossy queues more conspicuous. The women dress their heads, doubtless, as they imagine, very artistically, combing the hair straight back and then putting into it a profusion of tinselings, ornaments and artificial flowers. The Chinese are naturally polite—the mandarins haughty. The two sexes occupy different rooms at night, and also sit separately; chop-sticks take the place of knives and forks. During the first day after reaching Canton we visited Buddhist temples, a Confucian temple, the Examination Hall, Chinese printing-offices, China-ware manufacturers, embroidery shops, native schools, the Executive grounds, and the "Temple of Horrors," where are exhibited the pictorial presentations of the ten punishments in Hell. This temple is much frequented by tricksters and fortune-tellers. The schools half defunct, as the scholars all study abroad at the same time; some literally screaming from behind their desks. It was babel. Education in these primary schools consists principally of committing to memory things worth knowing in books; when well committed the teacher explains the meaning, and the application to life.

Dr. J. G. Kerr, Sec'y of the Medical Hospital in Canton, has been in China about twenty years, serving as missionary and physician. He is the author of several works. In surgery, China physicians are far behind European. And for the reason they do not believe in amputations, or the use of the knife. They diagnose disease by touching the pulse. Some heal by "the laying on of hands." They permit their patients the use of little or no water. Much sleep is among their remedies, some ridiculously superstitious and useless. They rely much upon diet, charms, faith and the driving away of evil spirits. Some consider these Chinese physicians exceedingly skillful, others do not. They certainly are not scientific in the western sense of the term. But is medicine a science? Dr. Kerr is doing an excellent work, and Chinamen have in him great faith. Speaking at the breakfast table of the general intelligence of the Chinese, Mrs. Kerr remarked—"these Chinese are in some respects in advance of the Europeans and Americans; all they need is the Christian religion!"

It must be remembered that Chinese literature is not only extensive, but absolutely massive. The Chinese dictionary is a work of one hundred and fifty volumes, the history of China is a work of three hundred and sixty volumes, while there are one hundred and twenty volumes in just the catalogue of the Imperial library at Peking. The learned Lew Heng 120 B. C. wrote several voluminous works entitled—"The Biography of Famous Women." Two thousand and even one thousand years previous to Heng's time, women in the Mongolian countries were considered the equals of men. The greatest of these nations was governed by a Queen, with a liberal sprinkling of mothers and sisters for officials. No traveler reading ancient literature and studying old ruins can deny the "fall of man!"

When the French and English, under their national banners, entered the gates of Peking in 1860, he said to the lasting shame of that portion of the "allied army," the French, that they burned a very valuable library connected with the summer palace of the Emperor; and these Frenchmen are called Christians and the Chinese "heathen" (!).

WALLS IN THE EMPIRE.

In the declining years of the Mongolians and Chinese—man losing faith in man—reigning dynasties conceived the notion of constructing gigantic walls. For over three thousand years,

therefore, the Chinese have been a wall-making people. "Those around the old city of Canton, as they now stand, were built in 1380, A. D. The one enclosing the new city dates to A. D. 1598. The oldest of the walls surrounding Canton is thirty feet thick at the base, about thirty feet high, nearly seven miles in length, and four horses may travel upon the top abreast. A recent writer says: "It would bankrupt New York or Paris to build the walls of the city of Peking. The great wall of China, the wall of the world, is forty feet high. The lower thirty feet are of granite or heavy limestone, and two modern earthen walls may pass each other on the summit. It has parapets the whole length, and frequent garisons along the way, whether running through valleys or over the crests of mountains. It would probably cost more now to build the great wall of China, through its extent of a thousand miles, than to build the sixty thousand miles of railroads in the United States. This wall, so effective several thousand years since, is now an embarrassment." Born in a sedan-chair, one hardly observes the gate, that lets pilgrims inside the Canton walls. A sort of a cross-wall surrounds *Shamoen*, the chief residence of foreign merchants. This wall was finished in 1862.

THE PAGODAS.

Who built them? and what the original purpose? There are several within the walls of Canton, and we passed a number crowning the hill-tops on the way up the Pearl river. These graceful towers, three, five and nine storied, are built of brick or stone. The walls are some ten feet thick. Perfect in proportion, they range from seventy to two hundred feet high. Difficult of ascension, terraced with vines, and capped with verdure and tropical foliage, they constitute an interesting feature in Chinese landscapes. The one near Whampoa is only about six hundred years old. Many of them, however, are very ancient, ante-dating the introduction of Buddhism into China from India 250 B. C. They originally symbolized aspiration, pointing toward the great Ruler of Heaven. At the base and up their rising stairways the wise sat for meditation and self-examination. They were also used as outlooks in times of danger, and places of rest for traveling pilgrims. After the visits of Buddhist missionaries, they became the repositories of the ashes of Buddha and various relics. As some localities they are now falling into ruin. Everywhere and everything there seems a lack of enterprise.

THE CONFUCIAN TEMPLE.

Confucianism is not a religion, but rather a system of morals. The best scholars of China to-day are the Confucians and Taoists. Mandarins never attend service in missionary churches, it is beneath their dignity to listen to the theological religions of Christian nations. They have no objections to Jesus, the Syrian sage, and would willingly give him a niche in the temples of their gods; but hypocritical, money-making, warlike Christians they despise. Visiting a Confucian temple, I saw a costly image of Confucius. There were also tablets of his most distinguished disciples and commentators. Students occupied rooms in rear of the building. The Chinese no more worship Confucius and hero-gods than do Americans George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, or high-churchmen the bible and prayer-book.

Walking up the highway of science to the "Examination Hall," I was filled with wonder and admiration. The hall itself is about fourteen hundred feet in length by six hundred and fifty wide. The principal entrance is at the "Gate of Equity," and the first inscription over the avenue reads, "The opening heavens circulate literature." The examination of candidates for the *Ki-yan*, or second literary degree, is here held triennially. Connected with this mammoth hall are nine thousand five hundred and thirty-seven stalls or rooms for the students on trial, and in rear of these rooms are other apartments for three thousand officials—copyists, servants, policemen. Each candidate for a degree is put into a stall, with only pen, ink and paper, and required to write an essay from a given text in the classics. One day and one night only are allowed for the production of the thesis. There is great competition; and there are thousands of strangers in the city during these examinations. The third degree is conferred only in Peking.

[Concluded in our next.]

A government cannot have too much of the kind of activity which does not impede, but aids and stimulates, individual exertion and development. The mischief begins when, instead of calling forth the activity and powers of individuals and bodies, it substitutes its own activity for theirs; when, instead of informing, advising, and, upon occasion, denouncing, it makes them work in fetters, or bids them stand aside and does their work instead of them. The worth of a State, in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it; and a State which postpones the interests of their mental expansion and elevation, to a little more of administrative skill, or that semblance of it which practice gives in the details of business; a State which dwells its men in order that they may be more docile instruments in its hands even for beneficial purposes, will find that with small men no great thing can really be accomplished; and that the perfection of machinery to which it has sacrificed everything, will in the end avail it nothing, for want of the vital power which, in order that the machine might work more smoothly, it has preferred to banish.—John Stuart Mill.

"Mother," said a little six-year-old, a few Sabbath ago, on returning from church, "Mr. Bartlett preached the best sermon I ever heard. I do not know exactly what he said, but he made most everybody cry—oh, so much, too; but I had left my handkerchief at home, in my school-coat pocket, and I could not."

Literary Department.

ETIENNE;

OR,

LIVING IN CLOVER.

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

IV.

The manuscript book, from which I abridge this narrative, breaks off the day after the marriage, and does not resume before the following January—a gap of about five months. No doubt but that the honeymoon was serene and bright. A few scattered papers probably relating to this period, make known to us the strange passions of the first husband, the astonishment of Etienne, and the docility of Hortense.

