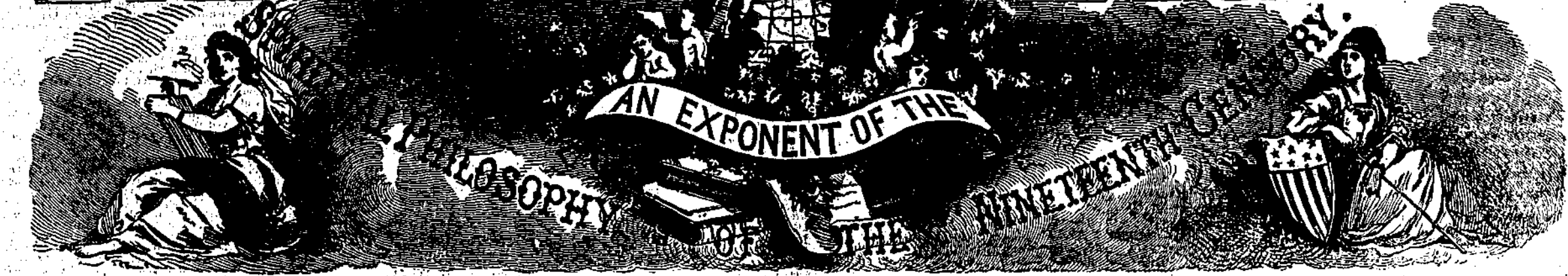


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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In Memoriam.

"Know ye not that there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen this day in Israel?"

Funeral Services of Dr. J. R. Newton, by J. M. PEEBLES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Called by telegraph late on Thursday afternoon to attend the funeral on Friday forenoon, the 10th, of that most excellent man and prince of healers, Dr. J. R. Newton of New York, I was soon upon the railway train, and by riding a good portion of the night, I reached the city in time for an interview with the afflicted family before the hour appointed for the services. This is the seventh funeral of a loved and influential Spiritualist, and some of them very prominent, such as John McNeal, an uncle of D. D. Home, the distinguished medium, that I have attended within a few weeks. Surely the ranks of the true and the tried are being frequently broken; the early and weary toilers are one by one laying their burdens down, and the sturdy pioneers are rapidly passing away by the hand of the death angel.

It may be truly said that Dr. Newton's departure was by the general public entirely unexpected. He had suffered from no long and severe sickness; he was in the continuance of his healing gift; and yet he had been weak and comparatively unwell for some time.

During the last four years, up to a recent date, and perhaps I may say almost to the last, the doctor had seemed exceedingly cheerful, and happy, and full of faith. He exercised his healing gift more recently by letters, by magnetized paper, or some bit of vesture, Paul-like (Acts xix:11).

On Tuesday, toward evening, he sat in his chair, usually comfortable, listening to some readings by Miss Tait, a young lady residing in the family, when of a sudden they saw a change come over his countenance; a change more expressive of light and life than of death. They removed him to the bed, where, without a struggle, he slept—sweetly, calmly, slept into immortality. It was barely twenty minutes from the time they noticed this luminous change before he had ceased to breathe.

How calm the scene when good men die,
And righteous souls retire to rest;
How brightly beamed his closing eyes,
How gently heaved his dying breast.

His death was like the fading of a silvery cloud—like the summer's haze softening away into the gold of autumn; or like the tired, trusting infant, peacefully falling asleep upon the mother's bosom.

Acquaintances, sympathizing friends, mediums and speakers, began at an early hour to assemble at the family residence, 226 West 56th street, knowing there would be a large concourse of people, to condole with the bereaved family and pay heartfelt tributes of respect to departed worth and greatness—a greatness based upon goodness.

After the usual preliminary exercises of singing, prayer, and reading from our "Spiritual Harmonies," pages 82, 83, 84, we further read the following and other scriptural passages marked in Dr. Newton's New Testament by his own hand:

"The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and the recovering of sight to the blind."—Luke ix: 1.

"And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God and to heal the sick."—Luke ix: 2.

"They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover."—Mark vi: 13.

"And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."—Acts xix: 11.

"And there at a certain man at Lystra, impotent in his feet, being a cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked, the same heard Paul speak, and said, with a loud voice, Stand upright on thy feet."—Acts xiv: 8.

"And he leaped and walked. And when the people saw that Paul had done this, they lifted up their voices, saying, These words are done by the gods."—Acts xiv: 10.

"Now when the sun was setting, all they that had any sick with divers diseases brought them unto him; and he laid his hands on every one of them and healed them."—Luke ix: 40.

