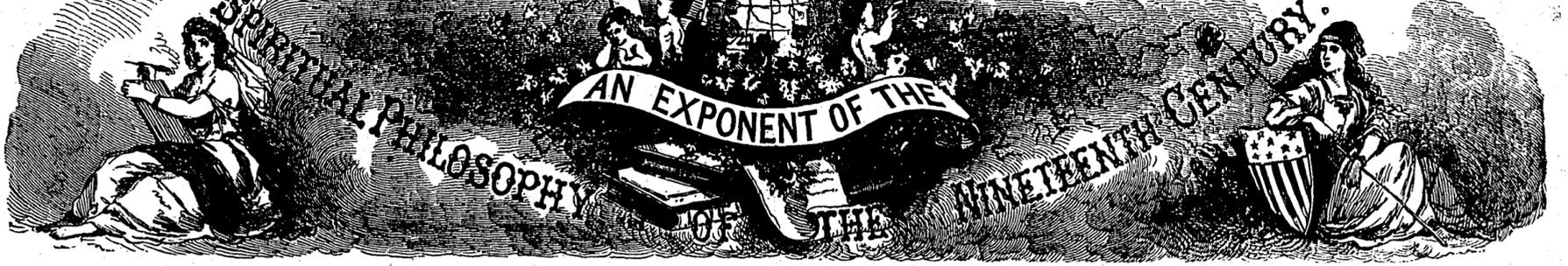


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XII.

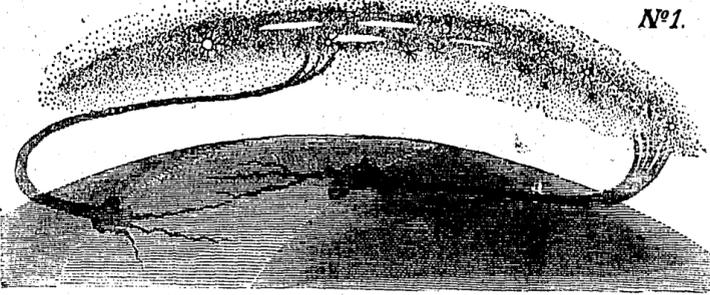
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NO. 1.

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THE SECOND SPHERE WITHIN THE SIXTH CIRCLE OF SUNS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Viewed from earth the Milky Way appears to be an endless belt. But seen from a remote point in space, it becomes a member of a group of successive systems of solar and stellar universes; and in that one group of systems is located our sun and its harmonious family of children, grandchildren, and great-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, and meteors.

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

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

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

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

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

In the diagram you observe the 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 and reluctantly to glide onward and onward and onward, until your feet press the silvery shores of the Summerland—which is a Sphere so great, so grand, so glorious—glowing with the heat of love and with the light of wisdom—that you cannot but bow down and worship, and yet it is a world whose appearances and bestowments and adaptations will be in exact accord with what you may be in a condition spiritually to perceive, to impart, and to appropriate.

[To be Continued.]

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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 Hindostan; and that he is a cultured, refined and spiritualized man, is manifest from his pamphlet. In a footnote on its second page the word Aryas is defined as nobles; so that the pamphlet may be regarded as a Hindoo's statement of the science of soul as held by the nobles of India.

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

English and Scotch metaphysicians have to a great extent adopted the inductive method in constructing their systems of philosophy: they have observed and classified mental phenomena. The Aryas employed the opposite, the deductive process; “they always tried to dive deep by abstract meditation.” The former looked outward, the latter looked inward. Taking different methods, traveling as it were in different paths, they came to different goals. For instance, John Locke in his essay concerning Human Understanding, Book I., Chap. 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 Penetralla, p. 33,) “is to go reverently into the presence of all the God the soul can ever realize.” “If we can be perfectly certain of anything, we are certain that Nature is the unfolding of that principle called God.”—III. *Great Harmonia*, p. 379. Jesus said, (Luke xvii: 20-21) “The kingdom of God cometh not with observation; neither shall they say, Lo here! or, Lo there! for behold the kingdom of God is within you.” Is not this, his doctrine, consistent, ay, identical with that of Brahmins and Spiritualists? and is it not irreconcilable with the philosophy of Locke and the proselyting and missionizing practices of Christians? It is the province of science, which comes with observation, but not of exact religion, to make the wilderness and the solitary place glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose. It is the scope and end of religion, pure and simple, to withdraw inward, (or *bind back*, as the etymology of the word religion imports,) the consciousness from the region of the senses into the sphere of principles, till it comes into communion and unity with the ultimate—the cyrenus of all principles—God. To do it is a solitary and an individual process. Hence if a man would become truly religious—not superstitious—he must tread the wine-press alone. No attorney, mediator nor substituted righteous man, can do the work for him. The path he must travel is a narrow and a thorny one, with here and there a traveler. Jesus may help, but cannot save him. Every man, finally, becomes his own Jesus; and yet over each person the inward God will keep watch and ward, and at certain times will work mightily within him. When Buddha (or Gotama, from “Go,” senses, and “tama,” 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.”—II. *Hue's Chinese Empire*, p. 190. John the baptizer, Jesus and Paul, each one of them after being quickened in the inward or hidden man, preached, saying, *metanoia* (revert, or give a reverse direction to the mind, withdrawing it from the deluge of the senses and the pride of life, and turning it toward the inward God—the Father which is in secret), an admonition that contains all, and much more than all, that is expressed in the words, “repent ye,” which Anglicise it in the common version of the New Testament. The quickening, renewing and enlargement of the spirit which finally develops from self-introspection, may remind the reader of what A. J. Davis designates as the Superior Consciousness. Metaphysicians, he remarks, call it religion. “It takes hold of principles, and in principles alone can the mind achieve absolute growth and development.”—*Arabula*, p. 267.

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 superstitious? 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 obeisance acknowledges himself to be inferior to it. Christians commemorate heathen who worship idols. They sing,

“The heathen in his blindness flows down to wood and stone.”

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

Superstition is intolerant, and persecutes; superstition vaunteth itself, behaves itself unseemly; superstition compasses sea and land to make proselytes; superstition makes and sets up an image, and commands and exhorts people to fall down and worship it. Superstition does not abide in the secret chambers. It roars and strives and cries, and men and women hear its voice in the streets and tabernacles. Superstition is ostentatious: it causes steeples to pierce the sky and bells to be rung in the bellfries, that it may be honored of men. Superstition is covetous and grasping: it exacts tithes, contributions and offerings, and accumulates revenues. Superstition is unjust: it exempts its own church edifices from fair and honest taxation. Fearful that investigation or ridicule may injure its divinities (as if they could not, if they would, protect them selves), superstition is cruel, and enacts and maintains penal statutes against blasphemy, a purely imaginary crime, which in truth is the offspring of its own fears and ignorance, and dwells only in superstitious minds. With this bugaboo, priests in all ages and countries have frightened the people, and at various times have incited them to acts of the grossest injustice against 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 deities into the Constitution of the United States, framed for the secular and common benefit of all the people. So detrimental is superstition, that Lord Bacon in one of his Essays says: “It were better to have no opinion of God at all than an unwor opinion of him,

Written for the Banner of Light. AORNS AND OAKS.

BY D. AMBROSE DAVIS. Thought tender the twig as it starts from its germinating...

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...

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.

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...

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—

their mineral and poison-drugging tormentors mere wrecks of humanity. It was only a few days ago that I happened to visit a house in Boston where a poor woman had just called to beg some bread...

Under the care of Mrs. Twing's spirit guides the resurrected 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...

