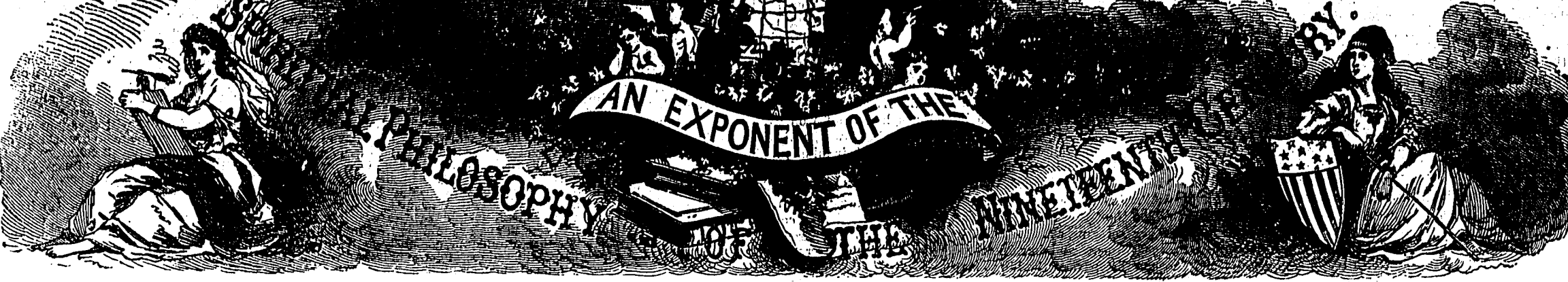


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The 42d Anniversary.

Interesting Exercises in Commemoration of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, held in Summerland and Oakland, Cal.; Utica and Auburn, N. Y.; St. Paul, Minn.; Etc., Etc.

### Summerland, Cal.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME BY H. L. WILLIAMS.  
Friends and Co-Workers for the Elevation of Humanity:

Although unaccustomed to public speaking, as President of this meeting and the mundane instrument of the angel-world in the organization of this spiritual colony, it devolves upon me to extend to you a hearty welcome to Summerland.

Although still in its infancy, and comparatively little has been done to beautify the place (providing shelter for the residents having encroached our time), still, from the little that has been accomplished in the short time since these fields were covered with luxuriant crops of barley, some idea can be formed of the fertility of the soil.

Here you may see beautiful flowers in bloom, which but a few weeks ago were mere cuttings. At the residence of Mrs. Brown, in block 29, may be seen an immense geranium bush, which last May was a small stalk picked from an old bouquet. Let me call your attention to this immense bush, weighing forty-five pounds, which was raised by Mr. Mort. Parsons, in block 41, since the fire of July 27th last. These demonstrate the capabilities of our so-called "barren soil," which can be made to produce the finest productions of some of the noble and floral kingdoms with but little labor.

The beautiful views of grand old ocean, the gems of islands studding the channel, the mountains and lovely valleys all can see, and I leave the description of them to the eloquent voices of others who are with us on this occasion.

If you desire to see what can be done in home-building, step over to my house and see the variety of productions, although the pressure of business has caused some neglect, and the oranges are nearly all gone; yet there are plenty of lemons, some limes and an abundance of roses and flowers, to which you are cordially invited to help yourselves freely.

I am glad to see so many here to-day, especially those from a distance, for I want all to see and judge for themselves as to the place, which has been so grossly misrepresented, for what reasons I am unable to say.

It is my wish that from this meeting the truth may go abroad in regard to the location, and that the object of its founding is for the spiritual elevation of not only the residents, but throughout the world wherever its influence may extend, and for the benefit of those "dwellers on the threshold" who are attracted to earthly conditions, hoping they may be benefited thereby.

As all things are governed by immutable laws, to become harmonious we must strive to learn and act in accordance with the laws of nature, leaving each individual in perfect freedom to act in accordance with his highest spiritual nature. To promote the greatest harmony in our spiritual colony we must refrain from wrangling over moot questions of belief, but placing ourselves upon the broad platform of knowledge that if a man dies he lives again, and can commune with incarnated spirits under favorable conditions, let us strive to live as to improve our present lives, and thus prepare for the higher life which we are all destined to attain.

We must be practical, and, while not antagonizing those who have not gained a knowledge of Spiritualism, let us live as to become a light unto others. We must work in a harmonious organization, and, while not conflicting with the laws of our country, let us demonstrate the true principles of democracy by making our colony a grand success under rules established "by the people for the people." Only by the exercise of charity and mutual forbearance can we form favorable conditions, a spiritual atmosphere, wherein spirits from the higher spheres can unite with us for our own advancement and the elevation of humanity.

Summerland was suggested and has thus far been sustained by elevated spirits, working through willing human agencies, not only for the mortal residents therein, but for the benefit of those who have passed on in benighted spiritual conditions, and who need the aid of mortals, acting under wise spirit guidance, to point the way to a higher life. Many unfortunate mediums are influenced by ignorant or vicious spirits in the perpetration of acts for which the mediums are not morally responsible. By making proper conditions wherein elevated spirits can instruct and uplift those in need of their assistance, we can render a double service: assist in the development of higher, stronger mediumship, and help poor spirits out of darkened conditions.

The angel-world has selected this locality in which to perform this beneficent service, for in no place I have ever visited or read of can be found its equal in natural advantages, accessible by both railway and steamship. Its climate is balmy and equable, a specific for malarial diseases; however, subject to fever and ague, no person has been known to have more than two attacks of the disease after coming here, and many persons with weak lungs have enjoyed prolonged lives in this balmy atmosphere. At

no health resort in the world are they favored with so many days in a year where exercise in the open air is enjoyable. Statistics prove this statement. We are free from electrical disturbances; thunder and lightning are almost unknown. The scenery is delightful and picturesque, and the grand old Pacific gently lulls us to restful sleep. Our soil is of the richest nature, and our location is so favorable that those from all other localities, in the leading markets of our country. The production of fruit alone will insure profitable employment for all.

The prospects of gaining a comfortable living at Summerland without exhausting labor and under the most favorable conditions are unsurpassed; but it is not solely with the view of improving material conditions that we invite emigration: here we hope to accumulate those spiritual treasures which neither rust nor moth can corrupt, nor which thieves break through and steal. Here we hope to find all that is essential for the comfort of the mortal while practically illustrating the Christ-spirit, which is generally ignored by those who profess to defy the humble medium who selfishly labored for the elevation of the poor and afflicted.

"Oh! pure Reformers, not in vain  
Your trust in human kind;  
The good that heaven could not gain  
Your peaceful zeal shall find.  
The truths ye urge are borne abroad  
By every wind and tide;  
The voice of nature and of God  
Speaks out upon your side.  
Press on! and if we may not share  
The glory of your fight,  
We'll ask, at least, in earnest prayer,  
God's blessing on the right."

### Auburn, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Second Anniversary was celebrated in Auburn, N. Y., at the home of Miss Hattie E. Allen, 49 Aurelius Avenue. The exercises opened with an excellent programme by Miss Julia M. Harter, who did herself great credit in the performance of select compositions of Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, and others. At its conclusion a bountiful supper was served, after which W. E. Warren was the first speaker. Mrs. J. H. Harter, Dr. R. N. Hudson and Miss Allen, under the auspices of the Auburn Spiritualist Society, gave a report of the proceedings, to which Journal I am indebted for the following passages from the address of Mrs. Emma E. Warren:

"There is a beautiful Swedish legend of a youth and maiden, Lulamith and Salami, who had lived and loved on earth. Death severed them, and they were doomed to dwell, he on one star, she on another. Between them was an immense sea of fire. Impelled by love, Lulamith began one night to build a bridge of light to span the abyss to Salami, and Salami, the same night, began a bridge to arch the abyss to Lulamith. A thousand years they toiled, and at last, at the stroke of midnight, the bridge was complete. The Swedish heart spoke for the heart universal. It answered the great hope of man that souls which fall apart through night or storm or sin or death may meet again, for immortal love to find its way will build a bridge and bridge the stars with strands of light and love."

Forty-two years ago a spirit had discovered a law whereby it could control matter sufficiently to produce a tiny ray. It was heard by curious, listening ears, and, through the aid of a clairvoyant, it was established between the world of the so-called dead and that of the living. Has that ray vibrated into distant space and been lost in forgetfulness? Ah! no. That one success was the inspiration of mightier efforts; to-day we speak face to face with our lost dead, and love, so prolific in resources, has discovered many methods of communication, and to-day thirteen millions of human hearts in the United States alone have bridged the chasm, bridged the abysses and found their own. The time has come when the hunger of the world could no longer be satisfied with the far-away heaven of religious faith. We want our loved ones now, and the mighty force of that demand rent the veil, and they answered: "We are here!" And they came again and again, a living army of presence and identity that the fact is no longer doubted by intelligent, thinking people. Yes, we have found the lost dead beyond a shadow of a doubt."

Following the above the speaker considered the great question: "What is the life of the living?" What of a social system that treats with the merciless heart of poverty nine-tenths of humanity into the very dust of despair? What of a government that allows a few of its subjects to revel in luxury at such a fearful expense to the many? What of the waste of the oppressed, the curses of injustice, the glazed eyes of starvation, are formidable pleadings. Their stentorian voices have been heard and answered. The decree hath gone forth, and the angels are the signers. The Alps of a new day dawn for the stricken children of earth, but the Saviour lieth not in swaddling clothes, not in a lowly manger this time, but on the high mountains of intelligence, and thousands have heard his voice. Would you know the name of this wonderful world-redeemer? It is Nature.

### Utica, N. Y.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritualist Society of Utica, N. Y., celebrated the Forty-Second Anniversary. Two days' sessions were held, with three meetings each day. Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., Mr. David Williams, and your correspondent, expounded the glorious truths revealed by unseen intelligences. Many friends were present from the adjacent towns and villages. Waterville, Deansville, Sherbourne, Norwich and Waterville were represented in goodly numbers.

Utica is a conservative, old-fashioned, overgrown town, containing at least fifty thousand souls in population, many of whom are immensely rich in worldly goods, and as regards as they are wealthy. The only places of interest we have to brag about being the "State Lunatic Asylum," where the managers are desirous of changing its name to hospital "Bagg's Hotel," and the "Forest Hill Cemetery." The latter named place contains the earthly remains of many illustrious men—Josiah Conkling and Horatio Seymour among the number. We also have here in Utica a Historical Society. Some of the members are very antagonistic toward Spiritualism. Dr. M. M. Bagg (an M. D.) and Alexander Seward, both reminders of poor Rip Van Winkle, were awakened by the reports contained in the Utica Morning Herald that the Utica Daily Press. The latter named gentleman (?) resurrected an old copy—1848—of a Utica paper, giving an account of the Fox Sisters, and read it before the members, making running comments. Since their attention has been called to James Sargent's work, and that of Alfred R. Wallace. Dear slumbering ones! may their eyes be opened.

