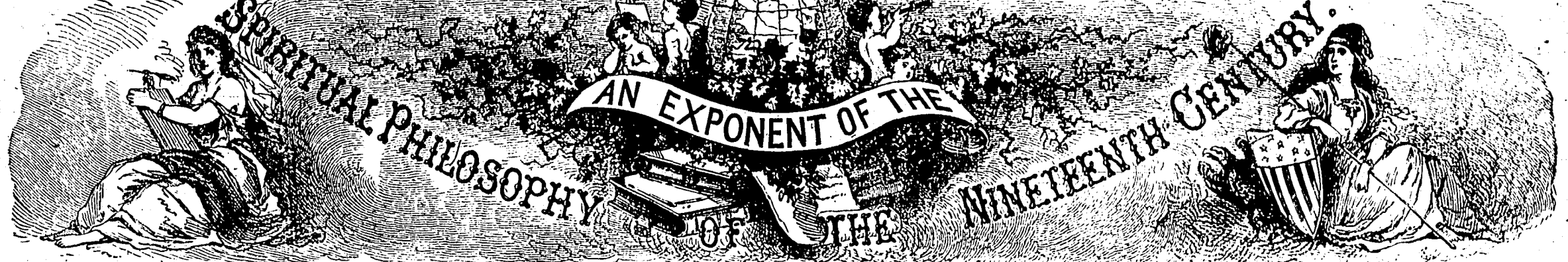


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 8.

For the Banner of Light.

TWO ROSES.

Kindly Dedicated to Charles H. Foster.

BY DORA SHAW.

Two roses sweet, and nothing more,
Showed their fresh faces at my door,
Bright as the rosy dreams of yore—
Two roses—white and red;
More precious far than gold could be,
Or gleaming pearls from deeps of sea—
The cher they whispered lovingly,
And these the words they said:
I grew so, spake the one of white,
All slowly through the pallid night,
A-tremble at the fear of blight,
A-waiting for the dew.
And I, I heard the red one say,
Bloomed out despite the autumn day,
And little sunshine knew.
Take courage, heart; somewhere I know,
Flower-wise, we'll to perfection blow—
Be purified, expand and grow
Inside the Jasper gate.
Be patient yet awhile, nor pine
Though loss and grief and tears be thine;
Make this thy motto, heart of mine:
I, like the Roses, wait!

A SPIRITUAL DETECTOR.

THE PATENT-OFFICE DECIDING RELIGIOUS QUESTIONS.

Robert Dale Owen, pays his respects to a Patent-Office Examiner—An Invention that is Patentable Refused a Patent.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir—Is an Examiner of the United States Patent Office, in virtue of his position there, a competent or constitutional judge of religious matters? And ought he to be suffered to decide religious questions, even without appeal to the Commissioner?

Does such a question seem to you superfluous? Probably. Yet it is a question that has come up quite recently in practical form, and which has to be looked to and settled. Gen. Lippitt, now of Cambridge, but formerly a favorably known and successful lawyer in San Francisco, where he raised a regiment of volunteers during the war, filed an application, last June, for a patent for what he calls a new "Psychic Stand and Detector." The function of this invention, as set forth by the applicant, is "that of spelling out words and sentences usually called (spiritual) communications, through an alphabet not only invisible to the operator, but the very location of which he cannot know," and thus, if the operator resort to imposture, to detect him in so doing. The application was rejected in a communication (without date) received Sept. 8th; and the refusal was twice reiterated, in reply to argumentative letters of the applicant, protesting against the reasons assigned for rejection. The device was "admitted to be novel," and so far patentable. The reason given for rejection in the first letter is: "The office cannot concede the truth of Spiritualism; as, though individual scientists may, as applicant says, have given the phenomena some attention, scientific men, as a body or in any great numbers, have never conceded their reality." It is added, perhaps with intention to soften the refusal, that "the office is disposed to believe that, as a game table, or means of amusement, the device might be more favorably viewed." But in that case no new specification is demanded, in which "all allusion to the use of the device by mediums should be avoided."

When pressed by the applicant on the ground that the investigation which his invention seeks to aid "is a legitimate one, whether the object of those pursuing it be to demonstrate the existence of an occult natural force, or to obtain experimental proof of the existence of the soul after death, or finally to show that the phenomena are all caused by imposture," the Examiner says, under date of Sept. 15th: "This far the facts have almost entirely shunned the cool scrutiny of intellect alone, and, furthermore, much trouble and sorrow have been caused the delicate and young by the excitement naturally pertaining to the investigation of such tremendous pretensions—which reasons, together with the fact that the phenomena are 'uncertain, variable, and inconstant,' have led the office 'to adhere to its refusal to grant a patent for the invention, except under the restrictions indicated.'"

In his final letter (September 24th), the Examiner declares "the non-patentability of the invention, not alone on the ground of lack of utility, but as having a tendency to the production of injurious results in society, under any aspect in which the device may be presented." And he winds up by stating that this decision of his "is not, under the rule, deemed appealable"—to the Commissioner, he must mean; for he admits that (by payment of ten dollars) the case may be taken to the Board of Examiners-in-Chief. Gen. Lippitt, in his replies, asserts the importance of his invention, rejects the proposal to have it regarded as a toy, sends the required fee, appeals to the Board; and so the matter stands. In all this, the Commissioner himself does not appear, except in formally transmitting the decisions of his Examiner in the matter of the "Game Tables." Nor does the sole responsible person give his name; let us suppose it to be Smith.

Here, then, we have the case. Millions of persons throughout the civilized world (but their rights would be the same if they were thousands only) believe that, under certain conditions, and in virtue of certain intermundane laws, the denizens of the next world may communicate with the inhabitants of this; and they regard the power thus to communicate as the most effectual check to the materialism of the age. The applicant, without deciding whether such communications are due to a natural mundane force, or to imposture, or to proofs of a life to come, proposes to eliminate one element from the inquiry, so that the student of these phenomena may secure himself against willful deception on the part of the Psychic or Medium. Thereupon, the Examiner declares that any device intended to afford such security is not useless only, but injurious to society.

Unless we are unreasonable enough to suppose Mr. Examiner Smith an imbecile, we can come but to one conclusion, namely, that he regards any one who is studying the question of the experimental evidence of immortality as an ignorant, a mischievous inquirer. Considering the present religious condition of the civilized world, that is certainly a very remarkable opinion!

