

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE

BE LIGHT."

VOL. I.

ST. LOUIS, MO. JANUARY 1, 1886.

NO. 1.

NOTICE.

After the first issue of Light in the West, in October last, it was deemed best to suspend publication until the first of the year and make it a semi-monthly folio. It was also thought advisable to commence the new form as Vol. 1 No. 1, which has been done. Hereafter, Light in the West will be published and issued on the 1st and 15th of each month by the St. Louis Spiritual Association.

Free and open discussion is invited on all questions which tend to advance truth and right. Writers will be held responsible for their theories. Names must always be attached to communications as a guarantee of good faith, but may be withheld by request.

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ADDRESS

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Existence in the spiritual life is as real as it is in this.

The World of Spirits is where the reunion of loved ones, whom death has separated, takes place.

It is estimated that America has over eleven millions of believers in Spiritualism and its phenomena.

A strict observance of the laws of spiritual life insures harmony and peace in the soul, both here and hereafter.

He who says that spiritualism accepts, endorses, recognizes or tolerates the doctrine of free-love is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

Man preserves his identity and lives on in the Spiritual World, building upon the foundation he had laid in his earthly stage of being.

The historical Christ stands out and above all men in point of moral worth and disinterested solicitude and affection for his fellow men.

The Christ principle is that which enables man to reach up and take hold of the strong arm of the Almighty, which is ever reaching earthward.

It is absurd to suppose that a man can enter the spiritual world divested of every principle of goodness, truth and charity and be transformed at once into a saint.

The ruling love is the central and controlling principle in earth life, and it is illogical to say an opposite sentiment will be the ruling principle the moment the other shore is reached.

What sense is there in begging saints to intercede in our behalf with the powers that be, in the other world, if they cannot see, hear and talk with us, and also see, hear and talk with the individual to whom the appeal in our interest is to be made?

The Swedenborg theory of correspondences cannot consistently be applied to all things on this mundane sphere; for it is to be hoped, at least, that there is nothing in the Spirit World that corresponds to the street corner loafer or dude of the nineteenth century.

According to old theological ideas, Christ was forced to sacrifice his own life that the wrath of God to man might be appeased. The intelligence of the nineteenth century revolts at that conception of the character of Our Father who art in Heaven.

The Spiritual doctrine teaches that every man is judged in the "over there," but he judges himself. He is the only witness and he is also the judge. His testimony is his conduct in the earth life and he takes it with him, submits it to himself and pronounces the verdict and voluntarily accepts the judgment.

It is evident that the mind enters the spirit world in the same condition that it leaves earth life, and hence all erroneous ideas of what constitutes spiritual happiness must first be eradicated before any progress can be made towards comprehending and enjoying the glories, and appreciating the blessedness of the true principles of spiritual life.

If the disembodied spirit of man is not a substance,—if it cannot think and act—we can have no conception of it, and it is so with the spiritual world. If it contains not rivers and oceans, valleys and hills, and mountains, grove and plane, villages towns and cities. If, in short, it is not a counterpart of the universe, only perfect in all its parts, then was our creation a crime against all human kind. But we have the evidence of thousands who have gone hence that it is as substantial a world as this, and that the spiritual man does think and act.

Once upon a time, a fond mother took her little five-year-old daughter into the "spare room" and spent three whole hours in describing to the young mind the beauties of the orthodox Heaven; how they all

should stand before a great white throne and wave palms and shout hymns to the Lord forever and ever. Then turning to the sweet, innocent baby, said: "You must always be good; then the Lord will let you stand before him and sing and wave palms, too." "I will, mamma," she said, and if I am real good, and wave lots of palms, don't you think the Lord will let me take my dolly some afternoon and go down to hell and play with the Devil's little girls?" The child had a clearer and better conception of what constitutes "dwelling with God" than her mother.