Bellombre, situated three leagues from the city, in a charming tract of country, dated from the reign of Louis XIII. M. Borsac had spoiled the park, at a great expense, by laying it out in straight lines; he had also rebuilt, heaven knows how, the two wings of the chateau. All the furniture was rich and modern, mahogany and *louis-quatre*, in the *rococo* style of 1835. At the entrance of each apartment, you might see upon a placard an inventory and the price of the effects and household furniture contained therein. The daily work of each servant was minutely appointed by special regulations. Every Sunday, after vespers, Madame was to deliver to the cook a list of the dishes for the week; the housekeeper had orders to furnish clean linen to her master and mistress on Saturday and Wednesday evenings, neither more nor less often. The porcelain ware and crystal glass used each day were under the care of the *valet de chambre*, as was also the plated silver used during the week; on Sundays and holidays Madame would herself give out the plate and costly services. These she was to look upon in the dining-room while the diners proceeded to the parlor, and was not to open the cupboard before the next morning, at five in summer, and six in winter, so that all the pieces might be washed, put in order, and looked away in her presence. One of Etienne's first acts was to dist the regulations into the fire, and Madame, who observed them out of respect for the dead, does not appear to have pleaded their cause.

Borsac senior fasted and abstained from meat as often as the church prescribes, although he had his pockets full of dispensations. He imposed his regimen upon his young wife, who, however, had served her apprenticeship at the convent. Hortense did not try to exchange night in Etienne's habits, and as he had the sense not to discuss the penances which she inflicted upon herself, she gradually discontinued them without a word. Mutual forbearance soon brought them, love aiding, to live and think as one being, which is the ideal of domestic life.

In celebration of his advent, Etienne presented the commune of Saint Maurice with a fire-engine costing a thousand crowns, while Hortense gave them a bell. The good crowd loudly preferred a steeple; but Etienne discovered upon inquiry that the parish shrank at the vanities of 1793, that the destroyed steeple had never existed but on paper, and that the execution of this plan, devised by an economical architect, would cost at least forty thousand francs.

There is nothing to indicate that, during these six months, the author of *Jacqueline* and *Silva* regretted the pleasures, the toil, and the pangs of literary life. Not only did he forget to write, but, when he read, it was in the little heart of his excellent wife, where he found more to interest him than in the best romance.

As Christmas drew near, he had some books sent him, and subscribed for five or six newspapers and reviews. The evenings were decidedly too long to pass with nothing but gazing into each other's eyes, and a rather mild but wet and gloomy winter prohibited out-door pleasures and occupations. Conversation, then, remained as the only resource. But a moment will always come when even the most congenial spirits have nothing to say to each other beyond what they have repeated a hundred times. Etienne would read with Hortense; he permitted some great minds to share their happy *leisure-blees* as third parties. The young wife, like all those who have passed through the fluting-mill of convents, was incredibly ignorant. The half-liberty of marriage had led her to turn over the pages of a few authors in vogue; but of the immortal masterpieces, which are the inheritance of all mankind, she hardly knew the titles. She took an ardent interest in these lofty studies, which widened her horizon and rounded her mental being; but nevertheless, having remarked that Etienne was not able to read aloud without yawning at every tenth line, she of her own accord proposed to return to the city.

Their return was celebrated in grand style; the very first families contended for the pleasure of entertaining them. Etienne went everywhere with his wife, who burned to show him and to obtain him honor. He spent quite as much for these provincials as for the finest comissaires of Paris. The reputation of a brilliant man, which had preceded him, was confirmed and extended; it was a real triumph. Not content with exciting admiration, he completed his knowledge by the study of a phase of society before unknown. In the drawing-rooms, at the theatre, at the club,

he noted down a thousand interesting particulars which would have escaped him a year later. Study has its honeymoon as well as marriage; we perceive vividly only that which is new to us. Peculiarities in manner and character we do not remark after the day when they have ceased to surprise us. During a month or two Etienne wrote every evening, sometimes but a few words, oftener whole pages; but Hortense thought that he was less sprightly at home than in company. Did his self-love require to be tickled before that brain, so rich and fertile, would reveal its treasures? Was it the shadow of the Borsac mansion and its vulgar surroundings aged and cold, which chilled him? The interior of the mansion, sooth to say, was gloomy. The large apartments hung with flowered paper, the rich and baroque furniture, the portraits of Borsac senior, who seemed to have carried the worship of his ugliness to a great length, the grumbling of the servants hired under the old management, who protested in a low tone against the extravagance of their new master—all this must needs have damped the humor of a Parisian, an artist, and a dandy. Hortense, with that intuition which may be called the genius of loving women, saw the dreariness and poverty of the splendors which had dazzled her on leaving the convent. Instantly enlightened, she set to work. Without consulting Etienne, as was also the custom in the pictures of his venerable brother; she discharged the servants one by one, under various pretexts, providing for the most meritorious among them; and she chose people less superannuated in their ways and manners. Etienne was surprised and delighted to see his old *valet de chambre* one morning; Madame had hunted him up and reengaged him without haggling about the wages. The lively adopted by Borsac, which, apparently, had been *harcassé* from the costume worn by the band at a country fair, was replaced by another, very simple and in the best taste. A small *coupe* and driver, both bearing the initials of Etienne, arrived from Paris, together with a pair of new horses with English blood in their veins; the landau was refitted for gala rides, if being modern and of good make. All these changes were effected in a twinkling, as in fairy tales.

The difficult part was to decorate and furnish the mansion in a manner to satisfy the taste of a fastidious man. Ah, if the poor woman could have been able to collect again, by magic, all the beautiful things which had dazzled him in a certain house on the Champs-Élysées! Antin, she would have sold the mansion to recover this stock of furniture and to install Etienne in a place whose surroundings were due to her; but the auction had scattered all to the four corners of Europe. One day the poor woman naïvely entered the shop of a dealer in curiosities, where she bought two chests full of articles and several dozen pieces of crockery ware. Having had all carried to the dining-room, she waited, her heart beating with suspense, for Etienne's arrival.

"So you have taken the trouble, my love," he said, "to have this rubbish brought down stairs? The garret was a good enough place for it."

"But these are antiques, my dear. I thought, thinking they would give you pleasure, because the house, I well know, is not very cheerful, and— If we could get back a stock of furniture like that which you possessed—"

He embraced the good creature, begging pardon for his rudeness. "But," added he, "those beautiful days when I collected such trumpery are over. My mania for old and ill-matched furniture was a real malady, from which, like a good many others, I have recovered; and, commissaire though I was, it has made me smart. The auction sale returned me the exact price I paid for the articles; but it must be remembered that I bought them very cheap. Hence my eyes really consumed fifteen years' interest; besides which, I had no comforts whatever, neither a good bed nor a good chair, being a slave to a pile of angular things. Furniture should be adapted to the wants of the person using it; and a piled-up storehouse, like that which I had in Paris, is the very opposite of a habitable abode."

Hortense made him talk so much and so well that she finally understood him. She drew from him the name of one of those practical artists who wed art to comfort in their sensible manner of fitting up houses at Paris, and, a few days after this conversation, the house was stormed by paper-hangers and painters.

Etienne took a lively pleasure in preparing his abode himself—in discussing with a well-informed, skillful and thorough architect the details of an outfit suited to the convenience of a happy life. He sketched plans, matched colors, designed certain pieces of furniture—the bed, among others, which was a perfect masterpiece of its kind. The furniture was made in Paris; but he himself superintended the decorative painters and paper-hangers who worked on the premises from day to day. Until spring, the bleak old mansion was the scene of noisy, active

Message Department.

Even Message in this Department of the Banner of Light we claim to be spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirit-entities with them, the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

The questions answered at these Seances are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Due notice will be given in these columns where and when our Public Free Circles will be held.

Invocation.