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 offences whatever.

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.

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.

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—

their mineral and poison-drugging tormentors mere wrecks of humanity. It was only a few days ago that I happened to visit a house in Boston where a poor woman had just called to beg some bread...

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.

Under the care of Mrs. Twing's spirit guides the resurrected 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...

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Veracruz, R. I. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN.

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

No who died at Azim gave This to comfort all his friends: Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow;

And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head, I can see your falling tears;

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

Sweet friends! what the women love, For the last sleep of the grave, Is a hut which I am quitting, Is a garment no more fitting,

Like a bird, my soul hath passed. Love the inmate, not the room—The wearer, not the garb—the plume Of the eagle, not the bars That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry Straightway every weeping eye: What ye lift upon the bier Is 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, A mind that loved him: let it lie! Let the shard be earth's once more, Since the gold is in his store!

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

Farewell, friends! But not farewell; Where I am, ye too shall dwell. I am gone before your face, A moment's worth, a little space. When ye come where I have stepped, Ye will wonder why ye weep; Ye will know, by true love taught, That here is all, and there is naught. Weep awhile, if ye are fain— Sunshine still must follow rain; In spite of 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-Ilallah! Allah la! Oh Love divine! Oh love away!

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 the Lincoln Hall, Broad and Fairmount Avenues, Philadelphia, March 31st, 1877, and on Sunday, April 1st, at 10 A. M. and 3 and 5 P. M.

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.

A Mediums Convention will be held at Redd Creek, Mich., commencing March 30th, evening, and holding over Sunday, April 1st, 1877, the time being the anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritism.

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New Books.

Spiritualism and Insanity.

BY EUGENE CROWELL, M. D., Author of "The Identity of Primitive Christianity and Modern Spiritualism," etc.

Just the Book to hand to Skeptics.

Dr. Crowell has in this tract condensed information on the subject of the relations of Spiritualism and the Churches to insanity, which months ago in research among larger and more pretentious volumes would have been accumulated from mental hospitals to ascertain the various religious systems of the day, and to distill the subject of Spiritualism with the threadbare phrase "Mother of Insanity."

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Rational Spiritualism,

GENERAL VIEWS AND OPINIONS OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALISTS, ON MORALS, THEOLOGY AND RELIGION WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE Problem of Organization.

PSYCHOLOGY,

BY T. P. BARKAS, F. G. S., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

THE AGE OF REASON:

AN INVESTIGATION OF True and Fabulous Theology PART I. AND II. BY THOMAS PAINE, Author of "Common Sense," "American Crises," "Rights of Man," &c.

THE HEREAFTER:

A Scientific, Phenomenal, and Biblical Demonstration of a FUTURE LIFE. BY D. W. HULL.

WITCH-POISON

OR REV. DR. BALDWIN'S SERMON ON WITCHCRAFT, SPIRITISM, HELL AND THE DEVIL RE-REVIEWED. BY J. M. FEEBLES.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

ELIOT'S HISTORY OF AMERICA. This work contains elegant steel-plate engravings of MARTHA WASHINGTON, GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON, and MONUMENT OF JOHN OF ARC AT ROUEN.

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TO BOOK-KEEPERS.
Having purchased the stock in trade of ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS'S PUBLISHING HOUSE, New York City, and incorporated it with the already large supply of spiritual, reformatory and miscellaneous works which we keep on hand at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, ground floor of building No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., (and to which the attention of the reading public is respectfully called,) we are now prepared to fill orders for such books, pamphlets, etc., as have appeared by name in his catalogue, and hope to hear from the friends in all parts of the world. We are prepared to forward any of the publications of the Book Store at usual rates.

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Notices of meetings, lecture appointments, etc., should be forwarded to this office as early as Monday of each week, in order to insure publication in the same week's edition of the Banner, otherwise such notices will necessarily have to be over for insertion in the following number.

Inquiries from the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (entitled or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

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Letters and communications for the Editorial Department of this paper should be addressed to L. T. COLBY, and Business Letters to ISAAC H. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—The key which unlocks the mysteries of the Past, explains the Present, and demonstrates the Future existence of man.

Volume Forty-One—March Thirty-First.

This day brings the BANNER OF LIGHT to a new volume, and the twenty-first year of its existence. By an extremely happy coincidence, it is likewise the twenty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. So that we sincerely celebrate both anniversaries together, and unite with the hosts of believers, a large proportion of whom are readers and friends of the BANNER, in invoking the most plentiful blessings on the day from invisible visitants. It is a long term to look back over in the history of a journal like the BANNER. To have attempted to anticipate it when the paper was first launched would have seemed all but idle, if not indeed preposterous; to review it, with its pathway set thickly about with unforeseen experiences and the solution of serious doubts, is all but impossible even when it seems easy.

The history of the BANNER is completely identified with the history of Modern Spiritualism. Taking its position on that, the BANNER has necessarily grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength. Its mission has never been involved in any mystery, but it has earnestly sought to work it out with no other purpose or faith than has been continually given it from the unseen powers. It would be the richest of all the blessings which our hearts can covet to know how many have been helped and strengthened by what has come to them from out these columns, and to realize as we probably never can the good of which we may have been the willing distributor.

To the substantial and permanent in spiritual literature the BANNER will continue to join the scientific and practical. Yet it will, as ever, hold fast to the spiritual as all that is real, and as the only real, and out of that always full treasury draw what is alike for instruction and profit to every nature.

The best pens in the spiritual ranks habitually practice the expression of the most elevated minds in our open columns. Here are gathered the wisest thoughts of those who are still looking across the deep into the great future, and of those who have an experience to give from the other side.

The world is seething with released truths of which it seeks more or less blindly to obtain the mastery. It is a time of unusual responsibility for all such as are entrusted with an influence over others. The very air is thick with voices which few know how to hear. The ideals of the past are being sketched before our eyes every day in the readiness of possibility. Old institutions are growing flexible and fluid, and reverence for them is becoming rationalized. Bigotry in all forms is getting heavy blows, which is the reason why it is so much more intense.

To the hasty and superficial view, or to the person who has not yet found the clew to all this stir and upheaval in a clear knowledge of operative spiritual laws, it seems, of course, to be only confusion worse confounded. Yet it is nothing but the yeast of contradictory and conflicting ideas—the incessant struggle between the present and the past—the constant invasion which fresh-born views of truth is making in the crumbling accumulation of worn-out and uninspiring beliefs. It is simply the inevitable in human life and history. There have lapsed vast circuits of time in the past when the world slept in the dark, and the fields lay fallow, and the light of heavenly truth scarcely glimmered in the surrounding gloom; but the end always comes to such terms, and epochs succeed that are impregnated with a power which the intellect or will of man is helpless to resist.

It has been so in reference to material truth, and so is it in reference to the spiritual. It would be a world without a ray of hope to cheer it, if we knew that we had achieved all, that there was to be no further discovery, and that real progress was at an end. Not until the human mind acknowledges that it has not yet compassed all truth in relation to spiritual existence, can it hope for anything like the health that belongs to peace. Spiritualism first proves immortality for the soul, and then it works in its many and wondrous ways to develop that truth in its influence on the life we lead here on earth.

