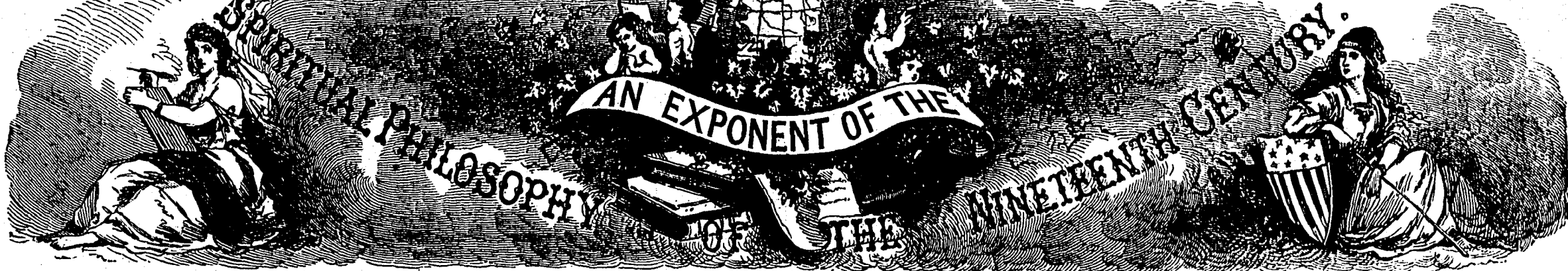


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Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—Views of Our Heavenly Home—Chapter I.
The Reviewer.—The Psychology of the Aryas.
SECOND PAGE.—Ode by Epes Sargent, Esq. Banner Correspondence.—Letters from California, New York, Massachusetts and Ohio. Departure of Charles J. Robinson. New Publications For Sale by Colby & Rich.
THIRD PAGE.—Poetry.—Acorns and Oaks. Free Thought.—The Allopatis and the Druggists versus the Apoc, Maggot and Eclectic Healers of Disease and the People. Poetry.—Not Dead, but Bisen, etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—Editorial Articles.—Volume Forty-One.—March 31st, A Clear Victory, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—Brief Paragraphs. Medical Ignorance; or Who Shall we Trust When Sick? New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd and Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin. Obituary Notices, etc.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Advertisements.—"Mediums in Boston," Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Assassination of Hon. S. S. Jones, Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago, etc.

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VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

A SEQUEL

TO
A STELLAR KEY TO THE SUMMER-LAND.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

"My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far and the stars sky
When from this earthly body free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be."

A sublime and beautiful theme appropriately seeks to clothe itself in sublime and beautiful language.

A powerful temptation to write in "an unknown tongue" upon a theme unknown to the senses of men, is upon me; it feels like a necessity pouring through the wand of an enchanter. And yet, lest I should not be distinctly understood by the reader, who may not have access to a dictionary, I press back both the necessity and the enchantment; and thus I proceed to use the plainest words, or at least such phraseology as will most naturally convey the sublime and beautiful realities under contemplation. And I will also, which will soon come, disregarding all temptations to the contrary, add to my intentional plainness as much as possible of the sweet grace of brevity. Inasmuch as in the "Penetralla," p. 167, in the "Stellar Key," but particularly in the little volume "Death and the After-Life," the reader may find that already I have reported or described many of these celestial scenes; therefore it will be with me a principle to avoid, as far as is practicable, when treating an obscure question, a multiplication of words and all vain repetitions.

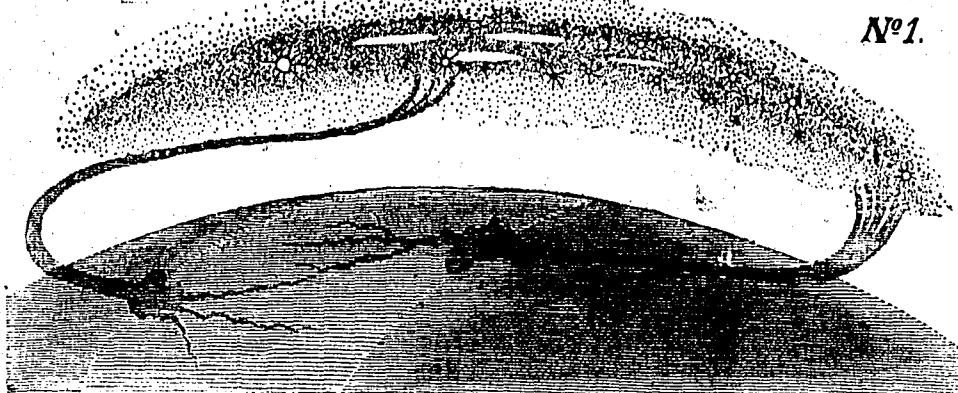
That there is a general correspondence between man and the earth, is admitted by all analogous thinkers. Like the globe, man is full of revolutions, seasons, changes, periodicities. In his wakings and sleepings are incorporated the days and nights of the planet; its light and heat are repeated in his phosphorescent brain and magnetic heart; its rocky framework is perfectly represented in his osseous structure, and its great waters reappear in the miniature seas of serum and tiny oceans of blood in which man's physical constitution rides like a freighted steamer.

In more interior parts the correspondence between the human individual and the great globe beneath him is a million times more amazing and complete. In his physiological inception, as well as in all the stages of his subsequent progressive advancement, he repeats the entire organic history of the whole animal world; and in his social, moral and intellectual progress, from youth to maturity, he consecutively reproduces the entire social, political, moral and intellectual history of mankind. All this, you observe, transpires in the universal, not in the very particular sense. For in specialities, in the details of experiments among variations, all deductive correspondence ceases and the inductive philosophy begins; and the latter is commonly called "scientific research and demonstration."

Upon the primordial principle of correspondence, thus briefly illustrated, there exists a general resemblance, a similarity of order and appearance, between the Winterland (earth) beneath man's feet and the Summerland (heaven) above his head.

In a certain sense there is no more distance between a man's spirit and the earth than there is between his spiritual body (now elemental) and the suprasolar sphere to which he personally ascends after death. And as to the localities, sceneries, social gradations, moral spheres, love circles, intellectual distinctions, wisdom brotherhood, seminaries of learning, hospitalities for the worn and weary, unfolding nurseries for the innumerable little ones, all which is distinctly visible as natural belongings and institutions in the Summerland; the correspondence between all this and man is seen to be perfect when you carefully investigate and classify the internal structure of the human brain, and thence gather inductively knowledge of his organs, faculties, attributes, affections, the degrees of his various interconnections, and the laws of his immortal necessities, his absolute needs, not to mention his wants and energetic impulses, which constantly and forever characterize and govern his indestructible nature.

The underlying principle is the unchangeable principle of "like producing like"—illustrated, broadly, in the likeness which exists between man's external structure and the globe on which



THE SECOND SPHERE WITHIN THE SIXTH CIRCLE OF SUNS.

he lives; which likeness is repeated, on a scale at least a million times more perfect, between man's internal nature and the external of the Summerland wherein he is certain soon to journey and reside.

There is also some very faint resemblance between the external surfaces of the superior inhabited planets in our solar system and the geographical and topographical facts of the great Second Sphere under consideration. But it is an error to suppose that the Second Sphere is but a repetition of this exceedingly rudimental world, even on a higher and far more extended scale; because it is in the first place impossible that Mother Nature should exactly repeat herself, and, in the second place, it is even more impossible that the infinitely superior should be a likeness of a most rudimental inferior, except in the most universal sense, which truth I have heretofore attempted to plainly set forth.

The foregoing is properly an introduction to a series of chapters (of which this is the first,) which will be the fulfillment of a promise long since made, to write a Sequel, or Part II., to the volume entitled "A Stellar Key to the Summerland." The reader is urgently requested to consult that work, Part I., for a more intellectual and extended consideration of questions which will be only inspirationally awakened in these chapters. In this sequel, the whole subject will be presented as it was in "Death and the After-Life," as revelational Views of Our Heavenly Home; thus, of necessity, referring the reader to other volumes for philosophical reasonings and special explanations.

As in Part I., so also in this Sequel, it is deemed beneficial to introduce drawings, so that, in the first place, the reader can obtain a conception of the actual situation of the great spiritual universe to the visible Milky Way; also, in the second place, so that his intellect can form some reasonable views concerning relative positions, magnitudes, and distances.

The accompanying diagram (No. 1,) supposes the reader standing far, far in the fields of space. From that remote point, and being gifted with the telescopic power of observation, he is supposed to be contemplating the immeasurable magnitude, the unutterable grandeur, the overwhelming glory and absolutely indescribable harmoniousness of the scene. You must employ your natural telescope from the crown of a glittering observatory situated in an abundantly rich star-field millions of miles from the Earth and the Sun. On your journey you should stand for a moment upon Herschel's great discovery, Uranus, which rhythmically rolls in its silvery orbit more than eighteen millions of miles from its progenitor. Still farther you must journey to obtain a knowledge of the field covered by the subject before you. Extend your observations millions of leagues into space. Go forth into the boundless wilderness of cometary matter, yea, into the realm of unformed and yet perpetually forming suns and planets beyond the sixth circle of suns, (see "Nature's Divine Revelations," also the "Stellar Key.") Infinitely far beyond wondrous Neptune, the discovery of Leverrier, which sweeps through the star-strewn immensity nearly thirty thousand millions of miles from the productive sun.

From this astronomical station you will observe something entirely unlike anything you ever witnessed or imagined on earth, when at night you may have contemplated the stellar universe. In ordinary language you will now obtain a "bird's-eye view" of that vast universe of suns, stars, earths, moons, and comets which constitute what is commonly called the "Milky Way." Like a universe of clouds this mass of worlds and systems of worlds appears to swim over our heads (when seen from the standpoint of earth;) whilst very far below the nebulous galaxy seems to burn our particular sun, around which revolve all the bodies of the special isolated universe to which our earth belongs.

Viewed from earth the Milky Way appears to be an endless belt. But seen from a remote point in space, it becomes a member of a group of successive systems of solar and stellar universes; and in that one group of systems is located our sun and its harmonious family of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren; which by the most ancient astronomers were named Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn; to which must now be added all the various satellites, including the teeming fields of lesser and yet younger bodies known as asteroids, comets, and meteors.

You will now caution your mind concerning actualities or verities; not to confound them with mere appearances. For it was owing to the influence of "appearances" that mankind for so many centuries believed the earth to be a flat, stationary, immovable mass of matter; around which the entire universe rolled as so many serv-

ants obedient to the fiat of their centrally enthroned sovereign. The revolution of the earth on its axis causes an appearance which, but for the strictest application of mathematics, logarithms, and fluxions, would to-day impress everybody to assert that all the bright bodies in the firmament rise in the east and set in the west. And the revolution of the earth around the sun develops an appearance—the reverse of reality—that the sun is travelling in and out among the stars. Against appearances I am constrained to affirm that our sun and our earth, which seem to be detached and far removed from fellowship with the Milky Way system, are in reality members of that endless sixth circle of suns, which circle is outmost of the present development of the physical stellar universe.

The bird's-eye view embodied in the accompanying diagram, drawn with reference to imparting an idea of the greatest magnitude, involves the necessity of impairing the impression of a circle of suns and stars. And the same remark is applicable to the appearance of the Summerland Belt in the diagram. It is represented as a slight light strip stretching through space horizontally across the sky, and beneath the universe of nebula called the Milky Way. This appearance, as before said, is a necessity of the attempt by diagram to impart the fullest and most lasting impression of positions and magnitude. It is only possible to represent a strip of the Summerland; and also only a very small section of the sixth circle of suns. But the inconceivably immense magnitude of the golden belt of our Heavenly Home may be imagined, somewhat, by comparing what is seen of it in the diagram with what is therein represented of the vast stretch of the numberless constellations which compose the sixth circle of suns.