The newspapers gave just reports of our meetings, for which we thank them very kindly. Dr. Merrill was very successful in giving tests, and describing many landmarks connected with different places of note here in Utica; so much so that one Col. T. P. Cook, an honest investigator, but a confirmed skeptic, exclaimed: "You have visited the cemetery, a stone those things!" Dr. Merrill's description of the large building called the Receiving Vaults, its location, etc., then the beautiful Conservatory, filled with choice plants, flowers, and singing birds, a fountain, etc., were given so minutely in detail it was no wonder that the Colonel was struck with surprise; and it is a positive fact Dr. M. had never been there to see these things, it being his first visit to Utica, and during the while I know he did not visit the places described through him. During his visit he was given more than three hundred different names were given—names of persons who lived in Utica over forty years ago, and known only to the older citizens. Rev. Dr. Froil, of old Trinity church, Rev. Dr. Brandegee, R. V. Yates, E. H. Fish, Col. Wm. Reynolds, Wm. Ralph and Geo. Ralph, and hosts of others, all reported, and many of them related incidents connected with their earthly life

and work. Dr. Merrill also gave private tests, and invariably full satisfaction. He remained in Utica over the next Sunday, lectured and gave tests. His engagement with us was satisfactory and successful in every way. May he be spared many a year.

On Thursday, April 30, we were doubly blest by the presence of Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, who lectured at the Utica City Opera House to a large and appreciative audience. Owing to an accident on the railroad there was a delay of two hours in her coming. The audience waited patiently until 9:30 P. M. She was suffering with hoarseness and cold, but despite these hindrances spoke for nearly an hour to the delight and gratification of her listeners. As she entered the hall all arose to their feet, and joined in singing:

"It lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see,  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

From these beautiful words Mrs. B. took her text, and eloquently and logically did she talk. Afterward, calling for a subject for a poem, "Immortality" was given, and what was improvised thereon was truly an inspiring ditty which all joined again in singing. Mrs. Brigham promised to return to Utica during May. Meetings have been held in Utica the past year every week, and have been well attended. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Merrill for his financial aid to our support. In restoring health to you, and continued success to the BANNER OF LIGHT, I will close this lengthy epistle.

Fraternally, JOHN C. ROWE, JR., President.

### St. Paul, Minn.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The echoes of our glad songs have but just died away from our last Anniversary meeting here when I take my pen to record the interesting event, and to say never has it been my pleasure to participate in a more interesting and profitable time.

The Sunday exercises were most interesting, and the experiences that were related by Spiritualists and mediums struck a responsive chord in the hearts of many, and kindled anew the fires of soul-thought with the fervency of old time religious revival meetings.

The hearing of the Anniversary address by the writer was very cheering to the speaker, and encouraging to the Society. The beautiful floral tribute, in the form of a pillow, artistically designed, with roses and lilies as central flowers, and the address of the speaker, Mr. Beals, the speaker's desk, while back of the rostrum hung a finely embossed banner, with an appropriate inscription in letters of gold. The effect was a pleasant surprise to the audience, and reflected great credit on the ladies of the Society, who had the arrangement of the matter.

The music by the well-trained choir was excellent, and imparted a subtle charm to the spiritual senses that could not be resisted by the most obtuse heart. The audience sang with fervor, and on Monday evening, the 21st, was participated in by a large party of friends, old and young, and the success of it has been pronounced satisfactory to all in attendance.

It can say the Anniversary of Spiritualism here has been one of the most successful and profitable yet.

Another correspondent, "M." writes: "The Spiritual Alliance of St. Paul celebrated the Anniversary by a Conference Meeting on Sunday afternoon, and an inspirational address in the evening by Bishop A. Beals. Among the speakers at the Conference were Mr. Flower, the acting President of the Alliance; Dr. Crowbridge, and Mrs. Lowell, of Auburn, Me. Mr. Beals has been the speaker for the Alliance during the winter, and has given numerous edifying addresses from such sources as Thomas Paine and Selden J. Finney."

[The Spiritual Alliance here is not very strong in numbers, but the people are a clean, earnest, intelligent, progressive body, with such leaders as Mr. and Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon, and others of firm standing in the community, and irreproachable character. The city is not strong in numbers, and the Spiritual Alliance is thinking of furnishing the capital for the grounds and buildings. One of the best lady mediums in the city, both as a healer and inspirational speaker, is Mrs. Hoskins. Fertile is teaching classes in Mental Science, and awakening an interest in mental development and healing.]

St. Paul is far behind many cities of less note and inferior size in all that pertains to the spiritual movement. The cause of Spiritualism, and here is a wide field for mediums willing to do pioneer work."

### Oakland, Cal.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Second Anniversary of our glorious philosophy was celebrated with appropriate and expressive services at California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets, this city, Sunday evening, March 30th, under the management of Dr. J. K. and Mrs. Edith E. K. Nickless.

The hall was handsomely decorated. Flags were hung by the side of the walls, and from the ceiling were suspended eight American flags. The speakers' rostrum was very tastefully and artistically arranged; it was a monument of flowers. Sixteen small American flags, interwoven with ivy and calla lilies, formed the front of the platform, three hundred and fifty chairs being used. The back of the speakers' chairs were two cross-flags, tied with four calla lilies. Above them was a five-pointed star, made of wild yellow flowers on a dark background; the effect was beautiful. The canopy about the speaker was decorated with ivy and calla lilies. On the right and left, above the speakers, were the figures 1848-1890, in pure white. The decoration of lilies was very appropriate, as the spirit name of Mrs. Edith E. K. Nickless, given to her by her guide, was "Calla Lilia."

Beside these decorations, the rostrum was laden with bouquets of every description. The effect across the hall was a boudoir of flowers, and it was beautiful to look upon. Long before the hour for the exercises to commence the hall was full, and many were turned away, being unable to get even standing room.

The exercises opened with piano duet by Miss Minnie and John B. Hill; song, "The Gates Ajar," by Miss Mabel A. Nickless; "Hold the Fort" (new version), by the congregation; invocation, by the guides of Mrs. Edith E. K. Nickless, in words befitting the occasion; song, "The Old Musician and his Harp," by Mr. T. Sheppard; address by Mrs. Edith E. K. Nickless, subject, "Our Anniversary"; song, "Mystic Veil," by Miss Fannie E. R. Hill; short address by Mrs. L. Higgins, subject, "Duty of Mediums to Undeveloped or Ignorant Spirits," followed by a number of spirit-communications. Mrs. Nickless, under another guide, spoke on "The Responsibilities Incumbent on All Knowing of a Future Life Toward their Unfortunates and Brothers." The speaker described a great number of unseen friends, and voiced messages from them to their friends present. Benediction by guides of Mrs. Nickless. In every particular our Forty-Second Anniversary exercises were a success.

Oakland, Cal., March 31st, 1890.

### Fall River, Mass.

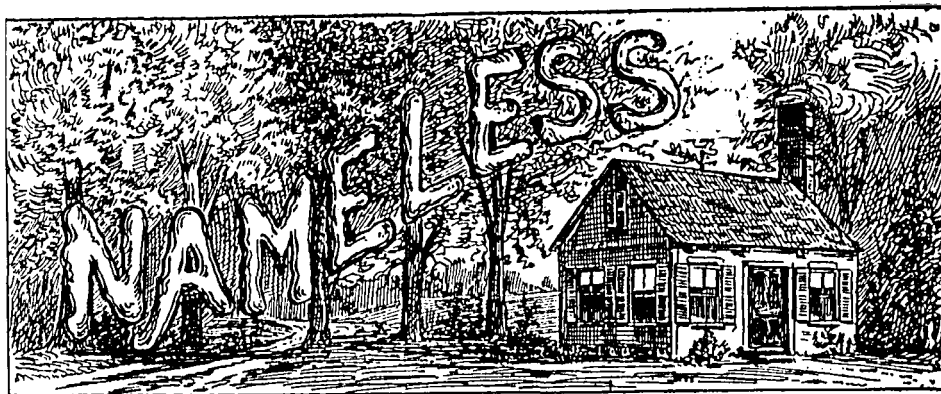
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Forty-Second Anniversary celebration took place in Lincoln Hall, and occupied three days. It commenced on Saturday evening, March 29th, when an entertainment was given. The American Band orchestra introduced the exercises with great acceptance. A piano solo by Miss Edith Williams followed, then Miss Edith and Lizzie Williams, after which the comedy, "A Love of a Bonnet," was presented by the Belmont Dramatic Club, including Misses Edna Hubbard, Annie Blower, Grace Knott, Annie Hubbard, Kate Clayton and Ida Hallam. The same club then appeared in "Aunt Mchitabel's Scientific Experiment." A banjo duet was rendered by Charles B. Graham and Charles Miller, a piano solo by Miss Edith Williams; a soprano solo, "Maid of Dunedee," by Miss Maggie Chew, who, in response to an encore, sang "I Cannot Sing the Old Song." Recitations, "Asleep at the Switch," by Miss Georgianna Williams, and "The Polish Boy," by Miss Lillie Carr, followed. A banjo solo by Mr. Graham, Mr. N. U. Lyon had charge of the programme. There were refreshments at the close, and dancing followed.

Sunday morning Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett presided.

[Continued on seventh page.]

## Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

### CHAPTER XV.

#### At the Bar.

Tom Preston could not rest. The disagreement of the jury rankled in his breast; he felt that his testimony had been the cause of that action on the part of the men empaneled to try the case, and it seemed to him to be his duty to trace the true criminals, and to bring them to the bar of justice. Unceasingly he bent all his energies to the task; of himself he could not do much. He had no clue to the real perpetrators, and he had no time to spend in seeking them, as his office in the bank called for his attention to the utmost degree. But Tom did not despair; he secured the services of an old experienced detective, whom he sent for to come from a large city twenty miles away, put the case in his hands, and bade him follow it up till something was found.

The young man said nothing of his intention at home, but his sister knew that he would give all he was worth if he could only remove the imputation of dishonor from the fair fame of the gentle being whom he loved. He had not asked her advice, nor did he think that she could help him in his distress; but Maria Preston was one of those born detectives who intuitively know what is going on, can easily read a mystery or penetrate a secret, when all others are in the dark. She knew that her brother worshipped the fair unknown; that to him she was as some far-off radiant star whose light can reach and brighten our way, but whose glory can never assimilate with our own dull atmosphere. Maria knew that Tom would never love any other woman, but she also felt that he would no more think of breathing of his devotion to the saintly woman who held it than he would dare to snatch some sacred vessel from the altar of heaven and press it into his own service.

Maria was a shrewd, kindly, well-loved little body, who made friends everywhere. There was no gall and vinegar in her cup of life; it seemed to be running over with milk and honey, for she brought only pleasantness to all who came in her way. Strangers sometimes wondered why she had never married, but there was no secret about it; she had been content to live her life of usefulness in her own home, looking after the material happiness of her brother, and spending every one of her forty years in happy peace with all the world. She did not much think Tom would ever marry; he had never seemed to pay much attention to the ladies. He had been social and kindly with all, and he was a general favorite in the neighborhood, but he had not specially cared for any one as yet, and so his sister expected to be his housekeeper as long as she lived.

Maria would have liked it very well if Tom could have married and settled down, but she did not think he would or could woo the lady who had come among them in her beneficence and grace. It pained her that her brother's heart should have gone out in that direction; and yet she did not wonder at it, nor did she doubt that the discipline would enrich and elevate his life.

"Tom," said his sister one evening, after he had finished his late tea and they were alone, "does it strike you that the burglaries at Ayer and at the city were accomplished by two different sets of men?"