How great the changes which have been wrought in the twenty years now past; how many and varied the trials which have descended upon the friends of the cause on both sides of the Atlantic, yet how cheering and bright the prospect for the future. Cherished business associates have fallen by our side during this protracted term of struggle. Active minds, awake and aglow for the advancement of Spiritualism, have been called to rest from their labors in mortality. Eloquent lips, touched with the coal of inspira-

tion from the holy altar of Eternal Truth, have become chilled and silent on this side of the veil, to awaken in yet more loving tones in the land of light beyond. Yet we have been spared to continue the struggle where they laid it down; and the cau they so ably championed and dearly loved while in this sphere of material being, and which is still so dear to them in the brighter realms to which they are gone, has, through the united efforts of embodied and disembodied workers, moved steadily and triumphantly onward in the fulfillment of its appointed work: *the spiritualization of all existing institutions and the substitution of proven knowledge for blind belief in all that relates to the life to come.*

However surprising may be the superficial and fleeting results of a combining resistance to the progress of the cause, we have learned by experience to fear nothing, knowing that the individual components of each shifting scene are in the hands of the great Over Soul, who, in giving the light of the New Dispensation to this age through the hands of truthful and loving disembodied human intelligences that have wrought such wonders, mental and physical, for the people of the earth, has committed no mistake, and will not allow what has already been done to fall of its ultimate purpose. And in this view it becomes a duty with all believers in Modern Spiritualism to supply for the spiritual agencies now at work among men the best possible conditions for success; to help plow the field for the most liberal seed-sowing at the hands of the heavenly husbandmen. In such a cause as this, individuals go for nothing; the paramount object of the angels is the best and lasting good of all; and those who have heretofore misread the symbols and mistakenly pursued the fancy that they were themselves to be leaders instead of humble workers, must by this time have been overtaken with the disappointment that ever attends mere ambition. The clear streams of inspiration flow for mankind in free channels, not in the canals and conduits of conceit or calculation.

The large and increasing community of Spiritualists, who have thus far, as contributors, subscribers and well-wishers, sustained us in the arduous struggle will receive our profound thanks for what has been accomplished with their cooperation. They have helped, every one, to carry a knowledge of the cause into every quarter of the civilized world. We trust that those who have so far accompanied us on our journey will still walk by our side peculiarly, and we request of each one that he or she will endeavor to obtain during the coming year an additional subscriber for the BANNER OF LIGHT. And may the kind and good intelligences above, that have so long shed upon us their benignant influences, their far-sighted wisdom, and their genial counsel and sympathy, continue to abide with us to the end, leading and guiding us to the achievement of yet greater good in the future to the cause that is so dear to all who have been blessed with a knowledge of its divine origin.

Let this twenty-ninth anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism, then, be the beginning of a new volume for every one as well as for the BANNER which they have so steadily sustained. It is the very time to open a new volume. Spiritualism is submitting to a searching investigation, though it be only the investigation of prejudice and hostility. It is as well; the thing to be done is to test its teachings in every possible way. When its enemies are most confident of flanking it, not venturing to assail it in front, they will discover that they have chosen the very mode of affecting their own sorest and surest discomfiture. Instead of opposing the net, let us bid them God-speed, prejudices and all, knowing that truth cannot be concealed by all the powers and plans which its enemies choose to levy in the hopes of compassing its destruction.

We extend a double and a doubly cordial greeting to Spiritualists everywhere on this auspicious day. We invoke for them, as for the cause nearest their hearts, the abundant blessings of the invisibles. We pray for their steady cooperation in all things that make for the larger and clearer discovery of truth. We congratulate them on the vigorous life of the cause which is the object of our common devotion, on its increasing strength with the passing years, on the rapidity with which it moves across the waters of human thought, on the rich blessings that drop from it as the clouds of heaven distill fatness.

A Clear Victory.

Senate, — No. 119.
Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
In Senate, March 24, 1877, the Committee on the Judiciary, to whom was committed the bill to regulate the practice of medicine and surgery in Massachusetts, and the remonstrance of A. S. Hayward and others against the passage of the same, have considered the subject, and report that the bill ought not to pass.

For the Committee, CHAS. THOS. RUSSELL.
March 24, 1877. This bill in accordance with the report of the Committee was then rejected.

The Judiciary Committee of the Legislature has, after a patient and intelligent hearing of the arguments and protests of the Liberals against the proposed law to regulate the practice of medicine in Massachusetts, reported that the bill ought not to pass.

This is a triumph which was to be fairly expected in a State like Massachusetts, but on which we none the less cordially extend our congratulations to all. Massachusetts stands now in the front of this fight which the bigotry of the Regular Faculty would bring on, and bids dogmatism in the realm of the healing art stand back and watch the operation of the law of progress. She does herself honor by this recent step, and will send encouragement to the opponents of medical bigotry all over the Union.

We cannot find it in modern intelligence to believe that any such statute is going to stand the fire of modern thought and opinion. It was an extremely presumptuous thing for old fogylism to do at this day, to seriously propose what it did to the Legislature of Massachusetts, but it has caught its fall at last, and will have to acknowledge itself fairly whipped.

We should sadly come short of our duty, in commenting on this struggle now so satisfactorily ended, if we failed to bestow merited praise upon the Senate Judiciary Committee for its perfect fairness and openness to conviction from beginning to end. There was evidently a disposition to get at the truth, both as it concerned the great body of the community and the plain rights of those whose function it is to relieve the necessities of their fellow-beings. And the practical verdict brought in by the Committee, that the regulars have no case, and certainly have no claim to the monopoly of healing, is one that will stand alone, for it rests on the broad foundations of truth. Nor should we omit, on the other hand, to proffer the heartfelt thanks of all Spiritualists, and of all people who are inclined to reject drugs and drastics for the more rational methods of magnetism and clairvoyance, to the gentlemen who showed the courage of their opinions by appearing personally before the

Committee and contesting with such triumphant success the bald assumptions of the few "regulars" who thought to pull down the mountains of the past upon the heads of the present. Particularly must we refer to Rev. Mr. Emerson, who reinforced so powerfully the efforts of Messrs. Putnam, Giles, and other speakers of the previous week, an outline of whose remarks we gave in our last issue. It was as clean and perfect a piece of work as one commonly sees done. He left absolutely nothing to be said either for or against the proposed law. The Committee, if it was in the least undecided up to that time, must have fully made up its determination then. The regulars are routed, and it is another Bunker Hill. Now let the other States follow Massachusetts in this battle for progress.

"The River Giving up its Dead."

Under this heading the New York Times of March 23d recounts the circumstances attending the mysterious disappearance and subsequent finding of the body of Mr. Gordon C. Platner, a prominent merchant of Auburn, N. Y., who was last seen alive by the Wall-street ferryman at New York City, on the night of Nov. 21st. The body was not recovered until March 22d, during which period of waiting the friends of the deceased were filled with sad reflections concerning his probable murder. Mr. Dick, a friend of Mr. Platner, identified the remains (by means of articles known to have been in the possession of the deceased), and, further, related the following story at the Coroner's office, which bears a very strong testimony to the reliability and wonderful scope of the mediumship of Charles H. Foster:

"Mr. Dick [so the Times has it] stated that about a month after the disappearance of Mr. Platner, himself and several others, prompted by mere curiosity, attended a séance given by a well-known medium. Soon after Mr. Dick and his friends entered the room the medium approached the former and said, 'I think, sir, you have a missing friend, whose whereabouts you are anxious to ascertain. Search no longer, for he is in the spirit-land. Look at the back of my right hand and you will see his name.' Mr. Dick, in the utmost astonishment, saw inscribed in black-red characters on the medium's hand, 'Gordon C. Platner.' The medium further informed Mr. Dick that Mr. Platner's body was held fast under a pier in the North or East river, and would not rise to the surface until several months had elapsed." [This prophecy, as will be seen by a comparison of the dates given above, has been verified to the letter.]