Thou God of this hand-omened day, thou late of our lives, thou who art all beauty and strength and wisdom and love and power, thou Spirit of all spirits, we this day come to thee with our prayers and with our praises. We who stand so near to mortal life have something of the darkness of that life yet clinging to our garments. We would bathe our souls in thy sunshine, be baptized with thy wisdom and love, and go forth renewed by thy strength. Father, Mother, we would ask, for this lesson, this new baptism, not alone for ourselves, but for those gathered here; and not alone for those gathered here, but for all thy children everywhere. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have questions, Mr. Chairman, we will consider them.

Q.—A. C. Portsmouth, R. I., writes: "I have two or three questions which I should be pleased to have submitted to the controlling spirit of your Free Circle for a reply, if agreeable. First—Being constituted physiologically with marked discriminating justice, and exceedingly strong will and firmness, and being a lover of the truth, I have become a martyr on the earth, and it seems hardly to be avoided, considering the present state of the social government, I would like to ask what will be the comparative condition in the higher life, of a mind thus constituted."

A.—By the use made of the terms by your correspondent, he evidently understands them in a different sense from myself. The mind, to me, is simply the representative of the thoughts that are generated in the brain. That mind changes in constituent properties just according to its surroundings; whether they are pleasant or disagreeable. The mind reflects the thought of the individual, and the reflection is in correspondence with the surroundings of that individual. For example, the lake, when untroubled by the breeze, reflects the trees that are upon its banks, precisely as clear and its muddy bottom has not been disturbed. If a pebble has not been thrown upon its surface to mar its placidity, then the reflection will be perfect as possible under the circumstances; so it is with the mind. But there is a spiritual mind and there is a natural mind, as there is a spiritual body and a natural body. Your correspondent perhaps has failed to take this into consideration. That spiritual body takes cognizance of spiritual surroundings, deals with spiritual things, has a spiritual mind; therefore there will be a very great difference between the mind spiritual and the mind natural.

Q.—(By the same.) "If a unity of two souls takes place on earth, with a pure, reciprocating, heavenly life, truly realized and felt by both, though they pass through many trials, and one, perhaps, is much more free from sin than the other, and that one passes on to the higher life many years before the other, and perhaps becomes far more progressed in purity, while the one here, still longing to be with its mate, may be struggling in amid adverse circumstances, can either withdraw, and that reciprocity entirely cease, against the wishes, consent and pure desire of the other?"

A.—No, and for this reason: your correspondent is laboring under a mistake. The soul itself never dies; it is of God, and therefore perfect, and remains intact from all the sinful surroundings in which it may be placed. The body may participate in all manner of crimes, but the soul—that inner spark of life which is the savior of each one of us—is of God, and therefore always pure. The progression of the soul as a soul, cannot be retarded by the conditions of earth. It is a mistaken belief that because one soul enters the spirit-land, and its mate remains on earth, that the one who has entered the world of souls progresses on and on, beyond the reach of the other yet left in materiality. No! In that holy love they keep pace together. If they are truly united, their union is of God, and therefore incapable of separation.

Q.—(By the same.) "I have heard of a man who had two or three wives and spoke of being equally pleased and happy with each, and could not tell which he would prefer. How will it be with him in the higher life? As the soul can never really be joined save to one in that relation, how is he to know in the future life which of the three is his true wife, seeing he knew no difference here?"

A.—These questions in earthly language are difficult to solve, that is, you too often fail to comprehend the idea perfectly which we wish to convey because of the incapacity of your language to express our thought. There is such a thing as a mere physical marriage—one which has nothing whatever to do with the soul. There may be several of them take place with one individual, and yet that individual may suppose in his blindness that they are all soul marriages, every one of them, while perhaps not one of them is such. That is a question which can alone be solved when the two shall stand face to face in yonder world under the jurisdiction of its laws; then the proper mate will come together as naturally as the sun falls upon the earth and blesses it by its magnetic presence.

Q.—Do not our trees and shrubs of earth retain through the winter, artificial foliage and blossoms discerned by our friends of the inner world?"

A.—As far as I am able, and have opportunity for judging in that direction, I must answer the question in the negative. These trees are true to nature in their outer life. The winter demands that the sap shall return to the roots, it has a work there to perform; if it remain in the branches, and out in the little twigs, it cannot be doing

its work properly, and fitting itself for the springtime when the sun shall shed its heated rays upon the earth; then its work is to arise in obedience to nature's law, that the branches and twigs may be again clothed in verdure and loveliness. Therefore, spiritual trees, but never in their greenness perennial, for even spirits themselves would live of perpetual summer-time. Our brother Davis talks of the Summer Land; well, that is a very good name to give it—you all recognize it as a beautiful land, and so it is—but it is a Winter Land as well. Why? Some of us spiritual would be terribly annoyed with an eternal summer, or even an eternal spring or autumn; we want variety. We are so made up in our two lives of natural and spiritual that we need it, and our kind Father has prepared it for us, for which we will praise him continually.

April 1.

Ellen McAvoy.

I died at the Carney Hospital. I have been gone five months, and I just got strength to get back. My name was Ellen McAvoy. I was sick in all two years had an awful cough; the doctor said I had the consumption, and I suppose I had. I want to tell mother I am happy and well now; and that though I longed here and feel bad, I shall as soon as I get away from here. [Referring to the sensations akin to the last hours spent on earth, which are usually experienced by spirits on their first manifestation through earthly mediums.] Tell mother I have remembered her parting words, and think of them a great deal; she asked when I got to heaven to remember her; and I have. Tell her heaven is not like what she supposed; it is just like living here, only it is a great deal better. Good day, sir.

April 1.

Bill Brownlow.

Well, stranger, how are you? [All right.] So am I. I used to hear about your doings here, and all about it, but I never got here. I have got a sister out in Minnesota that believes in these things, and she will tell me—I tell you she will be powerful glad to hear from me. I was killed yesterday—shot. Ah! today the first day of April! [Yes.] Well, I ain't feeling you, not a bit of it. I was shot yesterday. My name was Bill Brownlow; I was thirty-four years old.

I went out to Minnesota to get a better living than I could get down South. I was formerly from Tennessee—East Tennessee—and when the Ku Klux—I want to say something, but I won't—were acting so bad, I just set my face against 'em, and I got the worst of it, because the government hadn't backbone enough to wipe 'em out, and it ain't yet. The amount of the matter is, the government's either afraid to do it, or it's afraid not to—on the other side, and I am inclined to think the latter's the true state of the case. Defend yourself if you can, 'Gizzes; don't do as all them Congress chaps did—send 'em to Congress and they make all the money they can, pocket the spoils and then dodge the responsibility.

Now what I'm here to say is, the Spiritual religion is a fact to me, for I happen to know it by experience—I know I've come back. And now for Yeller Tim—he shot me; let him go. Just as sure as you harm him, just so sure harm will come to you. I ought to forgive, so I am. I was the aggressor. Let him alone; he has told his story before the counsel; he has told the truth—I will swear to every word of it on a stack of Bibles as high as that monument you've got somewhere round here. [In Charleston.] I did n't know just where. Well, stranger, you're right in what you're doing, and as long as you can help you out I can.

April 1.

Eleanor Kelsey.

I have come from New York, and I want my mother to know that I am happy now—am free now—I do n't suffer now, tell her. My name was Eleanor Kelsey, I was 14 years old. I suffered from heart disease—water around the heart—and mother prayed so earnestly that she might know—that God would give her to know in some way that I was happy after death—so I came here. Her name is Eleanor too. Will you please direct a paper to her, to the general post office, and she will get it, because I want her to feel happy that you thought enough of her to do it. We had two rooms on Columbus street, but she is going to move, because she thinks she can't have but one now I am gone. I think she had better go, too—it is an awful place. I wish she would move to Brooklyn—take a room in Brooklyn—I like it over there so much better. Good-by, sir.

April 1.

This seance was conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by "Vasilin."

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Wednesday, April 2.—Emma Sinclair, of Boston, in relative Matthew Kelsey, to his brother.

Thursday, April 3.—George W. Smith, of Boston, in relative Elizabeth Barnard, of New York City; Henry C. Wright, of New York City; and Appeal Sally Deane, of Bedford.

