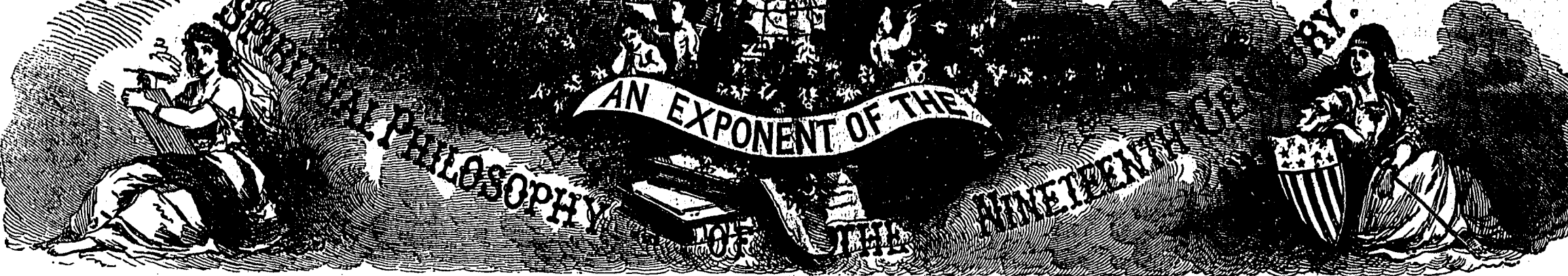


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Anniversary Address,

Delivered Before the Spiritual Temple Society at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., on Sunday Afternoon, March 30th, 1890,
BY MISS JENNIE LEYS.

(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

This is a day of rejoicing, when, in both hemispheres, great assemblies of glad hearts are celebrating the advent of Modern Spiritualism, heaven's latest and best evangel of love and light to earth. The morning and the evening of another day will close a marvelous period of revelation from the spirit-realms of life. Forty-two years! a number that is luminous with prophetic meaning; for it is the multiple of two most mystic and significant numerals, six and seven. The first number, six, is the measure of the sacred six-pointed star; the star that symbolizes the union of heaven and earth; the descent of the spiritual and the ascent of the material in a vital interblending of the two worlds, the visible and the invisible. This star also typifies the sublimest law, the two-fold law of progression, evolution and involution, that holds for supreme purpose and culmination the perfecting of man's whole being into the likeness of Deity and oneness with the Infinite Perfection—the crowning achievement of creative love and light.

So, too, the second number, seven, is a perpetual emblem of "sweetness and light"; for it is the measure of nature's great choirs of tone and tint and time; the ceaseless successions of soul-lifting marvels of music and art, and the glorious processions of truth-lighted days that, under angelic inspiration, have been powerful factors in the advancement of the race. And this number, also, is the sign of the secret of true immortality; the law of the soul's divine constitution, which to apprehend and to achieve is the consummation of perfected personal immortality—the crowning glory of creation in infinite love and light.

Thus so divinely numbered is this day of days that we celebrate. And never before has there been so much cause for rejoicing in the world as at the present time; for never before have the great hopes of humanity approached so near to realization. Yet every cycle of time has had its own baptism of revelation. For as methoic as the constellated movements of the starry firmament, are the impulses to earth of renewing spirit-powers that herald and accomplish every new awakening of the human mind. From that primeval morn when man first stood upon this planet, a conscious being, up to the present time, there have been similar outpourings of spiritual truth, and similar manifestations and ministrations of spirits. But as human capacity to receive truth has expanded, the revelations have increased in significance and power. The light has been cumulative, and progress more accelerated. Hence, since the dawn of the latest dispensation, humanity has advanced with far swifter movement and to far higher levels.

And in this century the light has come, not to any one people or nation, nor to any one creed or caste. When in this chosen land the rap from the spirit-world sounded, it quickly reached through the civilized earth. Hearts listened and looked upward everywhere; and through that attitude of eager hope and expectancy, countless avenues were opened for an illumination not local and limited, but universal and unlimited. What had been but a vague hope now became a vivid reality. The Ideal became Real. The veiled dreams of aspiring souls now emerged to unfold a divine fulfillment. And how marvelous the uprise of the world at that signal! How wonderful the impetus then imparted to every domain of human effort and aspiration! What words can fitly picture the unprecedented progress of these swift-speeding years?

In this land, where then, beyond the West, stretching to the far Pacific, was a vast, unsettled wilderness, now cluster everywhere stately cities and towns, all aglow with the lofty ambitions, the giant energies, and the splendid achievements of modern civilization; and, molded in noblest proportions, new State after State has risen, star-crowned, and claimed place in the grandest federation of freemen the world has yet seen. In both continents people after people have pressed upward to new heights of liberty and power through the fires of determined revolution; till now, below the equator, the last throne has gone down in the flood-tide of a peaceful evolution. From sea to sea, almost from pole to pole, there is now one grand elation of republics, at once the hope and the justification of hope to other

waiting nations; the ideal of the patriot becoming real.

And in the eastern hemisphere what inspiring changes! In Asia, ancient empires, long closed to other people, are now open to all nationalities; and their sovereigns are hastening to utilize not only the blessings of modern discoveries of science, but also the benefits of modern methods of legislation and education; and this means, ultimately, the entire reconstruction of life in all the oriental nations. So, too, in these years, the vast "dark continent" has been traversed by heroic heralds of progression, led forward by spirit-explorers—the hero, Stanley himself, declaring that a power stronger than his own will has impelled him into paths that were not of his planning. Soon over the broad Congo and the beautiful Lualaba will float the white fleets of commerce, bearing a swift transformation; and opening that immense land to a future happy republic, to be founded, we believe, by civilized African-Americans, who will have taken peaceful possession of their own fatherland; one ideal of the explorer becoming real.

And in Europe what prophetic steps toward the coming sublime federation of the world! Italy now stands one strong united people; the kingly crown higher than the papal tiara; and Rome is no longer simply the guarding citadel of a church, but the free, secular capital of a consolidated nation; with Bruno living again, and leading to higher liberties—the ideal of Italy's patriots becoming real. So, too, with greater and lesser kingdoms banded together, the German nation advances, and presents the spectacle of a martial monarch sincerely trying to help his people to a higher and happier social condition. And France, phoenix-France, has risen full-winged from the ashes of empire, a sterling and steadfast republic, growing to be a fit counterpart of that stanch little nation in the Alps that has so long radiated through Europe the heart-fire of a true republic. Every throne feels beneath it the mighty overturning lever of liberty and fraternity; spirit patriots leading onward the human to the realization of Freedom's ideals.