The members of the Evangelical Alliance, during their recent session, admitted and deeply deplored the increase and wide range of Materialism, and sought means to arrest it. From other authentic sources we have corroborative testimony to the same effect; as from an official report on religious worship, made Dec. 8th, 1863, to the Registrar-General of England. There we read:

"There is a sect, originated lately, called 'Secularists,' their chief tenet being that, as the fact of a future life is (in their view) susceptible of some degree of doubt, while the fact and necessities of a present life are matters of direct sensation, it is prudent to attend exclusively to the concerns of that existence which is certain and immediate, not wasting energies in preparation for remote and merely possible contingencies. This is the creed which, probably with most exactness, indicates the faith which, virtually though not professedly, is held by the masses of our working population." (Page 78.)

And the writer adds, speaking specially of artisans and other workmen:

"It is sadly certain that this vast, intelligent and growingly important section of our countrymen is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions in their present aspect."

As to another influential class, not in England and on the European Continent only, but in our own country, a Bishop who is held in deserved high estimation by the orthodox body to which he belongs, stated to me his conviction that evidences of infidelity are daily multiplying among intelligent men; adding that he had lately heard a Professor of Harvard College express the opinion that three-fourths of our chief scientific men were unbelievers.

Now I, and millions more, lamenting this prevalent skepticism, and believing that there is no human inquiry so important as that touching a future state of existence, do not choose that a Patent Office Examiner shall decide for us whether it is proper, or not proper, in seeking assurance of a better world, to enter that experimental field, where science has won her triumphs; nor yet whether, during our studies in that field, we shall or shall not take precautions against imposture. Nor do we choose that, within the walls of the United States Patent Office, discrimination shall be made between students in that field and students in our schools of orthodox divinity. We make no complaint, however, that a Patent office exhibits ignorance of the religious needs of the world, and of the manner in which these can best be met. A Civil Service Commission, empowered to ascertain Mr. Examiner Smith's qualifications, would not question him on such a subject. What we do complain of is, that he should intermeddle in matters with which, in his official capacity, he has no concern whatsoever; and that he should assume an authority of decision which in this country no Government officer, from the President down, has any more right to exercise than he has to dictate to us what we shall eat or drink, or what clothing we shall wear.

The number of this important intermeddling, too, is notable. Scientific men in great numbers have never, we are told, conceded the truth of Spiritualism; hence, the scruples of the Patent Office, or rather of her bungling representative. He is probably unacquainted with a curious and instructive fact. Though Harvey gave to the world his great discovery in the year 1628, yet, as the records of the (Paris) Royal Society of Medicine inform us, a certain Francois Babin, candidate for membership in 1672, sought to establish the favor of that learned body by selecting as his theme the impossibility of the circulation of the blood ("Sanguinis motus circulatoris impossibilis"). Forty-four years sufficed not to procure for the new theory the sanction of medical science in the French metropolis. If there had been Patent Offices in those days, and if Harvey, while scientific men in large numbers still rejected his theory, had sought to patent any ingenious device for its illustration, some Examiner Smith of the seventeenth century, in rejecting his application, might have told him that his phenomena were "uncertain, variable, and inconstant," and that such "tremendous pretensions" could not receive official aid or sanction.

But even if preponderance of authority in favor of one set of opinions could abrogate the civil rights of those who believe differently, there are some items here to be taken into account which have probably escaped this superserviceable Patent officer.

Mr. Alfred Wallace, an eminent English scientist, well known on both sides of the Atlantic, published, last year, under his own name, in The London Quarterly Science Review, edited by a Fellow of the Royal Society, a ten-page review of an American work on Spiritual Phenomena, entitled the "Debatable Land." In that review he says that "such a subject is not out of place in a scientific journal, for in whatever light we view it, it is really a scientific question." And his conclusion is this: "The facts here given force upon us the spiritual theory, just as the facts of geology force upon us the belief in long series of ancient living forms, different from those now existing on the earth."

Again: Mrs. Stowe, in the Christian Union, says of the same book: "It ought to be reckoned as of the same class with Darwin's late work; being a study into the obscure parts of nature, conducted in the only true method, by the exhibition of well selected facts." The editor of Every Saturday declares "its logic to be of a kind to command the respect of Bishop Butler or Archbishop Whately." And, not to multiply examples, that most critical of journals, The Nation, at the close of a candid two-column review, thus expresses itself: "What is spirit? What is matter? Science, to all appearance, draws nearer and nearer to answering these questions; and books which, like the Debatable Land, contribute their quota of carefully observed and recorded facts to the discussion, are to be welcomed." How does all this—certainly from reputable sources—tally with our over-zealous Examiner's assertion that "the alleged facts have almost entirely shunned the cool scrutiny of intellect?"

I have no idea what such an invention may be worth in the market, nor need we ask. Such matters are to be treated not with reference to the amount of money, but to the importance of principle, which they involve. The tax on tea coming from England to her American Colonies in 1773 was two-pence only; and religious rights are at least as sacred as political. A single additional aspect of this particular case may suffice to indicate what vital interests are involved in the question whether the (alleged) spiritual phenomena of the day are veritable or spurious.

An old belief seems about to disappear: the belief in the exceptional and miraculous. The civilized world is gradually settling down to the assurance that natural law is universal, invariable, persistent. Now if natural law be invariable, then either the wonderful works ascribed to Christ and his disciples were not performed, or else they were not miracles. If they were not performed, then Christ, assuming to perform them, lost himself, as Renan and others have alleged, to deception; a theory which disparages his person and discredits his teachings. But if

they were performed under natural law, and if natural laws endure from generation to generation, then inasmuch as the same laws must exist still, we may expect somewhat similar phenomena at any time. Add to this that Jesus himself, exercising spiritual powers and gifts, promised (John xiv., 12) to his followers after his death similar faculties.

The question, then, touching the existence or non-existence, at the present time, of phenomena and proofs of a life to come, may, if decided affirmatively, furnish to men of science and to other skeptics who reject the Gospel narratives, the very species of evidence that is demanded at this modern day, to change their discouraging creed. To act upon the ignorance of the first century, it needed works which that ignorance looked upon as miracles; but to act upon the apathy of the present age, it needs phenomena acknowledged to be natural, yet of an intermundane character. If such could be placed before Materialists, then they will have the evidence of their senses in proof that the marvelous powers ascribed to Jesus and the spiritual gifts enjoyed by his disciples were natural and age credible; that, in fact, we have no more reason for rejecting them than for denying the wars of Caesar or the conquests of Alexander. And thus the alleged spiritual manifestations of our day, if they prove genuine, become the strongest evidences to sustain the authenticity of the Gospels.

Looking to the interests of Christianity itself, can one overestimate the momentous results which may follow an inquiry, reverently conducted, into the genuine character of these manifestations? And when an inventor has thought out a mode by which, in the prosecution of researches thus immeasurably important, imposture may be effectually barred, is it not monstrous that he should be told by a government official that his invention can only be deemed worthy of protection on condition that he assents to have it regarded and recorded as an improvement on game tables? What would be said of a magistrate who, fearing for the "delicate or young the excitement naturally pertaining" to protracted camp meetings, should deny a request made by the officiating preachers for the aid of the police in keeping order, unless these reverend gentlemen would first agree to have their religious exercises regarded as a species of public amusement?

