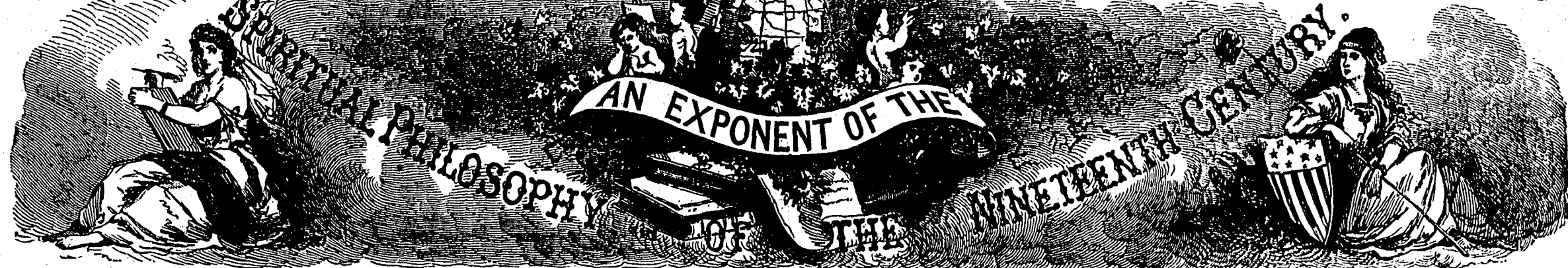


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VIEWS OF OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

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 amid the starry 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 "Penetralia," 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 analogical 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 specialties, 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 Summer-Land." 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, grand-children, and great-grand children; 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, 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 traveling 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 comical and cometary bodies are represented in their aphelion—that is, in a position farthest from the sun-centres 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 or 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 Hindustan; 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 spiritualists 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. 4, 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 Penetralia, 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."—177. Great Harmony, 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 cynosure 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," darkness, 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."—11. Huc'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, *pervertite* (revert, or give a reverse direction to the mind, withdrawing it from the deliriums 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 Anglicans also 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."—Arabia, 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 he himself is inferior to it. Christians commiserate heathen who worship idols. They slay,

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

But what is an idol? (*idolus*) 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 superstitious as if he bowed before its statue? Protestants consider Roman Catholics as superstitious, because these latter Christians pray to saints. Thereby 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 superstitious? 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 superstitious, 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 empties 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 themselves), superstition is cruel, and enacts and maintains penal statutes against blasphemy, a purely imaginary crime, when 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 heralds 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 delirium 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 unworthy opinion of him,

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for one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly," he continues, "superstition is the reproach of the deity." To the same effect is the remark of Plutarch in the Life of Alexander, that though disbelief in religion and contempt of divine things be a great evil, yet superstition is a still greater. Notwithstanding the prevalence of superstition in Christendom, it cannot fairly be doubted that genuine religious sentiment has been and is, to some extent, fostered among Christians as surely if not as intensely as it has been among the Aryans. There are many photographs of saints and worthies who have turned away their eyes from beholding vanity, and have sought to come into communion with the God who dwelleth not in tabernacles nor in temples made with hands, but in the innermost, in the sphere of causation, and with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.

Returning from this digression, let us take another illustration of the diverse results attained, according as it is the inductive or the deductive method of mental philosophy which is used. In Book 4, Ch. II, Sect. 12, of his essay, Locke states that the existence of spirits is not knowable; that we have ground from revelation, and several other reasons, to believe with assurance that there are such creatures; but our own senses not being able to discover them, we want the means of knowing their particular existences, and therefore we must content ourselves with the evidence of faith, and the truth of the existence of spirits can never make a part of our certain knowledge. It may well be doubted, after such a declaration, whether John Locke had any knowledge of the spiritual senses of man, or any positive evidence of the existence of disembodied human beings. But there are now multitudes of honest, intelligent men and women whose personal experiences with spirits, independent and exclusive of all frauds, necessarily preclude them from receiving as true the foregoing statements of the great English philosopher. They have had palpable proof—sensible knowledge—which Locke admits is a certainty as great as human nature is capable of, concerning the existence of disembodied men and women, usually known by the name of spirits. The views of the Aryan philosophers harmonize on this question with those of Spiritualists; Peary Chand Mitra gives valuable quotations from the sacred books of the Aryas, which prove not only this point, but that the Aryas also believed, as do Spiritualists, in the doctrine of progression after death.

"The Rig Veda chapters did not think that the soul after death was in a state of inactivity. Its mission was to protect the good, to attend the gods, and to be like them." "On the paths of fathers there are eight and eighty thousand patriarchal men who turn back to the earthly life to sow righteousness and to succor it." "Again, a soul after death was guided by spirits of the intermediate stations in the divine realm which it has to pass over." "It is thus evident that India was the cradle of Spiritualism, the land where a deep conviction was entertained of the immortality of the soul, of its returning to earth to sow righteousness and to succor it, and of its endless progression in the spiritual world."—pp. 4-5.

