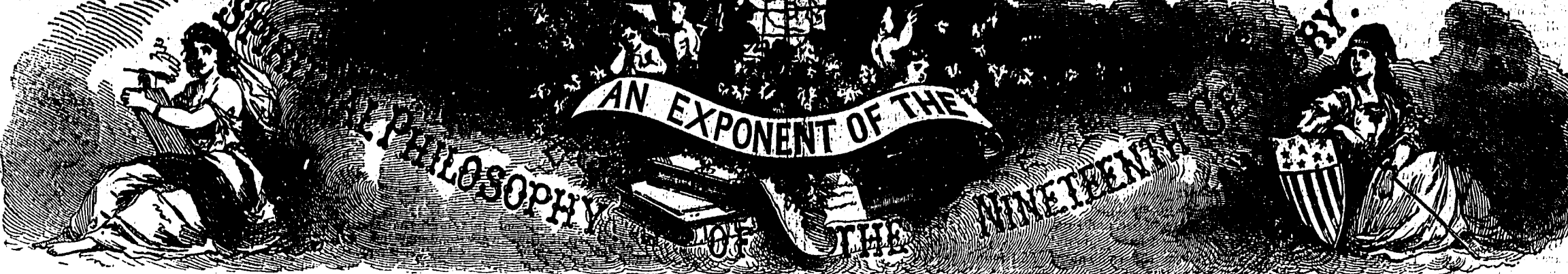


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXVII.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1890.

(\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.)

NO. 14.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—The Spiritual Rostrum: The Various Phases or Manifestations of Spiritualism, and Their Uses. Literary Department: Nameless.

SECOND PAGE.—Poetry: Possibilities, Information Wanted, Banner Correspondence: Letters from Louisiana, Massachusetts, Dakota, Georgia, Connecticut, and New York. Spiritual Phenomena: Materializations. An Evening with the Shakers. The Echo Spiritualist Society, Boston. A World's Fair Suggestion.

THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: Evening Skies. June Magazines, Life, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—Spiritualism: First and Always. Death is Sunrise! Competition and Circumstances. Earth as Spirit. Warnings of Danger by Spirits. Spiritual Phenomena in Italy, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Newsy Notes and Pithy Points. Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. H. F. Smith.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Camp Meetings: Cassadaga Lake, N. Y.; Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Poetry: The City of the Living. Spiritualist Meetings in Boston, New York and Elsewhere. Dedication, etc.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### The Various Phases or Manifestations of Spiritualism, and Their Uses.

Inspirational Discourse given before the First Spiritual Temple, at Berkeley Hall, Boston, Mass., May 25th, 1890, by  
**MRS. R. S. LILLIE.**

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light.)

#### INVOCATION.

Turning again to thee, oh! Source of our Strength, we ask that our minds may be directed, that wise thought may be given us, that as ever, when we have turned to thee, Source of Inspiration and Strength, there may come to us light from the beyond, and the truth that cannot be obtained save through thy power. Assembled here this evening, we would ask that upon each and every one may rest a consciousness of spirit presence, and a realization of the great fact that truth alone is the one thing to be desired, and that in the pursuit of truth we must divest ourselves of prejudice, laying aside all that will impede our progress. We ask, then, as we enter the temple of our own minds, that we may cast out whatever stands there as an obstacle in the way of progress; that we may receive truths suited to our wants, which, in their application to our lives, may strengthen us for the better performance of life's duties. And for this blessing of the spirit-world we return our grateful thanksgiving, now and evermore.

#### LECTURE.

With those who are believers in Spiritualism, who understand its various phases and manifestations, there is a deep-seated conviction that the entire movement is, and ever has been, under the supervision of exalted intelligences on the other side of life.

Man has built his altars, reared his temples, and worshipped his God to the best of his ability. In this worship he has believed that God required certain things of him, strange and impossible things some of them, but through it all he has believed in his own immortal selfhood, has believed in a state of being over which death would have no power. He has believed that in this life he must make provision for a meeting with the Infinite Master, Maker and Ruler of the Universe, who, when this brief span of probation is over, is a stern and terrible judge. Religions, one and many, have been based upon this assumption of God's character. Underlying their entire system of faith is the belief in a God of wrath, who finds his great glory in nursing that wrath; and man, the unfortunate creature of this great Ruler, must make every exertion to appease that wrath if it be possible. This alone would seem to be a sufficient reason for the universal fear of death; but, added to this, is the instinctive shrinking from it which all animate creatures possess, even the lower animals. Wherever there is any degree of intelligence there is this instinctive shrinking from danger, this natural obedience to the great law of self-preservation. Different from and far more powerful than this is the fear that has been excited in the minds of men by false teachings, by ignorance and superstition.

Man we know to be an immortal being. We know that to him belongs a future state of existence. He is a personal identity, passing through varied changes, and as a soul-child of the Infinite, he is and must be possessed of that indestructible individuality which we may call eternality.

The soul of an infant is an entity, a personality lacking experience, the experience of an earthly life. The embryonic man lacks still more. How far we must go back before we find that something called soul itself, I know not. That it must gain earthly experience through its individual earthly pilgrimage, we know. How much is gathered of life and individuality through that experience, we may know in part, but not in full. That man is an individual, was, is, and ever must be, we fully believe. Did we think otherwise, we would have to think that somewhere in the future he must cease to be; but, as he is a child of the Infinite and Eternal, like his parent in essence and substance, he must inherit that immortality which belongs to his Creator, the great Soul of the Universe.

We see how the soul unfolds, and at different periods of earthly life the different faculties of the mind begin to find expression, opening and developing naturally, like the bud and the blossom which we see before us. Childhood and manhood, old age, and then the mystery of the entrance into the life beyond, succeed each in turn. This change called death, which has been known ever since man has walked the earth, has ever been to him the mystery of mysteries. He has seen his companion, his friend, his loved one lie still and cold, all

thought and life and love ceasing to find expression through the still form. He has seen that form decay, having lost its consciousness, its vital power, its individuality. Yet man has always had something within him which has said: "This is not all; it is not the end!"

This belief, the cry of the soul within him, has been the foundation-stone of all systems of religion. Full of erroneous teaching as such systems have been, they yet serve to mark the pathway through which he has struggled toward the light. Long and dark that path has been, but century after century has rolled away, each leaving behind it something of gloom and darkness, each unfolding and developing human souls, until at last in this glorious nineteenth century, as it is called, we have the light and glory of Modern Spiritualism—a system of religion differing from all others in that it offers knowledge instead of faith. It does not say "Believe or be damned;" it says, "Come and see; come and investigate; come and search for yourself. Do not take our word for it. Here are our mediums; investigate for yourselves."