My conclusion, as touching the whole matter, is that Mr. Examiner Smith got quite beyond his depth and outside of his official duty, of which it behooves the Commissioner of Patents to apprise him. If we could imagine similar usurpations suffered to creep into the various Departments of our Government—the clause in the Constitution which forbids Congress to pass any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, would not be worth the paper it was written on.

ROBERT DALE OWEN.
Hotel Broadway, New York City, Nov. 7th, 1873.
P. S.—Since writing the above, I have read a thoughtful paper, entitled "Spiritualism," the leading article in the Catholic World for November, beginning: "It can hardly be denied that the question of Spiritualism is forcing itself every year more and more upon the public attention, and that a belief in the reality of its phenomena, and as almost a necessary consequence, a suspension of their at least partially preternatural character, is on the increase among honest and intelligent persons."

Spiritual Phenomena.

A Half-Hour with Professor Anderson—son—Pictures in the Dark.

Having heard much of Prof. Anderson, the "Spirit Artist," and the marvelous works of his pencil, the Mercury yesterday dispatched one of its most reliable reporters to the Professor's rooms, for the purpose of interviewing the gentleman, and if possible, testing his skill in delineating the features of the "gone before."

The Professor occupies a suite of rooms in the Hensley Block, directly over the Post-Office. The rooms are large and nicely furnished—is used as a reception room, parlor and bedroom, while adjoining is a small unfurnished room, with its only window darkened with inside shutters, which he calls his studio.

In response to the rap of our reporter, a spare, middle-aged, pleasant-faced gentleman, with a long, flowing beard, sprinkled with the frosts of time, came to the door and bade him welcome. Taking the proffered seat, they dropped into a pleasant conversation concerning his work, which soon led to the immediate subject of our reporter's visit, which was to obtain, if possible, a sketch of a departed relative, who had left no picture of himself except in the reporter's recollection.

It was readily seen that the Professor had been recently suffering from illness, as his steps were slightly faltering and his voice weak; although he stated that he was rapidly recovering, and was already able to perform nearly his usual amount of labor.

Coming at once to the work, the Professor placed in the reporter's hands a large sheet of drawing board in the form of a rug, which he requested him to hold at each end for a few minutes, for the purpose of charging it with magnetism. Then tearing a piece from one of the corners for the reporter to retain, he retired to the inner room, closed the door, remarking as he did so, that it would be their (meaning the invisibles) first effort at sketching in his new studio. He always speaks of his work in this manner, taking no credit to himself therefore, claiming that he is wholly unconscious during the performance, and is a mere instrument in the matter.

In just seven minutes he returned with a life-size bust of a man, bearing a striking resemblance surely to the subject intended. The manner of the artist was that of a man suddenly awakened from a profound sleep. The sketch was certainly a wonderful piece of work, considering the time and manner in which it was performed. The shading, fine touches and amount of work performed upon it, could not, it would seem, have been done by a skillful artist in two days' time; and yet there it was—the work of barely a quarter of an hour, and no mistake, as the jagged piece torn from the corner fitted exactly.

In finishing up his portraits, he makes no use of the first sketch, as that is taken simply for recognition, and to give one an idea as to whether it will suit or not. If found satisfactory, he takes a new piece of board, charges it with magnetism, and removes a piece from the corner as before, and without even the first for a copy, proceeds as at first.

Thus having been inducted, as far as possible, into the mysteries of this novel mode of drawing, our reporter retired, with a cordial invitation from the Professor to call again.—Weekly Mercury Oct. 30th.

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER IX. A HIDE-OUT ON THE COAST.

The whole household were deeply excited by the wonderful escape of Mrs. Leigh, the women in the different wards gathering together to discuss the matter, and listening with wonder to the report from the Doctor that she was unhurt.

The first account of her death had taken such hold upon their minds that they were very reluctant to give it up. When, at last, they slowly took it in—the fact that she was alive—they said that her arms and legs were broken; but when assured of the contrary, they declared she must die of internal injury. To death they devoted the poor lady. Mrs. Johnson, of the fifth, who usually quoted the Bible or poetry on any important event, walked back and forth, repeating, "And being tempted of the devil, she went up into an exceeding high place."

"And fell down, and got up again," answered one of the ladies.

"Do not you believe that," said Mrs. Johnson. "Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can bring that woman to life again."

All that day, from early morning till nearly noon, Auntie Dick had watched Mrs. Leigh as a mother watches a babe, till toward noon, she fell asleep in her chair. This had never happened before, for she was a busy, restless little woman, with no sleepiness in her composition. She was roused from her sleep by a thorough shaking from some of the women, and, once sensible of the danger of Mrs. Leigh, she was like a caged lioness while the danger lasted. Miss Phelps was absent from the ward that day, Miss Brown alone being in charge. When the sad news of Mrs. Leigh's death was brought in, there was dead silence for a moment; then, as we have said, Mrs. Johnson made quotations, Miss Dead stopped her monotonous tread back and forth, which usually lasted most all day, Mrs. Ames threw her old baby away, while poor old Mrs. Jones, who had rocked herself back and forth in her chair, day after day, till the carpet was worn through with the ceaseless motion, stopped rocking and leaned her poor, trembling head upon the arm of the chair.

Silence and decorum prevailed. Reason seemed to resume her power, and to lead these poor wanderers back to the common highway of life. Auntie Dick rifled down her sleeves, which were up, ready for any scrubbing, took off her apron, and sat down with folded hands and a look of utter misery. Two great tears rolled down her cheeks as she murmured to herself, "My poor, broken life!"

In the next instant, she brushed away the tears with her sleeve, doubled up her hands into two great fists as knotted and gnarled as the protuberances we sometimes see on old oaks, made up a face horrible to behold, and, sparring with both her fists like a boxer, made motions toward Miss Brown's door, saying, "Come on! come on! I am ready for you. Would n't I like to scrub you!—yes, scrub you with strong soap and coarse sand! That is all the scrubbing I want to do for the rest of my life. Come on, I say! I am ready."

As if in answer to the summons, the door of Miss Brown's room opened, and not Miss Brown, but a young woman came out, dressed in a gray traveling dress, and carrying a small valise. A veil of brown tissue, long enough for a mantle, was thrown over her head, completely hiding the face. She passed quickly through the ante-room, into the hall beyond, without turning her head toward the patients.