Slavery, and the inhuman sale of human beings, has not ceased entirely; but in three continents, from millions of serfs and slaves the shackles have been broken forever, the ideal of the liberator becoming real. And far greater millions of toilers, the bondmen and bondwomen of labor, are rousing to a keen consciousness of their divine rights, and at the call of spirit-taught leaders they are rising to break the old-time bonds, and create for themselves a new social order. Artisan and artist, inventor and educator, ruler and legislator, all have felt the vivifying touch of spirit-inspirers.

And religion, too, has yielded to the transmuting power of the spirit. Where, in the first days of the New Dispensation, but one or two voices dared deliver a message greater and truer than the creeds contain, now from thousands of pulpits there is taught a literally new gospel. Less of the infinite powers of God, and more of the infinite possibilities of man; less of the imagined requirements of deity, and more of the actual necessities of humanity; daily life, its sacredness and sublimity, its divine duties, opportunities and responsibilities, these are now more and more often the living themes of the ministry. Pastor and people alike are bringing catechism, creed and confession to the tribunal of illuminated reason.

They are hearkening anew to Christ's fearless injunction: "Why judge ye not for yourselves?" The Presbyteries may now cling to their rigid, cold Confession; but it is destined to melt away in the light of Spiritualism; for angel-messengers are writing the true Scripture in their very midst. We will quote from a Presbyterian Sunday school book that is now in constant circulation. Speaking of a bereaved mother, the authoress says: "Her daughter still seemed to walk by her side in that strange soul-companionship which so many of us know with some beloved one dead to the world but not to us. In all our busy coming and going we bear them with us. Their influence is as potent in our lives as when changing eye and speaking lip met our own. Sometimes when watching a great congregation slowly gather, there comes a wandering thought of those others, unseen, whom so many are bringing with them. What would it be to the speaker if he could see his great invisible audience?" In the light of such words as these, glowing with the warm radiance of the truth, the creeds cannot much longer survive. For the ministering spirits are there, and here, and everywhere, an innumerable multitude, pouring upon life the regenerating truths that they themselves have learned in the spirit-realms; coming to reconstruct religion, and to reconstruct to the uttermost the whole scheme of mortal existence.

There are vast wrongs yet unadjusted; vast miseries waiting to heaven yet unassuaged; myriads of minds yet uninstructed, and myriads of souls yet unilluminated by one ray of spiritual truth. But the divine renovation has begun; the agencies of restoring love and light are multiplying rapidly everywhere; a new spiritual consciousness is being awakened; a new public conscience is being created; and nothing can stay the entire reconstruction of all human affairs into harmony with the divinest ideals, till earth shall be verily heaven.

And how has this latest light such surpassing power? Because it is the full, satisfying response to every great cry of man's immortal nature. Because it is the Ideal made Real. Because every declaration of Spiritualism concerning God and man can satisfy the most exalted ideal and the most exacting casualty, presenting to imagination an expanse of truth of inexpressible beauty and sublimity, and to reason a field of facts of unimpeachable verity.

In the light of Spiritualism the ideal Deity is becoming real. The terrible God of the past is vanishing. The God who appeared as the infinite persecutor of men, overwhelming them with fear, is being replaced by an infinite Parent, worthy of human love and confidence. Prototype of human parenthood, God is drawing nearer to human hearts as the Omnipresent Father, the Omnipresent Mother; the All-enfolding Light and Love; the illimitable Spirit that fills the boundless universe with beauty and glory, yet a Presence closer to our lives than the very air that we inbreathe; a Presence that becomes ever more and more personal as intuition deepens and spiritual consciousness expands; in Whom the heart may lean for surest solace in every time of trial; and the source of such intensity of strength as makes the soul quenchless and unconquerable, victor over every ill by the might of the indwelling Deity; God is the Infinite Intelligence, source of all finite intelligence; the Infinite Energy, source of all finite energy; the Infinite Glory, who is not and cannot be honored by the glittering baubles of ecclesiastical pageants. And God is the Infinite Common-Sense and the all-seeing Sympathy and Justice, who says to every soul: "Work for your fellow-beings is worship of me. Build me no costly temple till every child on earth has a comfortable home. Manifest your professed love of me by practical love of one another." And this divinest Deity is daily becoming more real to human perception, and more potent in human action.

So, too, in the light of Spiritualism, the ideal heaven is becoming real. The vague, visionary heaven of the past is vanishing. Set afar off, for an exclusive few, and its only door the crucifixion of Jesus! Oh! what untold miseries have been wrought in both worlds by that perversion of the truth! In the crucifixion of Christ is hidden a truth pertaining to the true regeneration, but no one enters heaven through the physical death of another. Spirit-intelligences differ in some statements; but descriptions of the spirit-world are identical; and all, sooner or later, keenly realize that Christ's declaration is literally true: "The kingdom of heaven is within you." Countless numbers of conscientious men and women after passing from the earthly life have bowed down in bitterest anguish of spirit at finding that they have not floated to the anticipated heaven, with diadem and harp of gold and seraph-song forever. For the actual state of one's nature and character at transition is the only status and establishment of the spirit in the hereafter. And a solemn thought it is that human beings are building every moment for eternity, by thought, by word, by act, and by every aspiration, very substance of self ascending to form there for habitation a palace of brightness and happiness or a prison of darkness and wretchedness. As you create here, so will you be encompassed there. As you build when a mortal, so you abide when a spirit. There is no escape from this inexorable law.