From the Cincinnati Times, August 28.

Fiendish Attempt to Wreck a Train.

Singular Presentiment in the mind of a Police Officer—Five Minutes Only to Spare.

The minds of the masses have become so thoroughly alarmed of late, on account of the numerous attempts which have been made to ditch trains of cars, and of other horrors destroying life, that the eye almost shrinks from glancing over the columns of a newspaper, for fear of its encountering some fresh disaster.

We have to record the narrow escape which the 11:30 night train from Cincinnati, on the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton Railroad, experienced last night, and all brought about by a singular presentiment in the mind of a police officer.

Shortly after eleven o'clock, officer Paris Thorpe, of Cumminsville District, started to go north on the railroad track, but, changing his mind, he turned back. Something, however, seemed to draw him in the direction first taken, and he again started north. Non-belief in ghost stories of all kinds made him irresolute, and once more he altered his course, this time moving toward Spring Grove avenue. But a foreboding evil continued to lurk in his mind, and in a few moments he was retracing his steps, and proceeding in the direction that fate evidently led him.

He had hardly traversed the railroad track two hundred and fifty yards above the crossing, when a sight met his eye that made the blood curdle when he thought of the destruction and death that awaited the coming train, the rumbling of which could already be faintly heard in the distance. Lying across one track were two wedges in such a manner that it required a considerable effort to remove them. Had they remained there until the train came along, it must certainly have become a total wreck. Officer Thorpe went to work with a will, and only a few moments elapsed when the train came thundering by, carrying its load of human freight, all unconscious of the terrible fate from which they had just escaped. The perpetrators of the work are unknown, but measures will be taken to discover them and bring them to justice.

THE STATUS OF PRIESTS AND PROSTITUTES IN THE AFTER-LIFE.

BY THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"I desire to know the exact status of priests and prostitutes in the after-life, and the kind of life they will live in the kingdom of God to come."

Some months ago, while conversing through the physical organism of a spirit medium in New York City with a friend who had recently passed away, after reminding him that he had been in earthly life a great friend and stickler for the clerical orders and dogmatic theology, I queried to know how he found his *the* ideas in these respects to agree with his experiences and observations in spirit-life. He promptly answered in writing: "On all sides church and theology are like the garments that one wears in their day and style. When laid aside they laugh at the absurdity of such fashions. I see the church now as it is, no longer through a glass darkly."

I then said, "I would like you to state candidly which class of persons, taken as wholes, meet with the greatest impediments to progress and happiness on their entrance into spirit-life—the priestly and clerical orders of the church for instance, or the poor magdalen of the street?" The hand of the entranced medium instantly wrote:—"Those who have the least to unlearn are happiest and freest here. That one who is crushed by circumstances that he or she sighs in vain to remove, rises into a happier state, and is at rest in the fullness of that light and life which is no longer dimmed by man's authority."

Since then I have received through the hand of another entranced medium the following spirit communications, which I give for publication in the Banner of Light, word for word as written, thinking they may be perused with interest if not profit by some readers.

Feb. 1, 1873.

I was born in Philadelphia in 1821, and lived comfortably with my parents—who were independent, wealthy, refined people—until I was eighteen years of age, at which time I married a fast, dashy young man, a member of the bar—rich and generous, but addicted to gaming. I loved him dearly, and kept my house in beautiful order, managed the domestic part with ease and grace, and every one who knew us considered us a most happy couple. My husband's habits were irregular. At night he was frequently absent until two and three in the morning, and if I inquired the cause he became angry and confused. We became nearly bankrupt. I did all that was possible to save what was lacking and lost; but when my little boy was two years old my husband was brought home dead, and what was left to us was sold to pay the funeral expenses. I had been his wife five years, and was greatly distressed at his death. My mother and father had gone away to Scotland, and in the meantime father was dead, and mother stayed in Scotland with her brother. I had no kin except a miserly uncle, to whom I went for aid. He gave me ten dollars, and declined assisting me further. I got into a bare room, sold the few good clothes I had left, and (the same old story) took to sewing. One day it was my fate to meet in the street a man, elegant and distinguished in person, who followed me to the store for which I worked and handed me my pocket-book, which he said I had dropped. I became acquainted with that man. He was kind to me and my boy, and under the guise of mentor and friend he seduced me. It seemed to me a great sin that I had committed, but as he promised to marry me I grew reconciled, and was really grateful to him for his attentions.

He deserted me suddenly and without provocation. I saw his marriage in the papers. I thought I should die; for I was soon to become a mother. Things grew worse and worse. Every woman's face was against me, and my poor little boy with me; and then my child—the tie that bound me to that that was sacred and good—died, and I gave birth to another in the poor-house. It fortunately did not live a day—and after that I came to feel that I was a *whore*, a *prostitute*, a *low-down* of all names in Bleecker street, which was an aristocratic house.

I became the most reckless of my kind, drank and gambled outside—became turbulent and noisy inside, and was turned out. After this I went upon the streets, and was common property for a pittance. I was crazy, I think, when I left Water street and jumped into the river.

I was met on a white beach, which was alive with people, by my first child, who was not allowed to kiss me, but who led me and fed me and gave me a part of his property which he called himself "benefactors." I was made comfortable. Thank God! with my old body I had left my old tastes, inclinations, and ways, and my soul was *lost*, and had no hankering about it. There were no terrible temptations before me, no necessities to urge me to get money. I was without a single drawback to progression, except that the consequences of *lost time*, of misapplied talents had to be accounted for. I could not ascend until I had first descended into the sphere of wrong and sorrow. I was in a perfect time and talent, able to learn exactly how to supply services to mortals in the same scale with my former life upon the earth.

I have been a hard worker for twenty-three years, have visited earth countless times, have gone into the sinks of corruption in New York City, and have impressed scores of souls to pursue a different life. I have brought up to quite honorable lives ten women who were as bad or worse than myself. I am now prepared to put on the robe of *consecration*, or as you might understand it, an *outfit of piety*, and am ready to enter a different sphere, which I have heavenly and better adapted to the extension of my progress. I and all of my class wear garments fringed with blood red, which is a badge of our violation of the laws of physical health and sanctity. This is the form of our penance. I am clear of that now, and am so happy! I love everybody, and shall carry my influence—weak and small as it may be—back to earth wherever reform needs me. I work henceforward for woman's right and equal privilege with men. I wish you to understand that we are not subjected to penance, punishment through the vengeance of God, but that it comes to us as a natural result of having transgressed any physical or natural or moral law, just as indigestion follows an engorgement of the stomach with unwholesome things.

My children are in a different sphere from mine; but I see them, and am comforted in their society at times. My husband I often see; he has had to undergo his own individual purgations. After we have both converged to a point, we will be united, never more to part; for we are suited *infinitely*, and love one another.

There will be great efforts made, I am told, in this present year by spirits to manifest upon earth. We are all actively engaged. There is no such thing as being perfectly still. We move onward always, constantly growing and gaining. I am glad indeed to be able to meet you, and to add my note of information. If you would prevent prostitution and misery, make man's excesses as criminal in the eye of *society* as woman's; then there will be no prostitutes. Be generous to all women who struggle for a livelihood, and I and all reforming spirits will bless you. With thanks I am, by the rapid of earth, MARGARET HENDRICKSON.

March 10, 1873.