You can understandingly and truthfully estimate the relative importance of the little dot in the Milky Way called "the Earth," by looking to the right, where it is located, and contrasting it with the surrounding universes of suns, stars, earths, moons, comets, &c., which seem to fill infinity itself to repletion. Mankind, in their pride and sacred mythologies, have called this obscure dot "the mighty earth;" to which the Eternal Mind in his great mercy once delegated his "Only Begotten!"

The belt of immortal beauty and harmony is within the sixth circle of suns; because whatever is spiritual is of necessity interior, approaching nearer and nearer the great central fountain of All; while the material is external, sweeping out farther and farther from the source of all Spirit.

In the diagram you observe the cosmic and cometary bodies are represented in their apheion—that is, in a position farthest from the sun-centers about which they circulate; thus signifying, as well as if some of them were in their perihelion, the subordinate and superficial part which they perform in the grand epic of the Stellar Universe.

You observe vast openings among the constellations—airholes, so to speak—in which no bodies are visible. These are unlimited seas of celestial magnetism and electricity. These will be fully explained in succeeding chapters. Interstellar spaces and abysses of emptiness are atmospheric cushions between the great solar systems, whereby all unnecessary planetary friction is compensated; and whereby all impedimentation is rendered impossible; while, as great vital reservoirs, a constant supply of celestial electricity and magnetism is fed into and perpetually flooded throughout the stupendous whole.

In succeeding chapters I will more particularly illustrate our sublime and beautiful theme, giving more spiritual information in detail; so that the unspeakable glory and overwhelming grandeur of our Heavenly Home may be intellectually comprehended as well as intuitively anticipated.

It is of great consequence that we learn all we reasonably can concerning the present and the future. For the silent and sacred hour is fast approaching when you, friendly reader! will be called by a supernal voice to cast aside all your earthly possessions, and to "embark upon the glittering streams;" to sail forth into the vast infinitude with the angel commanders, and with officers you may not know, possibly forced to take the humble position of a deck hand, or to go "before the mast" in the lowest angelic service; compelled, by the beneficent force of a sublime necessity, to rise above all terrestrial belongings as "on wings of living light," and tranquilly and reluctantly to glide onward and onward and onward, until your feet press the silvery shores of the Summerland—which is a Sphere so great, so grand, so glorious—glowing with the heat of love and with the light of wisdom—that you cannot but bow down and worship, and yet it is a world whose appearances and bestowments and adaptations will be in exact accord with what you may be in a condition spiritually to perceive, to impart, and to appropriate.

[To be Continued.]

The Reviewer.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE ARYAS.
Idea of God Innate, Locke's Philosophy Criticized.
Religion and Superstition Discriminated. Blasphemy. Views of the Aryas, Jesus, and of A. J. Davis on Religion. Self-Knowledge. Christian Missions.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

An 8vo pamphlet of fourteen pages, entitled "The Psychology of the Aryas," has recently been published in Calcutta. Though not professedly a spiritualistic work, it is a valuable contribution to its literature, and that circumstance, together with its rarity in this country, will doubtless make some notice of it acceptable to the readers of the Banner of Light.

From the author's name, Peary Chand Mitra, it is easy to infer that he is a native of Hindoostan; and that he is a cultured, refined and spiritualized man, is manifest from his pamphlet. In a footnote on its second page the word Aryas is defined as nobles; so that the pamphlet may be regarded as a Hindoo's statement of the science of soul as held by the nobles of India.

Without preliminary remarks, the writer in his first sentence enters directly upon his subject. "In the Rig-Veda, *atma* (soul) was used for breath, and sometimes for the animating principle." This use of the name of what was once regarded as the most subtle element of nature—breath or wind—as the designation of the essential and invisible man latent in every human being, suggests the query which we cannot now stop to consider, whether the corresponding words used by Greeks and Romans, modern Europeans and Jews in their respective languages as names of the same entity, were derived from the Sanscrit literature, of which the Rig-Veda is a part, or were the expressions of their own original insight into and cogitations upon the spiritual, that is, the interior man. The author proceeds, and shows that though in some of the Hindoo sacred books the words—mind and soul—were sometimes used interchangeably, yet distinctions in, and refinements of their meanings came into vogue, and became roots and tendrils of their psychology. Thus the Katha Upanishad says, "the mind is higher than the senses, the intellect is higher than the mind, the great soul is higher than the intellect."

English and Scotch metaphysicians have to a great extent adopted the inductive method in constructing their systems of philosophy: they have observed and classified mental phenomena. The Aryas employed the opposite, the deductive process; "they always tried to dive deep by abstract meditation." The former looked outward, the latter looked inward. Taking different methods, traveling as it were in different paths, they came to different goals. For instance, John Locke in his essay concerning Human Understanding, Book I., Chap. 8, Sect. 8, declares the "idea of God not innate." The so-called religion of Christendom accords with that view. Both Jehovah and Jesus, which are its objects of worship, are not innate, but are historical ideas. Hence it is that the Bible, which is the chief history or record there is extant of these divinities, is held almost as sacred by many Christians as are the gods they worship. But the Aryas were intensely contemplative: they introspected; "they chanted, whoever knows Brahma, who is existence, knowledge and infinity, as dwelling within the cavity (of the heart) in the infinite ether, enjoys all desires at once with the Brahma." "Adore as Brahma the spirit who abides in the soul (in self)."—p. 2.

Modern Spiritualism, as well as the ancient, inculcates essentially the same doctrine. "To be intelligently introduced to one's own soul" (writes A. J. Davis in The Penetralla, p. 33,) "is to go reverently into the presence of all the God the soul can ever realize." "If we can be perfectly certain of anything, we are certain that Nature is the unfolding of that principle called God."—II. Great Harmonia, p. 379. Jesus said, (Luke xvii: 20-21) "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you." Is not this, his doctrine, consistent, ay, identical with that of Brahmins and Spiritualists? and is it not irreconcilable with the philosophy of Locke and the proselyting and missionizing practices of Christians? It is the province of science, which comes with observation, but not of exact religion, to make the wilderness and the solitary place glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. It is the scope and end of religion, pure and simple, to withdraw inward, (or *bind back*, as the etymology of the word religion imports,) the consciousness from the region of the senses into the sphere of principles, till it comes into communion and unity with the ultimate—the cyrenus of all principles—God. To do it is a solitary and an individual process. Hence if a man would become truly religious—not superstitious—he must tread the wine-press alone. No attorney, mediator nor substituted righteous man, can do the work for him. The path he must travel is a narrow and a thorny one, with here and there a traveler. Jesus may help, but cannot save him. Every man, finally, becomes his own Jesus; and yet over each person the inward God will keep watch and ward, and at certain times will work mightily within him. When Buddha (or Gotama, from "Go," senses, and "tama," darker, or one who darkens the senses) was inquired of as to what his doctrine was? who had been his tutor? and from whom he received his priesthood? he answered: "I am holy by my own merit; it is I who have consecrated myself,

my own minister. What have I to do with other teachers? Religion has penetrated my being."—II. *Hue's Chinese Empire*, p. 190. John the baptizer, Jesus and Paul, each one of them after being quickened in the inward or hidden man, preached, saying, *metanoia* (revert, or give a reverse direction to the mind, withdrawing it from the deluge of the senses and the pride of life, and turning it toward the inward God—the Father which is in secret), an admonition that contains all, and much more than all, that is expressed in the words, "repent ye," which Anglice it is in the common version of the New Testament. The quickening, renewing and enlargement of the spirit which finally develops from self-introspection, may remind the reader of what A. J. Davis designates as the Superior Consciousness. Metaphysicians, he remarks, call it religion. "It takes hold of principles, and in principles alone can the mind achieve absolute growth and development."—*Arabula*, p. 367.

True religion is tolerant, suffereth long and is kind. It recognizes and respects the inherent right of every person to find God for himself, and not for another. It does not strive nor cry, neither does any man hear its voice in the street, or the tabernacle. It vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no evil. But a worldling may inquire, are not all religions superstitions? Does not nearly every sect claim religion as its own, and charge superstition upon other sects? What is the difference between religion and superstition? What is the criterion of the one, and of the other? It may be answered that as the etymology of the word "religion" revealed its significance, so a like analysis discloses what superstition is. It is derived from the Latin words *super*, "above," and *sto*, "to stand." Superstition is a belief in, or acknowledgment of, an object, being or power, as *standing above*, or existing superior, to the believer. Before that object, being or power, he bows down, and by that act of obsequious acknowledgment himself to be inferior to it. Christians commiserate heathen who worship idols. They sing,

"The heathen in his blindness
Flows down to wood and stone."

But what is an idol? (*eidolon*) It is an image or a visionary representation. Is not an intellectual conception of Brahma, or of Jupiter, or of Jehovah, or of Jesus, as a person, just as essentially an idol as if it were carved in wood or sculptured in stone? and is not the devotee of either of these deities as truly a superstitiousist as if he bowed before its statue? Protestants consider Roman Catholics as superstitious, because these elder Christians pray to saints. Therefore Catholics acknowledge their own prayers to be inferior in efficacy to those of the saints, whose intercession they implore. But Protestants also pray to beings external to themselves. Their divinities are Jehovah and Jesus. Are not the worshippers of these divinities also superstitiousists? and is not the Christian, so-called, religion as truly a superstition as is that of the heathen? What advantage, then, hath the Christian? The problem whether a belief, with its attendant rites and sacraments, be a superstition or a religion, appears to depend for its solution on the position or standpoint of its god or divinity, in respect to its worshiper. If the god be external to and above the devotee, the worshiper, be he Christian or heathen, is a superstitiousist, and his faith is superstition and not religion; if, on the other hand, the divinity is sought for *within* the seeker, such seeker is a religious person, and his faith, be he Christian or heathen, is religion, and not superstition.

Superstition is intolerant, and persecutes; superstition vaunteth itself, behaves itself unseemly; superstition compasses sea and land to make proselytes; superstition makes and sets up an image, and commands and exhorts people to fall down and worship it. Superstition does not abide in the secret chambers. It roars and strives and cries, and men and women hear its voice in the streets and tabernacles. Superstition is ostentatious: it causes steeples to pierce the sky and bells to be rung in the belfries, that it may be honored of men. Superstition is covetous and grasping: it exacts tithes, contributions and offerings, and accumulates revenues. Superstition is unjust: it exempts its own church edifices from fair and honest taxation. Fearful that investigation or ridicule may injure its divinities (as if they could not, if they would, protect them selves), superstition is cruel, and enacts and maintains penal statutes against blasphemy, a purely imaginary crime, which in truth is the offspring of its own fears and ignorance, and dwells only in superstitious minds. With this bugaboo, priests in all ages and countries have frightened the people, and at various times have incited them to acts of the grossest injustice against heretics of righteousness. Terrified by this bugbear, which existed only in their own darkened minds, superstitiousists in Athens caused Socrates to drink the hemlock and die the death; they nailed Jesus to the cross in Jerusalem, and in Boston, the home of the Puritans, not forty years ago they sentenced Abner Kneeland, a virtuous, upright and intelligent man, and an honest seeker for further light and truth, as a felon, and imprisoned him in the common jail. In these instances, and in all others of like character, the accused were innocent; the blasphemy existed only in the minds of their accusers. Superstition is dishonest: it seeketh what is not its own: it struggles to install its peculiar deities into the Constitution of the United States, framed for the secular and common benefit of all the people. So detrimental is superstition, that Lord Bacon in one of his Essays says: "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than an unwor opinion of him,

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Written for the Banner of Light.

ACORNS AND OAKS.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

Though tender the twig as it starts from its germing,
To struggle with fate for what it shall be,
If favored by Nature it stops not its growing
Until it attains to a gigantic tree.

Think we for once when the germ of a lily
In silence, unnoticed, begins its career,
But oh, how it climbs to the summit of beauty,
To find itself lonely for lack of compeer!

