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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Outside the Gates. *The Spiritual Rostrum*.—1885. "The Close of the Perihelion: What Does it Portend?"

SECOND PAGE.—The Utility of Spiritual Phenomena. *Poetry*: Looking Back. Charles Partridge. *Free Thought*: How do we know what we know? Materialized Forms—How Shall we Meet Them?

THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: The Croaker. *Banner Correspondence*: Letters from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Kansas, and Oregon. In Memoriam Joseph G. Chandler. Leah Fox Underhill—The Missing Link, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—The Future Life. Medical Freedom in Danger. Materialization of Mrs. Bliss. The Rebirth Commission. The Berry Séances. Justice to the Indians, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Excerpts from Our Foreign Exchanges. All Sorts of Paragraphs. Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. News Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Invocation: Questions and Answers. Spirit Messages from the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Stielhamer from Joel Gilles, Mrs. M. B. Knights, Mrs. Amelia O. Combs, Joseph M. Russell, Clara Bond, and J. M. Sherman. Verification of a Spirit Message. Annie Lord Chamberlain in Trance. *Obituary Notices*.

SEVENTH PAGE.—"Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Spiritual Meetings in Boston. Berkeley Hall Meetings. The Boston Spiritual Temple. The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists. Society of the Perihelion. *Marrieds*. *Spiritualist Meetings in New York*: American Spiritual Alliance. *Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn*: Brooklyn (N. Y.) Lectures, etc.

OUTSIDE THE GATES:

THE STORY OF A SPIRIT'S WOE.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MISS M. T. STIELHAMER.

CHAPTER VII.

Once more I was free, but now there was no vacancy in the children's valley. Such were my thoughts; but I was mistaken, for scarcely had I left my father to work out his own salvation in useful employments, before I was met by the good spirit "Benefice," and guided by him to a lovely home in a charming country, and placed in charge of four little innocents. Here I found congenial and happy employment. I loved children, and to know that I could train and guard and instruct four little immortal souls was a constant delight to me. It is no easy or unimportant task to rear a child that its purest and best attributes of soul, its clearest faculties of mind, and its sweetest aspirations of heart may develop; but I strove constantly to do my work faithfully, and set about my duty with a fervent prayer in my heart for guidance and help.

In this beautiful valley are countless little cottage homes, embowered in green vines, and shaded by lofty trees. Flowers grow in abundance everywhere. Each dwelling is simply and tastefully furnished, and is inhabited by one or more teachers and guides, who have in charge from one to four little pupils. The benevolent people who dwell here are those who love children, and are happy in guiding their young minds in the paths of instruction. They are harmonious, loving, and in sympathy with humanity.

The little ones whose homes are here are waifs from the shores of earth—those who have untimely passed from the body; who through neglect, or want, or inherited disease, or any other cause, could not retain their hold on physical life. There are many such beautiful spots in the spirit-world where these little castaways from earth are taken and cared for. Under the influence of love, and the conditions of beauty brought into their lives, all the noblest instincts and impulses of being are stirred within their breasts.

Each child is attended to according to its special needs, and trained in that particular line of labor and instruction for which it is best adapted. No tutor receives more than four pupils at any time in the valley where I found my school; for it is claimed by those wise in experience that not more than that number can be properly attended to.

In the centre of our valley stands a massive structure which gleams white and beautiful in the sunlight. Often the children come from their pleasant homes, through the halls of this spacious temple; to listen to words of wisdom from the lips of some exalted visitor, or to pass examination in their studies at the hands of the master teacher who comes to review them. More than once have I listened to words of counsel and of truth dropped from the lips of both Father Pierpont and Benefice, and others of equally exalted intelligence and wisdom, in this temple of light.

My co-workers were gentle and lovable, and I soon became friendly and even intimate with them. Many of them had loved friends on earth to whom they paid occasional or even frequent visits, bearing with them influences of peace and of inspiration. I had no desire to revisit earth and its conditions; I thought I had forever done with all that belonged to it, but I was mistaken. I had still a mission to fulfill on earth, of which I little dreamed. I knew my mother and those bound to me by fraternal ties were doing well, and that they had no need of my services. I occasionally sent them a word of love and cheer by some messenger-spirit, and they knew I was doing my own work. My father was still attached to the young physician in whose career he was interested, and in passing on benevolent errands between his charge, and my mother he found the contentment and occupation he sought.

One beautiful girl became my most trusted and intimate companion. To her I confided the secrets of my past, and from her I learned the story of her life. She had been reared amid the influences of refinement and luxury; she had been the idol of her widowed father until, in her sixteenth year, he was suddenly taken from her. She had bitterly mourned, her life had been a long and dreary one, until, in the love of a true-hearted man, whom she soon

wedded. This girl was a great lover of children, and would often stop in the street to speak a kind word or to give pennies to the little waifs she met. After two years of wedded life she passed from earth, leaving her husband nearly frantic with grief. "That was three years ago," she said, "and still he calls me and still he draws me to him and envelopes me in his woe. I cannot stay away, for I love him, and when he mourns I must go to comfort him; but it keeps me from doing myself and my pupils justice here, and prevents me from accomplishing my duty. I long to see my blessed parents; they dwell in a higher sphere than this; but he holds me so I cannot go to them, although they sometimes come to me. My mother tells me I am now repaying the good Lord for my life of ease and pleasure on earth; and I am glad to do His work in caring for the little ones, if only I could do my full duty by them."

My friend expressed a great truth that I had long understood. By cherishing an absorbing grief for their departed friends, mortals all unwittingly tie those loved ones down to earthly conditions; debar them from the privileges and enjoyments of heavenly life, and prevent them from accomplishing the angelic duties which they desire and ought to perform. Sorrow for the departed is natural, and angels sympathize with the bleeding heart and tearful face that misses the presence of its beloved; but to cling to grief, to refuse to become reconciled to the transition of a friend is unwise, may even be selfish, and unkind to the risen spirit that pants to be free from the trammels of matter.

Some time after the disclosures made to me by my associate, Meroy, she came to me with a new light in her eyes and an expression of peace on her sweet face that was a revelation to me. "What is it, dear?" I inquired.

"Oh! I am so happy—something so good has happened. My Edgar is becoming interested in a young lady; and you know what that means."

I laughed aloud, and she continued: "Do you think it strange that I should be gratified at such a prospect? But no, you do not, because you are a spirit; but you laugh because my happiness would seem so strange to mortals. Well, she is truly a refined and beautiful girl, and she will love my darling with all her might. They will be happy together; he will have the loving companionship of a true woman, and the associations of refinement and of peace that every man needs to develop his best powers and to make him understand his own spiritual nature. He will not love me less nor forget me because of his new happiness; but he will emerge from his gloom and become a cheerful and progressive being. I shall not cease to love my darling because he finds peace and comfort in the companionship of another; but I shall rejoice in his good fortune and sympathize in his joy."

Time passed. Meroy grew more radiant and light-hearted constantly. I had never heard her voice raised in song before, but now it often rang out as clear and sweet as a lark's.

"I could not sing when Edgar was so unhappy," she said to me on one occasion, when she had told me of her husband's new marriage. "A weight like lead lay on my heart all the time. I used to sing once when in my father's home, but I thought I had forgotten how, until my darling's happiness took the weight off my spirit. His very joy gives me new life and power and buoyancy. It rings in melody through my heart, and makes me want to sing with the birds. I can go to him with greater power, too, for I don't have to penetrate the gloom now, and I can influence his life better than I ever could. Have n't I cause for rejoicing?"

It was wonderful to behold the change in my friend; she accomplished her tasks with a ready power that was invigorating in itself. She gathered all the song-loving, musical children together, and trained their vocal powers, and guided their musical instincts with the skill of an inspired genius.

Everything she touched seemed to glow with beauty, and the very atmosphere around her vibrated with gladness. "I have found my vocation now," she said; "I shall stay here and instruct the children in music, and some day, when I feel my mission here is finished, I will seek my parents in the higher sphere."

My interest in my pupils and my friendship for my associates were unabated. I was contented in my work; yet sometimes a great longing to see the beloved one who years ago had parted from me on earth, and also to behold the face of my little angel sister Daisy, possessed me. A desire to find their heavenly home—"beyond the gates" came into my heart, and only the thought that I had been placed here to do a work withheld me from making a desperate attempt to find the open way to their blissful abode. Sitting in the twilight of my own sad musings, I was bent upon the thought of the dear ones of long ago when suddenly through the stillness the tones of a well-remembered voice fell upon my ear, and a radiant splendor enveloped around me. I looked up, startled to behold standing before me, my dear, my beloved—my beloved who had died on earth so many years before.