So absorbed were they in the discussion of the late exciting event, that they failed to notice her; but Auntie Dick ran from one window to another in great haste. She stopped before a window which commanded a view of the orchard. Across this orchard runs a pathway, onward through the fields, to the city depot—a short route often taken by those who do not care to ride. The young woman in the gray dress opened a little gate in the hedge that separated the garden from the orchard and a strip of meadow beyond, and passed on till Auntie Dick lost sight of her in the distance. While the old woman sat there, straining her eyes in vain to catch another glimpse of that gray dress, Miss Love came up, with the news of Mrs. Leigh's safety.

The women, so quiet before, now shouted with joy, and the room echoed with the chatter of tongues and noisy feet. Auntie Dick sat apart, motionless and silent. Strange thoughts were surging through her brain. She held no key to the mystery, but she did hold a warm, loving, tender heart.

"Oh, Love! thou art a wonderful magician! Thou dost give an inner sight to help us guide the loved ones, and a new, keen sense to perceive the presence of danger to them. Such love as Auntie Dick bore Mrs. Leigh was as unselfish and as pure as God gives to guardian angels. For weeks she had watched over her by night

and day. She felt the presence of evil as the sons of God felt it when Satan came among them. There would be less sorrow in the world, if there were more such love.

Miss Love said to her, "Did you hear, Auntie Dick? Mrs. Leigh is alive and well!"

"Did I hear?" said Auntie. "If I had been dead and buried under a stone, I should have heard that and come to life."

"But you don't seem glad like the others, and yet the last words that Mrs. Leigh said before she went to sleep, were, 'Tell Auntie Dick that I am all right now!'"

"Did she say that, Honey? Did she think of poor old Auntie Dick in her trouble?"

"Yes, Auntie; but you don't seem glad like the rest!"

Two big tears followed which had hardly dried on the old withered cheeks.

"Do you think, Honey darling, that I don't love her because I can't laugh and dance and sing like them poor crazy women here? You ought to know Auntie Dick better than that? Haven't you seen, dear child, that my love for her has made me well? I ain't a bit like them poor things yonder. You see I look crazy because I had nothing to love. I can't tell you the story now—it is too happy a time now. But it all came of a sudden, one dreadful night! A few awfully bright lights. I lived here year after year, year after year, with nobody to love! Do you see that old tree down yonder that was once struck by lightning? It looked black and ugly till John Scott platted a vine near it. Now the vine runs all over it, and clings to it closer because it is rough and old. Well, that is Lily, and me. I have n't cried alone for ten years. I thought the tears were all dried up in me. I don't understand why I cried when I was sorry, and cry again now that I am so happy, but I guess it is when we are deep glad or deep sorry that we cry. Honey, dear, you tell Lily when she wakes up that Auntie Dick tried to keep her away from the window. Don't you know I did, Honey? But she—here Auntie Dick went to sparring again with her two fists; but this time toward the window—'she' you know who I mean, was too quick for me."

"Where is Miss Brown, Auntie?" asked Miss Love, not appearing to notice Auntie Dick's excitement.

"You will not find her here, for she hasn't been in the ward for two hours. Why, bless your heart! these poor critters would suffer if Auntie Dick did n't watch over them when you are away."

The old woman took hold of Miss Love's dress. "Come close to me, and let me whisper in your ear. Did you ever read in the Good Book that devils can turn into all sorts of shapes?"

"No, Auntie."

"Well, Mrs. Johnson in the 'Fifth' will say the verse to you if you will ask her; but now, Honey, run and look into that bedroom, her room; you know, where the 'witch of Endor' slept."

Miss Love did knock at that door, and receiving no response, ventured to open it. The reader knows the result.

The express train was just moving off, when the young woman in the gray dress sprang in. She was light and fleet of foot as an antelope, or as Auntie Dick expressed it, "she was spry as a cat, when she ran through the garden and orchard."

The shriek of the steam-whistle died slowly away, while a dense volume of black, sulphurous smoke rolled backwards, enveloping the train, and sending its tainted breath into all the open windows of the cars.

The young woman in the gray dress took the first vacant seat, drew her long veil over her face, gathered the skirt of her dress close about her form, and turned her gaze outward. On with increasing velocity the train sped. The engineer was behind time that day, and was making up the lost hour. The passengers were not aware that the great fiery heart which beat for them was pulsating in the madness of fever heat. "To one silent traveler" this rapid motion was very welcome. On, through fields hundreds of acres in extent, the soft tassels of the ripened corn waving in the breeze like an army with silken banners. On, through long stretches of stubble fields, where miniature hills of ripened grain waited the thrasher's hand. On, through little towns where the swift flight of the train blotted the name from the station. On, on, through a long stretch of level country, so monotonous that the eye wearied of sameness and longed for woodland or hill.

Well for the passengers that day that the engineer was alert and cautious, that he had "eye and ear attentive bent," and knew that with one touch of his hand he could still the throbbings of that mighty heart. Do you ever think, you lady in costly robes which you draw away from the

touch of the "common herd," what you owe to that rough workman, black with smoke and toil, who, armed with lantern and hammer, creeps under the train in search of loose bolt or screw, heated tire or a broken bar? Or you, the young gentleman, with your spotless linen, silk hat, and big seal-ring on hands all unused to toil, do you know how worthless your life compared to that of the smoke-begrimed engineer, in red woollen shirt, greasy cap and hard hat? Had you any gratitude to that poor flag man who faltered not at his post, though he saw his infant child fall into the stream and drown before he could be released? He saved hundreds of lives that day at the sacrifice of what was dear to him as his own life.

We cry out in indignation, and with justice, when one of the least of these railroad employes is careless for a moment, falls asleep at his post, or forgets a duty, but how seldom do we feel grateful to the hundreds who, in cold and heat, in darkness and light, in storm and calm stand at their post! How small their reward compared to the responsibility!

The train stopped at last in the city of the marshes—that city which, like the water-lily, has its roots in the mud, but which blossomed at last into the fairest flower of all the valley; that city which has come out of the fire like gold refined in the furnace.

It was midnight, but the large depot was lighted by gas, which light brought into strong relief the hard, vulgar features of the few loungers that remained, and the pale, anxious faces of passengers roused from sleep to change cars, and who cast drowsy looks upon the panting engines that were going slowly back and forth, back and forth, ringing bright bells. They seemed to a looker-on to be one-eyed monsters, seeking rest and finding none.

The young woman in the gray dress had not noticed that she was alone in the car till the conductor touched her on the arm and said:

"We are in the city, ma'am; this car does not go to-night."

The touch aroused her, but she shrank from the man's civil enough in his way, as if he were a venomous reptile.

She rose and went slowly out. She had eaten nothing since morning, and her step was unsteady.

"Have a carriage, ma'am?—have a carriage, ma'am? Briggs House?—Sherman House?—National?"