Death strips us of our robes of hypocrisy and deceit, and forces us to stand forth in the spirit world as we really are, and it is very certain that we shall not delay hunting up homogeneous natures. Moreover, our associates will be those to whom we are spiritually related, without any reference whatever to our acquaintance with or knowledge of them in earth life, and it is well that it is so, or else we might be obliged to form associations that would be repulsive to all concerned. Some husbands and wives exist in continual dread of having their earth relationship continued in the other world, while there are others who are afraid they will not be reunited. Neither need worry: only the spiritually allied remain together. Those who are not free from each other, and there is no power in the spiritual universe strong enough to detain them.

Said Mrs. Lilly, the well known spiritual orator, to a representative of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* a few days ago, upon being asked for information as to the number of Spiritualists in America: "I can hardly answer that question, but some time ago a leading Catholic organ said, in speaking of the evils to contend with, that one was the growth of modern Spiritualism. Why, said this paper, 'there are eleven million of them already in the country. They do not have expensive churches or societies; they do not appear to be thoroughly organized, yet they are all the more dangerous and powerful, because they work silently in the family circle.'"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, simply this; Frequently a death occurs in a family, and a little child is selected as the medium through which the absent one converses with them on earth. What is the result? That family become Spiritualists. There is no proselyting. They may keep up the circle in their own

house and never join any society, but they are Spiritualists all the same, and recognize the principle of holding communication with the spirit world."

The venerable pastor of the Shakers at South Union, Ky., delivered a sermon recently on the inspiration of the Scriptures in which he most vigorously and vehemently denied the charge that the Shakers do not believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God. Said he: "To deny that the Bible is the inspired word of God, is as shallow and senseless as it would be to say that an apple tree, laden with good fruit, was not an apple tree because caterpillars had woven nests among its branches, injuring its fruit and foliage. Would it not show a streak of insanity to deny that it was an apple tree, and throw the fruit all away in consequence of this? Most surely it would. Just so it is with the Bible. That human caterpillars, by their interpolations, ignorance and false renderings, have done so with God's inspired word in both the Old and New Testament is not to be doubted nor disputed. But we have no good reason for denying its inspirations, and casting all the good fruit aside, because human caterpillars have injured a portion of it.

Here is an example of orthodox logic. God permitted Adam to fall, thus constructing an unsurmountable obstacle in the way of man's entering heaven. Then the devil was turned loose in the inclosure, which was the world. At once man began to realize his inability to cope with a being who was strong enough to overthrow the Divine plan and turn Eden, which was the world, into a howling wilderness so far as its being tenable for anything good was concerned. Being unable to hold his own against such an adversary as the devil, man began to cast about for some means of escape, although it is not shown very clearly that he was at any time over anxious to withdraw entirely from the influence which the devil seemed to exert over him. He seemed rather to enjoy the conflict. But later on, the Almighty concluded to send the third part of himself to the earth and have it murdered by a mob of hypocritical Jewish priests and half civilized gentiles, that the "plan" might be utilized by man as a means of escape from the company and influence of the individual, devil, or whatever he is or was, who by his superior power had usurped the right and authority of the three—that is

the trinity—in the world. The God whom spiritualists worship cannot be overthrown by devils or men.

THE CHRIST PRINCIPLE.

The man Christ stands out and above all other historical characters in moral excellence and unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity. His whole life was spent in doing good. He loved the right in all things, and hated cant, hypocrisy and political and religious oppression. Although subject to the same temptations as other men, his high sense of honor forbade him participating in any of the hurtful frivolities of society or yielding to the demands of unholy passion, and above all his heart always warmed towards the poor, the afflicted and the weary laden; nor were the needy ever turned away empty handed, nor yet was the aching heart ever refused sympathy and consolation. Such a man was Jesus of Nazareth, whom all true spiritualists love to honor and whose example they keep before them continually.

