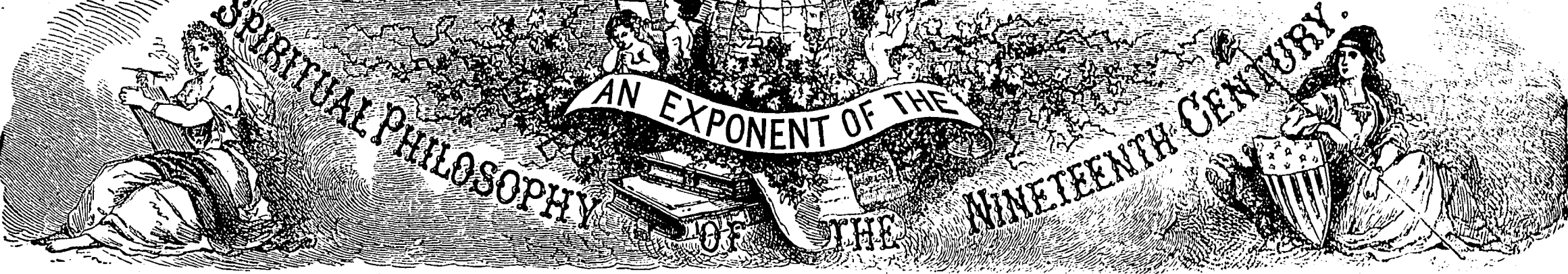


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The Rostrum.

JOHN KING AND HIS WORK IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

A Lecture Delivered through the Mediumship of
MR. J. WILLIAM FLETCHER,
At Steinway Hall, London.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Our subject for this evening is "John King and His Work in Spirit-Life." We do not intend or desire to speak of John King simply because of his own special experiences, but rather because those experiences are representative of the great spiritual work that has been carried on in the past, and is now unfolding itself in your midst. John King, as a man, or as a spirit, may be of no interest to us; but when we consider what he has done, the great and glorious work he has accomplished, we perceive him to be a representative spirit, one to be studied, loved, and held in honor for the good that has been achieved through his agency. There are those among you, perchance, who would say, "Who is this John King of whom you speak?" There may be others again who do not at all realize his relation to this life. Let us make all clear.

There are in this world many persons possessed of the power called physical mediumship, through which the presence, the tangible presence, of the spirit is made manifest; and, under certain conditions, and through the exercise of this power, the spirit steps down from its higher life to mingle once more in this life of yours on earth.

And so fully and clearly does it restore that life of its own, and manifest its existence among you, that all who look upon the spirit, and who perceive the manifestation, are made to understand its distinct relation to this life. Each physical medium is possessed of one guide under whose control all these manifestations take place. And such a guide is John King. In the life of the spirit-world he has been called to this work, and his presence has been made known, and the result of his labors made manifest, ever since the voice of the spirit was first heard in this age. We know of no spirit of whose work we can speak with greater pride and happiness.

John King would have addressed you this evening through his own efforts, had the conditions permitted; but the ideas to which we shall give expression will be influenced by him, through the hand of spirits who have spoken on previous occasions. He himself is present with you in spirit this night, and the words we speak and shall speak are words chiefly of his dictation.

In a period of your history which has long passed away there was a band of so-called outlaws—outlawed from society, from their homes, from their friends and their country. Their only home was the broad ocean, and they held that what all men possessed and the world contained was free to them. They were outlawed from society because they had violated the laws of society; and yet there are many who conscientiously violate certain laws which society has made by following out a law which they find within themselves, which seems to run counter to the accepted laws of the world. And when you draw a hard line and say: These are the conditions of the world—these are the outlaws of society whom God will punish—is it not possible that when each one stands at that bar of judgment which awaits all men, society, also, will be on trial, and perhaps not acquitted? For we dare say that a large number of the criminals and outlaws now found in the world are the product of the present system of social life. That society, instead of reforming them, often produces them and increases their numbers, in its treatment of their first mistakes.

John King, one of those liberty-loving natures, was the leader of a band of sympathetic comrades, and felt himself free to take whatever came in his way. Seeing on the one hand wealth and selfishness, and on the other poverty and misery, he conceived that he was right in taking from those who had more than enough, and dividing their possessions among his own followers. For many years he pursued this course of life, until one day, in a last engagement at sea, he and his crew were suddenly called away from this life of earth. They had attacked and boarded a passing vessel, and in the fray they were vanquished, and their lives sent forth into the realms of the unknown, to begin the life of the spirit of which they had so little dreamed.

As John King struck down his opponent, he gazed into his face and remembered a friend of early days, and, arrested in the act by the thought, his own life was taken, and hand-in-hand with the wrong he had done he entered the spirit-world.

With his earth-life you have little in common; it is with the impressions made upon his spirit afterwards that we have to deal. He entered the spirit world in company with that friend: Before him stood the teachers of a higher and better life, who saw the large nature this man possessed, and its possibilities; saw that his heart was quick to be moved by high and true impulses, but prone to evil under wrong impressions. At the feet of these new guides John King learned the lessons which his after-life has demonstrated. He learned what has been known to the few in all times—the principles of materialization, or of the spirit taking again upon itself the form it once held. So was it known in some ancient lands, so is it held as a power

also among the Rosicrucians of the present day, and so also is it recognized through the power of modern mediumship, as you well know. And as John King gained more and more of the knowledge his teachers had to give him, his heart was drawn toward the home of his early days—to the friends left behind whom he loved so well, and feeling a strong need for the influence of that home, he was taken back to the scene of his early days, to see his child grown to womanhood, and the one that had long borne him company drawing nearer each day to the life beyond. And the desire within him grew stronger that they should realize his presence, and as he came nearer he felt the attraction they possessed, the influence of their lives upon him, and gradually he gained power, gathered from the atmosphere and from their own surroundings, for himself, and stood in visible form in their midst. It was that law of attraction, possessed by few in this world, which made it possible for him to cause his presence to be known. They felt and thought that they had seen his spirit, that it had returned to bring them tidings of the other life. The truth was, that the child of John King, now grown to womanhood, possessed mediumistic power so strong that it attracted him, from the first, from the spirit-world, and enabled him to draw near them and make his presence known.

So many have asked, and are now asking, how is it that one possesses this power and not another, and why those dear to us, whom we long for, come not, while we learn the lessons of life beyond from strangers, that we must try to answer them. If you take a magnet and set it before a needle, the needle is responsive; but if you remove the magnet and put in its place a lump of lead or a block of wood, the needle neither moves nor is affected, because the magnetic power is not present. So also there are those who possess that peculiar magnetic quality which serves to attract a spirit, and through which power the spirit is able to manifest itself. Affection has little or nothing to do with it. It is simply a capacity of the individual which the spirit is able to use, and through the capacity of this child of his John King first manifested himself. He then watched the changes of time, and saw the steps of his dear ones nearing the eternal city, and when by and-by their arms were folded, and their eyes closed in death, it was he who welcomed them, his voice that sounded first in their ears. With this experience, then, John King gathered about him, by the law of attraction, all those who had been his followers, on earth, and as he had learned this great possibility of materialization, so he taught them from the knowledge he possessed, and showed them how they might return to the world, and how affect those who dwell upon it.