All phases of mediumship, all varieties of mediomistic development invite your attention and consideration. And these are found not alone with the public medium, but in the quiet and secluded home circles all over our land. None but those who go about from place to place, as does this instrument, can form any idea of the number and variety and marvelousness of the manifestations which are constantly taking place in quiet homes where the mediums are of their own family circle, manifestations more wonderful than have been written of in your books or papers. Sometimes we say, "Oh, that such as these might go forth, and give the world the blessing of the light they carry!" But here comes up the difficult and still unsolved problem of ways and means. In addition to working as mediums, too often they must have care for material things. They must struggle for food and raiment; such struggle is necessarily more or less detrimental to their mediumship, and we hear many of them crying in weariness of spirit, "Oh! that I could exercise my mediumship untrammelled by these necessities!"

How is this problem going to be settled? I do not know. We have investigators who say: "We cannot go to a medium without money. In our hand," and they speak of that as a cause of distrust and suspicion. This is too broad a statement. There are mediums everywhere who are ready and willing to give their services to those who are needy, who are not able to give compensation for them. Such cases are constantly occurring. This I know. Many and many are the unselfish ones who give out of their heavenly gifts, accepting patiently the pecuniary poverty their unappreciated lives bring them.

Now I would say to my Christian critic: "Do your ministers labor without material reward? Do they content themselves with such paltry sums as even the best-paid medium receives? You know this is not so. You know that they receive liberal, some of them munificent salaries, sufficient to furnish not only the comforts, but the luxuries of life. It seems to me that the mediums of ancient times were better cared for than are those of the present day. You remember how those who would interview the prophet looked about for the shekels that would satisfy him. You know there was a time when a king who was sick said to his servant: "Go and inquire of the servant of the Lord if I shall recover of this disease." And the story says that the king's servant went to visit the prophet of the Lord, and he took with him forty camels' burden of every good thing in Damascus. Did any of you ever pay that for a sitting? If such a thing should occur now, the daily papers would be full of comments upon the foolishness of the man who sent forth his forty camels' burden, and the falsity of the answer. We have communications to-day, some of them true, some of them false. We have manifestations of spirits to-day, some good, some indifferent. We believe this to be history repeating itself.

As we said in the beginning, Modern Spiritualism in all its phases we believe to be under the guidance of wise intelligence. Why have such varied phases been given? Because each and every one is and has been necessary to meet the varied requirements of mankind, the necessities of the age in which Modern Spiritualism has come. It is an age of skepticism, an age in which established religions cease to satisfy the inquiring mind and the hungry heart. The lurid picture of an angry God looking down on cringing subjects, "worms of the dust," as the old theology called them, is seldom looked upon as a pleasing or, by the mind that thinks, a truthful representation.

We live in an age when science has taught men to ask "How?" and "Why?" and to demand reasonable, intelligent answers. When you were a child you were told that God created the heavens and the earth in six days, and rested on the seventh day. You were told just how much he did on each day, and also that he was actually tired on the seventh day, and that he rested because he was tired! In these days our school children know that geology tells of the earth's existence for millions of years; and so, in all branches of science, the mind is trained to think and investigate for itself.

I believe every phase of modern mediumship has been wisely directed, and sent where it could do the most good; where instruments could be found and prepared to do the work; that every portion of the great movement has been controlled by wise spirits. What are the manifestations of this great power? Rather let us ask, What are they not? Follow them

up from their earlier forms, rapping and table-tipping, to the wonderful manifestations of the present day. Has science ever been able to explain their nature and origin? The simple rap—simple it may be, but it is too wonderful for its origin to be explained, except as Spiritualists explain it—material science is powerless to define or to imitate. No such sound can be produced by human agency. All of these physical manifestations have been necessary to the progress of the movement, indispensable to it. You may need them no longer, but somebody else does, just as you did once. Not one is or has been unnecessary or unimportant; not one could have been dispensed with.

But, somebody says, the time comes when these earlier manifestations are not needed. The time comes for you when you don't want the shoes you wore in infancy. Other infants do.

Now we say, as long as skepticism exists in the mind of man, as long as the churches are full of people who are doubting and unsatisfied, who are coming to demand knowledge, so long will the primary manifestations (if we may call them such) be needed; and so they came, and must continue to come. How often does the mysterious, unexplainable rap, coming unexpected and undesired into Orthodox homes, prove the first step in their enlightenment and progress! It is something to arrest attention and compel investigation, and honest investigation can end only in one way: Sooner or later the investigator comes into a knowledge of the truth found only in the light of Modern Spiritualism.

Death has been in every home. Spirits are in every home. They are watching for an opportunity to make their presence known. All through the centuries the spirit-world has been waiting for men to become developed enough to open the windows of their souls, and let the light shine in. Nothing but these physical manifestations could give the needed impetus in this direction. When this is gained the spirits say rejoicingly, "Now we can go. Now they will understand, and interpret us intelligently." So we have Modern Spiritualism, with its mediums, in almost every home, many of them little children. All over this broad land are homes in which through their child-mediums have come manifestations as wonderful to those who for the first time witnessed them as were given forty years ago in the Fox home in New York. I believe there are people in this congregation who had such manifestations in their homes even before they came to that home in Hydeville, for the great movement came like a tidal wave from the spheres beyond, and swept over the whole broad land, finding sensitives who could become its mediums in almost every home; rapping, moving ponderable bodies, doing anything that would arrest attention, and cause men to ask, "What is it? Whence comes it?" This was its mission. People everywhere formed circles, saying, "Let us see what we can get," and to every circle came something entirely new, differing from what was received in other circles, differing according to the quality of the medium, or the desires of the spirits in that household. This variety of manifestations and communications of Modern Spiritualism is in itself proof of the truth of its claim to be known for what it is: communion with those who have passed out of the mortal into the immortal spheres of life.

The two classes of manifestations of the present—mental and physical—which we hear spoken of as the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, I hold to be equally essential, and I would call them the phenomena, physical and mental, of Spiritualism. One is as phenomenal as the other. The control of incarnated over incarnated mind, often exhibited in the persons of children of tender years, is just as phenomenal now as it was in the days when Jesus confounded the doctors and the wise men in the ancient temple.