"No, Maria; I have never thought that."

"Because, brother, it's my opinion that John Sampson and that distant connection of his, that came to visit him for a month some time back, know more about the Ayer robberies than they would like to tell. Why, just look at it: before his relative came Sampson was complaining about his hard luck, and how things were going against him, and all that. First we knew he had a strange young man here, who, he said, was some sort of a relation of his dead wife's. A day or two after that John was taken down with rheumatism, but he would n't have a doctor; he tied up his foot, and said that young man would look after him till he got better. Very well; before the week was out there was a burglary over at Ayer; Sampson didn't get well for a couple of months; he just hobbled around a bit, and said he guessed he was in for a good spell. Meanwhile another 'breaking-in' happens and more valuables are missing. Not long afterward that young man goes to where he comes from—no one knows where. Sampson takes the red flannel off his foot and gets about. He seems to be better off, for he pays up the hundred and fifty dollar mortgage on his place, and says no more about hard times. But he don't

go to meeting. He used to be a regular attendant, but he don't go now. He don't look you square in the eye when you meet him. There's a worn look in his face. I tell you he knows where those valuables from Ayer went, and you had better put that pert young detective that's been sneaking around 'Helper's' place, and trying to criminate her, on his track. It will give him something to do, and keep him from prying into her secrets, that are none of his business."

The brother listened patiently to his sister's words, for he had a good opinion of her conclusions usually, and saw no reason to scout them. On this occasion he said he would consider them and do what he thought best. The result of his considerations was that on the next day he called on the young detective who had once visited "Helper," as we have before seen, and engaged him to watch John Sampson, and if possible to learn the whereabouts of that young relative who, a short time before, had been his guest.

This, Tom communicated to his sister on his return home. After expressing her gratification at his promptness, Maria said: "I never did fancy Sampson much; he has been that queer and morose ever since his wife died, living alone and insisting on doing his own housework. I've sometimes thought his mind was turned. Well, I reckon you'll find it's just as I've said. That young chap came down here all ready for business. He found Sampson a little off, and frightened to death over his bad luck, worked on his weakness, got some points out of him, got him to go along and help do the job, and then paid him a sum of money for his assistance. I'm glad you have got on that track. While it's working up you had better find out if that watchman of yours at the bank in Blair don't know who robbed it."

"What do you mean, Maria?" Tom demanded, starting from his chair.

"Why, that I don't believe his story. It's my opinion that he let those two men into the bank, and that the safe was opened and robbed before he was bound and gagged. He let that be done on purpose to throw suspicion off."

"But he is a highly respectable man, and has been in the employ of the bank for two years."

"Yes, I know, Tom; but when he was first engaged you didn't like his looks, and twice he has been found fixing the hourly clock that would have told of his sleeping at his post. One who is unfaithful in small things ought not to be trusted in large ones. Now, brother dear, you are anxious to get at the facts of the robbery; do as I tell you—get some experienced, good detective upon this case, and let him run it to the earth."

"I've tried to do that already, but not much has come from it. To-morrow I'll speak to my man about this, and see if he thinks it may open a clue. But do mention it to any one. I would never forgive myself if I should hurt the reputation of an innocent man."

"My lips are sealed to all, Tom dear, but I know we shall find the right parties yet, and 'Helper' will be exonerated from all blame."

The work was done. With the clue thus afforded them the two detectives set about their separate tasks with energy and shrewd carefulness. They first succeeded in tracing John Sampson's quondam relative to his haunts at a distance, and bit by bit the chain of evidence was forged that proclaimed the two men guilty of the Ayer burglaries. They were arrested, tried, and found guilty. It transpired at the trial that in each instance the houses robbed at Ayer were those in which Sampson had at different times been employed in making repairs or doing job-work in his capacity of carpenter. These men were sentenced to imprisonment; but "Helper," filled with pity for the older man, whom she really did not think was altogether of sound mind, so wrought upon the sympathies of his neighbors as to cause them to sign a petition to the Judge praying that Sampson might be adjudged irresponsible for his crime, and placed under proper guardianship—a petition which eventually received the gracious consideration of the court.

His accomplice, however, was committed to prison; some of the stolen property was recovered, but the greater part of it was never seen. The young detective, who had worked this case up, felt all the importance of his task, and was may be sure that he did not underrate any of his own powers in this direction.

Meanwhile the case at Blair was in good hands, and scarcely had the former one been



disposed of before this other came up for settlement. The watchman of the bank was arrested; also two other men, who had been traced to their retreat elsewhere. These were charged with being accomplices of the afore-said watchman in the robbery of the bank; also as having broken into and despoiled one or two other places in the city. At the trial the latter two were identified by the station-master as the two young men he had seen arrive on the evening before the first burglary in town was committed. He said that the same elderly gentleman whom he had before described arrived on the same train as they had, but he, the witness, had never believed the elderly man had any connection with them. Before the trial was over the bank watchman broke down and confessed his guilt. Every one wondered that he did so, but he could have told, had he chosen to do so, that it was the influence of a pair of shining blue eyes fixed upon him, that seemed gazing down into his soul and commanding it to reveal the truth, that made him speak as he did.

It was "Helper" who sat in the court-room, drawn there in the carriage and by the side of Maria Preston, but principally because of the compelling power that seemed laid upon her from the spiritual world. It was her eyes that pierced the sensual covering of that sin-stained nature and reached the inner life. It was her white face that seemed to him like that of a pitying yet accusing angel, from whom he could not hide the truth. And so he told it all, condemning himself and his love of greed, that had so grown upon him that he coveted the wealth under his charge at the bank, and led him to plot with others to remove it all; condemning also his accomplices, and freeing all other persons from complicity or blame. The trial was intensely interesting and even exciting, but it at last came to a close. The prisoners were convicted, sentenced, and removed to their cells; the bank recovered a portion of its bonds and other papers, together with some money, and paid the cost of discovery and prosecution of the criminals. Thomas Preston was complimented for his agency in hunting down the guilty parties, but that gentleman made it known that the sagacity and wit of his sister had, in reality, performed the deed.

#### CHAPTER XVI. Conals of Fire.

Of course there had been efforts made by the town authorities to trace David Saunders from Ayer, but without success. The old man, impressed by the earnestness and even solemnity of manner in which his beloved friend had warned him to be careful of his movements, had only purchased his ticket as far North as the first large city that his train should reach; at this place he alighted from the cars, and mingled unnoticed among the crowd at the station. From thence he made his way to a station at the opposite side of the city, where he boarded a train bound for the region of the little town of Trent. There was more than one elderly man, dressed in his own plain fashion, traveling back and forth over the road, and there being nothing to especially distinguish Saunders from his fellows, the old sexton had no difficulty in reaching his home unchallenged and unnoticed.

It was not his intention to again visit Bridgton for some weeks, as he had assured himself that his *prophie* was well provided for; but in ten days he received a letter from the girl, giving a brief account of the robberies at Blair and vicinity, warning him not to appear at her home again till he should hear from her, as he had been seen, and connected in the minds of some people with the robberies; but giving no hint of her own short imprisonment, and subsequent release.

The old man was surprised and not a little agitated at the news this letter brought; he knew that "Helper" never would have written had she not grave reason for doing so. The missive was post-marked Blair, and he wondered how she had managed to mail it unnoticed. But this his writer had succeeded in doing through the kind offices of Sarah Hines, who faithfully and devotedly admired and respected her former nurse, and who asked no questions, felt no curiosity, but was only too glad to grant the favor when she was asked by "Helper" to take the letter to the office at Blair.

Nearly twelve weeks elapsed before David Saunders received another letter from his friend, bringing the welcome news that the robbers had been caught, and the mystery of the burglaries cleared up. The old man breathed with pleasure at this welcome news, but as "Helper" advised him not to hasten to her, as she was very well situated, and needed nothing at present, the old sexton did not need to make his appearance again in the Peesley hut.

All the while that the events which we have narrated as taking place since the discharge of our heroine from custody, "Helper" continued on her accustomed way, seeking out the sorrowing and needy, and ministering to them in their affliction and misfortune as only such souls as hers can do. The friends who loved her, such as the Parsons family, the Browns and the Prestons, with others, would have made much of her after the trial she had undergone in Blair, had she allowed it, but she was in no need of pity or of petted attention; her own calm spirit had never lost its equipoise, her serene and gentle heart only continued to quietly do its appointed work, and to trust in the angels, finding in her hours of solitude at the little hut such heavenly experiences and associations as to compensate her for every earthly trial or discipline that might reach her life.

Catherine Jones—chagrined that the object of her distrust and malice had not been convicted of felony, and more than dissatisfied that her unkind intention of forcing Thomas Preston to testify against the woman she disliked had not resulted as she had hoped—did not keep a quiet tongue after the dismissal of the charge against "Helper." On the contrary, the woman busied herself in circulating mysterious hints and insinuations against the character of the inmate of the Peesley hut at every opportunity. A few there were to listen and to repeat her words, but most of those who heard of them indignantly repelled the slanders as libelous and full of untruth. Our heroine, fully aware of these malicious reports, paid no heed to them, but silently went about her tasks undisturbed by the petty gossip that only narrow and bigoted minds displayed, until at last even those who had repeated and encouraged the tales and falsehoods of Miss Jones against the self-sacrificing woman whose every hour was one of abnegation and of heroism, felt ashamed to be known in such company, and refused longer to listen to or countenance the mischief-maker in her despicable work.

Time passed, and the Jones woman found

herself deserted by most of her neighbors and former friends, many of them even going to Ayer, or sending over to the city to make such purchases as they had formerly made in her little village store. This state of affairs, with her usual candor and generosity of spirit, Miss Catherine attributed to the influence of "Helper," who she declared, had fascinated, and, to use her own elegant expression, "pulled the wool over the eyes" of all except herself—being especially bitter against Tom Preston and Maria, as if they had wrought her some deadly injury in condemning her conduct and refusing to espouse her cause.

Affairs were in this condition when an accident happened to Miss Jones: attempting to descend into her cellar one evening with a lighted lamp in her hand, she made a misstep, and fell the full length of the stairs. The noise of the fall, and her screams, attracted the attention of an aged woman and her grandson, who lived in the other part of the house, and the sturdy lad was sent to ascertain the cause. He found her bruised and bleeding at the foot of the stairs. The lamp had set her calico gown on fire, and in a moment more Miss Jones would have been in a mass of flames. The boy succeeded in extinguishing the fire, but not before its victim was badly scorched and singed. Help was summoned, the injured woman was conveyed to her room, and a physician called. Dr. Parsons found his patient in a bad condition; she was unconscious for some time; but when she awoke, her frame of mind was pitiful to see. She could not remain quiet; she must "be up and doing," she said; but when convinced both by her own suffering and by the doctor's commands that this was out of the question, Miss Jones fell to weeping and wailing, showing rebellion to her lot in a most unchristian-like spirit. By-and-by the pain and uneasiness of body increased, and a great restlessness overcame the woman who had been so unused to suffering herself that she had little compassion for others in misfortune. And now the fear of death assailed her; she did not want to die—she was not ready to leave this world, she moaned; she could not, she must not die; and those who waited upon her all through that day felt harassed and worn out, when at last the misguided creature fell into an uneasy slumber under the effects of the opiate Dr. Parsons administered.