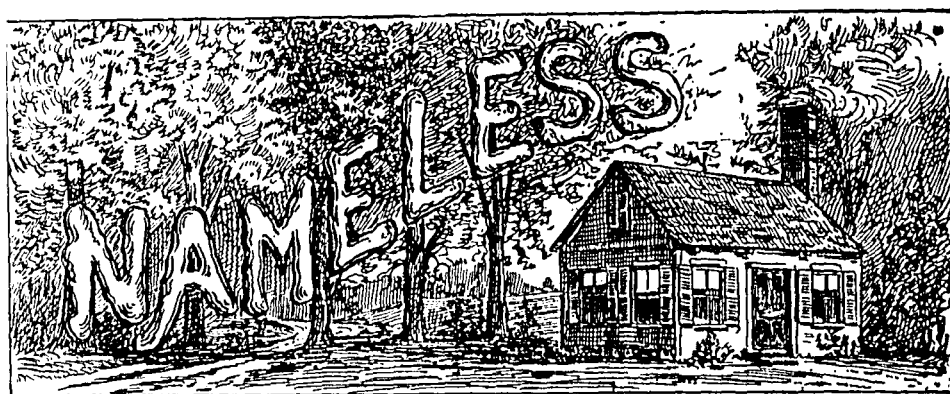
Spiritualism thus imparts the highest incentive to right thinking and right living; not only for right's sake here, but for the sure recompense of right in the hereafter. The ideal heaven of every anxious heart can thus be made real; for you are the creators of your own heaven. There are palaces of radiant splendor and dwelling-places of quiet beauty; fountains of living waters delighting the senses; gardens of fadeless flowers, more beautiful than earth's brightest blossoms; songs of sweetest melody, that there never knew sorrow; employments that suit and satisfy every energy, and aspiration; schools for research and study, profound and enchanting; great councils of advanced spirits who plan for earth's progression; missions of loving ministry to spirits and to mortals; companions the best-loved and the most congenial; days of festivals for kindred and happy fraternalities; and times of rest for the spirit, pure and entrancing as the cloudless calm of the seraphs; all that fondest heart, or highest intellect, or most prayerful soul, can desire or deserve. And the one path to all these precious possessions is through conquest of self and service of others.

And ever before the spirit extend still sublimer ascensions. As the nature grows into spotless unselfishness, purity and harmony, there open yet diviner vistas of beauty and blessedness, till, having become united in very essence and being with the all-perfect, eternal soul, it is ushered at last into the utmost beatitude, the life all-potent, that is forevermore, "a joy unspeakable and full of glory." And the one path to this supremest blessedness is, also, through incessant conquest of self and incessant service of others. By one's own effort and attainment only can one reach the heights of the spiritual. And no soul is shut out from this heavenly. There may be imperfection and evil in the nature here; and in the life disappointment, defeat and even disgrace; but human souls by their own God-given powers can overcome every imperfection and rise triumphant over ill. Onward forever up the glorious steps, each hour a step in the great ascent, with the fire of the soul's sublime possibilities kindled anew in the life, and the light of heaven's divine compensations glowing anew in the heart. This is the reasonable and beautiful heaven that is disclosed by Spiritualism, and this ideal heaven is daily becoming more real.

And the ideal communion of the saints is becoming real. Heroes and martyrs, saints and sages, are not lost to the world. They are working ceaselessly to release humanity from pain and sorrow, sin and death. The more unfolded the spirit, the more intense is the desire to help others. And your own loved ones, the precious loves of your hearts, who went from you, leaving the earth dark behind them, they are not lost to you; they abide with you. Many spirits make their spiritual habitation within the dear old earthly home. Loving arms fold about you, though you feel not the gentle embrace; tender feet tread your floor, though you sense not the loving caress. Unseen, unrealized often, yet they are with you, faithful and true as the shining stars to the night. At the couch of pain they minister with touch softer than the breath of the zephyr; to the weary and heavy-laden they

(Continued on seventh page.)

Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

CHAPTER XI.

The Staff She Leaned Upon.

In her narrow quarters she who was nameless to the world lived her secluded but devoted life: devoted in thought and aspiration and deed to the bidding of the angel-world, as its mission wrapped her spirit in its sense of tenderness and truth. To say that she was altogether unlike other human beings, that she had overcome all weakness, all sensibility to mental anguish or to physical suffering, would not be true. Physically she could feel the cold or heat of the atmosphere to a certain extent, so that in winter a gentle fire upon her hearth gave a pleasant warmth to her frame, and in summer-time the balmy breezes, tempering the torrid heat of the sun, were grateful to her brow. But neither heat nor cold had such power to affect her unpleasantly as it had others of her kind; and especially was this so when she was engaged in some labor of beneficence, for then she might go forth in inclement weather, clad in light raiment, and suffer no inconvenience or danger to comfort or health. The very exaltation of her mood, the sacredness of her errand, seemed to serve as a protecting shield against sickness or discomfort. Of food she partook very sparingly, and there were times when she did not require a morsel for many hours; yet she knew that she could not refuse it entirely, for although fed by the elements and magnetism of the air, and of that spiritual atmosphere which enveloped her, yet the body required a certain amount of aliment which the products of the soil alone could afford. The diet of this strange woman consisted principally of fruits and grains, of water, hot or cold, and sometimes, for days together, of milk alone. Solid food she did not crave, and it was very little trouble to her to prepare her simple meals.

During the months and years of her seclusion the woman was occasionally visited by her old friend, David Saunders, who never came empty-handed, and who always insisted on adding something to the store of money which he had forced upon her. To the old sexton his friend had become almost as a saint, so pure and even holy did her life and its work appear in his eyes; and mingled with the sense of homage and of devotion that he felt for her was an emotion of tenderness and of protection such as he might have given his own child under the same circumstances.

The man sometimes brought news of Trent to the little hut. Its inmate did not disdain to listen, nor did she bid him be silent; but in spite of her spiritually high estate, there were moments when her soul grew faint with longing for the dear ones she had known, and grieved in secret over the broken ties and associations of the past. There was something of human weakness in her nature yet; she had not outgrown the capacity to suffer and to feel pain; but the struggles through which she passed in her hours of anguish only seemed to lift her spirit to a loftier ideal of human life, and to deepen in her soul the emotions of sympathy and compassion that she held for all hapless, sorrowing, unfortunate lives.

The tidings that Saunders brought were usually such as to create pain in her gentle breast. When he told of the prosperity of the people of Trent, she was glad; when he spoke of the departure of George Trenton and his wife for foreign parts, she smiled, hoping the change would prove beneficial to both. When he told of the memorial window placed in the pretty church of the town in memory of Viola Trenton, and stated that it represented a lovely young woman, standing upon billowy clouds in mid-air, with rapt, upturned face, and hands clasped as if in prayer, with the inscription: "She hath chosen the better part," in letters of gold beneath her feet, the listener again smiled, as if all were well with her. But when the old man told of the return of the Trentons, after an absence of a year, and said that the rich man's wife had such a yearning, unhappy look in her face that people wept who gazed upon her; and also that George Trenton seemed old and distressed since his daughter's death, and that his life was not as cheerful as it had been, she bowed her head in pain and sorrow, and longed to give the comfort that these loved ones craved.