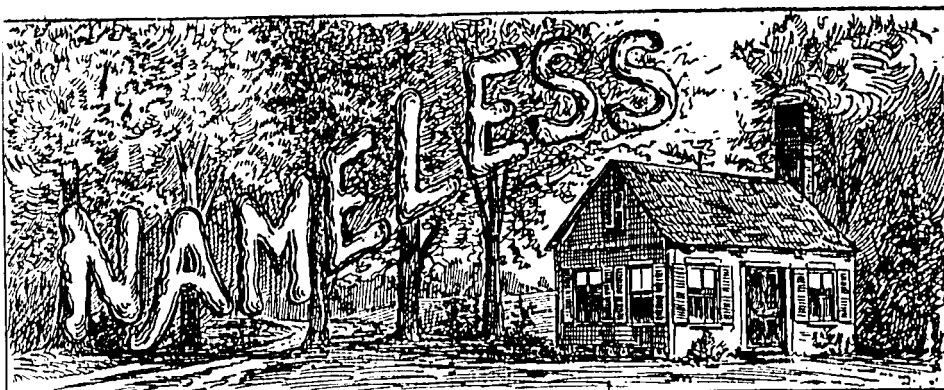
Is it not a phenomenon to see women taken from the ordinary walks of life, uneducated, as far as the schools of earth are educators, becoming orators, all timidity taken away when they are called to the front, consciously or unconsciously inspired or controlled by spirit forces, and giving utterances which, in their normal condition, would be utterly impossible for them to give? Some of these mediums are placed in an unconscious sleep, as far as the material body is concerned, and in that condition give discourses, in many cases profound, philosophical and eloquent. Others feel the flood of inspiration descend upon them, and the words of the spirit are poured forth while the medium retains her full consciousness, and can even, as is the case with this instrument, look about the room, and pursue her own train of thought to some extent.

This is one of the hardest things for skeptical minds to believe, and they wonder why a person wants to lie so. Why should any deny the possession of gifts of speech if they have them, and say, I am controlled by spirits? Why should she, indeed, if it were not true? If a wonderful salary were paid for such assertion, one in whom cupidity dominated over conscience might find some inducement to prepare a discourse, memorize it, and deliver it. But, as all know, the best paid medium receives little or nothing beyond a livelihood—while the worst—in how much is their condition removed from absolute penury?

It is said of some mediums, "They do not take good care of their money; they are not practical; they are not wise in the common affairs of life." Ah! my friend, do you wonder at that? Do you think one human being can work equally well in all directions? Can one

(Continued on third page.)

## Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### Revealed at Last.

The visitor introduced himself to the master of the splendid domain known for miles around as the Trenton estate. There was an air of decision and of candor about the young man that pleased his host, who was himself of a frank and generous nature, above suspicion and distrust, and one in whose breast the milk of human kindness flowed sweet and clear.

"I have come to you, sir, on a singular errand, but one, I trust, which will meet your approbation," the guest began, after having seated himself, and been assured that his host could give him his attention for an hour.

"What I have to reveal is so strange, and will be so unexpected to you, that I am at a loss how to begin. You will pardon me if I seem abrupt, or even rude, for you shall have ample explanation of my conduct before I leave. I do not wish to tear open any wound that may have healed in your heart, but I am compelled to speak of the past and its dead. You had a daughter who passed away from you suddenly some years ago?"

A shade of sadness passed over the face of George Trenton at this question, for even now he could not think or speak of his lamented child without a pang, but he betrayed no surprise in his voice as he replied:

"I had, sir, a beautiful child, whom all the world admired, she was so sweet and good. Her death was very sudden, and we were unprepared for such a calamity. The blow was a heavy one, from which her mother never recovered, and which bore my wife to an untimely grave. My precious child Viola has been an angel in heaven for over eight years."

"I beg, my dear Mr. Trenton, that you will not be startled at what I am about to ask, or think me presumptuous or mad. But are you perfectly satisfied that Miss Viola really died? Are you certain beyond doubt that she had no life in her frame when it was enclosed in the tomb, and that she was not resuscitated and sent out into the world after that event?"

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the host, starting to his feet, and gazing at his guest in agitated alarm. "There could be no mistake; I placed my daughter's form in its casket, and arranged its beautiful head upon its pillow of down—a pillow I had prepared, and covered by a bit of her own needlework, that her head might lie easy in its casement. Sir, there could have been no breath of life in that lovely form when we shut it forever from our sight. I was the last to gaze upon it at the tomb, and there was no stirring of the pulseless breast, no sign of animation; had there been the slightest tremor I would have seen and known, for my Viola was my idol, my peerless one. Sir—recovering himself from the emotion that had awakened in his heart and vibrated in his tones as he thought of his departed child—"you will do me the kindness to explain your strange and to me seemingly irrelevant question!"

"Certainly, Mr. Trenton, I will explain, and I beg your pardon for my words, which must have appeared thoughtless and bold to you. Nearly eight years ago there appeared a stranger in the neighborhood of Bridgton, now a part of the town of Ayer, some hundreds of miles from your home. This mysterious person had taken up her residence in a little old hut in the midst of a strip of woods, and for some months nothing was seen or known of the new comer by any of the inhabitants. The winter passed, and as the spring approached, a terrible fever appeared in Bridgton, attacking as its first victim a poor working-woman, from whom all persons fled but the physician—Dr. Parsons, a revered relative of my own—and the minister, a now popular and liberal clergyman of the Humanitarian Temple of Ayer. Just as these gentlemen, in their perplexity, were discussing by the bedside of the sick woman where they could find a nurse for her in her dire extremity, there appeared before them a stranger, young, beautiful and saintly in appearance, who offered to take charge of their patient, and to nurse her back to health and strength. The applicant for the position of attendant offered to come without money or price, and her offer was gladly accepted. She remained with the invalid, wooing the poor woman, by unflinching devotion, back to life and vigor; but by the time her duty was discharged in that humble sick-room, the fever had broken out in other places, and many persons were stricken down. The stranger gladly went about in this time of trouble, doing good, nursing the sick, helping the needy, giving strength to the weary and consolation

to the mourner, all without compensation of any kind. No one knew who she was or from whence she came, save that she was the mysterious tenant of the old hut in the woods. The lady was young and beautiful, tall, but well formed, of graceful carriage and perfect deportment. Her features were clear-cut and symmetrical, and her countenance, without appearing wan or shrunken at all, had the peculiar pallor of a corpse. The eyes of this lovely and saint-like woman were large, and blue almost to violet; they were fringed by long, curling lashes, and her abundant hair was as shining as yellow gold or brilliant sunlight. Sir, she said she had no name, but, to distinguish her, we might call her 'Helper,' as she had come to do what she could for those who were in need. I trust I do not weary you?"

"No, no! go on. What strange story is this you bring, young man? What description of a living woman is this you give, so like that of my dead child?"

"I will be as brief as possible. The lady continued to live in her miserable hut, and would not consent to leave it for a more elegant home, though she made many friends who would have shared their all with her. She continued for years to do her blessed work among the poor and sick and suffering. She was instrumental in liberalizing—yes, sir, liberalizing and in spiritualizing, by her example and teaching and labor, the whole community, from the pastor down. Miss 'Helper' passed through strange and trying experiences, of which you may sometime learn; but after remaining with us for about seven years, she announced to her friends Dr. Parsons and Minister Brown, in my presence, that she must take her leave of the place, and go out into the great, wide world to pursue her work. That was more than a year ago, and none of us have seen or heard of her since. While the lady tarried in our neighborhood she was occasionally visited by an unassuming but eccentric old man from a distance. This visitor was her friend and protector, who owned the old hut and the strip of wood, and who in due time willed the property to his young charge. The man was of Scotch extraction, and his name was Saunders—"

"Saunders!" ejaculated George Trenton: "Could it have been our old undertaker and friend? Good Heavens! what mystery is this?"