Written for the Banner of Light. NOT YET.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.
Not yet I not yet! Turn, boatman, turn
Back to the shore from whence we came,
I saw the golden gate ajar,
I heard sweet music from afar,
And some one spoke my name.
But ah! they did not bid me come
And join them in their world of bliss;
That glimpse was mine that it might give
Me strength and courage yet to live
And work my mission out in this.
Then backward turn again to earth:
I must not now its tolls resign;
Yet that one glimpse of life to be
Hath filled my soul with ecstasy—
For I shall all my day be true.

The Reader Will Find

On our eighth page an extended compilation of facts and details bearing on the life, labors, decease and burial of Hon. S. S. Jones, the whilom veteran editor of the Religio-Philosophical Journal of Chicago.

STAY SHEEP AT MUSIC HALL.—There was a scene at Music Hall yesterday morning, during Rev. Mr. Murray's services. During the early part of the exercises a hand in black-red characters on the medium's hand, was observed to be carefully scanning the vast congregation from different parts of the house. After having apparently inspected the people on the floor of the hall, she hurried up to the first balcony, and first scanned the visages of the worshippers on the west side. Soon she made her appearance in the balcony, and opening one door after another, she had nearly completed her review of the people here, when her piercing gaze alighted upon a man who was apparently a wayward husband, seized the enraged Amazon by the arm, and they left the hall, followed by the gaze of the astonished spectators of the scene, who evidently understood the meaning of the hurry.—Boston Post.

"Stray sheep" will get into Music Hall. The scene there last Sunday was a phenomenon the pastor and audience did not expect, if the account in Monday's Post is correct. What can you expect, Brother Murray, when you recommend such persons as Bishop to the citizens of Boston to "expose" (?) Spiritualism? and in the very Hall, too, where "free lovers" do congregate on the Sabbath day! How beautifully the great law of compensation asserts itself. We are content.

In the course of his "charge to the pastor" at the installation of the Rev. Mr. Fielder Israel as pastor of the First Church, Salem, recently, Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol, of Boston, uttered a thought that will meet the approval of many liberals, while it doubtless sounded a trifle strange to some of his orthodox hearers. He said: "Some people are continually predicting that the large majority of humanity are going to be cast into hell. I pray my Lord that if my relatives and friends are nearly all going to that place, that I may go there too! I do not believe in this exclusiveness of heaven, nor have I such aristocratic ideas of who our associates there might be."

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., writing from 15 Hubbard Court, Chicago, where he is now located, says, regarding A. J. Davis's card announcing the presentation through the columns of Part II. of the Stellar Key (the initial chapter of which will be found on our first page):

"We read with avidity everything that emanates from the gifted pen of our illustrious brother, Andrew Jackson Davis. Yes! your circular should be increased ten thousand. Let every reader get at least one subscriber for the glorious old Banner."

It is said that an Atlantic-avenue fish-dealer has given away three thousand dollars for charity within the past four months. He is probably a Spiritualist, or should be if he isn't. There are many well-to-do Spiritualists in this city doing the same thing, and yet they do not want a word said about it. We know a Spiritualist lady at the West End, who has visited poor families for years and administered to their necessities; and yet there are men, high in position in Boston, swift to pronounce the Spiritualists frauds. Oh, when will the truth break through these crusts of bigotry and let into their souls the light of our divine philosophy? When?

The Doctors' Plot Exposed!

We cannot speak too highly of the admirable pamphlet bearing the above title which can now be found on sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. It is a pains taking and clear report of the hearing (three sessions) granted by the Senate Judiciary Committee of Massachusetts on the proposed bill to regulate (?) the practice of medicine and surgery in this State.

In the pages of this brochure will be found the utterances of Allen Putnam, Esq., A. E. Giles, Esq., Rev. C. W. Emerson, Mrs. Ricker, and the views of the remonstrants, presenting alike the views of scholastic thinkers, practical physicians, and mediums for laying on of hands, whose inspiration has extended to the faculty of public speaking as well. An outline is also furnished of the feeble arguments urged in favor of the bill by such of the Allopaths, etc., as made their appearance before the Committee.

The Senate Committee in the present case exhibited its justice-loving spirit by crushing the effort of the would-be monopolistic "Regulars," and as a record of the conflict between truth and error, and the striking victory for right won in this Commonwealth, the pamphlet should be purchased and preserved by all who experience pleasure whenever they perceive a sign of advance among men.

The friends in other States, also, where the battle is yet to be fought with the doctors, will find in this timely pamphlet a perfect magazine of arguments and statistics suited to their use. Let them remember the important fact that this tyrannical measure has been defeated in almost every State where the advocates of "Free physicians and patients' rights" have rallied in any considerable numbers in opposition, and have cogently urged their views upon the law-makers; it is mostly in those States where no counter-effort was made that the bill has passed. Had not action been taken by the liberal element of Massachusetts to give a clear expression of its views at the State House, it is highly probable that the bill would have become a law in this State. Therefore let the friends at other points see to it that (as has been done in the case of the Massachusetts Legislature) a copy of this pamphlet is laid on the desk of each Senator or Representative. It will do its work.

The same course is recommended to the friends in those States where this iniquitous measure has been sprung upon the public; see that the members of the Legislature in each of these communities are supplied with copies, and circulate them also broadcast among the people. A harvest of good will inevitably result.

We are informed that two individuals calling themselves Prof. Randolph and Prof. Ceell, have been deceiving the public at Kingston, (Ont.) Canada, by claiming to expose Spiritualism. They are represented as abounding much more in denunciations of the cause than in deeds done to prove the truth of their position. They are probably only stock expositors (?) (of the Baldwin-Bishop-Fay tribe), to whom names have no more significance than the rôle they assume at will. It would be well for our Canadian friends to remember that Profs. Randolph and Ceell are unknown in Boston—that the stories retailed with their countenance about Mr. Munter and other media, are baseless fabrications, and that the real Prof. (P. B.) Randolph of Boston has been a resident of the spirit-world for several years. From newspaper clippings sent us by the same correspondent who informs us of the deeds of this preloious pair, we find that the usual spectacle is repeated in Canada—of the local editors jumping at the bait of falsehood against Spiritualism, and swallowing these peripatetic impostors whole, even as the whale swallowed Jonah! When will the managers of the secular press learn to use their reason instead of their prejudice, as the guide of their action toward this, the grandest truth of to-day?

A lady medium from Washington paid us a visit last week, was entranced, and one of our angel-friends gave us an insight of the life-beyond in the most eloquent language possible, teaching us to be charitable to "spirits in prison," who come to us sometimes in a rude manner; "for," said the spirit, "the New Dispensation is but the second coming of the Saviour—foretold in ancient time. By understanding the law, the exercise of charity, of dealing gently with the erring, those who come to curse will remain to bless you. Remember this."

Buguet, the French spirit-photographer, through whose false accusations M. Leymarie, editor of the *Revue Spirite*, was subjected to so much legal trouble, was pardoned out of prison soon after the term of imprisonment of his victim had been served. Buguet then wrote to Leymarie asking to see him, but the latter refused to have any communication with him.

G. L. Ditson, M. D., of Albany, N. Y., reports in another column that Mrs. Andrews, the noted medium of Cascade, N. Y., paid the citizens of that city a visit recently, and held satisfactory sances in private families. So the good work goes on, notwithstanding the great opposition to it manifested by those who "know not what they do."

See Mrs. Frances A. Logan's letter from California in another column. This lady is doing a grand work for Spiritualism in that section of our country. God bless her in her efforts to spread the truth.