Sometimes when the old man was present tiny soft rappings and faint musical sounds like the tinkling of some little silver bell would be heard in the hut, while pale but beautiful flashes of light were seen crossing the room, and darting along the walls; and his hostess would say to him that his angel child Beale,

and Zola, and Hebron, and other unseen intelligences were with them to inspire and bless their lives.

Recently the visitor had brought word that Howard Stockton, to whom Viola Trenton had been betrothed, had united himself in marriage with the sister of his business partner. The sexton had heard this news from a friend of his in Trent, who had known young Stockton well. To those who remembered how wretched the lover had appeared when his young bride had died, it seemed strange that in two years he should have so far forgotten her as to wed another; but, intuitively, the heart that listened to David Saunders' story knew that he had not forgotten and never would forget Viola Trenton, whatever his experiences and movements in life might be. Nevertheless, she could not help feeling a pang of pain as the disclosure was made to her, and for some hours after her old friend had gone she felt as if a hand of iron had taken hold of her very soul, and that a pall of darkness rested upon her. But these feelings passed away, and only left a clearer light and more attractive grace in the eyes and upon the fair countenance of the lonely inmate of that old and worn-out hut.

But if the dwelling seemed only a broken-down and unlovely hut to the outside world, it was a very temple of beauty and of holiness to the woman who claimed it as her home. Many times when no mortal footstep disturbed the silence of the Peesley woods, there was light and companionship and joy in the little old house. Its inmate felt the presence of her beloved guides at such times; listened to their gentle whispers of counsel or cheer or of instruction; gazed into their tender faces and caught a gleam of hope and courage and peace from what she beheld; felt the quiet touches of loving hands upon her brow, and knew that she should never walk alone.

Always after she had passed through some mental struggle the lights grew brighter, the musical sounds more sweet and clear, and even the fragrance of Eden bowers seemed to fill her room with a subtle incense. Especially was this so after her hours of pain and anguish when she learned of Howard's union with some far-off maid. The room was lighted as by some brilliant torch; sweet music fell in richest melody upon her ears; the odor of rare flowers thrilled the atmosphere, and a great calm fell upon her troubled soul, through which she could hear the voice of Hebron repeating:

"Though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death I will fear no evil";—and "Surely mercy and goodness will follow me all the days of my life, for I will abide in the house of the Lord forever!"

The clouds had departed, the blessed light had come. No longer did the trembling heart bend in anguish before a mortal being. Heavenly guidance was the staff she leaned upon, and a knowledge of its power gave new strength and purpose to her life. It was not a selfish desire to hold the love and remembrance and thought of Howard Stockton from all other objects of affection. It was not her wish to have him walk through life without tender companionship. She had no yearning to have the name and memory of Viola Trenton forever foremost in his breast; nor had she ever any purpose to return to the world and reclaim the recognition and love of those who had been dear to the dead girl. None of these had stirred the pain in her heart or caused the falling tear; but because there was just this little taint of human weakness within she was startled, and for a little while unhappily affected by the tidings she had received.

Practically speaking, this life had no identity with that of the late Viola Trenton; the petted and cherished idol of her parents' hearts had departed from the world—wrenched out of it and from all that it had ever known by a great and irreparable wrong—and the lovely maiden would never more appear. This quiet, and beautiful woman was as unlike the joyous girl of other years as the stately light of the sun is unlike the scintillating ray of some wandering star; and their lines could never be merged or an identity established between them.

Viola Trenton had been wooed and won, and happy thoughts of marriage filled her waking dreams to the very last hour of her life. This pale and serious woman had no thoughts of conjugal domestic life. She did not look for this; she did not desire it. Her lot and part in life were of a different character. She was here in the world simply at the behest of higher powers, and to be about her Father's business as his infinite will should appoint.

After this trying experience her life went on as usual; only that her service, her words and her example seemed larger and richer and even more fruitful than they had been before. There appeared no work too coarse for her to undertake, no fatigue too great for her to risk, no task too severe or unpromising for her to essay in connection with her mission of helpfulness to those who were in need. She went to great distances, unattended by mortal guides, and found her way from place to place, doing her work in every case. Those who knew something of her labors were amazed that she accomplished so much, but no one on earth realized the half that she was enabled to perform.

Still she lived on in the little hut, making that her headquarters and her tower of strength; but sometimes she would be gone for weeks, busy among the people whom she loved to minister to in their distress. Meanwhile no one molested her home and its belongings in her absence, for the villagers mostly respected her silence and her desire to remain unknown, and to the greater part of the community she appeared as a helpful saint whose example and good offices no suspicion or distrust from malignant tongues could dim.

The clergyman, Mr. Brown, had by this time profited greatly by the words of truth and the spiritual illumination which this strange life had brought to him. Under its influence his own mind had been quickened and stimulated, and his new researches into the mysteries of human nature and of divine love had brought profound convictions to his soul. Therefore the man preached with new earnestness and strength; he appealed to the highest nature of his hearers; outlined pictures of the love of God, and taught the lessons of tolerance, of peace and of good-will.

The fame of the little preacher grew and spread; his audiences increased, many coming miles to listen to his word. On week nights he was sent for to visit other towns, and speak the uplifting message of divine tenderness and protection. It was a new gospel in that region—the love of the Father for all his children, the brotherhood of man, the divine in humanity—and it fell like cooling water upon tortured hearts. Total depravity, the mysteries of godliness, the inequities of the race, the sacrificial atonement and kindred doctrines had always been expounded, but a higher, grander, more humanitarian gospel of Love had never been known in these parts until the unknown had put it into the heart and the understanding of the clergyman Brown.

The third year of her stay in the old hut had passed, and still the stranger leaned upon her staff of heavenly guidance, and never once had it failed. Her old friend still came occasionally, and his latest news had been of the transition of Mrs. Trenton from the earth. That lady had steadily declined in health from the date of her daughter's decease, until the Angel Change had called her home. During the few weeks succeeding that event which elapsed before the sexton came, the recluse had caught glimpses of a well-known face smiling upon her, but although she had at last been satisfied as to its identity and knew that its possessor must have passed away from earth, she could not forbear shedding a few tears when her old friend related the pathetic death-scene of the good lady, who in her latest hours had whispered: "I shall see Viola now! We shall be at home in heaven."