She seated herself in the first carriage at hand. "Your check, ma'am?"

"I have none. Drive immediately to the hotel."

The driver gave one look at the pale, handsome face of the speaker, with its great black eyes, closed the door and mounted his box.

Alone in her room, the traveler flung off her bonnet, veil and sash. Still feeling oppressed, she took from her bag a white night-dress, and changed her gray suit for this loose robe, then, flinging away the pins which confined her hair, it fell in a great wavy mass about her shoulders, almost to her feet.

"Frow again!—frow!" she exclaimed, as she walked the room with bare feet and flowing hair. "Dead!—dead! That little doll-faced beauty—that weak girl—is dead at last! She has gone to her baby; well, she wanted to go to it! (She thought more of the baby dead than of him living!) Bah! what was her love for him? a school-girl fancy! A fancy bird, a pretty poodle, a kitten can love like that! Oh God! why did she ever come between him and me? I would never have gone crazy for a dead child while he remained to me! I would have bartered heaven itself for him! Have I not bartered it? No! not so she killed herself! They say she did! Dead! dead! Verdict: Killed herself—a suicidal patient! That is what the world will believe—and so she did. The world is right. But how came she on the roof? Ay! climbed out herself. Wasn't that window left for weeks so that a child might remove it? I did not show it to her. No—no! it was all her own act! Am I my brother's keeper?"

These last words were not spoken loud by the young woman. She thought she heard them harshly whispered in her ear. She stopped her walk across the room and stood still—"Am I my brother's keeper?" The words came again slowly, heavily, like leaden weights falling one after the other.

"Yes, yes, she was as a sister to me. But she darkened my whole life—and she is dead now! dead! I shall never see them happy together at their own fireside; that torture will never make me wretched again!"

Flinging herself on the bed, she fell asleep, but only for a short space. Starting up from a horrid dream, her eyes glared wildly round the room. The gas was burning low, and threw strange shadows into the corners of the large chamber.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" The hoarse whisper came again and yet again. Rising from her bed, she sought her carpet-bag. Taking from it a small vial, she swallowed part of its contents, and again threw herself upon the bed.

Oh! Nature! What wonderful secrets have been drawn from thy arena to calm the fevered brain!

The young woman ceased her restless tossing to and fro, the eyelids closed, and the long black lashes dropped over the flushed cheek. She lay upon the outside of the bed, her hands clasped above her head, while her long dark hair lay in great waves upon the white spread.

The *ex-déant* gray-headed Sarah Brown, in black stuff gown, mob-cap and spectacles, was transformed into the beautiful young creature—beautiful from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, as she lay there, motionless and silent, hushed as if Charon had permitted her—the only one of all the doomed—to quaff one long draught from Lethe. It was a deeper sleep than that produced on Auntie Dick by the same potion. Love is ever more watchful than hatred.

[Continued in our next.]

ANSWER

TO ENIGMA IN LAST BANNER.

I found a nut, and down I sat,

But nothing had to eat.

I took an E, made m-at and tea,

Which gave me quite a treat.

I'll eat my food, I will do me good,

And walk my lonely way.

Alone as yet, a friend I've met—

One who I hope will stay;

And now if we can both agree

To mate, we here can stay;

If best we deem can make a team

And on it ride away.

The population of London is given in the last census report at 3,254,260.

THANKSGIVING—1873.

BY D. C. GRANDISON.

Through realms of space swing orbs of light,
Whose jeweled radiance shines afar
Like diamonds on the brow of night.
Each burning planet begins a star;
Each constellation of the spheres
Sweeps onward in a flight sublime—
God's great chronometers of years—
Heaven's swinging pendulums of time.

Thus through each year, in robes of light,
Our Earth has swept her circling way,
Along the shining paths of night,
Through golden avenues of day.
Each season has its genial morn,
When Nature's warring tempests cease:
She hushes her angry winter's storm,
And brings us benisons of peace.

Though conflagrations wildly burned,
And swept our cities in their wrath,
Whose granite palaces were turned
To ashes in their fiery path.
Even then, through commerce, smouldering wars,
Relief in golden currents ran—
A tide from sympathizing hearts—
That proves the brotherhood of man.

And when the skies in blackness frowned,
And storm and tempest swept the plain,
Her valleys and her hills were crowned
With clustering fruits and golden grain;
For He who notes the "sparrow's fall,"
And holds the planets in their spheres,
Hearts-faintest cry of those who call
Upon his word that, through all years,

"Seed-time and harvest shall not cease,"
But every zone and every clime
With bounteous crops and large increase
Be blessed to latest day of time.
Each human heart should brim with love,
And gratitude like incense rise.
For bounties sent us from above—
For fruitful fields and genial skies.

And thus were taught no bigot's creed,
To dwarf the human soul
Who finds God's footprints in the rocks,
His form where planets roll.
For bright the torch of truth shall burn,
And science still rehearse,
"God's temples are not made with hands,"
But the wide universe.

We learn to love his perfect works,
His majesty, his power;
To recognize him in the stars,
And in the opening flower;
No less in summer's vernal bloom,
In morning's holy light,
Than when he trails with sable plume
The cloudy tents of night.

His voice we hear in running brooks,
His whispers in the air;
The God we worship walks with me,
In presence everywhere.
Revising with the sun's warm kiss,
Nature shall spurn chill winter's chains;
Her pulses all be thrilled with bliss,
Electric currents course her veins.

Her cheeks suffused with summer's blush,
While sparkling dewdrops fill her eyes,
And all her mountain-tops be flushed
With rose-tints, dropping from the skies.
When Spring awakes, a gleesome child,
From its dream through the winter's night,
And the mellow air, as a mother's smile,
Wrathes her loved one's eyes in light.

So Nature's face, with the breath of Spring,
Shall laugh in buds and flowers
Awoke to life by the south wind's wing
And the dash of vernal showers.
Her streams, released, shall leap to the sea,
And their silvery voice be heard
When the cooling breeze through the forest trees
Ships the song of the wildwood bird.

When the oriole comes, in his golden vest,
And the orchards are flooded in bloom,
And we see where he hangs his swinging nest,
By the flash of his crimson plume;
When the silken web the spider weaves
Spans the paths where the squirrels run,
And the dew drops that glisten on velvet leaves
Hang as pearls in the morning sun,
And the air grows faint with sweet perfume
Exhaled from the buds and the vines,
And the wind's asleep with balmy June
And the musk of the fragrant pines.

Then Summer in robes of purple
Glides on in queenly grace,
And spreads through the tops of the maples
The glow of her radiant face;
While her breath in floating incense
From the rose-bud chalice shall rise,
When the sun quaffs up from the flow'ry cup
Dews dropped from the evening's skies.