The sick woman had to depend upon the kind offices of neighbors for her care, but these could not devote the time she needed to her case. Learning—as she always did of every case of sickness and distress—"Helper" presented herself at the sick-bed of her bitter enemy and took up her station there. Miss Jones had lapsed into a low and restless fever by this time, and she did not know who it was that sat by her side, moistening her lips with the cooling, fragrant tea of balm, bathing temples and hands, chafing them tenderly with soothing touch, and in other ways attending assiduously to her wants.

At first the unconscious woman shrank instinctively from the gentle ministrations of her nurse, as if the presence of that bright spirit was too powerful and magnetic for her own crude nature to bear; but soon they became grateful to her, and she would grow quiet and more restful beneath the tender touch, and drain the balmy draught with eager thirst. Nearly two weeks passed before the woman came to a full realization of her surroundings. One afternoon, just before dusk, her nurse sat fanning the patient, and now and then making light passes over the feverish face and hands. Gradually the enthralled and scattered senses of the woman began to exert and collect themselves; she slowly opened her eyes and gazed, at first absently and then more intelligently, around the room, and then up into her attendant's face. There was no look of surprise on her countenance; the fever had died down and the patient was weak and pallid, and too languid and inert to feel indignant or rebellious, even when it dawned upon her that the lady by her side, whose white and compassionate face she had at first taken for that of an angel, was in reality the person of all others whom she had derided and condemned. "Helper" knew that her charge was awake, and that she recognized her; but the quiet touches and the slow fanning went on, each motion of that magnetic hand imparting to the sick woman new life and strength. At length there came into the soul of the patient a fear which made her form tremble. She was afraid of that quiet presence, and once more she shrank from contact with that spiritualized being whom she had maligned and scorned. Perceiving the terror of a guilty soul, "Helper" arose, and taking a cup of spiced drink from the stand, passed one arm beneath the shoulders of her patient, tenderly lifted her head, and said in gentle tones: "Drink this; it will do you good. I am very happy to have you come to yourself. Your friends have been very sorry for your suffering, and we are all anxious for your recovery."

Amazed and unable to speak, the patient obeyed like a child, quaffing the fragrant cup, and laying her head down again upon the freshened pillow, which the deft hand of her attendant replaced beneath it. She lay silent for a long while, "Helper" busying herself meantime in preparing a bowl of rich, warm broth, which she took to the bedside and fed to her charge, as carefully as a mother feeds her child. This was too much for the abashed woman, and when she again lay upon her pillow, two big tears slowly rolled from her eyes and coursed down her sunken cheeks.

"Helper" said nothing, but recommenced her magnetic passes over brow and face until the tired woman fell into a natural and healthful slumber. Dr. Parsons found her thus when he came; he pronounced her out of danger, and said that the patient would now undoubtedly recover speedily from her illness. "Helper," however, did not leave; she continued with her charge for many days, until Miss Jones had recuperated sufficiently to be about and to resume her usual tasks. But it was discovered that she would never again be the same woman in appearance that she had been. Her face was seamed and scarred from the effects of her accident, and a slight limp in her gait attested to the severity of the fall she had received.

Pride, however, itself had been humbled in that heart, and she was no longer the same mischievous and rebellious spirit she had been, so that in her deformity and plainness of countenance Miss Jones had now more real friendship and sympathy than she had won in the old days. Neighbors came to congratulate and to speak kindly words to her on her recovery, and many sought assiduously to show their interest in her welfare.

No one ever knew what emotions, what thoughts of remorse and of contrition had surged in the heart of Catherine Jones during her days of convalescence under the gentle care of "Helper." She was not one to make

confession and to ask pardon for wrong-doing; but, nevertheless, her soul was humbled, and her nature softened by the discipline she had met. Her eyes would follow the moving form of her nurse with a wistful, pathetic look, while sometimes her lip trembled as the attendant's hand passed the strengthening cordial to her lips. "Helper" knew that the woman was sorry for the past, and she asked for no other sign; freely she forgave, and freely ministered to the repentant and reviving soul. Afterward others knew that Catherine Jones had been won over to the number of those who loved and blessed the nameless woman in their midst; and Maria Preston declared, what others echoed, that the coils of fire "Helper" had heaped upon that deserving head had purged its owner of iniquity and sin.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

#### REST.

BY JAMES M. ROGERS.

Come, ye winds! through pine leaves blowing,  
Sing a song of rest forever!  
While your cadence—rising, flowing,  
Blends with music of the river;  
Sing of all that sweetly lingers  
On those shores that know no sorrow—  
Strains that follow fancy's fingers  
Let my slinking spirit borrow.  
I am weary of this earthly portal;  
In this dim and striving portal;  
I would breathe the fragrance living  
In the lands so fair—immortal!  
I would drink a draught to banish  
Pain, regret and endless motion—  
Drink the cup whence cares will vanish  
Like wild rivers lost in ocean.

Joy is but a passing swallow,  
Whose brief summer ends in nesting;  
On the steps of pleasures follow  
Echoes, sad and never resting.  
Friendship, like a steed of errand,  
Slacks its pace, and mends it never;  
Love but comes a guest unbidden—  
Short his stay, his flight forever.  
Who would heed the lure of glory?  
Like the rainbow's passing splendor?  
Lost on earth its brilliant story  
Ere the tongue its tale can render.  
Lives of statesmen, heroes, wander,  
Drops of rain, in Lethe's water;  
Future ages pause and ponder  
On their misdeeds and their slaughter.

Welcome, then, the lotus, growing  
On those silent banks so gentle;  
Knowledge is but deeper knowing  
Pangs of soul and suffering mental.  
Softly, then, in dream of ages  
Let me lapse, nor ever waken;  
Then no storm of winter rages—  
Then no summer heat is taken.

Bridgewater, Mass.

#### The Vernal Equinox.

The mysterious cries of the wild geese in the far-off sky on their annual return northward, sounding like voices from another world, are the pioneer calls of returning spring. They and the awaited equinox come very nearly together. Not long behind them follow the sunrise melodies of the irrepressible song sparrow in the sheltering boughs of the firs; and soon after the trumpet notes of the blue bird, fitting like a last year's painted memory across the brown landscape of orchards and pastures. This vernal term of the year is as much a new life as if it were a life just begun. The fresh sap circulates in man no less than in the tree. In the city square, as well as in the country pasture, along the noisy docks and quays, as well as in the crowding growths of forest and woodland, its climbing suns and lengthening days quicken the pulsations and energize the dormant powers. The period of hibernation and needed rest is ended. The summons comes to take up the thread of life again where it was laid down, and try conclusions once more with fresh conditions.

All over the land this recuperating force makes itself silently felt. The plowman is not more conscious of it, as he goes afield, than the locomotive engineer who drives his train across the great continent of States that are awakening from their winter's slumber. The botanist and the fisherman greet the welcome advent with no intense delight than the farmer who grows corn and wheat by the square mile, or the navigator who has awaited the breaking up of the frozen waters of the lakes. On field and river, in the open harbors and up among the inland valleys, off over the far prairies and at home around the snug and secure farmsteads, the spring days quicken the pulsations and energize the dormant powers. The period of hibernation and needed rest is ended. The summons comes to take up the thread of life again where it was laid down, and try conclusions once more with fresh conditions.

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But the stages of this miracle of Nature are slow, and the prolonged uncertainty almost provokes discouragement. Spring, after all, seems to possess as much of the winter as of the summer quality, at least in its first half and more it advances only to recede. It promises only to break its pledge. At last, after all this contradictory experience, comes the one supremely perfect day, that proclaims to earth and heaven by unmistakable signs that the dreary season of the changeful year is wholly past and gone and the new one begun. The transfiguration of outward nature is complete. From the dun of the winter's death has sprung a glorified world of verdure and light. From the cold breath of the winter's dead past play the balmy and softest airs that warm the heart's pulses with a genuine love of life. It is a wholly new world that we are in now. The fiat of creation itself could not contain a miracle more perfect and wonderful. The eyes at times involuntarily close in the contemplation of it, as if the sight were overpowered with the divine show. Speculation stops that enjoyment may be supreme. Wonder is absorbed in delight, and the universal feeling is that we have fairly crossed the green portals of a fresh creation.—George Canning Hill, in Boston Globe.

#### Cataract Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Cataract, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Massachusetts.

GREENWICH.—Juliette Yeaw writes: "The usual Easter decorations at Greenwich were postponed until the following Sunday, April 14th, that your correspondent might be present. Nothing was lacking to make the little church radiant with bloom and foliage. Monday evening, April 14th, a reception in the church was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Levi Chamberlain, who have been residents twelve years, and actively identified with the interests of the Society since its inauguration. They have won the universal respect and friendship of the people, and their removal from Greenwich calls forth many expressions of sincere regret. The occasion was only marred by the unavoidable absence of Mr. H. W. Smith, detained by important business, and of the writer's absence, called home by sickness in the family. Mrs. Fannie Johnston, as mistress of ceremonies, conducted to a successful issue a varied programme of speeches, letters of regret, recitations and songs. At its close Dr. S. N. Gould, with fitting words, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain an elegant silver service and the residue of the generous contributions of the friends present and absent. Both responded feelingly and with the eloquence born of genuine love. Edna Johnston, in behalf of the young people, presented Miss Bertha Chamberlain with a handsome ring and pin, much to the surprise of the young lady, who is as great a favorite as her worthy father and mother. An original poem, contributed and read by Miss H. B. Lechman, was of especial merit and full of tender sympathy. Dr. Matthews was present and made appropriate remarks. After the serving of refreshments, a social dance was enjoyed by the young people. We bid our friends adieu, with gratitude for all they have done for the cause of Truth, yet with the unselfish thought that they will be a power for good wherever they abide."

WESTBORO.—C. D. Winslow writes: "The Westboro' Association of Spiritualists called to its platform April 6th and 13th Miss S. Lizzie Ever, of Portsmouth, N. H., and we have been edified and strengthened, and the work sensibly advanced by her labors during her short stay with us. We cheerfully recommend her and her spirit controls to those who, like us, need public demonstrations of spirit teachings, also private sittings."

FITCHBURG.—Mrs. E. S. Loring, Secretary, writes: "April 6th Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, of Leominster, Mass., filled her closing engagement with us for the season. Her subject at 2 p. m. was: 'If you would build a home you must build on a firm foundation,' meaning both spiritual and material; as our lives are in the material, so we build our homes for the life here after."

At 7 p. m. we had an Easter and Anniversary exercise combined. We consider that these two lectures were the ablest that we have ever listened to from her guides—and we think them all excellent."

April 13th Mrs. E. C. Kimball was with us again—her guides give seventy-eight names, also messages, dates and letters to their friends—most of them recognized. This closed her engagement with us for the present season. April 20th Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes filled our platform in a very acceptable manner. Her subject at 2 p. m. was: 'The work we are doing, together with the position we occupy in the present civilization, or the community in which we live.' At 7 p. m. her subject was: 'The Chemistry of Religion'; the theme was scientifically handled by her able guide, 'The Student,' who expresses all his ideas in so plain and comprehensive a manner that none could fail of understanding his true meaning."

