

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

VOL. LXVII.

COLBY & RICH,  
9 Bowditch St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

(\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 5.

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## The 42d Anniversary.

Interesting Exercises in Commemoration of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, held in Boston, Worcester, Lowell, New Bedford, Florence, Westboro', Fitchburg, North Scituate, Mass.; Brooklyn, Buffalo, Troy, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Norwich, Ct.; Providence, R. I.; Portland, Me.; Indianapolis, Ind.

## First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society, Boston.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Monday, March 31st, dawned with clear and beautiful weather, and like the preceding day proved of marked interest to the Spiritualists who had gathered in this city to commemorate the Anniversary.

Promptly at 10:30 A. M. the President, Mrs. Barnes, opened the exercises of the day by calling upon Miss Bailey for a song, which was sweetly rendered, and then Dr. A. H. Richardson, in a felicitous speech, made everybody feel at home. Miss Amanda Bailey then rendered another song, which was followed by Mrs. Shackley with remarks and messages of cheer from the other life. Mrs. N. J. Willis, of Cambridgeport, immediately followed with a forcible and eloquent speech. Mrs. Emma Miner, of Clinton, read two beautiful selections, which were received with approbation and favor. Mrs. Hattie C. Mason was then introduced to the audience, and proceeded to give her beautiful inspirations, to the gratification of all. A reading by Miss Gertrude Hanson, and another sweet song by Mrs. Mason, concluded the exercises of the morning session.

After an interval for dinner and social recreation, the meeting was again called to order promptly at 2 o'clock, and after singing by Miss Bailey, Mrs. Carrie Loring, of Braintree, was presented to the audience by the President. Mrs. Loring's remarks upon the growth and beauty of Spiritualism were of a high order. As an instance of the ground that our Cause is gaining in various towns, the lady mentioned the fact that at Braintree the Unitarian Church had been secured by the Spiritualists for the evening of Fast Day, in which Mrs. R. S. Lillie was to give a lecture to the townspeople; the place of that kind had been tolerated in the place before, and the speaker looked upon the circumstance as an evidence of the growing popularity of our Cause.

A song, "The Web of Life," by Miss Bailey followed these remarks, at the conclusion of which Mrs. Emma Miner read, with fine effect, an original poem which she had written for this anniversary, and had delivered in Mr. Ayer's Temple the previous day. (The poem will be found in another column.)

Mr. and Mrs. Longley and Mrs. C. L. Hatch followed the reading with a song, "Love's Golden Chain," after which the speaker of the afternoon, Miss Jennie Leys, gave several most thoughtful and comprehensive discourses upon the beauty and the necessity of cultivating the high principles of that unselfish love in our hearts that links us to the divine, and which, in its expression through our outward lives, will prove the emancipation of humanity from woe and misery. It would be impossible to transcribe the beautiful language and spiritual impressiveness of Miss Leys's address; the whole attitude and expression of the delicate woman who stood before her audience, more like a spirit than a mortal, being one of appeal for more charity, more love and more humility in our association with our fellow-men.

As the lady seated herself, "The Golden Gates are Left Ajar" was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Longley and Mrs. Hatch, and then Edgar W. Emerson, the popular test medium, under the influence of "Sunbeam," gave a number of clear and unmistakable tests, which were recognized by persons in the audience. Among the spirits who presented themselves for recognition through this channel were N. C. Docker, Calvin Hall of Stafford, Ct., and Augustus Longley of Springfield, who told of his death by being drowned, and of the island upon which his body was interred, and gave other facts by which he identified himself to his brother, C. P. Longley, who was upon the platform.

When the guides of Mr. Emerson retired, Mrs. Longley was called upon, whose spirit-control said: "Friends, before speaking to you the words which I most desire to give, allow me to explain why Augustus Longley, the good spirit whom our dear friend Emerson has described to you, is especially pleased to be counted among you to-day. The gentleman when in the form was an ardent Spiritualist; his whole soul was in the good work; he was a most devoted friend to mediums, and always full of tender sympathy for those who are selected as the mouthpieces of the spirit-world. Upon this platform to-day sit the beloved brother of this spirit, three lady mediums whom he has influenced since to express his thoughts to friends, and one of those whose welfare he held a reverential regard, and for whose purpose of inviting more extended medial development, he maintained the warmest interest, corresponding with the lady, and cheering her lonely vigils with his encouraging words and helpful sympathy. Is it any wonder, friends, that the spirit is attracted here to-day? I refer to Miss Jennie Leys as the lady whom the spirit most admired for her fidelity to her convictions. And it is of this gentle work-

er that I, John Pierpont, from the spirit-world come to speak to you to-day. She comes among you with feeble frame and with nervous organization sadly worn by the discipline through which she has passed; strong in spirit, bright with aspiration, anxious to follow the pure counsels, and perform the work of that tall, majestic, noble presence clothed in robes of shining white, who stands beside her to-day, and who, with other spirits, is guarding her life; delicate in physique she comes, craving your love and sympathy and tender cheer. I know that you welcome the sister back to the fold. I know you listen with interest to her words; that your affection goes out to her. But that she may be sure of this, I ask you to tell her of your sympathy, to show her your love and interest, for these are what she needs more than medicine. Her heart has suffered for human companionship and love while in exile from home and friends. Show her, then, that you have a tenderness for her life and a hope in her work; for that will prove to the returning sister that she is precious in your sight."

A recess of a few minutes followed the spirit's remarks, and then the meeting proceeded with a song, "Mother's Love Trust and Best," by Mr. and Mrs. Longley and Mrs. Hatch—Mrs. Longley explaining that this was given by request, the words of the song having been written by herself, and its music composed by Mr. Longley, shortly after the demise of her mother, Mrs. Shelburne, whose mortal birthday was the 31st of March, the day so dear to Spiritualists, and of which the now ascended mother had been proud, she being a staunch and uncompromising believer in the truths of our glorious Cause. Tests were then given in a most acceptable manner by Mrs. Dillingham-Storrs, a song, "We Meet You in the Morning," by the trio before mentioned, and the service of the afternoon closed by the guides of Mrs. Bagley, who gave a number of convincing descriptions and tests of spirit presence, much to the enjoyment of all.

Evening Session opened with a duet by Miss Bailey and Mrs. Wakefield, followed by the expression of elevating and instructive thoughts from Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, who was succeeded by little Flossie Waite in the recital of a beautiful poem. Another duet by Miss Bailey and Mrs. Wakefield preceded the reading of spiritual sentiments by Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, who was followed by the reading of the following original poem by Mrs. M. T. Longley, written on the morning of that day especially for this occasion:

## THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

March 31st, 1890.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

The day that again renews  
That to the watchful world affords  
The day we celebrate.  
(Oh! time repeats with silvery tongue  
The message o'er and o'er  
By angel voices sweetly sung,  
Of life forevermore.)

No gruesome shroud, no sable pall,  
No gloomy funeral bier,  
No death's head brooding over all,  
Comes to afflict the living here,  
And from the tomb no doleful cry  
From sad, imprisoned souls;  
But from the sunlit, boundless sky  
God's glorious angels gaily  
Of endless life—His gift to man—  
Of love supreme and free,  
Of true salvation's perfect plan,  
By which all hearts may be  
Redeemed from sin and selfishness,  
Released from pain and strife,  
In seeking for that holiness  
That blesses human life.

The golden gates are swinging wide  
Of heaven's imperial land,  
And through the portals here this day  
A joyous, tender band  
Return to greet us here and there,  
With words of heartfelt cheer,  
To point us to the open way  
Of love's divine sphere.

Oh! precious boon that brings to earth  
For two-and-four  
The knowledge of immortal birth,  
Through which the soul appears  
Unfettered by old doubts and creeds,  
Untouched by error's blight,  
But through the charm of its own deeds  
Enthroned in living light.

All hail, the Thirty First of March!  
That great and glorious time  
When all along Heaven's shining arch  
Rang out in tones sublime:  
"There is no death, man lives for aye."  
Repeat it, earth and sky—  
The soul that reaches out through clay  
Exultantly shall rise!

Another duet by the lady vocalists, and then a most comprehensive and earnest discourse by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, who in feeling terms paid tribute to the old-time heroes and workers in our ranks—the beautiful and inspired Rosa W. Sprague, the gentle and eloquent Rosa T. Amedey, the logical and sterling Denton, the brilliant Finney, the oratorical Wheeler, the sturdy and uncompromising Dr. Gardner, and others, who had joined the great majority, but who are with us still in all good works and high aspirations.

Once more the tuneful voices of Miss Bailey and Mrs. Wakefield rang out in sweetest song, after which Mr. Emerson proceeded to again give tests and communications from the spirits present who wished to reach their earthly friends. Flossie Waite then recited "Uncle Reuben's Baptism" with marked effect, Mr. and Mrs. Longley and Mrs. Mason sang "Beautiful Home of the Soul," Miss Lucette Webster gave several dramatic readings with her usual brilliant and impressive manner, Miss Bailey sang "The Old Maid" with spirited fervor, and the audience was then favored with a profound and eloquent address from the lips of Mrs. N. J. Willis, that for earnestness, vigor and instructiveness defies a synoptical report. Singing again, and the introduction of Mrs. Waterhouse—a Vice-President of the Society—by Mrs. Barnes, as a helper, a friend, and one who can always talk for the good of the Cause. Mrs. Waterhouse was very happy in her remarks upon the work accomplished by the Society, upon its mission of cheer to the needy and suffering, and the great good it had wrought, and the credit it had been to Spiritualism during its more than thirty years of existence. Continuing her remarks, this lady called attention to the BANNER OF LIGHT and its noble work. She said: "I am glad to know that we have the BANNER OF LIGHT with us: That excellent paper that has ever been faithful to its Cause, true to our mediums, and unfailing in its support and encouragement of those who are trying to do the angels' work in blessing human lives. I remember, in walking up Washington street, after the great Boston fire in 1872, nothing upon the shattered walls of a building the sign 'BANNER OF LIGHT,' which was all that had been left of that establishment, and it seemed to me then that that sign had been permitted to remain as a guide to our lives, and to speak in significant terms of the noble work which THE BANNER had brought to earth, and which it was still destined to accomplish."