Seeing present Prof. Buchanan, Mrs. Spence, Judge Cross, Mrs. Taylor, Henry J. Newton, J. B. Loomis, Mr. Christie, Dr. Mansfield and other prominent Spiritualists of New York and vicinity, the invitation was extended to such as felt inclined to bear testimony to the moral worth and marvelous gifts of him whose lifeless remains lay encoffined, awaiting the return of dust to its primitive dust. And immediately after the close of the regular address Dr. Buchanan, in language as tender as appropriate and philosophical, responded to the invitation. Commendatory remarks were also made by Mr. Christie, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Taylor, Dr. Mansfield and Judge Nelson Cross, the latter pointing in a most happy yet impressive manner to the flowers upon theasket as touching symbols of immortality, and to a cluster of ripened, bending wheat-heads as appropriate harvest emblems of a noble and well-spent life. Henry Kiddle, invited to be present and participate in the ceremonies, sent the following note:

7 EAST 130TH STREET,
Friday Morning.

Dear Mrs. Newton—I regret very much that I find myself too unwell this morning to be present at the funeral ceremonies of your husband, Dr. Newton. I had a sincere regard for him, and the highest appreciation of his services to humanity, through the exercise of his divine gift of healing. Unfortunately, I have no personal knowledge of his wonderful and beneficent career, and hence my testimony is of little value compared to that of others who knew him so long and so well.

Please accept my sincere condolences on your painful bereavement, and believe me,
Yours very truly,
HENRY KIDDLE.

SYNOPSIS OF DR. PEEBLES' ADDRESS.

"To die is gain."—Paul. "Yes, with the spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Revelation.

If death be the brother of sleep, life and death may be compared to the major and minor tones of music, each and all in their time and place equally useful, and equally beautiful. Before the blade and the full corn in the ear, the kernel must die in the damp earth; before the trees can blossom in springtime, and June's roses bloom, they must first have been stripped by autumnal winds; and so before mortals can be clothed upon with immortality their bodies must go down one by one to swell the great city of the dead.

Change, alteration and death meet the eye turn where we may; and yet the universe knows no annihilation, no absolute loss. All that was is, and all of essential substance, all of life and consciousness that is, eternally will be. Death, sad as it may seem, is not destruction, but a friend in disguise. It may be compared to the rose-bud that climbs up the shaded garden wall to bloom upon the sunward side, or to a masked angel opening the gateway that leads to the many-mansioned house of the Father.

The human body, the soul's physical instrument, is just as useful in this rudimentary state, for a season, as is the husk to the corn, the shell to the growing bird, the chaff to the ripened wheat. But when the harvest-time comes, the chaff is removed and the ripened grain retained and garnered. So when death comes, severing the co-partnership existing between the spiritual and the material, the body returns to mother earth, reappearing again only in grasses and grains; while the real thinking immortal man—if, like our risen brother, good and calm, benevolent and Christ-like—goes up one step higher, leaving the school-house for the academy, and still up another step higher, leaving the unpaved suburbs for the princely palaces that stud the metropolis of immortality.

Remember, however, that there is a winter-land as well as a Summer-Land over there; that there are demons in that underworld of darkness as well as white-robed angels in the heavens delighting to do the Father's will. Both classes have access to earth; therefore, in apostolic language, "try the spirits."

Compensation runs like a fiery thread through the universe; there is no final escape from just and deserved punishment. Youth affects manhood. The deeds of manhood becloud or brighten the sunset of life. We weave the garments to-day that must in quality clothe us when we enter the to-morrow of eternity. We are informed that Judas "went to his own place." It is well that he did. Those of this century will also go to their own places when death strips them of all external veneerings. Two men of old went up into the temple to pray, say the Scriptures; or rather one went up to pray, the other to brag; and so he, counting his many virtues, thanked God that he was not like other men or even like the sinner by his side. It was this repentant sinner, however, that went down from the temple "justified." There are all about us self-righteous sectarists; there are scoffing atheists too proud to pray; there are selfish millionaires, too "pennurious" to feed the poor, and there are cold-hearted, formal moralists, literally too lazy to sin outwardly, who in the retributive hereafter may call rather for rivers than drops of water to cool their tongues; while humble, penitent prodigals will, if not "this day," then in the near and more golden future, enter "Paradise," a region, says Dr. Hales, "appropriated to the souls of the repentant good." God sees and measures the motive.

The spiritual phenomena of the past—visions, trances, prophecy, healing gifts and heavenly ministrations—recorded in the Old and New Testaments, as well as the spiritual marvels of the present, demonstrate the fact of a future

existence. I say the fact, for it is a thoroughly established scientific fact that the souls of the so-called dead—our living friends—are around us and about us, though to most of us as invisible as the air we breathe, and that they have the power, especially those most in sympathy with us, to communicate to us.

While Spiritualism is a fact, the Spiritual Philosophy relates more directly to the Fatherhood of God, the universal fraternity of man, the law of evolution, and the culture of the divine within—I say the divine, for man was not only made in the divine image, but God breathed into him by the law of influx, the breath of life, and he became and continues to be a living soul.

Progress pertains to and spans all worlds. Humanity, whether embodied or disembodied, constitutes a spiritual brotherhood. Jesus, after the crucifixion, preached to the spirits in prison, and the very fact of his descending into Hades and preaching to those imprisoned souls, implies that they were the subjects of progress and redemption. Man is a moral actor, a responsible being, and spirit-life is very much like this life. It is an active life; a social life; a compensative life; a constructive life; and a progressive life. Reason and affection, conscience and memory—all these because interiorly of us—go with us into the future state of existence. Each of us therefore, is sure of one companion forever, our own inmost self!