In the Bible, distinctions are recognized between the body and the flesh on the one hand, and the mind, the soul, and the spirit, on the other. Paul, the acutest metaphysician, as well as the most active proselyter of the apostles, though he contrasts the fruit of the spirit with that of the flesh, does not so markedly discriminate between the spirit and the soul. The Aryas distinguished between the sensuous and the supersensuous soul. The author of The Psychology of the Aryas says that he is "not aware that there is another nation which has made such a marked distinction as did the Aryas between mind and soul. The former in one sense is a product of *praniti*, (creation,) and in another sense is the sentient soul, which can reach only the horizon of finitude." "When the soul is free from the action of the senses, it reveals truths in dreams, presentiments and second sight. In this way, the mathematicians' solutions of the problem, the lawyer's lucid statements," (mentioned by Abercrombie in his Intellectual Powers,) "and many somnambulic and clairvoyant phenomena, may be explained."—p. 5. According to the Vedantic philosophy, every human being is composed of three bodies: the outward or gross one; the intermediate, *lingua*, or subtle one; and *Karana*, or the inmost one. The same system recognized that the human soul consists of five sheaths: viz., the nutritive, vital, mental, intellectual and blissful. The last three constitute the *lingua*. If the energies of the soul can be abstracted from the gross to the intermediate *lingua* or rarefied body, then the soul rises, says our author, to the soul-life, or to what Spiritualists call the "superior condition." This state, acquired either in an embodied or disembodied form, "lasts till Nirvan, or *betche mukti*, moksha, or pure spirituality, is attained. Spirituality does not refer to a more disembodied state, but one based on divine knowledge being the very life of it." Spiritual state is progressive, and may be attained in the earth-life to a great extent. Not improbably, such was the state either of mind or soul entered into by many of the celebrated mystics, Biblical, Christian and Heathen, whose names and visions are recorded in history. Was A. J. Davis in such a condition of consciousness, when Swedenborg (*Magic Staff*, p. 243,) announced to him, "Spiritually thou hast left the world where men reside, but physically thou art there with them still"? and was it only himself, conscious in the inward, but unconscious to the outward world, who from the inherent energies of his own soul, not as a medium, not prompted, inspired, or spoken through by spirits, as has oftentimes been surmised, indited "Nature's Divine Revelations"? It is more easy to propound than to answer such questions.

Our learned Hindoo author mentions (page 13) four different states, or perhaps degrees of abstraction and concentration, into which the soul can naturally enter: 1st. The waking state, in which, through the senses, it cognizes gross objects. 2d. The dreaming state, wherein it enjoys subtle objects. 3d. "Profound sleep—no desire, no dream, knowledge uniform, enjoying bliss and knowledge. Somnambulism and clairvoyance come under this state." 4th. Knowledge, not external nor internal—nor both, consciousness of soul, in which all the spheres have ceased, i. e., spiritual state, enjoying pure intelligence. He also quotes from the *Brihad Aranyaka* that "the highest place, the highest state of the soul, is where it exists as the soul in its own inherent state." "He who knows it (soul) daily retires to the region of *surga* (heaven) in his own heart." "Know that," says another Indian mystic, "which does not think by the mind, and by which the mind is thought." These views, if not the same, are at least harmonious with the teachings of A. J. Davis, contained in all his works, but detailed in Volume III. of The Great

Harmonia. He there distinguishes, and by anecdotes and philosophy illustrates the successive and progressive evolutions of the soul from its conception through its rudimental, psychologic and sympathetic states, until its spiritual or interior senses are developed, and thence yet onward through the mentally illuminated highways of somnambulism and clairvoyance into spirituality, the home of the soul, the heaven of the Christian, the Nirvana of the Brahmin, the inward kingdom of God. It hath no need of the sun, nor of the moon, that they should shine in it, for the divinity of the God lights it, and its light, the Lamb:

"The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine to vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven."

The finding of God and of heaven in the soul, where the Aryas and Jesus found both one and the other, and where all true religionists seek to find them, is the reward or fruit of self-knowledge. In the Bible it is declared again and again (1 Cor. iii: 16-17; vi: 19; II Cor. vi: 16) that the body of man is the temple of God. Many Christians do not seek for God in that temple. They imagine him far away, off in external starry depths. But not thus have the wise men of the ages taught. "The true Shechinah is man," said St. Augustine. To know one's self is an apothegm so transcendental in wisdom that, by some persons, it was believed to have descended from heaven; but Socrates, in Plato's dialogue entitled Protagoras, ascribes it to the seven wise men of Greece. He says, "They met together and dedicated in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, as the first fruits of their wisdom, the far-famed inscriptions which are in all men's mouths: 'Know thyself,' and 'Nothing too much.' Who can say that they had not learned them in Egypt, where such maxims may have been, as it were, echoes of the wisdom of the Aryas and other sages of the Orient? 'To know one's self,' said Apollonius of Tyanna, 'is the most difficult of all things, and my knowledge is greater than that of other men because I know all things,' and we know all things," continued Iarbas, the chief of the Indian Brahmins, "because we know ourselves."—(Philostatus, *Life of Apollonius*, pp. 241-385.) S. Johnson, in his *Original Religions*, p. 622, quotes from "The Path of Virtue," which he alludes to as perhaps the oldest record of Buddhist faith. "I have conquered all; I know all; in all conditions of life, I am free from taint; I have left all, and through destruction of thirst I am free; having learned myself, whom shall I teach? Reflection is the path of immortality; they who reflect do not die." Noteworthy is the similarity of the Buddhist's remark that "Reflection is the path of immortality," to the admonition of Jesus herein before translated, "Revert the mind." The same idea appears in a verse attributed to Empedocles:

"Once read thy own heart right,
And thou shalt know thyself;
Man gets no other light,
Search he a thousand years."

Cleero, in the first book of "The Tusculan Questions," remarks, "It is undoubtedly the greatest of all efforts for the soul to see itself; and no doubt this is the import of the precept of Apollo which admonishes that every man should know himself."