"Patience, dear sir, you shall know all. Before Miss 'Helper' left us, she told her story to her three tried and trusted friends—the clergyman, the physician and myself. She said she had been dead, and had experienced the joys and blessings of the immortal world, but before her body was buried she had been told that she must come back to this world and perform a work. She was to be nameless, and to find her name and her home in the hearts of the people. And then she related how she felt herself drifting back to the body, and that she was aware of the funeral ceremonies over her frame, and felt herself shut up and left in solitude in the tomb. She spoke the name of the father she had known, and it was George Trenton. She told how the old sexton undertaker felt impressed she was not dead, and how at night he bore her from the tomb to the chapel near by, and resuscitated her; how he listened to her story, and her entreaties not to make it known to others, and how he bore her away to a distant location where none should know of her existence."

"But why, why, was this thing kept from me?" burst from the lips of the listener, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Because the lady believed she had no claim upon you. She thought it best that you and all others should believe Viola Trenton dead. She had learned the true story of her parentage, and thought the shadow of a great crime had fallen upon her innocent life. She felt herself tainted even before her birth, and she could not endure to give her hand in marriage to any man, or to look again into the faces of those who had been so dear to her. Just before her supposed death, your wife placed in the hands of your daughter a sealed writing that had been written by the hand of your wife's sister, Helen Miner, twenty years before. It was the reading of that paper that produced the shock and threw the young lady into the condition you called death. You supposed the writing was destroyed; but it was not. The lady placed it in her bosom when she donned what were prepared for her wedding robes, and it was buried on her breast. The scraps of paper you found were the frag-



ments of a note she had written to her lover, but had destroyed. I have the original writing of Mrs. Miner here. It is old and faded and blurred, and part of it is in cipher, but I have mastered it all, and will read it to you, if you like—its owner left it with Mr. Brown when she disappeared from Ayer."

George Trenton was by this time thoroughly overcome. He was a man of strong nerve, not easily agitated; but this strange visitor and the startling tale he brought had served to unnerve the usually calm man, and he could only motion his guest to go on.

Tom began the reading of that fatal and despairing writing, which the half (if not wholly) maddened brain of Helen Miner, Mrs. Trenton's beloved and suffering sister, had penned nearly thirty years ago. In a slow and impressive voice he read as follows:

"My precious and only child, I shall never know if you are good and pure and true, nor will I learn your fate, unless it be my privilege to guard you from my home beyond the grave. If you live to maturity, and think of forming marriage ties, this packet will be given you by one whom I love and trust—my own dear sister, Mary Trenton, who will rear and care for you as her own. Should you die in childhood, the secret of my life will never be revealed, and you will go down to the grave untroubled by a knowledge of your father's sin or your mother's woe. For I am your mother, your unhappy, despairing mother, who would rather go through the fiery furnace than to bring a child of shame into this world. My baby, oh, my baby! I would have been so happy and contented to have borne you, even into the humblest home, had your heritage been one of honor and integrity; but through no fault of yours or mine, the heart of you, and the flesh of you, and oh! the spirit of you, are tainted with the venereal sin of sin, of shame, and of death. Let me explain, my darling, and when you have read, put every thought of love and marriage out of your breast, and vow that you will never bring the shadow of your birth and your life to any man's home; that you will never bear in your bosom an innocent child to inherit the curse and the sin of your father's name."

"I was a happy, gay-hearted girl when I met your father, and he was a strong, handsome man of thirty years. He was not wealthy, but his education and his experience were good, and our friends favored my choice. We were married, and soon after, believing that he could do better for us both in the opening country of the West, he determined to try his fortune there. I would not be left behind, and so we went together to our new home. The life was wild and ungentle, and my husband, although always kind to me, grew quiet and very uncommunicative, and I thought anxious for our welfare, and disappointed about his affairs. I seldom wrote home, and rarely mentioned our life, for its circumstances were more humble and our surroundings more unrefined than we had been accustomed to. For some reason, your father had dropped his first name, Hebron, which he had never liked, and taken that of his father, but he still retained his surname. [These names all read backward in the writing, sir, explained Tom; "but I have ciphered them out."] I have since been glad that it was so, since, if he had retained his full name, your father's crime might have been made known to all his old friends in the East. As it was, they never knew his fate. Now, my precious child, I come to this, to this, the awful sin of his, the burning, baleful shadow of my life. I cannot tell you of the days we passed in that wild country, or of the ignorance and unrefinement of our neighbors. We associated but little with them, and I fear my husband was not generally liked. He had some trouble with one man about some land, and this person, whose name was Fitch, insulted him. Your father was silent, but very white and stern, and I was afraid of something—I knew not what—only an awful fear came over me! Not long after that the cabin of Fitch was burned, but not entirely; they found the remains of the man among the ashes of his bed, and they said he had been robbed and murdered. Then they accused my husband. I was wild; I prayed and cried, and begged for his release, for I thought him innocent. But he had lost the ring I gave him, the day before the murder was known, and some one found it—a party of searchers—with his knife, among the ruins of the cabin. He looked so stern and hard and severe when they led him away! It broke my heart. They said it was all true; he had been maddened by the insult given him by an ignorant man like Fitch, and had revenged himself. I never could understand how one who had been so noble and honest as my husband could have done the deed; but they said so, and they knew. Then some men they called "the committee" got him from the jail and hung him on a tree! Oh! it was awful, awful! I did not know anything then, till I got home somehow to Mary, and then I remembered. I didn't tell my story; I said my husband was dead, and I had been sick and was changed, but I had come home to be taken care of. I knew I was soon to be a mother, and to give birth to a little nameless babe—for it must not bear its father's name. Mary loved children, and George, too, had wished for one; they promised I died, and my baby lived, to rear it as their own, and I am content; but I resolve that if my baby ever reaches mature age, it must not be with a companion and a family to be shadowed by a great sin. And so I pen these lines and tell my secret, that the taint may not be transmitted to unborn generations. The sin is deep and dark and black. It can never be wiped away. Oh! the horror of it—THE HORROR OF IT!"