And though surrounded upon this occasion by the emblems of death, we are really the dead, imprisoned and bound in bodies of clay. Every white hair is a dead hair, every intense thought destroys brain-cells; our daily motions cause the death of millions of molecules; truly, we are but dying dwellers in this shadow-world of matter, seeing through a glass darkly; while the enveloping spirit-world with its swarming, wondering hosts—a very cloud of witnesses—is the real world. Dr. Newton has entered that world, and is consciously now with us in his resurrection brightness.

"To die is gain," for there are evergreen meadows in the spirit-land, and crystal streams too, that ripple musically along by the tree of life; there are schools and lyceums, studios and conservatories, fields and fountains, gardens and massive libraries, and homes immortal, where love is law, and cities innumerable, with Christ the light thereof.

In thus contemplating the exalted glories of the future, let us remember that they are for those only "who are worthy"—let us not forget that our good, benevolent, Christ-like lives, our generous, self-sacrificing deeds, largely construct our future paradise, decorate our spiritual homes, beautify our lawns, make the stars more visible, the winds more musical, our immortal clothing more bright and shining, and our happiness more angelic. "Be ye also ready," said Jesus.

The deceased, yet ascended brother before us, Dr. J. R. Newton, was born in Newport, R. I., Sept. 8th, 1810, and is a lineal descendant—so we are informed by Mr. A. E. Newton in the "Modern Bethsda"—of John Rogers, who was burned at the stake. He enjoyed in the earlier years of life the advantages of home, of a competence, and a good practical education, with a bias toward the medical profession. And yet with this burning bias, this yearning to be a physician, he entered and continued in the mercantile business for twenty years. He was financially successful, and still there was ever present in his soul the consciousness of an ideal unattained. He felt the healing gift within him, and desired to be about his "Father's business" rather than his own. Naturally sympathetic and philanthropic, he frequently felt, while in the vocations of daily life, "virtue go out of him," and the sick, coming into his presence, declared they felt better.

He performed many cures in a private way as early as 1833, but it was not until 1838 that he threw his whole soul into the work of public healing. His success was absolutely astonishing. The promised signs followed him, and he truly made the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. Thousands, rich and poor, flocked to see him. Many, while at his feet, were almost instantly healed, and multitudes were permanently benefited. At other times and in other places he could do "no mighty works." And yet, the common expression of the many thousands that passed through his hands yearly, was, and is, "Heaven bless him!"

At the close of one of his successful days in Boston, I remarked to him, "Doctor, you are worthy of great praise for the work you are doing, and much of it so freely too."

"No, no," was the prompt reply. "It is not my work; it is a divine gift; the gift of the spirit; give God the praise."

From the well-to-do and the wealthy he expected and received remuneration; but the poor he healed "without money and without price"; and several times after healing them of their diseases, I have seen him take from his purse ten and twenty dollars or more, and give them, adding in his pleasant, modest way: "You are needy and worthy; God bless you."

Honored with the intimate acquaintance and personal friendship of Dr. Newton for over twenty years, with him for weeks and months at a time in some of our principal cities; occupying the same building with him for a time in London; witnessing the exercise of his marvellous gifts; walking and talking with him in all open-heartedness, I must say, in all sincerity, that I never knew, all things considered, a better man. True, he was not perfect; and the angels in Heaven are not absolutely perfect. There are higher altitudes even for them to attain.

I could testify for hours and days to the astonishing cures that I have seen wrought

through him when in the fullness of the spirit. I remember of seeing in Chicago a woman brought into his room upon a bed, paralyzed and unable to walk a step for thirteen years. The doctor stepped to her side, offered a short prayer, and then patting his hands upon her head, he said to her, "You are now well; you can walk—arise and walk!" And partly lifting her up, she stood erect for a moment and then walked, actually walked—walked and wept for joy! Dr. Newton was not simply a psychologist; nor a mere mesmerist; and though a man of strong will, he did not rely upon will-power. His, as he often said, was a divine gift. He had faith in the Divine—he believed in God, in the efficacy of prayer, and the gift of the Spirit. He assured me in London, under deep emotion, the tears streaming down his face, that he had twice seen Jesus—Jesus of Nazareth, the great physician of souls!

I was a witness in the Spiritual Institution of James Burns, London, to the healing of the Rev. Mr. Van Meter, of the Howard Mission. Quite likely some of you are personally acquainted with him. This philanthropic minister went into Dr. Newton's presence on two crutches, and being healed, and made to walk, he ran up and down stairs, his face all aflame with satisfaction, and retiring from the Institution the same hour, he left his crutches behind him. Mr. Van Meter, when questioned, had the manliness to confess to the fact that he had been thus healed and made whole.

And yet, with Dr. Newton's marvellous gifts, so benevolently used, with all his native goodness and kindness of heart, he was misunderstood by the ignorant, misrepresented by the jealous, persecuted by the malicious, and slandered in social circles; and he endured it like a martyr, opening not his mouth in self-defence. He was so baptized from on high, and was so filled with the Christ-spirit of charity and forgiveness, that he could, and did, return good for evil. All honor to such a man!