HAVERHILL.—A correspondent writes: "Miss Annie Josephine Webster, of Chelsea, has recently spoken for the First Spiritualist Society in Red Men's Hall. The subject of her afternoon discourse was 'The influence of head and heart upon spiritual development.' The subject in the evening (selected by the audience) was: 'The revival of religion which we need.' Both subjects were well handled, and evidently of much interest to the audiences. Each lecture was supplemented by the sittings. The evening music both being improvised. Tests of spirit power and presence were given at both meetings, all of which were recognized, quite a number of them being very minute, and of an unusually satisfactory character to the recipients."

FLORENCE.—"A Friend" writes: "The Spiritualists of Northampton and vicinity have been favored the past ten weeks by the presence of the earnest and eloquent inspirational speaker, Mrs. E. B. Crossett, of San José, Cal. We have listened to a number of her addresses: the medium, words and action; one on Temperance, the other on Mediumship. In the performance her guides go to the root of the evil, and demand a right beginning for a human being before a right life is asked. In mediumship she takes the view that the better the medium the better the ministrations, and demands, for the sake of Spiritualism and mediumship, strong character, earnest purpose and pure motives. In herself she exemplifies her teaching, for she is a gentle and refined lady, and has made a host of friends during her short stay here."

Mrs. Crossett closed her work in Western Massachusetts by assisting at the Springfield annual reunion, and is now on her way to the far West, where the good wishes of her Eastern friends follow her, and where old friends are waiting to welcome her home."

CHELSEA.—"Justice" writes: "I have often wondered why so few Spiritualists call upon mediums to officiate at funerals. One very prominent reason that I was not aware of until recently I think is the fact that some of the mediums, at least, demand a high price for the service. If I am not misinformed the fee is uniformly ten dollars. This may not seem too much in many cases, but in others it is exorbitant and oppressive. I will give a case that came under my own observation: I attended the funeral of a poor man who died from a long and lingering illness, leaving a widow and a young daughter, whose only means of support were what could be earned at the wash-tub. The last words of the husband were to request that he be laid by his mother, and a certain popular lady medium officiate at his funeral. She was sought for, but could not be found, consequently another lady medium was called, whose car fare both ways was but ten cents, and time occupied not more than two hours, for which she was paid ten dollars, which had to be borrowed from a friend."

I do not write this with any ill feelings toward mediums. I do not believe these mediums (as a class) are overpaid, or that on an average they receive too much; but there should be some discrimination in favor of the poor, and some cases ought to be gratuitous.

It may be true that mediums cannot always know how poor the family may be, but in the case I have mentioned there could be no doubt to a person of common intelligence—and in any case the truth can be easily obtained."

It would be well if all funerals of Spiritualists could be attended by mediums, for there are usually some present who never before heard the voice of a Spiritualist speaker, and a seed might be dropped that would bring forth fruit even to an hundred fold."

[To be continued.]

### Ohio.

TOLEDO.—Horace L. Baker, M. D., writes: "I am a regular physician and surgeon of twenty-five years' practice, and a resident of Toledo, O., for ten years. Was brought up in the Methodist Episcopal faith, and a member of that church nearly four years. I am nearly forty-six years of age. I have always been opposed to Spiritualism, and was some friends had informed us on the subject who were Spiritualists, and whose veracity no one would question for a moment—yet we believed they were the victims of a fraud, or deluded—I said to my companion: 'I will covenant with you that whose lot it may be to go over the river first shall return, if it is not in conflict with God's will or will not injure either of us so to do, and furnish the other a truthful account of such matters as will enable either to get at the truth, if there is any, in Modern Spiritualism.' It was ordained that my beloved companion should go first, and on Jan. 8th, 1889, she passed to spirit-life, after nearly twenty-four years of happy married life. I felt in all its fullness the meaning of the word alone."

The following March I lost a brother, and in April my mother, who contracted the fatal disease of her son; her unselfish devotion cost her life. I had received a letter from my sister, saying my mother was very ill and would probably die. I was planning my business so that I could leave for her sick bed (Buffalo, N. Y.) and was up late at night, a young gentleman assisting me in some urgent correspondence. It was past midnight when I concluded to send a message that I was coming to see her, and the message was ordered delivered at once, paying extra therefor. The messenger being sent, left alone I concluded to retire, when the promise made by my companion occurred to me, and immediately I lowered my light and sat with my hands over my eyes. Directly I became aware of the presence of some one in my office. All objects in my room could be plainly seen. I was as much awake as I am now, while penning these lines."

Just at one o'clock I saw hovering over my office stove an old lady—how I could see her through a papered partition that light could not penetrate I leave for some one better versed in these matters than myself to determine; yet I could see her just as plainly as I could were she in the same room with my eyes. Directly I concluded to be bold, and trying to get as near the stove as possible. I was so astonished for a minute my presence of mind forsook me. At last I managed to ask 'Who are you?' I repeated this three or four times. Each time she turned her head and looked at me (she was sitting with her back toward me). I could not see her face plainly; it seemed as if a mist was before it. At last she vanished as she came. I was waiting for my wife to appear, I could not recognize this peculiar phenomenon with my mother's spirit at first, for she was not dead; but reflection convinced me that it was her spirit, come to answer my telegram, and she took the best way she could to obtain recognition. The winter before she had lived at my home, and being seventy-eight years of age, and not very well, seemed cold, and we had to have a hot fire all the time; and she would sit hovered over the stove, just as I saw her then. I subsequently learned that when my mother was ready to leave she had been in a comatose state for some time, but appeared to understand in which caused her to make an effort to rouse up; but she soon relapsed, and died at 10:30 that morning, several hours after I saw her spirit."

My spirit-wife appeared shortly after my mother's visit, and I have since been in daily communication with her, and many are the happy hours I have spent knowing that she was not dead, but born into a higher degree of usefulness; I have seen and experienced that which sets at naught all doubts in my mind as to our ability to know our friends, even though they are what the world calls dead. I have asked my companion to permit me to see others whom I knew in earth-life—friends and relatives, and I have never been denied that privilege. There is no darkness, nor is it necessary for me to go into something purposely prepared as a cabinet. My spirit-friends come in the broad light of day, and I can see them as well in a lighted room as in a dark one."

One peculiar experience: My loved companion always speaks to me from the left side, never from any other point. It is always that same to me pleasant voice, somewhat softer in tone, and her ways are so well known to me from twenty-three years' earth companionship, that I find but little trouble in the recognition. All other friends take the right side. Can any one explain this phenomenon? They take possession of the brain, and I am made aware of their presence by the sense of feeling, but not unpleasantly."

KENT.—Mrs. M. A. Merrill writes, April 6th: "The BANNER OF LIGHT reaches me this beautiful spring morning, bringing my soul in rapport with many loved ones in the home beyond. I prize it more and more as the years go by. Allow me to congratulate you upon its success as a true spiritual paper, and my prayer is that it may long continue to go forth as the herald of truth, illuminating the pathway of mortals until all superstition, superstition and bigotry are unknown in the land."

My Christmas present from my daughter was 'The Discovers Country.' It is one of the finest books I have ever read. I loaned it to Mrs. Fanny O. Hyzer's sister, Mrs. Carrie Hazen. She is one of the oldest mediums in the United States, and one of the very best, for she has gone to supernatural heights in her mediumship. She says there is no doubt of the book being true, as she in her mediumistic experience has seen more than one hundred book portraits, and that it would be impossible for her to describe what she constantly sees in the spirit-world."

### New York.

UTICA.—Mrs. H. A. Light writes: "Mrs. E. A. Wells, of New York, was in Utica last March, serving the Cause as a platform speaker and public test medium. She held a materializing séance at my house, which was very satisfactory in results. A number of spirits came in to the friends. To my lady who had a bouquet of flowers a control of the medium came and asked to take it. Upon it being handed to her she passed it to each person and allowed them to inhale its fragrance; then passing to my niece, at the further end of the room, planned it on her dress. I write this in justice to Mrs. Wells as a medium for the phase of phenomena known as full-form materialization."

NEW YORK CITY.—A correspondent states that Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, having returned from her Western tour, is now located at 310 West 45th street, where she will be pleased to see her friends and the public. Spiritualists visiting New York will, it is further stated, find pleasant, suitable and reasonable accommodations at this house, which possesses the advantages of good air and light with pleasant neighborhood."

BUFFALO.—Willard J. Hull writes: "I am always gratified with the position taken by THE BANNER upon the living issues of the day in the field of moral and spiritual elevation. I believe you are entirely right every time in your denunciation of sham, and explanation of the pure and noble, and your position should be endorsed by every intelligent Spiritualist. I am proud of the stand taken by Spirit Britain in a recent issue. It should be read and pondered universally. It is indeed high time that self-sufficiency, assumed authority and dictatorship should receive proper condemnation, and those who seek only personal aggrandizement learn the lesson of conformity to the dictates of leaders who are above and beyond the clouds and fogs which blind the eyes of mortals."

Just in the proportion that men assume authority, and attach to themselves a cavilling horde of would-be disciples and followers, Spiritualism pure and simple withers and dies out, and husks take its place. This is an unrevocable fact throughout all history. If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, the same vigilance should watch and work, not pray, and cherish inviolate the facts and philosophy upon which alone a rational system of life and progress can be predicated. This is the heritage bequeathed to us by the wise progenitors of the movement,



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## Banner of Light.

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

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## A Reasoner without Reason.

A writer in a paper published in Seattle, Washington State, assumes to comment in what he evidently thinks is a critical, but in what is really only a judgmental way, on an article in *The Arena* for March by Hon. A. B. Richmond, on the question: "Is there a Tomorrow for the Human Race?" and doubtless supposes that he holds the talented and matured author of that article between his editorial finger and thumb, as it were, and could completely crush him if he would on any or no provocation. There is not even a ray of humor in the bald and barren aspersions of the writer to entitle it to the least sympathy from any intellect. He first "sits down" on Mr. Richmond's alleged proofs of his position by declaring them unworthy of any sort of consideration, because they "belong to the slate-writing, spirit-medium class." But we would ask if evidence is any the less evidence on any matter because of the source whence it is derived? Must proof of a fact, or demonstration of a truth, depend then upon the existing prejudices, pro or con, of those before whom it is brought? What would this amount to in establishing any matter for the reception of human belief?

This Seattle sage admits that the evidence proffered by Mr. Richmond is of an extraordinary character, and "hard to account for on any hypothesis of merely human agency." In point of fact, he allows that "human agency seems to have been impossible." Well, and what then? Of course there is but one alternative to such an admission. Does he accept it? Nothing of the kind. On the contrary, he at once flies off upon the unrelated, puerile, and truly spleenish assertion—it shames our common intelligence to reproduce such stuff even as a narrow prejudice—that Mr. Richmond's having purchased slates and pencils, and having visited a professional medium, is to be taken as an indication of "a state of mind and belief to disqualify him, measurably at least, for a clear and critical investigation." Did anybody ever hear or read such nonsense before? This commentator does not seem in the least aware that it is not Mr. Richmond that is the author of the evidence offered, but that he only brings forward the slates in evidence. And would he have people take him for such a wiseacre as to argue that Mr. Richmond's having purchased the slates disqualified him for offering the slates in evidence? He must mean that or nothing.