Till August, crowned in golden sheaves,
Hangs her head "neath the tropics rays,
And the insect lid "mong thorny leaves
Tipes its horn through the noontide blaze,
Where the whispering leaves of painting grain,
As they sway in the breeze of morn,
Petition the clouds to fill with rain
The urns of the thirsty corn.

So our years each keep the promise
Of harvest in the Autumn's time,
And the russet ears of September
Bear the fruits of the Summer's prime.
And our granaries groan with fatness
In the hazy Autumn days,
As the dainty step of the early frost
Sets the forests all ablaze.

And we hear the nuts from chestnut-burs
Fall dreamily through the air,
Where the scarlet plumes of the oak are twined
With the maple's golden hair.
And the sunset glides the evening clouds
As they float in golden hue,
And the arching depths of heaven above
Are draped with a deeper blue.

Yet soon these flaunting banners,
Which stream from the forest high,
Will trail in dust as the northern gust
Sweeps down from the leaden sky,
Where the Frost-King wields his sceptre
Till chilled Nature sinks to repose,
And shades her from the piercing storm
With the fleece of her Winter snows.

Other harvests have been gathered
Than these cereal crops of earth,
Of far richer, purer fruitage,
Dearest, nobler, holier worth.
As the sunshine, warm and golden,
Gilds each vale and upland round,
So in Heaven's chancel olden
Gleam their tresses glory crowned.

And from steepy heights crowned
Fall their silvery accents here:
"Fear not sin, nor power infernal—
Truth shall grasp thy eternal year!"

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

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

EDITOR BANNER OF LIGHT—India, oh marvelous country! Land of tree-worship, serpent-worship, the lotus-flower and the mystic lingam of the ancient Vedas and those unparalleled epics, the Ramayana and the Mahabharata, with its hundred thousand stanzas! Land of the ascetic Rishis, the eighteen Puranas, and the Tri-Pitaka of the Buddhists! Land of pearl-built palaces, temple caves, marble pillars, dust-buried ruins, walled cities, mud villages and idolatrous worship—these, all these are among the sights, the lingering memories of India's mingled glory and shame!

When legendary Rome was a panting babe, and proud Greece a boasting lad, overshadowed by Egyptian grandeur, India was gray-haired and venerable with years, worshipping one God, and using in conversation the musical Sanscrit, a language not only much older than the Hebrew, but confided by all philologists to have been the richest and most thoroughly polished language of the ages! Well may India have been considered the birthplace of civilization and the primitive cradle-bed of the oriental religions.

TERRITORY AND ENGLISH RULE.

The empire of India, extending over a territory of a million and a half square miles, equals in size all Europe except the Russian. Swarming with two hundred millions of people, exhibiting almost an endless diversity of soils, productions and climate, the deltas of India's great rivers are befitting granaries for the world. And England, claiming that the sun never sets upon her dominions, holds direct rule over three-fourths of this vast country.

Early in the seventeenth century, British cupidity, looking at the immense wealth of Indian kings and princes, coveted their possessions. Under the pretext of Christianizing, and other reasons, a cause for war was manufactured. Reckless of justice, fraternity, and the New Testament principles of peace, England, in brief, decided upon a war of conquest for territory and trade for gold, diamonds and precious stones. No historian pretends to whitewash Britain's course of crime and infamy in the East. Learned Brahmins understand that history well, and, understanding, secretly hate English rule. Still, they prefer Englishmen to Mohammedans for masters. Disguised in any way, however, slavery is slavery—a condition to be hated!

The "mild Hindoo" is a common term in the Orient; and while the Hindoo is mild, forbearing, peace-loving and contemplative, the Englishman is unfeeling, stern and dictatorial. The theistic reformer, Keshub Chunder Sen, sensibly said, in a late Calcutta speech: "Muscular Christianity has but little to do with the sweet religion of Jesus; and it is owing to the reckless, warlike conduct of these pseudo-Christians, that Christianity has failed to produce any wholesome moral influence upon my countrymen!"

There was a monstrous mutiny in 1756; there have been minor mutinies since; and, mark it well, there is destined to be another, eclipsing in blood and carnage all the others. The Aryan-descended Indians love liberty and self-government.

WHENCE THE HINDOOS?
The Aryan tribes, inhabiting the highlands of Central Asia, the banks of the Oxus, and the southern slopes of the Caspian Sea, emigrating, entered India by the northern passes, and descended first the valley of the Indus, and then that of the Ganges, attaining their full strength and development along the rich alluvial valleys of the latter river. They brought with them agricultural implements, some of the fine arts, and the elegant Sanscrit. "Brought it from where? or in what country did it originate?" The inquiry, natural enough, shall be noticed hereafter.

In this great and fertile country, the Aryans—primitive Hindoos—lived in comparative security. The aborigines, supposed by some to be of "Turanian descent," died, in many cases, to the mountain fastnesses before them, as though conscious of their physical inferiority.

The Aryan type, including the pre-historic races of Central and Northern Africa, the Caucasians of Europe, the Assyrians of Western Asia, and the fair-skinned, Sanscrit-speaking people who entered India from the north, developed, wherever it settled, marvelous civilizations. The purest Aryan blood at present is found in Northern India; but wherever within the bounds of the Indian Empire, today you find light-complexioned, noble-natured Brahmins, you find direct descendants of the ancient Aryans.

The non-Aryan natives, called, in the Rig Veda, Dasys, Rakshasas, Asuras and others, with outlandish-sounding names, were dark-complexioned, yet timid, spiritually-minded tribes. Remnants of them, ever the physical inferiors of their Northern invaders, are still found in the mountainous districts of interior and Southern India. Known now under the names, *Todas, Gonds, Bhils, Kols, Korkus, Buggis, Chupars*, down to the *Parahis*. Some of these tribes have entirely disappeared to-day, and you find no more the Aryan admixture into the aboriginal stock took place rapidly; and yet, the observant traveler among them will come upon stratum after stratum, showing in a distinct manner the intermediate stages between the two races. Generally, the physical type diverges from aboriginal features and manners toward Brahminical Hinduism. Some of these aboriginal races have so verged toward the status of Brahminism that they have assumed the "sacred thread," claiming membership with the "twice-born caste."

GROWTH AND LITERATURE OF THE ARYAN HINDOOS.
None of the other oriental countries have clung to so many of their primitive customs, retained so much of their early literature, experienced so few internal dissensions, or suffered so little from ancient invasions, as the Hindoos. Strongly wedged on three points of the compass, the dangerous deserts and mountainous ranges along the northern boundaries of India presented formidable barriers to conquering hordes from Northern Asia. Accordingly, while the nationalities of Central and Northern Africa, in pre-pyramidal times, as well as the populous countries of Central and Eastern Asia, were engaged in wars both civil and aggressive, destroying, so far as possible, all the historic monuments of antiquity, and exterminating every vestige of literature within the enemy's reach, the Aryans of India seem to have been left in comparative peace and isolation—left to work out the problem of civilization and mental culture, unaffected by foreign influences or ravaging internal revolutions.