Weak and faint, I gazed speechless, lest this blissful vision should fade; but he smiled upon me, and opening his arms to me, said, "Is my little Blossom ready for me?" I flung myself toward him with a glad cry, and was folded in a spirit's pure embrace. "Blossom," he said, "and oh! how the sound of that old familiar pet name that he alone ever gave me, thrilled my being. You have thought me far away from you, but I have never deserted you. I have been by your side in all the darkest hours of temptation and trial. I have watched over you. I have known of

your work and your career. I have guided you many times when you felt it power; but know not from whence it came. My Blossom, I have come to transplant you to my home in the spirit spheres. Will you come with me?"

I looked at him with my soul in my eyes. Oh! how grand and noble he was, and how familiar every line of his features. He was not youthful; he had been many years older than I; and I was glad to see that he retained his familiar appearance. But there was no trace of weariness, no mark of time upon his face; only a grand, massive, matured expression of wisdom and peace that marked the man of experience. My darling! I would not have had him other than he was—himself.

"Oh! I faltered, 'I am not good enough; I have been sinful; I have not grown as you have.'"

"Your errors have been nobly atoned for, little Blossom; you have repented, and have begun a new life. You would not err again."

"Oh! I do not know," I faltered; "if the temptation came I might succumb; I do not know my weakness; it might overpower me."

"We will see by-and-by, now you will come with me; there are many things for you to see. You have earned all that will be yours; bid your friends good-by, for we must hasten."

[To be continued.]

The Spiritual Rostrum.

"1885."

"The Close of the Perihelion: What Does it Portend?"

A Discourse Delivered through the Trance Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening, Jan. 4th, 1885.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

"Each unimpaired day," followed fast and fell the faster." This couplet of the poet, dismal though it sounds, is like the refrain of the last six years, and those here listening to the speaker's voice will well recall that in the beginning of what is known as the Perihelion, these disasters, including earthquakes, storms, wars, difficulties among politicians, the death of an emperor, struggles among statesmen, and in fact the disturbed condition in connection with every phase of human life, were foretold by us through this medium; and that not one portion of that prediction was exaggerated, or even equalled the fulfillment as it has actually transpired in material life.

It may be remembered that the six years just past have been years freighted with more disasters by land and sea, more and different kinds of accidents, more of moral infirmities manifested among all classes of people and among gradations in society that were not disposed or not known to be disposed to crime, than any similar period of time in human history. It may be recalled that the year 1881, which was an astronomical climax as well as a year of the Perihelion, produced singular combinations of disasters in all parts of the world; that 1883 produced more disasters upon the sea than had ever been known according to statistics in any single year since navigation began; and that the last year has not been free from all kinds of accidents, you who have closed the calendar of the year, now at the beginning of this year, can well attest. Not only has it seemed to be true that these occurrences would begin at the time indicated, but a little before it.

There seem to be waves and culminations of accidents of all kinds. It was then stated that in the most unexpected times and places these incidents and accidents would occur, seemingly to be explained by no outward human laws. All mechanical devices and inventions to prevent them, all human ingenuity seemed exhausted, and no one could possibly foresee by any of the usual methods and appliances of science any one of these most singular incidents.

It also will be recalled by you that in one year especially railway accidents seemed in the ascendant, another year accidents by sea, another year, that which has just passed, singular phases of human crime, domestic tragedies in families that were previously peaceful, among women who are usually afraid of all deadly weapons, in singular monomania and insanity of various kinds that produce most horrible results. Your papers have been so filled with these accounts that sensitive people have neglected to read the news items; many of these have, been prevented from taking up the daily periodicals lest some of these horrible accounts should be chronicled therein.

Of course there are the ordinary explanations of the events in human life, but even to-day we were asked the question, "How is it that, in the midst of plenty, with an abundant harvest throughout the world, there should be such lethargy and stagnation in business?" Karmam has at last been reached; the lowest strata of human existence has been touched by this all-pervading, potent power of the Perihelion. You may hope that it is at an end; when mankind is reached, it indicates the lowest physical depths. Every condition, from the very highest to the lowest point of human existence, has to be disturbed; the power of gold, the lust to yield its unequal force in the world. The universe of suns, moons and stars might almost have been blotted out before this final expression of the Perihelion would arrest attention in the human mind.

In calling your attention to these disasters, it is not that painful subjects shall be recurrent ever to your minds; but to show that in the midst of all the usual occurrences of human existence, this other and more subtle influence has also been at work; that there is an indication in human life of greater cycles than the mere change of days, weeks, months and years upon the earth; that as it is known this Perihelion has been the most important for hundreds of years, so it has been singularly coupled with the year which in astrology is known as the year of Saturn, in all that relates to past history, is connected in cabalistic numbers and symbolism with the year 1881, which was the culmination of a long period of time. It is a most notable and singular fact that during all these years of perihelion every human passion has seemed to be intensified; everything that has occurred has been in the most exaggerated manner. There has been no moderation, even in cases where usually there seems greatest tendency to crime, the criminal nature has been intensified, and in other instances, parties have been seized upon by a sort of frenzy, or

acting under some power, not by any family trait (or heredity), but only that the will seemed bent to the most expression of violence. Consequently, there have been greater social disturbances, greater disturbances in individual lives, greater crimes on land and sea.

Certainly when you remember the assassination of the Czar of Russia, and that it was indicated (even predicted), and remember that the present Czar cannot move one inch from his throne, nay, cannot slumber, cannot sit upon his throne without a guard of perhaps thousands of men; when you remember that there is no crowned head in any country of Europe whose possessor does not dread assassination before morning, that there is nowhere tranquility, not even in this boasted land of freedom and peacefulness, your own Republic, when you do not actually know what may occur on the morrow to send riot and confusion through your community; not occurring because of tyranny of kings, not occurring by the intentional oppression of individuals, but by those circumstances of oppressive commercial customs that seem unrelenting cruelty, that leave thousands of men out of employment in your prosperous cities; when you remember this, that before the morrow you may awaken to the sounds of confusion, that the slightest occasion might ignite the torch that would send the incendiary fires abroad, you must be aware that there has been and is something unusual at work.

As the last flickering flame before the lamp expires; as the last peal of thunder in the midst of the summer tempest is sometimes the loudest; as the accumulative force of many events may make the closing event the most severe; as you each in your individual lives must have felt a final blow severe, who day by day and week by week let wrongs grow and accumulate, until at last they expressed themselves in a final struggle and overthrow, so the effects of the Perihelion, begun seemingly in augmenting slightly the small streams of human infirmities, the perils of human existence that already were here, and gradually accumulating, each year adding one by one, will reach their culmination, their most violent expression, in this the closing year of the perihelion influences.

According to the laws of planetary relation you would feel more this influence at the closing of the Perihelion than you would in the very midst or at its height in the year 1881. According to all influences of astrology you would feel the planetary influence not at the time the vibration of light reaches you, for that would be many years, but nearly at the time the Perihelion of each planet is occurring; so the natural accumulation of influences, with added vibrations, would now be at their height upon the earth. If, as said before, the storm may be past its height, its fury well nigh exhausted, still the expiring moments are most fearful. So this year will be fraught with greater dangers and adversities of all kinds, particularly those affecting human life, and each variety of harmful events will be equally fraught with power in this final expression, as in the previous years of the Perihelion.

We do not say this to awaken alarm; we do not say this to cause any needless excitement; it is simply a fact; the year which you are entering upon will prove it to be true. Already you are warned of the approach of one scourge; the wave that is sweeping over Europe, especially in France, Italy and a portion of Spain, will, probably, according to natural laws of human expression and human contiguity, reach your shores, certainly those of England, next year. If this disease, so dreaded and, chiefly in man's imagination, so dangerous, have, the same expression in your cities as it has had in those cities where it spread with such fury, far from where it seemed to originate, it certainly must make the closing year of the Perihelion memorable in your history.

Not only is this true, that you are entering the year 1885 under the weakening influence of all the preceding years of disasters, but you do not know how or where it will strike; whether it will be the yawning mouth of the fiery earthquake, or whether in distant lands volcanic eruptions will destroy peaceful towns; whether floods or fires or revolution will bring trouble in high places, none can foretell on earth. Yet all of these, and more, most likely will occur, since every one of these elements has been disturbed; since all the pent-up forces of nature have been touched, and, like wild beasts let loose from their lairs, each one urges the other on; so with the elements in this the closing year, there will seem to be final struggle among them all to see which will come out victorious, and in which all will destroy themselves.