It is objected against the evidence that has thus been given, that one spirit cannot be in two different places at the same time. Our answer is, that there is a band of spirits, under the control of this one spirit whom you call, let us say, John King; that these spirits have the power of materializing, and that to them is given a certain wish to do so. You may chance to find one of these spirits before you, and on putting the question, "Who are you?" receive the answer, "John King," for he is their teacher and guide, and his name they assume and are permitted to give. There is one John King, and many take his name, for it suits their purpose in carrying forward their work. We would ask the skeptical world to explain the manifestations, rather than complain of the way in which they may take place. With this spirit-band, then, aglow with the great facts their master had taught them, the cry came up from the world as it had never done before, "What of the hereafter?" For of every religious dispensation that has ever come to the world it has been asked, "After death, what?" When the body is laid in the grave and is no more seen, where, where is the spirit? Nay, it has been asked in these days, "Is there one?" And this earnest cry went up to the gates of Heaven, and John King received from the higher spirits beyond him a commission to return to the world and give a demonstration of what that unseen life was. He sought everywhere for mediums through whom he could manifest himself, and was obliged to seek those who had similarity of spirit with himself, and who were in some way like him in disposition and organization, and then he began the work of making his presence known.

There are many who find fault with and complain of the shortcomings of mediums, saying they are wayward, ignorant of their own minds, swayed by every influence. But do you ever remember that what you complain of causes their mediumship? It is, in truth, the effect—the explanation of the powers they possess. They are not amenable to the same laws as other men. They live largely in a world by themselves, a world of unseen influences of which the outward observer can know and understand but little. What wonder, then, that they are sometimes carried down into the valley, and that you are not always willing to follow them and bring them back again!

Finding these persons who were impressible, who could receive the influence of this band of spirits, John King thought how happy the world would be if he could tell them the truth. "I shall bring them," he said, "such glad tidings! I shall tell them of the life beyond, and make them realize, as they have never realized before, that there is indeed no death!" But when he came, he found there was at first little chance for him to demonstrate any of the higher truths; that the spiritual condition of the world was so low that lower spirits than himself were obliged to produce the manifestations according to a law of much inferior order, that certain spirits must come to prepare the way for better things, and to accommodate themselves to the opposing influences the world sent forth. And the manifestations were weak—the tiny rap, the movement of the table, of some small article or hand, were all the evidence that could be given of the presence of the spirit. But there came one who aspired for something better, and finally a circle was formed with a desire for higher and better manifestations—who felt that these things were not all, and endeavors were made to improve the conditions, that higher spirits manifest themselves, and do more even than that. There are those who have realized the joy of a first spirit-materialization. After sitting for a time, gazing with earnest eyes into the darkness—one day to be no more needed—the shadows faded, and there, with face aglow, in a gentle and unearthly light, and in the long flowing robes which clothe the spirit, stood John King. Human eyes saw him; human fingers could touch him; human ears could hear the words that fell from his lips.

What did the first materialization mean? what was its deep import to our race? In that moment was accomplished freedom for the human soul, and a new era born in religion. The death-knell of spiritual bigotry and skeptical doubt was sounded; the terror of death was removed; hope was brought to the sorrowing, comfort to the downcast, and the priceless knowledge that beyond the grave was life—life eternal. And if no other manifestation had ever taken place, this was enough to have settled the vexed question of immortal life forever.

John King comes not back to you for the mere sake of producing manifestations which excite your wonder;

but, bearing a grand and glorious commission from the throne of God, he comes to let the light of heaven in upon this world of yours, to show you that all your treasures are kept by loving hands, that those you hold most dear are waiting for you in the home of our Father on high. Other spirits have come since then, and produced varied manifestations; but John King is to Spiritualism what the prophets of the past were to the ancient world. John King showed by his return and appearing before us the grand possibilities of all life, and in that blessed hope and knowledge the world can rest and be happy. The influence of his spirit now rests over the world, and each day he is climbing the silver ladder that leads to the higher spheres, and ere long his spiritual work here on earth will have ceased forever. He would have us express his gratitude to those who are present whom he never knew in earth-life, but whom as a spirit he has learned to know and love, and he would say, Lo, I am with you! we who have struggled together. I have led and you have followed, and I hold, in my hands, not my own truth, but the truth God gave unto me. You who are in the world, who see and realize that blessed truth, bear it everywhere.

While we speak, there comes up from your midst questions regarding materialization. We cannot tonight enter into a scientific explanation of the law of materialization, but will try to answer those questions as they come along. When a circle is formed, and the medium sits in the midst, it is to the medium that the spirit is able to first come. By strength of will and earnest endeavor he is able to gather from the circle those elements necessary to give outward form and expression to his spirit.

How is it, then, if these spirits are able to take on physical conditions of strength, that they always shudder so when touched? There has been scarcely such a thing as the appearance of the *inner* spirit in any sense. The forms which you see are not the inner spirit forms. There may be an arm materialized, a face, or the outward form in part, but the abundant drapery that you see, which hangs about the form, is simply used by the spirit to protect it from physical influences and enable it to retain its identity; and contact with a body of any kind disturbs the materialization and causes acute suffering to the spirit. Is the process of materialization painful to the spirit? That depends very much upon circumstances. If the circle is harmonious, the spirits are made happy and suffer nothing; but if there is discord, great mental and bodily suffering ensues, both to spirit and medium. How is it that at times the spirits bear such a strong resemblance to the medium? The fewer elements which the spirit can take from the circle, the more he is forced to absorb from the medium. And in many cases the spirit is absolutely clothed with the physical elements of the medium, and then, of course, looks exactly like him. Other questions arise which we are unable to deal with tonight, but we would impress upon you that if you lack the presence you ask for, you have but to approach in the right spirit, put all outside influences away, go to the séance perfectly disinterested save with a desire for the highest, and you shall receive that for which you seek.

John King stands by my side for a moment and says, Give this message to my earthly workers in the cause of truth and life eternal. I would say to every medium, trust in God. Let the world say what it may, let enemies beset you, friends advise, but be ye true to the principle of right which God has implanted in your hearts and your guides teach to the world. Have your work clearly before you; let no thought but the desire to demonstrate the truth actuate your life. The eye of the world will watch you well, happy if it can find some excuse to hurl its condemnation upon you; but with your lives pure and true, in the highest sense of the word—true to the great cause you should have so firmly at heart—then, when shadows are upon you, when enemies attack and friends forsake you, come with great rejoicing. Ask, while the angels are for me, who can prevail against me?

Be humble and truthful; remember you are bearing to the world a truth it is not ready for. Be patient and loving, and God will give you the reward of the faithful. John King's spirit pours out his love upon you. May each receive it, in his desire. May every medium feel strengthened, and every Spiritualist every more joy in his sweet faith, while every inquirer is encouraged to go on seeking for that truth which will make the world free indeed.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GETHESEMANE.

BY MRS. E. M. HICKOK.

Depth of anguish! well I know
How its waves the soul o'erflow;
How with blinding pain I'm wrought,
Comes each lonely, bitter thought.