I was under a curse from my cradle to my grave. That curse was penury—poverty. In my infancy, the extreme indigence of my parents weakened my mother's milk, and I suffered from want of nourishment. In my childhood, the blight fell upon my sports, and turned the natural merriment into bitterness. Through deprivation I was *stunted*; and but for the vital forces which were rampant within me, I should have been *stunted*. Cold in the winter, hot in the summer, with no suitable clothing for either season,

hungry for more than half the time, weary and laded from the extra labor imposed upon me, sick of the longings after what was unattainable, pining for the commonest necessities, I should have grown up a *deformed* or *deformed*, through the power of natural inclination, had not the ambition held me to hope, which incentive, I do believe, fed me and developed my physique. I loved my father and my mother with all my soul. I determined to redeem them from poverty—to give them competency through my own efforts. As great as the project seemed for my young accomplishment, it was not too grand for me to contemplate. I commenced at the age of six to sweep with my tiny hands the street crossings, earning a penny or more from many sympathetic passengers. I learned the last of physical economy by studying faces to which I appealed; and many a time when every child should have been in bed, safely tucked under warm coverings, I was plying the flickering night lamp the character of individuals in the pages of their countenances, as with jeweled fingers they either warned me off or dropped into my palm the coveted penny. As I reached my teens, I must have become strangely pretty, for scarcely a woman passed me who did not express admiration under some guise of pitying speech, while the men liked to look long at me. I had a chance to learn to read at the ragged Sunday school, and had a taste which rapidly increased for learning. I somehow or other became acquainted with books; and if I had ten times the command of language which I possess, I could not describe the comfort, not to say delight, that this afforded.

I was only a miserably clad, miserably fed child, living since my birth in a cellar, with poverty as doorkeeper. Every light that seemed to flow out to other children—joy in many shapes—was denied me. Yet I was honest, truthful and dutiful. My mother was illiterate, but was naturally sound in judgment, and exercised administrative ability which kept starvation off, and made life tolerable to my father, who was from my earliest recollection unfit for work of any kind, a cripple, and only useful in rocking the cradle and singing to the baby. I had two little sisters younger than myself. When I was fifteen years of age, I assure you that I had never had a whole garment on me composed of one piece. Patches covered me from head to foot, until one day when a lady passing from Fulton street to the opposite corner of Broadway, dropped her purse, which I saw and ran after and delivered to her. She asked me where I lived? I told her in Clinton street, and she came next day, loaded with good substantial clothing. Her name was Elizabeth Brooks, and she did us much good afterward. She was truly a good angel in our poor place for a while, but she went away to Europe. We lost sight of her, and saw her no more. In the bundle was a scarlet delaine dress, which was scarcely worn at all. I put it on, and smoothed my rich dark brown hair, and my eyes sparkled and looked deeper black, as I saw in the fragment of a looking-glass how beautiful I was. My face was oval, with fullest cheeks, and my hair, which I found despite its hard usage had developed into full proportions—supple and graceful.

My father fell ill, was high into death. Everything that mother's efforts, joined to mine, could procure failed to support us. I knew of no human being in all the world to borrow of. I never thought of begging, and so with distraction in my brain, agony at my heart, and beauty in my face, I found myself standing before the Herald office. A man came up, touched my hand, and asked if I were seeking for a place? I told him no, and gave him my short history of my wants. He desired me to follow him; I did to a studio in which were many pictures. He placed me in position and sketched me. I made promise to come again, and he gave me a dollar, which I took to mother with a budget of praises of my benefactor. My sittings continued three times a week, and each time I received one dollar. I loved this young man before he finished the first picture, and during the three months of my visit to his studio, I think that I enjoyed unalloyed happiness at those intervals, forgetful of everything but of the bliss of my first love. He tempted me, I listened to his vows to marry me, and gave my body into his embrace, and was happier than the Queen in her diamond-lunged bed-chamber. He broke his promise. I was pregnant. I lived to have a child in the same cellar where we still lived. My mother's heart broke, I think, for she died. Then I had myself and child and two little sisters to feed. My beauty lured, men sued for my favors, offering children's shoes for bread, and great temptations to *er*. I became common property, and had money. A garret served us all instead of the cellar, and we had comfortable clothes and wholesome food. But my heart rebelled against the prostitution of my body.

I was burned up in a sugar factory where I had gone to try to get situations for my little sisters. I came out of my body with the red fringe hanging deep upon my spirit robes, but the truthfulness, honesty and filial duty of my character saved me. I was washed and changed, and I try to get back to the earth to herald the great news that God is the father of all alike, and that the circumstance of hunger, deprivation and agony of want, will excuse all poor sinners in the eye of Omnipotence. From the foulest prostitute to the most virtuous wife, there is attainable happiness, retribution, compensation and gladness in the eternal world of justice in which I live. I have worked hard to atone to myself for my faults, and I am the child of the heavenly King, thank God.

CHRISTABELL FOUNTAINE.

March 15th, 1873.

I am not of the same class of spirits who have come to you heretofore. I was not necessitated through pecuniary poverty to barter my virtue. I had houses in the city and a house in the country in my own right, besides being the wife of a man of large property.

I was born into mortal existence in Naples, but emigrated with my parents at a tender age to America, where I was fostered delicately and exclusively in the city of New Orleans. I had all the refinements of my race and nation, and could not brook disappointment or crosses, and there never was a necessity for any such issue as my lot was one of uninterrupted ease and indulgence, during my single life. I married an American whom I loved passionately, worshipped him, and would have died idolizing, if his own habitual neglect after the first year of our conjugal life had not wrought my adoration into indifference. He was so thoroughly the slave of his passions that he left no measures untried through which his lustful appetite could be gratified. The whole slaves of his own household were his concubines, and every beautiful woman who came under the possibility of administering to his tastes was sought at all risks. It was unaccountable to me when his desire for me first abated. I was young, ardent, and of powerful magnetic attraction. But I afterwards learned that the law which governed him was love of novelty. One object never failed to affect satiety in a month or two. I was actually a wife for three years with the warm desires of my body consuming me, for I came into no sexual relations with my husband. After the third month of marriage he seemed to hate me. To touch me was a disagreeable task, and I lost became, after much agony of jealousy and grief, callous to his affections and unmindful of his slights. I saw him but little, except at meals. I wasted away. I grew hypochondriacal, sallow and nervous. I came one day into my parlor and found there a gentleman who seemed to draw me to him by a power entirely irresistible. He was my fate. I met him often, until at last every consideration of prudence and policy was loosened in the balance against love, neither than I had ever before felt. I went off with him to San Francisco, and lived with him as supremely happy as though I had been a being beyond the power of earthly accident to disturb. He died, and I was a wretched woman. Then from the excessive longing for comfort I sought sympathy in platonic friendship; but men were men, and could not live without loving or love without possessing. So I allowed and allowed, and was "fast," to use the least objectionable word. I had not borne a child, and I knew no law of maternity, had no golden cord of motherhood to keep me in the sanctuary of abstinence, but through every li-

centious indulgence the memory of my beloved *husband* came up, and I seemed charmed with a line of temptations which increased my death, for jealousy ensued between rival paramours, and I was ruthlessly shot dead.

I came into spirit existence with the robes deeply fringed hanging around my feet. I had to lead a weary round before I found my beloved. So much work had I to do toward atoning for waste of energies, for neglect of my intellect which I had not striven to cultivate, for misuse of my affections which I had squandered, and for injuries to my physical organization which I had debased, I had to enter a purgatory of regret, and do penance through practical repentance, and work out my own salvation through steady persistence in all good work, and service in every available form. I am now with my darling, and he and I work together in the grand plan of regulating human passions, of learning men and women upon the earth how to use the organs of sensation in conformity to the spirit of love, and love alone. We are trying to do this through individual impression, and through the various branches of reform movements. I died leaving lands, lots and money, which my legal husband inherited. I shall try to do good to all women who give way to passion, instead of being governed by love, shame and honor, women who practice promiscuity as a trade or means of commerce, how to realize that *starvation* will bring them nearer to God, than alliance acquired through a base use of their bodies.

CELESTINA STELLMAN.

March 26, 1873.