None of these things will take place at the same actual time upon the earth; by the time one occurs you may have forgotten momentarily the one that has recently transpired; but when the year comes to a close, and its accounts are reckoned up, you will see not only that these exciting and peculiar agencies have been more manifest, but have disturbed and affected the greatest number during this year of any or even all of its predecessors.

Still, as said before, it is not necessarily true that the planets themselves are the cause of this, or that any particular planet is baleful in its influence upon the earth; but it is that these planets in perihelion draw from the surface of the sun magnetic force and electrical power in greater proportion than has been their wont, therefore the sun's rays that reach the earth at this time, your planet not being in perihelion, are not as full of vitalizing energy and force as heretofore, consequently the negative side of existence has more opportunity for expression. That these powers are existent in the earth, and must have their expression, that thought and intellect must correspond in degree, else man's spiritual nature is torpid and in darkness, must also be quite true, for there is nothing in the physical universe that does not in a larger sense keep pace with man's spiritual expression in the universe and unfoldment here. Earth keeps pace thus while these planets have been receiving additional light and life from the sun, and giving expression in higher attributes and more glowing power. What to them may be the millennial period, to you must necessarily be the period of shadow and darkness; of walking blind, of groping, or having no certain light, not being guided by the same confluence of spiritual and material radiance that those other planets possess. As you will perceive, it must be winter time (speaking metaphorically on earth); while it is summer time in those planets that are in perihelion.

You are in the descending wave with reference to this Perihelion. The larger planets are in the ascending. They have conquered; have triumphed, have reached some culminating period of grandeur, of great and wondrous art, of expression, of larger unfoldment in the phases of their own planetary life, that would fill your minds with wonder and amazement. Time will come when the earth will share this glory; when out of the winter time of doubt and uncertainty, changefulness and gloom, freed from the surrounding elements of destructive nature around you, and all the disturbance by land and sea, by the leveling of kingdoms, the overthrow of thrones, the downfall of empires, the upthrusting of human elevations and human selfishness, there will also come for you a dawn of peace. But how could the millennial time come upon

earth? How could you receive from the sun's rays an added glory under the present condition of human unfoldment, before the earth in larger measure reaches that spiritual height, magnitude and splendor, since now sometimes the sunlight is too bright, for it shines upon humanity enacting tyranny and selfish deeds of power to-day—since now the sun might be ashamed almost to shine in upon the thoughts that men have toward one another, wherein pride, selfishness, corruption keep pace together in crowding the light that has been and is still yours in that other and diviner kingdom of the soul?

The earth is the chronometer of the progress of expression of the souls of men; the earth indicates your spiritual status in the unfoldment of the whole human family. You may read and know the spiritual state that is expressed here by the physical changes around you, and as your physical presence may alter the conditions of this room, so your moral and spiritual presence may alter another's conditions, and those may vibrate upon the atmosphere around until tempest, earthquake and tornado are the results. All disasters are not to be relegated to distant planets alone, but are the direct offspring of human passions, the pent-up fires of human envy, strivings and warfares that surge in the hearts and lives of men. We share not the belief that man's moral nature is fashioned by the elements around him, that you become like the atmosphere you breathe, but, on the other hand, we believe that the atmosphere is fashioned of men's thoughts and spiritual states; that your earthly air grows clear and pure as you grow enlightened; no matter what power there has been, either of sunshine or matter, it is the glimmering through matter of intelligence that makes it possible for man to breathe a pure air and drink in the sunshine as God has made it, and revel in the light and glory of the bending stars in heaven.

If, as science declares, not one atom can be blotted out of the universe that would not be instantly missed and chaos would be possible; if, as science declares, yonder pale moon, that seems but a vision of a planet, has such sway over the earth that the great tides sweep up at its command, in their ebb and flow, because of its pale face; if, as this science further declares, there is such sympathy between the worlds that your earth cannot deviate from its orbit, that each planet in the solar system is held in check by this sympathy, this light, this balance of attraction, that makes each planet adhere to its own position, and respect every other, turning reverently to the sun; if it is true, as declared in science, that this whole solar system is bound by a mutual compact of silent sympathy, that the law is not written, save in the occult forces of nature, that worlds are bound in higher chains not by any bonds that man can see, but more firm in grasp than adamant walls, and still in silence so subtle that only the law of mathematics, only the mind of man can discover the presence of this wondrous force—then there is no world or sun in space that does not in some subtle and wonderful degree affect every atom of your earth, every portion of your atmosphere, every pulsation of light and life that is here; and whatever pertains to those worlds, be it joy or sorrow, be it light or darkness, be it tempest or calm, must in some degree find echo here. And if from the great ebbing and flowing tides of space there are laws that are immutable as the ebbing and flowing of the waters of the ocean, you may well think that when it is the full tide of life and light, heat and power, prosperity and moral excellence, God-like grandeur and greatness, upon some other planet, there may be ebb-tide here; that you may be in the valley of despondency; that you may be in the slough of ignorance and darkness; that by-and-by in the great relation of these recurrent waves and cycles, you will gather the rich treasures that are in store for all these peoples, races, and kingdoms of man.

But these physical laws are admitted, these subtle principles accepted only in science; there they stop. Beyond the vibration of light, or that unknown something that holds planets and worlds in their places, science does not venture. Just here the law of spirit comes in, more subtle than the swift-winged light; more powerful than the magic of electricity; more solemn than that system of law, that voiceless realm of many laws, that holds the universe in divine equilibrium. Harmony is the law of mind, the law of intelligence, the law of the soul; and while it takes years for the light to come to you from the planet Uranus, this soul of light and life can come instantly. Here as there across the bars of space, in the midst of those great and wonderful systems of worlds, the messengers of light and of shadow, of joy and of sorrow, of truth and of error, are holding divine and solemn missions, and sweeping through all space, borne upon the pinions of the great emergencies of life.

Beyond the pale of death, into that realm you call the realm of shadow, the light of the spiritual intelligence gleams and glitters; the suns and worlds in space become as specks of dust compared to some of the purposes and intentions that are there. It is in that realm alone that you can find the solvent of all this seeming mystery, the wonderful centre of all these laws, the focalizing power of all these destinies. It is there that the Infinite, sending his messengers on pinions of light and intelligence, holds all the kingdoms of life and light and matter and destiny in divine keeping; and it is in that kingdom that every individual soul, every intelligence that listens here to-night, shares the responsibility of the Infinite. A portion of the moral force of the universe is in your keeping; a portion of all the disasters of life rest in your hands; a portion of the divine destiny ultimately of all these is yours to make; a portion of that millennial dawn which will come when your earth, too, shall bear near to the sun of truth, and upon its wings of light feel the pulses of the New Dawn; a portion of that destiny and responsibility will be yours; and as each one of you is related morally and spiritually to the other, holding perhaps toward each other the relationship of kindred, drawn near or repulsed according to your state, so there is not a soul in the universe, not one in all those myriad worlds populous with souls, that is not related to you also; and if one human soul can perish, all might perish; if one human heart can throb with anguish in vain to-night in the midst of Christian civilization, it is enough to produce an earthquake, unless all share somewhat of the sorrow.

Why not? If the pent-up fires within the earth must have vent for their fury, what is it that in a Christian land, among Christian people, shall make it possible for one man to starve while another is feasting in luxury and pride and pleasure? If smaller physical causes produce large results, may not this moral cause alone keep your earth in confusion? Take, for instance, your own household: Have you never known the head of the family to rise in the morning irritable, out of temper, and the first thing he or she does is wrongly done; and from that will ensue for the entire day a series of complications that finally enter the disposition of every man and woman and child who is in the household? Have you never known a series of disasters to result from the smallest possible commencement within yourself, one blunder following another, until the accident, it maybe of broken crock-

ery and glass, extends to the whole machinery of the household, and affects husband, wife and children, until the various calamities have made the day like a small perihelion in your own household? When you add to this the countless beginnings in countless households on similar days, and extend it to societies, states, countries, nations and kings, is it any wonder that there are wars? When the small neglect of the smallest law of physical or moral being may have brought about a peculiar turpitude that leads one to not attend to the body because the mind is disturbed, there may and often does ensue a sickness that takes one seemingly to the valley of death, a sickness that may finally extend itself to the city, village or community in which you live?

Surely, these are seemingly small beginnings; you would not at first imagine that from the violence of a single man nations may go to war; that from a single thought of jealousy some horrible crime may ensue, from the morbid condition of a single member of the household the entire happiness of the family may be endangered for days and weeks, perhaps for a lifetime. In an instant of time, one hand uplifted in anger may blot out a human life which all the years of repentance cannot restore, and there is no other way to find that life except at the bottom of the depths of despair, and at the height of the mountain of transfiguration, for repentance, spiritually, is the attribute with man alone that can restore that which anger has taken from you.