The advancement for a time was all that could be desired. The Aryan-Hindoo stood upon the world's pinnacle of progress. This was the era of the Mahabharata, 1300 B. C., of Manu the lawgiver and Panini the great grammarian, and of the Sanhitas and Brahmanas, of the Vedas, and of the Sastras, all something like a 1000 B. C. Brahmins, educated in English colleges and learned in the Sanscrit, insist that Homer modeled his verses after their ancient poets. Putting it plainer, they boldly affirm that Homer's Iliad was "prigged"—largely borrowed from the Mahabharata.

Though this was the golden age of Aryan learning, mental friction was wanting. The national intellect, at this point, became either stationary or shaded off into the metaphysical and the speculative. The inductive method of research was abandoned. Mystical theorizing ran rampant.

Though the Vedas distinctly taught the existence of one Supreme Being, a dreamy mythology slowly sprung into existence, and fastened its fangs upon the national mind. Chieftains and heroes were made gods. Imagination painted and tradition ascribed to them valorous deeds and marvellous attributes as unnatural as monsters. The ignorant masses, carving their images in stone and wood, finally fell to worshipping them while the higher classes, either cultivated philosophy and deductive abstractions, or mentally merged away into a passive self-meditation, looking for final rest in Nirvana.

INDIA UNDER MY OBSERVATION.

Steaming through wind and wave out of the Bay of Bengal, Indiaward, we entered the broad mouth of the Ganges, Hooghly, one of the outlets of the Ganges, and, consequently, to Hindoos a sacred stream. Calcutta is something like a hundred miles from the mouth of this river. Though the banks are low and nearly level, the stretching jungle thickly shaded, and the cultivation only ordinary, the stately palms, cocoanut groves and luxuriant vegetation along this winding Mississippi of the East, rendered the scenery decidedly attractive.

Just previous to reaching the city, we passed the royal mansions of the ex-King of Oude. This prisoner of state, though despising the English, as do the Rajahs generally, maintains much of his kingly magnificence, and gets besides a yearly stipend from the English Government. A Mohammedan in religion, preferring polygamy to monogamy, his social instincts are said to be decidedly animal. Several European women grace—rather disgrace—his harem. Within the enclosure of his private, high-walled grounds he keeps quite a menagerie of wild beasts, and continues in repair a large artificial mound, said to contain two thousand hissing serpents. It was feared, at one time, that he would let loose beasts and serpents upon the city.

CALCUTTA.

On the 7th of July, by the steamer "Statensmaat," we reached the capital of British India—the famous City of Palaces. The importance of custom-house officers, dilated upon by some of our fellow-passengers, proved a fraud. They were simply gentlemen doing their duty.

The hot, rainy season had just commenced. It was truly oppressive the first few days. In the city and along the delta of the Ganges the mercury frequently rises to one hundred and twenty degrees, reminding one of the sun-scoured clime of Africa. In landing, half-naked coolies clamored loudly for our baggage; actually they exiled the New York hackmen. Dr. Dunn, fighting his way through the crowd bravely, saw the coolies safely about the *Charter* for the *Great East* rail. The rooms in these Asiatic hotels are high, commodious and oriental, even to the *puddles*.

MEN IN THE CITY.

The first movement was to report in person to Gen. Litchfield, the American Consul, whom we found a most genial and sunny-souled gentleman. His family residence is Grand Rapids, Michigan. Gen. Grant was singularly fortunate in his consular appointments at Calcutta, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Melbourne. Having made the acquaintance of Keshub Chunder Sen in London, several years since, to inquire about Spiritualism and the progress of the Brahmo Samaj in India, I sent him my card, receiving in reply a most cordial welcome to his country. Our future interviews, I trust, were mutually pleasing and profitable. Though singularly non-committal upon the causes of spiritual phenomena, he extends the hand of fellowship to Spiritualism, because a phase of liberalism.

Knowing something of the Unitarian missionary, Rev. C. H. A. Dall, through the Liberal Christian, and being the bearer of a letter from Herman Show, of San Francisco, Cal., I called upon him at No. 24 Mot's Lane, Calcutta, where he has a flourishing school for boys, with several native teachers. He has joined the Brahmo Samaj, preaching at present little if any Unitarianism. American-born, had nothing new in the way of religion to send to the Brahmins of India.

Barely counting money, Mr. Dall was at first not very communicative, although he warmed up when the conversation turned upon progress and the natural relations existing between radical Unitarianism and true Spiritualism. Having read of "free love," "fanaticism," and other rubbish floating upon the "spiritual river of life," he not only refused, but certainly lacked a knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy. Our chat, however, came quite spicy. In residence, priestly presence, or, principally bare, during these round-the-world wanderings, have I evaded or hidden my belief in Spiritualism? No one principled in truth, or fired with a spark of genuine manhood, would so do, even though shunned by the slimy fog of the age—"society." Policy, cunning and craft, is king of the hells! Worldly gain is spiritual loss.

Calcutta, founded by the "Old East India Company," near the close of the seventeenth century, is the site of an ancient city called *Zi-Kutta*, sacred to the goddess Kali, has a population of about 800,000, some 17,000 of which are Europeans.

CITY SUBURBS AND SIGHT-SEEING.

The gardens, the bright foliage, the luscious fruitage, and the palm-covered suburban scenery generally, win at once the traveler's admiration. The Government House, the High Court, the massive Museum, yet unfinished, and other city buildings, are magnificent structures. The Post Office, imposing in appearance, is built upon the site of the notorious "Black Hole" of mutiny memory, where one hundred and forty-six prisoners, thrust into a room eighteen feet square, were left in a sultry night to smother and perish. Only a few survived. The act was infamous. The Maidan below the gardens, crowned with a handsome pagoda, is the fashionable resort in evening time. The drive skirts the river and for phyet and costly equipage, Paris can hardly parallel it. Through the kindness of our Consul-General I was privileged with a carriage ride in the gray of twilight down the river and around the square to the music-stand, where the Queen's band nightly discourses delicious music. The seclude surroundings, the blending of occidental style with oriental grandeur, cannot well be described. Many of the costumes were singularly unique, and the social intercourse remarkably free from any stiff provincialisms. All had fashions and styles of their own. The rich *darzee*—Hindoo gentlemen—occupied prominent positions in the gay procession and motley gathering.