The physician and Christian philosopher, Sir Thomas Browne (his Christian bias betrays itself in his recognition of a certain Bible character, and its visit to Delphos), in *Religio Medici* XIII. observes "This (i. e., self-knowledge) is also the greatest knowledge in man: for this do I honor my profession, and embrace the counsel even of the devil himself: had he had such a lecture in Paradise as did at Delphos, he had better known ourselves, nor had we stood in fear to know him." "We carry with us the wonders we seek without us; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us; we are that bold and adventurous piece of nature which he that studies wisely, learns in a compendium, what others labor at in a divided piece and endless volume."—*Ibid* XV. "Man's Soul," says A. J. Davis in *V. Great Harmonia*, p. 395, "is a repository," "and when man knows himself, he has found a treasure opulent with all things ultimate." A. Bronson Alcott presents the same thought in verse in his last philosophy in the July number, 1875, of *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*:

"First know thyself, and all things see,
God and the fellow find in thee;
Around, within, for thee is sought,
Save what thou findest in thy thought."

As has before been remarked, the Aryas, the thinkers and truly religious men of India, tried to dive deep into themselves by abstract meditation. They sought for and found God, the divine, inmost principle within themselves, and being in rapport or communion with God, they came into unity with the spirit of the universe, and knew all things. To such men how ineffably absurd, how stupendously foolish, must appear the Christian missionary operations, designed to persuade them to substitute for their own living, interior, immortal, ultimate and divine principle—Emanuel—which being interpreted is God with us, to substitute therefor Jewish idols of bygone ages. Well may they decline them, and say of them to the would-be proselyters, as did the children of Israel of the golden calf which Aaron made for them, "These be thy gods." They certainly are not, and never will be, the gods of wise men. Some of the Aryas who withdrew inwardly their minds to know themselves, through long continued practice of meditation and self-denial acquired, or rather developed, transcendent powers, which there is no evidence that the Christian gods ever surpassed, and which multitudes of Christians have never heard of. We bless the day when we read the *Bagavad-Gita*, one of the sacred books of the Hindoos. It helped to liberate us from Christian thralldom. Years ago, when we first read it, it was a foreign and very scarce book in this country; but since that time S. S. Jones, of the Religio-Philosophical Publishing House in Chicago, has republished the best edition of it, with an introduction on the Philosophy of the Hindoos, whose fourth chapter confirms all that has herein been intimated of the occult powers of soul.

The essential identity of the religion or philosophy (for, go deep enough, religion and philosophy are one,) of the preeminent teachers of righteousness in all ages, and their re-statement in Christendom by Andrew Jackson Davis, when knowledge of them had become dim, we think appears also in the psychological teachings of the Aryas, which Peary Chand Mitra sums up in closing his interesting and valuable pamphlet:

"Every human being has a soul, which, while not separable from the brain and nerves, is mind, or sentient soul, but when regenerated or spiritualized, it is free from bondage and manifests the divine essence. It rises above all phenomenal states—joy, sorrow, grief, fear, hope, and in fact all states resulting in pain or pleasure—

and becomes Nirvana, or blissful; realizing immortality, infinitude and felicity of wisdom within itself. The sentient soul is nervous, sensational, emotional, phenomenal and impressionable. It constitutes the natural life, and is finite. The soul and non-soul are thus the two landmarks. What is non-soul is *Praniti*. It is not the lot of every one to know what the soul is; and those who thus live and die, possessing minds cultivated in intellect and feeling, but not raised to the soul-life. In proportion as one's soul is emancipated from *Praniti* or sensuous bondage, in that proportion his approximation to the soul-state is attained; and it is this which constitutes disparities in the intellectual, moral and religious culture of human beings, and their consequent approximation to God." "The Aryas did not aim at any great which must be more or less the product of the finite mind or sentient soul." "The light the Aryas aimed at was not from the senses, nor from the mind, but from within—the splendor of the soul—thus anticipating the teaching of the Bible—'The Kingdom of God is within you.'"

With sweet melodies did Henry More, in his day, greet the advanced minds of the vanguard of progress. Two hundred years and more have passed since then; now free thought and Spiritualism are quickening prepared souls in the four quarters of the globe; and as we lay aside Mr. Mitra's pamphlet, it is not difficult for us to imagine him, from his home on the banks of the Ganges, addressing them, in the words of the Platonist:

"Hear a part, oh Wisdom's sons,
I'll from far, I'll you salute,
Sweetly warbling on my lute,
India, Egypt, Arabia,
Greece and Rome, and Tartary,
Carthage, Persia, and Lebanon,
With the mountains of the moon,
From whence mighty Siva doth run,
Or wherever else you roam,
Breathing life into the air,
One we are, though distant far."

Hyde Park, Mass., March, 1877.

Ode by Epes Sargent, Esq.

It will be seen by the following, delivered at the consecration of the City of Boston Cemetery at Mount Hope, that Mr. Epes Sargent more than a quarter of a century ago did not omit the opportunity of inculcating the spiritual truths which he has since proclaimed so convincingly and so often to the world of thinkers through his books and the columns of the spiritualistic press in England and America.

Mr. Sargent has always advocated the abolition of tombstones and monuments, from our cemeteries, and the conversion of these last into veritable gardens and parks; into grounds significant of life and cheerfulness, rather than of death and decay. The various lots might be designated by trees and shrubs without any obtrusive marble or iron fences. In the "good time coming" when spiritual convictions shall prevail, we do not doubt that Mr. Sargent's ideal of a cemetery will be carried out:

ODE ON IMMORTALITY.

DELIVERED AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, BELONGING TO THE CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 24TH, 1852.

Not in this great retreat
How beautiful the Summer launcheon
Her odors and soft airs through swaying branches—
Though wild flowers court our feet,
And though the wild birds capture
The listening sense with their melodious rapture—
Not here, not here, my friends,
Let us leave the loved one shall repose,
Or that life's true reward descends
To the dark mould, where adorns above it close,
And the immortal with the mortal blends!
Let not despair or sensual distrust
Confound this mouldering dust
With the true person—with the inner form,
Which gives the outward all of had or fair;
Which is no kindred of the worm,
No warrant for despair!
Not here, my soul, not for one moment here,
Sinks the pure life-spring of our generous tear;
Of one heaven-aimed affection,
One tender recollection,
One deed of goodness in confusion wrought,
One lesson, or one thought!
As water rises to its fountain-head,
However low you lay its transient bed,
So must the spirit, from its earthly course,
Mount to the Deity, which is its source!