Depth of anguish! God alone
Hears the weary spirit's moan;
Pitying, hears it mournfully
Pleading—pleading to be free!

Depth of anguish! can I bring
Strength for all the suffering?
Can the heavy, chastening rod
Bring us nearer still to God?

Will the trying flood and fire
Give more wisdom, lead us higher?
Could we not the grand heights gain,
Only through such cruel pain?

Depth of anguish! hard to bear,
Bringing peace, through trust and prayer.
If the Father had not led,
We might well be crushed instead.

Depth of anguish! Christ endured!
All temptations' arts withstood;
In the lonely midnight hour
Proved his mighty spirit's power.

Depth of anguish—speak it low;
Calm the tempest of thy woe;
Hear a voice say, "Peace, be still,
Soul, rebel not—'tis His will."

At Mrs. Billings's circle, the other evening, Mrs. Burns was impressed to sing a verse of a song, "She has gone from my gaze." This song was a great favorite with her mother when on earth. No sooner did she commence singing than a spirit, in a powerful feminine voice, accompanied her, and continued to do so correctly throughout. At the close, Mr. Burns exclaimed, "Why, that is like your mother's voice!" "Of course it is my voice," said the spirit, and she continued to chat away and give just such evidence of her identity as any person would in the flesh. This is the perfection of spirit communion. At recent sances, the success in this direction has been most satisfactory.—*The London Medium and Daybreak for September 12th.*

"I have a love-letter," said the servant-girl to her mistress. "Will ye read it to me? And here is some cotton wad ye stuff in yer ears whole ye read it?"

Free Thought.

SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A correspondent in the *Banner of Light*, who signs himself "A Spiritualist since 1847," has somewhat to say about "Scientific Spiritualism," and while he pretends to do so, does not answer the question as to *method* I propounded to Bro. Hudson Tuttle. I do not now wish to discuss the issue involved, but write this chiefly to make a correction. The writer says: "Mr. Cook objects to the notion that there can be any such thing as a 'scientific Spiritualism.' This is the more surprising in him, since, according to the views of science which he has expressed in the *Chicago Times*, science is not demonstrated truth, but a fluctuating hypothesis of truth, with its shifting sands." Now I wish to say that I have never in my life expressed an opinion as to the province of science, through the columns of the *Times*.

There is a paper published in this city the chief aim of which appears to be to discredit spiritual phenomena. This paper—it is known as the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*—has within the past month enjoyed a one-sided controversy with the *Times*. It referred in no less than eight different articles to "our critic of the *Times*," and broadly intimated that the authorship was not to be questioned. While it did not call me by name, it plainly indicated that I was the offending party. So long as the "mistake" was confined to the limits of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, it was simply a source of amusement to me; but since it threatens to give me a false record, I am compelled herewith to openly disclaim its authorship. More than this: I entirely misstated my position. I believe fully with "A Spiritualist since 1847," that "science is not science till it is established beyond a risk of change," and would only add until the *laws* by reason of which it exists are already demonstrated.

By the way, Mr. Editor, I have a very black crow to pick with one of your composers. In the conclusion of "Is Anything Settled?" he makes me say, "You wish to be recognized as you are recognized, because you will express to perfection all the distinctive peculiarities by which magnetism is established." To me this sentence is utterly bewildering, as it has no doubt been to the reader. I think I meant to say something like this: "You wish to be recognized, and you are recognized, because you will express to perfection all the distinctive peculiarities by which recognition is established." There are a few minor mistakes, but I will not trouble you to correct them. Speaking as a professional, I take pleasure in saying that as a rule the proof-reading on the *Banner of Light* is among the very best to be found in connection with the weekly press of the country.

FREDERICK F. COOK.

CAN SPIRITUALISTS AGREE TO WORK TOGETHER?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Harmonical Philosophy is on trial, with the votaries of superstitious religions on one side, and the devotees of the sciences on the other, with the Spiritualists divided, contending for what they think is right among all parties, with a zeal that is unsurpassed, and a hope of salvation that is without a doubt; because they know the angels of heaven are back of them with all their love and power, and all are working under a law of nature's God that has no variation or shadow of turning.

And there is no doubt that spirit communications justify all their different opinions, because there is a scintillation of truth in them; or the spirits wish to create a confusion among Spiritualists until they learn to separate truth from falsehood by carefully-considered observations and experiments on moral and social questions. All the sciences have been established by reasonable deductions from facts thus obtained. And all people and societies who adopt this plan have made a peace arrangement without proclaiming it to the world, by a peace conference or convention.

The thoughtful, intelligent Spiritualists are better prepared to investigate the claims of mental, moral and social questions than any other people. Their quiet, thorough way of investigating and observing mesmerism and spirit phenomena prepares them especially for this work. It is a little less than forty years ago that I first became acquainted with Dr. J. R. Buchanan. He was then engaged in teaching phrenology; soon after he commenced his mesmerism experiments in connection with phrenology. I was present at that time, and noted the critical accuracy of his observations on the phenomena that occurred. Since then his name has become familiar to many people in all parts of the world because of his discoveries in the mental, magnetic and spiritual sciences, and in the religious elements that are native to the human soul. He may be considered the leader of hundreds of Spiritualists who have been making similar observations and experiments, and agree with him about the facts discovered and philosophy established by them.

But there is great difference of opinion regarding the religion that naturally grows out of these mental and spiritual facts. Prof. Buchanan thinks the best sentiments of the Bible are sustained by the facts of science, and the worst parts, such as make "a God of hate and of short-sighted folly," are not. He thinks the two great commandments upon which the Bible says "hang all the law and the prophets," are correct in sentiment, the purest legal and moral standard. Here commences the division among Spiritualists, which ends in all kinds of unchar-

itable expressions toward each other. "The first commandment says, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' &c. Now what is the character of the God we are called upon to love? Is it the Bible God of hate and folly, or is it the God that a person imagines in his own mind? This command was to the Jews, and bade them to love the *Bible God*, or to all people, and bade them to love their *imaginary* God. So there is a constant dispute about the character of the God we are commanded to love.

The second commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Is self a good standard to be governed by? Some people do not seem to have any love for themselves, or any other person; and all persons are more or less inconstant and unreliable in their love, and this command makes many *professed* lovers, who are really *haters* of their neighbors! The commandments of the material and spiritual scientists are very different: the first is, you shall love to learn the laws of the God of nature, and spirit with all your heart; and second, you shall love yourself and your neighbor, as directed by the laws of this God. No scientist wants a student who has no heart in his work, or one who will not obey a well known law of this God that will benefit mankind. These commands make persons working lovers for their neighbors as well as for themselves; it puts works in the place of professions, and facts in the place of theology.

Any religion that is not based and built on well-established facts cannot harmonize the intelligent people of this age. Spiritualism is silently growing in the minds and acts of the people, because it is founded on facts and philosophy; tests upon tests prove it true.

The highest laws man can make in one age become the lowest in a succeeding age; and the highest law a person can write in his most enlightened moments he cannot equal in his ordinary state of mind; and this law becomes the educator of himself and others, and prepare him to accept the higher law, when experiment has proved it true.