I was familiarly called "The Rose," my name being *Rosa*. I was born in Italy, and have lived with my father and mother in both hemispheres, and had much education. I was voluptuous in physique and passionate in my temperament. I was developed into full puberty at an early age. I had no knowledge of the laws of physiology. At the age of fifteen, through the ambition of my parents, I married an old baron of seventy years. I became a victim to disappointment. My ardent claims met no satisfaction, and conjugal enjoyment was a farce. Yet I was envied for my splendid home, the grandeur of my position. I was the most utterly miserable woman, for the calls of nature were intense, and there was no supply for the demand. I lived a lie—outwardly gay, satisfied and happy, while my being was crying for its bread. I lived faithful to this old man until his nineteenth year, when he died. For twenty years my body had been rendered up to the slow servitude of the devil, upon my fair pages of what I then thought was virtue, but which I now know was prostitution. I died soon after my husband, without ever having realized the delight of conjugal life, the holy rights of maternity, although for twenty years a wife. I had wasted into consumption because of the inward fires that consumed me. *It is base* prostitution, dear women of the earth, to give your bodies where your magnetism receives no answer, your passions no satisfaction. I meet with compensation for the deprivation I suffered, and am come back to warn all women against sacrificing their daughters to *immoral*.

ROSA CANTANO.

March 27, 1873.

I was called Victoria, lived in honest wedlock with a minister of the gospel for fourteen months, after which time the obscene use which he (my husband) made of the dominant characteristics belonging to him, namely, sensuousness and gluttony, caused me to *loathe* him. I tried to hold him in common respect, if not in veneration, but found it impossible. I often went to church and listened to his sermons, filled with burning eloquence and choice sentiments, his exhortations to abstinence, temperance, self-sacrifice, which drew floods of contrite tears and inspired new ambition for purity in many a conscientious listener's heart; while I knew that he had gormandized at the breakfast table and exercised his lustful passions to excess through the night preceding, and expected to have him repeat the same through the rest of the sacred Sabbath, which he told the people they should hold in such respect as to prohibit their little children from desecrating by nursing their dolls or opening a picture book. I battled against my growing disgust; I prayed to God to make me dutiful, I held in veneration the obligations of conjugal life, and tortured myself into resignation and obedience through these convictions. But I proved reprobate at last to every preconception of duty, refused to share the same bed with my husband, and finally, to escape from his persecutions, disguised myself, ran away, and in a city five hundred miles distant found employment in a store. I had not conceived of *Excessive* copulation destroyed the maternal capacity. I became healthy, gained flesh, worshiped God from my own standpoint, did good in little ways.

I read through the papers of the prosperity of my husband. One day, after I had been absent from him for five years, I learned that he was ill. I went to him, performed every service necessary for his comfort until he died blessing me.

I never had sexual relations but with that one man, yet I consider myself a *prostitute*, for I prostituted the sacred temple of my spirit—*my body*—to the use and service of lustful passion, which every sense of feeling within me rebelled against. No answering thrill came to me, no ardent caressing, and my mind reproached nothing. I have had to suffer since I have been a spirit for allowing the improper uses of my body, and I had been better off an hundred times if I had sooner forcibly ejected myself from the companionship of my uncongenial, brutish husband.

VICTORIA.

RICHMOND, IND.—Our Lyceum has been in constant operation for seven years, and has done an excellent work for the cause of free thought in this place. Officers: Conductor, Samuel Maxwell, M. D.; Assistant Conductor, A. W. Fisher, M. D.; Guardian, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Lupton; Assistant Guardian, Miss Dora Evans; Musical Director, Miss Nora Lupton; Librarian, James Denney; Guards, Daniel Craig, John Griffith, J. W. Pennick, W. D. Schooley, W. O. Burkett. Little Douquet for August.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Washington, Saturday evening, August 23d, our highly esteemed and much loved brother, John B. Williams, finished his earthly course and entered on the grand duties and responsibilities of the higher life.

Hisasket mingles with the ashes of the nation's great in the Congressional Cemetery, and his spirit mingles with the glorified above. By a stroke of paralysis, in one short hour our brother passed from a condition of unusual health into the spirit-world. His bereaved family are involved in the keenest suffering by his very sudden transition, but are not strangers to the consolations of the higher life. Our Society loses one of its truest, most consistent and reliable members, who for the past four years has held an official position among us, the duties of which he has promptly and efficiently performed. His funeral, at 1 o'clock, was attended by a large number of the friends of the family, and the Knights of Valour, of which order he was a member.

JOHN B. WILLIAMS.

From El Monte, Los Angeles County, California, Aug. 10th, Mrs. Lydia Clement, at the advanced age of 73 years and 1 month, leaving aged husband and large family of children.

Our sister passed over intelligently, having been blessed with a knowledge of the Philosophy of Spiritualism of eighteen years standing. How natural was her birth. Fully apprised in this our penultimate existence, she was truly and fully prepared to continue her journey into the spirit-land. The writer of this has the pleasure of pronouncing a short address at her funeral.

THOS. A. GAREY.

[Notice sent us for insertion in this department will be charged at the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously.]

New York Advertisements.

Pearls.

And the dust of the earth, and the words long,
That on the stretched forefinger of all time,
Sparkle forever.

REASON AND FAITH.

He lived the Truth which he preached,
The strong man Reason, Faith the child;
In him belief and act were one,
The homilies of duty done.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a
kind word is never thrown away.

THE MAN LIFE.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
That little fellow leaves his heart,
And toms and sparkles for a while,
And, humming, then subsides to rest.
So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Lives of Time's eventful sea,
And having passed a moment there,
Thus sinks into eternity.

VEREY CHARITY, LOVE.

When Death strikes down the innocent and young,
For every fragile form from which he lets
The parting spirit free,
A hundred times he flies,
In shapes of mercy, charity, and love,
To work the world and bless it.

OF EVERY TEAR.

That sorrowing mortals shed on such green
waves,
Some good is born, some gentler nature comes,
Charles Dickens.

Free Thought.

FUNERAL SERVICES—ORTHODOXY TO SPIRITUALISM.

A few weeks since, in one of our Western cities, a leading business man ended his active career. It was well known that intemperance had shortened his life on earth. He was not mean or vile, but a generous, social nature and love of sensual pleasure had led to his downward path; while his finer qualities led all to regret his weakness.

A Presbyterian clergyman spoke at his funeral, and his words were of justice and the wrath of God, untempered by mercy, and waxing hot forever. In passing from the church to the grave, the pall-bearers, in their carriage, freely discussed and sternly condemned this severe discourse, and they were men of weight and influence and character. Verily, the old seal of silence is broken!

A few days since, I heard of the funeral services of a woman, once an Orthodox church member, later a heretic, that is, a Unitarian. Of the beauty of her life there was no question, yet the stern preacher's words were cold and dogmatic, but they met the open condemnation of the larger part of the audience, while others, Orthodox professors, thanked the heretic minister, who also took part, for his tender words. Here, again, is life and hope.

I attended, a few days since, the funeral of a lady of Quaker descent, member of a Liberal society. A white Lily was placed in her hand, flowers were laid about her, and a wealth of floral beauty wreathed coffin and pulpit. Tender and just indeed were the words of the speaker, beautiful his feelings from Jesus and John, Buddha and Seneca, hopeful his ideal of her new life, where, as he said, "as she had borne the image of the earthly, she would bear the image of the heavenly." Here the light came from the pulpit—hopeful indeed! To the very verge of the spiritual ideal ranged the thought and word of a sincere and cultured clergyman, but did not cross that verge, not from timid conservatism, but because he had never entered that realm, or was so little familiar there that he could not give voice to his half-formed views. How I wished he could have read the words of A. J. Davis:

"Death is only an *exit*, a *circumlocution* in the eternal life and experience of the human soul. As the death of the form is necessary to the birth and development of the flower, so is the death of man's physical body an indispensable precedent and indication of his spiritual birth or resurrection."

Night and sleep correspond to physical death; but the brilliant day and human wakefulness correspond to spiritual birth and individual elevation.

Fit-text for words of wisdom and love, of tenderness and strength, touching the unity of life here and beyond the veil, the supremacy of soul over body, and for fine illustration that we chiefly live after what we call death. Such words, with inspiring suggestion of the spiritual nearness of the departed, of the "gates ajar" for communion and communication with her beloved ones here, would have flooded every soul with a light still warmer and richer. Life is of far more moment than what we call death, but the true ideal of both helps greatly for the work of every day, and for the transition to a higher and broader realm of future work.