Who that wields influence and triumphantly succeeds does not encounter false accusers? The Methodist Christian Advocate publishes that "John Wesley, preaching in Dublin, said:

"All sorts of which a human being is capable have been laid to my charge except drunkenness." Instantly up rose a woman and shrieked, 'You old villain, you! Did n't you pledge your bans to our minister's wife for a noggin of whiskey?' Mr. Wesley calmly observed: 'Thank God my cup is now full. Good woman, speak to me at the close of the service,' and proceeded with his sermon. At the close she was found to be a poor hysterical creature. Wesley said: 'Good woman, how could you say such a thing?' and, seeing that she was poorly clad, handed her a guinea and passed on."

That was a commendable exhibition of the true Christ-spirit—the very spirit that warmed, sweetened and richly inspired the royal-souled nature of Dr. J. R. Newton; and who in his transit from earth has added another star to the constellations of heaven.

As a friend and fellow-worker with him, I esteemed, loved and honored him, and standing by his speechless casket I feel to use the language of Victor Hugo:

"I bless him in the great hereafter. In the name of the sorrows whereon he gently beamed, and of the shadows he smiled into sunshine; in the name of terrestrial things he once hoped for, and of celestial things which he now enjoys; in the name of all he loved, I bless him. I bless him in his beauty, in his innocence, in his life, and in his death. I bless him in his white, sepulchral robes; in his home which he has left; in his coffin which his friends filled with flowers, and which God filled with stars."

Dr. Newton was married in 1872 to Miss Crane, of Boston, a lady of refinement and superior culture; and who, being in full sympathy with him in his great life-work, entered at once into it with her whole heart. In the original and divinest sense of the term they were mutual helpers; for the union was truly a soul-union, cheering his last years exceedingly. . . .

The first chapter in his book of life has closed. His voice is hushed in stillness, his body is dead, and we weep with those who mourn. He had premonitions that the time of his departure was at hand; and accordingly said to Mr. Joselyn, several years ago: "I shall see but little over three-score years and ten, and I shall die on or within a month of my birthday"—which prophecy was literally fulfilled.

And while we have no tears to shed for the dead, we weep with her who sits before us draped in mourning; we deeply sympathize with the members of the family not present, and with thousands of grateful friends in the distance, who knew and loved this departed brother. As a husband he was thoughtful and affectionate; as a father he was gentle and good and wise; as a neighbor kind and obliging, and as a friend he was firm and true. Many of his virtues were the most conspicuous in the privacy of family life. His face brought to his home sunshine, and his presence made all comfortable and happy. . . . Peace to his ashes, and joy and blessedness to his immortal soul! Sad the parting, but blissful will the meeting be in that morning-land of heaven, that knows no evening!

Scarcely any of the moral power of Greece depended upon her admiration of beauty or strength in the body. The power of Greece depended upon practice in military exercise, involving continual and severe ascetic discipline of the senses; on a perfect code of military heroism and patriotic honor; on the desire to live by the laws of an admittedly divine justice, and on the vivid conception of the presence of spiritual beings.—John Ruskin.

Down in Tama county, last week, a cat was born with two heads. It is lively and healthy, and can yowl with one mouth and wail with the other. If this breed of cats becomes common it will, just set the millennium back about four thousand years.—Haykeye.

The Spiritual Rostrom.

Three Words: Warning, Consolation, Hope!

A Lecture Delivered by her Spirit-Guides through the Trance Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people."

Doubtless Spiritualists are not aware of the place they fill in the spiritual history of the world. Were they aware of it, and aware what Spiritualism portends, the magnitude of it would overwhelm them. The bread of life is broken in small pieces to small understandings, and to fit itself to the condition of earth, spiritual truth comes at various times and cycles, according to human need. That this is one of the periods of great change, all who have eyes to see, ears to hear, or minds to understand, can readily discern. The mariner requires no supernatural gift to discover that the long line around the horizon betokens a storm. Out upon the desert the Arab huddles to dismount from his steed and buries his face in the sand, because, long before one who is not aware has discovered it, he has discerned signs of the approaching whirlwind. So upon the mountain heights, where gleam the glaciers and the avalanche, there is a certain murmuring that precedes the descent of the vast and overpowering material above; and this trembling is a warning to the Swiss peasant of the approach of danger. So, near the volcano's breath the muttering earthquake indicates the forces that will soon leap forth and pour down the sides in torrents of flame, inundating the valley. Long after the overflowing of the Nile the traveler passes that way and notices the verdant fields, the ripening harvest that blesses the beautiful land; but he does not know what mountain snows were loosened, he does not know what torrents leaped from their imprisonment to inundate all that valley and perhaps spread devastation and ruin around in order to produce such a result; for, when Nature brings a great blessing—when she brings a great spiritual blessing especially—there is always material calamity. The rocks of earth must be broken ere the fountain can gush forth, and when material destruction is around, man turns to the plains of the spiritual.