The writing ended like the wail of a despairing soul. Even its reader felt the blood curdle in his veins as he gave it with impressive expression, and the man who listened felt as if a hand of ice had clutched his throat. Tom gave him no time to speak, but went rapidly on with his story: "Now, sir, you have the secret of your sister-in-law's life. The story in the main is true, but although judged, found guilty, sentenced to death and summarily executed by 'Judge Lynch,' Walter—or rather Hebron—Miner was an innocent man. After Miss 'Helper' had left us I became convinced of this, and determined to search out the whole mystery. At length I succeeded. You have doubtless read of the affair in the newspapers, but if not, I have them all here for your inspection, together with the written and attested confession of the real criminal." And our young friend placed a package of papers before his host. "You can examine them at your leisure," he continued; "I know I have shocked and distressed you, and I can only crave pardon; it could not be avoided, for I felt it my duty to lay these facts before you."

The elder man wrung the hand of his guest convulsively, but as yet he could not speak. Tom went on:

"I believe the mysterious lady who lived at Bridgton so long to be the daughter whom you mourn as dead. I must still call her your daughter, though her parentage is proven by this letter. She did not fully pass from earth, although her spirit loosened itself sufficiently from its body to see and participate for a few days in the scenes of the higher life; she returned to the earth, and was rescued from the tomb by your old sexton. This you can ascertain by an examination of the casket which contained her form. And I believe she went out into the world homeless and nameless, but attended by guardian angels, to do a noble work. We do not know where she is. But I think she ought to be found, and informed of the innocence of her father, and that no blight or taint rests upon her own fair life. Besides, the property in the hands of its trustees, left for her benefit by David Saunders, is growing in value, and its guardians wish to know what to do with it."

There seems to be every reason why we should search for the missing lady.

There was a long pause. Tom sat back in his chair, waiting for his companion to recover himself, and to reflect upon what he had heard. It was a Sabbath morning, sweet and crisp and bright, the beginning of a ruddy, golden autumn; the sun streamed in upon the bowed head of the master of that luxurious home, and touched, as if with blessing, the visitor who had come with such a marvelous and startling tale.

At length the host aroused himself, and said, with something of his old energy: "We must visit the tomb at once; though I believe your story, sir, it seems so wild and improbable I must assure myself with my own eyes if the resurrection of my daughter was a fact. Oh! my child—do you live, and I not conscious of it! Why could I not have known!"

They visited the tomb alone, and found, as Tom knew they would, the casket of Viola Trenton empty. No trace of mouldering dust, no shred of garment greeted their eyes; evidently the coffin had been vacant and untouched for many years. Even the pillow that he had placed beneath the head of his idol had been removed, and George Trenton knew that Viola had never slept the sleep of the dead in that lonely spot.

On the way home he inquired of his visitor the name by which the girl was known in Ayer, and was told it was "Helper"; it seemed to strike upon his senses with new meaning as he heard it afresh, for he said: "I believe that is the name of a young and beautiful stranger who has nursed many of the sufferers through a terrible disease at Menton this summer. The papers have been full of accounts of her devotion and self-sacrifice, and loud in her praises. She was called 'Miss Helper' at times, I think, for I remember I thought, as I read the reports, how appropriate the name for one whose life was so useful to others, though I think also some spoke of her as a Sister of Mercy, or something of that kind, and gave her another title. We must go to Menton."

[To be concluded.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

POSSIBILITIES.

BY LYDIA R. CHASE.

There is no Song thou canst not sing,  
Melodious Voice!  
To which some angel, minstrel,  
Will sweep the chords, accompanying,  
On major or on minor string,  
To give thee choice:  
The range is wide—from Earth to Heaven—  
And under thee the scale is given:  
So sing, Voice, Sing!

There is no Truth thou canst not teach,  
Unbridled Tongue!  
No lofty thought the mind can reach  
But thou canst frame it into speech;  
The poor pale lips of grief beseech  
When hearts are wrung,  
But thou canst speak to such as these  
Such comfort as from sorrow frees:  
So teach, Tongue, Teach!

There is no Thought thou canst not think,  
Untrammelled Brain!  
No problem of earth's deepest sink,  
However knotty in its knirk,  
But thou canst use it as a link  
Within the chain  
That lifts the windlass of the pit  
To help souls, struggling, out of it:  
So think, Brain, Think!

There is no Work thou canst not do,  
Thou busy Hand!  
Canst tunnel mountains through and through,  
Or navigate the ether's blue,  
And make the old world over new  
In forms more grand;  
Bind peoples in fraternal bands,  
And ship the products of all lands:  
So do, Hand, Do!

There is no Theme thou canst not write,  
Oh! mighty Pen!  
No crime of earth's darkest night  
But thou canst bring it to the light,  
And put it down "in black and white"  
For eyes of men:  
As thou art "mightier than the sword,"  
Write Liberty the headline word:  
So write, Pen, Write!

There is no Heaven thou canst not soar,  
Aspiring Soul!  
No planet thou mayst not explore  
By ways but angels went before  
To search the Universe's core  
And central Pole;  
And draw from every vital source  
The secret of immortal force:  
So soar, Soul, Soar!

Information Wanted

CONCERNING THE LOCAL WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
CENSUS OFFICE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.,  
May 28th, 1890.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you allow me, through your columns, to call the attention of the officers of Spiritualist churches or organizations to the fact that a census of the religious denominations is being taken by the United States Government, and that a call will shortly be made upon them for the returns of their congregations? The information asked for by the Government is embraced under seven heads:

1. The name of the church or congregation.
2. The name of the city, town or village, and of the county and State in which it is situated.
3. The number of edifices.
4. Seating capacity of edifices.
5. The value of church property.
6. The number of communicants or members.
7. As soon as I can complete a list of Spiritualist congregations or organizations I will send to the proper officer of each a circular indicating what facts and statistics are desired, and having blank spaces for the entry of such facts and statistics. It is my purpose to make the statistics of the Spiritualist denomination as full and correct as possible; and to this end I most earnestly request all those knowing of such organizations to communicate with me, giving the name and address of some one in each congregation with whom I may correspond.

The officers of these congregations will greatly oblige me by sending a postal card giving me their names and addresses.

If I can have the cooperation of those interested I have no doubt that I shall be able to secure satisfactory returns for the eleventh census.

Very respectfully,  
H. K. CARROLL,  
Special Agent Eleventh Census.

(The attention of the officers of the various local Spiritualist societies is directed to the request set forth in this call from the U. S. Census Office. It would certainly seem that all interested in the work of carrying on meetings in their several towns and cities should feel a pardonable pride in giving our Cause a good and respectable showing in the eleventh census.—Ed.)

Miss Elicy (at the party)—"Doctor, don't you think Mr. De Light should use glasses? See how red his eyes are!" Dr. Gruff—"Um—uh—ah—ah—ah! He ought to let 'em alone!"

For pains in the stomach, bowels or kidneys use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment Internally.

Banner Correspondence.

Louisiana.