The great questions are: Were the basic principles of just laws and gospels proclaimed as well eighteen hundred years ago as they were one hundred years ago? and are any that have been proclaimed as good as can be laid before the people in this age?

Prof. Buchanan has given us his new laws and religion with the old basis. I give the best new basis I can conceive. Now, Spiritualists, shall we work together to adopt the best religion from base to summit that can be reached in this enlightened age?

H. S. BROWN, M. D.

327 Milwaukee street, Milwaukee, Wis.

TOLERATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I grow older—and I hope wiser—I become more tolerant, especially to the church, which, as Dr. Buchanan says, "one single church does more practical good than all the Spiritualists put together." There must be a cause for this, if we could only find it. We have no devil, it is true, neither have the most of the churches now; but some of us have what is worse—"evil spirits." Even A. J. Davis believes in the "diabolical." I do not; but I find no fault with Davis for expressing the truth as he sees it. These spiritual truths cannot be expressed in our language, cannot be comprehended by us, and never will be until we live them in the spirit-world.

The old problem how to explain the origin of evil is as far from elucidation to-day as it was four thousand years ago; but this we do know—that the good will ultimately overcome the evil, because we see it gradually doing so now. If Swedenborg saw the hells and Davis sees the diabolical, there must have been some purpose in the teaching—for such I hold both to be—from the spirit-world. We are not yet entirely free from old traditions, and must concede that the fear of the devil, as yet taught in the Catholic churches, is a restraining power, greater than the Golden Rule which has been taught for four thousand years with but little or no appreciable effect. Culture has done something for us, and until that culture has developed us up to that point where we can appreciate the Golden Rule, it is of no value in itself, but is a sort of mile-stone showing us how far we have traveled.

Moses taught "Blood for blood"; Jesus, "Love one another"; Modern Spiritualism teaches that we are "Incarnate Gods." The advance from the first is great; and yet how few among us have reached that water that ever quenches the thirst. Did we all realize that we are Gods, evil would be impossible. Just imagine a God picking another God's pocket! And as soon as this teaching is realized by humanity, evil is at an end, and we may then see that evil was a sort of school-book, by which we have been taught the higher truth that we are Gods, and, when reached, the existence of evil becomes one of the myths, of which we have laid down many.

A. MILFERNBERGER.

CONNECTICUT CAMP-MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Three years ago, at the meeting of the State Association held at Bridgeport, the subject of holding camp-meetings in Connecticut was somewhat discussed and favorably decided upon; but, owing to the project being new, some further developments were considered essential. The question now is, has the time arrived for such a trial? I learn the matter came up before the Convention at New Haven, but without much definite action. Hagit not been for the illness of my son at that time, who has since passed over, I should have attended the Convention and urged the propriety of establishing a camp meeting in Connecticut. Hav-

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

POCASSETT.—Mrs. S. A. Smith, of Athol, Mass., has been spending a few weeks in Pocasset, and we hope not without a good result. Though Spiritualism is a new thing to the people here, and there are not more than half a dozen converts, Spiritualism is in place, an interest has been awakened, and the people are beginning to hear from Onset Bay Camp-Meeting. It was there we first met Mrs. Smith, and prevailed on her to visit our place. Her genial ways and unexceptional method of teaching the people and reasoning upon her subjects, together with the many satisfactory results given to strangers through her mediumship, render her one of the best we know of for laboring among such as are comparative strangers to the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Her answers to questions are unique and satisfactory. Little Nixie, the Indian child, who takes a large part in the test circles, is not only pleasant and amusing, but very intelligent and accurate, and together with her control, guide, we believe must accomplish much good for the cause. Truly, every one who visits Mrs. Smith lectured in Liberty Hall, West Sandwich, her subject being "Lights and Shadows of Time." Though the audience was not large, it consisted of the most intelligent part of the community, and gave universal satisfaction. We earnestly hope the seed sown may not be unfruitful.

H. G. WINTHROP.

BOSTON.—A. S. Hayward writes: "As the readers of the Banner of Light are anxious to know all there is of interest going on in spiritual manifestations, I will say that I spent Sunday, Oct. 20th, at East Milton, Mass., and learned that there has been much interest created in that town in regard to Spiritualism, and that mediums are sought for by many of its citizens. J. Wesley Martin and wife seem to be the most prominent and successful mediums in the place, and are interested in spreading the grand truths of the spiritual philosophy. This couple employed Mrs. Hatch, the flower medium, to give the second séance at their residence, which proved as equally successful as the first one. Over two hundred persons, scholars, etc., were brought and distributed among those composing the séance. Mrs. Hatch did not go through a crucial test examination, for it was thought by those present that there was no possible chance of her having any of those things secreted about her person, as she was discovered from any flowers until after the blossoms were distributed. It is not an easy thing to confine the fragrance of flowers in a room, even if it were possible to hide the flowers; therefore the conclusion was that the bringing of the flowers is far beyond their little comprehension, and there it rests.

Mr. Martin engaged Mrs. Cushman, the musical medium, to visit them and hold a séance. She arrived about half past five in the afternoon, unexpected to all, and her presence was a great surprise. Her arrival invitations to a séance were extended, and the house was well filled with anxious inquirers. The manifestations were so satisfactory that she was engaged to give more séances, one of which was to be held in Braintree. Mrs. Cushman's mediumship seems to be the least chance for deception, as the instrument is in sight when being played on, and the music is heard by all present, whether skeptics or not. It seems that the musical manifestations are the best to be held in Braintree. Mrs. Cushman's mediumship seems to be the least chance for deception, as the instrument is in sight when being played on, and the music is heard by all present, whether skeptics or not. It seems that the musical manifestations are the best to be held in Braintree.

ROCKLAND.—A correspondent writes: "It may be of interest to your readers to know that the Progressive Lyceum of this place is still living. The meetings are interesting, and a source of improvement to all who take part in them. A series of lectures has been inaugurated for the autumn and coming winter—or a part of the winter, at least. We commenced with a lecture by Mrs. Townsend Wood, of Newton, of whom nothing need be said. All radical reformers, including Spiritualists, have long known her. She is able to instruct and entertain her audiences, wherever she may meet them. We next had J. Frank Baxter, who thrills everybody with his almost matchless singing, his eloquent lectures and his marvelous tests. Following him was J. G. Colville, who gave us such discourses and answered questions upon knotty subjects in such a manner as no one else we have ever seen can equal. He brought with him a young friend by the name of Thornton, who entertained the audience with some very fine singing.

Sunday evening, Oct. 20th, we had Rev. Norwood Damon, of Boston, who gave us an extraordinary lecture, entitled, 'Has Spiritualism Added Anything to the Previous Record of Improbable?' It was a lecture of rhetoric, fine sentiment and eloquence combined. It is a pity that every Spiritualist—yes, every man and woman in the land—could not hear it. We understand he has several other lectures just as good, and we hope to be able to listen to them at some time in the future."