Spiritualists would do well to remember that their position is a stronghold if they understand it; if they do not, they are as weak and powerless as the feeblest waif that floats upon the stream. The only strength in the midst of all things is spiritual strength. The only grandeur in the midst of all danger is grandeur of mind. The truest safeguard in the tempest is the calm and steadfast captain or pilot at the helm, the truest protection is an attitude of mind which is heroic and trustful; the fearful are ever in danger; those who are contentious are forever destroyed. What we desire most earnestly to urge upon Spiritualists is that they shall be pressed by their danger into cooperation and harmony. We mean that you will have no time for idle bickerings and foolish personalities; we mean there will be sufficient to do in the great flood-tide that is pouring on the world; that you shall not discuss one another's short-comings, but see to it that your own altar fire is clear and pure; since he whose telescope is directed heavenward can see the stars, but whose points it downward will have blinded vision and non-illumination. We therefore warn the Spiritualists—not especially, but since they will hear what we say—against that which is approaching; chiefly warn them from that which is withing; since the danger visiting any citadel is the danger from within more than from without. By unifying harmony, strength, precaution, you thereby invite the protecting powers of the universe. By disavowance, contention, doubt, gloom and person ality, you invite invaders of your peace; and these invaders are abroad, they must needs test your strength; it is the hour of testing and the hour of selection, and whosoever is in the world of life and thought at this hour, capable of serving humanity or his kind—capable of planting a firm foot on the mountain-heights of truth—he or she will be chosen as an express voice, as a power of ministrations unto the world. We give warning not only to you, but to society, and to the nation, and to the Church, and to the State. There is no greater strength than in a right act; that which is against it must forever be swept away by the incoming yet sure tide of spiritual strength and truth that is destined to uplift humanity. Oh, but there are hours in every life when the surging tide of materialism seems to threaten to overthrow. You may have felt it. In passing a fiery ordeal of conscience, in setting the truth against an error, in withstanding all temptations to compromise conscience for policy, in approving of that which is highest and best, notwithstanding the scolding and scoffing of the world. There are many doubtless who have passed these trials, who understand that to follow the conviction of conscience means sometimes the severing of every outward bond, but so you are free in spirit, upright in motive and purpose, what can it matter? You stand then upon the Rock of Ages.

We say we give a word of warning to Spiritualists, because they of all others have heard the heralding of the approaching hour; they of all others understand the meaning of the turbid stream of life that is now agitated by unwonted crimes and disturbances, which but portend a deeper conflict; the spiritual which with clashing, perhaps not of sword, but of ideas, shall make men try to know whether they are going and what they are worshipping. If it be Mammon, the golden calf will be destroyed, the idols will be taken from you; they will be trodden underneath you, and you, barefooted and alone, must stand in the presence of that truth for which you have sacrificed yourself to the God of Mammon.

Remember, too, that those who have light are called upon to do more than those who have none—that he who stands as watchman or ward by the gateway of any temple or of any truth, is expected to give the signal when there is approach of danger, and whosoever is so placed as to see these various conditions around him, must give the signal cry, and others must gather around him. It is not long ere the various questions that now are smouldering will spring forth to actual agitation; it is not long ere you will be called upon, each one perhaps, to display your standard, whether for man or Mammon, whether for God and the spirit, or for slavery and the flesh. For two hosts—between which weaklings will doubtless hover, waiting to see which is the stronger—are upon the earth at this hour; and it is not without a final effort that those who keep the minds of men in chains will release their hold upon human conscience. We speak, not condemning, not blaming them for what they do. We merely state what they do, and the probabilities as to what they will do. For it is well known in the history of the world, that a power once obtained by might or force is grudgingly yielded, and that when the chain is forged, it takes ages to file it

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the Communist Party, and the Communist Party leader was indicted for conspiracy to obstruct justice. The Communist Party leader was indicted for conspiracy to obstruct justice. The Communist Party leader was indicted for conspiracy to obstruct justice.

The Camp Meetings.

Lake Pleasant (Mass.) Camp-Meeting.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., Aug. 10th.—So far as outward appearance is concerned, the Lake Pleasant Meeting of 1893 is a remarkable success. The attendance during the past week has been very large, hundreds upon hundreds of people visiting the grounds. On Saturday over ten thousand people were present.

The mediums have been very busily employed, and the general conduct of the camp has been of the highest order. One week more of camp life remains.

THE WEEK-DAY LECTURES.

During the week lectures have been given by Dr. Atkinson, A. B. French, Dr. J. K. Bailey and Mr. Lillie. The audiences have been large.

THE SUNDAY SPEECHES.

Mrs. R. Shepard, Lillie spoke in the forenoon; in the afternoon Ed. S. Wheeler of Philadelphia delivered the regular address.

MEDIUMSHIP.

J. FRANK BAXTER.

Following are brief accounts of two wonderful illustrations of the above-named gentleman's mediumship: (1) At a public séance held at the close of a lecture on Wednesday P. M., Aug. 10th, Mr. Baxter described, as over the head of a stranger gentleman seated in the immense audience before him, a mysterious form which sprang and served as a background, on which were seen by him scintillating lights, like many electrical sparks. "These," he said, "collect in letter forms. I see a capital letter M, and small letters a, d, e, l, m, and a; beside a capital letter J, a, a, d, l, m, and a; e, l, h and a; also a capital I, and small letters i, c, and h. These collectively make 'Madame Jeanne Rich'."