"Ah, poor lady," sighed the old man, "she did not find her lamb on the other side. How disappointed she must be. I thought of it all, and when I placed her coffin beside the empty one that people think holds her child's remains, I could have wept at it."

"But she knows it now, dear friend; it has all been explained to her, I am sure, for she comes to me with happy smiles. She can see it all for the best, and she will help me in my work."

CHAPTER XII. Suspicion's Cruel Flame.

During the past year there had been two heavy and daring burglaries in the town of Ayer, adjoining Bridgton, and so skillfully planned and adroitly managed had they proved that no clue had been obtained of their perpetrators. The detectives who were employed to discover them were at a loss where to search, until some one suggested that perhaps the strange woman who lived alone in the woods, half-way between Ayer and Bridgton, might furnish them with information regarding the case, as it had been reported that she held communication with unseen beings, and that she had some weird, mysterious power.

After a while one of the detectives, a portly, wide-awake young fellow—who had, however, the air of one who knows it all, and who cannot be deceived on any point—determined to visit the unknown and make inquiries in a cautious manner. Not that he believed in her mysterious powers, or that she could hold conversation with the dead, but he concluded it a suspicious circumstance that such a young and lovely woman as this was reputed to be should be living in such retirement from the world, and he deemed it his duty to probe the secret of it, never doubting his ability so to do.

Strangely enough she admitted him into her dwelling, and gave him audience. More curious still, she seemed to divine the object of his errand before he had uttered a word.

"Sir," said the beautiful woman—her clear, flute-like voice penetrating his very soul, her large and brilliant eyes fixed upon him with a peculiar light that made him shudder—"you have come on a two-fold quest: first to discover who and what I am, and secondly to learn if there is any truth in the report that I possess occult powers. If I have the power of divination, you say, I will be able to point you at once to the individuals who have committed the robberies at Ayer, and through my guidance you will have no difficulty in tracing the stolen property, and convicting the criminals: is it not so?"

The man, somewhat startled by her plain-speaking, and awed in a measure by her appearance and that of his surroundings, bowed his head in response to her question. She had certainly very cleverly guessed the object of his call.

For mortal ears, it is that because of them I may carry consolation, and even knowledge of heavenly things, to the bruised and trampled hearts that long for comfort and sympathy. None of these are given me for my own use, or for business purposes."

"But, lady, pardon me; would it not be an unselfish work for you to employ your supernatural gifts for the detection of crime, and for the punishment of the criminal?"

"No, because there is too much of worldly ambition in the hearts of those who wish to detect; too much of the instinct of the bloodhound, intent only on running down its prey; too little of humanitarian principle; too little of manly regard for right and justice. He who shall detect the criminal knows full well that he will be counted the best and smartest and most successful among his fellows, and it is his pride and purpose to win the reputation of a shrewd and subtle power."

Her visitor bit his lip at these remarks, but concealing—as he thought—from his hostess all signs of his chagrin, for it was his purpose to learn something of this woman's life, he said:

"But, my dear lady, do you not concede that it is the duty of society to protect itself against depredation and injury? If we do not bring these fellows to justice they will go on in their career, preying upon the lives and property of others, and at the same time setting an example and giving encouragement to other wrong-doers to follow the same track!"

"That may be, sir; he who is undetected in his evil course will for a time, no doubt, pursue it, and the innocent will suffer for his guilt. I do not deny that he should be arrested and placed where he can do no harm. But your present system of restraint and punishment does not appeal to me to help you in bringing the offender to its doors. To my mind it only deepens the sense of hardness and bitter scorn of all judicial justice in the heart of the criminal. He does not repent under it, for it marks him as the felon, sets him down as unfit for human regard and sympathy, shuts him up for a time, at last turns him upon the world branded as a convict, to be shunned and scorned, and leaves him sullen and unrepentant still. If you would take the criminal into a house of restraint, provided by government, where honest instruction and moral suasion were given by wise, tender, helpful teachers and guides; where he could be made to feel himself a man still, who had gone wrong, but who had only to be set right to try and atone for his wrong; where he might, by his surroundings, feel that his keepers really desired his moral and physical elevation, and that they were a class of men and women really pure and good and wise, and not those who are perhaps better and more respected than himself because they had never been surrounded by depressing forces and by almost irresistible temptations—I would bid you God-speed in your work, and be happy to assist. As it is, sir, if I knew to-day where your criminal hides, I would not tell you, but I would go to him in secret and say: 'My dear friend, you are wasting the best powers of your life; you are throwing away a noble manhood in the course you pursue. You are unlawfully wresting the things that perish from your neighbor. Do you not see that it is your own brother whom you rob? Your own sister whom you wrong? We are all children of the living God; He is our loving Father, and He will raise up friends for you in the hour of your need.' And then, sir, I would stir myself to help the poor creature regain his self-respect, and to find the means of making an honest livelihood."

"I am also in favor of a new society, or rather of regenerating the present social system—not that I wish to undertake the work, but I would like to see it established—so that the criminal when he exists might be taken and attended to as a poor misshapen cripple is cared for in your hospitals and sanitariums, for he is a moral deformity, who requires medical and judicious care. I think society should look after its wails and outcasts in early life, too, that they may be taught, tended, cultivated, and brought into a state of mental and spiritual growth, before the evil tendencies they may have inherited shall have time and favorable conditions for starting into activity."

"And now, sir, you will pardon me if I wish you good-day. I can tell you nothing of myself. I live in seclusion here because I find it best for my work, and because I have no desire to live nearer the world and its bustling interests. My life is a quiet one, and it contains really nothing that can be of service to others, even if it were laid bare to a curious world."

The detective, abashed and discomfited, allowed himself to be dismissed, and retired in a musing and somewhat humbled frame of mind; saying to himself as he turned from the rude door:

"There's something mighty strange about that woman. What a beauty she is! And one feels himself so small and sneaking in her presence. She did use some good logic in her remarks, and she almost made me feel mean for engaging in this work, especially when she said we only did it because of our ambition and pride. What a mystery she must be to the people around here. A beautiful mystery, too; I do n't wonder they all talk about her. It made me shiver in spite of myself to see all those white hangings; somehow they reminded me of death; and yet there was nothing ghastly about her but the peculiar whiteness of her face, and perhaps the long clinging garments she had on. It was bright and warm and pleasant in there, but for all that I would n't care to live in such surroundings myself. Well, when I get time I must work this mystery up, and see what it'll lead to in the end."