We are in receipt of a cabinet-size likeness of the late Stevens S. Jones, also a photograph of Col. Bundy, of the Religio-Philosophical Journal—for which presents we cordially thank Bro. Bundy.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten holds weekly conversations at her residence, 118 West Chestnut Park, Thursday evenings, which are largely attended.

Camille Flammarion, the astronomer, has written a new work, dedicated "To the Spirit of Allan Kardec."

Prof. Brittan's grand book, "MAN AND HIS RELATIONS," should be in every public and private library in the world.

"The Psychology of the Aryas" receives exhaustive review at the hands of Alfred E. Giles, Esq., on the first page of the present issue.

Read Thomas R. Hazard's splendid article on the current medical question which will be found on our third page.

The 20th Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism

Will be celebrated in Boston, at Paine Memorial Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, March 30th, 31st, and April 1st, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of which useful organization Mr. J. B. Hatch is Conductor. Lyceums, wherever located, are cordially invited to unite with the Boston school in the celebration. The following is the arranged programme of exercises:

On Friday evening, March 30th, there will be held an Inauguration Ball, dancing from 8 until 2. Music will be furnished by Savage's Band, C. D. Smith, prompter. Caterer Tufts will provide the supper.

On Saturday, March 31st, the hall will be open the entire day for the reception of strangers who may visit Boston on that occasion. The evening will be devoted to an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the Lyceum. This entertainment will be well worthy of public patronage.

Instrumental music for Saturday and Sunday will be furnished by the Lyceum orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Alonzo Bond.

On Sunday morning, April 1st, the Lyceum will hold its session in Paine Hall. In the afternoon the rostrum will be occupied by Prof. R. G. Eccles, who will deliver the regular anniversary address, a full report of which we hope to be able to announce for publication in the Banner at an early day.

A concert and conference at 7½ o'clock will conclude the exercises. On this evening it is expected that Miss Lizzie Doten, Allen Putnam, Esq., John Wetherbee, Esq., Dr. John H. Currier, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Henry C. Lull, and other able speakers, will be present and take part.

During the entire three days the Hall will be tastefully decorated, under the direction of J. B. Hatch, Jr. The ball on Friday cannot fall of being one of the most successful ever given by this Society, as no expense has been spared to make this a pleasing feature of the Anniversary. It is announced that during the evening the *bon bon* feature will be introduced, which must be witnessed to be fully appreciated. Another attractive feature will be the Children's Entertainment, on Saturday, the entire Lyceum being arranged in a Juvenile Old Folks' Concert, assisted by Miss Hattie Harrington, Miss Danforth, Miss Hastings and others, as soloists. Miss Lizzie Thompson will read, in costume, The New Church Organ.

The managers state in this connection that donations of flowers, also of articles suitable for the children's collation, will be gratefully received by the Committee at the Hall on the morning of the 31st.

The People's Spiritual Meeting, at Eagle Hall, 616 Washington street, Boston, will celebrate the Twenty-Ninth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, by appropriate exercises throughout the entire day and evening of Sunday, April 1st. Mrs. Twing, Mrs. Dick, Prof. Milleson and others are expected to take part in the exercises. The morning meeting, it is announced, will be devoted to mediums as an experience meeting.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten's meetings at New Era Hall will be suspended for Sunday, April 1st, in order to concentrate all the interest possible on the celebration to be held at Paine Hall in commemoration of the "Rochester knockings." Mrs. Britten's readings and discussions on spiritual science will be resumed Sunday evening, April 8th, with a lecture and discussion on Magnetism and Psychology.

The Anniversary will be celebrated by the Spiritualists of New York on Sunday, April 1st, at 2 o'clock p. m., by addresses, music, &c., at Republican Hall, 65 West 33d street, and on Wednesday evening, April 4th, by a social reunion and dancing, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Both the Society and Lyceum of Cleveland, O., are intending to celebrate the coming anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism. Exercises of a suitable character will be held in the Hall, 326 Euclid Avenue, on the 31st of the month. Bishop A. Deals will address the "people," and other good speakers are expected. [All interested are invited to come and rejoice with the friends on the happy occasion.]

The Spiritualists of Springfield, Mass., will remember the event by a meeting to be held March 31st, at Sovereign's Hall, speeches by Cephas B. Lynn, Dr. E. B. Storer, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, and others in the afternoon, entertainment in the evening.

The Spiritualists of Battle Creek, Mich., will hold a Mediums' Convention on March 31st and April 1st.

Dr. Sexton has retired from the management of the Spiritual Magazine, London, and commencing with the April number, this publication will be brought out under the editorship of J. Enmore Jones. This gentleman has been prominent as an advocate (both, as writer and speaker) of the spiritual cause since 1855, and is evidently in earnest in this his determination to mingle in the serious struggle now going on in England, "with the powers who, refusing to recognize the 'Ministry of Angels,' brand as rogues and vagabonds those who do."

The sarcastic New York Herald, in a recent issue, thus "sits down" on the Gotham "night watch":

"A policeman has at last succeeded in being on the ground during the perpetration of a robbery. He could not have very well done otherwise, for he was himself the victim. The case is so thrilling in its details that the public, and perhaps the Police Commissioners, will be curious to know more about it."

Sunday lectures at Codman Hall, 176 Tremont street, Boston, April 1st: at 10:30 A. M., E. H. Heywood speaks on "Cooperative Insurance"; at 2:30 P. M., S. H. Morse, on "The Abolition of the State"; at 7:30, evening, Angela T. Heywood on "The Girl Question as related to Love and Labor." A discussion follows each lecture.

In the Senate of Massachusetts, March 26th, the resolve to amend the Constitution, so as to give the elective franchise to women, was agreed to by a vote of nineteen to fourteen.

The Banner of Light Public-Free-Circle Meetings are held every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon, at precisely 3 o'clock. The public cordially invited to attend.

Hon. Thos. R. Hazard's testimony to the genuineness of Mrs. Boothby's mediumship will appear in our next issue.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public 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. Danskin.

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 No. 9 Montgomery Place, (second story,) corner of Providence Street, every Friday, Tuesday, and Sunday. The meetings are held at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 2 o'clock precisely, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor egress until the conclusion of the séance, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

Questions from the audience, when they are propounded by individuals among the audience, those read by the controlling intelligence by the Chairman, are sent in by correspondence.

Donations of flowers solicited. LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

Invocation.

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

Questions and Answers.

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

Ans.—Why do not spirits control honest mediums, and tell us when materializations are a fraud? That is just the amount of the question. We have done the very best we could to sift materializations, to sift Spiritualism, to sift mediumship, and if any one thinks spirits have had no hand in the work of the past few months, they are mistaken.

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 will be unable to enjoy their society?

A.—It seems to me the truth conveyed here must be plain to any mind that looks over life and realizes that the life beyond may be something like the life here. We do not mean to say, if your friends have been in spirit-life for years, that they have progressed beyond you, and that they will be able to enjoy their society.

Q.—[By E. A. H.] Is deliberate suicide ever justifiable? or is it a crime, and that one that is in any way to mitigate the offence when the causes that prompted the act are considered?

ed to me when I dwell on earth. If it is not my horse, then it is one just like him, and answers every purpose. I believe animals are just as indigent 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.

Elizabeth Casey. My name was Elizabeth Casey. I used to live with a family of this belief. They were Spiritualists, sir, but they were the hardest people ever I lived with. Do you understand what I mean, sir? They did crush me; and when I was taken with the terrible pain in my side, I went down stairs—well, sir, although the people were Orthodox, they were more kind than the family I lived with. It was pleurisy I had. They carried me home in a coach, and I did not live long, and I went out because they 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.