How feeble seems the hand of man, crushed in an instant beneath the wheel of a car, and yet it hath more power than a million worlds, when impelled by a human will. If that human will is in defiance, disasters ensue and outward death; if that human will is in accord, the benefactions and praises of thousands of grateful hearts must be because of the act of a single hand. It is the laws that sway and govern you here, thrown together from out eternity, to crowd one another in time, time must reveal what you are made of. After being ground in the mills of the gods that grind slowly and surely, from dross and turbid fountains to pure gold and clear waters, you shall come out triumphant; you shall rise in one of the recurring cycles of physical laws, you shall again ascend from the dust of the seemingly invulnerable wall of circumstances that surround you, you shall walk triumphantly in the consciousness of this Godlike nature that is within.

There are those upon the earth who are not in the line of being affected by the Perihelion; it is not fate or destiny merely, but they are above it; as there are those in this room who are above the fatality of being affected by circumstances, who would not be depressed by weather or material laws, who would not weep like those without hope if death or adversity came, who live in a moral atmosphere that is unapproachable by adversity, so there are those living upon the earth who live above the suggestion of the terror of wars or the destructive nature of elements; who can enter with impunity hospitals filled with dangerous diseases, because they do not know the old time enemy, Fear; who can ward off contagion by the force of an enlightened will that is in harmony with the spiritual forces of the universe.

There are those, no doubt, now on earth who are exemplars of human life; who extend the spiritual power to all kinds of violence, of passion, and who, representing the calmness and sunshine of existence, are nearer the spiritual splendor than at any period since the earth began; but these are few; the masses are still swayed alternately by hopes and fears, and still depressed by the slightest thunder-cloud that appears in the moral or physical horizon, who complain that it is too warm to-day, too cold to-morrow, that it rains too much, or that it is too dry; the earth never seems to satisfy them, never seems to yield of its abundance the joyousness they covet; with them the harvest is always on the verge of being ruined; everything is at war because they are at war within. These are amenable not only to the baleful influence of planetary positions, but the small specks of dust that rise from your earth. A much smaller thing than a planet will disturb them. The fly, the mote that flutters in the sunbeam, are each enough to eclipse the sun's rays with those who are in this condition. To them frightful indeed is the crash of worlds, the mighty war in the elements, that puts to test the creaking timbers of the great ship, your earth. They do not know whether they are to withstand the storm or no. The astronomer can frighten them out of self-possession at the appearance of a comet, by alluding to a possibility of its coming in collision with the sun, they not knowing or remembering that the sun is very much larger than any one or two comets, that thousands of comets might fall into the sun's disk and not produce a single vibration of air in your heaven.

Surely ignorance is the most terrible Perihelion that can come to man; they who are in darkness and dependency may well be fearful. In worlds that move on to their appointed task, that fulfill their work upon earth and in heaven, for such as have eyes to see and ears to hear there is matchless and sublime beauty. These weaklings may well be afraid if every dog that barks upon the streets, and trifling incidents such as we have referred to, have power to disturb them, when they are subjected to the great test of souls? Time will come when by soul-growth and gradual unfoldment man will walk in the light of higher knowledge, and in a calmer and diviner atmosphere; when neither wars, pestilence, famine, nor desperation because of man's selfishness, nor aggressiveness of one over another will make him afraid; when the light of love shall prevail; when you shall turn your hearts toward one another in kindness instead of envy and striving; when you shall seek one another at your best instead of at your worst; when you will look for the highest in man as you look for the sun in the heavens at noonday, always there if you exert yourself enough to see it. Meanwhile you may see the safety that is in the earthquake's yawning mouth; the larger safety when the volcano pours forth its fire and smoke; though on one side is disaster, the whole earth is made more secure. It is quite certain if the engineer sees the whole train in danger, and one man is upon the track, sooner than sacrifice a hundred lives the one must be sacrificed. It is quite certain that in the midst of this great conflict of physical life human existence on earth is not important, but human souls are, and that even if the breath of mortal life is taken by the elements around you the soul is sanctified, and held safe in the keeping of God.

Men do not cry out when they take one another's lives in battle, there are no lamentations that go up for the ten thousand men killed in a single fight, (save from the mothers who weep in vain), but if in the war of nature ten thousand lives are lost, people exclaim, "God is unjust, unmerciful," when he alone holds the immortal part in his keeping. No king can ever account to God for the souls of bodies slain upon battle-fields. See to your own lives; God will take care of his. Set to your own lives; the universe is safe in the keeping of infinite laws, that in themselves are as perfect and divine as a symphony sung by a choir of angels.

The power of Infinite Love is here and everywhere. You are in peril only from these conditions within, that make you amenable to the correctives that nature holds; you are in danger only as you stand in the light of your own moral nature; you are in danger only as you are forgetful, unconscious, unaware, and will not awaken to the height and grandeur and wonder of the moral responsibilities that are near to you. You may pity those who are crushed by the avalanche, but have you not pity for those who are crushed by the moral weight of other men's lives and infirmities? who have been ground down to crime by the greed of man, the car of Juggernaut that rolls over human lives regardless of their innocence and their trust?

In your own hands God has placed one small portion of this infinite problem. Down through the cycles of the ages the light of inspiration has been given to guide you on your way. The light is revealed to you; the wonders of the physical universe around you. In your keeping, sacredly and divinely, this portion of that knowledge is entrusted, and the meaning of the year that is before you is not to avoid danger; is not to run away from the clouds; is not to jump into the life-boat to save yourself at the expense of your neighbor, but to know and to meet it. If it be disease, make yourselves clean and ready; if infirmity, make your minds stronger to bear it; if it be adversity, hold yourselves in readiness to meet it—it cannot vanquish you. "If the whole commercial world is wrecked and men's souls are saved, it will be a cheap price to

pay for so great a victory. If out of the disasters that may possibly come to the whole mercantile world you can save your honor, and declare that you have wronged no man, it will be cheap enough. Let monopolies and all monetary institutions perish, so that human lives can stand face to face with one another and tell the truth.

Let us take the lessons of the stars for what they mean; they mean that nature is truer, better and wiser than you perchance would have her; they mean the lesson of all physical infirmity is to make man strong to meet that infirmity with patience and fortitude when it comes. The great final solution of all things is death. If you are not afraid of death you can only die once; if you are, you will die every day, and still linger in a miserable mortal existence; if you are not afraid of death you cannot die even once, because death has no power over those who fear it not. Therefore you are safe, on sea or land, in the midst of your own household or in the midst of the tempest. There is but one physical life that you can lose in this mortal part, in this present existence; that physical life is supplemented by a diviner, higher existence within you.

There are many men who would consent to death to know the secrets of eternity; there are those that would stand and watch an earthquake for the sake of beholding its majesty; there are natures that would be near the volcano's mouth that they might see the wonderful exhibition of the pyrotechnics of the earth; still others who dread no physical danger that out of this great maelstrom of physical elements would supply them with the true solution of life, informing them that in time and in eternity, in space and in immensity, not an atom, not a single blade of grass, not a blooming rose, not the universe of stars but attests the power of infinite and all-absorbing love, holding in its keeping each treasure of existence, and carefully folding between the palms of its tender hands every living soul. There are those who would be willing to see the wreck of planets, see suns blotted out and worlds melted into chaos to know that this is true.

Standing upon the verge of these mighty destinies, it is your province to read aright these "signs of the times," and to hear the voices, not of stars alone, but of those stars of life that have gone out from your physical existence, that are nearer and nearer to the presence of God because folded nearer to your hearts and lives, and they tell you that beyond all tempest and storm, beyond every calamity and every earthly disaster, beyond the angered flame of war, beyond the ships that go down wrecked in the sea, the great voice of eternity rises; unto each one the morning of spiritual life dawns from the darkened sea of time, fair, beautiful, perfect and divine.

So shall your world rise after the scorching and purifying flame, after the waters have swept over you, after all the destructive elements shall have expended their fury, and the new humanity, purified, chastened, uplifted, shall rise to that height, that supreme grandeur, in which the earth shall be made beautiful, its outward forms perfected, and the light of the Infinite pervade the hearts and lives of all. The glad humanity, risen from the prisons of darkness and imperfection, shall fill all space with wondrous rejoicing, and every atom shall glow with the life and light of the name that is divine. Into your keeping this precious charge is given, that, whispering through all the starlit spaces, the distant planets may hear your worshipping souls, and kindred souls in those far-off worlds rejoice that out of the new-born hopes and promises you have arisen triumphant over the darkness of space, time and earthly conditions.