At the conclusion of the Vice-President's remarks, "Chinnewana," the sprightly Indian maiden, sang a song in her own native language, through the organism of her medium, Mrs. Dillingham-Storrs, after which Mr. Longley, in the old days used to call together the audience, and Mrs. Longley dismissed the audience with a benediction.

Again, as on the previous day, Mrs. Butterfield had provided choice flowers with which to grace the stand, a beautiful bouquet of which was presented to each speaker and medium by that generous lady, to whom our thanks are due.

## Spiritual Temple Society, Boston.

(Special Report Concluded from last week.)

Sunday Afternoon Session.—A large audience crowded the hall—many being obliged to stand during the entire service. The quartette rendered a fine selection, after which Capt. Holmes, in a few well-chosen words, introduced Miss Jennie Leys as one of the old workers, who had been for the past fifteen years on the Pacific slope. She was a worker for the Cause at the time when it cost something to be a Spiritualist. Miss Leys gave utterance to a soulful invocation, after which Miss Sinclair voiced feelingly "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Miss Leys then proceeded with her address, holding the closest attention of the large audience for nearly one hour. She said that after her long absence from the public platform it seemed like commencing labor anew in the field. Her eloquent remarks and her graceful delivery showed, however, that Miss Leys had lost none of the oratorical or mediatic power which in the old days used to call together the audiences which filled Music Hall, Boston, to overflowing; and her earnest manner carried conviction to her hearers that what she said she strenuously believed.

She paid a high eulogium to the BANNER OF LIGHT, and its veteran editor, for his and its faithfulness—during many years of service—to the cause of Spiritualism. She closed with an original poem.

(The full text of the address of Miss Leys—also the poem—will appear in our next issue.)

Her remarks from first to last were well and attentively received by the audience; and, as Mrs. Lillie said to the people, a feast in spiritual things may be confidently expected from Miss Leys in coming days.

Capt. Holmes announced that Miss Leys would speak for the Society the last Sunday in April.

Music followed by Twilght Orchestra, which was well rendered. Miss Clara Clark (Mrs. Lillie's daughter) then gave a well received recitation. Her talent in this regard was clearly demonstrated, and we are sure of hearing more from this young lady in the future.

Music, vocal—"Invisible Land," by Miss Sinclair and Mrs. C. M. French—was next pleasantly presented. Mrs. Lillie gave a poem on "Work, Purity and Immortality," subjects given by the audience—it being one of the best efforts of her genius. A duet followed by Miss Sinclair and Mr. Harnden, which was highly enjoyed.

Evening Session.—An overture by the Twilght Orchestra, and a vocal trio by Miss Sinclair, Mrs. French and Mr. Lillie preceded the voicing of an invocation by Mrs. R. S. Lillie. Miss Sinclair and Mr. Lillie then joined in a duet.

Mrs. C. Fannie Allen was next introduced by Capt. Holmes as one of the veteran workers. She gave an incisive and witty lecture. The day we are celebrating, she said, is the "Thanks giving day" for Spiritualists. She contrasted the old interpretation of the Bible with that rendered in modern days by the Spiritualistic Philosophy, and kept the heart of the audience in a pleased mood—which found expression frequently in appreciative merriment and applause—by her quaint way of stating matters. No abstract would do justice to her piquant and telling remarks.

Miss Lucette Webster gave a forceful and pathetic reading entitled "Jem's Last Ride."

Mrs. Lillie then addressed the people briefly as to the purpose of the celebration, in which the Spiritualists of the country were now participating. Some forty-two years ago intelligent responses by raps were obtained from invisible sources by the Fox family at Hydesville, N. Y., and on that day the movement known as Modern Spiritualism may be said to have commenced—to continue its course until it had gone all over the world. She described the manner by which the girls discovered that the intelligence manifested was from an individualized identity. Her statement was graphic, and the retrospect she gave of that early event was interesting to Spiritualists *per se*, while it must have proved very satisfactory to the inquirers in her audience.

Mr. Frank T. Ripley then gave a number of spirit tests, which were in most cases recognized. Miss Sinclair and Mrs. French closed the evening's proceedings with a duet, which was well received.

Monday Morning Session, March 31st.—The anniversary exercises were further continued by the Society on this date. Music opened the services, after which President Holmes introduced Mrs. Lillie, who gave an invocation, followed by music.

President Holmes then introduced Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock as the principal speaker of the morning. Mrs. Whitlock gave an interesting discourse, taking up the line of thought suggested by the occasion that had brought the people together, and entering into a consideration of the laws of life, which had a tendency to solve the destiny of man. She spoke with much force of argument; she illustrated the spiritualistic philosophy in a sensible manner, and desired that mediums recognize the important mission they are engaged in and try to live the higher life, setting an example worthy for others to follow.

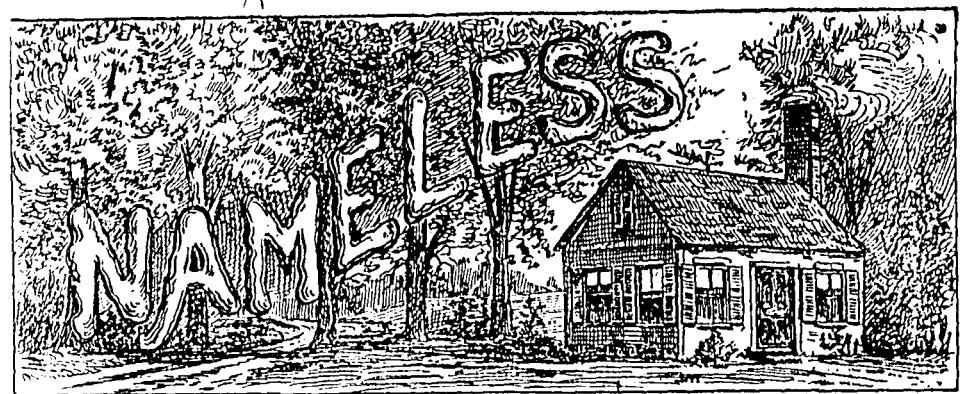
Mrs. Kate R. Stiles was next introduced as speaker. She made brief remarks in allusion to the anniversary and its lessons; also contrasted the manifestations said to have occurred in olden times, as recorded in the Bible, with those taking place all over the world to-day; these she declared to be of the same nature, the only difference being the time in which they occurred. It is strange that the church people will have faith in the ancient phenomena, while they call the present deception, and regard the individuals believing in them as being duped.

Music followed, after which Edgar W. Emerson made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion, and followed with some seventeen tests of spirit return, nearly all of which were recognized. Some of these were quite remarkable as to details, dates, names and circumstances.

A minister sitting by my side when Mr. Emerson gave tests at the Ladies' Aid Hall in the evening, said: "He must have a wonderful memory to get at names and dates so correctly." The minister in question is becoming deeply

(Continued on second page.)

## Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER IX.  
Gossip and Work.

If there had been strange rumors in the village when it became known that some mysterious person was living in the Peesley woods, there was redoubled gossip when, after the long, cold winter, it transpired that the stranger was really a woman, young and beautiful, with no name, and from where, no one could tell. Few had as yet seen her, for she did not pass through the village, nor did she attend Sunday worship—which fact was set down against her by many worthy but narrow-minded people. Yet, it was impossible to hide all knowledge from those who were bound to ferret out their neighbors' business. The fact became generally known that when the good and regular inhabitants of the place had refused to lend a nurse to the poor working woman, stricken with fever, for fear, principally, of contagion, this stranger, this delicate, refined, dainty creature, coming out of the great unknown, and dropping like a gleam of light into their humble community, had glided in, and quietly taking her place by the bedside of the sufferer had won the latter back to life and health by her gentle attendance and ministrations.

Good Dr. Parsons, because of his interest in the new-comer, and especially through his indignation at the attitude of the villagers toward the sick woman, did not hesitate to make the true facts known, and to compare the work of the stranger with that of those who kept aloof, and so the news went forth like wild-fire, and more than one took pains to loiter around the Peesley hut to catch a glimpse, if possible, of its interior, and of the mysterious creature who resided there.

But the people soon had enough to do in looking after their own affairs. In spite of their precaution and care the fever spread, and the damp days of April seemed to bear infection in their very breath. More than one family had members stricken down, and some of those very ones who had refused to visit and care for Sarah Hines were now—while that poor woman was rapidly recovering under the magnetic influence of her untiring attendant—either themselves laid low by the disease, or obliged to watch carefully over one of their own who was struggling in its embrace.

Mrs. Parsons, the doctor's genial wife, had sufficiently recovered from her rheumatism to be about, and Mrs. Brown, the clergyman's wife, had returned from her distant visit, so that both these ladies, filled with that high courage which sympathy for the unfortunate and the suffering generates in the human breast, and which overcomes all fear and trembling, went about doing good, visiting the sick and giving helpful cheer to the disconsolate and sad. But the disease seemed to have gained the mastery of human skill for the time, as if in mockery of the efforts that had been made to avert it. Several—among them two or three interesting little children—had died under its malignant grasp, and others were in much danger. More skillful attendants and faithful watchers were needed than could be supplied; a few who were not afraid of the disease were brought from neighboring towns, but through all that humid and fearful month there was sore distress in the bustling village which our nameless friend had found.