We give the infant, who to walk is learning,
His leading-strings—corks to the doubtful swimmer;
So are these bodies, for our brief sojourn here,
Helps to us here, while schooled in being's primer.
For when we have been informed, numerous lights
What various lore the thoughtful eye engages!
Morning and night—the seasons as they vary—
Spread for our use illuminated pages.
If all were ours unlearned, what need of action?
If God no problem set for our unfolding,
Where were the joy, the power, the benediction
Of toil, and faith, and prayer, our spirits' meeting?
Where were the innocents, without temptation?
Where, without freedom, were the self-denial?
Where were the goal, the triumph, the salvation,
Without the doubt, the danger and the trial?
And though to some the fairer lot be given,
Untried, because untired, to enter heaven,
Oh, doubt not that there is compensation over
From Him, the just and unforgetting Giver!

If, then, the Saviour's promise and example
Be an assurance ample,
Let us not say, however fair the breast
Of the green hill-side, where the graves are made—
"Here the beloved ones rest!"
"Here in this forest shade!"
Distant—and yet how near!
Where kindred spirits kindred joys pursue,
In duties ever dear,
Surprises ever new,
They range from sphere to sphere
Through all the fresh delights of God's eternal year!

Nor are their human ties forgotten quite;
With the strong woe to see friends left behind
Cometh a might,
Swifter than light,
And they are here, though viewless as the wind;
With privilege, at the will to interpose
Between us and our words,
Since it is gain ineffable to die
Unto the mortal eye,
What d'it matter to the spirit freed?
If the decaying husk feed flower or weed?
Then for the living be the grounds out-laid,
The eager soil arrayed!
Remote from cities and from haunts of men,
Here, where the great green trees are underwood
Conversion's noxious emanations,
Through Nature's wondrous alchemy, to good.

Not a Necropolis—
Rather a garden, this!
With sylvan alleys and enamelled banks,
And pines to plume-test tanks,
Here let the roses bloom!
Here let the wild rose come,
To the sweet woodbine,
Heaped with such flowery wealth as bee or'er found!
Butch, high-building Vanity! forbear
To rear upon this spot the ostentatious pile!
Rather let living Want thy bounty share,
And trust thou wilt watch Nature's smile
To keep the turf above thy ashes bright,
Where kindred spirits kindred joys pursue,
Then shall this be a monument of hope indeed,
Where not one doubtful title we shall read.

Facts are facts, and no sane-man can gain-say it, that if a man die he shall live again. The questions how does he live, and where, must be answered by himself. I live in a locality of beautiful surroundings, made out of the aspirations of my own interior spiritual efforts. Depending upon my own capabilities for advancement upward or onward, I go toward the brighter realms of eternal life, where the sun shines and can never have a fading, reaching my hand downward in the hope of bringing some one upward—this adds one more gem to the glittering diadem of eternity.—*Spirit George Bentner*.

Banner Correspondence.

California.

AUBURN PLACE.—Mrs. Frances A. Logan writes, March 10th, as follows: "Dear Banner, your folds are waving on the Pacific slope—where now the earth is carpeted with green, and roses perfume the air with their delicious fragrance; and through your columns I would again send greetings to all friends in the Atlantic States. Another year of earnest work in the lecturing field has passed. Hundreds of miles have I traversed through the Sierras, winding around the mountains, sometimes six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and then again in valleys—symbolic of the 'Pilgrim's' joys and sorrows, successes and failures. While in the highest altitude (Virginia City) sickness overtook me; that terrible disease, dyspepsia. For two weeks all my former remedies proved of no avail, and when the death-angel was about to claim me as his own, the forms of the departed came to my bedside, and one of them said, 'Your life is on a pivot; you can pass over or remain, just as you choose.' I reflected a moment, and thought of all the dear ones over there to welcome me, and of the beauties and glories of the Summer Land, in contrast with the rugged life here, to ever wander alone, sometimes to be misunderstood, and have my holiest and purest motives maligned, and turned into bitterness; and then I replied, 'Let me pass on. Nevertheless, if my work is not all finished here, I will try to be willing to endure awhile longer.' The leader of the band then said, 'If you will labor for the abolition of capital punishment, we will help you to get well.' Very soon thereafter they told me to get of sweet spirits of nitre two ounces, and mix with twenty drops of the oil of wormwood, shake it well together, fill a sponge and thoroughly saturate my face with it, and note the change; that in a few days I would be on my lecturing tour. I obeyed their directions, and the prescription worked to a charm. I experienced instantaneous relief, and, as predicted, was soon pleasing the cause of the erring."

I maintain that we must create ourselves; that conditions and circumstances have made us what we are; that the morally diseased should be treated with the same consideration that the physically diseased are; that imprisonment for life is sufficient for any crime; that our penitentiaries should be made into reform schools; that the moral and spiritual organs of the brain should be cultivated, and the order, calm, the prominence over the destructive and combative, and then, if any were so fortunate as to be released from the dingy abodes of prisons, they would be better citizens, and become more useful members of society.

I find in almost every town I have visited some real, true Spiritualists, and also some who hide Spiritualism behind their business. The outspoken Spiritualists who declare in the communion of spirits with mortals, and with open heart and hand is ready to help the exponent of the Harmonial Philosophy, will not only have the blessing of angels but the gratitude of all self-sacrificing workers in the cause. My course is toward San Francisco, speaking in all the towns by the way. Success to the Banner, and a kind farewell to all."

New York.