THE UTILITY OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

BY MRS. K. R. STILES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The question is often asked, "Of what use are the phenomenal manifestations of Spiritualism?" We feel like saying that to those who can ask this question, they are of no use whatever; nor will they be until such persons understand that the phenomena of Spiritualism sustain the same relation to its philosophy that the alphabet does to the educational system. The outward manifestations are the expressions of a great law—the facts upon which we build our philosophy. They are the keys with which we may, if we will, unlock the doors which lead into the realms of science. To be sure, many persons hold these keys as empty baubles or toys with which to be amused; and instead of making the phenomena of Spiritualism the means to an end, seem to consider them the end itself. But because there are some who do not make these things a means of growth, it does not militate against their general utility. Happily there are those to whom they prove of great use. "But," says one, "many of the phenomena are so commonplace." Granted; yet are not the "weak things" often chosen to confound the mighty?

Said a gentleman of culture to us a few evenings since, while looking at the photographs written in our album by spirit-power, as his eye rested upon that of William Lloyd Garrison: "Now this appears to me like a very unnatural and a trifling thing for a spirit like Mr. Garrison to do. When he was here upon the earth his work was for the masses. Why should he, whom we would expect would be a progressive spirit come back here and write his name in this book? Why not do something for the many instead of the few?" Ah! my friend, does not all progress begin with the individual? The truly philanthropic spirit, whether in the material or the spiritual condition of life, is he who improves every opportunity for the dissemination of knowledge. Mr. Garrison, when in the material form, did indeed labor in behalf of the masses; but then, as now, he worked through means. Then he wrought for the liberation from physical bondage of the enslaved millions of the earth. To-day he is working for the liberation of the mentally and the spiritually enslaved. In common with thousands of other philanthropic spirits he is striving to break the bondage of mental servitude, compared with which physical bondage is as nothing. If, therefore, Garrison, or any other spirit, can trace his name or message upon the pages of a closed book, or in any other manner demonstrate the power of spirit over matter, thereby proving that

"Life is ever lord of death."

we contend that he is doing a grander work for humanity than when, in the years gone by, he appended his signature to the glorious inspirations which flowed from his pen on behalf of oppressed humanity; for by this act alone he answers the question which has sounded down through all the ages, and which theology has never been able to answer to the satisfaction of the reasoning mind, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

The manifestations of Spiritualism are not for the gratification of those only who are so blest as to receive them. Every demonstration from the spiritual side of life belongs to the world; and every phenomenon, however trifling it may appear to the careless observer, when taken in connection with the great spiritual law that lies back of it, is of mighty import.

To the larger portion of mankind that only is real which appeals to the outward senses. The physical phenomena cannot be accounted for upon the hypothesis of "mind reading, independent clairvoyance, or unconscious cerebration," therefore it is that our spirit friends are so anxious to produce these manifestations whenever they can find the proper conditions. Spirits, as well as mortals, are but students. They are but as so many chemists in nature's great laboratory, and as they come into the atmosphere surrounding the material world they must necessarily come under the limitations of material conditions.

As the human mind is brought into closer sympathy with the spiritualistic philosophy, better conditions will be afforded for the production of phenomena, through the presentation of which the world will be taught many valuable scientific truths.

While, then, the phenomena of Spiritualism are but the husks which cover the golden ears of truth, let us bear in mind that there is a deep and underlying purpose in their presentation to the world:

Thus, if we but rightly heed,
We the use of all may read;
Glorious truths we may be taught,
From the humblest act or thought.

Worcester, Feb. 24, 1885.

For the Banner of Light.

LOOKING BACK.

Looking back through the vista of years that are past,
What story is written whose beauty shall last
When the incoming tide of the future has swept
Away all earth's sorrows, the tears you have wept?

Looking back, can you see any action of thine
That is fit mid the jewels of heaven to shine?
Is there aught in the days that have passed, sun by sun,
Of which angels in rapture might say, "'T is well done'?"

Looking back through the hopes and the joy and the pain
Of the years that you may not live over again,
Is there not one green spot to which memory flies,
Where you planted a seed which in beauty shall rise?

Looking back! looking back! ah! I we pity that soul
Who shall see no fair thing when the angels unroll
To the newly-born spirit the veil from the past!
For of all that's done here naught is hid at the last.

Then while there is time, oh! brighten thy path,
Do all that thou canst with the power each one hath.
Good deeds, words of love sow along thy life's track—
They will blossom in beauty, you'll see, looking back!

*Given through the mediumship of H. S. R.

CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice that you have published the very brief allusion to the decease of Charles Partridge made in my letter of last week, but desire to make a fuller expression of my sentiments in regard to the life and character of our ascended brother, especially as, on account of illness, I was prevented from being present at the services held in his memory in this city on Sunday last; for though my acquaintance with him was comparatively brief, it was sufficiently intimate to give me a deep insight into his character, and to enable me to bear witness to his great earnestness as a philanthropist, his zeal in the propagation of the truths of Spiritualism, and his sterling integrity as a man.

The prominent traits in the intellectual character of Mr. Partridge, as they appeared to me, were mental freedom, clearness of perception, and practical good sense and judgment. He was preeminently a practical man—not a theorist or speculative philosopher, but one who, while he studied to understand and recognize his relations to the next state of being, never for a moment lost sight of or neglected his duties as a denizen of the mortal sphere, and especially his obligations to contribute to the well-being of his fellow-sojourners in this material life. He was ever endeavoring to demonstrate his love to God by his practical love toward man. There is a text in the Christian Scripture which he took an especial delight in quoting—from John's epistle—"If a man say I love God, and hate his brother, he is a liar." This practical sense of human brotherhood was the basis of his moral character; and I believe that, in carrying out the "Golden Rule," he was essentially and preeminently a Christian, as he was in his convictions and practice as a denizen of the mortal sphere.

The nobility of his character was seen in the manner in which he ever manifested the courage of his convictions. He was so sure of the rectitude of his intentions, so confident that his convictions as a Spiritualist were based on demonstrable facts, that it seemed to him like cowardice and meanness to fall in avowing them on every fitting occasion. His strong practical sense showed him the true bearing of spiritualistic truths upon the moral, social and religious welfare of mankind. He knew what Spiritualism had done for him—in giving him an enduring, immovable faith in the future life and the truth in race, in reconciling the conditions of man's life here with divine and perfect law, rationalizing the seeming inconsistencies in the "ways of God to man," making religion a matter not of mere blind faith and mysticism, but of knowledge and reason, and in demonstrating that the way to happiness in the world beyond is to strive to do all the good possible in this—feeling all this in the innermost depths of his being, his unswerving and intense desire was that all his fellow-creatures should possess the same glorious talisman of faith, the same master-key to unlock the sacred mysteries of God's spiritual realm, the same divine illumination to guide the footsteps of humanity to the haven of rest, peace and joy, in the Heavenly Father's kingdom.

Mr. Partridge's useful life has been duly noticed in many of the secular newspapers, as characterized by that practical goodness which is the divine element in the most essential element of the religion which he taught and exemplified; but the fact of his devotion to the cause of Spiritualism has been, as far as I have seen, carefully concealed, either because his life was an honor to Spiritualism, or because in the prejudiced views of these writers his faith in Spiritualism was a dishonor to his life. How gladly would these obituary chroniclers have placed our brother in the roll of exemplary Christians, honored adherents of the evangelical Orthodox Church, and, in their antipathy to the cause of Spiritualism, made the most essential element of his religion, which he taught and exemplified; but the fact of his devotion to the cause of Spiritualism has been, as far as I have seen, carefully concealed, either because his life was an honor to Spiritualism, or because in the prejudiced views of these writers his faith in Spiritualism was a dishonor to his life. 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Physicians recommend as a cure for Her Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness, GRAVES' HERB REGULATOR, and not disappointed. Many years it has stood test. \$1.00 per bottle. Free pamphlet of details.

Excerpts from Our Foreign Exchanges.

The *Revista Espiritista* of December contains an article on capital punishment by Don Ramon Camposamor, in which he remarks: "History proves that few crimes are committed in those countries where there is no capital punishment." In regard to this it is a fact that in several of the Swiss cantons where the highest punishment was "imprisonment for life" for several years no murder was committed. An enthusiastic member of the legislature—lest the crime might be committed—reintroduced capital punishment, and the next year, after the passage of the bill, there were several murders.

Constancia contains a lecture on "Spiritual Philosophy," by D. Osme Marfio, delivered before the Constancia Society; a continuation of "Impressions," by Señora Amalia Domingo y Soler, the result of the attacks on Spiritualism from the pulpit, and a communication from Spirit Allan Kardec, in which he says that he still remains steadfast in his belief in reëmbodiment.