But Sarah Hines, the first victim who had fallen to the fever—probably because of insufficient nutriment and of other necessities of life making her organism more receptive to the insidious, poisonous germs of the atmosphere—was surely gaining ground in her recovery. Through the distress brought to their own doors when the fever reached them, and because of the earnest preaching of Mr. Brown, and the no less sincere but more vigorously expressed opinions of Dr. Parsons, the neighbors of this woman began to offer contributions for her relief, so that quite a sum of money was collected for her benefit, enough to secure her against want for some time to come, and to enable her to refrain from seeking employment until she had become sufficiently strong to undertake it. At first the woman flushed, and rebelled at the thought of becoming an object of charity, but the tender words and quiet persuasions of "Helper," her attendant, at length won her over to the acceptance of this assistance. "For," said her friend, "you are not an object of charity; you are a sister to these people, a sister in pain and distress; you must let them share their bounty with you. It is their right to bestow, it is yours to receive. We are all children of the one Heavenly Father. These

people are more fortunate than you in the possession of worldly things, and it will do them good to spend a part of their substance upon you. In times of health you can repay by loving service of some kind rendered unto them or to others."

In the middle of the month things were at their worst; but now Sarah was well enough to be left by her nurse, who did not hesitate on her course, but under the direction of her fast friends, the doctor and the clergyman, entered the houses of suffering with her helpful magnetism and light. People said she moved about like a spirit; none knew when she was coming, few saw her depart; but she always seemed to be at the right place in the most needful time. Where the patients were most distressed she gave greatest assistance. Under her touch the restless, tossing head grew still, and the fever seemed to die out beneath her cooling hand. Sleep came to the tired watchers, and refreshing repose to the weary, prostrate, pain-racked form. As for herself, she did not seem to sleep, and yet she was ever ready to respond to duty's call, as if just made strong and invigorated by a season of rest.

In the houses of mourning her very presence seemed to lighten the gloom, and the low, sweet words, that were rather breathed than spoken from her lips, were so full of the goodness and love of God, so replete with divine whispers of angelic life whither the loved ones had gone, that she came like a messenger of consolation and peace to bereaved hearts, and appeared herself like a blessed harbinger of eternal joy. Dr. Parsons declared that the ministrations of "Helper" in the sick room were of far more value than all his medical skill and knowledge; and Rev. Mr. Brown confessed that for bearing comfort to a stricken soul, this stranger within the gates of Bridgton was far in advance of himself, and of every minister and every creed he had ever heard of or divined.

But there were those who talked and whispered and insinuated strange things: Those who were not afflicted as their neighbors, and who stood afar off and criticised, but did not assist. Not that all who were unstricken were of this character; there were some noble souls who did what they could for the afflicted, who admired the workers, and who looked upon the stranger as a ministrant sent in the time of need as a deliverer and friend. Among the latter was Tom Preston, a fine-looking, genial young man, a bright accountant, rising in his business, whose home was in the village with his unmarried sister—a bright, happy, genial little woman, who adored her brother, and who loved her kind generally—but whose business was at the bank in the adjoining town.

"Tom," as everybody called him, had caught several glimpses of the beautiful being who had come so strangely among the residents of Bridgton, and he listened with interest to the tales of her devotion and unselfish work that he heard. His sister, Maria, had seen something of this same unselfish work in her own goings to the afflicted homes, and she was loud in her praise of the noble girl who was evidently intent only on doing good, while at the same time she gazed at "Helper," it must be confessed, with a degree of awe, as if struck by her almost unearthly and spiritual aspect.

But we have said there were those to criticize and gossip. Among these was Catherine Jones, a woman of uncertain age and temper. This person was the possessor of a small cottage of her own, and was also the mistress of the village store, and as such looked upon herself as one of consequence. In her position Miss Jones had many opportunities of coming in contact with the villagers, and of learning all that was going in their midst. She had taken great pains to visit Sarah Hines after the latter had been pronounced comparatively well again; and in the absence of "Helper" at some other stricken house had endeavored to exact all the information possible from the woman concerning this person whom nobody knew. But while Sarah was eulogistic in her praises of her benefactor, she could really tell nothing concerning her; who she was, or where she came from, she did not know. For her part, she shouldn't wonder if she were "a real angel, sent on purpose to help the poor and afflicted in their distress. Don't the Bible tell about angels doing these things? Anyhow, Miss 'Helper' is a pure soul, and more angel than human. Why, bless you, marm, she don't eat nothing to speak of, just a bite and a sup, and it's my belief she don't ever sleep. Now it's against nature for mortals to live that way; and while I don't say she's not



one, it's my opinion that she's more of something else."

Sarah Jones's opinion was quoted and magnified, but with different inflections and variations, and when given out to others by Catherine Jones did not seem much like the original. For her part, the storkkeeper did not see who this mysterious woman was.

"It is all nonsense about her wonderful powers and unheard-of skill. What business has she going about the country in this way, and in such outlandish rigs, too? One would think she wanted to pose as an undertaker's sign, with those long, loose gowns of white serge or cotton that she wears, and that white thing flung over her head and shoulders. It's a wonder to me she has not frozen up this winter. She does look like a corpse, with her white, still face, only for her shining eyes and the red on her lips. I believe she powders and fixes herself up to look just like that. But, mark my words, if we don't find we're harboring some adventures, of some woman that's hiding from the law, you may call me the biggest kind of a fool. That's all I have got to say; but I would not take a creature that nobody ever heard tell of into my house, you may be sure of that!" And Miss Jones would set her thin lips together in a cruel smile at the close of her uncharitable remarks.

Dr. Parsons, to whom these comments were conveyed in the course of time, only laughed good-humoredly and guessed Miss Catherine was a little envious at the stranger's popularity; but Maria Preston, when she heard them, wisely concluded that the store-keeper was jealous of the new-comer's beauty, especially after she had heard that Tom Preston had spoken in admiration and approval of the lovely unknown; for all the village knew that Miss Jones had been three years trying to win the attention of this same prepossessing young man—but without success.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### The Good Work Goes On.

Quietly, and without ostentation, the unknown pursued her beneficent work among the sick and distressed. The houses of mourning and the houses where illness reigned were open to her. She was a welcome guest, a helper indeed to all who felt the influence of her magnetic atmosphere. In the social assembly, the house of gaiety or of pleasure and entertainment, she was never seen; and of the gossip that sped on its winged way concerning her affairs she heard no word. If such as Catherine Jones called her "an artful piece," "an adventuress," "a born actress," or a "fugitive from the law," she did not know it; and if the knowledge had come to her it is doubtful if she would have felt in the least disturbed.

Spring melted away into rosy summer; the fields and lanes of Bridgton were ripe with nodding flowers and bending grasses. Nature had donned her sweetest dress and most delightful mood to charm the convalescent and the sad. The fever had abated, the fear of contagion had fled, and there seemed to be now no further special work for the unknown to do.

There were not many poor and desolate hearts in Bridgton, for poverty and abject misfortune had not stretched their long arms out into the village life; but such as there were who felt distressed and hampered by the limitations and hindrances of want and pain, continued to find a helper and friend in the gentle woman who came to them with a heart full of tender compassion, and often, too, with arms full of delicacies, jams, jellies, wines, and food with which to tempt the appetites of those who were ill and not able to procure such aliment as they might need. But there seemed to be more yet to do, and our heroine felt that she must employ all her powers in active but quiet work for humanity; so she strayed out to the adjoining town, where there was more of real want and suffering and misery than any now to be found in Bridgton. As if by some keener knowledge and higher sensibility than mortals know, the girl easily found those who most needed her helpful service, and with a fine, intuitive grace, she discovered how to reach their lives and the cravings of their natures. Some in their misfortune yearned more for human sympathy, and to be appreciated, than even for the more material things of the world, and to these she came with her tender words and inspiring presence, sifting their hearts with peace and joy. Somehow, the downtrodden and the despondent grew hopeful and encouraged, and almost happy, when she came to them; and in every instance she left a ray of light behind her, and such a conviction of the existence of love and home and companionship which all might find after the trials of earth, if they only lived for them, as to make immortality and angel guardianship an assured reality to those hitherto hapless souls.

To others, hard and almost brutal in their undevelopment, restricted in their spiritual growth by the ignorance and superstition and error of their associations, rebellious against the grinding power of poverty and disease, she came with an uplifting influence. Instinctively the quiet missionary—for such she was in the truest sense—realized how best to reach the hidden germ of goodness in these dull breasts; and by showing her desire to be of use, by letting them see that she did not despise them, but was ready to study their conditions and take them in hand, in order to get the very best from their lives—by bringing practical assistance, according to her limited means—she was enabled in time to give a higher, broader, more ennobling conception of life to their minds, and to help them toward a state of growth and of useful thought.

"Helper" had many friends among the working people; men, rough in aspect and character, grew respectful and mild in her presence, as if awed by that gentle smile, and by the peculiar light that seemed to radiate from her very soul; and any one of them would not have hesitated to fight for her protection and welfare had the necessity for championship arisen. Ignorant and squalid women became humble and quiet when she came, and as if abashed by her example, and at the same time encouraged to try to do better for themselves, made effort to subdue their manners and to mend their speech, paying more attention to making their poor surroundings more respectable and attractive; so that for miles around the fame and reputation of the mysterious stranger spread, and it became known that she was not as people who labored for popularity or for reward, but that she worked only with the hope of making others happy.

The seasons passed, and another winter was at its height when Maria Preston was taken ill; this bright little body had been her own housekeeper, and that of her brother Tom, for twenty-five years—ever since she was a young woman of eighteen, and he a little lad of six. The brother and sister were the orphan chil-

dren of a cousin of Mrs. Parsons, the doctor's wife, and she and the physician had always maintained a deep interest in the young people, which had only deepened with the lapse of years, as the sterling qualities of both manifested themselves in their daily lives.