ALBANY.—G. L. Ditson writes: "Mrs. Andrews, the celebrated medium of Cascade, has paid us a visit, by the request of some of our distinguished citizens, mostly lawyers, and held some six or eight sittings in private families, at which I have been informed, numerous lights floated in beauty about the room, and many were patting by invisible hands, while voices audible to all gave characteristic expression to the feelings of such as were thus declaring their presence to their friends. Some of the lights approached very near to the sitters in the 'circle,' and by expanding and contracting, or by moving rapidly backward and forward, replied to questions in a satisfactory manner. The piano was played upon, with no mortal near it. One lady told me that she knew her son was present in spirit; while another could have hardly doubted that her lately departed husband was talking to her."

Not long since I was under the painful necessity of recording the death of Cornelius Smith, the successful healer, now gratified to see that his work was well begun, has been taken up by his estimable widow, who, by a large increase of facilities for the various kinds of baths which the doctor used with such good effect, is continuing the establishment and winning multitudes of friends, not only by her amiable deportment, but by the attractive form in which her business is conducted. She retains the same elegant house on Broadway which the doctor purchased for her, and I should also add that a magnetic healer, of whose noted cures I have read and heard much, has taken rooms at Mrs. Smith's; so that both the Turkish and other baths and 'treatment' can be had at the same time."

Massachusetts.

LOWELL.—M. H. Fletcher, Corresponding Secretary of First Spiritualist Society of Lowell, (P. O. address, Westford, Mass.), writes under date of March 21st, as follows: "The First Society of Spiritualists have been addressed since January by the following speakers: For the first three Sundays in January, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn; for the last Sunday in January and three first in February, Mrs. Able N. Burnham; for last Sunday in February and first Sunday in March, Mrs. Juliette Yeaw; and for the last two Sundays, Mrs. Able N. Burnham. Our audiences have been very good, as they deserved to be, when such able speakers as the above have been employed. Mrs. Burnham's audiences have been steadily increasing. In addition to being a very fine speaker, she is an excellent public test medium and psychometrist. Since she has been with us she has given many fine tests, nearly all of which have been recognized, and in nearly every instance by entire strangers, and in many cases by persons who are not Spiritualists. She has also given many private sittings, in which she afforded universal satisfaction. I would say to all Societies in want of good speakers that they cannot do better than to employ any of the above-named. Those who wish for both a good speaker and a fine public test medium in one, will surely be pleased with Mrs. Burnham."

Ohio.

CIRCLEVILLE.—S. R. Fowler writes: "The best evidence I can offer you that Spiritualism here is not extinct, is the enclosed \$2.45, with the names of three subscribers to the Banner of Light, for one year each. I hope soon to add other names to the list."

Quarterly Conventions.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Please allow me the privilege of announcing that our Spiritualist brethren of the city of Lockport have extended a cordial invitation to the Spiritualists of Western New York to hold the Quarterly Convention with them for one year, and that the committee have thankfully accepted their liberal offer, and that the first of the series will be called to meet on the first Friday, Saturday and Sunday in May, due notice of which will be published. This arrangement need not interfere with the desire of friends in other cities to have similar meetings held among them; for we would be glad to be called upon to the State, and doubt not they would be attended with good results. Fraternally yours, J. W. SEEVER.

Byron, N. Y., March 18th, 1877.

I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slow, masticate well, go to your food, to your rest, to your occupation, smiling; keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. A violent temper is a violent fever. Rev. Daniel Waldo Emerson.

Running through a fortune rather expensive pedestrianism, and usually ends in walking in despair.

Departure of Charles J. Robinson.

We copy the following obituary notice from the Oakland (Cal.) Tribune of the 7th inst. The name will at once seem familiar to every one who has read "The Magic Staff." He was the youngest brother of sister Mrs. Mary F. Davis. From the day of his acquaintance with A. J. Davis to his last moment on earth, Mr. Robinson was a firm believer in Spiritualism and a student of the Harmonial Philosophy. The ensuing sketch of his history and character is truthful and just:

"Mr. Charles J. Robinson, Assistant City Clerk, died at his residence on Fifteenth street, near Market, at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Mr. Robinson was born at Clarendon, Orleans County, N. Y., June 2, 1838. He completed his education at Union College, and engaged in teaching. At the opening of the late war he enlisted in the First Wisconsin Infantry; was commissioned Second Lieutenant and served till failing health compelled his resignation. Twelve years since he came to California, having been sent in charge of greenbacks by Secretary Chase. He here resumed teaching, having charge of the Department of Physical Culture in the San Francisco Public Schools. He received a call to a Professorship in an Eastern college, but decided to remain on this coast, and accepted the position of Assayer at Virginia City, Nevada. Eight years ago Mr. Robinson removed to Oakland, and was for some years a member of the firm of Burnham, Standford & Co. He retired from that business with falling health, from pulmonary affection, and accepted from Mr. Hillebrand, the City Clerk and Treasurer, the post of Deputy, which position he held up to the time of his death, discharging its duties till his last illness, of only six weeks duration. Mr. Robinson was an active member of the University Lodge of Odd Fellows in this city. The interest he had taken in the Odd Fellows' Library is well known to members of the Order. It will be of interest to them to know that his clippings of book notices, etc., to guide his selections, continued up to Saturday last."

Mr. Robinson was a gentleman of quiet and somewhat reserved manner, of domestic and literary tastes, but intensely alive to all the vital interests of education, Washington correspondents and elevation. He was most tender and humane in his sympathies, but stern in his uncompromising hostility to baseness or uncleanness of any sort. Mr. Robinson's spiritual nature was early awakened, and though he made few verbal professions, his religion was one of deep conviction and daily exemplification. He passed to the better life firm in the faith of a blessed immortality. Mrs. Robinson and their two little daughters will command the earnest sympathy of a large circle of friends in this city and at the East, where Mr. R. was widely known. The funeral will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall at 2 o'clock P. M. to-morrow."