BOSTON.—Abbot Walker writes: "Relatively few realize how many cases given up by regular physicians are relieved or cured by medical mediums. More cures would be performed by M. D.s. could they often locate the disease, or being able to clairvoyantly examine their patients, they frequently locate the disease, and prescribe the wrong medicine, the sick thus having to contend with both drugs and disease.

Mrs. Maggie Polson—whose office is at No. 6 Hamilton Place—is very successful in mediumistically curing obstinate chronic cases, and is often visited by prominent persons who seek relief from their ills, but will not, when cured, have their names mentioned. Doctors sometimes get the credit of healing patients, but the cure is due to the medium. Mrs. Polson is a lady of fine presence, and her cures have not been enough to disfigure the family physician, though receiving help elsewhere. Lately this medium has cured a Quaker lady of a spinal affection which noted physicians could not reach. The lady might be given credit for the cure, but a resident of Canada, were it advisable. I have for a number of years suffered from a disease which has baffled many supposed remedies. In a skeptical frame of mind I called on Mrs. Polson, when her healing spirit laid a perfect despatch on my forehead, and prescribed medicine which made me, in less than a week, feel like a new man."

New York.

PELIKU.—S. K. Smith writes: "Mrs. H. Morse, of New Haven, Conn., commences a lecturing tour the second week of November, at Ballston; will go on through Vermont at all available points to Burlington, crossing the lake to Plattsburgh, returning on the west side of said lake by Peru, Keeseville, Essex, Fort Henry, Crown Point, and other available points. She is a lady of fine presence, and her cures have not been enough to disfigure the family physician, though receiving help elsewhere. Lately this medium has cured a Quaker lady of a spinal affection which noted physicians could not reach. The lady might be given credit for the cure, but a resident of Canada, were it advisable. I have for a number of years suffered from a disease which has baffled many supposed remedies. In a skeptical frame of mind I called on Mrs. Polson, when her healing spirit laid a perfect despatch on my forehead, and prescribed medicine which made me, in less than a week, feel like a new man."

Mrs. Morse speaks in a semi-conscious condition, and will treat upon any theme chosen by the audience. She has traveled extensively in the Western, Middle and Eastern States, and uniformly received commendations from the secular press. She is regarded by the friends of the cause as one of its best advocates. The following certificate, which she received from the parties whose names are given, bears witness to the value of at least one portion of her labors during the past summer:

Admiral Independent Religious Association.
So. Schuyl. N. Y., Sept. 27th, 1879.
During our protracted stay at Lake View Point Camp-Meeting, the public exercises have been of a high order and fraught with great and unflagging interest throughout. The addresses were uniformly excellent, and the orators and lecturers were all of high caliber. We have received general satisfaction. Prominent among them stands Mrs. H. Morse, of New Haven, Conn., who has delivered several addresses of a high order, and has given us the same powerful, persuasive and effective. We have great pleasure in recommending Mrs. Morse to all interested in the cause of Spiritualism, and to all who desire to see a lady in the highest sense of that comprehensive term.

L. H. LOCKY.
Sec'y of Adm. Ind. Religious Ass'n.
S. V. REYNOLDS.
Vice President and Acting President.
C. TAYLOR, Prudential Committee.
J. D. CHENEY.
C. THURMAN LIZARD, Treasurer.
HIRSH BUCK, "Memo" of the Press."

Illinois.

PONTIAC.—W. B. Fyfe writes: "I do not care about the mistakes of Moses, or the swallowing of Jonah, or the walls of Jericho falling down at the sound of a trumpet; these statements may be false or true. One thing is sure: the Sermon on the Mount contains the words of eternal life. My salvation does not hang on Adam, Jonah, Moses or Gabriel, but it does on the grand principles of love to God and man. We must live and act in the realm of Grand Principles, and not in what we profess, but how we act, which stamps our characters."

Ohio.

PORTSMOUTH.—C. W. Cotton writes: "I am succeeding beyond my expectation in disposing of the papers sent me. Our little society is proving a success, as the interest is increasing, after nearly a year of existence."

CLEVELAND.—A correspondent requests that we copy the subjoined, from the columns of the Cleveland Herald for Oct. 6th, as an evidence that free thought on the Sunday-keeping question has no fear of showing its existence in that part of the country:

"BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.—Nothing is more beautiful than autumn days than the vineyards loaded with ripe grapes, and more so do they exist in the vineyard than along the ridges of Lake Erie. The father of the grape and wine business at Kelley Island is Louis Harries, who made the first crop of grapes in 1878. Long experience and a liberal education has made

him an expert in the grape business. Finding the ridge east of Cleveland the best locality for grape-raising, he removed from Kelley Island to Kelley some years since. On the beautiful ridge, which has been some years ago, he raised a paradise. Every Sunday hundreds of the elevated and refined Germans visit his grounds. They are beginning to learn to shun nothing pure air and rest, to live living in the same locality, and the vineyard, and the whole country between Cleveland and Willoughby is a vineyard. Among others are H. Averies, Hon. H. M. Chapman, the two Vases, and others. Cleveland is now the centre of a very large and fast-increasing grape interest."

Children's Department.

BABY'S WALKING MATCH.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Hurrah! Baby's on the track!
Got the word to "Go!"
Strutted and strutted, he does not lack,
Toddling to and fro.
Mother is the judge so true;
There's no doubt he'll win.
See the pretty belt of blue
Round his waist to pin.
Many strides he has to take,
In the shade and sun;
Many miles he has to make
Ere the match be won.
Hurrah! Up and down he goes,
Holding fast to reins;
Rings rings rings, toes,
Pretty little ears.
This is but the first we watch,
Just his speed to try;
A much better gait he'll catch,
Walking by-and-by.
Here he comes, the proud, we chap,
Beating all the others;
Now he takes his final lap;
But that lap is mother's!

—(The Independent.)

A FLOATING GROCERY STORE.

BY A. F. LAWRENCE.

"My goodness, mamma! Do you believe it? Do you think it's true?" cried my little sister Sarah as she rushed into the sitting-room all out of breath.

"Why, my dear child," said the mother, in a quiet voice, "how excited you are. You should never let yourself become so excited that you have to say 'My goodness.' It isn't a nice thing to say. Remember how can I answer your questions when I have not the remotest idea of what you are talking about?"

"Well, anyway, I think I ought to be excited, mamma. Peter's just been down stairs and told me that Lottie just yesterday when he was down on the river rowing he seen—"

"Saw," said mother, with a smile.

"Saw, I mean," continued Sarah, "a grocery store, with baskets of peaches, and potatoes, and pears, and a man and a little boy floating down the river. Now, what do you think of that?"

"It is rather astonishing, I admit," said mother. "But perhaps Peter's (there she turned to me) will explain to us what he meant."