Maria Preston had never been known to complain of ill health; such a stirring, vivacious little woman appeared the embodiment of perennial youth and good spirits; but now she surprised herself and all her friends by falling sick and prostrate upon a bed of pain. Friends and relatives ministered to her needs; Tom secured the services of a good woman to attend his sister, and take charge of their little home. Mrs. Parsons was often at the bedside of her relative to minister to her comfort in every possible way, but there had come a craving into the heart of the sick woman for other attendance and companionship. The craving was at first repressed, but after awhile it grew so strong and masterful that she could not resist speaking of it to her brother, and to the doctor's wife: "I want her; I want her so much," Maria said in wistful tones, as she repeated to them this restless desire. "It seems to me she would do me good if I could have her here sometimes. I know she goes mostly among the very poorest, but I think she would come and see me if she knew how much I wanted her." And at last Tom Preston determined to visit the hut of the stranger, and make his sister's wishes known. The nameless woman was at home, for he found the door half open as he approached the little dwelling, and in response to his knock the lady herself appeared. She was surprised at the call of this handsome, strong-featured, dark-eyed man at her door, but her caller could not have told by the expression of her face that any such emotion possessed her mind. Although each knew the other by sight, yet they had never spoken together before, and it was therefore with some embarrassment, and with an apology for his intrusion, that the young man made known his errand.

She listened quietly; but when he graphically depicted his sister's loneliness and pain, and her pathetic desire to see the lady who had been so helpful in the village, she said: "I will go to her—I will be there directly." "If you can make it convenient, Madam, I would be pleased to have you return with me; I have a sleigh at the door, and the walking is bad for you."

She smiled slightly, and replied: "Yes, I will go," stepping as she spoke to a closet in her room and taking from it a light, long cloak of some fleecy woolen stuff; this she put on, and, drawing its hood over her head, turned to leave the house. Her visitor still stood at the open door; he had not been invited to cross its threshold—no one had ever been invited to enter that dwelling since its present occupant had been there—but Tom could see how marvelously neat and daintily simple were the surroundings of this strange creature. From the soft rugs of the floor to the snowy hangings of the windows, from the generous cushions of the lounge—which, strange to say, had a head pillow of white satin, embroidered with the word "Resurrexi" in flowers, which, in spite of himself, made the strong, healthy fellow think of death and the tomb—to the open fireplace filled with fragrant pine boughs that slowly burned away, filling the air with resinous odors, the place was neat, quiet and attractive. He had no time to see more than this, for she was ready to depart, and all he could do was to turn and assist her into the vehicle which he had brought. She spoke no word, nor did her escort venture a remark on that homeward ride. He felt subdued, yet deliciously happy, in the presence of that fair, strange being. It hardly seemed to him that she was of earthly mold; it was rather as if a beautiful statue had been endowed with the animation and consciousness of intelligent life, and imbued with the sweetness and tenderness of sympathy and compassion.

The ride was not a long one; on the way they passed Catherine Jones, going home from some errand to a neighbor's house. She stared in amazement at the sight of Tom Preston and the "Unknown" riding side by side in the open daylight, and the thoughts that filled her envious breast were not calculated to bring comfort and repose.

They found Maria in a state of expectancy; she was more than glad to see the lady who had responded so promptly to her call, but even her voluble but kindly tongue grew quiet beneath the subtle magnetic spell that the visitor laid upon her. There was something very restful and cooling in the touch of that tender hand, something remarkably quieting in the low tones of that wonderful voice, something certainly of a healing quality in her very presence, and Maria felt the influence at once, and revealed in it. The visitor remained some time, and promised to come again. She did so for many days, always bringing helpfulness and strength to the sick woman. At length the illness passed, and Maria Preston arose from her bed restored to health, due entirely, she believed, to the care of the woman who lived alone in the Peesley woods. During the period of her attendance upon his sister, Tom Preston had seen more or less of the unknown, but she had held little conversation with him. It mattered not, however, for the young man was convinced of her goodness and nobility, and as he watched her unselfish work, and learned more and more of her devotion to the suffering, an abiding sense of the purity and honor of her life stole into his heart. To him she came as a rare and radiant angel of light, and he could no more resist the emotions of tenderness that filled his breast as he contemplated her beauty and goodness, or prevent the homage of his soul at the shrine of her pure womanhood, than he could have helped acknowledging and recognizing the power and splendor and beneficence of the glorious sun when it streams in radiance upon a storm-wrecked, rain-washed world.

Still the months sped on, and it would soon be two years since the mysterious stranger first came to Bridgton; no one knew of her past; no one had learned the secret of her life. Some still doubted if she was altogether human. There were times when a light seemed to illuminate her form and shine through her face, giving it a radiance almost dazzling to the sight. Who or what she was or had been was still the topic of comment and gossip in some quarters, but speculation went unappeased, and rumor was, as usual, far wide of the truth in its reports.

Dr. Parsons and Mr. Brown had remained the fast friends of this mysterious woman, but even they had not yet learned aught concerning her life. To the physician she had come as a helper and instructor; for by quietly watching her work and methods of treatment and care in the sick-room, he had commenced to dispense less drugs and potions to the invalids under his charge, and to rely more on nature and on careful nursing.

To the clergyman she had come as a revelation, stirring in his breast loftier ideals of the grandeur of human love and of human brotherhood, creating in his mind new conceptions of the Fatherhood of God and of the innate divinity of mankind. He had taken occasion to talk with her on spiritual themes, and with her features glowing, her whole expression wrapt, her eyes luminous with that inner but glorious light that filled her, she gave to him inspiring suggestions and ideas of life, of progress, and of eternal truth. Suggestions that he followed and wrought out in his own mind, by the aid of which he saw new purposes and new meanings in familiar biblical texts. Ideas that he elaborated, and which bore fruit in his own life, so that he could in after days preach a larger truth, a more ennobling and instructive gospel, a higher and diviner word of eternal love than any he had hitherto conceived.

Thus did the followers of these men benefit by what each had derived from this beautiful life in their midst. The physician, bearing his new line of practice to the people, found himself more successful with the sick than ever before; and the preacher, taking his new thought and new comprehensions into the pulpit, gave more freely of the waters of life and the bread of heaven to his flock.

(To be continued.)

#### FORTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

(Given in the Spiritual Temple (corner Newbury and Essex streets), Boston, March 30th; also at Ladies' Aid Parlor, March 31st.)

As we upon wave the great ocean doth roll,  
So truth, flowing onward, baptizeth each soul;  
And waking within us responses sublime,  
May broaden our knowledge, and teach through all time.

How barren our lives when on husks we feed!  
When souls groan in anguish, and saddened hearts bleed;  
When the grave and the tomb thrill us with despair,  
And no answer came to our long, tearful prayer!

Oh, off we have wept, when the shadows that fell  
On life's broken path were like midnight's dark spell;  
When hope had forsaken, and all joy had fled,  
And life's sweetest blossoms were withered and dead.

The book of the future had not been unveiled;  
The home of the spirit had not been revealed;  
Transition, to us, was a mystery deep,  
And the lives of our loved ones ended in sleep.

A voice broke the silence that reigned in the tomb;  
A light pierced the darkness that veiled it with gloom;  
The cloud passed away that had hidden from sight  
The dear faces radiant with love's shining light.

And when with clear vision we looked on the face  
Once laid 'neath the sod in its last resting-place,  
With what wonder and joy we learned that the soul  
Was not prisoned within the dark grave's control!

We heard angel voices, and listened, to learn  
From their bright spirit-homes they yet might return  
And brighten our lives with their comfort and cheer,  
And watch o'er our pathway while yet we were here.

They lifted their voices, and sang a new song;  
It was not of Redeemer, or blood-washed throng;  
It was not of a Lamb, or a great white throne,  
Or of Christ's power to save by His blood alone.

They sang, "Oh! ye mortals, while here upon earth,  
Kne ye pass through the change of transition's birth,  
'Tis while life is yours, that ye build by your deeds  
The mansions in Heaven most fit for your needs!"

"Think not that Christ's power it lieth within  
To cleanse the dark traces of evil and sin;  
Do good unto others, with true love for all;  
Heed the quick voice of conscience, the soul's highest call."

"'T is only by paths of progression ye climb  
From shades of the valley to heights more sublime;  
Work out your salvation, and then ye may claim  
The joys of Heaven in humanity's name."

But to the great priestcraft, old doctrines and creeds  
Were dearer by far than humanity's needs;  
Above the wild storm of invective was heard  
The voice of our angel, with inspiring word.

And in that fierce battle of bigotry's day,  
Brave souls ne'er were vanquished, though oft by the way  
Some martyred heart bled, as some merciless hand  
Struck at the life-blood of that brave, struggling band.

Oh! heroes of old, ye were true to your trust;  
Ye stood by your flag, though it trailed in the dust;  
Till out of the conflict and foeman's fierce fight,  
Ye flung to the breezes your Banner of Light!

Do not hear a swift tread? Hear ye not a glad cry?  
See'st thou strong hands bearing banners on high?  
And the bright folds of those pennons so fair  
Readest thou the mottoes of truth written there?

"The soul is immortal!" "We fear not the grave!"  
"We work our salvation, and trust it to save!"  
"To purity," "justice" and "freedom" we give  
The measure of law by which we must live!

As their hope and their promise strike home to each,  
And we grasp at the truths their deep lessons teach,  
We are captives no more to a false God's might,  
But stand in the strength of humanity's right!

We have fought for truth; we have battled for right;  
We have studied the creeds of darkness and light;  
No more o'er our souls shall the bigot hold sway  
In the broader free thought of Liberty's day!

And out of the errors and mists of the past,  
Hope's bright bow of promise on dull sky is cast;  
We live, and we love, and we know we shall be  
United once more beyond death's dark sea!

And men have grown old in this struggle for right;  
But out of the darkness of bigotry's night,  
The glorious dawning of Freedom's bright ray  
Lights Liberty's temples o'er our land to-day.

Then work while ye may; and speed ye the glad time  
When freedom shall crown every nation and clime;  
And banners of light from each height be unfurled,  
To teach the new way to a priest-stricken world!