TIPTON.—R. A. Wallace writes: "Several years ago a house a few miles east of this place had the reputation of being haunted, because of a mysterious noise that was frequently heard there. The noise occurred on the upper floor, and resembled that produced by pouring shot upon the floor. It became so annoying that no one could be persuaded to occupy the house, until finally a Mr. Lum and his family came along, and hearing that for the reason above stated it could be obtained at a very low rental, concluded to take it, remarking that no 'ghost stories' ever bothered them."

Three or four months passed, and the mysterious noise that had frightened all previous occupants was not heard by the new comers, and they were congratulating themselves upon their good luck in obtaining so good a house at so low a price, when one evening the girls of the family came in great haste and excitement to the field where the boys were plowing, with the startling news that they heard that frightful, rattling noise up stairs. The boys received the information with a laugh, but went to the house. On their arrival they heard the noise, and after supper that night the mysterious pouring began again, and the boys were forced to acknowledge the correctness of the girls' story. They took a light and went up-stairs to ferret out the cause of the disturbance, but everything seemed to stop on their entrance into the apartment where it was thought to occur. They no sooner returned to the lower rooms than the noise was renewed. Nor could they even assume the cause, although the noise continued to be repeated at frequent intervals.

A similar manifestation occurred at the house of my uncle, Robert Wallace, in the upper part of this place, about fifteen years ago. A certain door of the house, though known to be closed at night, would be found standing open the next morning. They first thought the door might be too carelessly closed, so they concluded to lock it, and did so, but they found it did no good, as the door would be found open in the morning, the same as before. In the course of time it occurred less frequently, but uncle finally sold the place and moved off to get rid of the mystery.

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes regarding W. J. Colville's recent visit to this city, and his work while here: "Mr. Colville has lost none of his old-time vigor and eloquence during his two years' absence. He seems to have become a disciple over the Nationalistic philosophy of Bellamy, and may be ranked as one of its most able advocates. He alluded, in one of his discourses, to the sterling articles that had been printed in the BANNER OF LIGHT in favor of the subject, and was quite severe upon those expressing themselves against Nationalism without having any knowledge of the same. He also alluded to his having been asked by some one who failed to understand his position whether it was at this time a Spiritualist. His reply was pointed and direct, that he was; and he illustrated his spiritualistic views in a manner that carried conviction to the audience and his devotion to the Cause was unflinching and continuous."

Mr. Colville I regard as a great wonder of this age. There are but few if any individuals who could in a given time perform the same amount of labor, oratorical and literary, which he accomplishes."

HINGHAM.—Edwin Wilder writes: "I visited Mr. P. L. O. A. Keeler in Boston, on Wednesday, New Year's afternoon, between 1:30 and 3 o'clock, for a sitting. In accord with his request, I wrote, and folded closely, six questions, to as many different spirit friends, viz: William White, my brother Martin and his wife Hannah, (afterward Mrs. Beal), Bro. Franklin, sister Lucinda, and my wife Olive, all of whom—after a few moments—my wife and I were present and would write, together with others. They did so—eight in all—my brother Martin and Mrs. Beal on a slip placed in my own lap, and only my own mortal hands in contact with that slate, it being divided from Mr. Keeler by an open table placed between two uncurtained windows. I consider, in some respects, this writing wonderful, especially when compared with the handwriting of these friends written in 1862 and '63. To me the several communications are invaluable, because of the matter communicated. As to who executed the writing, I cannot say—I have no theory—but believe my dear spirit friends must have dictated the messages."

Dakota.

PERRY.—A correspondent writes: "I was a member of the Free Church of Scotland at the age of sixteen, yet at times had doubts of there being a future life for mankind, and it was not until I learned somewhat of Spiritualism that I became convinced that immortality is our inheritance. My attention was first drawn to the subject by the passing away of my daughter, and an occurrence that took place shortly previous. A fortnight before her decease I was awakened by a mysterious rapping. My husband also heard it, and went about the house and out-doors around it to learn what caused it. He came back without success, and as soon as he lay down, the rapping was again heard. I thought nothing further of this until my daughter Lizzie died, when I became strongly impressed that those raps indicated the near approach of death. Before she was taken sick she said to her sister she saw a tall lady dressed in white, and also others, but would say nothing more, giving as her reason that folks would make fun of her. After her death I felt a desire to know more of a future life. For months my mind wandered among doubts and hopes, depressed by one and encouraged by the other, until finally, being in New York City, I met a lady who said to me: 'Your daughter Lizzie lives,' and handed me several copies of the BANNER OF LIGHT. Since then I have known nothing but happiness in the soul-felt assurance that what the lady told me was true."

Georgia.

BRANTLEY.—James L. Lancaster writes, in renewing his subscription: "I am a man eighty years of age, and have been a subscriber to and a reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT the most of the time since it has been in course of publication. I do not like to do without it; and but for the information I have gained from it I should long since have been numbered with those called 'dead.' I have been kept alive by the magnetic remedies advertised in it. Dr. Batdorf's remedies have done me more good than any I have ever tried, though I have been benefited by others. I am getting old, and grow every day. I would advise all in need of medical aid to try the magnetic remedies of Dr. J. C. Batdorf, Grand Rapids, Mich."

Connecticut.

WILLIMANTIC.—"B." writes: "Sunday, June 1st, Prof. W. F. Peck began a short engagement with marked success. He spoke in the afternoon upon 'Religion in Every-Day Life' to an excellent audience. In the evening the church was crowded—the G. A. R. and Ladies' Relief Corps attending in a body by invitation. The subject of the lecture was: 'True Patriotism,' and was appropriate to memorial services, calling forth much enthusiasm and many warm commendations from the boys in blue. It was an occasion long to be remembered."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—E. W. Capron writes us that on a subsequent visit to Mrs. A. Leah Underhill's residence, he learned that he was in error when he stated that Frederick Douglass made one at the remarkable sitting with distinguished personages described by him (E.) in a recent article on the Spiritualism of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Douglass was not present on that occasion.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ill.

Spiritual Phenomena.

(From The Progressive Thinker.)

Materializations.

I witnessed at Paola, Kan., in October and December, 1888, the following phenomena, W. W. Aber, medium; the first two weeks in the parlor of W. T. Shively, Esq., and the third in the parlor of Mr. Hutcheson, Col. McCallin, Col. Sims and Dr. Lykins, then dead, were all prominent men in their day in Paola and Miami County. Dr. Lykins, in the days of violent faction, stood identified with the pro-slavery junta. Dr. H., the only one left of that faction, and confere of Dr. Lykins, attended several sances at Shively's, and from his seat in the circle he recognized Dr. Lykins. He then stated the fact of their harmony of sentiment in the days of sanguinary strife, and said he was the only one left of all that faction here; that the times were so dangerous then that they invented signals against surprises; that he alone knew the manual of that signal; that Dr. Lykins, since deceased, knew it also; and could Dr. L. now give it, his identity would be complete. Dr. L. responded, and I saw him go through the manual, as did others, Dr. H. confirming its accuracy of rendering to the whole circle.