It is sometimes said by theologians that "Spiritualism will not do to die by, even if it answers some purpose in life and health," but it seems eminently fit to help life, and specially adapted for "the great change."

Whenever I attend a funeral, even among liberal and hopeful people, who have passed beyond the gloom of fiery and eternal torment, I feel the want of the truly spiritual ideal of life—as only commenced here, and to open with new beauty and power hereafter; and of the open doors, where through angel messengers may pass and reach us in our higher and more receptive hours.

G. B. STEBBINS.

Detroit, Mich., Aug. 15, 1873.

ASTROLOGY OR PSYCHOMETRY?

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—A short time since I saw in your paper a letter from some person telling his experience with some professor of Astrology, who, by consulting the stars, foretold some very important events in his life—all of which literally came to pass—survived evidence to him that the position of certain stars in the far-off regions of immensity influenced the particular event of one small individual's life. A very unphilosophical conclusion truly. No doubt but the prophecies were fulfilled to the letter, but might not the Astrologist be a Psychometrist? Within the last ten or twelve years in my own experience and many others I have known Mrs. A. B. Severance, of White Water, Wisconsin, to foretell many events that came to pass as she predicted, although at the time these events seemed

the most unlikely to happen according to the evidence. Judging from my experience and the experiences of others that have come under my observation, I should say that all prophecy or the fulfillment thereof was due to spiritual agencies.

Many of most people have guides or guardians in the Summer-Land that impress them to do certain acts, change conditions, etc., that the guides think will benefit the individual spiritually. Now in the case of the Astrologist, or Mrs. A. B. Severance, the spirits impress these mediums to write and predict the coming events with some certainty. Just as we might say of the sowing of wheat on a good soil: to the parties who planted the seed, after a few months you will harvest so many bushels of grain, and will have plenty of bread for the coming winter.

Prediction or Prophecy can be explained on no other grounds.

Yours for truth,

MILLIE KNOX KILBOCKER.

New Haven, Conn., August 18th, 1873.

Letter from Dr. Palmer at Sea.

On board "Steamship" "Atlantic," July 26, 1873.

DEAR BANNER—As I informed you in my card, business which may develop in my next calling to the old world. Upon deciding to cross the Atlantic, I looked into the merits of the various lines that cross the water, and fortunately selected the White Star Line.

This vessel upon which I am writing is a wonderful ship. Notwithstanding her immense size and length, great freight, and twenty-six feet draft of water, she rides the sea as lightly as a bird, and yields to the touch of her helm as easily and quickly as the most graceful and sensitive yacht in the New York Squadron. The passage thus far has been without any incident of interest, save yesterday—what proved to be an abandoned ship was sighted. Our Captain bore up for her, and approached sufficiently near to satisfy himself that no human life was on board, and then resumed his course—the possibility of saving life being the only excuse allowed by the Company for a deviation or delay. It was a sad and melancholy sight, and has haunted me ever since.

She looked as we left her, bare and stripped, like a spectre grim and gaunt, her canvas having all been torn from her by the wind, or taken by a passing vessel; her blocks and spars hanging loose, and swaying with every roll and motion; and her ropes and rigging unmoored and untied. Verily it seemed almost like forsaking a living thing, to leave her tossing and foaming at the mercy of wind and sea—but she, like all things else, was filling her appointed place in the grand economy of our God. I have escaped that terrible dread of all voyagers upon the sea—seasickness. Two or three days before leaving New York I commenced the faithful use of my own remedy—A. J. Davis's "Free Thought," and I am now as well as ever, believing that it would throw out of the system much that induces seasickness, and the result has verified my expectations, for it has proven itself a preventive against that death-like, indescribable nausea, which, as Mark Twain says, induces the victim to fear at first that he shall die, and later to fear that he shall not die; and here let me say, that in all my sea-going I have never before escaped seasickness—and I can therefore conscientiously and by actual experiment recommend the "A. J." as a preventive against it.

But I have not yet done my duty by the ship and her sailors. Her arrangements seem to me nearly perfect. Her dining saloon is a model of comfort, cheerfulness and space, perfectly lighted, thoroughly ventilated, embracing the entire width of the ship, handsomely, even elegantly furnished. It is in connection with the unusually excellent bill of fare provided, furnishes not the least of the many attractions of this floating hotel. She has a large fine, airy, well-lighted, and comfortable smoking-room, and ample bathing accommodations. Her rooms are all spacious, well-ventilated, well-furnished, a marvel of neatness and cleanliness, and admirably, where but little motion is perceptible. (All lines who desire the comfort of travelers must in the future adopt this arrangement for their vessels.)

The discipline on board has been admirable, but never severe. Her officers are courteous, attentive, and seem to thoroughly understand and take an interest in their business. The subordinates, and especially those with whom I have been brought in contact, seem not only to desire to perform their duty toward you, but seem actuated by the wish to minister to your pleasure and comfort. Her commander, Capt. W. W. Riddle, is a man of large experience, and one of those genial, attractive natures that makes you at home at once—pleasant, kindly-spoken and affable, having a full sense and appreciation of his position and its responsibilities. A strict disciplinarian, yet no tyrant, ever watchful and vigilant, he seems to me just what a captain should be, who has sometimes the comfort and safety of as many as twelve hundred human beings in his keeping.

Yesterday, at my own request, I accompanied him on his morning tour of inspection through the ship; and what gave me far more pleasure than anything else was, to find the quarters provided for the emigrants and steerage passengers so comfortable, so spacious, so well-ventilated, and so cleanly. In many respects their accommodations equal those of the saloon passengers; and in nothing that I saw were they overlooked or neglected. There were hospital rooms, pleasant and airy, for the sick; a strong, well-fitted, little surgery, where the kind-hearted doctor bound up broken bones or ministered in other ways to the needs of any requiring his services.

The floor of the steerage was strewn every morning with sawdust and a disinfectant, instead of being washed and drenched with water, which would render the place damp, muggy, and unhealthy. In the engine-room, as everywhere else, all was clean, bright and in good order. A place for everything, and everything in its place, seems to be the practical motto of Capt. Riddle. A steam steering attachment, with which the owners of this line have furnished their ships, is worthy of being adopted by all large steamships; and it makes the labor of the man at the wheel more child's play, and lessens the chance of accidents. The cost of this apparatus will be its worst enemy—\$500. The kitchen for the crew and steerage is convenient and ample, with steam cooking apparatus. The kitchen for the saloon adjoins it. Both are large, airy, and commodious, and the latter, with its clean and well-polished furniture, handsomely tiled floor, is no mean place for a French cook to hold sway in. In fact, the owners of this line (judging by this vessel) seem to have spared no pains or expense to make their ships safe and attractive, furnishing them with all the modern appliances for comfort, speed and safety. I hope it will induce all other lines to do as much for their passengers—the people. We hope to reach Liverpool on Tuesday night; we have had but little wind, and that not specially favorable.

With kindly greetings to yourselves and readers, and hoping to write again, I am yours,

W. PALMER.

23 West 27th Street, New York City.

Mrs. STEPHENS'S NEW SOCIETY NOVEL—*"Belief and Doubt"* is the title of the new novel by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. It is published in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. No one is better adapted to give us a correct picture of Society than this well-known and popular writer, and we predict for it a generous reception. *"Belief and Doubt"* will be issued in a large duodecimo volume, uniform with Mrs. Ann S. Stephens's twenty other works, and will be for sale at all the bookstores at the low price of \$1.75 in cloth, or \$1.50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail, to any place, post-paid, by the Publishers, on receipt of the price of the work in a letter to them.

National Conference of Spiritualists in England.