EMMA MINER.

PAMPHLETS REQUIRED.—All About Devils. An Inquiry as to Whether Modern Spiritualism and Other Great Reformers Come from His Satanic Majesty and His Subordinates in the Kingdom of Darkness. By Moses Hull. 12mo, pp. 60. Chicago: Moses Hull & Co.

Dragon Lights of Three Thousand Years. A Cyclopaedia of Life. By Uncle Ben. 16mo, pp. 72. New York: Uncle Ben Pub. Co.

Sound English, A Language for the World. By Augustin Knodloch, author of "German Simplified," "Spanish Simplified," etc. 16mo, pp. 64. New York: G. E. Stecher, 228 Broadway.

"Praise for Sir Hubert Stanley—Is Praise Indeed."

"When thou hast need of him, let him not go from thee."  
"But such a physician I speak of, as is learned, skillful, honest."

With pardonable pride we call attention to the fact, that over one thousand physicians are now using or prescribing our Compound Oxygen in their own practice. We give below a few letters and testimonials: "I regard your Compound Oxygen as the best remedy within my knowledge." R. L. GUZMAN, M.D., Baneroff, Mo. "Your Compound Oxygen Treatment has helped me very much." F. B. RICHARDSON, M.D., Portland, Ore. "My physician recommended Compound Oxygen to me. I got it, and derived great benefit from its use." ANNA J. ADNEY, Waskom Sta., Texas. Send for our brochure of 200 pages and see for yourself what physicians say of it. Over fifty thousand patients have been treated by us. A Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its Nature, Discovery and Results, with numerous testimonials, sent free. Address DR. STANLEY & PALIN, 1520 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Butler Street, San Francisco, Cal.

(Continued from first page.)

interested in Spiritualism, but has as yet seen but little success in the matter, therefore he could not accept the idea that a "ghost," as he termed it, was assisting Mr. Emerson in his tests. The writer was fortunate enough in the morning to attend another minister, who is settled over a Unitarian society in Massachusetts. He is in full fellowship with the Spiritualistic Philosophy, and when in the city makes it a point to attend spiritualistic meetings.

Mrs. R. S. Little excused herself from speaking on the ground of the intensity of the hour. Music closed the exercises. Mrs. C. M. French (who in the past was the principal singer for the "Phenomenal Society" while its meetings were held) was present at nearly all of the sessions, and rendered fine vocal selections.

Prof. Frank E. Crane attended all the sessions as accompanist and musical director, which offices he discharged with his usual sterling ability.

Afternoon Session.—The children's exercises, held under the skillful direction of Mrs. Maggie J. Butler and Mr. William F. Falls, at Berkeley Hall, proved to be highly interesting. The programme its appendix was successfully carried out, with great credit to all concerned.

Piano solo (Il Trovatore), Master Herbert Newton; Reading (Calls), Lily Wendemuth; Sewing Song, Nellie Rogers; Reading (The Minuet), Gracie Seales; Duet Song, Baby Lou; Reading (A Housekeeper's Soliloquy), Lily Wendemuth; Song (Down Among the Daisies), Mabel Waite; Reading (The Freeman), Emma Russell; Duet Song, Sammie Kramer; Reading, Gracie Seay; Song (Harmony), Baby Lou; Reading, Flossie Butler; Song, Jessie Jenkins; Reading (Low Back Car), Maggie McMen; Piano Solo, Angel Jordan; Song (Female Impersonator), Willie Higgins; Reading, Lillian Rich; Song (The Old Red Cradle), Mabel Waite; Reading, Flossie Butler; Dance (Virginia Reel), Baby Lou. Miss Parker also sang finely.

Mr. W. F. Falls spoke of the need of Spiritualists hereabout sustaining the Lyceum with their money, also by sending their children to increase its number of pupils.

Mrs. R. S. Little addressed the members of the Lyceum in fitting remarks, and made the excellent suggestion that the Lyceum and the Boston Spiritual Temple Society unite their labors and efforts—the Lyceum to have Berkeley Hall in the afternoon of each Sunday, while the Society meetings could be held morning and evening as heretofore.

Grand Ball.—On the evening of the 31st a high school dancing party was carried out under the auspices of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society. The National Guard Orchestra, which furnished the music for the celebration, did a like service for the Ball. This was the closing exercise of the Anniversary celebration for 1890. The various meetings were full of the spirit of harmony, and the occasion will ever remain a pleasant memory.

#### Worcester, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Promptly at 2 p. m. President T. R. Johnson called the Worcester Association of Spiritualists to order, and proceeded to give an able address on "The Rise and Progress of Modern Spiritualism." Being disappointed in the absence of Mr. Beals, of Brockton, on account of sickness, we were thrown upon our own resources. After a song by Mrs. Davis, Mrs. W. Keyes read "There is no Death"; Hattie Smith and Lulu Isaacs played "Waves of Ocean Galop"; Mrs. Hattie W. Hildreth gave an inspirational address, followed by an original poem, entitled "Our Angel Friends Carry Us"; Stella Perry sang "Father, Stay with Me To-Night"; Mrs. Florence Nichols read an inspirational poem which was much appreciated. Mrs. Davis sang another song, followed by an address by our pioneer sister, Ellen M. Shirley, whom we are glad to see again in our midst, sickness and absence having kept her away from our meetings; may she be permitted to work with us once more. Your correspondent followed with remarks upon "The Teachings in the Lyceum, and the Education of the People to a Better Understanding of Themselves and their Needs." W. C. Smith spoke of the necessity of organization and working in harmony in order to insure success. Charles H. Wyatt and Leander Eaton spoke for the Cause and what it had done for each. At request of President Johnson the audience rose and sang, in unison with Mrs. Davis, "America."

In the evening Sister E. M. Shirley delivered an able address, and Mrs. Davis rendered sweet music. It was a grand success throughout. The speakers' stand was tastefully draped with "the dear old flag," while the front was hidden 'neath a wealth of flowers and plants contributed by kind friends. We all enjoyed the occasion, and we know our angel friends did, for it is in commemoration of them that this day is set apart.

Second Anniversary in Continental Hall, Sunday, March 30th, and after a general invitation was extended by the Conductor to our arisen members and to all kindred friends and well-wishers of the workers in the Lyceum, without regard to color, nationality or position in the spirit-world, the following programme was finely rendered to a large and appreciative audience: Song of Welcome, Lyceum; Silver Chorus, "The People of the World is What We Make It"; Lyceum; calliope; Lyceum; recitation, "When I'm a Grown-Up Lady," Ida Yates; temperance song, Laura and Helen Perry; recitations, Qitta Parker and Flossie Isaacs; Lyceum Poem (by request), Mrs. Hattie W. Hildreth; recitation, "The Dawn of Science," David Smith; piano solo, "Camp of the Gypsies," Irving Prentiss; song, "Shall We Know Each Other There?" Mrs. Stella Perry; recitation, Arthur Staples; dialogue, "The Seasons," Bertie Fisher, Harry Hammond, Bertie Ray, Herbert Yates and Irving Prentiss; song, "Phantom Footsteps," Mrs. Davis; recitation, Ella Hastings; recitation, "Nobody Cares," Mrs. Rose E. Fisher; recitation, Isaac Feiger; song, "The Rattle," Gracie Wyatt and Bertie Fisher; recitation, "The Whistling Regiment," Lulu Isaacs; recitation, piano accompaniment, Mrs. Stella Perry; piano duet, "Beatitudes," Paradise Galop," Hattie Smith and Myrtle Hastings; reading, original poem, Mrs. Hastings; recitation, "Who Carries on the Business?" Minnie Hastings; reading, "Anniversary Poem," Mrs. Cella Prentiss; piano and guitar duet, "Angel Voices Ever Near," Mrs. Stella Perry and Fred L. Hildreth; Wand and Dumb Bell Exhibition, Robert Fisher and pupils, Arthur Staples, Bertie Ray, Harry and Eddie Hammond, Bertie Fisher and Irving Prentiss; Grand March, Leaders with targets, children with flags; song, "Our Lyceum," "The People of the World is What We Make It"; Lyceum. Much credit is due our pianist, Miss Mabel Fiske, for the cheerful assistance she rendered, and the thanks of the Conductor are tendered to all, both audience and Lyceum.

FRED L. HILDRETH.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritualists of Florence and Northampton, Mass., met on Sunday evening, March 30th, in the spacious parlors of Mr. and Mrs. S. Porter, of Florence, to commemorate the Forty-Second Anniversary. Short addresses were made by Mrs. E. B. Crossette, of San José, Cal.; Mr. Morley, of Florence, and Mrs. Lucy D. Cleveland, of Northampton. Singing was furnished at intervals by several of the ladies and gentlemen present. The meeting closed with tests from the Indian controls of Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Crossette, Miss Vance and Miss Fredrick.

L. B.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritual Association of Westboro' and vicinity convened at its hall on the evening of Sunday, March 30th, to commemorate the Forty-Second Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. The exercises consisted of music, followed by an invocation, recitation of a poem, and a lecture by Samuel Wheeler, of Philadelphia, Pa., which were listened to with close attention by a good-sized audience. After the lecture Mrs. J. E. Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., greeted us by her little control, "White Dawn," whose sweet ministrations and beautiful advice have blessed many weary lives, giving them hope, joy and comfort in their time of need.

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ing them hope, joy and comfort in their time of need. (Mrs. J. E. Davis is an exceedingly fine medium for public platform work and private tests, and we most cheerfully and heartily recommend her to all in need.)

C. P. WINSLOW, Pres.

#### Fitchburg, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The First Spiritualistic Society enjoyed the services of Edgar W. Emerson, of Manchester, N. H., on the 30th ult., in the conduct of the Anniversary exercises on that date.