Judge E. W. R. attended several sances; among others he recognized a foster son who he called the "Colonel." After materialization he wanted this son, through the spirit, Smith, to answer certain questions, one of which was to tell him what he brought him (Arthur) when he came home from the army. Smith requested him to come up to the cabinet, put his ear to the wall, and Arthur would tell him himself. This Judge R. did, repeating the question, to which Arthur responded: "A horse, a little pony."

"Night," said the Judge. He then asked Arthur to tell him what he (A.) named the pony? Arthur replied, "Pepper," which the Judge said was correct. Other questions were asked him by R., all of which were accurately and intelligently answered. Mr. W. T. Shively's sight is dim, but while having sances at his house, he thought he recognized Col. McCallin. To make sure of it he asked the "Colonel" through Mr. Aber's control, to state an incident in their mutual lives known to no one but themselves. The answer came that they were together at Monogah Springs, Missouri. On leaving, they mentioned, in the presence of Col. Sims, that they were nearly out of whisky (that was long before Kansas was a dry State). Sims told them that he should have a jug in on the stage that day, which they would meet on their return to Paola; that they should stop the stage, and ride from it in packages. They had some difficulty to get the driver to do this, but finally succeeded.

Mrs. K., a lady whom I had known twenty years, bright in intellect, and for a long time a teacher in the public school at Paola, pleasing in her personal appearance, aesthetic, and the mother of grown-up children, attended two sances at Mr. Hutcheson's. On both occasions I stood before the aperture with her. She had known Col. McCallin many years before we met; had business interviews with him, and had visited him in his last sickness. Her bright mind made her a critical investigator. McCallin materialized at the aperture and gracefully bowed at her recognition of him, and then an interview followed. Mrs. K. asked if he could tell her what occurred the last time she met him?

"Yes," was signified, and placing his hand on his forehead he stroked his head to the cross several times, following which she burst into an exclamation: "Yes, Colonel, I know it is you; that is just what I did the last time I saw you. You were in your last sickness then, and that is just what I did." Much more developed in that interview in regard to business between them in years past, alike demonstrative of identity. One other case in this lady's experience was that of a pupil of hers, Frank Miller, who recently died at Lawrence, while attending college there. He is known at this lady's recognition, but make the identity absolute, she asked him to tell her what occurred at their last meeting. In answer to this he passed his hand to his mouth, in the act of removing something obnoxious from it, and with shame-facedness of manner passed the offender out of sight behind him. Upon this she exclaimed: "Oh! that is you, Frank; that is just what you did the last time I met you," explaining to the circle that at the last time she met him was when he was standing in front of the Miami County National Bank, smoking a cigar, for which she remarked to him: "Oh! Frank, I would not dirty that pretty mouth with a cigar," upon which he made the movements he had just then made at the aperture.

The foregoing is a statement of as real and living facts as ever passed before the mind's attention. J. H. PRATT.  
Spring Hill, Kan.

An Evening with the Shakers.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
Sunday evening, June 1st, I had the pleasure of meeting two of the prominent Shakers in Massachusetts at the home of one of the veteran Spiritualists of Boston, where a sance was held, the sitters numbering eight persons—three of whom were mediums—Charles W. Sullivan being one of the number.

The Shakers were as anxious to hear from their spirit-friends as were the Spiritualists; many spirits of their brother (and sister) hood manifested through the mediums, and announced themselves either by names or through descriptions of their material bodies or characters, etc., to an extent sufficient for their clear recognition. Not only many spirits gone before, but those known to them, their presence, but individuals still residing in the physical form at their homes many miles distant, strangers to the medium—were correctly described in many ways.

Mr. Sullivan was entranced by spirit "Eagle," and gave a message to the seven members of the sance, which was satisfactory, and highly appreciated. The control was a grand test of an intelligent power operating upon the organs of Mr. Sullivan—indeed, "Eagle's" control of this well-known vocalist and medium seems to be as easy and definite in action as is that of the indwelling spirit itself.

I took the liberty of asking the Shakers present some pertinent questions as to the philosophy, aim and future prospects of their order, and received thereto intelligent replies. They had previously presented the writer with a copy of their book, entitled "The Divine Book of Holy Love," by James W. Peck, written by Paulina Bates, and which contains six hundred and ninety-six pages. This book is interesting to those whose minds have a tendency to deal with spiritual things more than the material, and actually reveals the spiritualistic philosophy of the nineteenth century, though the subject matter was given to the Shakers long before the advent of Modern Spiritualism.

The Shakers at first thought the spirit manifestations that came to their family in the early days were theirs by divine right and exclusiveness, and that they were the chosen people for this great truth; but soon they were informed by spirit-intelligences that these remarkable manifestations were to extend all over the world. When the phenomena which occurred at Rochester commenced, the phenomena among the Shakers began to wane, until they now seldom have physical manifestations or trance-medium utterances in their ranks, though they believe that these gifts are to return to them in double measure in the near future.

Spiritualists can gain much knowledge in spiritual things by conversing with intelligent Shakers, who—some at least—are greatly interested in modern spirit-manifestations and the communion with loved ones gone before. A. S. HAYWARD.

"That man's a genius. He started a pistol-factory and invented a new cannon." "That's nothing. I know a man who started a bucket-shop and made a barrel."—*A Mummy's Weekly.*

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—"Best and Goes Farthest."

The Echo Spiritualist Society, Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following Resolutions were recently adopted by this organization:

Whereas, It has been to our pleasure and profit to hold our services for the advancement of our noble Cause this past season, and our Society in better circumstances, we cannot but be and otherwise, than ever before—owing to by far the most successful season which it has ever been our privilege to report.

Resolved, That we extend to the BANNER OF LIGHT an especial vote of thanks for its many kindnesses shown in every respect; also to Mrs. M. F. Butler for her earnest efforts in the Memorial Cause.

Resolved, That we renew our services again for the season of '90 and '91 on Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1890, in America Hall, 724 Washington street.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT for publication.

DR. W. A. HALE, Pres.,  
M. M. HOLY, Sec'y,  
N. M. HOLY, Chair'n,  
Boston, June 2d, 1890.