Lower-caste Hindoo life is seen in the bazaars—and though there are disgusting sights and rank odors along the narrow native streets, we neither heard nor saw the Calcutta jackals so often described by romancing writers. Crows, however, may be numbered by myriads. Nestling at night in the ornamental shade-trees of the city, they engage early in the morning at the scavenger business, and often mistake the kitchen for their legitimate field of operations. Tall, stork-like birds, called "adjutars," also do scavenger-work. At night they perch upon the tops of the public buildings, standing like sentinels on guard.

The city is watered from immense reservoirs. The natives bathe in them, wash their garments in them, and then filling their goat-skins for domestic purposes, and slinging them under the arm, supported by a strap, they trudge moodily away to their employer's residence. Drinking water is drawn from wells in a very primitive way. Women have but few privileges. They seldom appear in the streets, and then, if married, they veil their faces. On the whole, the natives, while studying the Hindu social, or Old Testament manner and customs.

RIVER SCENES, JUGGERNAUT, AND THE BANIAN TREE.

Occupying a place in General Litchfield's harbor, we drove along early one morning by the river's side, some four miles, witnessing the bathing and worshipping of the Hindoos in the flowing Hooghly. Gesticulating, bowing, sprinkling themselves, and intoning prayers, these worshippers counted their beads much as do the Catholics. Paying no regard to the Christian's Sunday or the Mohammedan's Friday, these sincere Hindoos hold in great reverence

festival days of their gods. The English Government grants the different religiousists of the country some sixty holidays during the year.

Unfortunately we reached India just too late to see the yearly Juggernaut festival, during which the great idol-car in Eastern India is drawn with such gushing enthusiasm! Believing in votives do not, however, throw themselves voluntarily under the idolatrous engine to be crushed, as falsifying chroniclers have widely reported. While the excitement is at its height, careless devotees may accidentally fall under the rotating wheels, and perish. This actually happened the present year. And so similar accidents often occur on Fourth of July occasions in America. That a few impulsive fanatics in the past may have purposely rushed under the ponderous wheels, much as Christian pilgrims in the Crusade period walked through Palestine with bare feet, to die by the Holy Sepulchre—is quite probable. Fanaticism has been common to all religions.

But crossing the river on this delightful morning, by the banks of which nestled neatness and filth—Christy and demoniac men in close proximity—we were soon strolling through the Botanical Gardens, admiring tropical flowers—with the lilies white, golden and purple—on our way to the crowning glory of the gardens, the great banian-tree—*atlas* the bread-fruit tree of the East. This grand old tree fully met our expectations, only that it bore berries about the size of acorns, instead of bread. The natives are very fond of them. While this gigantic tree is not tall, it is wide-spreading and symmetrically shaped; and, though not an evergreen, it is clothed in a dark green, glossy foliage, reflecting at sunrise a thousand vivid tints, varied as beautiful. This Calcutta banian-tree, throwing down to the soil one hundred and thirty creep-like limbs, all forming trunks—symbols of the American Union (many in one)—would afford shade or shelter in a light rain-storm for two thousand persons. No traveler in the East should miss of seeing it. Tradition says that Alexander's army of ten thousand, in the fourth century B. C., sheltered itself, while in Northern India, under the far-reaching branches of a princely banian. Just after leaving this kindly tree there fluttered up before us from a clump of date palms a fine flock of green-plumaged parrots.

THE HINDOO FACE AND CHARACTER.

The higher classes of these Asiatics have fine-looking faces. Tall, and rather commanding in person, easy and graceful in movement, they have pleasant open countenances, dark eyes, with long eye-brows, glossy black hair—of which they seem proud—thoughtful casts of expression, and full, high foreheads. The complexion is olive, shaded, according to caste and in-door or out-door exercise, toward the dark of the Nubian, or white of the Northernman. In Northern India they are nearly as fair as Caucasians; and what is more, English scholars have been forced to admit that the Hindoo mind, in capacity, is not a whit behind the European. In hospitality they have no superiors. The lower, oppressed classes, as in other countries, are rude, rustic, and vulgar.

As a people I have found the Hindoos exceedingly polite. When two Brahmins meet, lifting each the hand—or both hands—to the forehead, they say, "Namaskar"—"I respectfully salute you!" Sometimes the inferior bows and touches the feet of the superior, the latter exclaiming, "These poor men you be happy!" The Hindoo, naturally mild, meek, and fond of peace, will sooner put up with oppression than engage in a battle of reclamation. An English ethnologist considers him sufficiently womanly to be considered "affectionate." Certainly, in piety and cool, self-possession, inclining him to sail tranquilly along the placid waters of life, present a striking contrast to the impatient, ambition and dictatorial spirit of Anglo-Saxons. Each and all, however, fill their places in the pantheon of history.

THE KALI CHAUP AND SLAIN GOATS.

Religion, when unlighted by education and guided by reason, degenerates into superstition. The Kali temple, situated in the suburbs of Calcutta, sacred to the ugly-looking, blood-thirsty goddess *Kali*, was to me a deeply interesting sight, because showing unadulterated Hinduism in its present low, degraded state. The shrines and the altars, the flower-covered *ding* and the crimson yard all were dripping with the blood of goats sacrificed at the sun. The sun, forebodingly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as enclosures for the gods, priests, and sacrificial offerings. The worshippers of the sun, forebodingly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. The bowing of the face to the earth, the kissing of cold stones, the sneering of the face with mud, the liturgical mutterings, and the howling beggary by the wayside, were all repulsive in the extreme. The temple was only a coarse ordinary structure. Being Christians, we were not permitted to pass the threshold. These temples are not constructed as are churches, to hold the people; but rather as enclosures for the gods, priests, and sacrificial offerings. The worshippers of the sun, forebodingly reminded me of the Old Testament sacrifices offered as sweet-smelling savors to Jehovah, the tutelary god of the Jews. 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Undeniable Evidence!

ONE OF THE GREATEST TESTS
OF THE
Truths of Spiritualism!

THE GREAT LITERARY SENSATION!

THE
MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD
COMPLETED
BY THE SPIRIT-PEN OF
CHARLES DICKENS.

The press declare the work to be written in
"Dickens's Happiest vein!"

To show the demand there is for this work, it may be well to state that the
First edition of 10,000 copies was sold in advance of
the press.

A few opinions of the press on published extracts:

From the Boston Traveller, July 28.

"Since last Christmas the medium has been at work steadily and abundantly, producing a work which resembles Dickens so closely as to make one start, as though hearing the voice of one so silent in this grave." "The style

11. Dickens, *ibid.* 111. Mr. Giles Dickens had written the 300 letters, and he could not have done so without the ability and manner to a greater degree than the help of any other literary man, with whom we are acquainted."

From the *Harford Evening Times*.

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