At the 2 p. m. session, after a voluntary, an opening selection was presented by the Quartette, entitled "Angel Chorus." A poem, "Life's Triumphs," an invocation, and the song, "Spirit's Mission," followed.

These questions were then presented: "What was the Origin of Pre-Historic Man?" and "Are the Scriptures an Inspiration from God?" The queries were answered very concisely, after which twenty-seven names of spirit-friends were given, beside many lengthy communications, which were mostly recognized. The Quartette then sang "Peace Beyond the River," and the meeting closed with a benediction.

In the evening, at 7 o'clock, a voluntary, a duet and chorus, entitled "Hand in Hand with Angels," prefaced the speaking. Mr. Emerson then read an Anniversary poem; the choir sang "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," after which Mr. E.'s guides made some very appropriate and interesting remarks upon this the Forty-Second Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. Some thirty names were given as tests, beside several communications, which were read and recognized. The choir closed the exercises with "We'll Stand the Storm." Benediction.

During the 30th we had the largest audiences ever convened in our hall—extra seats being brought in until there was no more room—not even standing-space—and many went away disappointed. We were sorry that we could not secure Mr. Emerson for Monday evening, but feel that our loss was others' gain.

On Monday, March 31st, the Anniversary exercises were continued at Mrs. S. S. Apple's parlors, with a literary and musical programme: 1. Spiritual Song; 2. Poem, "My Childhood's Home"; 3. Song, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away"; 4. Poem, "Only One"; 5. Instrumental Piece; 6. Remarks upon what it cost to be a Spiritualist thirty years ago compared with the present time; 7. Poem, "Anniversary"; 8. Song, "We Shall Know As We Are Known"; 9. A very able and interesting article written by a lady member of our Society, entitled "Spiritual Teachings and Spiritual Lives."

An hour was then given to the controls of mediums present, after which another poem was read, and the song, "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," closed the evening's exercises—all feeling it had been one socially and profitably spent.

Mrs. E. S. LOING, Sec'y.

113 Blossom street.

#### North Scituate, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of this place celebrated the Forty-Second Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism by a supper at Gannett Hall, after which a literary entertainment was presented by the group members, closing with a song and march arranged for the occasion. Dancing was then participated in, free to all the villagers, until 10 p. m.

[Our Lyceum on the 30th ult. elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Conductor, Silas Newcomb; Guardian, Mrs. Sarah J. Marsh; Watchman, John Nott; Secretary, Mrs. M. C. Morris; Treasurer, A. P. Smith; Librarian and Musical Directress, A. A. T. Morris; Guards, H. L. Nott, Elwood Litchfield; Leaders, Liberty Groun, A. P. Smith; Excelsior, D. J. Bates; Star, Millie Venie; Valley, Ruth Nott; Beacon, Harry Litchfield; Banner, Carrie Nott; Ocean, Etta Litchfield; Shore, Hattie Seaverns. The sessions of the past season have been very harmonious, and the year opens with excellent attendance, and a good financial standing.]

D. J. B., Cor. Sec'y.

#### Lowell, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Anniversary services were conducted in the afternoon by Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock. Her subject was, "What Lessons Shall Spiritualism Teach?" after a very satisfactory treatment of which she gave a number of tests, all fully recognized as correct.

In the evening the following programme was presented: Piano solo, Miss Winnie Day; song, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; poem, Mrs. Whitlock; song, Mr. Mason; discourse, Mrs. Whitlock; song, Quartette; lecture, Mr. N. S. Greenleaf; tests, Mrs. Whitlock.

Mrs. Whitlock's tests were very convincing, coming as they do directly to unknown persons.

PENN.

#### New Bedford, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mrs. C. M. Nickerson (of New Bedford) has occupied our platform recently to good acceptance. She has mediumistic gifts of varied and high quality, and has enlightened and highly entertained her audiences.

She delivered our anniversary address on the 30th, impressing poems on subjects suggested by the audience, and giving clear and convincing tests. She is an honor to the spiritual cause on any platform, and a faithful worker.

AMANDA BAILEY.

#### Norwich, Conn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was celebrated with special services in Grand Army Hall, Sunday and Monday, March 30th and 31st. Mr. J. Frank Baxter was the speaker secured for the occasion. Mr. Chas. W. Sullivan of Boston was present and participated in the exercises of Sunday, and particularly in a closing entertainment on the last evening.

The platform was handsomely and profusely decorated with palms, cut flowers and potted plants by the "Ladies Helping Hand Society," an auxiliary to the Spiritual Union. The effect was fine, and when brilliantly lighted the result was most charming to the eye.

At 1:30 a. m. Sunday services were opened by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Mr. Wm. P. Myers, Conductor. The lesson, subject, "Iron," was treated by the children, young and old, in an interesting and instructive manner. The usual singing, Silver Chain recitation and readings concluded, Messrs. J. F. Baxter and C. W. Sullivan were invited to contribute something for the instruction or entertainment of the Lyceum. Mr. Baxter made very pertinent remarks about the work, showing his interest in all departments where good may be accomplished, and offered some timely suggestions as a teacher. He closed his remarks with a poem on the subject of the lesson, ("Iron," entitled "Nail It Down").

Mr. Sullivan spoke a few encouraging words, and then joined Mr. B. in singing an Anniversary song, which the children heartily applauded. Visitors present







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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE, Bowdoin St. (formerly Montgomery Place), corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS, THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

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## Spirit Being.

We are spirits, as God is said to be "a Spirit," through whom we live and move and have our being. But for the existence and operation of these spirits, our external existence would be without consciousness, and hence inappreciable. Yet a large portion of mankind still stands and maintains that our life is one of sense only, and asserts that when that is finally suspended we no longer live. By this time it ought to be plain that sense itself possesses no animation except it be informed and impelled by the spirit. That the physical in turn reacts on the spiritual in many ways does not refute the fact that the spirit is supreme, and that without the spirit the physical is dead altogether. At what precise age or stage of development the spirit asserts the supremacy, we are unable to say; but that the body exists only for the sake of the spirit, and not the spirit for the sake of the body, is too obviously true to be admitted to dispute. The body is but the agent and servant of the spirit, created and sustained for its needs, and will be laid aside when it is of no further use.

Spiritualism comes to confirm and establish this vital truth that we are spirit beings. And having done that, what ought to be expected to follow? Assuredly it is not the end of it all, but rather the opening and the beginning. It instructs us, if it does anything, in the reality concerning which we were before in doubt. It teaches us that all life is of the spirit alone, and that it is continued hereafter. Nor does it begin and end here. If it did, it would do not much more than solve our doubts and appease our curiosity. But it comes to benefit us as spirits ourselves, not waiting for the development of the hereafter. It addresses itself to us as spirits rather than as mortals, and to draw us into communion with those other spirits who are no longer clothed with the hindering garments of mortality. Hence it should assist greatly in elevating us to a more truly spiritual plane even while bound down to the material. It ought to stimulate us to a greater spiritual activity. It should help to make us more spirit beings than we were before, to expand our spiritual life and capacity.

Its primary work for and upon the most of us should be considered as done. Henceforward we should push it on, enlarging and enriching, exalting and establishing. The last fault and folly we should be guilty of is that of trying to limit its meaning as a new revelation with petty definitions and ambitious dogmas. For these are precisely what Spiritualism has come to supersede and set aside. It would break down the old walls of conceit and prejudice, and throw the field open to the free exchange of thought and sympathy. It seeks to limit no

one's conceptions in any direction, but rather to extend and educate them in all. In short, it comes to our spirit being, and addresses that alone; offering no special gifts or favors to the external side of our existence, but aiming chiefly and ultimately to lift us up to a higher spiritual state, to enlarge our capacity for spiritual life and enjoyment, to open to our view the boundless expanse of the existence upon which we have entered, and to bring us into instant and constant communication with the only ones we know and love, and long to be with.

## Germany, Bismarck and the Emperor.

Bismarck's resignation as Chancellor of the great empire of Germany, described by the press of the world as an act of voluntary exile, is the leading theme of comment in Europe and America; and excited endless speculations concerning the results likely to flow from it to the continued peace of Europe and the interests of the world. He is regarded as virtually discarded by the young and self-willed Emperor as the chief officer and most influential agent of the empire that is mainly of his own creation. It is seriously asked if this is the way that young and ambitiously headstrong rulers show their gratitude to the founders of their dynasty, and the prolongation of their power.

The world at large does not hesitate to call it a case of stupendous ingratitude on the part of the self-opinionated young Emperor. It is certainly an unparalleled one in the whole history of modern politics. The Emperor is reported to be especially ambitious to deal with the problem of Socialism, which has its seat and centre in Germany. As to the resignation of Bismarck, the London correspondent of the *New York Tribune* writes that we shall look through the German papers in vain for the facts in the case. The penalties for telling too much truth in Germany are heavy, and even private speech is fettered. No man dare say even to his wife what he thinks. The Emperor contrives to hear every word uttered by the humblest. The resignation of Bismarck was a thunder-stroke to the Berliners, that left them stunned.

Although the loyalty which the great ex-chancellor feels and has ever felt to his sovereign is of the deepest character, the same correspondent adds that we may be sure that he feels it still, amid all the just resentment, the righteous anger, the forebodings, the anxious doubts that fill the mind of the pilot who quits his ship with the breakers all about her. A Prussian is quite capable of cursing his kaiser one moment and kneeling to him the next; but as between emperor and chancellor, it is certain that no higher words passed. Events are not transacted in that way. The world, if it could have been permitted to look on, would have seen a piece of high comedy, well acted, and nothing more. The tragedy is acted in private, but nobody need be misled because appearances are kept up. Europe looks on and wonders that Prince Bismarck is allowed to fall with so few demonstrations of gratitude or regret from his own countrymen.