The annual Conference of Spiritualists was held at Liverpool, on August 5th to 7th inclusive, at the rooms of the Psychological Society, 15, Ingham, under the presidency of Mr. T. E. Everitt, of London. Friends were present from London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Preston, Carlisle, Keighley, Darlington, and other localities. Many questions concerning the progress of English Spiritualism were brought up for consideration, and speeches were offered by J. Burns, editor of the Medium and Daybreak, and Human Nature (Magazine); Dr. Sexton, Mr. Harrison, editor of the Spiritualist (Mag.); Messrs. Richmond, Clark, Morse, Chapman, John Lamont, (Vice President of the Conference), et al. Among other propositions brought up as resolutions, for the development of the body, the following were adopted:

Resolved, That this Conference, being a representative one, do constitute itself into a permanent national association, and elect, either from itself or from representatives of other societies not present, or by both methods if desirable, an executive body, for the purpose of carrying out the objects of the Conference.

Resolved, That this Conference invites the following gentlemen to form a committee to carry out the foregoing resolution: Messrs. Everitt, Gully, Raymore, Leighton, Blackburn, Clark, Brown, Chapman, Lamont, Dinsdale and Shepherd.

Resolved, That this Conference would strongly urge upon the Spiritualists of those towns in which there is no local organization the advisability of at once forming one, for the purpose of investigating the phenomena, developing mediums, and propagating the facts of spirit communication.

Liverpool was selected as the place of meeting for next year, the Executive Committee being charged with the duty of making all the necessary preparations therefor.

Why not Tax Church Property?

The value of church edifices of the Episcopal denomination in New York City is placed at \$8,500,000, exclusive of the ground on which they stand—*Exchange*.

This is but a specimen of the value of many church organizations in a single city, none of which, though the aggregated property amounts to more than \$100,000,000, is taxed a penny-worth, or is allowed to contribute a farthing toward supporting other the local or the national government.

This discrimination in favor of these fashionable places of Sunday resort is a wholesale swindle on the people, whose primary burdens are thus proportionately increased.

There is no adequate reason why all this church property should not be taxed. Every principle of common sense, common justice and the highest political economy, unite in demanding it should be done forthwith and always. No more of this kind of representation without taxation.

G. A. B.

A SCHISM IN THE RANKS OF THE SPIRITUALISTS.—The recent characteristic speech of Mrs. Woodhull, at the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at Plymouth, together with the infamous letter of Moses Hull, showing that he had himself practiced Mrs. Woodhull's insane theories—has created a schism in the society of Spiritualists in Lynn. The society held a meeting at Oxford Street Chapel last Wednesday evening, at which much feeling was manifested. Resolutions denouncing Mrs. Woodhull were adopted, but not without strong opposition. Mr. Robinson and others speaking against them. Capt. Isaac Frazier was reflected. President of the Society, having held that position for a number of years and discharged its duties in a conscientious manner. He declined serving again, whereupon another ballot was taken, which resulted in a vote. Upon the third ballot, Mr. Robinson was elected, together with the list of officers as it appears elsewhere in this paper.

Capt. Frazier then withdrew from the society, in toto, his example being followed by half a dozen of its most influential members. After this the meeting resided the resolutions passed in the early part of the evening. Mr. Hull has had an engagement of some months' standing to speak for the society here in September. A majority of its members, when this meeting was called to order, were opposed to him; but now the way seems to be clear for him to come.—*Lynn (Mass.) Transcript*.

Spiritualist Lectures and Lyceums.

Boston—John A. Andrew Hall.—On Sunday, Aug. 31st, the regular exercises were performed by the Children's Progressive Lyceum as heretofore. In addition Miss Alice Cayvan entertained the audience with fine instrumental music, and Miss Lizzie Thompson and Master Willie Taylor, with speaking; following which were readings by the school from the "Lycium Guide."

Mrs. Sarah A. Flogg.—The course of free meetings so long and successfully carried on at this hall, under the auspices of Samuel Carter, Esq., and the speakership of this estimable lady, was further continued by well attended sessions on the afternoon and evening of Aug. 31st, good singing (as usual) adding interest to the services.

Quarterly Meeting.

Agreeably to notice, the Central New York Association of Spiritualists held its third Quarterly Meeting at Rome. The people turned out in good numbers, and the old Baptist Church for the first time was filled with eager listeners to the sublime truths of the harmonious philosophy. A. E. Simmons of Woodstock, Vt., and Rev. J. H. Hart of Auburn, N. Y., were the speakers. Resolutions condemning the efforts of the American Jesuits to corrupt the U. S. constitution and government were discussed and adopted. The Spiritualists of Rome were delighted with the speaking and felt that the good angels had given them and the "outside" people just that quality of food demanded by their needs. The Spiritual Harp was often called for and used with good effect by the choir. The next meeting was appointed to be held at West Winfield, N. Y., on the 11th and 12th of October, 1873.

D. SMITH, Secretary.

DEAR BANNER—I see by your last issue that I am appointed by the Conn. State Association of Spiritualists a delegate to the Chicago Convention. While fully appreciating the confidence expressed in the appointment, allow me to say through your columns that I cannot accept, as I do not intend to attend the Convention as a delegate or in any capacity. N. FRANK WHITE.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. Selma Flint, the well-known developing medium, wife of R. W. Flint, who answers sealed letters in New York, is just about to leave for Europe, with Mrs. M. S. Whitney, consort of the late Hon. F. C. Whitney of New York. Mrs. Whitney has been the highest testimonials from authorities in that State, and it is to be hoped that she and her friend, Mrs. Flint, will find ample satisfaction from their tour. On the return of the latter, she will notify her friends of resuming business through the columns of the Banner of Light.

Dr. R. P. Fellows, the healer, will visit the sick in all the large towns of New Jersey this fall and winter. The afflicted should avail themselves of his valuable services. (See A. P. Fellows, of Satek, Mass., will speak in Gloucester, Mass., Oct. 5th.)

Thomas Cook is lecturing in the West, on his way from Chicago to New England. His address for September will be North Heights, O., care of A. F. Page.

Wm. Fletcher will speak in Lunenburg Town Hall first and fourth in September, Nashua the 24th, Manchester the 31st and 1st.

Sarah Wm. Fletcher will speak in Ayer 1st Sunday in September, South Easton the 24th, Westford, in the Unitarian Church, 31, Leominster 4th.

Tickets to the Chicago Convention.

Final arrangements have been perfected for reduced rates on tickets between Boston and New York and Chicago. No general arrangements can be made with the railroads reaching all parts from which delegates may desire to go. No railroad issues a less number than fifty such tickets. All persons who have not already applied for rates or tickets should do so at once. Tickets good from the 6th to the 30th of September, inclusive. Let all who intend to go to Chicago send in their names at once to Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, P. O. Box 3791, New York City.

To Correspondents.

We pay no attention to anonymous communications, the name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable to a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve communications not so addressed.

H. CHESLEY. The spirit-messenger of "Frank" was published in the Banner of April 18th, on sixth page.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT;

BEING ALL THE

GOSPELS, EPISTLES, AND OTHER PIECES,

NOW EXTANT,

ATTRIBUTED, IN THE FIRST FOUR CENTURIES, TO

JESUS CHRIST,

HIS APOSTLES AND THEIR COMPANIONS,

AND

NOT INCLUDED IN THE NEW TESTAMENT

BY ITS COMPILED.

TRANSLATED, AND NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO ONE VOLUME.

With Prefaces and Tables, and Various

Notes and References.

FROM THE LAST LONDON EDITION.

Order of all the Books of the Apocryphal

New Testament.

The Gospel of the Birth of Mary. In the works of St. Jerome, a father of the Church, who died A. D. 420.

The Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ. A Pseudo-Evangelium, or a Gospel of the Virgin Mary, by James the Lesser, Cousin and Brother of the Lord Jesus, chief Apostle, and first Bishop of the Christian Church. It is the only Gospel of the Virgin Mary, translated into Latin, and caused it to be printed at Zurich in 1575.

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