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

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

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

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

William Totman. Mr. Chairman, this is something new to me, trying to talk through somebody else. I always was able to do my own talking, and sometimes I thought I talked for other parties. I have felt anxious from the moment I passed away to come here, because in coming here I shall send a 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 knew that it wasn't possible that God could be a partial God, that he would punish one-half of his children and then go to work and say he's their father; that he would damn one-half and send them to hell, while the other half had heaven to themselves! I did n't 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 long, 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.

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

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

Moses Hunt. Will you please say that Moses Hunt wishes to report here that he is all safe—switched on to the right track? 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 do n't wish to give my whole name, but I'd like to call it Maggie, and I'd like to send a message to one Joseph D. M., asking him if he will please to do what he promised so solemnly to do when I was passing out, when the death-dew was on my forehead, and he held my hand in his. Tell him he never will be happy, unless he does as he promised. I know I can carry an influence by which this will reach him; he is in New York City. I know it will reach him if you will please insert it. I have no means of paying you. I presume you won't take it if I could.

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

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

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

Edith Day. It's dark, all dark. I thought it would be light if I came here; they said it would. It's been dark ever since I went out from the earth, ever since I died. I was afraid to die. It seemed dreadful to me to die; I did n'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 did n't experience religion; they tried, and had to me; they told me I would be lost, surely lost. And when the old cough had racked me to pieces and used me up and killed me, I thought after I had got through breathing and opened my eyes and found I was alive still, and there lay the old body, I expected I should meet the devil the first thing. It is n't a good-named person to talk about, but you talk of it in your churches. They told me of it, and I supposed that would be the first being I should meet. Instead of that, I met my sister Mary—a dear, good sister. She was bright and beautiful, and said, "Edith, I'll take you to my father, and 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 n't really believe her. I can't help believing but that by-and-by I shall find that terrible place."

Patrick Welch. Sure, sir, an' it's a power ye have here, an' as several of me countrymen have been here, I felt as if I'd like to try it meself, and see how it would seem to talk here. I think, sir, that girl that was here must have been in purgatory. Well, sir, I went out from New York in a sort of a brawl. Faith, I got into a row down there at the Five Points, sir, an' I got me head battered wid another boy's fist, sir, an' it leveled me. I got out. I was much surprised meself, sir, for while the girl was hunting for the devil, sure I thought I'd find him, too. I thought I'd sure get into purgatory, but I ain't doin' nothin' of the kind, sir. I find meself up here than it was in your world, I do n't have anybody to bate me in your world. I do n't have anybody to get into brolis with, an' I'd n't drink run any more. It wasn't so in the beginning, because I could n't keep out of the rum-holes. If I see a feller going up to get a drink, I was behind him like all possessed, an' in that way I got mine, an' it was a comfort to me, but after a while it rolled off, an' now I do n'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

do n't have no hard work to do but trying to make somebody else better. It's a grand place to live in, an' I advise ye all to come some time. I'm glad I come. I feel better now. Folks scold about somebody that gets drunk many times, but they do n'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. DANSKIN.

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

Mrs. Danskin's Mediumistic Experiences. (Part First.)

BY WASH. A. DANSKIN.

In the midst of all the antagonisms which have so strangely arisen around the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, there is evidence coming to us almost daily that among the people, widely scattered over the land here and there, are many minds that drink in the essence of our beautiful philosophy and serenely contemplate the confusion and disturbance that seem so vile among those who call themselves Spiritualists. From such a crime as that which occurred in Chicago a few days ago, the sensitive mind shrinks aghast and refuses to be known as one of these people. Many who were drawn toward the subject of spirit intercourse will be repelled; some who were zealous in the cause will, like Peter in the ancient days, deny that they knew 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 influence of the angelic world, who have developed within themselves that true philosophy of life which has never been known to humanity until revealed by Modern Spiritualism, they will look upon all these anomalies as does the sculptor upon the clutter and confusion, the chips and the dust that precede the birth of the beautiful child of his genius—the exquisitely fashioned form of a Psyche or an Eudymion. He sees beneath all these rude external manifestations the symmetrical figure lying imbedded in the marble. So do advanced minds look upon the present condition of our movement. They see and 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. Danskin's mediumship: "MR. DANSKIN.—Dear Sir, The examination you sent me from Dr. Rush, given through Mrs. Danskin, was the most perfect specimen 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 as a country unknown, unseen and unfeared. Taught by the religiousists of the day that it was far, far away, and that he or she who was a sinner or the transgressor of even one letter of the law was compelled to enter into the pit made for erring children! But the man who teaches this either ignorantly or learnedly will have to pay the penalty—not in the pit with the damned, but in his own conscience. Every step taken in the realm above, the mind is never fashioned its children to damn them. How beautiful 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 is not his, but his safely, but give it out to others who 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 born again. Now, friends, kindred, and acquaintances, I am not deluded, but what I say to you is fact, and you will see as I am seeing it; you will rehearse it as I am now telling it; for the soul expands with its new-found joys, and it must give forth to others.

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

Every man feels his deficiencies after the cloak has fallen. Every man is helpless, and reaches out for a supporter. If there be none nigh at hand, he cries aloud. Sometimes a voice will answer, and at other times you are left alone to grope your way in darkness. It is sad for the sun to go down, and you have to feel that some loved one has gone away from you into that wide unknown country in which he stands a stranger, chilled oftentimes by the winds that sweep past him. He harkens, and the very cataract that sweeps past him mocks him, and tells him of his loneliness. I had been told that the Comforter would come and heal all wounds, but it has not come to me. Starting on your journey without knowledge of yourself, you become lost in wonderment, for the vastness of this home is past the understanding of man. Great Eternal One, show me one page unsullied with a blot; take my heart, and lay it upon thy altar, and see what thou canst do for me. I am seeking happiness, I am seeking peace and contentment, but I do not find them. I am lost in the vastness of my thought. Ultimately, I am told, I will find myself in a country whose surroundings will give me all I ask for; but I must seek it, and in my seeking I will find it. "It is cruel in death to come and steal our loved ones away, but being the law of the universe, each one of its pilgrims must comply, whinnying or pleasantly. 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 Owling's Mills, Baltimore Co., Maryland. The old must die, the young may die; but about the young there always clusters a sadness; with the old there is always a joy, for the spirit that has been encased in the decayed tenement has now been set free to roam and do at will whatever it seems best. I 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-fledged 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 handwork of our Creator. When first I died, and became conscious of the change, I stood like one in amazement for a little while. The dazzling grandeur that passed to and fro like a panorama caused the memory to go out in search for those whom it had left behind. I could scarce gather in the dividing of time, but like a little child, my senses became calm and quiet; then the angels spoke, and said, "Earth no more, heavenward now thy motto; make choice of thy garments, and prepare them; the elements are thine, work with them, and that which you gather therefrom is your own." I have done so. Beautiful, and grand, and sublime are thy ways, oh Creator! Thou didst fashion into life one who gained his earthly experiences, then laid them down under the law, and gathered in afterward that which belonged to the spirit.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED: GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. JENNIE S. RUDD.

TO BE PRINTED IN OUR NEXT: John Hill; Anna L. H. Emery; Lucy A. Hopkins; Joseph Penfield; Eliza Turner; Johnnie; Bathsheba Brown; James B. Richardson; William W. Martin; W. S. Scott; Constant DeMott; W. H. Scribner. [Owing to its extreme length, the remainder of our list of announcements of "messages to be published" is omitted. The communications will appear in regular order.]