That Germany is to enter upon a new policy under the new Emperor, is altogether too plain to require statement. What that policy is to be, it is not easy to foresee. Whether it has even been mapped out, is not known. It is clearly obvious, however, that the Emperor is exerting himself to effect a complete conciliation with the Socialists, and likewise with the one who presides at the Vatican. One would refuse to be persuaded that the practical reconciliation of two such openly opposing forces was possible. But assuming that it should be successfully concluded, the still more serious question recurs whether his conciliation of the Pope would not end in the utter alienation of Italy. Who can presume to say? Then, again, the Emperor notably showed distinctive consideration to Jules Simon, the French representative at the recent labor conference. It is also matter of notoriety that the Socialist orators in that body made open avowals of their sympathy with the laboring classes of France, and even added the declaration that they were prepared to consent to the restoration of conquered Alsace and Lorraine to that despoiled nation.

What these hints and symptoms of a revived friendship with France may mean, it is not at present easy to predict. But it is sufficiently obvious that if the Emperor contemplates an alliance with Russia, he must needs first cultivate and establish better relations with France. It is more than probable that Russia herself has already laid down such a condition precedent to the formation of any alliance whatever. Such an alliance, too, evidently implies a serious threat to Austria and Turkey. The Emperor may be planning for the absorption of the Austro-German States into the German Empire, and in requital for the same may assist Austria to acquire contiguous States that lie in the Balkan peninsula, and at the same time give Russia her coveted opportunity to make a long stride toward Constantinople. England's uneasiness in such an emergency would be likely to be soothed and satisfied by becoming possessed of Crete, the island that holds the pass to the Aegean Sea, through which lies the water opening to the Turkish capital.

Two things are manifest in any contemplation of an aggressive policy on the part of Germany like the above: the first is, that it never could be entered upon with the consent and approval of Bismarck; and the second is, that his deposition from office was in no sense a necessity for any proposed reconciliation with France and consequent development of the material resources of Germany. Therefore the act of deposing him—for such it virtually was—seems to be one of inconsiderateness to the verge of recklessness. His resignation can really have but one meaning, and that is that a series of calamities threatens his beloved country and empire, from all responsibility for which he is anxious to withdraw. He is not willing to remain as a shield for the young and untried Emperor in carrying out a policy which he refuses alike to advise and defend.

The Emperor is henceforward to bear the heavy burden of responsibility unaided. If he thinks he can make Germany the sustaining keystone of a new European combination, with Russia on the east and France and England on the west, while Austria and Italy are made secondary and subordinate, and Turkey is eliminated forever from the map of Europe, he has projected a scheme of such vast magnitude as never entered into the conceptions of even the First Napoleon, and one that will require an almost miraculous consensus of circumstances to carry forward to success, and superhuman ability to maintain in a state of permanency. But great events are clearly ahead in Europe.

## Food and Disease among the Indians.

It is asserted that the Indians were increasing rapidly until the buffalo began to fall, and the statement is corroborated by the late Dr. T. S. Williamson, physician and missionary to the Minnesota Indians. Dr. Williamson Matthews, of the Surgeon-General's office, Washington, D. C., quotes the above assertion favorably, in an essay on "Consumption among the Indians," published last year. He has devoted much study to the matter, and made a collection of statistics in regard to the death-rate and the cause of death in some of the principal States in which Indians are resident. The result is that the fact appears to be well established, that since the Indians gave up hunting for their livelihood and adopted white men's ways and ate white men's food, they have contracted diseases to which they were formerly strangers, first and foremost among which is consumption.

Dr. Matthews makes the discovery that the death-rate from consumption very greatly exceeds that from any other disease, and that the Indians are more liable to succumb to this insidious but fatal disease the more they are brought in contact with civilization. Climate fails altogether to account for it. His belief is, on the contrary, that consumption is not so much a primary disease among the Indians as it is a sequel and concomitant of scrofula. He says we have evidence that scrofula begins to show itself among these people as soon as they cease to live by the chase, and that it is a predisposing cause of consumption among them. He states that at Lacqui-Parle the women and children that stayed in the neighborhood during the winter, subsisting almost wholly on corn, were nearly all of them attacked with scrofula, and in the most aggravated form; but that when the ducks returned in spring and they could get animal food, the most of them grew better and some of them recovered entirely.

The case was the same with the Minnesota Indians. So long as they followed the chase, and thus had buffalo meat in plenty, they lived in comparative freedom from disease; but as soon as the supply of buffalo failed, and they were forced to live almost entirely on vegetable food and meal, they speedily became scrofulous and consumptive. Dr. Matthews says further that while they subsisted chiefly on fresh meat, they had the soundest gums and teeth, and that no flesh when wounded healed more rapidly than theirs. But when fresh buffalo meat was superseded by bacon and flour, scrofula and scurvy began to make their appearance among them. It is not, says he, low morals, but a low state of living—imperfectly cooked food and exposure to cold and wet—that induces this disease, and its sequel, consumption. Here certainly are facts worthy of the most serious consideration, in any sincere attempt to deal with this aboriginal race in a spirit of humanity and justice.

## A Case Right in Point.

Not long since we referred to the treatment of criminals as based on a wrong conception of the relations subsisting between the different classes and members of society. We made copious citations, also, from Col. Ingersoll's address to the New York State Bar on the subject, and endorsed them to the last letter of the eloquent orator's speech. A case in point happens to be right at hand. Three old offenders, one of them going by the name of "Jack Sheppard," all notorious thieves, were recently arraigned at the bar of a New York City Court. "Jack Sheppard," it appears, was graduated from Harvard College twenty-five years ago. The entire interval of time has seen him either actively engaged in crime or in expiating it in prison. He is described as a fine-looking man, with a well-bred manner. Listen to his own story: "I came from Boston a year ago," he said to the judge, "to try to make an honest living. I got work on the Bowery at six dollars and a half a week, but the detectives got on to me and I had to leave. During the Centennial of the United States Supreme Court I bought some photographs to sell, but I was a 'suspicious character,' and I had to get away from the city. I could not do honest work un molested. Do you blame us for being thieves?" The judge, while he expressed himself as always being willing and ready to help a man reform, said he was compelled by the law to sentence the speaker to five years in the penitentiary.

Is not this a practical illustration of the pressing need of reform in our treatment of criminals? Could the lesson be read any more plainly?

## Losing Its Hold.

That the dreadful old dogma of everlasting torture in requital for finite sins and errors, which are chiefly or entirely the result of finite ignorance, is receding from the arena of ecclesiastical conflict, and losing its hold—so far as it really ever had any—on the public belief, is once more made evident by the very recent abandonment, by Rev. Chas. M. Smith, of the Spring Hill Baptist Church in Somerville, Mass., of his old profession of faith in this respect, and his open and unequivocal adoption of the Universalist faith. He was admitted to the order of the priesthood in that church by Rev. Mr. Skinner, of Somerville, and President Capen of Tufts College, and preached his first sermon as a Universalist minister in Rev. Mr. Skinner's church. He said that God's image is in every human being whom he has created. It is a good idea to give bad people good thoughts. Why not rather recognize the good in a man than denounce the bad? We could not think of God at all unless there were something in us to correspond to him. Our work is not to create another man, but to discover the man already created in us. To come to one's self at last is to find peace and home.

## Medical Law in the District.

As will be seen by reference to another column, the diploma-bearers in Washington and vicinity are in motion; to abolish "free trade" in medical practice at the nation's capital, for their own benefit. There are, we are informed, two bills now before the U. S. Congress, giving the monopoly of the practice of medicine into the hands of the "Regulars" and Homeopaths exclusively—even the Eclectics are to be debarred—with full and absolute power to exclude all from healing the sick who cannot pass the medical conundrums propounded by the proposed Examining Board. Thus taking away the right from the people to choose their own physician or mode of practice. We trust that the liberal-minded people of the District of Columbia will unite and expend their best labors upon the members of Congress to induce them to crush these injurious measures at the very outset.

## An Easter Thought.

It has been truly said that "the world cannot always look backward." The seasons' fasten on to new springtides, the great cycles of the universe fulfill themselves in many added forms; and the heavens of suns and stars are replenished from the ancient altars of light, renewing and giving forth their life and strength through the succeeding cycles, each of which is marked by an especial change. So human life on earth requires rebirth.

The typical and historical Christ is as much the Christ that moves in the upper heavens as the guardian of his kingdom upon the earth is an illustration, not of how to follow Christ when he is in heaven, but to follow him here, in the mazes and labyrinths of time, surrounded by the chains and shackles of matter, envolved by the senses, imbued with the spirit of the dust; and so the great tides of rebirth bear the pulsing waves toward the world of a new evidence of light.

All the world, in a spiritual direction, seems keenly alive to an expectation of something new to come; which shows that the sphere of causes is drawing nearer to this world of materiality, in its direct operations. Truly, to-day the spiritually wise may observe potent signs in the heavens, denoting future good for universal humanity.

## In a Nut-Shell.

The following editorial in the *Boston Globe*, of April 7th, so closely condenses the whole matter of medical laws, their origin and their animus in Massachusetts (and elsewhere), that we give it to our readers for their careful perusal:

"Eternal vigilance is truly the price of the liberty to choose one's own physician in this State. Another medical monopoly bill is now before the Legislature, more insidious because less explicit than that which the *Globe* labored so earnestly to defeat last year. It is enough to say that any such law would insolently interfere with every citizen's right to choose his own physician, to say nothing of each physician's right to practice in his own way.

The proposed measure to compel the people to submit to a certain kind of doctoring, whether they believe in it or not, is thoroughly brazen and bad, and we do not believe it truly represents the wishes of the majority of physicians in this State, even those who are classed as the old school. It is simply an attempt to bestow a practice upon certain physicians who are unable to attract it on their merits.

If any school of doctors want a monopoly of the business of healing the sick, let them get it by doctoring so well that the public will not wish to employ any others."