All helpless the babe in the arms of its mother,
Entirely unconscious of what is to be,
But ah, when its feet reach the summit of manhood,
How wondrous the pathway it looks back to see!

Small though the fire that a little spark kindles,
Unchecked, unguarded, behold how it flashes!
Cities and towns and the wide-spread prairies
May quickly be found to be smouldering in ashes!

And slight though a crime that a child may indulge in,
Unmindful that oaks from the small acorns grow,
So it may grow to be wondrously wicked,
And sink to the depths of the direst of woe.

But oh, when the harp is attuned to the angel,
How sweet is the anthem, how precious and dear!
How soon it becomes that divinest of blessings—
God's own benediction to fall on the ear!

Free Thought.

The Allopaths and the Druggists versus the Apostolic, Magnetic and Eclectic Healers of Disease and the People.

"LET US CARRY THE WAR INTO AFRICA."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

No well-informed, observing mind can fail to understand that a wide-spread conspiracy has been entered into by the mineral drug doctors and their natural confederates, the apothecaries, to procure the enactment of penal laws in every State of the Union, having for their object the suppression of all practitioners of the healing art except those of the Allopath drug-consuming school. As self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature, I do not know that the two professions can be greatly blamed for the course they have been forced, as it were, to adopt, that they may if possible preserve their time-honored crafts from the destruction they are menaced with through the increasing introduction of less expensive and more effectual modes of cure than those practiced by the Allopath physicians.

Apart from the duty they owe their fellow-creatures, who have so long been subjected to the maiming and death-dealing medical practices of medieval origin, the same law of self-preservation justifies all clairvoyant, magnetic, Hydropath, and all eclectic healers in resorting to every lawful means to defend themselves against the attacks of a common enemy. With this object in view I would recommend that spiritual healers, and eclectic physicians generally, should bestir themselves and collect and arrange all the facts they can obtain bearing on the malpractices of the regular M. D.s, and circulate them in print. Also all cases wherein doctors of medicine have entered into compacts with apothecaries to share in the profits on drugs, &c., furnished patients on physicians' prescriptions.

I believe that the evil that has originated in this practice has grown into more huge proportions than is dreamed of by the public in general. I was told by a gentleman a few days since that he knew of an instance in New York of a popular physician who required his patients to procure the drugs called for in his prescriptions from a certain apothecary, from whom he had received in one year the sum of fifteen hundred dollars as his share of profits. So reckless have doctors become in some neighborhoods, that they visit patients provided with blank forms for medical prescriptions with the name of their confederate apothecary printed at the head. This mode of procedure of course greatly facilitates the settlement of accounts between the two classes of worthies.

One of the most eminent citizens of Massachusetts, who is now a member of the Legislature, told me a few days ago that he always avoided sending his doctors' prescriptions to the apothecary to whom he was directed, supposing, good confiding man, that in this way he would be able to balk them both in their criminal design of dividing profits. In this, however, he may be mistaken, for I think there may be, especially in our large cities like Boston, some "clearing-house" system of general settlement whereby, somewhat after the method pursued by banks, each and every doctor's prescription and apothecary's account for drugs or poisons supplied are *equitably* adjusted, of whomsoever obtained, so that the worthy M. D. who furnished the apothecaries a customer may not be cheated out of his honest share of the plunder by such dishonest expedients on the part of suspicious patients as I have just narrated.

That there are many doctors of medicine who would scorn to dose their patients with poisonous and nauseous drugs merely that they might share profits with the apothecary who supplies them, I have no doubt.

On the other hand, I am equally certain that there are *thousands* of others, especially among the young and inexperienced M. D.s, who have their bread to win in some way—"honestly" if they can, dishonestly if they must—"who are driven to adopt the course indicated by necessity and perhaps a hope to hit upon some new or striking method of cure through a reckless experimental practice that may render their names professionally famous. In the hands of such as these, I know by observation that the poor are especially made to suffer. Though these may not be able to pay their doctor's regular exorbitant fees for attendance, they will generally find the money in some way to pay for his prescriptions, which for this very reason may be multiplied to the furthest available extent. To-day the solemn-visaged M. D. takes out his little book and writes a prescription under his apothecary's printed caption for one or two bottles of poison and as many packages of powders in scrawling Latin. To-morrow, when he repeats his visit, he finds the "symptoms" changed, and another awful Latin prescription is sent to the apothecary. Day after day this course is pursued, until the sick room, as many of us have witnessed, becomes lumbered with unused bottles and packages of poisonous and life-benumbing drugs sufficient to furnish an apothecary shop, and saturated with the smell of every "villanous compound" known to the profession. Fortunately, indeed, may the poor victim of medical bombast, ignorance, conceit and pretence deem himself should he be permitted to escape out of the hands of his unprincipled and ignorant tormentor with the loss of less than the use of half his limbs, organs or faculties. I have known scores of naturally healthy young men and women done to death in this way, whilst others have only escaped out of the hands of

their mineral and poison-drugging tormentors mere wrecks of humanity. It was only a few days ago that I happened to visit a house in Boston where a poor woman had just called to beg some bread, who stated that the erysipelas had settled in her ankle, which most know is a very common and by no means dangerous form of the malady. Dr. S*****, a regular Allopath, was called in, who, after lancing it, applied a plaster as she supposed of mercurial ointment to the sore. This drove the humor inward, and, as the *learned faculty* say on such occasions of malpractice, the "symptoms changed." In a few hours the poor woman's head was double its ordinary size, whilst her neck was swollen even with her chin. She was confined eight weeks to her bed, and had just then been able to hobble out in old loose rubber shoes to beg her daily bread. This is a fair specimen of allopathic treatment—such as to my own knowledge occurs in the practice of some of the fraternity rather as a rule than exception.

I chanced a few days ago to fall in with a "Dr. C. Dodge Johnson, Eclectic Physician and Analyst, No. 58 Grove street, Chelsea," of whom I know nothing further than that he looks and converses like an intelligent man. I understood him to say that he had collected and now has in his possession a list of the names of no less than ten thousand five hundred and sixty-three victims whose teeth had dropped out under the murderous salivating and other malpractices of the regular M. D.s. I know nothing as to the truth of this statement, but I conscientiously believe, from what has come to my actual knowledge, that hundreds of thousands of instances might be collected and arranged in book form of equally atrocious murderous cases as those alleged by Dr. Johnson, should the United States be thoroughly canvassed.

Per contra, I may safely say that during the last twenty years I have known of hundreds of cases of disease that were treated by clairvoyant or spiritual healers, scores of which were cured and others alleviated, whilst I cannot call to mind a single instance wherein any serious injury has been done by them to patients.

I am fully satisfied in my own mind that the good of society requires that the professions or callings of the Doctor of Divinity, the Doctor of Medicine, the apothecary and the undertaker, should be kept rigidly distinct and apart from each other, and that, for obvious reasons, any compact entered into by any two or more of the professions to share in the others' profits, should be held in the eye of the law to be a conspiracy of the very worst kind to obtain money under false pretences from sick and dying, or absolutely defunct persons, and punished with as severe penalties as are enacted for the commission of any crimes or offenses whatever. For what comparison is there, let me ask, between the guilt of two or more men who conspire to waylay and rob a stranger of his money in the highway, and a conspiracy entered into wherein a physician induces his trusting patient to become the bearer of repeated written orders to his fellow-conspirator for the procurement of the very poisons that are by slow degrees torturing him to death, that his murderer may share between them the profits of the spoil? In this way the poor deceived patient is not only subjected to a most painful death, but is made, in fact, to become his own executioner. But even after death the unfortunate corpse is not always allowed to escape out of the professors' hands, for then, if what is said be true, the Doctors of Divinity and the undertakers frequently take the place of the Doctors of Medicine and the apothecaries, and go *snacks* in furnishing the mourning friends of the deceased with the appurtenances necessary for burial.

"I think it would also be well for Spiritualists to circulate in print from time to time narratives of some of the multitude of cases that are constantly occurring wherein patients, after being given over to die by their Allopath physicians, have been restored to health by the Apostolic order of healing that was practiced of old by Jesus and his disciples, after the manner it is performed to a much greater extent, as foretold in Scripture, in the present day. Many such instances have come within my own knowledge, in some of which even the (apparently) dead have been resuscitated by spirit power.

It is only very recently that Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, of 41 Dover street, Boston, told me that while she was a school-teacher in Greenfield, Erie County, Pennsylvania, about eleven years ago, a young girl named Addie Whitney had lain ill for some months, and finally, as was declared by her attending physicians, Doctors J. Daniels and J. E. Smith, she died. The mother of the child had got Mrs. Twing to stay with her several nights previous, for the reason that she was controlled by a strange influence that had written through her hand that the child should not die. At the critical moment a third physician was called in, the two first named being of the Allopath school, and the last of the Botanic. After the patient had ceased breathing, one of the doctors cut her finger, but no blood flowed. The mother had previously sent for Mrs. Twing to come to her. When she arrived the three doctors were there, and also several women who were waiting to lay out the corpse. At the request of the mother Mrs. Twing gave way to her influences, when her hand wrote that the girl was not dead, and might yet be restored to health; whereupon all three of the doctors "laughed her to scorn," and sneered at the idea that the "little schoolmarm" should know so much more than they did! The women present also joined in with the doctors. The mother's love, however, prevailed, and Mrs. Twing placed herself under the control of her spirit-guides, although she did not at that time fully understand or acknowledge to the world her belief in their supernatural power, for fear it might injure her standing as a school-teacher.

It was next written through her hand that flannels should be wrung out in very warm mustard water and laid all over the chest and vital parts, and that a jug of hot water should be put at the feet of the alleged corpse. To this (to them farcical) procedure the doctors strenuously objected, one of them remarking that if any body was ever dead, the one present certainly was. The mother, however, persisted in following the directions of the strange influence. The flannel and jug of water were applied, and as further directed by her guides, the body was covered with additional blankets, whilst the medium introduced her hand under the bed clothes and proceeded to rub the lower limbs in a downward direction toward the feet. In some twenty or more minutes the surface of the body, as far as it could be seen, assumed, as quick as a flash, a vivid red color. The poor mother here said something about *Lazarus being raised from the dead*, when one of the doctors remarked that if any spirits worked over the

dead in these days they must be "evil spirits." By direction of the influence, a piece of glass was held near the mouth of the dead girl, when a dew-like moisture soon appeared upon it that was visible to all present. Then for the first time the doctors began to manifest serious interest in the phenomenon. Some thirty minutes afterward the departing spirit of the sick girl returned, and with a convulsive start of the limbs assumed its accustomed control of the body. The patient now breathed freely, and in less than an hour acquired sufficient strength to rise suddenly, as if startled, and sit upright in bed. The doctors now began to treat Mrs. Twing with some little respect, and though still somewhat venomous in their bearing and remarks, manifested considerable curiosity to know more about the mysterious power that had so impudently interfered with their legitimate diplomacy.

Under the care of Mrs. Twing's spirit guides the resuscitated Addie Whitney was soon restored to good health, and is now living, as Mrs. Twing states, with her husband and family somewhere, she thinks, near Titusville, in the oil regions of Pennsylvania.

In conclusion let me say that for some sixty years I have been pretty conversant with the practical workings of the diplomated doctors' craft, and I do not scruple to say that my wide experience has convinced me beyond a doubt that the best and most experienced of them rarely or ever cure a serious case of disease that the patient would not have recovered from without their aid, unless it be in cases wherein the M. D. physician has signally departed from the mode of practice laid down in the standard medical books. Nor do I believe there is scarce a doctor of deserving eminence in his profession, who in looking back on his early professional career, does not perceive and realize that the pathway that led to his final success in the art of healing disease, is strewn with countless monuments that have been reared by the dead bones of hundreds or thousands of patients who have been slaughtered, or otherwise perished under the blundering experiments he has resorted to in the pursuit of scientific truth. (For a more full elaboration of these views see "Civil and Religious Persecution in the State of New York," published by and on account of Messrs. Colby & Rich, Boston.)