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

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 close of his life. 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 and his wife, who was his first and only peaceful, happy married life over forty years. Five children blessed and soothed this latter union, two of whom have already passed to the spirit-life. From the summer of 1850 he was pastor of a Universalist congregation in the town of Skaneateles, Mr. and Mrs. Hatch were earnest, faithful and worthy ministers. From the summer of 1860, the doctrine of future progression, Mrs. Hatch was led to investigate and study the life beyond, and soon became a firm believer in the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. Being away from home, during lectures on progressions, my services could not be obtained. Rev. Mr. Preston (Presbyterian) of Skaneateles officiated. He was requested to read his discourse, but he refused to do so, saying, "I do not believe in the resurrection of the dead, and I do not believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in the truth of the immortal life. In this faith and knowledge he lived an honest, true, temperate and virtuous life till called on high. It was his special request that should officiate at his funeral, and distinctly state and affirm that he was a believer in the phenomena, philosophy and religion of Spiritualism. Being away from home, during lectures on progressions, my services could not be obtained. Rev. Mr. Preston (Presbyterian) of Skaneateles officiated. He was requested to read his discourse, but he refused to do so, saying, "I do not believe in the resurrection of the dead, and I do not believe in the immortality of the soul. I believe in the truth of the immortal life. 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Advertisements.

BALTIMORE ADVERTISEMENT. SARAH A. DANSKIN, Physician of the "New School," Pupil of Dr. Benjamin Rush.

DURING fifteen years past Mrs. DANSKIN has been the pupil of a medium for the spirit of Dr. Ben. Rush. Many cases pronounced hopeless have been permanently cured through her instrumentality.

The American Lung-Healer. Prepared and Magnetized by Mrs. Danekin. Is an unfailing remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis. May be Addressed till further notice: Care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Dr. Willis may be addressed as above. From this office he will attend to the diagnosis of diseases of hair and hand-writing. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled.

SOULE READING, Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character. MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their autographs or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition.

J. H. RHODES, M. D., Clairaudient and Clairvoyant, Medical and Electro-Magnetic Healer.

Reads the interior condition of his patients with perfect correctness, pointing out every disease, counting more readily than the patient could do.

Spirit Physicians Examine the Patient. Dr. R. will, on receiving full and exact name and address, married or unmarried, and \$3.00, request a spirit doctor to examine the person named and report on the diseased condition, also the mode of treatment necessary.

Medicated and Magnetized Paper. Magnetized for each special case, is one of the most potent remedies, and often the best mode of giving magnetic treatment.

Liver and Blood-Purifying Pills. Composed of the best known Anti-Bilious and Blood-Purifying properties in the vegetable kingdom, and made by hand while under the influence of the spirit giving them the spirit-vitalizing power which is the only one that can throw off disease and revive and build up an exhausted system.

J. H. RHODES, M. D., 918 Spring-Garden street, Philadelphia, Pa. Feb. 17.-3m

The Scientific Wonder! THE PLANCHETTE.

THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! THE WRITING PLANCHETTE! SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious performances of this wonderful little instrument, which writes intelligent answers to questions asked either aloud or mentally.

Planchette Attachment. A SIMPLY and ingenious apparatus for the development of writing mediumship. It can be used on any Planchette, and is designed to eliminate all theories of fraud and unscientific action on the part of the medium.

VICK'S Flower and Vegetable Seeds. ARE PLANTED BY A MILLION PEOPLE IN AMERICA. SEE VICK'S Catalogue-300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.

MADAME FOY'S Corset Skirt Supporter. Increases in Popularity Every Year. AND FOR HEALTH, COMFORT, AND STYLE, is acknowledged to be the best, cheapest, and most durable electric machine ever constructed.

The Home Battery. DR. WILLIAM BRITTEN'S celebrated Electro-Magnetic Home Battery. The best, cheapest, most effective and durable electric machine ever constructed.

SPIRITUALIST HOME, 86 DOVER ST., near Washington St., Boston, Rooms to let by the day, week or month. Mrs. W. B. STONE, Prop.

Mediums in Boston.

DR. H. B. STORER'S. New Office, 29 Indiana Place, Boston. MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER, Medical Clairvoyant.

NEW ORGANIC REMEDIES. Resolvent, Detergent and Nutritive. Clairvoyant examinations, by full name, age and lock of hair, written, \$2; when present, \$1. Medicines, with full directions for treatment, sent to all parts of the country as heretofore.

I. P. GREENLEAF, Medical Clairvoyant and Homeopathic Physician. Office at 84 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston.

Dr. Main's Health Institution, AT NO. 60 DOVER STREET, BOSTON. THOSE desiring a Medical Diagnosis of Disease, will please enclose \$1.00, a lock of hair, a return postage stamp, and the address, and state sex and age. All Medicines, with directions for treatment, extra. 13w-Jan. 20.

Mrs. C. A. Dearborn, Clairvoyant and Electric Physician, is now able to receive her patients and hold Circles Mondays and Thursdays, from 3 to 6 P. M. Prescriptions given and Medicines sent when desired.

Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D. CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Also France Medium. Specialties: Cancers, Rheumatism, Dropsy, all Inflammations of Liver, Kidney and Bladder, Fevers of all kinds, Measles, Small Pox, Dysentery, Piles, Constipation, and all diseases arising from a Disordered and Impaired Liver, Catarrh of the Bladder, Nervousness and Sleeplessness, Pains and Aches of all kinds, all diseases involving Mucous Surfaces.

Mrs. Maggie Folsom. WILL still continue giving Medical Examinations and Business Tests at 41 Dover Street, although not as formerly, in partnership with or under supervision of Dr. H. B. Storer. Dec. 16.

Susie Willis Fletcher, TRANCE MEDIUM, 7 Montgomery Place, Boston. Office hours 9 to 5.

MISS LOTTIE FOWLER, THE world-renowned Spiritual Medium, has returned from Europe. 40 Beach Street, Boston, Mass. Hours 10 to 7. 4w-March 21.

MRS. JENNIE POTTER, MEDIUM, 28 Tremont St., Boston. Hours 9 to 10. Sundays 2 to 9. March 3.-5w

MRS. JENNETT J. CLARK, CLAIRVOYANT, Medium and Electrician. Advice free. Hours from 4 to 8 P. M. 18 E. Springfield St., Boston. March 3.

MR. HENRY C. LULL, Business and Medical Clairvoyant, Rooms 93 Washington Street, (cor. Indiana Place.) Hours from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Generalist, all kinds of Diseases, terms one dollar. Circles Thursdays and Sunday evenings. Admission, 25 cents. 20w-Oct. 7.

A. S. HAYWARD, Vital Magnetic Physician, 5 Davis St., Boston. Graduates disease where medical fails. Magnetized Paper sent by mail. Price 50 cents. Dec. 30.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Healing Medium, 2 Hotel Norwood, cor. of Oak and Washington Sts., Boston. (entrance on Ask St.) Hours 10 to 5. Dec. 30.

MRS. M. A. CARNES, 229 Northampton St., Boston. Hours 11 A. M. to 5 P. M. Circles Thursdays and Sunday evenings. 2w-March 24.

MRS. BOSWORTH, Psychometrical reader for business, etc. 24 Harrison Avenue, one flight. March 17.-4w

HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR FOR THE CURE OF Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Difficult Breathing, and all Affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, leading to Consumption.