Perhaps the greatest popular illusion is in the ordinary term "Treasury girl." The mind immediately calls the picture of a young, blooming, giggling and girlish maiden before it, and highly imaginative Washington correspondents have lent themselves to confirm this popular notion by their rose-tinted accounts of female beauty and fascination in the Treasury. But the visitor at the Treasury will see at a glance how fanciful and imaginative these accounts are when he beholds these staid, sober, plain, middle-aged women, dressed in the quietest colors, and without as much assumption of coquetry or girlishness as even the solemn female tax collector or the business-like female reporter. These "Treasury girls" are nearly always poor, respectable women, who have seen better days, many of them orphans and widows, and nearly all support a family of helpless dependents. Even the misses who have never been married, but who are nearly always well up in the twenties, generally support an aged mother, an orphan brother, but they bear only a small proportion to the number of wives and widows. They are nearly all women whose very faces betray in an instant that they have known the cares and struggles of this life, and look at the world from a serious point of view. Hence it is certainly wrong to speak or write of these worthy women in a vein of levity or banter.

New Publications For Sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

LIFE-HISTORY OF OUR FATHER. By William D. Quigley. Illustrated by Mary Gunning. Published by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass. This treatise extensively embodies the topics comprised in the author's scientific lectures as delivered in this country and elsewhere on geology, Darwinism, the mound-builders, and sketches of creation. Professing no sympathy with the theory of evolution, the author is nevertheless a believer in "facts do not enlarge the mind unless they are utilized by principles." The writer has endeavored to conduct the reader through methods to results. The leading topics of life which have possessed the earth from ago to now he will find described and delineated in the more significant types reconstructed, part by part, with little of the philosophy of comparative anatomy that binds them. It is hoped, by traversing the mind of the reader, that the subject is rather an extensive one to deal with in the compass of the present volume, and only a condensed master of the knowledge of the author, and of literary handicraft as well, could be expected to handle it in an easily digestible and readable form. Otherwise, the writer has certainly condensed a great deal of information in logical sequence, even if not fully digested, in this treatise, so that if we still find it a little fragmentary, we may attribute this to the difficulties inseparable from the treatment of great themes in a small volume.

We confess that we hardly understand the author's aversion to "popular" science, unless he means more statement of fact without deduction; for certainly in our treatise is nothing if not "popular." In the fullest sense, and as the author's reliability in matters of fact and in the general drift of his conclusions, there is no doubt that he is "well-versed." We find some of the latest discoveries in paleontology introduced, and some of the modern problems in biology fairly set forth—things which will well for the average trustworthiness of the volume. The author also deserves credit for keeping steadily in view the ordination of mere fact to the principle which it illustrates; it is not every one, even in scientific ranks, who recognizes the littleness of the fact in comparison with the greatness of a truth. Mr. Gunning is an out-and-out Darwinian, lecturing according to the broad statement that "evolution is true and absolute, and that all life is perhaps going to lengths of unqualified assertion in which Darwin might hesitate to commit himself, but Darwin was extremely cautious, and his extreme caution was objection to his own theories that he knew of."

The author's style is sufficiently clear, and directed as far as possible, of technicalities, yet it does not please us altogether. There is a good deal of straining for effect; and what is worse, a perpetual throwing of the burden of proof as to as to "Look! isn't this wonderful, now?" There is no occasion, in scientific writing, to startle a reader by affecting the marvelous, for he is not a child, and more aware of the birth of a species than of an individual. Again, when the author, after correctly tracing the descent of the horse from *Ordovician* through *Perissodactyl* and *Triceratops*, tells us that in *Equus* "the middle toe is enlarged still more than in *Hippopotamus*, and the second and fourth, which have been reduced to rudimentary bones" (p. 245) we have a vague feeling of being imposed upon. A part of the author's treatment of solar heat as an active energy it is as false as the statement whether plank, animal or man, it is sun-built. In the *Orion*, the Emperor calls him the "Son of the Sun," and all sit on the same throne as that claimed by the Orientals. We are all Sons of the Sun. And the bird and the beast, they are Sons of the Sun; and the weed and the worm, all are Sons of the Sun; and this "flux of energy" is further indicated as "rolling in rhythm through the golden sun." We should not mind this matter at the repetition of a lecture, but as a piece of scientific writing it is impure.

We have no doubt that many readers, especially those who are ignorant of the revelations of geology and paleontology, will find this work entertaining as well as instructive, and that the author will secure a larger audience than greeted his lectures, though the treatise is one which no professed student of science will consider indispensable. The price is an open one, in clear type, making easy reading; and the text is illustrated with outline drawings on black ground.—*New York Nation*, Jan. 25th.

BIBLE OF THE AGES. Edited by Giles B. Stebbins. "It is a book which is much needed—one that will help to solidify the faith of a nation, and to comfort and inspire people, and therefore we hope it may receive the wide circulation that its rare merits deserve."—*Boston Investigator*.

THE PROPHET OF SATAN, or a Historical Exposition of the Devil and his Flery Dominions. By R. Graves. "This work discloses the oriental origin of the belief in the devil and future endless punishment. How little the Christian world knows that nearly all the terrible doctrines so erroneously believed, are derived from the legends of heathen mythology. Send for this little book and learn something from historical researches into the past, where modern conservators of popular fables dare not venture."—*The Messenger*.

A little six-year-old, returning from Sunday school last Sunday, in passing a saloon was asked by the name of the proprietor, who stood in the door, "My ma says I must not tell my name to men who will whisk you."—*Saratoga, N. Y., Sentinel*.