El Faro Espiritista informs us that on May 30th, the anniversary of the death of Voltaire, an anti-clerical congress will be inaugurated in Rome, its sessions continuing till June 2d, the anniversary of the death of Garibaldi. According to the census there are fifty-nine thousand and seventy-nine priests, friars and monks in Spain, and they receive annually from the State over eight and a half millions of dollars.

The *Revista de Estudios Psicológicos*, founded in 1869, enters its seventeenth year with its January issue. From it we learn of a new schism in Rome. The leaders of the New Church, which calls itself "Italian Catholic," are among the most prominent in Italy, and the chosen head is Monsignor Savarese, a high ecclesiastic; many priests and friars have joined, and Count Enrique de Campello and numerous of the nobility have affiliated with the movement. A manifesto has been issued, and lively times are expected, though the clericals are doing their utmost to hush the matter up.

Annali Dello Spirittismo has been published for fourteen years in Turin, Italy. Its January issue contains an extract from the *BANNER OF LIGHT* concerning Lulu Hurst in Boston and New York, and an article on Premier Gladstone and the spiritual phenomena.

Mr. W. Eglinton is about to leave for a prolonged tour on the Continent, going as far as Vienna. He has received invitations from all but the highest in one country where he will be a guest for some time. Never before have these phenomena changed more serious and open attention from the leaders of thought and public opinion. A thin veil has only to be removed, to reveal the startling progress which Spiritualism has made and is making.—*London Day-break*, 30th ult.

Miss Lottie Fowler reached London last month, and was warmly welcomed by a host of friends.

A Good Medium.

A correspondent informs us that Mrs. Mary L. Day (widow of the late Jerome Day, of Hallowell, Me.), gave him an account of her experience with Mrs. Nelson Collins, of New Bedford, Mass., which is highly interesting and worthy of being recorded. Mrs. Collins is a private medium, says our correspondent, her phase of mediumship being similar to that of Mrs. Maud E. Lord. Independent voices are heard, giving names and events. Mr. Jerome Day, her spirit husband, announced himself present, also Wm. Marshall and John Beaman, of Hallowell; also Merritt Elwell, the spirit guide of the séance. The spirits would sing independently of the medium's organ, accompanying members of the séance. Mrs. Collins sat conversing with Mrs. Day while the manifestations took place. She has been giving spirit séances for the past ten years to friends and skeptics, as a free-will offering.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT of this number embraces an invocation instinct with the sentiment of thankfulness, and replete with the lesson of charity toward the poor and suffering; an advanced message from "SNOWBALL," in which he endeavors in the quaint dialect of his race to "straighten" mistaken impressions derived from his former communication; the QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS department, wherein are treated queries regarding the power of spirits to see material objects; "the Doppelgänger"; and what is the source of thought; JOEL GILES, of Townsend, Mass., who assures his friends that he will do all in his power to brighten their pathway and unfold before them that knowledge which shall best prepare them for entrance understanding into the next stage of being; Mrs. M. B. KNIGHTS of Great Falls, N. H., who would have all she has known to realize that beyond the shadow and the vale of death there is peace and rest—not a rest obtained by idleness, but gained from an active interest in progressive life; Mrs. AMELIA O. COFFIN of Louisville, Ky., who, filled with triumphant joy on her accession to the spiritual state, exclaims: "Had I the power, I would tell the story of immortal life and experience to every one whom I once knew, that they might rejoice with me in the eternity of life opening before a spirit passing on constantly to higher grades of unfoldment; that they might realize that there is, in reality, no parting, no separation, no death—that love is continuous, and that life and power remain the same after the dissolution of the body they were before"; JOSEPH M. RUSSELL, of New Haven, Ct., who sends greetings of affection from himself and wife in spirit-life to all on earth who remember them; CLARA BOND, who sends words of encouragement to her sister, Mrs. Louisa Sturges, of Boston; and JAMES M. SHERMAN of Newton Upper Falls, who expresses a wish to reach his friends—having something important to reveal to his immediate relatives which he does not wish to speak of in public.

Dr. C. M. Babcock writes from Davenport, Ia.: "We have just formed a Society here, which our preamble states to be 'for the spiritual, moral, mental and physical culture and improvement of its members, and for the promulgation of the same.' It is called the 'Society for Spiritual Improvement.' Mr. S. H. Dwight, President; Mrs. Goodspeed, Vice President; Mrs. S. A. Gilman, Treasurer; Dr. C. M. Babcock, Secretary. The above named and Mrs. M. Dow are the Board of Directors."

We learn that spirit-friends propose to honor Prof. O. P. Longley, composer of inspirational songs, with a benefit, through the mediumship of Mrs. E. C. Hatch, on Monday evening, Feb. 23d, at 381 Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

Mrs. Dr. Ulick, formerly Compton and Markes, has so far recovered her health as to hold séances for full-time materializations. Her address is Waterbury, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

Encouraging.

In publishing some time since a full description of the First Spiritual Temple in this city (with a fine engraving of the exterior), we called upon liberal-minded Spiritualists, who were able to contribute, to donate funds to aid Mr. Ayer in properly furnishing the interior, and we are much gratified to learn, as we do by the report thus far of the Secretary, Mr. Wm. H. Banks, that the call has been responded to from various quarters, one gentleman having sent in his cheque for \$5,000, while several have contributed \$1,000 each—and so on in smaller sums. But more is wanted. Never be remiss in well-doing, friends, as you know thereby you are "laying up treasures in heaven." It is conjectured that the building will be ready for occupancy in about two months. The believers in Modern Spiritualism are rapidly increasing in number in this city, and therefore the new Temple has not been erected a moment too soon.

Mrs. Hardinge-Britten

Will speak at Berkeley Hall, Boston, March 1st and 8th, hold receptions during the week, etc., and can lecture at one or two adjacent places between the Sundays. She speaks at Republican Hall, 33d street, New York, for the First Society of Spiritualists, the third and fourth Sundays of March, and expects to return to England in April. Address 345 West 34th street, New York.

We are in receipt of a marked paper—the *Hawley (Pa.) Times*—in which we find an article referring to a course of lectures Dr. J. M. Peebles has been giving in that place on "Physiology and the Science of Health." The editor remarks: "The Doctor—a gentleman of seemingly sixty or sixty-five years of age, tall, straight as an arrow, quick-stepping, hale and vigorous, and the picture of health—is evidently master of the subjects he handles, having anatomy, physiology, hygiene, the laws of health and the nature of disease on his tongue's end." Bro. Peebles says "sickness should be made unfashionable and doctors should be paid for teaching the people how to keep well." This is wholesome advice, but it wouldn't pay in the long run, as the "regular" M. D.s are fully aware. So, in order to keep folks sick and under full pay, they combine to have laws enacted for their own exclusive benefit. They are trying on this game in nearly every State in the Union; but the people are not such big fools as the diploma doctors take them to be, hence such class legislation will not be allowed.

Mr. W. J. Colville's remarks on Saturday afternoon last in the Horticultural Hall, this city, in reply to Rev. Mr. Cook—who recently stirred Spiritualism in Tremont Temple while discussing bible demonology—were listened to with marked attention by a highly respectable audience of our citizens. Mr. Colville fairly outdid himself in eloquence and cogent reasoning, thoroughly demolishing the false assumptions erected by Mr. Cook, as was admitted by many who heard both speakers. Mr. Colville will lecture again in Horticultural Hall, on Saturday, Feb. 21st, at 3 p. m.; subject, "Does Death End Probation?" Admission free.

"I have the word of several of the 'mediums' that they themselves did the tricks, and that among many 'mediums' there was a regular exchange of information as to the 'how it is done,' and when the trick of the 'mediums' became stale they often went to other 'mediums,' asking to be 'further developed.'" We find these singularly malicious words on page forty of the *The Truthseeker's Magazine* for January, the author, as stated, being Elmina Drake Slenker, Snowville, Va. We unhesitatingly declare these barefaced and general assertions untrue, Mr. Green.

Funeral services over the body of John S. Verity were held in Paine Hall on Friday, Feb. 13th. Horace Seaver, editor of the *Investigator*, conducted the exercises, assisted by Mr. J. P. Mendum, the publisher, and the Temple Quartet. At the close of the services the remains were taken to Cedar Grove Cemetery, Galen Coffin, Isaac Monroe, W. M. Chandler, Ernest Mendum, L. S. Mester and J. A. O'Malley being the pall bearers. Mr. Verity was born in England, and came to this country about thirty years ago.