So I told them the following story, which very likely may interest some of you. But first I must tell you that I live on the Hudson River. It is a large and beautiful river, so beautiful that the scenery along its banks has been compared to that of the Rhine, the famous river of Germany. There are a great many sailing vessels and pleasure boats and steamboats on the Hudson, and not only these, but there are canals, too. Now, you all know that canals are made for travel by horses or mules, which walk the bank on the "tow path," as it is called. One of the largest canals in the country, however, the Erie Canal, comes into the Hudson River a good many miles from New York, and in order that the boats may reach New York they have to be "towed" down the river. They can't steam down, for they have no engines; and they can't be pulled down by mules, for there is no place for the mules to walk. So a great many of them, sometimes twenty or thirty, are fastened together, three or four abreast, in a long line, like a train of cars, and then a single powerful steamboat takes them in tow. I tell you this because one of these "tows" is connected with the grocery store which I saw. Of course, when Sarah and mother asked what I meant by a grocery store floating in the river, I explained myself as well as I could.

"You know," said I, "that Frank"—Frank is my older sister's name—"and I were going to New York. We intended to go to the Cove. But when we reached the boat-house we found that a large crowd had come together to see a regatta which had been arranged for that morning."

"What is a regatta?" asked Sarah.

"A boat race," I replied. "But if you want to hear my story you must let me interrupt. After watching one or two of the races we started for our row. The water was smooth, but the sun was hot, and I soon became very warm, for, although Frank was rowing, he didn't do any good, for he can't row much, anyway."

"Why, Peter, how can you talk!" said mother with a grieving air. "I'm sure Frank rows very nicely."

"Nevertheless," said I, "I got tired, and was about to stop to rest, when I saw a long tow of canal-boats coming up the river."

"Well, where's your grocery store?" interrupted Sarah again.

"I thought it would be interesting," I continued, without paying attention to her interruption, "to row alongside the canal-boats and make an examination. And we did find it interesting. The canal-boat family, you see, live on the boat with him in a little cabin, so that really the boat is a floating house. On one boat we saw the washing of the family hanging from a clothes-line on deck and fluttering and drying in the breeze, while a woman, probably the Captain's wife, was hard at work at her wash-tub. From another boat the blue, curling smoke was rising from a stovepipe in the cabin roof, which led me to think that dinner was cooking. On still another I saw, under an awning made of an old sail, a little baby curled up fast asleep in a hammock, or rather boat-made, boat-hammock. On some of the boats, in the cabin windows, there were pretty pots of flowers and bits of curtains, while other boats were dingy, dirty and disagreeable-looking; just as on shore, you know, Sarah, you find that some little girls keep their rooms tidy and some little girls don't."

"I'm not sure what Sarah said to this, but it sounded like 'Humph!'"

"But," I continued, "as we were leaving the canal boats, to row home, I suddenly heard the sound of a horn, and, immediately after, a man shouting—"

"Here you are, now, nice, fresh pears, five cents a quart!" If it had not been for the river surroundings I could have imagined that we were in the streets of New York, and that a licensed vender was dimming his morning call in our ears. But, on looking around, I found, not a vegetable cart, but a long, red, flat-bottomed boat, filled with bushel-baskets of peaches and onions, potatoes and pears, barrels, boxes, and baskets of everything that would be found in a corner grocery. A man and a little boy were in charge of the boat; and that's the grocery-store I saw."

"Ho!" said Sarah, "nothing but a row-boat. I don't think that's very wonderful. I thought you meant a real grocery store, with a roof and walls and windows."

"I watched the grocery boat some time," I continued, turning now to mother, "to see how the man who was in it did his work. He would let his boat drift up to the side of a barge, and, while the little boy threw a rope up to the deck barge, and the men there made it fast, he would blow his horn, and shout, 'Here you are!' After selling all he could to the occupants of that boat, he would drift on to the next one, and go through the same operation. We rowed up to his grocery boat and purchased two quarts of pears, while the men on deck above looked down with the greatest curiosity at us. During the time that we were fast to his boat, making our purchases, he sold everything imaginable, from a pint of peanuts to the captain's smallest boy up to a quart of vinegar to the captain's wife. And, you know, it's the only way the canal-boat people can trade. They can't go to the stores. Accordingly the stores come to them. Don't you think it's a curious method of shopping?"

"Very curious," said my mother.

"I don't," said Sarah.—Christian Union.

The Reviewer.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OLDER TIMES.—This volume of nearly three hundred pages is one which merits more than the passing allusion which we made to it at the time of its publication. As we then stated, it is a collection of historical and legendary matter, embracing also the genealogical records of the Robinson, Hazard, and Sweet families of Rhode Island, arranged and commented upon in a truly interesting manner by Hon. Thomas H. Hazard, of Vaucluse; a sketch of the Hazards of the Middle States being appended by Willis P. Hazard, of Westchester, Pa. Those who have read the articles on various topics which from time to time have appeared in the columns of the Banner of Light over Mr. T. H. Hazard's signature, need not be told by us that he is a writer of marked power, his style indicating close research and an exercise of the gift of perspicuity in full degree; and these characteristics do not leave him when, turning from a description of spiritual phenomena, or a discussion of hygienic or other questions, he fixes his attention upon and devotes his pen to the portrayal of the by-past experiences of the celebrated line of Rhode Islanders from whom claims extraction. Readers of this book, on laying it down, will feel assured, certainly reach the following words with which Mr. Hazard introduces his nineteenth chapter (save that the expression "harmless vanity" will be by them expunged: "When," says Gibbon, somewhere in his "Rise and Fall," I write without the book—"we see a long line of ancestors so ancient that they have no beginning, so worthy that they ought to have no end, we feel an interest in all their fortunes; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm or harmless vanity of those who are allied to the honors of the name."

In the book Willis P. sets forth that the Hazard family take their name, we think, from the two words, *high*, and *ard*, nature, meaning of high disposition, proud, independent. The pronunciation is supposed to have changed the original spelling to Hazard, but the characteristics meant to be typified by it have descended in unbroken order from link to link in the family chain (one member at least having suffered martyrdom in the Low Countries rather than renounce his convictions regarding religion); and in no case in a clearer degree have they been shown to our mind than in that of T. H. Hazard himself, who, scoring all opposers, has for years stood out in the face of the bigoted public opinion of his State and elsewhere, and has developed some of the best portions of his wonderful life in an uncompromising defence of the spiritual dispensation and its chosen media.

As one instance among many, to be found scattered throughout the pages of the volume, of the hearty hatred possessed by the members of this family for cant and hypocrisy, the following may be cited: the moral of which is just as applicable at the present day as when the right-onset verdict of the old physician was rendered in favor of progress in medicine. Speaking of one branch of the family, the writer says:

"All the sons were Hazards of the true 'sail' breed, and their own kindred in more or less degree, and in the end, Dr. Ench, who was surprised in his day by no other physician in the State in the successful treatment of disease, was once solicited to unite with his medical brethren in putting down quacks." "Quacks," he indignantly retorted, "all quacks are returned of medicine has been from quacks!"

The origin of the peculiar name which attaches to the fine Rhode Island estate of Mr. Hazard is given in the following extract, and is here cited for the satisfaction of some of our readers who have ere this expressed their curiosity in this regard:

"This place was named Vaucluse by the old English Quaker gentleman, S. Elam, from his having taken a bitter disappointment he experienced in a love affair with Miss Redwood, then the reigning beauty and belle of Newport, bore some resemblance to the torments Petrarch endured through his unfortunate passion for Laura. Hence the name, as Petrarch resided at Vaucluse, in the southeastern part of France, not many miles from Avignon."