Then, again, because Mr. Richmond in his *Arena* article acknowledges and asserts the existence of a Supreme Intelligence that controls as well as creates all forms of force, this poor dabber at reasoning proceeds to say it is hard to believe that such Supreme Intelligence should find it necessary, in order to inform him on the points he was investigating, to "resort to the claptrap device of suspended slates and pencils." Presumably as if he should say that he was himself fully informed on the list of agents and agencies which the Supreme Intelligence not only employs but ought consistently to employ in manifesting his truth to his earthly and wholly dependent creatures! Here is the very place where the petty but obstructive self-sufficiency of mortals chiefly appears; they are firmly convinced that they know not

only what God does for us all, but how he ought to do it.

We only weary with minds that, like this one in Seattle, denies to all others what it is as yet incapable of possessing for itself. Nevertheless, it may be just "what we are here for." So let us finish. This editorial writer, who so badly needs to be edited himself, would simply declare—to lump it in a single statement—that if one investigates the phenomena of Spiritualism at all, it furnishes all the proof required to show that he is of an unsound mind. It all amounts to that if anything. Now we will ask him, if it is not too hard a question for his capacity—and we certainly do not mean to be cruel—how he proceeds himself in finding out or establishing truth, without first of all resorting to inquiry, which is the same thing as investigation? How can truth find acceptance anywhere without resort to this most glorious and natural process? Manifestly it cannot. But, according to this Solomon of a man, the very fact that a person has been engaged in investigation disqualifies him for bearing witness afterward! As we asked before, did anybody ever encounter flatter nonsense? His fling at "fee-taking mediums" in this connection is a boomerang that knocks over the entire army of salary-taking ministers—only he does not know it and perhaps never will.

## The Shadow Before the Day.

In an inspired discourse in Chicago, a little before the advent of Easter, on the subject of the "Great Shadow and What it Portends," Mrs. Richmond said that sufficient was known in modern science to show that if astronomy be taken separately from any spiritual or secret force, there are still indications that declare that a wonderful change is taking place in the solar system; that a new magnetic condition is taking place; that even while astronomers are watching, the sun will seem to enter a dark shadow, which will be the one which, from the calculations of ancient astronomers, falls across the shaft of the Great Pyramid and betokens the greatest changes that the world can know. There lies across the path of the sun and the accompanying planets a peculiar shadow. There will be new conditions that will seem to indicate a receding wave, a retrogression which is not real, and the shadow which precedes the more absolute dawn will seem to be upon us—the dawn of a more perfect day.

The facts will show, said the lecturer, that the physical suggestions are accompanied by spiritual precedence. There will seem to be a retrogression of the spiritual force after a time. There will seem to be a shadow where there has been an impulse toward the light, as if suddenly the light were quenched. There will seem to be a hush. This will last for but ten years. Then will follow a universal reaction as the shadow recedes. There will be a mental change—distinctness, clearness, incisiveness, decided energy. The present intellectual cyclone of the earth is a negation; the popular mind is almost wholly given to speculation. For the greater part of this shadowy term everything that can be doubted will be doubted. Only one thing will remain attested in the minds of those prepared to receive it, and that is the light of inspiration. If these changes are to come in the physical world, much more is it true respecting them in the spiritual realm. The approaching splendor only makes this shadow deeper.

The world will seem to be in doubt and uncertainty. Knowledge will be in dispute, and inspiration will be scoffed at. But this will only be because a greater glory is nearer, because the certainty is close at hand, because the light is to attest itself. The quivering pinions of the glory of the spiritual day are making ready, and this is why the last final struggle is to be made for supremacy and power over human lives, even in the name of religion. Meanwhile the world turns steadily toward the approaching light, knowing nothing, but perceiving it by the very darkness. This is why the simple light of Spirituality that is today in the world forms the only hope—the one star that precedes the dawn, tremulously rising in the heavens, and declaring the greater glory that is to appear.

## Sunday and Sense.

The secular press is coming to a seriously candid discussion of the Sunday law question. In fact, it is being discussed very freely by press and people alike. This is a good symptom, and shows the health and vigor of public opinion, which finally settles and establishes all things.

We find in *The National View*, published in Washington, D. C., some excellent and most timely remarks on the whole subject, offered in the right temper, and bearing straight in the direction of common sense and common justice. It announces that it does not see its way clear to join in the movement for enacting more stringent laws and imposing more stringent requirements for the observance of Sunday, all of which are based on the conditions of the Jewish Sabbath. Its first reason for not complying is that the Jewish Sabbath is not the Sunday about which this discussion revolves. No transfer from one day to the other can be made to appear. So that any authority to make the Christian Sunday take the place of the Jewish Sabbath, either in character or requirements, must be sought outside of the Bible and independent of its laws.

While conceding that Sunday, the first day of the week, has become an established institution, designed to answer the same or similar purposes as the Jewish Sabbath, it insists that the only authority for this rests on the practice of the early Christians, who met on this day for religious purposes. Next followed, in the course of time, an enactment of the church recognizing Sunday as the Christian Sabbath, which was afterward supplemented by State enactment, establishing it by law in all Christian nations. And so it has come down to us to be thus observed under purely legal conditions, and under no other.

Therefore it is to be treated only as a civil institution, consistent only with the order and sobriety which belong to a day set apart by the government for rest, for moral and social recreation, and for religious purposes also. And in this view it should be subjected to such restraints and provisions of public order as the common welfare demands, based upon a policy which respects the rights of all without seriously infringing upon those of any.

The paper whose highly rational views we are giving does not fall in with the claim set up for a strictly Christian observance of Sunday, subject to Christian requirements, and from a strictly religious standpoint based upon church canons and church expositions of Christian government as to what it should be and what it should require of its citizens. It con-

fesses that it falls to see the constitutionality, the propriety, the policy, or the fitness, under our form of government, of being governed and regulated by such conditions.

While we may, it says, recognize God as a supreme moral power in the universe, there is no dictum or dogma for enforcing religious beliefs in any respect or particular. Our government is an entirely secular government, and its Constitution so expressly declares or implies; consequently there can be no distinction as to citizenship or its privileges under it. All stand on a common plane as to rights and privileges, without distinction as to beliefs or civil and religious requirements.

This is sensible and comprehensible, and should satisfy every one who is not more wedded to church dogmas than to the permanent maintenance of liberty.

## Morality of Human Origin.

How morality first took root, and sprung up in human conduct afterward, is a subject that has long furnished much food for speculation. Whether its principles were implanted in our nature or are the result of experience as civilization advances, is a question that still remains open, and is likely to until we have all reached a higher level of existence and a wider range of view.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, to which Prof. C. H. Toy contributes an article on "Ethics and Religion," he maintains that it would appear, from the codes of peoples for whom no divine revelation is claimed by us, that man by his unaided efforts has come to the knowledge of the best principles and practices of morality; but has not only made admirable rules of conduct, but has perceived that the essence of goodness lies in the character of the soul. If he be so, he reasons, it is unnecessary to suppose a supernatural divine revelation to account for the ethical phenomena of society.

Still, it may be said that all this ethical development proceeds from a primitive divine revelation. This statement, however, rests on no historical proof, nor would it explain the fact that the ethical progress of a nation goes hand in hand with its growth in civilization. If the ancient Hebrews received their ethical code directly from God, he asks us to explain how it is that—as their history proves—the generations which stood nearest to the revelation were least affected by it.

For ourselves, we fully accept the explanation of another—Henry James—in regard to morality, that it is the assertion of a selfhood in man commensurate with all the demands of nature and society upon him; and that faith fatally persists in making our natural morality "supernatural" by allowing it a truth irrespective of consciousness, or assigning it any objectivity beyond the evolution of human society or fellowship. It is not its own end, but a strict means to a higher or spiritual evolution of life in our nature; and they who accordingly persist in ignoring this truth must expect to fall intellectually behind the time in which they live.

The three idealized worlds above limit and define the sphere of morality, and hence explain its derivation. It is a principle that exists and works only in our nature, and originated in the needs of human society, in the natural evolution of which it is an important factor. It does not exist as an absolute truth, in and for itself solely, but as a means to a higher end. It is in no sense a "supernatural" creation. Take away our humanity, and what is there in morality to be true? We may properly style it the scaffolding to the building while in process of erection, a needed help while it is going up. It is a means to an end, and was born of human experience in the course of its progress out of the increasing necessities of the advancing stages of civilization. Once set it up as something superhuman, and we consent to place ourselves among creations that exist without consciousness, and to become idolaters.

## Indian Schools.

The Indian Question formed the topic of discussion at a recent dinner of the Unitarian Club in this city, at the Hotel Vendome. Ex-Collector Leverett Saltonstall presided on the occasion, and Rev. Francis Tiffany was the essayist of the evening. In opening the after-dinner speaking, President Saltonstall introduced the topic of the evening, "The Indian Question and Our Share in It," remarking that no true American of to-day could look back over our history in connection with the Indian race without a blush of shame. He said that probably the American Indian represents the highest race of savages of which there is any record in history. And he asserted that he had been robbed and imposed upon, and subjected to the very worst influences from the beginning of American history to the present day, and that the very names of many of their great tribes are now unknown.

The essayist of the evening was Rev. Mr. Tiffany, who, among other things, said he regarded the policy of educating the Indian children to be (as far as it goes) a source of hope for that oppressed race.

To illustrate what needs to be done he said we have but to turn our attention to Castle Garden, in New York, where are so many kinds of people each shut out from us and each other by the barriers of inherited views and special privileges. The government deals with the problem of their assimilation into the great body politic by gathering up their children and shovelling them into the hopper of the public schools, from which they come forth in time as American children, speaking our native tongue; and in them we have the medium through which we can reach the benighted ones in their linguistic reservations. This school system is exactly what the government is now establishing among the Indians. Capt. Pratt was first led to apply to the Hampton Institute in Virginia for the trial of the experiment of educating a few Apache braves. The experiment has demonstrated in the highest degree that there is as much latent material in the Indian for a farmer or a mechanic as there is for a warrior.

The Senate Committee on Indian Affairs at Washington has favorably reported Mr. Vest's bill to provide for the compulsory education of Indian children. The bill makes it the duty of the Secretary of the Interior to establish an industrial boarding-school on every Indian reservation where there is an adult population of more than five hundred. Minors between the ages of eight and eighteen are to be placed in this school and kept there for a term not exceeding five years. In addition to reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, they are to be taught useful labor. The males shall be instructed in agricultural pursuits, the care and management of stock, poultry, and general farm work, and they shall also be taught some use-

ful mechanical trade; and the girls shall be instructed in household work, sewing, the care of poultry, and other employment suitable to their sex. Parents or natural guardians who refuse or neglect to send their children to school shall be deprived of their rations and annuities. Indian children may also be educated in schools outside of reservations, and the bill does not apply to the Five Civilized Tribes, nor to the Osages of Indian Territory. A select school is to be organized for the Seminoles and Creeks of Florida.