It is established by a decision in Philadelphia that church bells shall not be rung at the sole option of congregations if the noise is a nuisance to people who live near by, and the decision may be as important as the one recently made in just.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle*.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ACORNS AND OAKS.

BY D. ANTHONY 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 where 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,
Unheeded, unguarded, behold how it flashes!
Cities and towns and the wide-spreading 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 whoseover 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-enslaving drugs sufficient to furnish an apothecary shop, and saturated with the smell of every "villainous 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 these 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 in 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. Hodge Johnson, Eclectic Physician and Analyst, No. 88 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 murderers 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 snatching 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 impertinently interfered with their legitimate dominion.

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.

Vaults, 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. 23rd, 1876.]

He 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 bed and head.

I can see your falling tears,

I can hear your sighs and prayers;

Yet I smile, and whisper this—

"I am not the thing you fear!"

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 hut which I am quitting,

Is a garment no more fitting,

Is a cage from which, at last,

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

Straightaway every weeping eye:

What ye life and life's dear

Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis 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.

'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid

Allah sealed, the while it hid

That treasure of his treasury.

And Allah loved him; let it lie!

Let the shroud 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!

Yea we 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 our 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 faint—

Sunshine still must follow rain;

Only not death—for death,

Now we know, is that first breath

Which our souls draw when we enter

Life, which is of all life centre.

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'll Allah! Allah la!

Oh Love divine! Oh love always!

He 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, Phila-

delphia, March 21st, 1877, and on Sunday, April 1st, at 10

A. M. and 8 P. M. This will be the Twenty-Ninth

Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and will be celebrated

in the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia,

in conjunction with us. The members of this Society and

friends of the cause of all parts of the State and of the

country are invited to meet, to consider the present

condition and prospects of Spiritualism, especially with

reference to the more complete and efficient organiza-

tion throughout the land. The general subject of

organization will be considered, and it is hoped that some-

thing can be done to advance the cause of Spiritualism and

to bring its advocates into more harmonious relations with

each other, that the power which rightfully belongs to the

millions of Spiritualists in this and other lands, may be

so directed as not only to protect Spiritualists in their

civil, political and religious rights, but to exercise an in-

fluence for the real benefit 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 ad-

ded to our Secretary.

"Come, let us reason together." ISAAC REIN, Pres.

HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 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

20th, evening, and holding over Sunday, April 1st, 1877, the

time being the anniversary of the death of Modern Spirit-

ism, some twenty mediums of different phases have

promised to be present, and a general invitation is extended

to others, without promising the place of the annual meeting

of the Michigan State Association for the year 1877.

T. H. STEWART, State Missionary.

New Books.

JUST ISSUED.

Spiritualism and Insanity.

BY EUGENE CROWELL, M. D.

Author of "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," &c.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Just the Book to hand to Skeptics.

Dr. Crowell has in this neat tract condensed information concerning the current relation of Spiritualism and the Churches to insanity, which months spent in research and larger and more voluminous volumes would fail to afford. These conservatives in the community who have been accustomed from mental habit to ascribe all of virtue to the various religious systems of the day, and to dismiss the subject of Spiritualism with the threadbare phrase "Mother of Insanity," will, if they but peruse this well-digested tract, discover that that wide-spread libel on the cause, while Spiritualists themselves will find in it an unsatisfactory argument in interest of their belief.

In these times of revival excitement this tract should be circulated among the people by the thousands, opening, as it will, the eyes of those who are too prone to think for themselves to the falsity of this oft-repeated charge by the ministry, and showing the danger of insanity which the collated statistics prove to be really lurking within the fever-heated and crowded tabernacles and inquiry rooms of Evangelical Christianity.

For sale wholesale and retail by the publishers, COLBY & RICH, at No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor), Boston, Mass.

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Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE S. RUDD, are reported verbatim, and published each week in this Department.

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.

The Banner of Light Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at 25, Montgomery Place, (second story), corner of Broadway and Broadway, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY EVENING. The Hall will be open at 2 o'clock, and services will commence at 7 o'clock. At which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute necessity. Public are cordially invited.

Questions answered at these Seances are often pronounced by individuals among the audience. Those read by controlling intelligences of the medium, 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, will you 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's 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 has a certain amount of 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—like to "cut up shins"—if we may use a vulgarism that expresses just what we mean—we are to blame for it? You send to us multitudes 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 seances you 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, Fanny, 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 appeal 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 your reach entirely. But if they have passed 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-life, had advanced faster in the spiritual life, and therefore she speaks of her as having progressed beyond him, while the wife who went away 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 not with her constantly, as I am with this wife who left me last year."

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? or are there any circumstances that tend in any way to mitigate the offence when the causes that prompted the act are considered?

A.—There are various degrees of culpability. 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 are liable to suffer for the peculiar experiences caused by the act.

There are times when individuals—and mediums 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 spirit, 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 spiritual in all things that live, then there must be a spiritual to animal life. 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 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 harmonious and perfect, verifying that part of the Scriptures 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, but I say that 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 belonged to me when I dwelt 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 intelligent 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 I ever 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 did not 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 altogether to the priest. That family were not a fair specimen of Spiritualists. I did the best I could? Tell them that I am myself 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 mishapen, 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, will you 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?] Neber did spell nothing. Neber did spell nothing, and since I got up North I don't like you Northern folks, nor do you. Democratic, 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 day can be; do not want us in de kitchen, don't want us on de farm. They was 'an Southern folks, ten times over. I see come here, this is my garden, and I goes going to cultivate, scratch it over, 'se mind.

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 don't 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 my friends that I am all ready to tell all their fortunes that they want me to tell. If things do 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 spots," 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 home, and their doings, 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 same 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 I could not tell them a letter 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 know that it was not 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 mediumistic. And I lived a Spiritualist all the rest of my days.