## Workmen's Meeting.

The workmen of Boston and vicinity met in Faneuil Hall last Saturday to listen to a speech from Master Workman POWDERLY. The hall was crowded, and much enthusiasm manifested during the very telling remarks of the speaker. He said that the principles of the K. of L., boiled down to the smallest compass, mean: Do unto your neighbor as you would that he should do unto you. Competition in this age, said he, makes men hate each other, and the fear of want on the morrow makes the criminal of to-day. If the fear of want were removed from the workman of this nation, no grander or happier people would dwell on the face of the earth. Then their hands would not be stretched at each other's throats, but all would be extended to clasp the hands of their brother man, regardless of his religion, color, creed or race. Mr. Powderly is a magnetic orator, using the choicest language, full of deep thought and well-put anecdote in illustration of his subject.

## The New York Remonstrance.

On our eighth page will be found an outspoken statement, from the spiritual side, concerning the proposed Act ostensibly bearing on the materializing mediums of that State.

Parties resident in New York who deem the proposed bill an unwise and unjust one will confer a favor by at once cutting out this Remonstrance-head, pasting it upon a sheet of paper, and circulating it for the signatures of like-minded persons in their various localities.

As time is short, these Remonstrances when so signed should be sent immediately to the President of the American Spiritualist Alliance, Prof. Henry Kiddle, No. 7 E. 130th street, New York City.

Those desiring to join in this worthy effort, but having no opportunity to personally sign the Protest, can send a postal card to President Henry Kiddle (as above), authorizing the signing of their names to the Memorial, now preparing at The Alliance Headquarters.

## Sign Your Articles.

"NO NOTICE IS TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS LETTERS AND COMMUNICATIONS." This is an announcement which we make each week in our editorial heading, but correspondents of late seem to have grown careless and have lost sight of it.

We have, for instance, just received three obituary notices from Lincoln, Neb., without signature of any kind; last week we received one written in Boston, in a like condition; while notices of various kinds come to this office for publication with no one appearing to be willing to act as sponsor for them.

We only ask the signature of the sender as voucher for the reliability of the statements made; and will withhold the name from the public if so desired.

Parties sending us matter hereafter without signatures, and failing to see their notices, etc., in THE BANNER, will understand the reason.

## The Forty-Second Anniversary

Was widely observed, and such accounts of the services as we have room for at this date will be found on pages 1, 2, 3 and 8.

We have received many other reports, which we shall give to our readers as rapidly as space will permit.

In point of interest, earnestness and harmony, the celebrations everywhere have been highly successful, and the faithful workers participating in them have been refreshed and strengthened for the work in the year to come.

## More Cheating of the Indians.

News comes by telegraph from Kansas City, April 7th, that the authorities of the Cherokee Nation are investigating the accounts of John W. Wallace, disbursing agent of the Interior Department. It is charged that the plan on foot is to defraud the Indians out of their individual allowances, by the enrollment of several thousand negroes, who were to be brought from Kansas, Arkansas, and other States, as citizens entitled to the annuity.

## Children's Lyceum Appeal.

Be sure to read the call issued in the name of the Boston Spiritual Lyceum, on our fifth page.

## Vs. the Proposed Medical Law.

On another page will be found the text of a protest against summary medical legislation in the State of Massachusetts; at the close are mentioned the names of several gentlemen who have headed and presented remonstrances against the proposed law.

The following additional remonstrances against the enactment of any new medical laws have also been placed before the General Court—as per House Journal:

By Mr. Albee, of Boston, remonstrance of J. A. Rockwood and others; by Mr. Cook, of Milford, remonstrance of Edwin Cheney and others; by Mr. Butler, of New Bedford, remonstrance of Mrs. Hatfield Young and others; by Mr. Kittredge, of Boston, remonstrance of Winifred B. Knowles and others; by Mr. Bowman, of Boston, remonstrance of Frank E. Crane and others; by Mr. McDonough, of Fall River, remonstrance of Isaac B. Rich and others; by Mr. Monard, of Woburn, remonstrance of W. H. Krwin and others; by Mr. Converse, of Winchendon, remonstrance of Lydia A. Patterson and others of Templeton; by Mr. Thomas, of Brockton, remonstrance of Mrs. Melissa L. Chandler and others of Bridgewater; by Mr. Kimball, of Fitchburg, remonstrance of E. S. Loring and one hundred and forty-nine others; by Mr. Wheeler, of Rutland, remonstrance of J. M. Holman and others of Petersham; by Mr. Mansell, of Harwich, remonstrance of Laura A. F. Small and others of Harwich Port; and by Mr. Hooper, of Bridgewater, remonstrance of Mrs. Mary Copland and others of Bridgewater.

J. M. Young (of Haverhill) and others also sent in a remonstrance, and another, largely signed, came in from Brockton. They were all referred to the Judiciary Committee.

## Dr. F. L. H. Willis.

As will be seen by announcements elsewhere in this issue, two societies in Boston—that meeting at the Spiritual Temple on Back Bay, and the one in Berkeley Hall—are during the present month enjoying the services of this veteran worker for the New Dispensation. Friends of the Cause in this city owe it to themselves, one and all, to listen to his eloquent addresses, while in our midst. It will be well for managers of meetings in suburban towns to remember that the Doctor will make engagements for week-evening lectures, for which purpose he can be addressed in care of the **BANNER OF LIGHT**.

A GRAND FAIR is being held in Horticultural Hall, this city, in aid of the Working Boys' Home, on Bennett street, Boston. The Home is a worthy institution, and we hope the Fair will be largely patronized. One of the pressing needs of the Home is an industrial school that will teach the boys to earn an honest and manly living as mechanics. At the opening on Monday evening last Gov. Brackett spoke in enthusiastic terms of the Home, which he had visited that very afternoon. Mayor Hart also made remarks. The Home has no endowment, and depends upon the generosity of its friends. It is unostentatious, recognizing neither creed, color nor race in its beneficiaries, endeavoring only to do the greatest good to the greatest number. The Fair will continue open the present and next week.

Edgar W. Emerson, as writes J. H. Lohmeyer, from Pittsburgh, Pa., in *The Better Way*, "was with us during the month of December. Brother Emerson is one of the many speakers who always receives a hearty welcome in our Society from all members and visitors, and during his ministrations many sorrowing hearts were made happier, as through his media powers the way was opened for the spirit-world to shower in its blessings and make known the return of father, mother, husband, wife, brother, sister or child to their friends present. Messages from spirit loved ones are always recognized."

SUMMERLAND, CAL.—A correspondent informs us that the convention at Summerland opened very favorably on Saturday, March 29th. W. J. Colville, Moses Hull and Prof. Loveland addressed excellent audiences. On Sunday, March 30th, over one thousand people were on the grounds. The place is reported as being very beautiful, and in a truly thriving condition. An account of the services will appear next week.

CLEVELAND, O.—Our correspondent reports that Mrs. E. A. Wells has left Cleveland, and is en route for California. The Bangs Sisters have returned to Chicago. Mrs. M. M. Pratt, a medium recently arrived from Rochester, N. Y., passed to spirit life after a few days' illness. A report of the Anniversary celebration in Cleveland will be given next week.

April 6th Lyman C. Howe, we are informed, commenced a season of labor in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Dr. Pratt, of Boston—whom our informant speaks of as "a superior lady and a very conscientious medium"—is also reported to be on a visit to that city.

Mrs. Florence K. Rich has just returned from a very successful trip through the South, and is again located in her home at the Evans House, Boston, where she will be pleased to see her old friends and patrons as heretofore.

A PLEASANT OCCASION.—A large delegation of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Butler met at their residence, on Longwood Avenue, Boston, on Friday evening, April 4th, in honor of "Wildflower's" birthday. "Wildflower," the sprightly, reliable and sympathetic spirit-intelligence, who has so long and so satisfactorily made use of the media organism of Mrs. Butler, and whose name is familiar to the greater portion of the Spiritualists of this city. Assembled at the home, the friends—after many sincere congratulations to host and hostess had been indulged in—resolved themselves into a meeting, which was presided over by Eben Cobb, in the apt and skillful manner which is his wont; singing by Miss Parker introduced the exercises, after which remarks appropriate to the occasion were made, in the following order, by Mrs. R. S. Little who gave a poetic improvisation fitted to the hour; Dr. A. H. Richardson, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Capt. Richard Holmes, John W. Day (of THE BANNER), Edgar W. Emerson, Dr. F. L. H. Willis (who voiced a fine improvisation, and presented to "Wildflower" a beautiful floral arrow and bow, in the name of Mrs. E. C. Clapp), Mr. Craig, Judge Pettengill, and Mr. Tallman. The speaking was interspersed with a literary entertainment, consisting of select readings by the popular elocutionists Miss Lucretia Webster and Miss Maria Falls, and Little Miss Gracie Scates, and singing by Mr. Lillie.

Mrs. Butler returned thanks to the friends for their many and very appreciative references to her beloved control, and then "Wildflower" herself spoke a few words to her friends, after which, and the partaking of a choice collation, mingled with the enjoyment of social converse, the party retired to their homes, leaving many good wishes for host and hostess and "Wildflower" behind them.

Mr. William Foster, Jr., of Providence, R. I., formerly editor of a daily paper in that city, and now in the government employ, was our guest at the Crawford House last Sunday. He is a veteran Spiritualist, and has done yeoman service in the Cause for many years by speech and pen. Although in the seventies, he is hale and hearty. He says that his thorough investigations in regard to the materialization of spirit forms have perfectly satisfied him of the genuineness of this phase of spiritual manifestations.

Read the Review—on our sixth—and the announcement made on our third page concerning Rev. Samuel Watson's standard work: "Religion of Spiritualism," three editions of which have already been sold.

Spirit Prof. S. B. Brittan, on our sixth page, tells—through the mediumship of Mrs. Longley—what he knows about independent slate-writing mediumship from a "scientific standpoint."

Read the call for the Annual Convention at Norwich, Ct., on eighth page.