But the robberies were not explained, and in a little while, Blair, a city ten miles from the opposite side of Bridgton, became the scene of similar depredations; excitement now ran wild throughout the vicinity, for people began to fear for the safety of their own goods and chattels. Inquiry at the railroad station elicited no information beyond the fact that three strangers, two young men and an old one, had arrived in Blair the morning of that night when the deed was done; the old man had returned after dusk, and gone his way; indeed he had been seen, perhaps once in six weeks or so, for two years or more, coming and going in the same way, but the two younger men had never been seen in Blair before, nor had they left the city at that station. It was surmised by some that the old man was a companion of the last two, and that he had returned as a blind to ward off suspicion; but the station-master did not think so: "He was by himself, I think, and knew nothing of the others on the train," said he, in reply to all questions.

Seven weeks elapsed; no clue had been found to the retreat of the burglars, and speculation was still rife concerning it when another event occurred which threw all the others in the

shade: The bank at Blair, a time-honored, respectable institution, containing the investments of half the people in the place, had been entered, its watchman overpowered and the contents of its safe rifled. The watchman, a tall and sturdy fellow of about forty years, could give no account of the attack when released from his fastenings, only that as he sat in his accustomed seat in the building he heard a faint noise, followed by a stealthy step behind him, but before he could speak or move he was caught from behind by one pair of strong arms, while another threw something over his head and quickly pinned him down.

The bank thus robbed was the one where Tom Preston was employed, and that young stalwart found himself called upon to do active duty on the following day in answering and appeasing the demands of the eager crowd of creditors that besieged its doors. It was late before he retired from the building, and he concluded to take his tea in town, as the ride home was a long and tedious one. After he had satisfied his appetite at the hotel, Tom concluded to go over to the railroad office and make inquiry concerning late arrivals in town. From the station agent the young man learned that only an old man had arrived the day before, the same who had come to Blair on the former occasion, as had been mentioned. A full description of this man was given him, and he could not help feeling that after all the elderly gentleman who made periodical and mysterious visits to the city might be concerned in the work of the depredators. On arriving home, our friend found a lady visiting his sister from Ayer; she was an old schoolmate of Maria Preston, and had been induced to prolong her visit until Tom should return, who would escort her home; and so, after his horse had been attended to, the young man proceeded to perform this gallant duty toward his sister's guest.

The moon had risen in silver radiance, and was shining brightly through the branches of the old trees in the wood, when Tom Preston once more rode through them on his homeward way; and just as he turned into the road leading by the short path to the Peesley hut, he saw a sight that for a moment seemed to still the beating of his heart.

He had been busily thinking of the robbery and of the old man who had been seen in Blair on two occasions when a crime had been committed, and just as he had ceased puzzling his head where this stranger could be, the door of the old hut opened, and a man appeared upon the threshold in the act of pulling an old slouch hat upon his head. The moonlight fell full upon his features and upon the clothing that he wore, and in that moment Tom recognized the stranger who had come to Blair, by the description he had received from the railroad man.

Softly he pulled up his horse and watched the open door through the bushes that hid him from sight. The unknown stood beside the old man and gazed at him with a gentle but almost solicitous and anxious expression. Evidently they had not heard the sound of wheels, and did not know any one was in the wood.

"Be sure and return by way of Ayer, my dear friend; it is opposite from Blair. You had better not be seen in that city just now. Something tells me danger lurks there for you. You have only to walk a mile or two to the country station at Ayer, and the train leaves at midnight for the North"—and the speaker pointed in the direction from which the hidden rider had just come.

Her voice floated to him in softly modulated tones, as she stood fair and almost weird-like in the moon light, her gray, nun-like draperies falling about her in classic folds.

The man at her side murmured something and departed, taking a turn at the door through a by-path and across a stile beyond, thus escaping a meeting with the team at the foot of the lane. The beautiful woman stood for a moment as if watching his retreating figure, and then closed the door as she entered her little home.

Tom, with a start, and gathering himself up with a shake, softly pulled the reins, and the horse stepped on. For the remainder of his ride the fellow sat like one stupefied; he could not reason or think, so amazed was he at what he had seen. The clock struck ten as he drove into his door-yard, and at the sound he seemed to awaken from his helpless trance.

"She said the midnight train," he thought; "I have time to follow and overhaul the man. Shall I do it? He is certainly a suspicious character, and the ends of justice might be served. But no—if I do that she will be suspected of crime. Good heavens, what was he doing there? I will stake my life on her honor and purity, but the world is so ready to believe evil. No, I will not betray her friend. He is probably the only link that binds her to the past. I will not tear her secret open; let the old man go if he will."

By this time he was in the little stable attending to his horse. This duty done he entered the house, and finding that his sister had retired went to his own room, but not to sleep, for long after the lights were extinguished he lay and tossed in restless thought, and every now and then he broke out with: "I know she is little less than an angel; the world shall not suspect her of wrong." When at last the midnight hour had rung he muttered: "I hope the old man has got safely off. I will stake my life on her honor and purity, but I am glad no one but me saw that parting at her door."

Some one else had, however, seen it; for Catherine Jones, who had spent the evening at her uncle's, Farmer Green's, on the edge of the wood, was coming home in the moonlight, escorted by her cousin, Tom Green, and had approached near enough to see the open door and its inmates, although she did not hear the words with which our heroine dismissed her old benefactor. There was food for speculation and for deep suspicion for the woman, who had fairly grown to hate the sweet unknown because of her exclusiveness, and because she was so very far above the common gossip and slander of evil tongues, and it was with an exultant throb of delight that the mischief-maker hurried on to her own quarters, dismissing her escort with a hint to say nothing at home of what he had seen.

[To be continued.]

"An Honest Man Is the Noblest Work of God," and vice versa.