Again I repeat, let all liberal healers of disease carry the "War into Africa," and prove to the world the death-dealing character of the fossilized medical malpractice, not by argument so much as by instancing thousands and tens of thousands of well-established damning facts that may be readily obtained and arranged in order before the public view.

Yankee, R. I. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN.

[Read by William Lloyd Garrison at the funeral of Nancy W. Jenkins, wife of Charles E. Jenkins, Nov. 25th, 1876.]

No who died at Azim sends

This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow,
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.

I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"Am not the thing you kiss!"
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women love,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hush which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last, I pass.
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
"Is an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken—it lies there.
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here."
"Is an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!"

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now Thy world is understood:
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That there is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above:
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La-Il Allah! Allah la!
Oh Love divine! Oh love away!

No who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.
—From the Arabic.

Pennsylvania State Society of Spiritualists.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at Lincoln Hall, Broad and Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, March 31st, 1877, and on Sunday, April 1st, at 10 A. M. and 3 P. M. This will be the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and will be celebrated by the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia in conjunction with us. The members of this Society and friends of the cause from all parts of the State and from other places are invited to meet, to consider the present condition and prospects of Spiritualism, especially with reference to the subject of the incomplete and inefficient organization throughout the land. The general subject of organization will be considered, and it is hoped that some of the most prominent and successful mediums of the country will be present to bring its advocates into more harmonious relations with each other, that the power which rightfully belongs to the millions of Spiritualists in this country may be united and directed so as not only to protect Spiritualists in their civil, political and religious rights, but to exercise an influence for the redemption of mankind everywhere.

The meeting will be free to all, and we hope our friends will respond to this call, either personally or by letters addressed to our Secretary.

"Come, let us reason together."
HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.,
331 Race street, Philadelphia, Sec'y.

[Papers friendly to the cause are requested to copy the above.]

A Mediums Convention

Will be held at Battle Creek, Mich., commencing March 30th, evening, and holding over Sunday, April 1st, 1877, the time being the anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism from the East. A number of different phases have been promised to be present, and general invitation is extended to others, without promising pay for services. This anniversary is the Michigan State Association for the year 1877.

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We also publish on this page reports of Spirit Messages given each week in Baltimore, Md., through the mediumship of Mrs. SARAH A. DANKSKIN. These messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to 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 expressions much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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Questions asked by the audience, and those proposed by individuals among the audience, are sent to the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers solicited.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

Father, we behold the buds and the blossoms; we see thy hand in all. We ask thee to be with us to-day, to watch over us, to give us strength, that we may bring the rainbow of promise to the children of earth.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we will consider whatever questions may be before you. **Ques.**—[From the audience.] Why do not spirits control honest mediums, and inform us when mediums are dishonest as regards materialization?

Ans.—Why do not spirits control honest mediums, and tell us when materializations are a fraud? That is just the amount of the question. We have done the very best we could to sift materializations, to sift Spiritualism, to sift mediumship, and if any one thinks spirits have had no hand in the work of the past few months, they are mistaken. We will say that each individual stands upon his own responsibility, and if he fails it is owing to deeds done in the body and by influences. We intend to be honest, and come to earth with honest intentions. If there are spirits in spirit-life, and we know there are—who like to "cut up shins"—if we may use a vulgarism that expresses just what we mean—are we to blame for it? You see, the materializations of spirits, every moment of the day there is somebody coming into spirit-life, and when they find out there is such a thing as spirit-communication through mediums, and that they can control them, they do control according to their ability. Now we say to Spiritualists, to skeptics, to every individual, bring your sieve with you; try the spirits, and learn what is good. The spirit-world is made up of individuals, the same as in your world, and when you attend séances we advise you to carry your sieve with you, and measure well, but quietly, kindly, and with charity and love.

Q.—[From G. W. G.] In the Banner of Oct. 7 I read a message from a spirit, at the close of which he says, "My wife, Family, is with me, my last wife. My first wife has gone up above me, with my darling daughter." Are we to understand by this that our loved ones long gone have gone up higher—have progressed to that degree where we will be unable to enjoy their society?

A.—It seems to me the truth conveyed here must be plain to any mind that looks over life and realizes that the life beyond may be something like the life here. We do not mean to say, if your friends have been in spirit-life for years, that they have progressed beyond you, and that they are above you, or that they are in a higher sphere. But if they have progressed on before you, and have become more spiritualized than you—have learned more of the wisdom of the Summer-Land, then you cannot expect that they will dwell with you day by day in the spiritual home. The individual referred to was an old man. He passed away when he was quite aged. He had many experiences in earth-life, while the wife he speaks of went away in more youthful days, and not having had a like contact with earth that he had, advanced faster in the spiritual life, and therefore he was above her in having progressed beyond him, while the wife who went away, but a few years before, and was on the same plane that he was, is constantly with him. Probably, had he known the question would arise, he would have said, "She has gone up higher; I enjoy her society at times, but am not with her constantly, as I am with the wife who last left me."

No, friends, we communicate with our beloved ones; but if they have gone on far beyond, we cannot be with them every hour, every moment, but can enjoy their society at times.

Q.—[By E. A. H.] Is deliberate suicide ever justifiable? In any way to mitigate the offence when the causes that prompted the act are considered?

A.—There are various degrees of suicide. We had one on our platform but a few weeks ago, the spirit of one who took his life while suffering from delirium. That was a mitigating circumstance. I tell you, friends, that no matter what your course in life is, no matter what you have to suffer here, you had better live your life out—you had better bear the burden, rather than come here before your earth-life is ended. Rest assured if you do take your own life you will have to suffer for the peculiar experiences caused by the act.

There are times when individuals—and mediums are persons particularly—feel as if they would like to cast off the old coat, feel as if they could not and would not bear any longer the turmoil and the strife, so they rush into spirit-life. But they had better wait, they had better stand whatever comes and endure unto the end, even though they bear many stripes. Then when they come to the Summer-Land they will feel that they are welcome.

Q.—[From the audience.] We are told that animals, through Nature's vast economy, have a future existence. Granting this, we would respectfully ask if they are put to the same uses as on the earth-plane in the aggregate?

A.—All things have a purpose, or they could not exist, could not hold together. Even the table on which we have our hand to-day, has a spirit, or it could not hold itself together—for where the spiritual is not there can be no life. When wood has lost its life it decays; and yet after decaying there is a something which still exists. This is proved by the clairvoyant sometimes seeing an article of furniture which has not been known to exist for years. If flowers and trees have a spirit peculiar to themselves; if there is a spirit in all things that live, then there must be a spirit in animals. The horse, the dog, and the elephant are among the most sagacious of all animals; observe them well, look them closely in the eye, and ask yourself if you believe that that which you call instinct goes out when the breath leaves the body. It seems to us it does not. We have animals in spirit-life. We do not put the horse to carrying brick or stone, because it is not necessary here. We do not kill the ox and eat him, because we do not desire animal food—there is no necessity for it whatever. We see no animals preying one upon another in spirit-life; all seems so harmonious and perfect, verifying that part of the Scripture which says: "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together." It is not unusual to see animals which are antagonistic in your world walking quietly side by side, the desire to rend and tear having gone by. I do not say that your identical horse will exist in spirit-life. It may be absorbed by some other animal here. The spiritual part may be taken up and absorbed by some other horse. But I know this, that in spirit-life I to-day recognize as one of my pets a horse which belong-

ed to me when I dwell on earth. If it is not my horse, then it is one just like him, and answers every purpose. I believe animals are just as indigenous to the spirit-world as flowers and plants. I have found it so. At any rate, there is this peculiarity in spirit-life: we have whatever we need; it comes to us; there is no effort to get it. If I need a horse, for instance, it comes at my call. I will not attempt to explain why, for you cannot fully understand the spiritual law by which it is done. We will say animals do exist in spirit-life, but they are not put to just the same uses they are in earth-life.

Elizabeth Casey.

My name was Elizabeth Casey. I used to live with a family of this belief. They were Spiritualists, sir, but they were the hardest people ever I lived with. Do you understand what I mean, sir? They did crush me; and when I was taken with the terrible pain in my side, I went down stairs—well, sir, although the people were Orthodox, they were more kind than the family I lived with. It was pleurisy I had. They carried me home in a coach, and I did not live long, and I went out because they didn't do much for me, anyway, for sure, sir, the doctor, the Irish doctor, said it was no use to do anything for me, so they left me to die. I'd like to say to my sister Jennie, and to my sister Ellen, that I haven't forgotten them; that I've met my mother, that I am doing the best I can, and that I'll help them all I can. Tell them not to look after me to the priest. That family were not a fair specimen of Spiritualists. Tell me the best I could? Tell me that B. himself was a descendant of Irish, and couldn't do any better than I did. Now I am better situated to help 'em than I ever was before. You'll tell Jennie, sir, won't you, that Elizabeth Casey, who died in Taunton, Mass., has come back? I was misshapen, sir, I was a hunchback. Oh, sir! I'd like to send my love to Mrs. Newcomb, that took so much care of Jennie.

George S. Sorren.

Mr. Chairman, you will please say that George S. Sorren, who passed away in San Francisco, has returned to your Banner office, and wishes to interest any friend that desires to communicate with him? I was formerly from this city. I was sixty years old. The weaknesses of life have passed away, and I rejoice in the great spiritual hereafter.

Rosa Winthall.

My name is Rosa Winthall. [Can't you spell your name?] Nebber did know nuthin. Nebber did spell nuthin, and since I got up North I don't like you Northern folks, no how. You all Democrats, ain't you? [No.] Don't like niggers, does you? You don't. No use for you to say you does, for I know you don't. I don't know much, but I does know Northern folks don't like niggers much. Precious few do. They jest as 'frail of us as dey can be; do n't want us in de kitchen, don't want us on de farm. Dey was 'an Southern folks, ten times over. I see come here, this is my garden, and I am going to cultivate it; scratch it over all I see mind to. I tell you, massa, I see glad I come. I tell you Rosa Winthall did come. I ain't afraid to come. I would come, spite of de debble and all dey could bring. Good by, massa. 'Fraid to shake hands with nigger, massa? [No.] Nigger be black; ain't afraid me rub it off on you? Most Northern folks is.

Old Mother Underwood.

Mr. Chairman, you do not know me, and I don't care whether you do or not. I suppose you think I'm an old hag, anyway. I want you to understand that "Old Mother Underwood," that used to live in a ten-footer on Copp's Hill, Boston, is here to-day. I've come again; have you any objection? [No.] I want to say to the friends that I am all ready to tell all their fortunes that they want me to tell. If things don't go better than they have for the last four years, they will all go to the devil. I hope for a change—I don't care what it is, whether it's "fish or fowl." Let us have a change altogether. I am doing the best I can. Some of you may have consulted me in the past, and now call me an "old witch." I was simply a medium. Those cards I had did not recognize the "ten commandments," but they recognized the "ten spots," and those spots told me the fortune. I was able to determine people's influences and their peculiarities from those "ten spots." Now if I had a pack of cards I could tell the fortunes of all you people here to-day.

At best, I can say to you that this spirit doctrine is true. I manifested last week through a medium. I have manifested several times, and I thought I'd come here, because I thought I could do the most good to myself. Maybe some of your fathers and mothers have consulted me in the past; but I will say I was not a "sybil" nor a "witch," though they called me so, but I was in communion with the spirit-world. I knew their incomings and their outgoings, and received the angel teachings. I used to live in a ten-footer on Copp's Hill.

Margaret E. Blanchard.