"Pike's Toothache Drops" Cure in 1 Minute. Sold by all Druggists. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop., N. Y. Dec. 30.-1y

Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd. FINE Photographs of this well-known worker - now MEDIUM AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FIRE CIRCLES - have been secured from the studio of Warren, 465 Washington Street, Boston.

GONE HOME! "To Guide us in our Earthly Way." Song, the words by LIZZIE DOTY, the music composed by R. COOPER, and dedicated to Luther Ooley, Esq. By the same author, "The Bright Celestial Home," &c. Price 25 cents.

PATENT OFFICE, 49 SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS. BROWN BROTHERS, SOLICITORS.

Dumont C. Dake, M. D., PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN and Magnetic Healer. Cures Chronic Diseases incident to both sexes when all other methods fail. Office is Hubbard Court, Chicago. Remedies sent to any address. March 3.

SPIRITUALIST HOME, 46 BEACH STREET, Boston, Mass. MRS. A. M. COWLES, Proprietress. 4w-March 17.

MIXED CARDS, with name, 10c. and stamp. 25 styles Acquaintance Cards, 10c. Samples for 3c. M. W. DOWD & CO., BOSTON, 30c. March 24.-13w

R. E. SPALDING, Jobber and Retailer in Silks, Ribbons, Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, &c., 251 Washington Street, Boston. Feb. 10.

AGENTS double their money selling "Dr. Chase's Improved" (2) Receipt Book." Dr. Chase's Printing House, Ann Arbor, Mich. July 25.-1y

DR. J. W. DENNIS, No. 100 W. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O. DENNIS'S ARGENTINA, A Clairvoyant's Certificate for the cleansing and preservation of the "ETHER." Send stamp for circular. Jan. 6.

W. L. JACK, M. D., Diagnoses Disease by a lock of hair. Price \$2.00, with name, 4w-March 10.

MIXED CARDS, with name, for 10c. and stamp. Outfit 10c. D. S. Stevens, Jr., Northford, Ct. March 24.-3w

DR. STONE'S "NEW GEL OF HEALTH," for sale at this office. Price \$1.25. Dec. 30.

Miscellaneous.

Jos. John's Works of Art. The Dawning Light. This beautiful and impressive picture represents the birth of the world, and the beginning of the human race. Size of sheet, 24 by 20 inches; engraved surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$1.00.

The Orphans' Rescue. This beautiful picture, and one of our most thrilling sentiments, depicts the rescue of the orphans from the hands of the wicked, and the guardians of the spirit-world. Size of sheet, 24 by 20 inches; Engraved Surface, 14 by 11 inches. Steel Plate Engraving, \$2.00.

Life's Morning and Evening. AN ART POEM, IN ALLEGORY. A river, symbolizing the life of man, winds through a landscape of hill and plain, bearing on its current a timorous bark, containing an aged Pilgrim. An Angel accompanies the boat; one hand rests on the helm, while with the other she points toward the open sea - an emblem of eternity - reminding "Life's Morning" to live good and pure lives.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"We, the jury, find that Stevens S. Jones came to his death on the 15th day of March, 1877, at the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE BUILDING, No. 127 1/2 Avenue, in the city of Chicago, by two pistol shot wounds, one through the head, and the other through the right shoulder, at the hands of Wm. C. Pike, premeditatedly, deliberately and maliciously, and find murder in the first degree; we also find evidence to satisfy us that Genevieve Pike, his reputed wife, should be held as an accessory before the fact, and recommend that both persons be held for the action of the Grand Jury, without bail."

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

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

FUNERAL OBSEQUIES.

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

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

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

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

REV. R. L. HERBERT'S ADDRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Two angels came at set of sun,
And trod the earth with tread of
The other drew a sigh,
The other waited the morn'g's smile,
And at the midnight hour they stood
Expectant, on the verge of heaven,
The other drew a sigh,
Seem melting into morn or even.
Twin angels seemed they; one of birth,
Bearing burdens of links, of flowers,
That he not would let loose,
And knew not life's surpassing powers.
The other, silent, white and cold,
And drew a sigh, and drew on earth,
No story was by those lips told,
No song of joy nor outward mirth,
But words of love, and words of truth,
Beside them to her silent land.
One angel was the one of life,
The other was the one of death;
One had not taken the earthly strife;
The other calms their fevered breath.
One praised in song, and heralded
By loud acclaim of mirth and glad;
The other drew a sigh,
As though no potent ministry
Were heard in that still voice, so still
The other drew a sigh,
Oh, snowy angel! white and pure,
Thou coverest all the earth below
With a sweet snow-almighty, and the flowers
Shiber beneath the dust and snow,
Waiting at last the boon of life
To give them joy with beauty life,
And draw a sigh,
Unto the arms all unafraid
We come, and when thy high command
Is given, all that we can do,
The glory of the dimness made
By earthly life—it matters not;
The other drew a sigh, and without a spot
Is drawn around all spirits here,
And thou, blessed angel, art most near.
Father of souls! by birth, by death,
Be comforted, and be comforted,
Oh, let us own thy blessed control,
Guide thou our spirits to thy home.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE DECEASED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

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

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

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

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

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

To day, according to his theory, and it is a true one, he is on the same plane spiritually that he occupied here, with greater opportunities of course now for rapid advancement. "Oh," said he, "if we had power to pourtray the true character of the most depraved and the horrors of his heaven—a hell to us of most exquisite tortors! 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 Auggan Stables of midnight darkness, which are filled to repletion with characters not less depraved than mythological 'devils damned' up to the abodes of angels of immaculate purity, that these 'mansions' extend through infinite space, and are as diverse one from another as are human souls."

He was eminently a good man, and the senti-

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

What he said of the new-born spirit has, before this event, been proved to him. "The new-born spirit," he thought, "is one of the most intelligent spirits we ever met, and the pleasure of conversing with, and one who surpasses Bastian and Taylor's circles, said to the deceased, 'You will have a surprise within a week!' And he was surprised by the cordial greeting and reception which awaited him in spirit-life!

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

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

"DEAR FRANCIS—This is kind of you to allow me a word, so soon after leaving my body, you and I having been so long and so intimately acquainted. I need not tell you how wretchedly the press has traduced and vilified my person, for you and I have reached our station. God, my friend, you know better than they do the object and aim of my life. While I was not immaculate, yet I know my own heart. As I thought I did, it was to build my fellow-man, and no man living knew that fact better than you did."

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

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

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

In response he said:

"As to that, Francis, it was very like what I communicated this forenoon. When awakened to consciousness I looked about me, and asked, 'Where am I?' At that moment my son George was standing by me, probably to catch the first word spoken by me. I recognized my son, and he advanced, and we embraced, and I said, 'A loving father and son could, I said to George, 'Where am I, and what does this mean?' He replied, 'Father, you are in spirit-life.' I said, 'I am in spirit-life?' I looked about me, and said to George, 'All that has been told me of the Sun-mer-land is true.' Your friend, S. S. JONES."

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

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

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

In response he said:

"Every word and idea verified to a dot."

Again we asked:

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

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

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

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

In response he said:

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

S. S. JONES."

VOICE FROM THE HOME OF THE DECEASED.

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

Mr. Jones will be remembered in St. Charles as a man always scrupulously honest in every business transaction. He was a pleasant, affable, genial gentleman—and a true friend. Everything which kindness could suggest was promulgated by his family. John Pierpont, John G. Giddings and Robert Owen, and have a passing salute, nothing was said. I was too weak to talk with any one."

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

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

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S. S. JONES."

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

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

Per order Com.

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

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