We can bear philosophically the annoyance of having our Compound Oxygen "perfected" by one unscrupulous person, ignorant of our formulas, and so with really nothing to perfect, or our testimonials stolen by others. It is the penalty of success. We content ourselves with cautioning the public against them. Our formulas are known only to ourselves, and it is impossible for any one, however unscrupulous or dishonest, to obtain them, either by fraud, as one claims to have done, or otherwise. Any thing sold or manufactured under this name, except that made by Starkey & Folen, is therefore a fraud and counterfeit. The money spent for such a fraud is a loss. For full particulars and testimonials, ask for our *Brochure on Compound Oxygen*. Sent free. Address: DR. STARKEY & FOLEN, 1829 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 129 Butter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.
NORTH SCITUATE.—Over the nom de plume "Progression," a correspondent writes: "The cause of Spiritualism has taken deep root in this village, being a growth from seed sown by the Studleys forty years since, when wonderful manifestations vouchsafed to our people through the mediumship of Miss Susan Bagley, and later by Amelia Bradford, née Studley, carried conviction to many a disconsolate soul, and opened the way for a further development of its teachings. Later Mrs. M. A. Horton, Prof. Carpenter, Mrs. N. J. Willis, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Yeaw, and J. Frank Baxter, have aided us in the good work. A Lyceum formed in 1863, suspended work in 1870 for want of a hall; but in 1886 one of the fathers in our land, Joseph Gannett, erected a building, and dedicated the upper portion as a hall for the use of Spiritualists. A grand opening appearing, a Lyceum was organized under the lead of the veteran officers of the suspended Lyceum, which to-day has one hundred members. Owing to the passing to the higher life of Bro. Gannett, the hall was secretly passing beyond the control of the Lyceum, but through the efforts of that indefatigable worker, Mrs. Carrie Nott, who has developed as a fine speaker, a lease has been granted for a year, with a promise of a renewal at its expiration. This sketch of the rise and progress of our Cause in this place would not be complete without an acknowledgment to Mrs. Nott of what she has done for the Lyceum; gathering the little ones in her home on each alternate Saturday afternoon, teaching them to sew and declaim, they rightly chose her as the guide of the happy band. That she may continue in the good work, and with improved health, is the humble wish of all the friends of herself and the cause of Truth and Progress in this vicinity."

Minnesota.
ST. PAUL.—"E. B." writes: "For years we could get no public recognition of our beautiful Faith in this growing city. We welcomed the coming of the good BANNER into our homes with its words of encouragement and cheer, and sometimes met in private circles, where blessed heavenly influences fell upon our souls like dew upon the early flowers, and we besought the spirit-world to send us more workers in this field of Truth."

About two years since, Mrs. M. E. Aldrich, of Philadelphia, was directed to our city. Through the efforts of Bro. Flower, Mr. H. Kenyon and others, a society was formed, and Mrs. Aldrich hired as speaker. She remained with us one year—an excellent medium, a faithful worker in the Cause, a true and lovely woman.

In September last we had the good fortune to secure the services of Bishop A. Beals, whose name is familiar to all readers of THE BANNER, and dear to hundreds in our land. Through his ministrations the Spiritual Alliance has increased and strengthened, and many from the various churches have become interested to investigate the blessed truths of Spiritualism. This gifted speaker needs no encomium from my pen. Through years of faithful service and rare devotion to the spiritual work, he has ever illustrated the teachings of his spirit-guides in his own pure and beautiful life.

The slate-writing medium, Perry Johnson, continues to give exhibitions of his wonderful power, after the Sunday evening lectures; and whether it be spirit power or "psychic force," as some maintain, it affords a stimulus to thought and investigation."

Connecticut.
MERIDEN.—"Listener" writes: "On Thursday evening, April 3d, Mr. J. Frank Baxter lectured to grateful acceptance of the Spiritualists, and to marked edification and interest of a large audience gathered in Meriden to hear him. He opened and interspersed his exercises of poem, lecture and mediumship with appropriate sentiment in pleasing song, which, by the way, is one of the attractive features of this gentleman's work. The lecture was unusually entertaining and instructive on 'The Spirit: Its Bodily, Terrestrial and Spiritual.' Mr. Baxter is a positive and emphatic speaker, and thoroughly honest in his convictions."

After the lecture, for nearly an hour he gave grand evidence through his medial powers of the presence of spirits and their ability to manifest it. In this science he gave many fine descriptions and several absolute tests that the spirit control and power alleged were undoubtedly the genuine in reality. Mr. Baxter, what with his presence and education, his versatility of talents, and assistance from the spirit side, is a great power for good on our spiritual realm, and an honor to the Cause he represents."

Illinois.
CHICAGO.—We are informed by a correspondent that "J. H. Randall, Sec'y of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association, having received calls to lecture West, will commence a tour in May or June next. His trip will extend into Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, South Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin. He is willing to stop at as many points as there may be a chance to be heard. The expense to secure one or more lectures from him will be very light if those who would like to hear him will prepare for and let him fix the date at his convenience, giving each point not less than two weeks' notice. His subjects are varied; he will lecture on the Philosophy and Phenomena of Spiritualism, Mental Science, or on the great economic movement known as Nationalism. Friends of the cause for liberating humanity from superstition and error, who can get a place for a meeting, if no other than their callings, should write him immediately at 229 Monroe street, Chicago, Ill."

Written for the Banner of Light.
APRIL SHOWERS.
Softly fall the raindrops
On this April day;
Softly sings a robin
A cheery roundelay;
Singing, while the sombre clouds
Hide the warm, bright sun,
Singing, as the drops of rain
Fall gently, one by one.
Showeth he a cheerful heart,
In spite of falling rain,
Trusting that the sunshine
Will shortly come again.
Let us, like the robin,
Sing a cheerful song,
While our daily duties
Close about us throng.
Let us work with patience,
And cheerfully endure
All the little troubles
That we cannot cure.
Let us trust, as he does,
To the Father's love,
That, in tender glory,
Shines the clouds above.
Softly fall the raindrops
To the waiting earth,
Calling all the leaves and buds
Into perfect birth.
So the little trials,
Met at every turn,
Hold a needed lesson
For us all to learn.
And, like falling raindrops
From an April sky,
They will prove a blessing
To us by-and-bye.
MINIE S. BARBER.

Bathe freely with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, then rub hard night and morning, for pleurisy.

The 12d Anniversary.

Interesting Exercises in Commemoration of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, held in New York City, Cleveland, O., Newburyport and Boston, Mass., Etc., Etc.

Adelphi Hall, New York City.
(Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.)