I was not aware that when I came back to earth again, and tried to make myself understood, that I should find I suffered from the old disease with which I passed away; but such is the case; I feel a difficulty in breathing. I passed away with pneumonia. I have a desire to reach some of my friends. I would like to have them know that I can communicate. I know this is a public way of sending them a letter, yet I trust they will receive it kindly. I was about fifty-five years old. Margaret E. Blanchard, of Philadelphia. You can direct to William I. Blanchard.

William Totman.

Mr. Chairman, this is something new to me, trying to talk through somebody else. I always was able to do my own talking, and sometimes I thought I talked for other parties. I have felt anxious from the moment I passed away to come here, because in coming here I shall send a lot to my friends. I always said that when I got out I meant the folks should hear from me. I have no religious ideas to offer them. I was always a man of free thought. I early read Thomas Paine's works; after that nobody could have stuffed me with any church doctrines. I knew that it wasn't possible that God could be a partial God, that he would punish one-half of his children and then go to work and say he's their father; that he would damn one-half and send them to hell, while the other half had heaven to themselves! I did not believe it; and when Spiritualism came to me, the first time I ever heard of it, I said it was a piece of nonsense. I believed so then, but before I got through investigating I found something that backed me down, and I became a firm Spiritualist, and was mediums. I lived a Spiritualist all the rest of my days.

I would like to say to my daughter, I thank her for all the care and affection which she ever gave me. I am glad she is where she is—that is, if she wants to be there—but that I can't forget and I won't forget that although I was a Spiritualist, and a good many of my family were, (she professes to be too,) yet for all that (my funeral was conducted by a Methodist minister. I felt that as soon as possible I would say a word to let my friends know that I do not like it, and that it was the means of my feeling unsettled and unhappy for weeks. I've come here to-day hoping to feel better. I earnestly beg of them that if they have got any more Spiritualist friends to lay away they will not lay 'em away without saying something appropriate to the occasion. I suppose I may as well give my name to this: I am William Totman, of Quincy, Mass.

George E. Snow.

I do not know as I can make anybody better by coming here. I don't know as I shall do anybody any good, but I have a sister, Maria, I would like to reach; I would like to strengthen her. In fact, I would like to say, in the language of the church, "Flee from the wrath to come." She is not a Spiritualist, but one of my neighbors is,

and therefore I have an idea that she will get my message. I went away some years ago; let me see, I think I was sixty-six years old, and it was about ten years ago, if I recollect right. I say "went away," because that's the way we talk, though I should have said "died" when I was here. I don't believe in death now. I can only say to Maria, I have found the spirit-world a pleasant one to dwell in. I have met Annie and Joseph and mother, and I would like to have her, no matter whether she believes this is me or not, I would like to have her look over the last few years and ask herself if she's satisfied. Ask her if she'll please remember that we are near her very often, and if she will only listen to us we will strengthen her.

My name is George E. Snow. I went out from Savannah.

Moses Hunt.

Will you please say that Moses Hunt wishes to report here that he is all safe—switched on to the right track? I would like some of the boys to know that I am all right, and shall be round, ready to meet them some day. I went out, as we call it here—died—rather quick, in San Francisco.

Maggie.

I am told, sir, that anybody can come here and send a letter, and that you don't ask for an introduction. Well, sir, I don't wish to give my whole name, but I'd like to call it Maggie, and I'd like to send a message to one Joseph D. M., asking him if he will please to do what he promised so solemnly to do when I was passing out, when the death-dew was on my forehead, and he held my hand in his. Tell him he never will be happy, unless he does as he promised. I know I can carry an influence by which this will reach him; he is in New York City. I know it will reach him if you will please insert it. I have no means of paying you. I presume you won't take it if I could.

Charles Vinal.

I wish you would say that Charles Vinal called at your office to-day, and would like to have his family know that he is here. There are some important matters which perhaps I might be able to assist them in, if I could only reach them. I went out from the town of Seltwater, Mass.

Mary L. Smith.

I would like, if consistent, Mr. Chairman, to place a letter in your post-office. I passed out of the form, or rather, as I would say, I died six years ago, nearly. My name is Mary L. Smith; my name before my marriage was Valentine. I desire to communicate with some parties who, seeing this letter in your paper, will, I trust, respond to my call, and then I shall accomplish the object for which I came here to-day. I do not wish to be worried out. They called me crazy. I don't believe so. I know now that there were some people round me, that came from spirit-life, that did not do me any good. I had strange ideas and strange feelings. I thought I'd get out, and I did. Now, I've come back here to-day, as a sort of confessional. I don't believe I'm a Catholic, but then I suppose other people can confess if they ain't Catholics! I have confessed. I am sorry. The new coat I don't fit me very well, although I've been up here some time; yet I don't feel as though I'd ever try it on again. I took up the new coat in Lowell. My name is Sylvanus Coates. I have been away some six or seven years, and had to say to anybody that would like to talk with me, I can tell 'em more about myself now than I could when I went away.

Sylvanus Coates.

I took off my old coat, sir, some years ago, and put on a new one. I hoped it would fit me better, but when I got it I found it was out at the elbows and threadbare. Then I wished I had kept the old coat. I had got tired of this life—I was worried out. They called me crazy. I don't believe so. I know now that there were some people round me, that came from spirit-life, that did not do me any good. I had strange ideas and strange feelings. I thought I'd get out, and I did. Now, I've come back here to-day, as a sort of confessional. I don't believe I'm a Catholic, but then I suppose other people can confess if they ain't Catholics! I have confessed. I am sorry. The new coat I don't fit me very well, although I've been up here some time; yet I don't feel as though I'd ever try it on again. I took up the new coat in Lowell. My name is Sylvanus Coates. I have been away some six or seven years, and had to say to anybody that would like to talk with me, I can tell 'em more about myself now than I could when I went away.

Sarah J. Gartside.

Mr. Chairman, I would like to occupy a short time, if agreeable. This is something new to me, coming in public, yet I felt I would like to speak here. I have found my spirit-home a very beautiful one. I enjoy it very much. I am cognizant of the changes that have taken place among my friends on earth, yet I know that it is all right, and all for the best. I am progressing as fast as possible, and am learning very much of the spiritual. I find it a pleasant place. I have met many friends since I've come here. I find we know each other here. I met one friend I had never seen, yet instantly I knew he belonged to me. I died in Missouri. My name is Sarah J. Gartside; before marriage it was Griffith. My parents resided in Providence, R. I. You will please direct to William Gartside; he will get it.

Edith Day.

It's dark, all dark. I thought it would be light if I came here; they said it would. It's been dark ever since I went out from the earth, ever since I died. I was afraid to die. It seemed dreadful to me to die; I didn't want to, because I was told so many times that when I died I would have to go to hell. I was afraid of it. I didn't experience religion; they said I was a sinner; they told me I would be lost, surely lost. And when the old cough had racked me to pieces and used me up and killed me, I thought after I had got through breathing and opened my eyes and found I was alive still, and there lay the old body, I expected I should meet the devil the first thing. It is n't a good-named person to talk about, but you talk of it in your churches. They told me of it, and I supposed that would be the first thing I should meet. Instead of that, I met my sister Mary—a dear, good sister. She was bright and beautiful, and said, "Edith, I'll take you home, and I'll answer to my questions, she told me that according to our deeds so would our lives be, and I've tried to do the best I could, but it has been dark to me. I can't see the way. I could not really believe her. I can't help believing but that by-and-by I shall find that terrible place."

I know I didn't always do right; I know I committed wrong deeds; still I don't want to go there. They tell me I won't go there. I am so afraid it will open by-and-by! I've been gone these five years from earth, though still I've been staying round here a good deal. My name is Day. I went out from New Orleans. They told me I'd come here I'd feel better. I hope I haven't bothered you too much. Do you think I'll find that place? [No, never, you won't find any worse condition than that you have already experienced.]

Patrick Welch.

Sure, sir, an 't's a power ye have here, an' as several of me countrymen have been here I felt as if I'd like to try it myself, and see how it would seem to talk here. I think, sir, that girl that was here must have been in purgatory. Well, sir, I went out from New York in a sort of a brawl. Fath, I got into a row down there at the Five Points, sir, an' I got me head battered wid another boy's fist, sir, an' it leveled me, sir! I got out. I was much surprised myself, sir, for while the girl was hunting for the devil, sure I thought I'd find him, too. I thought I'd sure get into purgatory, but I ain't doin' nothing of the kind, sir. I find myself up here than it was in your world, an' I don't have anybody to bate me, an' I don't drink run any more. It wasn't so in the beginning, because I could n't keep out of the rum-holes. If I see a fellow going up to get a drink, I was behind him like all possessed, an' in that way I got mine, an' it was a comfort to me, but after a while it rolled off, an' now I don't want it at all; an' since then I've been a decent man, an' found friends everywhere. I've found me old mother an' me father, Sure, I

don't have no hard' work to do but trying to make somebody else better. It's a grand place to live in, an' I advise ye all to come some time. I'm glad I am. I feel better now. Folks scold about somebody that gets drunk many times, but they don't know what makes 'em get drunk. Sure, I am going now, sir. Me name is Patrick Welch.

John Davis.

I wish you would report in your paper, sir, that John Davis, of Hingham, Mass., who has been gone away many years, has called here at the request of a friend, who said that if spirits come back he would be very glad to have me call here, and also bring my brother Nathaniel with me.

MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT-WORLD

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

During the last twenty years hundreds of spirits have conversed with their friends on earth through the mediumship of Mrs. Dankskin, while she was in the entranced condition—totally unconscious.

Mrs. Dankskin's Mediumistic Experiences.

(Part Sixty-Two.)

BY WASH. A. DANKSKIN.

In the midst of all the antagonisms which have so strangely arisen around the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, there is evidence coming to us almost daily that among the people, widely scattered over the land here and there, are many minds that drink in the essence of our beautiful philosophy and serenely contemplate the confusion and disturbance that seem so life among those who call themselves Spiritualists.

From such a crime as that which occurred in Chicago a few days ago, the sensitive mind shrinks aghast and refuses to be known as one of these people. Many who were drawn toward the subject of spirit intercourse will be repelled; some who were zealous in the cause will, like Peter in the ancient days, deny that they know the man; others will cry out, "This comes from throwing off the restraints of the church, and lifting from the minds of the people the fear of hell and the belief in a devil; but those who have grown under the influences of the angelic world, who have developed within themselves that true philosophy of life which has never been known to humanity until revealed by Modern Spiritualism, they will look upon all these anomalies as does the sculptor upon the clatter and confusion, the chips and the dust that precede the birth of the beautiful child of his genius—the exquisitely fashioned form of a Psyche or an Eudymion. He sees beneath all these rude external manifestations the symmetrical figure lying imbedded in the marble. So do advanced minds look upon the present condition of our movement. They see amid all this strife of personality and passion the beautiful outline of our Divine Philosophy being gradually unfolded, which will, by its influence, bring all things into harmony.

As an illustration, I will give a brief extract from a letter received by me a few days ago, showing how the work is being done. In its degree, through Mrs. Dankskin's mediumship: "MR. DANKSKIN.—Dear Sir: The examination you sent me from Dr. Rush, given through Mrs. Dankskin, was most perfectly described by one of my constitutional ailments, and I feel truly thankful that I live in such an age of the world's history, and can thus avail myself of such a power. Many thanks to the angel-world."

Our receipt of similar communications almost daily is strong evidence of the quiet growth of a healthy and rational Spiritualism.

Rebecca Scott.

In Louisa County, Virginia, Rebecca Scott, in the twenty-eighth year of her age, left the world with all its trials, cares and perplexities—left it for a country unknown, unseen and unfelt. Taught by the religiousists of the day that it was far, far away, and that he or she who was the sinner or the transgressor of even one letter of the law was compelled to enter into the pit made for erring children! But the man who teaches this either ignorantly or learnedly will have to pay the penalty—not in the pit with the damned, but in his own conscience. Every step taken in the realm above, the mind is never fashioned in children to damn them.