"This," said Mr. B., "purports to be a name, but I would not attempt pronouncement—in fact cannot, but that anything likely to be correct is called. But it is here, above your head, sir, and I hear 'Tell him to think: years ago a child thus named, not called, passed out at the house of his friend, Jacob Rich, in Winchester, N. H.; tell him to speak.' Will you explain?" said Mr. B. to the gentleman. "All is a meaning. Quite a number of years ago my friends, Mr. Jacob and Mrs. Mary Rich, of Winchester, N. H., had taken from them by death a little sickly infant daughter. No name was given this child till it died; then the parents gave it one, strange as may be, by finding the initial syllables of the mother's and the daughter's several names for a first name, and for the second name the initial syllables of the father's and the several sons' names, and the last name was that of the family. Now the mother's name was Mary, and the daughter's name was Rebecca, and Jacob's name was Jacob, and the sons' names were—the first one I have forgotten—the other, Hazeltine. Now suppressing all the letters of these names, save the first two of each, gives M-a-d-e-l-a-i-n-e, J-a-c-o-b, R-i-c-h, and R-e-b-e-c-c-a. This name was written on paper and put into the child's coffin. I attended the child's funeral." "Yes," said Mr. B., "as spirit-directed," "you did, as a friend, but the party regularly officiating was a lady named French." "Yes," said the gentleman, "and I spoke, and you heard me say that with her came Rebecca, and Jacob, French, her father, who passed to spirit life from Clarendon, Vt., June 7th, twenty-five years ago. Rebecca was the former wife of Mr. Weeks; Miss A. W. Sprague was a dear friend of Mr. Weeks and Mr. French's family, and she spoke at Mr. French's funeral, assisted by Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood."

MEMORANDA.

CAMP CHIPS.

.... Prof. Fuse is on hand.
.... John Lillie is inquired after.
.... Bright prospects: Lake Pleasant.
.... Well represented: Syracuse, N. Y.
.... Efficient and sufficient: The police.
.... Mr. Bacon's show drew a good house.
.... Be sure and hear the closing speeches.
.... Interesting: The conference meetings.
.... Mr. Henry, the Secretary, is a busy man.
.... Mrs. M. J. Burns is enjoying life in camp.
.... In demand: Jack Williams, the bootblack.
.... Remarkable: The good order at Lake Pleasant.
.... Still asked for: Sunday evening band concerts.
.... A great time: The masquerade party, Aug. 17th.
.... Everybody listens when the band begins to play.
.... Carrie Twing has many calls from investigators.
.... J. Clegg Wright has prolonged his visit in camp.
.... Arthur Hodges's circles have been well attended.
.... A pointer: No flies or mosquitoes at Lake Pleasant.

.... Still coming to Lake Pleasant: Crowds of people.
.... Numerous: New subscribers to the *Banner of Light*.
.... An important committee: The sanitary committee.
.... Mrs. Tozler and family have been kind to their friends.
.... A constant cry: Water the streets and the auditorium.
.... A true saying: Above the clouds the sun is shining.
.... The scances of the Berry sisters are largely patronized.
.... Very busy: The mediums. There is a great call for tests.
.... Mr. Lewis Sibley and wife arrived from Onset this week.
.... Mr. Wise (that is, Mr. Wise, Sen.) is an expert messenger.
.... Something new: The big alligator on exhibition in the park.
.... Sada Kingsley is an interested observer of current events.
.... Miss Ida Leonard has made a protracted sojourn at the lake.
.... Wonderful: The spirit tests given from the grand stand.
.... Mrs. Lillie's address on Sunday mornings satisfied the audience.
.... Miss Cordelia D. O'Shay had a very large mail the other day.
.... Harry Lyman manipulates baggage with calm deliberation.
.... Mr. Phillips, the slate writing medium, is a student of the situation.
.... Charles Faxon of Chesham, N. Y., dropped in the other day.
.... John Harvey Smith will be cordially welcomed back to the camp.
.... Resting from the fatiguing labors of a year: J. William Fletcher.
.... Dr. B. S. Brown of New York City, a prominent dentist, is in camp.
.... Enjoying life at Lake Pleasant: Will French, son of A. B. French.
.... Mr. and Mrs. Dubois, of Philadelphia, are pleased with Lake Pleasant.
.... H. Chase, of New Haven, Conn., just made a brief call, you know.
.... Mrs. Anna Reed of New York City smiles on old acquaintances daily.
.... J. K. Bailey and wife have made many friends during their stay here.
.... Mrs. Mary Hawkes watched with interest the proceedings on Sunday.
.... Mrs. Jackson and her mother, of Boston, are pleasantly remembered.
.... The greatest success up to date: The Lake Pleasant meeting of 1893.
.... A. G. Williams of East Hartford, Conn., is a regular doctor to the meeting.
.... Dr. Jack has been doing a fine business here. He hails from Haverhill, Mass.
.... Charles Sullivan's entertainment on Saturday night was largely attended.
.... Miss Kate Shoups of Philadelphia has quartered in "Heavenly Court."
.... B. M. Lawrence, M. D., of Trenton, N. J., has made a prolonged stop in camp.
.... Mr. and Mrs. E. Norton of East Somerville, Mass., are nicely domiciled here.
.... Mrs. Siles of Worcester, an excellent medium, is doing a good work on the grounds.
.... Mrs. Barry and daughter, of Elmira, N. Y., here had a delightful time in camp.
.... Mrs. J. T. Williams Fletcher will remain here until the middle of September.