During the exercises held by the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall, Sunday, March 30th, 1890, in commemoration of the Forty-Second Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, the following programme was successfully carried out: Opening Address, Henry J. Newton; Song, Mrs. L. McCune; Address, Mrs. M. E. Williams; Recitation, ("Jane Conquest," Mrs. Helene Davis; Song, Prof. Carlos Florentine; Address, Prof. Wm. A. Baldwin; Song, Mrs. Louise Tuttle; Address, Mrs. Amanda Spence; Song, ("Annie Laurie,") Octet kindly furnished from "The County Fair"; Address, Judge Nelson Cross; Tests, by Miss Maggie Gaule, of Baltimore; Song, Mr. Tom Hilbert (one of the Octet); Address, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham; Song, ("Sweet Bye-and-Bye,") by the audience.

A very large company gathered to celebrate the Anniversary. The platform was occupied by the principal speakers and artists, and tastefully decorated with palms, tropical plants, and bouquets of rare flowers.

The opening address, by Mr. Henry J. Newton, was as follows:

We have again come together to celebrate the Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism. Forty-two years have come and gone since that great event came to the world, an event of more vital import than any which had preceded it. The great inventions of this century, the steam engine, the electric telegraph and photography, are wonderful to contemplate, and great and far-reaching in their beneficial effects, yet in my estimation the effect of all these great improvements is small and limited when compared to the universal effect and influence of Modern Spiritualism, and since its advent there has never been a period when its claims were as now so generally admitted, so universally respected. Never has there been a time when there has been so deep and profound an interest manifested in the subject; and especially in the wonderful class of phenomena manifested through mediums in this and other countries, as at present.

Among the important events which have taken place during the current year I should mention the fact of the return of Maggie Fox Kane to the fold of the spiritualists. Her apostasy, and partially so of her sister, Katy, early in the fall of 1888, created, at the time, great excitement, both in and out of the ranks of Spiritualism; much more, as I stated at the time, than there were any reasonable grounds for. But nevertheless it created a serious blot on the page of spiritualistic history, which fortunately now has to a certain extent been removed. Whatever may have been the sins of these two mediums is not a question for Spiritualists to spend valuable time in pondering over. The question so far as I am concerned is, What are they trying to do now? What is our duty to them as Spiritualists? Not, how can I best succeed in crushing them, but what can I do to sustain and encourage them in their resolves and efforts to do right? I am of the opinion that any one who covets the name of Spiritualist who is afraid to trust these two unfortunate sisters in the hands of their Infinite Father, fearing that he will be too lenient with them, had better cease his efforts to be a Spiritualist, and try first and see if he can become a respectable Arab.

There are many things which have to be repeated on these anniversary occasions, and which cannot be repeated too frequently. In the minds of many Spiritualists there seems to be a misapprehension in reference to the relation of Modern to Ancient Spiritualism. Some seem to think the difference is hardly worth talking about. This arises from a misapprehension of the facts of the case. I think it will not require a very critical examination to bring one to the conclusion that between Ancient and Modern Spiritualism there is a vast difference. Ancient, or rather all there was of Spiritualism, or had been to the time of the advent of what is known as Modern Spiritualism, was heavily encumbered with the most gross and degrading superstitions. Mediums were called prophets, and supposed to be in direct communication with the gods or angels and archangels; and these angels and archangels, having no nearer relation to human beings than the gods. The fact that a human being in the spirit-world could communicate with a human being in the mundane sphere had not taken definite and tangible form. It is true there are a few occurrences on record that seem to substantiate this truth, such as the transfiguration before Peter, James and John, where Moses and Elias are said to have appeared on the island, and what is said to have occurred on the island of Patmos. These two narrations were not believed at the time, and judging from the place and influence they have had in Christianity, have not been believed since.

Modern Spiritualism has swept all the superstition away, and its pernicious influence. It has brought us into intelligent communication with the human beings, with our relatives and friends, and our loved ones in the spirit-world. It is natural, reasonable and rational; it has no conflict with science or truth or whatever is found. It has banished hell and the devil, told us what heaven is, and how to earn here on earth a beautiful home over there. This is what we celebrate to-day.

ADDRESS BY MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: You are aware that we are convened here to-day to rejoice that we are Spiritualists, to acknowledge that we are such by celebrating the Forty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. While we speak of Modern Spiritualism and love it for what it has taught us, we realize the fact that Spiritualism is as old as the birth and death of man. The President referred to the condition of Ancient compared with Modern Spiritualism. There is indeed a vast difference, but we take it that the difference comes from the fact that this is a more intelligent age, that you are prepared as a people by your own intelligence, your own growth, and by the unfolding of evolution to receive the science, philosophy and religion of Modern Spiritualism understandingly, as our ancient friends were not. We do not know that Spiritualism existed, and has been handed down to us through ancient history, especially that which is known as Sacred Scripture; but the Spiritualism of to-day, which is only forty-two years old, is known and accepted as Modern Spiritualism.

What has it done? How does it stand before the world? As a grand truth, as a glorious principle, demonstrated beyond a doubt. What has it done in the forty-two years, notwithstanding all the opposition of the press, the people, and the pulpits? It has grown stronger and more grandly and more to-day, throughout the world, in almost every humble home, you will find altars erected in its recognition. It is spreading, it is growing stronger. Because of your growth and understanding you can accept it as a great truth. We, as Spiritualists, realize what it has done, as those who have not had this blessed knowledge cannot. We acknowledge its benefit to us inspirationally, but claim that the most vital fact is the demonstration of our souls' immortality.

Is there any other religion or philosophy known to you that has given us this fact or demonstrated this grand truth of the soul's existence, and the possibility of its return after death? None, my friends. Hence you will all concede that for this truth you have got to come to Spiritualism; seek it with a hopeful, trusting, clear condition, and it will give you souls rest.

It is moving the world to-day from centre to circumference. It may not be acknowledged by those who would, with their selfishness and ignorance, annihilate it, but it has come to stay. We know the power that Spiritualism wields. It will eventually cause kings to lay aside their

— Mrs. Mary O. Morrell's address is now 310 West 48th street, New York City, instead of that given in her advertisement elsewhere. The notice of the change reached us too late for rectification the present week.

Brown's Bronchial Trachea
Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over exertion of the voice. They are recommended by Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs. We recommend their use to public speakers. — Rev. E. Chapin. "Preeminently the best." — Rev. Henry W. Beecher.

Porter E. Field (39 Powers street), Secretary.

Report, Aug. 17, 1889. Mar. 8.