How beautiful and pleasant it is to see and feel that all which surrounds us here surpasses your expectations. To see the faces lit with joy, to see the beautiful little ones gay and happy on that shore where time is not known—why, friends, to die under these conditions is a beautiful boon, and I tell you, not falsely but truthfully, I have drank of the waters, I have partaken of the sunshine, I have mingled in the joys of this world, and I have looked here and there and everywhere, and I find no death!

All are busy, like the little bee, gathering honey all the day from every opening flower; and this honey is not his, but his neighbor's, but give it out to others, and they may need it. Now, as I have pictured the spirit, need any more mourn and cry when the earthly body is laid aside? I think not. I feel rejoiced, for I know that I have been born again. Now, friends, kindred, and acquaintances, I am not deluded, but what I say to you is fact, and you will see it as I am saying it; you will rehearse it as I am now telling it; for the soul expands with its new-found joys, and it must give forth to others.

John Nashville.

And I too am like the woman, but not enfolded in such beautiful conditions. It was in Dublin, Hartford County, Maryland. John Nashville, in the twenty-fifth year of my age; bright and joyous in the prospect of an earthly life, when the Storm King came and swept me down into dust, gave dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the spirit to the winds.

Every man feels his deficiencies after the cloak has fallen. Every man is helpless, and reaches out for a supporter. If there be none nigh at hand, he cries aloud. Sometimes a voice will answer, and at other times you are left alone to grope your way in darkness.

It is sad for the sun to go down, and you have to feel that some loved one has gone away from you into that wide unknown country in which he stands a stranger, chilled oftentimes by the winds that sweep past him. He harkens, and the very cataract that sweeps past him mocks him, and tells him of his loneliness. I had been told that the Comforter would come and heal all wounds, but alas! he has not come to me.

Starting on your journey without knowledge of yourself, you become lost in wonderment, for the vastness of this home is past the understanding of man.

Great Eternal One, show me one page unsullied with a blot; take my heart, and lay it upon thy altar, and see what thou canst do for me. I am seeking happiness, I am seeking peace and contentment, but I do not find them. I am lost in the vastness of my thought. Ultimately, I am told, I will find myself in a country whose surroundings will give me all I ask for; but I must seek it, and in my seeking I will find it.

"It is cruel in death to come and steal our loved ones away, but being the law of the universe, each one of its pilgrims must comply, whinnying or pleasantly."

George Roberts.

My name is George Roberts, aged forty-seven. I died at Owling's Mills, Baltimore Co., Maryland. The old must die, the young may die; but about the young there always clusters a sadness; with the old there is always a joy, for the spirit that has been encased in the decayed tenement has now been set free to roam and do at will whatever it seems best.

Round as it was, it has been better for me to have remained upon earth a time longer, and performed duties that were devolving upon me;

but that could not be. So it answers no purpose for us to lament and grieve over the past; the better way is to make the best uses of the time which now lies before us.

I am not grieving, I am only trying to grow reconciled with all things that seem so strange and so wondrous. This eternal city, not of the dead but of the living, stands unequalled in its beauty and its grandeur, far beyond the description either of the new-fledged spirit or of the one who has been long a denizen.

To those whom I have left behind, and to those who are seekers after divine inspiration, after the letter of the law, I will say, the grave holds not the spirit that it is a part of the infinite, and has a home in the realm of light or of darkness, just as he or she may make it.

To me the very winds have music. To me there is no flaw in the handwork of our Creator.

When first I died, and became conscious of the change, I stood like one in amazement for a little while. The dazzling grandeur that passed to and fro like a panorama caused the memory to go out in search for those whom it had left behind. It could scarce gather in the dividing time, but like a little my senses became calm and quiet; then the angel spoke, and said, "Earth no more, heavenward is now thy motto; make choice of thy garments, and prepare them; the elements are thine, work with them, and that which you gather therefrom is your own." I have done so. Beautiful, and grand, and sublime are thy ways, oh Creator! Thou didst fashion into life one who gained his earthly experiences, then laid them down under the law, and gathered in afterward that which belonged to the spirit.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED:

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT:

John Hill; Anna L. H. Emery; Lucy A. Hopkins; Joseph Penfield; Eliza Turner; Johnnie; Nathaniel Brown; James B. Richardson; William V. Barling; J. W. Knight; Constant DeMerrit; W. H. Scribner.

[Owing to its extreme length, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is omitted. The communications will appear in regular order.]

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. SARAH A. DANKSKIN.

William Dawson; Emily Fields.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From his home, near Skaneateles, N. Y., Orin Hatch, aged 73 years 7 months and 13 days.

The subject of this notice spent his entire earth-life near the place of his birth. He was twice married. His first wife lived with him about ten years, when she was called to the life beyond, leaving three children. He subsequently married a sister of the first wife, who was believed to be a peaceful, happy married life over forty years. Five children blessed and sealed this latter union, two of whom have already passed to the spirit-life. For many years while I was pastor of a Universalist congregation in the town of Skaneateles, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were earnest, faithful and worthy members. They were a fine example of future progression. Mrs. Hatch was led to investigate and study the life beyond, and soon became a firm believer in the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. Being away from home, during lectures on Spiritualism, my services could not be obtained. Rev. Mr. Preston (Presbyterian) of Skaneateles officiated. He was requested to withhold his disapproval of Spiritualism, and "die a Spiritualist," which the reverend gentleman refused to do, fearing it would "injure him in his ministerial duties." He said, "It is a great pity that his ministers, and convert them to 'knowledge of the truth,' is the prayer of."

Attn, N. Y., March 10th, 1877.

From Batavia, N. Y., March 7th, Brother Robert Bates, aged 71 years.

He had been a Spiritualist and medium for more than twenty years, and often contrasted the certainty and happiness derived through these channels, with the faith and beliefs of his former Methodist creed.</

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

Assassination of Hon. S. S. Jones, Editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal, of Chicago; Addresses of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond and Rev. R. L. Herbert at his Funeral; Biographical Sketch of the Deceased; Messages through J. V. Mansfield, etc.

As we announced in our last issue, the indefatigable worker for Spiritualism whose name heads this sketch has been suddenly summoned from the scenes of earth-life to those of the next stage of being. Looking back over the line of the past, as we have known him, we call up pleasant pictures both of the social kindnesses which we have met with while his guest, and the many good wishes which he expressed, times without number, with regard to our department of labor in Boston. It is but a brief season, as mortals measure time, since we received from him a letter, wherein he announced that he would respond to our oft-repeated invitation, and visit us in Boston, appointing the coming spring as the occasion of his tour—a period toward which we have looked with anticipations which have been clouded at last with the surety that never more could we hope to meet him in his physical form as of old; though, thanks to the light shed upon life's tangled problem by the Spiritual Philosophy, for whose advancement he so long and earnestly labored, we know that we shall meet him in the land whither all are tending.

From advanced sheets of the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, which we have received through the courtesy of Col. John C. Bundy, acting editor—under whose efficient management the paper and the Publishing House will be continued in future—we condense the following account of the deceased, the funeral rites, etc., etc., of our translated co-laborer in the field of Spiritualistic effort:

At little past the hour of noon on the 15th inst., William C. Pike called at the Harrison-street Police Station and surrendered himself as the murderer of Stevens S. Jones, whose body he said, they would find struggling in death at his office, in Room 16, in the RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 394 Dearborn street, Chicago. An officer was sent to the office in question, examined the premises, found the assassin's words were true, and, after assisting to remove the corpse from the floor, where it lay full on the chest, in which the murdered man sat when he was approached from behind and shot dead without even a warning of danger, returned and reported the startling truth at the station.

On post mortem examination two bullet wounds were found in the body; one bullet entered the *medulla oblongata* at the junction of the spinal cord, passed upward and forward, and lodged against the *os frontis*. The ball was found to fit the pistol given up by the assassin; the other bullet entered the lower portion of the right shoulder, passing upward, and lodged in the muscles. Dr. Holden testified that consciousness must have ceased on the very second in which the shot was fired. The assassin claims to be a phenologist, and had, if the daily papers may be believed, boasted that his knowledge as such enabled him to select that particular point at which to place his pistol (for it was sufficiently close to burn the hair upon the neck) and insure the accomplishment of this most foul murder against all chance of failure.

According to the indications this sad catastrophe was the result of an effort at black-mailing, at which the high spirit of Bro. Jones rebelled. It is a singular index in this direction, says the Religio's account, that "but a few moments previously" to the murder, Mr. Jones "passed into the business office, and procured a note of \$24, made by the assassin, and that note has never been seen since, unless by his maker."

The following is the verdict of the jury summoned by the coroner in view of the lamentable occurrence:

"We, the jury, find that Stevens S. Jones came to his death on the 15th day of March, 1877, at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 127 4th Avenue, in the city of Chicago, by two pistol shots, one through the head, and the other through the right shoulder, at the hands of Wm. C. Pike, premeditatedly, deliberately and maliciously, and find that murder in the first degree; we also find evidence to satisfy us that Genevieve Pike, his reputed wife, should be held as an accessory before the fact, and recommend that both persons be held for the action of the Grand Jury, without bail."

The account proceeds, with the parenthetical remark, to the sentiment of which all lovers of humanity will accede a willing agreement:

"It may be proper to say in this connection, that the family and friends of the man so cowardly assassinated do not desire the blood of the assassin, nor that of the woman Genevieve, and beyond an honest endeavor to arrive at all the truth, (by which they are sure the entire innocence of the murdered man of the charges preferred against him will be established,) they are satisfied the law shall take its course, and inflict such reasonable punishment, short of the death penalty, as may be thought necessary to protect society."

FUNERAL OBSEQUES.

The friends of the deceased, together with the members of the Masonic and Odd Fellows' Lodges, met at his residence in St. Charles, Ill., Saturday, at 2 o'clock, March 17th, 1877, and the ceremonies were opened by singing, "The Silent Land," after which Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave the following beautiful invocation:

Oh thou Benevolent and Infinite Parent, into thy presence by the white winged Angel of Death we are summoned. The voice of thy silence is audible, and the spirit keeps silence before thee. The hand of thy infinite love with heavy chastisement is felt upon the outward form; but the spirit rises triumphantly glad into thee, because of its freedom from death and darkness. Oh thou Parent of all souls! Thou who givest life and death, the birth of flowers and the fruition of the harvest, unto thee we turn for that other birth, that higher fruition, that loftier harvest, that cometh with the sowing of the seed of life. Even as the body dies, so must the soul be born; even as the outward element decays and the seed bursts forth, shedding the beautiful light of bloom, so the spirit of man through death bursts asunder the cloud, and rises unto thee. There is no word save thy own presence; there is no Comforter save that which thou hast promised, even the Spirit of Truth, approaching whenever death shall come to heal the wounded soul and give light and blessing and peace.

We praise thee, oh God, even in the midst of this sorrow, for that light and hope which is given to every soul, for the consciousness that rises above even the outward gloom and beholds the disfranchised soul now freed, once more in its native air. We praise thee, oh thou Living Spirit, that death, and darkness, and gloom, and all that men fear, are cast away in the certainty of thy higher life and its loftier attainment, and by such gentle ministrations as thy spirit can give, by such words of comfort as thou canst whisper to every soul, may the stricken ones find consolation, and may all in silence attend to the voice of the spirit that rises above death, and, transfigured, leads men through life and love, even to immortality; and may thy blessing descend upon us, and the spirit of thy truth made

manifest in all thy revelations in past and present time to man. To thee, oh Heavenly Parent, we give love forevermore.

REV. R. L. HERBERT'S ADDRESS.