The absorbing interest which must attach to the work on the part of the immediate family and the citizens of the State whose history he has at divers points interlarded, will of course, at first sight, be considered to naturally transcend any that could be evolved on its perusal by a stranger, but such is emphatically not the case, since we feel convinced that no one beginning the narrative part of the work will willingly close its perusal till the end is reached. The sad story of the beautiful Hannah Robinson, of Narragansett, is the central point in the volume, but the author's divergences, often made but never unwelcome, are laden with a wealth of local tradition, pleasant memories, and word-pictures of men and scenes, customs and costumes that now are not, and make it a volume dear to the antiquary; while the lover of humanity, who believes that indeed "history may be rightly defined as philosophy teaching by example," will find much in its life-sketches which will give food for present thought and after action.

The peerless girl, Hannah, surrounded by all which wealth can bestow, giving her heart's enduring love (though in opposition to the wishes of her father) to a humble tutor; the base character of the man who, after becoming her husband, left her on finding his hopes of pecuniary gain lost through her father's continued displeasure in direct want, and clasped in the arms of a mortal sickness; her sad return to her former home, borne on a litter; the wild and solemn beauty of the day; the long halt on the hill top, made at her request that she might behold for "the last time" the scenery which had so gladdened her childhood hours; her heart-breaking, delicious calls for the recreant (whom she still loved) on the night before her decease; the clairvoyant nurse who saw "the angels" above her bed; the little girl who gazed alternately upon the falling girl and then in the air above her, as if some apparition appeared to him, "so like his mistress that the loving animal found it difficult to decide to which her proper identity belonged;" the pet afterward died of grief at the gateway of her tomb; unite to present the elements of a picture whose influence upon human sympathy the most sombre colorings of the painter or the descriptive inspirations of poet or novelist could not heighten—but of which plain truth is really the artist: Truth, whose work is indeed "stranger than fiction."

Want of space forbids pursuing the matter further; and we reluctantly close the present notice, taking occasion, however, to reurge this book upon the attention of those desirous of pursuing a really entertaining and attractive publication, which is alike an honor to its author and an unmistakable index of the mental power with which his increasing years of earth-life are crowned.

These two words are of the ancient British or Welsh language, spoken and written by the people of that name, and more nearly allied to the Gallic than the Teutonic.

I add, in closing the record of the Hazard family, a most appropriate notice of the author, who preferred death to recantation of his religion. The record is found on the 45th page of Samuel Smith's "The Hazards: their Settlements, Churches and Industries in England and Ireland," and reads thus:

"HAZARD OF HAZARD, Peter, a refugee in England from the persecutions in the Low Countries under the Duke of Parma. Retiring on a visit to his native land, he was seized and burned alive in 1585. His descendants still survive in England and Ireland under the name of Hazard."

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As a kind of antidote to the Moody and Sankey virus now being scattered round this city by these two "orthodox" celebrities, Parker Pillsbury held forth before the Spiritualists Sunday morning and evening, Oct. 12th, the morning lecture being particularly appropriate, and entitled, "Spiritualism a Work and a Warfare, not Visions and Dreams." Age, so far, has touched this earnest worker very lightly, and his words still burn with the eloquence of yore; he has completed his labors West for the present, and returned to his home in Concord, N. H., after a busy season, and putting in good work at the Alliance and Cincinnati Conventions.

The Conductor of the Lyceum, Charles Collier, has formed a dramatic club, and contemplates opening this winter's sociables with a drama of his own production, probably early next month, in which the talent of the Lyceum will be fully displayed.

The West Side Society, under the auspices of the Ladies' Sewing Society, gave a very successful sociable and oyster supper at their hall, 343 Pearl street, two weeks ago, adding considerably to their Treasury. They intend, the coming winter, I believe, to alternate their sociables with those held semi-monthly by the friends on this side of the river. It pays to furnish rational amusement for our young folks.

Negotiations are now pending with E. V. Wilson, the celebrated lecturer and test medium, to open the regular course of lectures this winter. THOS. LEES.

CLEVELAND (O.) SPIRITUAL SOCIETY.

At a postponed meeting held last Sunday, Oct. 12th, the First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists elected the following officers to fill vacancies: Thos. Lees, President; Samuel Russell, Vice-President; W. A. Lathrop, Treasurer; Tillie H. Lees, Secretary. Lecturers and others corresponding with this society should address THOMAS LEES, 16 Woodland Avenue, Cleveland, O.

Philadelphia and New York Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since I put pen to paper for your notice, several busy and important weeks have fairly flown by, to measure their going by my own realizations. For five several weeks I have been on the platform of the Second Society of Spiritualists in New York City, as your ever-teeming columns have so courteously given notice. The labor in our sister city was an unexpected addition to the occupation of an already active life, and remembering my state of health much of the time several years past, it has been a great satisfaction to achieve success in the matter, under the circumstances. The point is, that when I was broken up—and down—in Boston, before the fire, and the best physicians of different schools would allow only a few minutes or a few days for me to live, "the spirits" said I should recover and speak, as I have done; "the dual action of the brain," resulted in a wonderful "coincidence" didn't it, though!

To pass a very busy day in one's office of a Saturday, to leave at 4 P. M., take the train at 5:30, for New York City, and be entertained for a party until midnight, lecture two or three hours on Sunday, driving between lectures, miles on miles out toward the country, then home by cars at 10 P. M., a bed at one A. M., and at work bright and early Monday, and all without a particle of discomfort—why, that's civilization and the nineteenth century in the United States of America; but it takes a cast iron man to stand the strain; at least, I should have supposed so until I, whose constitution is of less stern stuff, had accomplished the feat. Mighty glad to be in New York City, and a great many of them, for so long. It is notable that with all the cutting and slashing done in type, the broad spirit of fraternity and love one toward another grows fast and far among Spiritualists as a body. I saw it in the various camps, Onset Bay, Nesaminy Falls, Lake Pleasant, this summer, and observed it again in New York City in August and September, in public and in private. Or an I becoming less labored, and therefore find more beauty in others? Maybe both. Editors who misrepresent the spirit of the time, by a revival of coarse manners and rude methods of serving their own ends, will be respected in Spiritualism as little as ruffians are in politics or selfish egotists in society.

As to my New York engagements, my only regret is, conditions and development prevented my discourses—those given, at any rate—from being all the intelligence and attention of the audience deserved. Better luck next time, maybe. However, I had the benefit of partial judges, and kind and complimentary things were said and written of the work of "one of the pioneers," an historical account, and for personal reasons very largely, I can't help thinking. Still, I believe good was done by the earnest and sincere utterances at the time.