## "Orthodox" at Last.

Notwithstanding the assertion made before the committee of the Massachusetts Legislature having under consideration a bill for regulating the practice of medicine in this State, that no recognized advance in medical science had originated outside the "regular" fraternity, it is well known to all moderately conversant with the facts in that line that nearly all improvements in the practice have been forced upon it from without the diplomated brotherhood. The "regulars" have scouted at things they have thus been obliged subsequently to adopt. A marked instance of this is in the fact that recently, at a convention of over sixty of the leading surgeons, physicians and dentists of London, it was decided that the hypnotic trance should be recognized as a legitimate part of medical study. Dr. Milne Bramwell, of Yorkshire, a master of the art of hypnotism as applied to surgery, cited several cases of its beneficial use in his practice, and we are told by one of our contemporaries, that hypnotism "is one of the most valuable of the new discoveries in medical science, if it prove capable of being practically and universally developed."

But this "Hypnotism" is nothing more nor less than "Mesmerism" re-christened; and though Mesmer in 1772, and years following, effected by means of it astounding cures, even restoring sight to the blind and health to those who had been pronounced incurable, "in vain," says Justinus Kerner, did this same Mesmer "endeavor to convince his medical contemporaries of the truth and importance of his discovery; he only met with persecution." Mesmer himself says: "The coldness with which my earliest promulgated ideas were met filled me with astonishment. . . . The learned—and physicians especially—laughed over my system."

## Materialization.

A correspondent who has attended many materializing séances for several years past, says:

"I do not dictate as to how others shall investigate, but suggest that the plan of wholesale slander, including everybody, and denouncing all, because one is guilty, is not calculated to make harmonious conditions for any; and, therefore, a patient student who desires to know the truth, and is willing to investigate in his own way, finds himself slandered, and is called a gulping fool because he does not describe all the dirt he has found in his pan while he has been searching for gold. The sensitive, psychological subject, wherever found, must always be kept free from antagonism, if the best results are desired. Some of the finest phenomena I have ever witnessed have made their appearance when least expected."

Those who assume to be mediums when they are not, and seek to deceive for the sole purpose of making money—who go about the country under assumed names—should for the good of Spiritualism and the protection of the public be punished to the full extent of the law, and there is ample law upon the statute-books of every State to meet such cases; "but this is no reason why the innocent should suffer," as one of our spiritualistic contemporaries has truly said, "from self-appointed judges or slanderers, in consequence of the inharmonious conditions they throw upon every medium they meet."

The great trouble in regard to sensitive mediums—and all mediums are sensitive—is that in many cases they are condemned without cause, and retire from the field in consequence; while others with very little medial power step to the front, and either consciously or unconsciously simulate the manifestations, become exposed, and thus cast reproach upon the good and true.

## Ingersoll on Charity.

On the subject of charity as a means of abolishing poverty and misery, Col. Ingersoll recently observed that of course the world is not to be civilized, and fed, and clothed through charity. Ordinary charity creates more want than it alleviates. The greatest possible charity is the greatest possible justice. When proper wages are paid, and every one is as willing to give what a thing is worth as he is now willing to get it for less, the world will be fed and clothed. Mr. Ingersoll believes in helping people to help themselves; and that corporations, and successful men, and intellectually superior men should protect the inferior and keep from robbing their fellow-men. The powerful should be the shield of the weak. Today it is for the most part exactly the other way. The failures among men become the food of success. Religion can only sow the seeds of discord between men and nations. Commerce, manufactures and the arts tend to peace and the well-being of the world. The amount of money expended upon the paraphernalia of the various systems of religion is more than enough to drive the wolves from the doors of the world!

## Our Native Birds.

George T. Angell, "President of the American Humane Education Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," whose office is 10 Milk street, Boston, has issued a card offering a pecuniary reward for evidence by which the Society can convict persons for violating the laws of this State, by killing any insect-eating bird, or taking eggs from its nest. This is a worthy act, and calls for commendation. Our native birds should be protected from the wanton cruelty of sportsmen and lawless boys. These little feathered creatures are highly useful in the destruction of mischievous insects; they are also ornamental and companionable. It is a shame that any need for such a law of protection exists. Human beings ought to be sufficiently intelligent and humane to desist from working harm upon these serviceable little creatures; but as they are not, let the law be enforced against all who are found violating it in any way.

Mrs. R. S. Little will speak in Berkeley Hall, No. 4 Berkeley street, every Sabbath during May. Admission free.

No. XI of Dr. F. L. H. Willis's sterling series, "THE SPIRITUAL FACTS OF THE AGE," will be contributed to our columns next week.

## First Spiritual Temple.

Dr. Fred L. H. Willis gave the closing lecture of his present engagement last Sunday afternoon.

He took for his subject, "Psychometry, or, The Soul of Things." He declared it to have been established as a science, having for its central truth the startling fact that all things bear the impress of surrounding conditions. A pebble, a bit of marl or lava receives distinct impressions of the scenes surrounding it. Just as the plate of the photographer prepared for taking a picture by means of the camera receives the impression of what is before it, so all minerals, perhaps all substances receive a perfect representation of surrounding scenes and conditions. The pebble by the wayside has a history transcribed upon its particles, a history dating back before the flood, and reaching through all the periods of the world's development; and, moreover, it may yield up that history, and its written tablets be read as one reads pictures hung upon the walls of an artist's studio. This statement is presented not as a theory, but as an established fact, confirmed by copious experiments.

Dr. Willis then gave illustrations from the exhaustive works of Professors Denton and Buchanan, and said he believed the time would come when this science would be made so practical and certain that he who runs can read the story of all the past and present. Be that as it may, enough has been revealed to make us pause and ask to read our own record.

Here we are, living forces in this living world, artists in this universal gallery. We have been inscribing pictures innumerable on countless objects. We are written all over the streets of cities that we have inhabited, all over the rooms that we have inhabited. We can be found in all circumstances and conditions, for it is not the impress of the form and picture, merely, that is given, but the very selfhood, the very condition of the spirit, is written out.

No man can be frightened into real goodness. The goodness that is worth anything must be spontaneous. The goodness that is merely restrained will do not amount to much. We do not for a moment suppose that this idea of a certain and sure record of all acts and purposes will be sufficient to redeem the world from sin. Men have had the terrors of a judgment and a hell set before them for ages as an idea, but who ever knew it to deter even a minister of the gospel or a Sunday school superintendent or teacher from perpetrating the crime it was in his heart to do? Very few ever think that every secret thing is to be made known when they desire to cover up some evil. They go to work deliberately, as if the idea had never been presented to the world or preached as a restraining doctrine; but it seems as if the knowledge of such evidence of the really present past as psychometry affords us must make us rejoice in the great law of life. It shows us what life is for. It shows us the wonderful power of all that exists: what a universe we live in, revealing our own power and what we are capable of.

If no tiniest pebble lacks its power, its life, its hidden being, how can we doubt our own powers, our own life, our own being, as of and in the infinite, and working through the varied circumstances and experiences of life toward the great ultimatum of divine perfection?

## Moral Courage.

A happy reunion of the Fall River (Mass.) Aldermen of 1857 was held in that city on the evening of April 7th. Among those present was Miss Susan H. Wixon, a member of the school committee, who made the closing address, her subject being "Moral Courage."

After defining courage as being of two kinds, physical and moral, one an element of brute force, the other essentially a mental characteristic, she gave utterance to the following forcible and truthful words: "It is easy to go with the crowd along a beaten track. But it calls for high moral courage to open a new path, to break the way for future generations—to stand as a target for the arrows of spite, envy, rancor, misrepresentation, misconstruction of motives—to face opposition constantly, to be maligned and persecuted, and yet to keep the even tenor of the way, undaunted and undimmed."

Of this sort have been the martyrs and reformers of all ages. Of this kind have been the brave souls who have stood forth unflinchingly for the right, and never swayed under any circumstances, however trying and severe. Of this class are all who dare be true to their conceptions of truth, even in an unpopular or unrecognized movement."

Miss Wixon spoke the above with the fervor and earnestness which a knowledge evolved from personal experience and an inborn sympathy with every true and noble aspiration impart. Continuing she said:

"Moral courage, like other fine qualities of the mind, has no particular sex. Just as much to women as to men. In the Spanish and Portuguese languages the word courage is a feminine noun. Great women as well as great men have possessed this noble attribute, or they could not have become great." She summed up the above in a few words, and then in her closing paragraph, as follows:

"To think rightly, to reflect and judge honestly, to speak the truth calmly and fearlessly, regardless of favor or opposition, unimpaired of sneers, the whims or caprices of the multitude, to conscientiously do the right upon all occasions; to stand for principle, for justice, truth and honor, though forced to stand all alone—this is moral courage."

The singing of a Reunion song, written for the occasion by Miss Wixon, terminated the exercises.

## The Richmond Testimonial.

We informed our readers, last week, that the friends in Chicago, Ill., of Mrs. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, extended to this lady a reception on the 21st of April, it being the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, and the fortieth of her mediumship.

The "surprise party" at that date was an agreeable one, as the result was the presentation of a well-filled purse, contributed by various friends in different States—some offerings also coming from England—acknowledgments for which have been forwarded to the donors by the Chairman of the Committee, Mr. W. W. Chandler. An account of the occasion—written specially for THE BANNER—will be found on our fifth page.

FANNIE BURBANK FELTON, long ago a grand trance medium, through whose organism the angels gave great truths to the people of earth, is still actively at work in both spheres of life, as her grand message on our sixth page last week through the agency of Mrs. M. T. Longley fully shows. In the course of her remarks she says: "I wish my friends to know that I am not idle nor silent; My influence goes forth as it did in the past; and I believe that I can truly say I am used as an instrumentality of conveying instruction from souls more advanced to those who are in need of enlightenment and helpful cheer; therefore I feel that I am filling my place in the spirit-world, as I tried to fill it here." Those who have not perused this beautiful message, published in our issue of April 26th, should carefully do so.

Those serving on a jury take an oath, not to please an aroused public opinion but to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence presented, and the dictates of their consciences. A trial by jury would be no defense of personal rights if the jurors were compelled to bring in a verdict in accordance with what outsiders believed to be a proper judgment; for it might at any time happen that public opinion was prejudiced, the same as it was in the Wells case in New York City.

Our thanks are hereby returned to Mrs. J. B. Severance for a donation of May-Flowers for our Circle April 26th; also to the "Oreocent and the Crown," Stratham, N. H.; Mrs. S. M. Ingraham, Windsor, Vt.; and Mrs. Helen Stuart-Rhodes, for the same kindness.

Mrs. CLARA FIELD-CONANT will answer calls to lecture for the coming fall and winter. Would engage for the early fall in New England, Middle States or in the West; but would like to engage South for the late fall and winter months! She will give sittings daily, personally or by letter. Address her at her home, 210 4th street, N. W., Washington, D. C.



NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

**LIFE AND DEATH.**  
From morn to eve they struggled—Life and Death.  
As if it seemed to them that they in truth  
Contended, and as foes of equal worth,  
So firm their feet, so undisturbed their breath.  
But when the sharp red sun burst through the clouds  
Of western clouds, I saw the brown arms' fight  
Tighten and bear that radiant form to earth,  
And suddenly both fell upon the death.  
And then the wonder came—when I fled  
To where those great antagonists down fell,  
I could not find the body that I sought,  
And when and where it went I could not tell.  
One only form was left of those who fought,  
The long, dark form of Death—it was dead.  
—Cosmo Monkhouse.

Edison's latest, the kinograph, enables one to produce his picture at the other end of the wire, just as he now reproduces his voice through the telephone. Thus do terrors multiply for those who are liable to be suddenly called up when far away from home.