The Rev. R. L. Herbert, of Geneva, briefly addressed the friends as follows:

Dear friends, as we are assembled here under this deep shadow, it seems to me very comforting to utter many words of cheer and hope, and to feel that we are not alone in our grief. In the presence of the dead, I am also very glad to think that the friends who are most deeply afflicted by this event entertain such views of the divine order of things, of human character, of life, and of what we call death. We can say or do very little on such an occasion as this to calm or sustain the heart, for self-possession and calmness under trials like these are of slow growth, and come as the result of our thoughts and deeds in past life. This is not the time to hurry to and fro, seeking some one to sustain us; that support and inward comfort must come from our habit of thought and lives, which have been in harmony with God's laws and God's truths; and I am glad to think to-day that these dear friends who are so bereaved, have consolations that come to them as the result of their thoughts, their mental and moral habits.

Beloved, many of us have thought that death was something to be feared, and that it was going to change everything in relation to us, even God's moral government. Now, it seems to me that this that we call death cannot change God's laws, or his goodness toward us. Whatever we shall be beyond, will be the result of our lives here, for the same kind, just God that rules here, rules there, and the proper is the same there as here, and whatever may be the new mode of existence it must be under the same moral government, and a result of what has been done here.

What can any of us do, dear friends, to prepare for death that we should not do in preparing to live? To live nobly and righteously is our great concern. The consequences come as naturally as any results in God's universe.

There are many different opinions concerning human character, but how few of us are prepared to judge one another. I know very little about the character of the departed one; of that I need not speak. He was not some man, you know. He has written his own biography and carved his own character. I need not spend time to speak to you, who know him so well, of his grand, good traits; but I may say there is not a saint on earth but who has imperfections; not a sinner anywhere on earth but in whom God sees the soul of goodness. There is a judgment higher than the opinions of men, and we are glad to think that we are always under the beneficent care of that Divine hand, wherever we are; and I think it is this thought that sustains these friends in their sorrows to-day. As it was intimated in the beautiful invocation just now, it is the Spirit of Truth alone that can comfort man, and sustain him in all these trials of life or death.

Ah, dear friends, let me ask you to think that, if we try to be noble, good and pure; that if we try to get into sweet harmony with these eternal truths, in life or death, whatever may come, all shall be well, and it will not be well only as we become right; there is no substitution, no proxy; God takes every one of us just as we are; we shall all die as we live. Let us make it the chief business to live noble lives, and leave the results with the Great Arbitrator of all. Let us make haste to improve the present, and not wait until while in the flesh. Whatever may be the beauties of the life which is to come, the world of matter about us here is so beautiful, so grand and harmonious—oh! let us try and improve each moment here, and then we can rest satisfied and trustful, knowing that whatever shall come to pass will be the best for us.

Oh, dear bereaved ones, your tears to-day will not change you, but perhaps they will help you to see some things that you have not seen in the days of prosperity. A tear is often a strong telescope to the eye of man; it enables him to see things that otherwise he cannot see. New doors are open, perhaps, in your affections to-day that were not open before. God means to elicit goodness out of everything. Let us trust him, and believe that all things shall work together for good, not only to those who love God, but to every one who would love him, if they only knew him better.

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND'S ADDRESS.

At the close of Rev. Herbert's remarks, the choir sang, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." Mrs. Richmond then arose, and the controlling spirit said:

Friends, after the fitting words that have been spoken, little remains to be added; but we are privileged like yourselves to assemble here in the presence of the Messenger of Life, called Death. That messenger always has some message to the living. The one who has gone before has received whatever Death had to say to him. To those who remain the message remains to be spoken by your own souls. Whatever voice this silent angel has to give, must be spoken to you variously, according to your comprehension of the meaning of death; but we are perfectly well aware that, like the seasons in their coming and going, like the everlasting tides of the ocean, or like the tempest that tosses the waves and slays the forests, our opinions on earth cannot alter the great potency of the infinite laws; and while death has in time past been pictured as a fiend of terror, a dark and silent messenger, we believe that death is the one great boon of life, next to birth—the greatest voice that God gives to humanity; the next stage in existence into which, whether willingly or otherwise, whether by the portals of slow disease or by the sudden hand of calamity, every soul must ultimately enter; the next grade of life wherein lie all of earth's greatest, and all of earth's least, minds.

The message which is spoken to the spirit risen from yonder casket is not known to you—may not be known; for if there be secrets in life hidden from any mind, into which no rule or mind may inquire, are there not secrets beyond the grave, and does not God speak to each soul as He will, to keep His own counsel? It is not our business to tell what God has said to that soul in the great other birth that has come; but only to say that the belief of the departed was such that every hour of life he waited as calmly for that Messenger as you wait for the morning dawn, and whether fitly prepared or unfitly, it is not your province nor mine to decide.

We glide behind the outward life. Every man's habitation of earth is his castle; the bosom of his family is his sacred shrine. We look at death now through the action of our reason; we rise through the glorification by the affections of those who loved him. We see him shaking off the outward dross, the harshness of the external brain, and somewhat of its criticism, and there, with new-found blossoms, entering almost as a child into a new region of existence, with new-found hopes; we see the mind unaltered, but still not tethered to the dust. We see the spirit quickened, and the glad possibilities of every soul rise when its messenger speaks, and the voice which it breathes to the living is, if you build your habitation only for earth, if time is all you consider, if each day and hour you rear up structures that are intended only for earth, you build after one manner—lofty edifices, splendid surroundings, temple of glory, ambition and the praise of men; but if you saw the life beyond, wherein these things cannot by any possibility enter—the habitation must be left behind, the glory, or praise, or blame of man must be left behind, all the splendor of intellect must remain here—you would build them far otherwise; and knowing that there is a life beyond, is the one incentive and guide to the manner of that building.

It has been quite fittingly remarked that if a man is worthy to live, he is worthy to die; but if he live only for the present hour, and only in the external necessities of life, he is certainly not fitted to live, and therefore cannot be ready for that loftier change. But whether ready or not ready, the divine compensation of life is that unto every grade of existence, whatever that grade may be, death is the next step in the great chain of life. The criminal in the dungeon cell, the pauper by the wayside, the imbecile in the gutter, the Magdalen in the street, the saint in

the cloister—all go one step by the hand of Death, and that is a step in life.

With this belief the broad band of chaos, which divides you from the next step, is removed. With this belief you enter as you would pass to another habitation with perhaps more spacious rooms and loftier possibilities. With this belief you go as you would go to another country, prepared possibly by some knowledge of it, and possibly not prepared, but always met at the gateway of that next step by some ministering power, even as you are met here by kindly hands who receive you into this world.

There are those born into outward life, by the customs and various ambitions of men who have no welcome here. There is no soul born into higher power, and this is because there are no paupers there, save those who are impoverished in their own souls. There are no almshouses there, save for those who have no habitation of goodly deeds and kindly words, and such the angel supply with raiment. But whatever meanness there may be to sustain, the light of the spirit still survives, and that is welcomed by the hands that are accustomed to receive and minister.

This is the voice that the Angel of Death brings to-day: "That every human soul, in passing through that change enters the next stage of life; sinner may come, it is one of the potent agencies of life, the means of introducing the soul into that next higher state where it is to be hoped that every spirit will more fittingly profit by the advantages around it."

And so, through the tears and the eyes of affection, we gaze on this departed soul, remembering only those qualities that were endearing, remembering only those traits that were enshrined in the memory of those who love him best; and as for the vision of the world, it is nothing! Men view from superficial standpoints, and give harsh judgments.

It is given to no man to judge his fellow-man, for God alone reserves the right to determine what a soul is, and he does that by the unerring voice of conscience.

The active brain, the vigilant will, the constant endeavor for uplifting mankind, that amiability and gentleness which was known to every one in near association, have surely made some preparation for this departed spirit; and we know that that activity is not lost here; that by those laws of Nature that cause us to absorb the sunlight and the air and the rays from the world of light beyond, so it is good and high and ennobling if those that have passed beyond this earthly life will return to you like showers, like gentle dews of blessing, like admonition; and the sustaining voice and power of the spirit will uplift you.

We tender to all of these wounded hearts our heartfelt sympathies for the external grief which has come; but even as the tempest cleanses the atmosphere and leaves the pleasant sky above, parting the clouds until the brightness glows more intensely, so through this storm of outward affliction the power of the spirit is manifested more and more, and the lesson will be garnered up in your hearts, and you will treasure it until the day when you, too, shall pass to that higher birth.

No word can be spoken other than this: "That all of love, all of usefulness, and all of consciousness survives; and the great mutability of time and change cannot destroy that which has the image of God, and is immutable."

At the conclusion of the above remarks Mrs. Richmond gave the following improvised poem:

Two angels came at our sun,
And brooded o'er the earth awhile;
One said, "I will work to-day,
The other waited the morning's smile."
And at the midnight hour they stood
Expectant, on the verge of heaven,
Just before the dawn of day,
Seem moaning into morn or even.
Two angels seemed there; one of birth,
Bearing burdens of links, of flowers,
That had not waited into earth,
And knew not life's surpassing powers.
The other, silent, white and cold,
Came down, and with a tread so light,
No story was by those lips told,
No song of joy nor outward mirth,
But came with such a smile as drew
Deceased them to their silent land.
One angel was the one of life;
The other was the one of death;
One came to make us earthly strife;
The other calms their fevered breath.
One praised in song, and heralded
By loud acclaim of mirth and glee;
The other drew in silence,
As though no potent ministry
Was heard in that still voice, so still
Yet so full of life and cheer.
Oh, snowy angel! white and pure,
Thou coverest all the earth below
With a sweet snow-drift, and the flowers
Shiver beneath the drifted snow.
Waiting at last the boon of life,
To give them joy with beauty,
And death's sweet rest, and peace,
Unto thine arms all unafraid.
We come, and when thy high command
Awaits us, all that we can do
Is to draw nigh, and without a spot
The glory of the dimness made
By earthly life—it matters not,
Thou art the light, and thou art the spot
Drawn around all spirits here,
And thou, blessed angel, art most near.
Father of souls! by birth, by death,
By coming, with such smile as drew
Oh, let us own thy blessed control,
Guide thou our spirits to thy home.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

STEVENS S. JONES, the editor and proprietor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, a weekly newspaper devoted to the promulgation of Liberalism and Modern Spiritualism, and the LITTLE BOUQUET, a monthly magazine adapted to the minds of children and youth, promulgated the same doctrine, was born in Barre, Vt., on July 22d, 1813. His parents were intelligent, liberal-minded people. His father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. His mother was a woman of very great executive ability, many of whose traits of character her son inherited. He was her only son. During childhood and youth his health was very delicate, yet he was trained to habits of industry from which he has never departed.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Jones entered upon the study of law, and was admitted to practice at the November term of Court—the first term held by Judge Isaac F. Redfield at Montpelier, Vt. He entered upon a successful practice of his profession in Hyde Park soon after he was admitted, and remained there until his removal to St. Charles, Ill., in the spring of 1838.

He was married to Lavina M. Camp, the daughter of Philo G. Camp, on the first day of May, 1838, and on the tenth day of May they started for their new home in Illinois.

For many years Mr. Jones confined himself to his profession, and ranked high as a lawyer. He was twice elected Judge of the Kane County, and discharged the duties of the office to the general satisfaction of the public.

At an early day in the history of railroads of the Northwest, Mr. Jones was actively engaged as a railroad man.

At the age of thirty-eight he was delegated by the Iowa Central Air Line Railroad Company as their sole representative at Washington to obtain a land grant from Congress to aid the State of Iowa in building four parallel roads, these projected roads to run west from the Mississippi River across the State of Iowa. For four years he attended upon Congress, urging the propriety of making the grant of land to aid in developing the resources of that great and prosperous State. Even the Senators and Representatives from that State were opposed to the grant to the great Central route on the forty-second parallel, which was finally, through his perseverance, incorporated into the grant which passed Congress in 1855.