.... Abby N. Burnham passed a few days in camp. She was welcomed by many friends.

.... Little Weston surprised her many friends by putting in an appearance last week.

.... Mrs. Shepard Lillie won the enthusiastic applause of her audience on Saturday.

.... Mrs. J. K. Bailey, 275 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass., is pleased with Lake Pleasant.

.... On Sunday, Aug. 20th, Anthony Higgins and J. Frank Baxter will address the people.

.... Mrs. Johnson, of the "Davenport Cottage," held a large reception on Saturday evening.

.... The *Banner of Light* has been of great service to the camp as an advertising medium.

.... Frank Whitely was cheered by a large number of his former playmates on his arrival.

.... Editor Phelps of the *Homestead* devotes nearly four columns of his paper to the camp.

.... Dr. J. K. Bailey's inspirational entertainment on Sunday night was a decided success.

.... Come to the camp, reader, and participate in the closing exercises on Aug. 25th and 26th.

.... The New London Northern Line is carrying more camp tourists this year than ever before.

.... Mrs. C. W. French, of Vernon, Vt., is an earnest Spiritualist, who appreciates the meeting.

.... Deacon Cole did not appear, greatly to the regret of many people who had hoped to see him.

.... A. C. Robinson of Lynn, Mass., an old-time lecturer, is sharing hands with many friends.

.... Ed. S. Wheeler shook hands with several hundred people the day that he came to camp.

.... To late comers at Lake Pleasant: Good quarters await you; start for the camp at once.

.... Col. Smith and wife of Washington, D. C., are housed at Seaman's home on the Highlands.

.... K. Fawley has a reserved seat in the auditorium during the morning band concerts.

.... Dr. Ross and family, of Troy, N. Y., have many callers to their elegant cottage on the bluff.

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.... Of interest: Dr. Peterson, 71 Tremont street, Boston, sat with Dr. Henry Slade at Onset Bay and received communications written between closed slates—a message being written in Greek, another in Latin. In one of the messages a promise was made to continue something at some future time. Aug. 17th, Lake Pleasant, Dr. Peterson, Dr. Slade and the presence of the spirits was fulfilled, a very elaborate message being written (as before between closed slates) in Greek—in so-called "eclectic" Greek. A private communication was also written by "Willie," an ardent son of Dr. and Mrs. Peterson.

A special meeting was held on Aug. 13th, and the Directors of the Association were given the following vote of confidence by a large majority: Yes 23, nays, 0.

Whereas, The Directors of this Association have, at a special meeting of the Association this day called, laid before the Association their report of their action, in regard to defending the prosecution instituted against them by Jonathan M. Roberts and the payment of the costs and expenses of the trial, and whereas, the Association, in the approval of their action by this Association; therefore, Resolved, That it is the sense of this Association that the same be hereby, in all respects approved.

ORPHAS.

Lake Champlain Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.

Never did Shelburne Bay and Lake Champlain look more beautiful than on Thursday. The purple summits of the Adirondacks in the far-off distance, beyond the tranquil waters of the lake, looked more like those visions seen by inspired seers than like earthly scenes.

The speakers stand, which has been completed and tastefully painted, was carefully decorated by the ladies and gentlemen of the camp, and the entire grounds were a scene of beauty and order.

The singing, under the charge of Mrs. Ely, of Wallingford, Vt., was fully appreciated by all present. At 2 P. M. Dr. E. A. Smith, of Brandon, Vt., President of the Association, formally opened the meeting. He spoke briefly of the growth of the Pleasant and Onset Bay Camp-Meetings, also stating a few facts relative to the origin of this camp-meeting, and grew eloquent in his closing remarks, when he referred to the many advantages of the grounds and the future prospects of the meeting at Onset Bay.

Dr. Peterson, of Troy, N. Y., a prominent lecturer, is visiting many prominent mediums here.

Miss Blanche Nichols and Miss Minnie Hopkins courteously greeted visitors to "Heavenly Court."

The Directors of the Association are in earnest in their effort to make Lake Pleasant a model camp.

Dr. L. Moore, a veteran Spiritualist, of Ballston Spa, N. Y., made a brief visit to the camp last week.

Mrs. Pasco is improving in health, which occasions great rejoicing on the part of her many friends.

Happy on the new ground: people at the lake, but the accommodations are equal to the emergency.

Dr. A. H. Richardson and wife are inquired after by many friends. Come to the camp, dear friends.

Mrs. A. S. Sweet of Hartford, Conn., formerly of Michigan, cordially greeted the *Banner* representative.