TO THE PHILANTHROPIST.—Mr. Burnham Wardwell, widely known as the prisoners' friend, is ill at 219 Tremont street, this city, and in destitute circumstances. We have aided him from the "God's Poor Fund," but he will probably need more than we can afford to bestow just now, as other applicants are just as bad off, therefore we hope those who feel to aid our sick and destitute brother will remit to him at the above number, or send funds to our care for him.

Another weekly publication devoted to Spiritualism has made its appearance. This time in Philadelphia. The editor is J. Clegg Wright; E. M. Lester proprietor. The editor in his salutatory says: "With this issue *The Spiritualist* is born, and we hope to a noble and holy life." The price is one dollar a year.

DECEASE OF MRS. MARIA M. KING.—This worker, whose published volumes have for years past rendered her name familiar to American Spiritualists, passed to the higher life on Feb. 9th, at her home in Hammon, N. J., after an earthly experience of sixty-two years.

James H. Cooke, No. 6 Worcester Square, Boston, will give free consultations every Saturday afternoon at his parlors, for a short time, to those desiring to ascertain if they may be developed as mediums.

Mrs. Mary A. Charter, of 100 Meridian street, East Boston, is spoken of highly as a trance, business and test medium, etc., and well deserves a full share of the public patronage.

The official report of the recent Vermont State Convention has been received from the Secretary, W. B. Parish, and will appear in our columns at as early a date as possible.

"A Séance with Mrs. Thayer," by Prof. Henry Kiddle, will appear in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* next week.

See notice of Annie Lord Chamberlain's late séances in Trenton, N. J. She may now be found at 45 Indiana Place, Boston.

"MORALITY IN MEDIUMSHIP"—a reply to the critics thereof—will appear in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* for next week.

Read the call (eighth page) for a FACTS CONVENTION in Boston.

The Troy Times professionally remarks that "We seem to be getting the back numbers of our remarkable winter." Yes, and bound in ice.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

AUNT SALLY.
In the Merrimac Valley
Lived Aunt Sally;
The hovel was shabby and old;
But happy was she,
Independent and free—
Much more so than those who had gold.
She lived many years,
Without sighs or tears,
As the angels could with her commune,
And this sweet communion,
Foreshowing reunion,
Made her life as lovely as June.
Her body's at rest,
Her soul's with the blest,
Yet she often returns to the earth,
Bringing sweet words of love
From her home up above—
The home of the spirit's new birth.—Dionys.

The Boston Pilot thinks that Great Britain should give Ireland local self-government. So does every honest man the world over. The sooner this simple act of justice is accomplished the better it will be for all concerned.

The Turks are talking of sending their rusty ironclads into the Red Sea to see what the Italians mean by their unprovoked alliance with John Bull. There is a faint prospect that this Soudan squabble will yet set the whole European Continent by the ears.

A "White Cross Society" has been organized in the Episcopal Church of New York, says the *Truthseeker*, the object of which is to encourage the observance of the seventh commandment. It is hoped that the dignitaries of the Church will now give us practice as well as precept.

The Belleville Bank, Ohio, has been swindled. It is reported, out of seventy-five thousand dollars. Of course the culprit has "absconded" to Canada. If things go on in this way much longer Canada will be the richest country on the globe.

Henry Ward Beecher don't believe in the final resurrection of the physical body after death. He avers that the body is to be dropped. The physical body, when it goes into the grave, is never going to have a resurrection. There was a time when, in the simplicity of ignorance of cause and effect, the old Church taught the reverse.

France is making great progress in Tonquin; little doubt exists in England that Gen. Gordon fell at the taking of Khartoum; Wolsey is concentrating all his available forces against Metemeh; stirring news may be expected at any moment from both the French and English projects of conquest.

The Philadelphia Times says Gen. Wolsey ought to be recalled and Mrs. Dudley sent to the Soudan in his place to fetch in the Mahdi's scalp.

Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, Mrs. Durell and Mrs. Burbank, of Concord, N. H., and a party of friends, attended the Banner Circle on Friday last, and were delighted with the wonderful tests given on the children's day.

Eighteen insane persons were burned to death in that department of Blockley Almshouse, on the West side of Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, Pa., on the night of Feb. 12th, in a conflagration which needed nothing to make it the most horrible disaster of the kind ever known in the history of that city.

The Massachusetts Senate Judiciary Committee reported, Feb. 13th, in favor of the bill to remove the restrictions on the credibility of atheists as witnesses.

The one hundred and twentieth matinee of Prof. Geo. W. Bligh's Institute of Eloquence occurred on the afternoon of Thursday, Feb. 12th, at the Melodeon, Boston. The hall was crowded, and the readings given by the Professor and Mrs. C. T. Bodfield, Miss Annie E. Galm and Master John S. Keating were enthusiastically received. Mrs. Bodfield is a lady possessing a high order of merit in her art, and has brilliant prospects before her. The Cleveland (O.) friends (to whom she is already well known) will not fail of an eloquent treat when she returns to that city.

Rev. Justin D. Fulton, willom of Tremont Temple, Boston—which platform all sorts of cranks hitch on to periodically—is never happy unless he is attacking something or somebody. He said in his pulpit, just after the great Boston fire, that he "thanked God for one thing, and that was that the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment was burned out." Now he is pitching into the Catholics. Who next?

Fredericksburg Lodge No. 4, in which Gen. George Washington was entered March 17th, 1733, passed Aug. 4th, 1793, and raised to sublime degree of Master Mason, Sept. 1st, 1793, has determined to attend the dedication of the National Monument at Washington, Feb. 21st, 1885, in a body. This Lodge attended the laying of the cornerstone in 1848, and was recorded the place of honor in the line.

According to the London *Lancet*, casual social and public-house drinking, tipping and other careless, social uses of alcohol produce nine-tenths of the disease that now desolates civilized humanity.

God's Poor Fund.

Since our last report we have received the following sums in aid of the destitute poor whom interested spirit-friends bring to our notice for relief:

From P. L. O. A. Keeler, \$5.00; Thomas Smith, \$1.00; P. S. Booth, 90 cents; B. Borot, 75 cents; Friend, 50 cents; Mrs. Abigail Johnson, 75 cents; Subscriber, 52.00.

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson will pass her summer vacation in the East, leaving California May 6th, and will return to resume labor for her society in San Francisco, where she is permanently engaged, early in August. Mrs. Watson has lectured in California and Australia for nearly five years continuously, and regrets to say, in answer to many inquiring friends, that owing to poor health she will only be able to make a limited number of engagements for her eastern trip. Parties desiring to secure her services while en route, or during her sojourn in the East, can write to her business manager, Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, who will arrange for dates and terms. Her address is P. O. Box 240, Santa Clara, Cal.

Mrs. N. Reynolds writes from Troy, N. Y.: "Mr. Edgar W. Emerson has just concluded a two weeks' engagement with the Society of Spiritualists here, giving universal satisfaction. His tests were remarkably clear, and nearly all recognized. He also gave the Ladies' Aid Society one evening, which lifted a debt for them, and now they are free again to begin, I trust, a more successful and remunerative year."

W. J. Black, Secretary, informs us that the Sunday meetings of the Spiritualists in Uxbridge, O., are constantly increasing in interest and attendance. The speaker this month is Mr. G. H. Brooks, of Madison, Wis., who, says the writer, is an excellent lecturer, an earnest worker, and deserving the patronage of societies.

The late Spiritualist Camp-Meeting at New Era, Oregon, was well attended—the bad weather being considered—and was addressed by Col. Reed, of Salem, (who described many interesting phenomenal experiences of his own with Miss Ange of that place), Mrs. A. S. Dunnaway, Mrs. Johns, Thomas Buckman, Mr. Peters and Mr. Hinde.

Mrs. Annie Mahan, SWAN CITY, COL., writes us in high commendation of the course of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and in earnest appreciation of the valuable character of the books offered for sale by Colby & Rich, some of which volumes she has already ordered, and she purposes to peruse in coming time.

Mrs. E. M. Bruce delivered a lecture before the Ladies' Physiological Institute in Boston last week on Vaccination, clearly demonstrating by arguments and statistics that it is not only useless, but that smallpox rages very much more where vaccination is compulsory.

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Meetings in Providence, R. I.

I wish I could send you verbatim reports of Dr. Willis's lectures, Sunday, the 15th, as they were grand expositions of truth on points which theology and philosophy fail to comprehend, and cannot present in a satisfactory form. But I cannot write them out, and can only note the topics. The morning discourse was, "The Necessity of Asserting the Axiomatic Truths of Spiritualism," which were set forth as "God is Father, and all men are his children, and second, the Brotherhood of the race." These axioms were analyzed, and applied to the existing order of things, which is a demonstration that we in all the ramifications of society lose sight of these great principles. The lecture was followed by an exquisite poem, "The Mission of the Angels."