I would like to say to my daughter, 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 did 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 me 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 do not know as I shall do anybody any good. I have a sister, Maria, who would like to reach me. 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 when I came, 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 Anne and Joseph and mother, and I would like to have her, no matter whether she believes this is more 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 any recommendation, or for any sort of 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 would not 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 Sultate, 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, 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 occupy much space. I simply wish to send my letter, if it is in order with your arrangements.

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 the shoulders. Then I wished I had got the old one, for I got used to this life—I was worried out. They called me crazy. I don't believe I was. I know now that there were some people round me, that came from spirit-land, 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 I suppose other people can confess if they want. Catholics, I have confessed, am sorry. The new coat did not 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 I will 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, and have found my spirit-world 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 before, and 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 tried so hard to make me; they told me I would be lost, surely lost. And when the old man had racked me, and wrung me, and used 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 not 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, beautiful, and said, "Edith, I'll take you with me." In 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 that by and-by I shall find that terrible place.

I know I did not always do right; I know I committed wrong deeds; still I do not 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 Edith Day. I went out from New Orleans. They told me if 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 more condition than that you have already experienced.]

Patrick Welch.

Sure, sir, an' it's a power ye have here, an' as several of me countrymen have here, I felt as if I'd like to try it myself, and see how it would seem to take up 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. Fa' th, 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' I leveled me, an' 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 share thought in purgatory, but I ain't did nothing of the kind, sir. I find myself whole and sound. I find it's a sister getting along up here than it was in your world. I don't have anybody to bate me. I don't have anybody to get into broils wid, an' I don't drink run any more. It wasn't so in the beginning, because I could not keep out of the rum-holes. If I see a fellow like as possessed get a drink, I was behind him, an' it was a comfort in that way I got going, but I ain't no more. 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 feel as if I'd like to come some time. I'm glad I come. 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 darkness that surround so many of those who call themselves Spiritualists.

From such a crisis 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 antagonisms as does the sculptor upon the clatter and confusion of the street, the dust that precedes the birth of the beautiful child of his genius—the exquisitely fashioned form of a Psyche or an Endymion. 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, Dr. Heston, I wish to say, was a most perfect description of my constitutional difficulties, 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 religionists 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 crying children! But the man who teaches this either ignorantly or knowingly 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 quickened into thought. Now I see clearly, surely and safely, that the ruler of earth never fashioned its children to damn them.

How human and pleasant it is to see and feel that all which surrounds you here surpasses your expectation. 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, my 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 they do not hide safely away, but give it out to others as they may need it. Now, as I have pictured the spirit, need any one mourn and cry when the earthly body is laid aside? I think not. I feel rejoiced, for I know that I have been here 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 seeing it; you will release 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 the stars are strangers, chilled oftentimes by the winds that sweep past him. He harkens, and the very catarrh 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.

'Tis 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, willingly or pleasantly.

The grave is hollow, and its shadows are heavy. I go because I am a mourner. I throw out my complaints to earth and to the elements, hoping that on my way back the winds may scatter them.

George Roberts.

My name is George Roberts, aged forty-seven. I died at Owings's Mills, Baltimore Co., Maryland, about the year 1830, this young man died; but about the young there was a cluster of 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 so seems best.

I feel as if it would have 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 use 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 fabled spirit or of the one who has been long a denizen.

To those whom I have left behind, and to those who are seeking after divine inspiration, after the letter of the law, I will say, the grave holds not the spirit. 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 handiwork 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 panorama that passed to and fro like a panorama across the memory to go out in search for those whom it had left behind. I could scarce gather in the dividing line for a time, but little by 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. Emory; Lucy A. Hopkins; Joseph Penfield; Ellen Ziegler; John W. Jones; James B. Richards; John W. Maxwell; J. W. Singer; Constant DuRoi; W. H. Scriben.

[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, with whom he lived 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. Thirty years ago, when I was pastor of a Universalist church in the town of Skaneateles, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were earnest, faithful and worthy assistants. Preaching as I did the doctrine of future progression, they were naturally led to investigate and study the life above, and soon became a firm, intelligent and consistent Spiritualists. In this new faith and knowledge she was for several years a most successful and powerful medium, and was called upon to deliver addresses, and to give readings of the future, and to perform other services of a similar nature. Her husband, who was a most devoted and loving husband, and subsequently, light and wisdom from the higher life, 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.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

seed bursts forth, shedding the beauteous light of
beams, 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
word but thy own life, and thou must provide
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 shadow
and is the light of thy life, and that thou art
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, that thou once hast
consecrated, and all in silence attend the
voice of the spirit that rises above death, and
transfigured, leads men through life and love,
even to immortality; and may thy blessing de-
scend upon us, and the spirit of thy truth made

It has been quite fittingly remarked that if a man is worthy to live, he is also ready 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 greater chain of life. The criminal in the dungeon cell, the pauper by the wayside, the inebriate in the gutter, the Magdalen in the street, the saint in

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 conventions, 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

To day, according to his theory, and as is true
to me, he on the one plan, especially that he
occupied here, with greater opportunities of
course now for rapid advancement. "Oh," said
he, "that we had power to portray the true char-
acter of the most depraved and the horrors of
his heaven—a hell to us of most exquisite ter-
rors! 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 *Auriferous*
Siles of midnight darkness, which are filled to re-
pletion with characters not less depraved than
mythological 'devils damned' up to the abodes os
angels of immaculate purity, that these 'man-
sions' extend through infinite space, and are as
diverse one from another as are human souls."

He was eminently a good man, and the senti-

year, without sending them in return. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers containing the advertisement, marked,

respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT for a year, without sending theirs in return. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers containing the advertisement.