Here in Philadelphia the friend known favorably upon the Spiritualists' platform long ago as "Sarah A. Byrnes," and who, returning again to her life-work, has decided, by friendly advice, to be so known upon the platform still, has closed her September engagement and has been succeeded by the eloquent lady, Mrs. E. L. Watson. My work in New York prevented me from hearing any of the excellent discourses Mrs. Byrnes delivered before "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia" at this time, but there is a unanimous verdict, both as regards the lectures and the lecturers, the nature of which may be inferred from the fact that she has been reengaged for the first month of November, and for the month of December, and is evident in her own mind, as well as in the minds of her friends, that she is a philosopher. "Never heard better" is a most useful course, so they say. Mrs. Byrnes has gone on a trip West with her beloved mother, but is ready for work, and I sincerely advise those whose offers I have been compelled to decline to engage her—not to fill my place, but to do better—believing as I do what our people say.

After Mrs. Watson, now speaking, comes in November our good fortune of hearing, for the month, Robert Harford Hare, of this city, and it is a significant occurrence that this son of that great scientific Spiritualist, Prof. Robert Hare, in the very spirit of his noble father, gives to the public the benefit of his erudite, cosmopolitan investigations. The advantages of worldly, social position and culture become grand when used in this manner. I believe Mr. Hare has been and is a churchman and a Christian. I don't think I can, in any intelligent sense, be called one or the other, yet as a Spiritualist I await with keen interest the instruction expected from a gentleman of such remarkable antecedents as our friend, so recently in your presence with his very intelligent and most courteous lady.

But, of whom more than mention is needless; is he not literally a host in himself, in his work and mediumship? He is down for December, and will see us safely and profitably through with 1879. There are more of the same sort as the speakers above mentioned named for 1880, but dates are not settled, more than that our co-worker Thomas Gales Forster is to be with us in February. We are after Cephas, and want Mrs. Shephard. "Hope we may get 'em."

That Camp-Meeting at Nesaminy Falls last summer cost a good deal of money—between six and seven thousand dollars cash—but was successful, so that already another has been decided upon next season; and as the next, like the last, will be under the auspices of "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia," great improvements are certain. We have "just got a good and ready" this year; the next will not only like the last, result in physical and moral good, but do better financially than balance the books, as now.

But, "The First Association of Philadelphia" have named a grand name in good cause, and have chosen a Wheeler (another good name) for President. "S. Wheeler" lacks an E only of being my doppelgänger, as far as initial and name goes—an estimable man, I am told; but I don't have any "Buttercup" business and get us "mixed." Some of the Cooperative Spiritualists whom I know are earnest workers. The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia is not at all "overgrown," nor "complacent conservative"; in proof of which it has this year essentially managed many things in its organization, enlarged the scope of its purpose and quietly accomplished much for good. Our revised documents I will send you soon. Our ways are many, but our aims are one.

Yours fraternally, ED. S. WHEELER, Cor. Sec. First Ass. Spir. of Philadelphia, 1412 North 11th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

bly to their Treasury. They intend, the coming winter, I believe, to alternate their sociables with those held semi-monthly by the friends on this side of the river. It pays to furnish rational amusement for our young folks.

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Philadelphia and New York Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Since I put pen to paper for your notice, several busy and important weeks have fairly flown by, to measure their going by my own realizations. For five several weeks I have been on the platform of the Second Society of Spiritualists in New York City, as your ever-teeming columns have so courteously given notice. The labor in our sister city was an unexpected addition to the occupation of an already active life, and remembering my state of health much of the time several years past, it has been a great satisfaction to achieve success in the matter, under the circumstances. The point is, that when I was broken up—and down—in Boston, before the fire, and the best physicians of different schools would allow only a few minutes or a few days for me to live, "the spirits" said I should recover and speak, as I have done; "the dual action of the brain," resulted in a wonderful "coincidence" didn't it, though!

To pass a very busy day in one's office of a Saturday, to leave at 4 P. M., take the train at 5:30, for New York City, and be entertained for a party until midnight, lecture two or three hours on Sunday, driving between lectures, miles on miles out toward the country, then home by cars at 10 P. M., a bed at one A. M., and at work bright and early Monday, and all without a particle of discomfort—why, that's civilization and the nineteenth century in the United States of America; but it takes a cast iron man to stand the strain; at least, I should have supposed so until I, whose constitution is of less stern stuff, had accomplished the feat. Mighty glad to be in New York City, and a great many of them, for so long. It is notable that with all the cutting and slashing done in type, the broad spirit of fraternity and love one toward another grows fast and far among Spiritualists as a body. I saw it in the various camps, Onset Bay, Nesaminy Falls, Lake Pleasant, this summer, and observed it again in New York City in August and September, in public and in private. Or an I becoming less labored, and therefore find more beauty in others? Maybe both. Editors who misrepresent the spirit of the time, by a revival of coarse manners and rude methods of serving their own ends, will be respected in Spiritualism as little as ruffians are in politics or selfish egotists in society.

As to my New York engagements, my only regret is, conditions and development prevented my discourses—those given, at any rate—from being all the intelligence and attention of the audience deserved. Better luck next time, maybe. However, I had the benefit of partial judges, and kind and complimentary things were said and written of the work of "one of the pioneers," an historical account, and for personal reasons very largely, I can't help thinking. Still, I believe good was done by the earnest and sincere utterances at the time.

Here in Philadelphia the friend known favorably upon the Spiritualists' platform long ago as "Sarah A. Byrnes," and who, returning again to her life-work, has decided, by friendly advice, to be so known upon the platform still, has closed her September engagement and has been succeeded by the eloquent lady, Mrs. E. L. Watson. My work in New York prevented me from hearing any of the excellent discourses Mrs. Byrnes delivered before "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia" at this time, but there is a unanimous verdict, both as regards the lectures and the lecturers, the nature of which may be inferred from the fact that she has been reengaged for the first month of November, and for the month of December, and is evident in her own mind, as well as in the minds of her friends, that she is a philosopher. "Never heard better" is a most useful course, so they say. Mrs. Byrnes has gone on a trip West with her beloved mother, but is ready for work, and I sincerely advise those whose offers I have been compelled to decline to engage her—not to fill my place, but to do better—believing as I do what our people say.

After Mrs. Watson, now speaking, comes in November our good fortune of hearing, for the month, Robert Harford Hare, of this city, and it is a significant occurrence that this son of that great scientific Spiritualist, Prof. Robert Hare, in the very spirit of his noble father, gives to the public the benefit of his erudite, cosmopolitan investigations. The advantages of worldly, social position and culture become grand when used in this manner. I believe Mr. Hare has been and is a churchman and a Christian. I don't think I can, in any intelligent sense, be called one or the other, yet as a Spiritualist I await with keen interest the instruction expected from a gentleman of such remarkable antecedents as our friend, so recently in your presence with his very intelligent and most courteous lady.

But, of whom more than mention is needless; is he not literally a host in himself, in his work and mediumship? He is down for December, and will see us safely and profitably through with 1879. There are more of the same sort as the speakers above mentioned named for 1880, but dates are not settled, more than that our co-worker Thomas Gales Forster is to be with us in February. We are after Cephas, and want Mrs. Shephard. "Hope we may get 'em."

That Camp-Meeting at Nesaminy Falls last summer cost a good deal of money—between six and seven thousand dollars cash—but was successful, so that already another has been decided upon next season; and as the next, like the last, will be under the auspices of "The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia," great improvements are certain. We have "just got a good and ready" this year; the next

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