The evening discourse was a consideration of "The Philosophy of Evil," and swept over a wide surface, being a review of the subject from the earliest times, succinctly setting forth the idea as embodied in the religions of the world. It closed with a practical application of Spiritualism as a means to elucidate the problem which so long has been a baffling one and a bond of bondage. A beautiful and expressive poem followed: "The Triumph of the Infinite Love over Evil."

WM. FOSTER, JR., Cor. Sec.

Medical Law in Massachusetts.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The remonstrances from all parts of the State are coming in from the people, asking that their Constitutional right to employ any practitioner or mode of treatment, when sick, that they have confidence in, may not be trampled upon. The restrictive medical law which is now sweeping over our boasted free America extends to the medical colleges as well as practitioners, and the issue must be met by the people, and not by the various practitioners direct, except as citizens. All friends of medical freedom in this State should make it a point at the present time to see or write to their respective Senators and Representatives, asking them not to vote for any bill that will deprive them of their rights under the Constitution. If the matter of a doctors' plot law should come to a vote in the Legislature, let them ask that every vote be given by yeas and nays, that the law-makers of this session may be put on record for reference in future, should they appeal again for reelection by their present constituents.

A REMONSTRANT.

Remember

That the OLD FOLKS' CONCERT at Wells Memorial Hall, 987 Washington street, Boston, takes place on Thursday evening, Feb. 13th. Tickets for sale at this office.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

(Matter for this Department should reach our office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

The Council Fire for February records that "Prof. A. E. Rippen of Boston, the distinguished psychologist is giving course of lectures and experiments before large audiences in Washington. We have listened to him with great interest."

Mr. J. W. Fletcher will be at the Dwell House, Brooklyn, every Monday of February and March.

Mrs. A. H. Colby is speaking for the Spiritualists of Portland, Me., during February. Her address is in care of T. P. Beal of that city.

Bishop A. Deas speaks the last two Sundays of February in Hutchinson, Kan.; and the month of March in Springfield, Mo.

J. Frank Baxter will lecture in Keene, N. H., next Sunday, Feb. 22d, and the Sundays of March in Springfield, Mass.; Thursday evening, Feb. 25th, he will speak in Essex.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following message was given by Dr. Newton while in the materialized form at the circle of Mrs. M. E. Williams of this city, November, 1884:

"Tell the world that Dr. Newton still lives and can continue his work through the organism of the one who lived and worked harmoniously with him in earth-life. I want my wife to take up this work."

Already my success has fully verified the above statement. The following results follow the treatments as when Dr. N. was here in the form to magnetize the letters.

New York, Feb. 15th, 1885. MRS. J. N. NEWTON.

It would be well for those who want to make money to go to 209 Washington street, Room A, Boston, to examine large machine, or send for "Malt Book."

To my Patrons on the Pacific Coast:

Owing to other engagements I have closed my book and paper business. The *BANNER OF LIGHT* will be sent to my subscribers direct from the office of publication. I advise my old subscribers to order spiritual and reform books and papers from Colby & Rich, the largest publishers and dealers in this special line in the world, who will fill all orders promptly. Mrs. Morton will continue her mediumistic labors at my former office. Thanking you all for your past favors, I remain, as ever, your friend.

Fraternally yours, ALBERT MORTON.

The veteran Spiritualist and eloquent speaker, ALLEN RIVINGTON, will give a course of lectures on solemnize marriages, or attend funerals, wherever his services are required. Address him 40 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.
Special Notices thirty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion.
Business Cards forty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.
Payments in all cases in advance.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Wills will receive calls at the Quinoy House, Brattle street, Boston, every Wednesday from 10 till 4, and at 20 Westchester street, every Thursday the same hours, until further notice.

Dr. Jas. V. Mansfield, at 28 Dartmouth street, Boston, answers sealed letters. Terms \$3, and 10c. postage. 4w*.F.21.

Mrs. Anna Kimball gives Psychometric Readings. Terms, \$2.00. 310 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. F.21.

BUSINESS CARDS.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROW, 100 State street, Boston, where advertising contracts may be made for it in New York.

TO FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS.
The subscription price of the *Banner of Light* is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months. It will be sent at the price named above to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.
And Agency for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, W. H. TERRY, No. 64 Russell Street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich, Boston.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.
J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will accept of subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at 18 Dunkeld street, West Derby Road, Liverpool, Eng., where single copies of the *Banner of Light* are sent at 4s. each. 1 cent post, 4d. extra. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich.

INDIA BOOK DEPOT.
KAILASAM BROTHERS, Booksellers, Popham's Broadway, Madras, have for sale and will receive orders for the *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich. They will also receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at the rate of 11-12-0 per annum.

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The *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich are for sale by J. H. RHODES, M. D., at the Philadelphia Book Agency, 315 North 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa. The *Banner of Light* can be found for sale at Academy Hall, No. 215 Spring Garden street, and at all the book stores in Philadelphia, and at 20 Westchester street, at the Channing street end of the new post-office.

NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.
The *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich, also the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, can be found at the office of The *Truthseeker*, 33 Clinton Place, New York City.

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LEON'S BAZAAR, 106 Cross street, Cleveland, O., circulating library and depot for the *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich.

TRIO, N. Y. AGENCY.
Parties desiring any of the *Banner of Light* and all the works published by Colby & Rich will be accommodated by W. H. VORBRUGH, 92 Housack street, Troy, N. Y.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FACTS Premiums.

L. L. WHITLOCK, Esq.

To Whom It May Concern.

Behold the picture of your friend,

Which you can view at leisure;

Should the shadow not offend,

The substance waits your pleasure

In the more attractive form of *FACTS*. Suppose I let my "unsubstantial double" comment on the picture, thus: "I behold myself," says *Blah*, "in your possession of a portrait, John, but you have seen your best days. As you now look, you are suggestive of shadows. I can remember you a good deal younger and more robust than the figure before me. Why can't we reach the face behind the mask of flesh? Alas! art has not yet penetrated into the spirit, so we must be satisfied with the surface. You might have flashed a little of your inner self into that picture and added to its attraction. Don't feel sorry, John, that you did not smile up into cheerfulfulness just at the clicking point. You are a better man than you are the smile might have marked that face with folly instead of sunshine, or, perhaps, illustrated the lines from the 'Night Thoughts,' with real:

"Though gray your head, your thoughts and aims are green;

Like damaged clocks whose face and bell dissent,

Only strikes six while nature points at twelve."

This picture, Bro. Whitlock, is not much of a temptation as a premium, but let me say whenever any of your constellations of faces invite faces into tangible or paying notice, the windows of your home, the distance in aid of your honest and worthy endeavors to spread abroad the truth.

Yours truly, JOHN WATZINGER.

Mr. L. L. WHITLOCK:

Dear Friend—Accept my thanks for the photograph of my wife. I think your artist has done himself great credit.

He has also all those I have seen in your possession of mediums and speakers. I hope and trust these pictures will have a large circulation with your *FACTS* magazine, as it is a good way to secure a photograph of some of our best mediums.

Respectfully, H. FAX.

Feb. 14.

The Boston Spiritual Temple,

HAVING secured both upper and lower Horticultural Hall, for the occasion, will celebrate its thirty-seventh Anniversary of the *Banner of Light* on Tuesday, March 31st, with appropriate exercises morning, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Amelia H. Colby and other prominent speakers have been engaged. The first-class Test Mediums will be present, and superior Literary and Musical Talent has been secured. Ample arrangements will be made to satisfy the wants of our friends, and without leaving the building, and everything possible will be done to make it an enjoyable occasion. Descriptive Programmes will be issued in due season. For tickets, apply to the office.

Feb. 14-7w

R. HOLMES, Chairman.

Convention at

Paine Memorial Hall,

Boston, Mass.,

March 5th and 6th.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

A PACKAGE Mixed Flower Seeds (400 kinds) with PAIR'S FERTILIZER, all for 2 stamps. Tell all your friends.

Dr. W. P. FISH, 735 Tremont street, Boston.

Write now. This notice will appear but twice.

Feb.

ties wishing to obtain railroad rates will please address Secretary of Railroad Conveyance for certificate. For information in relation to hotels or boarding houses, J. H. Annand, Grand Rapids. A general law extended to P. P. Whiting, Grand Rapids. Dr. J. Annand, Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan. 22, 1888.