Dr. E. S. Walker, of Cincinnati, sends his love to the campers, and regrets his inability to be present.

Mrs. Lucy Peck, of Charleston, frequently called on the famous "Todd girls" during their stay here.

Messrs. Smith and Ferguson, of Lake George, N. Y., are taking pains to utilize at the home place next season.

Dr. S. J. Damon of Lowell, Mass., passed a few days in camp. He inquired for the coming New York delegation.

President Beals is an enthusiastic Spiritualist. He has been a zealous and efficient officer of the camp for ten years.

A fact: J. Frank Baxter's spirit-guide decided not to describe spirits at the close of the Sunday afternoon lecture.

A slight: Prof. Rouseville, the phenologist, examining May Warner's head. The Professor gave May a good reading.

Dr. Blake and wife, of Brooklyn, N. Y., declare that time passes rapidly at the lake; also that the meeting is a success.

Dr. Samuel S. Guy, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., has been contemplating the camp with a critical yet sympathetic turn of mind.

The famous "Todd girls" left us to-day. Their visit to the camp will long dwell in the memory of their numerous friends.

E. W. Smith of Boston, the well-known organ manufacturer, is registered at the hotel. He is a whole-souled, earnest Spiritualist.

Even the most skeptical agnostic returned thanks for the splendid condition of the grounds, owing to the rain on Saturday night.

Dr. Shepard of East Deerfield, Mass., an excellent clairvoyant, was the representative of the *Banner* with a call on Sunday.

Mr. Van Austin of Orange, Mass., brought a big dog to camp late Saturday night. This is the dog that barked and was chased by the police.

Irene T. Peavey, of Hartford, Conn., never forgets to renew his subscription to the *Banner of Light*, each year, with the writer. Sensible man.

Merritt Peckham, of Utica, N. Y., has taken his leave in a very cheerful manner, and yet he has seen about everything that there is to see.

"Daisy Dell," the home of Mr. Milton Young of the Boston Globe, has been newly painted. Mr. and Mrs. Young know how to entertain their friends.

In luck: Anthony Higgins. Fate or some kind Providence has opened the way for Mr. H. in a very pleasant manner since his return to the rostrum.

R. N. Porter, M. D., of Deerfield, Mass., an experienced physician, has developed marvelous magnetic powers. Dr. Porter is a reliable gentleman.

It will be noticed that no attempt has been made to give anything like a digest of the speeches given at the lake since the beginning of the meeting this year.

Polly P. Wilson, of Wilton, N. H., chose the superb engraving, "Harvest Lunch," as she renewed her subscription for the *Banner* for the next twelve months.

Billings, station agent at the Lake, survives the fatigue incident to his arduous duties. He is intelligent and faithful employee of the Fitchburg Railway.

Mrs. Wm. Wade, of Petersham, Mass., is kind enough to say that she is interested in reading the reports published in the *Banner* of the Lake Pleasant meetings.

A. B. French's many friends intended to see him prior to his departure from the grounds, but owing to the fact that G. Washington Stout was engaged, the festivities were postponed.

Dr. F. W. Johnson and wife, 331 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., reached camp on Saturday. The Doctor commenced to perform some of his famous healing "acts" soon after his arrival.

The rain on Saturday night put the grounds in first-class condition for Sunday. The attendance was very large. The concerts by the Fitchburg band were listened to by vast crowds of people.

Mr. A. B. French's week-night lecture on "The Mound Builders" was an able, scholarly and eloquent discourse, full of interesting data. This speech should be delivered in every town in the country.

Mrs. Susie Fletcher is slowly but surely regaining her strength here. She is housed in a pretty cottage, and is surrounded by sympathetic friends who earnestly pray for her speedy restoration to health.

Multitudes: Receptions and tent and cottage dedications. The *Banner* man has declined (politely, of course) nearly one thousand invitations, owing to professional duties. These gatherings are uniformly pleasant affairs.

Lee & Shepard will soon publish a work from the pen of Mrs. Susie W. Fletcher, entitled "Twelve Months in an English Prison." Mrs. Fletcher's dramatic meditative experiences will form an interesting portion of this book.

Hon. James Priest of Derby, N. H., former State Senator, is visiting his son-in-law at the Highlands. He is an intelligent Spiritualist, and looks with interest and pride on the growth of Spiritualism. Mrs. Priest accompanies her husband.

Landford Barnard has handled the great crowds in his hotel with consummate skill. His patrons are well pleased with the way in which they have been received. The campers are pleased to learn that Mr. Barnard's lease will not expire for some time.

Maud E. Lord is a power for good among the people. Humane, generous and unselfish in her disposition, she is ever doing acts of kindness for her fellow mortals. She is a true medium, and has converted thousands of investigators to a belief in Spiritualism.

The tickets are sold by Dr. A. B. French, and are given to the camp opened Aug. 17th auspiciously. There are many new cottages on the grounds. The meeting will close Sept. 9th. Railroad and steamboat accommodations are first-class.

Dr. G. O. York has a marvelous story to tell of a wonderful prophecy which he saw in a vision on Saturday night in his story in this report, simply because the *Banner* man has "chips" (unnumbered)