If your feet sweat, bathe them in saleratus water.

The death of the gentleman who suggested the placing of the motto "In God We Trust" on our national coins was in good time. The motto is coming to be considered out of place on some of our current money.—Herald.

Our lives should be like the days, more beautiful in the evening, or like the spring, aglow with promise, and like autumn, rich with golden sheaves when good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Some people seem to think that it is only necessary for a man to become a Christian in order to act like the Old Harry.

Watch thy tongue; out of it are the issues of life. Speak not till thy thought has silently matured itself. Speech is human; silence is divine. No idler word thou speakest but is a seed cast into time, and grows through all eternity.—Thomas Carlyle.

Dispatches from Bokhara report that Emir Abdurrahman Khan has issued an official order opening not only the towns of Afghan Turkestan to Russian caravans, but even the Key to Kabul itself. It is the truest of the worst fears of British diplomats have been realized, and in the first great scene of the Central Asiatic drama the result is checkmate for England. Nor will those who have watched the progress of events greatly wonder.

**MISUNDERSTANDING AT THE HUN.**—"I hear some hard words passed between you." "Yes," he called me a megalomaniac megalomaniac. To which I retorted that, in comparison with him, the antediluvian cycloperide would not have been in it."—Harper's Bazar.

Some scientific person has discovered that woman, in a not very remote future, will not only be a brunette, but her descendants, both male and female, will be black.

A London genius has invented a hot water apparatus to warm piano keys, so that dainty fingers may not be chilled.

TYPOGRAPHICAL TRANSMIGRATION.

A scold, with a temper like pepper, cayenne, Huris angry explosives with tongue and wit. Each word as sharp as the sting of a bee. Each sentence as keen as a wind from the sea. Surely satire conceived has never in mind, And a form like to this she will certainly find.

Master Henry Thomas Wade, of North Easton, is proving a perfect prodigy. He is a native of North Easton, and but twelve years of age. He has already exhibited rare talent, and has executed before prominent musicians the most difficult pieces, consisting of the standard operas and overtures of the best composers.

Any one can make the hand grenade fire extinguishers, and at a small fraction of the prices charged in the market. Any light weight quart bottle will serve to hold the solution, which is composed of one pound of common salt, one-half pound of sal ammoniac, dissolved in about two quarts of water.

The only reasonable meaning, as it seems to us, that can be given to the word "spiritual," is the mental or intellectual. Any other definition appears to be fictitious, foggy, supernatural, or unearthly.

We have taken our stand by the altar of truth, and shall not be led or driven thence by sophistry or ridicule, coming from whatever source it may.

**SPRING RUDES!**  
Peace has its victories as well as war,  
While heroes live no poets ever sing;  
And he is one who wears the first straw hat  
Upon the street as dawns the early spring.

Lively spring O lovely Spring  
At last at last thou art  
The birds in heaven begin to sing  
In carols bright and dear  
O come and South this asking Breste  
And nestle near my heart  
Then shall I sink to deepest rest  
And we will never part.  
—La Villa paper.

Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, now nearly ninety years of age, is a pauper, and has been notified to leave his old homestead. Nothing remains of the great wealth this old man once possessed.

A lady clairvoyant who in the fall of 1888 was staying with her married sister in the first flat at 204 West 58th street, N. Y. City, will hear something worth her attention by addressing Mrs. E. L. Jay, care The Path, 132 Nassau street, N. Y. City. Any one sending her present address will confer a favor to both parties.

"The crowned heads of Europe are having a great deal of trouble in these days, not only from the cares of royalty, but also from bodily ailments," says the Medical Record. The Czar of Russia is melancholy, and his nerves are terribly shattered. His wife is even worse, and is subject to attacks of intense nervous prostration. The Emperor of Austria, in consequence of the suicide and the sad circumstances attending the death of his son, is a melancholy, nervous, heart-broken man, while the Empress is said to be a martyr to ecstasies and melancholia. The King of Holland is paying the horrible penalty of a dissipated life. The King of Italy suffers from chronic dyspepsia.

Ah! we judge each other harshly,  
Knowing not life's hidden force;  
Knowing not the fount of action  
Is less turbid at its source.  
Seeing not amid the evil  
All the golden grains of good;  
Oh! we love each other better  
If we only understood.

An excellent photographic likeness of Moses Hull reaches us from Peter's studio, San Francisco.

A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a flouring-mill without wheat or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys or whose logs?

A Russian physician announces that he has discovered a cure for diphtheria. He says the disease is easily cured by inoculating erysipelas. Another inoculation craze. Which is the worst disease of the two?

Statisticians J. R. Dodge, of the Department of Agriculture, closes his March report with the words:

"The community is infested with pestilent swarms of non-producers. The curse of speculation blights and consumes the real honest industry. Leeches fasten on every product of labor and suck from it the life-blood of profit. Men who produce nothing, who neither toil on the farms nor spin in the factories, are absorbing the wealth of the country by combination without conscience, and service without equity."

The Mississippi River, after doing great damage along its lines in the State of the same name, and in Louisiana, is now reported to be falling again, and the levees have another lease of life. An idea of the force of its current for some time past may be gained from the fact that Assistant United States Engineer Oliveira, of Capt. Kingsman's corps, who has recently been observing the outflow and velocity of the Mississippi at Warren, eight miles below Vicksburg, found on one day a discharge of 1,100,000 cubic feet per second, with the velocity of 5.83 feet per second.

Catarrhal deafness is relieved by using Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as directed. Try it.

Meetings in Boston.

**Free Spiritual Meetings** are held in the **Dawson of Light Hall**, No. 125 South Street, regularly twice a week—on **Tuesday** and **Friday** evenings, 7 o'clock. A. A. Shollman, Chairman.

**Monday**—**Harley Hall**, corner Tremont and Berkeley streets.—Mrs. R. B. Little will occupy the platform the **Sundays** in May. Services 10½ A. M. and 7 P. M. Bittings 12½ A. M. and 1 P. M.

**Ladies' Industrial Union** meets every Wednesday at **Twilight Hall**, 789 Washington street. Circle at 8, 8½, and 9 P. M. Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, President.

**First Spiritual Temple**, corner Newbury and Essex streets.—Wednesday evening meetings at 7:30; Women's Friday P. M. meeting at 2:30, May 2d, subject, "Spiritual Needs," followed by psychometry. Sunday P. M., at 2:45, Mrs. H. S. Lake will speak.

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But the Doctor reminded her that it was the fiftieth anniversary of her birth, said that some of the members of the Society who were very fond of her had arranged a little reception for her at Mr. May's Hall, where the Society held the Sunday services, that they might not lose such an opportunity of expressing the sentiments that were welling up within them, and therefore he hoped she would accompany him and the family over to the hall, and gracefully accept the paterfamilias that would be eloquently bestowed.

Mrs. Richmond, accompanied by her husband and family and Dr. Bushnell and wife, wended her way to the hall. On her arrival there she found the platform profusely decorated with flowers, and the large room filled with an audience that overwhelmed her with congratulations and expressions of love. It was literally a hall full of love, unmarred by a single flaw or blemish of envy.

While a large orchestra discoursed sweet music, Mrs. Richmond received the individual congratulations and well wishes of very many of the audience. Then she was requested, with her husband, to go upon the platform; accompanying them were Dr. Bushnell, Mr. W. W. Chandler, and Collins Eaton, members of the Society, and several friends of Mrs. Richmond.

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logical and eloquent, by Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Dr. A. H. Richardson contributed a speech and a poem, and quite a number of interesting and instructive addresses. Mrs. Gushman made a brief speech, and Mrs. A. L. Cunningham gave excellent communications.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcy, honored members of this Society, are soon to depart on an extended Western tour. Mrs. L. Woodbury, Sec'y.

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Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

A correspondent writes us that "W. J. Colville's farewell services in San Francisco and Oakland, Cal., took place Sunday, April 27th. He left for New York City May 1st. All persons desiring his services, or wishing to witness his previous to his departure for England, should address in care of Mrs. A. H. Hargis, 402 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y. An account of W. J. Colville's farewell meetings on the Pacific coast will be sent for next issue."

G. W. Kates and wife have served the Spiritual Society of Indianapolis, Ind., during April. They are engaged in St. Louis, Mo., and Toledo, Ohio, June and July. They intend to remain West for the following summer and winter. Address per route.

Dr. J. H. Randall, having received in response to his announcement of his proposed lecture-trip West many applications, has decided to visit the States of Michigan and St. Paul, Northwestern & Union Pacific, Rock Island, Illinois Central, C. B. & Q. Railroads. Will be glad to hear from other points on any of those lines. He will go through Northern Dakota and Montana, as far as Butte. Address 225 Honorstreet, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ada Foye has been doing a grand work in Denver, and will continue her engagement with "The College of Spiritual Philosophy" for several months longer. Her address is 2508 Welton street, Denver, Col.

J. K. Bailey has spoken in parlor meetings, public halls and churches during his present trip: At Elmira, N. Y., March 10th; Elgin, Ill., (parlors) 30th, 31st and April 1st; Academy of Music, April 6th; Dubuque, Strawberry Point, Fayette and Castalia, Ia., in the Universalist Church, April 27th. Address him, P. O. Box 123, Stratford, Pa., for engagements.

Mrs. M. T. Longley lectured at Hanson, Mass., April 27th, on "Involution and Evolution," a subject taken from the audience. Mr. and Mrs. Longley will be at Greenwich, Mass., May 4th, and at Hanson May 25th.

Mr. Kate R. Stiles will speak in Lynn, Mass., the first Sunday in May. Will be in Westboro' the fourth Sunday of the same month. Would like to make other engagements for this and the next lecture season. Oct. 19th, Nov. 16th and Dec. 21st of 1890 already engaged. Jan. 16th, Feb. 16th and March 16th of 1891. Her addresses are followed by descriptive addresses. Societies desiring the services of Mrs. Stiles can address her at 43 Dwight street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture, sing and exercise mediumship throughout May in Cleveland, O., and vicinity.

Edgar W. Emerson's engagements for May are as follows: Lowell, Mass., May 4th, 11th; Springfield, May 18th, 25th; West Winsted, Conn., May 22d, 23d.

**FOR SICK HEADACHE USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.** Dr. M. W. GRAY, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

Acknowledgments.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Myself and wife return thanks daily to our unknown friend, E. H. Benthall, of London, Eng., for his generous contribution, which enabled us to furnish our cottage nicely and to supply it with provisions for several months. I have received no further contributions toward the cottage since my last report, which had reached the carpenter's bill within \$34.22, and we are enjoying life in it.

My wife is still slowly recovering from her paralytic stroke of last September, and we are almost daily visited by some of our spirit-friends, whose real personality is to us as good and complete as that of our earthly friends.

WARREN CHASE.  
Cobden, Ill., April 26th, 1890.











**A**LL purchasers of O. P. Longley's book "Echoes from an Angel's Lyre" as a premium one copy of the same amount sheet music, bearing lithographic title and traits of Mr. and Mrs. Longley. Also a temperance song and music entitled "Marching Away." Purchasers may select the one they desire from the list of songs in our advertisement, and send it to the publisher.

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For sale by COLBY & RICH.