Mr. Jones always belonged to the Liberal school in religion. His parents were Universalists, and he, for many years after arriving at manhood, was an active member of that sect. He was generally the presiding officer at the State and national associations and representative gatherings of the order during the first fifteen years of their history in the State of Illinois.

He dates his conversion to Modern Spiritualism mainly to the perusal of that remarkable work given through the early mediumship of Andrew Jackson Davis, called "Nature's Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind."

The perusal of that work soon after its publication prepared his mind for the reception of the

truth of spirit communion as given through the mediumship of the "Fox girls."

Once having been convinced of the truth of spirit communion, he fearlessly proclaimed it on all proper occasions, never obtruding his views, however, upon unwilling ears.

Often was he heard to speak incidentally of the assurance given him by communicating spirits that he would, at no remote time, be as deeply engrossed in promulgating the truths of spirit intercourse, and the philosophy of life, as he was then in his professional business. But not until the spring of 1865 did he fully realize the truth of that oft-repeated assurance. Then it was that he found himself fully committed to the work of promulgating the philosophy of life through the columns of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Indeed, Mr. Jones, to many, has been absolutely reckless as to consequences, in hurling thunderbolts at the fallacies that have, as he says, like parasites, fastened themselves upon Spiritualism.

Mr. Jones's Publishing House was entirely consumed in the great Chicago fire of Oct. 9th, 1871. His loss was very heavy, and he received nothing from insurance companies. Some small sums were loaned him, but all was refunded within six months afterwards.

Most vigorously did he go to work to restore his publishing business. His paper for the week of the fire, fortunately, was mailed and on its way to the subscribers, when the "fire-fiend" did its work. While the fire was yet raging, he wrote the matter for a new issue—smaller in size—and had it printed and mailed in advance of time, assuring his subscribers that, although burned out clean, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL would be continued without unnecessary delay.

He then went directly to New York and purchased an entire new outfit, and in five weeks had the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, full size, in the United States mails on its way to its subscribers. In the meantime, between the fire and the printing of the paper in its new dress, full size—he every week greeted his subscribers with the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, small in size, that they might not be in the dark as to the progress being made by him to reinstate his publishing house. None of the publishers in Chicago on that memorable occasion excelled him in enterprise.

The great Chicago fire was an important event in the history of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. It burned up everything material about the institution. It aroused the latent energies of Mr. Jones, and fired with new zeal the patrons of his paper.

Mr. Jones, although his locks were whitened with age, was in full vigor of manhood, and devoted his whole time to conducting his business financially and editorially.

As appeared from leading editorial articles in his paper, Mr. Jones looked upon Spiritualism as a means of evolving a rational system of philosophy which he called "The Philosophy of Life." He opposed in a very positive manner the organization of the believers of the truth of spirit communication into a religious body with creeds or confessions of faith.

He held that all phases of religion are but stepping-stones to a system of philosophy which shall harmonize with science and sound reason. Indeed, he claimed that religion bears the same relation to the Philosophy of Life that alchemy bore to chemistry, and astrology to astronomy.

Mr. Jones seemed from his bold and outspoken articles, that appeared from week to week, and from month to month, in his paper and magazine, to look at all things in a philosophical light. He viewed all things in Nature, and all acts of men, as the result of preceding conditions, as causes, absolute. Hence he complained of nothing, but worked on in the full faith that as conditions are improved, the effects of preceding causes will be of a higher order than they would under inferior conditions. He venerated wisdom, and held that knowledge is the only saviour of mankind.

He denied special creations, and held that all beings, human and brute, are unfolded from spiritual germs, which have ever existed, and in which sex and germs are eternally and unchangeably fixed.

It is but just that due credit should be given Mr. Jones for the boldness he has evinced in the radical, outspoken articles in opposition to the superstitions of what are claimed as supernatural religions, which from time to time have appeared in his columns. No radical paper in the country has been more radical than his, and some of the sturdiest blows that have been given the myths and absurdities of the past have come from the organ he conducted.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

[From a two column article entitled "Reminiscences of the Deceased," which we take to be from the pen of J. R. Francis, assistant editor, we call the following:]

We knew the deceased as probably no one else did outside of his family circle. For nearly eight years we have been in his employ, and learned to love, respect and honor him. He was to us a friend—a brother—and his tongue never uttered an angry or unkind word in our presence. His was an ever glowing with generous impulses, and was ever ready to respond to those in trouble. We have laid our hand, as it were, on his magnanimous heart, felt its pulsations, and know that it ever throbbed with generous impulses!

That form now still in death, the victim of an assassin's unerring aim, stood as solid as a mountain, ever conscious of the right that reigned supreme in his nature, and he could not be swayed from a course he deemed founded on justice. Should we not know him, who for eight long years have stood by his side, counseled with him, engaged in conversation and discussion with him on every conceivable subject that concerns humanity? We do know him; know him to have been one of the best and truest of men, and actuated by the purest of impulses and noblest of aspirations! We saw him once in his room, his arms folded, and head bent in meditative mood; he was induced—from circumstances not necessary to mention here—to express his feelings for his wife and children; and they breathed forth that tender solicitude and love that stamped him as one of the best of men.

Since his assassination, many things have arisen in our mind in reference to him that otherwise would have passed unnoticed. He had been in the office during the last two months more frequently, and at times would linger there, as if loth to depart, and his nature seemed illumined, and his conceptions of the spiritual universe, the condition of spirits in the various circles of spirit-life, and their progress from one condition to another, were grand indeed! His whole soul seemed to expand with lofty emotions and thrilling thoughts, as we conversed with him, and when expressing his views, it seemed as if he was more in the spirit-world than this.

He seemed to grasp intuitively the meaning and intent of nature in her manifold operations, and was as clearly and cogently expressed as those of Huxley and Darwin. Speaking of the soul he said: "It will be seen that the condition of the soul, mentally and morally, on entering spirit-life, is exactly that which it enjoyed on closing the mortal career, unless it, in the physical body, was laboring under some abnormal condition, such as that of insanity or feebleness from old age or sickness."

To day, according to his theory, and it is a true one, he is on the same plane spiritually that he occupied here, with greater opportunities of course now for rapid advancement. "Oh," said he, "we had passed to pourtray the true character of the most depraved and the horrors of hell—heaven—a hell to us of most exquisite tortures! Oh! that we could impress the truth upon the minds of mortals that there is an after-life, and a spirit-world not made with hands, in which are many mansions—even from the *Angels Stables* of midnight darkness, which are filled to repletion with characters not less depraved than mythological 'devils damned' up to the abodes of angels of immaculate purity, that these 'mansions' extend through infinite space, and are as diverse one from another as are human souls."

He was eminently a good man, and the senti-

ments he uttered were always of the highest order. He claimed that "all improvement made upon earth, including the developments of mind, is not only for the good of mortals, but its effect is reflected into the spiritual spheres, and from there re-reflected back through ministering angels, who are thereby brought in rapport with mortals, and thus man is inspired to good and noble deeds by the loved ones gone before."

What he said of the new-born spirit has, before this, been proved to him. "The new-born spirit," he said, "is the spirit of the body that has died, to an inspiration which attracts him to the second circle of the second sphere, gravitates to social societies as he loves to dwell in and associate with. There he finds all things adapted to the further culture and development of the mind. He finds the eagles of the present and by-gone ages. He finds the institutions of learning. He finds the chemist at his laboratory, dealing with his crucibles. He finds the astronomer at his observatory dealing with his telescopes and his table of size and distance."

He was welcomed into spirit-life by those who foresaw this event. "I saw him," he said, "before his death, George Fox, one of the most intelligent spirits we ever had the pleasure of conversing with, and one who supervises Bastian and Taylor's circles, said to the deceased, 'You will have a surprise within a week!' And he was surprised by the cordial greeting and reception which awaited him in spirit-life!"

COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH MR. MANSFIELD.

Feeling that the deceased would like to communicate with any one with whom he had been intimately associated, Mr. Francis states that on March 18th he repaired to the rooms of Dr. J. V. Mansfield, and submitting a question to the deceased, received the following response:

"DEAR FRANCIS—This is kind of you to allow me a word, so soon after leaving my body, and I having been so long and so intimately acquainted. I need not tell you how wickedly the press has traduced and vilified my life—how they have made me out to be a madman, a fool, a liar, a knave, and a villain. I know better than they do the object and aim of my life. While I was not immaculate, yet I know my own heart, and I thought I did, it was not my fellow-man, and no man living knew that fact better than you did."

"Our friend and brother, S. S. JONES."

Mr. F. continues: Desiring to know his condition when first entering spirit-life, we submitted the following:

"MY DEAR BROTHER JONES—What were your sensations when first awakening in spirit-life?"

In response he said: "As to that, Francis, it was very like what I communicated this forenoon. When awakened to consciousness I looked about me, and I saw that I was in a new world. At that moment my son George was standing by me, probably to catch the first word spoken by me. I recognized my son, and he advanced, and we embraced. I said to him, 'My father and son, I said to George, 'Where am I, and what does this mean?' He replied, 'Father, you are in spirit-life.' 'You are in spirit-life?' I said, 'I looked about me, and I thought I did, it was not my fellow-man, and no man living knew that fact better than you did.'"

Who would more naturally meet him than a son to whom he was so devotedly attached? How thoughtful he would be, too, in watching his dear, dear father, that he might hear the first words he lisped—the first impression made in his spirit-home!

Desiring to know the extent of his realizations, we asked:

"DEAR BRO. JONES—Have you found the statements you made in your articles, 'Well, What of It?' realized in spirit-life?"

In response he said:

"Every word and idea verified to a dot."

Again we asked:

"DEAR BROTHER JONES—What celebrities have visited you since your entrance into spirit-life?"

"MY DEAR FRANCIS—As to that I have not been able to meet many besides my own dear ones yet. I have been called upon by Francis, John Pierpont, John Giddings and Robert Owen, and, above a passing salute, nothing was said. I was too weak to talk with any one."

"By the by, I recognized a spirit that I met in my early life. He lived in my native town in Vermont—Ira Day."

DEAR BROTHER—Can you do as much for the JOURNAL and Reform in spirit-life as you could in this?

In response he said:

"Yes, dear Francis, I shall be able to do twice, if not thrice as much as when with you in the office, if I can have the proper medium through which to do so. I do not want the paper changed in tone, size or price."

S. S. JONES."

VOICE FROM THE HOME OF THE DECEASED.

The Leader, a paper published at the home of the deceased, speaks as follows of him:

"Mr. Jones will be remembered in St. Charles as a man always scrupulously honest in every business transaction. He was a pleasant, affable, genial gentleman—and a true friend. Everything which kindness could suggest was promulgated by him for his family, and for the benefit of the world. His faults will be forgotten, his many generous, noble qualities remembered forever. Our good friend and neighbor has made the great change from life to death—as we see it; but from life to life, as he firmly believed. Our deeply bereaved friends are entitled to, and will certainly receive the sincerest sympathy of everybody."

Twenty-Ninth Anniversary Celebration at Springfield, Mass., March 31st, 1877.

The Spiritualists of Springfield, Mass., invite all interested to join them in this celebration. Addresses are expected in the afternoon from Cephas B. Lynn, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Dr. H. B. Storer, and others. An entertainment with music will be given in the evening. Free return tickets will be given at the Convention to those coming on the Connecticut River, and one-third of the fare will be allowed parties buying Convention tickets at the stations of the Boston & Albany Railroad. As far as possible, arrangements will be made to entertain friends from abroad. All are invited to come.

Per order Com.

A great many ministers are introducing blue glass into their study windows with the hope of a decided improvement in their sermons. This clerical change ought to be effected at very slight expense. It is only necessary to take the extreme blue out of their theology, leaving it less dense, and they will have coloring matter enough to give the whole window an indigo hue. The result of such an experiment could hardly fail to be beneficial. The color will do more good in the window than in the theology.—New York Herald.