Children's Lyceum Fund.—Acknowledgement in full of all subscriptions to the Children's Lyceum Fund, received in America Hall, Boston:

Addresses in full, amount subscribed, and whether paid or not:

J. E. Elwell, 43 East Springfield street, Boston.....	\$1.00
Mrs. E. B. Bullock, 40 West 1st street, Boston.....	1.00
L. P. Chase, 5 Pearl street, East Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. S. King, Wolcott Heights, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. A. L. King.....	1.00
E. Stearns, 37 Lime street, Boston.....	1.00
T. F. Fowle, North Reading, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. D. Bradbury, Malden, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. F. Nickerson, 35 South street, Roxbury.....	1.00
Mrs. M. F. Nickerson, 35 South street, Roxbury.....	1.00
Mrs. C. Campbell, 25 Myrtle street, Charlestown.....	1.00
Mrs. A. Smith, Mt. Hope.....	1.00
James S. Mahoney, 22 Common st., Charlestown.....	1.00
David F. Sloan, 22 Common st., Charlestown.....	1.00
Hattie Ruggles, 3 Bond street, Boston.....	1.00
Dr. E. Taylor, 25 Edon street, Chelsea, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. J. Taylor, 25 Edon street, Chelsea, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. L. B. Putnam, Box 28, Atlantic, Mass.....	1.00
Mark Goss, 11 Poplar street, Boston.....	1.00
Joseph Hawkins, Revere, Mass.....	1.00
W. F. Parks, 25 Washington street, Charlestown.....	1.00
Mrs. W. F. Parks, 25 Washington street, Charlestown.....	1.00
Harriet Cobb, 41 Bartlett street, Charlestown.....	1.00
E. Heywood, Brantley street, Charlestown.....	1.00
Dan Murphy, 8 Parker Place, Roxbury.....	1.00
C. H. Coffin, 21 Pleasant street, Boston.....	1.00
James McLean.....	25
Mrs. M. F. Taylor, 12 Park street, Boston.....	1.00
M. P. Baker, 261 Harrison Avenue.....	1.00
Ernest Kitch, 13 Lane street, Everett, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. N. Taylor, 12 Park street, Boston, Mass.....	1.00
E. F. Howe, 304 Broadway, Chelsea.....	1.00
Abbie Joselyn, 333 Main street, Cambridge.....	1.00
C. Williams, Kiltbridge street, Roslindale.....	1.00
J. H. Thompson, Everett, Mass.....	1.00
F. A. Felton.....	1.00
Hoshea Twine, Marlow, Mass.....	1.00
Edna W. Barney, Waverley street, Boston.....	1.00
J. P. Ingalls.....	1.00
Mr. Pike.....	25
Mrs. G. W. Branch, 12 Portland street, Boston.....	1.00
John Kinnear.....	25
J. L. Burton, Mills, Mass.....	10
L. L. Whitlock, Berkeley st., cor. Tremont, Boston.....	25
D. A. Bell, 31 Beacon street, Boston.....	1.00
J. B. Miller, Brighton, Mass.....	1.00
J. E. Dwyer, 33 Winslow street, Boston.....	1.00
Mrs. L. M. Reese, 31 Gray street, Boston.....	1.00
Mrs. L. A. ....	50
Mrs. L. A. ....	50
Dr. J. S. Ricker, 66 Tyler street, Boston.....	1.00
E. Holmes, 482 Tremont street.....	1.00
C. N. Heavens, 29 Garden street.....	1.00
George Hancock, Watertown.....	1.00
Andrew White, 43 Florence street, E. Somerville.....	1.00
Mrs. H. D. Green, 68 West Chester Park.....	1.00
C. Fannie Taylor, 85 1/2 High street, Charlestown.....	1.00
E. E. Boden, South Widdow, Conn.....	1.00
Mrs. M. A. Chandler, 31 Common street, Boston.....	1.00
S. R. Porter, 25 Elm Hill Avenue, Boston.....	1.00
John G. Tilton, Salem, Mass.....	5.00
Mrs. Warren, 45 Palmer street, Boston.....	1.00
Mrs. G. T. Bradbury, 25 Eden street, Charlestown.....	1.00
Hal Bennett, Sunday morning, April 20.....	20.54
Mrs. C. Fannie Allen's Purses.....	8.85
Cash.....	30
Mrs. H. A. Monroe, 22 Ziegler street, Roxbury.....	25
Cash.....	1.02
James Walker, 11 Billerica street, Boston.....	1.00
D. P. Rolfe, Waverley, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. J. Collins, 29 Franklin street, Malden.....	1.00
Chas. A. Spalding, Everett, Mass.....	1.00
Mrs. M. A. Brown, 27 Union Park street, Boston.....	1.00
W. H. Kildan, 104 River street, Cambridgeport.....	1.00
Cash.....	1.00
Cash.....	4.05
Cash.....	45

DR. W. A. HALE.

A World's Fair Suggestion.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I have seen notices of preparation for exhibit of items of interest, statistics, literary, etc., of different religious sects, scientific bodies and secular societies, at the World's Fair to be held in Chicago.

It would seem that surely Spiritualism should have its headquarters and exhibit of literature and whatever of interest can be gathered. The exhibit of books and periodicals, from the earliest down to the latest, could most likely be obtained on loan. The present publishers could contribute a file of their periodicals for reading at the room or space occupied, and the publishers would reap a good harvest of subscribers by having solicitors present with a supply of free copies. Book sales and orders could be effected by having a liberal supply, at least a line of samples for examination.

A great collection of slates, with spirit messages and writings, with explanatory letters, also spirit paintings, drawings, messages, and all possible to illustrate the phenomena, could be obtained.

We will miss a great opportunity to present our Cause to the public, and call attention to the spiritual literature, should we fail to embrace this occasion. Other sects will be there in force, and with headquarters. We should not leave our representation to chance. It would seem that our leading publishing house should make the exhibit. Colby & Rich can supply a large exhibit of books, and they can get the loan of all needed to complete the exhibit. Each other paper can have a representative and a table. The Chicago societies would cooperate without doubt, and furnish abundant local help. There is no telling the scope this would lead to; but it should all be based upon a book and periodical exhibit made by our publishing houses.



**in the Kingdom of Darkness.**  
**BY MOSES HULL.**  
Pamphlet, pp. 60. Price 15 cents.  
For sale by COLBY & RICH.



PUTTING ON THE PURITANIC SCREWS.—Tobacco is henceforth to be tabooed among United Presbyterians. Not only clergymen, elders and students are prohibited from using the weed, but laymen must indulge in it. The blow was given June 1st, in general assembly of the church at Buffalo. This first-rate method to breed religious hypocrites. A few days afterward (June 4th) a modest advertisement appeared in a Washington daily paper, announcing that the First Presbyterian Church was for sale for rent!







talk a few minutes. I aint going to stay a day. I want to send a word to my granddaddy and mamma, papa and sister. You ded know them, do you? No matter, you will where you get to the Summer-Land, where we all live. I will send you a word, will you? You can't guess my name. I am a white girl. Uncle Ernest is here, and he asks me to say so to you. Papa. I do not know how old I am. I guess I am six. Sister is more than that. She's a big girl. Mamma cried for me. I don't want her to. She got a whole lot of chocolates—I used to like them—and she said I could have some of