But the Christ principle is a grander, loftier thought than the man Christ for it is the reaching down of the strong arm of the Almighty and the lifting up of humanity. It is that which moves a man to go out into the storm bound night to feed the hungry and minister to the sick and sore. It is that which burdens the heart with mercy and charity. It is that which tears away all selfish impulses that we may love our neighbor as ourself. It is the light that chases away the gloom of the grave and strews the valley of death with fragrant flowers. It is the sentinel that opens wide the pearly gates of Paradise. It is that which secures an abundant entrance into the New Jerusalem. It is that which conducts the soul to its new home on the banks of the Eternal River that flows by the throne of God.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

Spiritualists owe much to the Bible for the clear and satisfactory evidence it furnishes in proof of their philosophy. It is doubtful, indeed, if such an array of convincing testimony could be found in any other book, besides what it chronicles about the power of spirits to communicate with the people of this earth, to show themselves to us, to talk to us, to walk with us, to materialize in short, and be essentially one of us, is endorsed by every theologian and every other believer in the divine inspiration of the Scriptures. Every

protestant and every Catholic on earth who believes that the Bible is the inspired word of God is bound to admit that there is no gulf separating the material from the spiritual world, and yet they reject the spiritual philosophy, but that is due to prejudice rather than reason. They are free to admit, however, that Angels conversed, face to face as men, with Abraham, Lot, Jacob, Moses and many other leaders and teachers of Israel, but deny that they were the spirits of men who once lived upon this earth. Their position appears a little inconsistent, it would seem, in the face of the fact that the one whom John saw insisted that he was a fellow servant, and "one of his brethren, the prophets." The two disciples who saw Moses and Elias had no idea other than that they were really Moses and Elias; at least it is not even so much as intimated anywhere in the New Testament that they supposed they had seen two Angels. Christ not only appeared to his disciples after his death and burial, but walked, talked and actually ate with them; moreover he dematerialized before them in broad daylight. All ritualists say "I believe in the communion of saints," but who ever heard of a saint that was not a canonized man. The fact is, spiritualism is too real, it is not mystical enough to be profitable, financially speaking, to theologians. It requires no learned dissertations on the fall of man, nor yet on the doctrines of total depravity, predestination and election to uphold and sustain it. Spiritualism is of God and every thing in the material and spiritual worlds bear witness that this is true.

† THE CREED OF SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritualism, like all other systems of religion, has a creed, only its creed has more of mercy, of charity and of light in it than is found in any other, and therefore has more in it that is calculated to elevate man and bring him closer to his Creator than is offered by any other philosophy or system of religion. True, Spiritualism rejects the idea or theory of salvation through mediation as suggested by the theological plan of divine government, because it finds the hypothesis upon which that belief is based to be diametrically opposed to, and therefore out of harmony with man's conception of what his relation to his Maker really is, hence the Christ-idea of a central person to bridge over, as it were, in some mysterious way, a purely imaginary gulf of dark, rolling-

waters, which separates God from man, is not accepted by Spiritualists as having any foundation in fact.

The creed of Spiritualism, although unwritten, is stamped upon every created thing. It was formulated by the divine mind and its application made universal. It is so interwoven with creation that its purpose cannot well be mistaken. As a lamp unto the feet of man it shines continually and lights him in the way of moral and intellectual worth, which is God's highway to everlasting felicity in the world to come; but nowhere does it teach that sin can be forgiven or that a man can be redeemed by another. He must outgrow his sins, and redeem himself, or else go on forever a total failure with no one but himself to blame; for he is the incarnation of boundless capabilities and infinite progress which is the God-given birthright of every human soul. A man may be a firm believer in the philosophy of spiritualism and yet be a very bad man; but no man can be a consistent spiritualist unless he be pure in mind and heart.

Spiritism points out how happiness here and hereafter may be secured. But upon the road that it would have mankind travel are found nothing that is uncharitable, nothing that is selfish, nothing that is impure, nothing that defileth either the body or soul. It is walking with God all the way. In short, the underlying principle of the philosophy of Spiritism is that Christ helps us by example, and that that is all he can do for us, that we must look within ourselves, not without, for our redeemer; that we ourselves must pay the penalty of violating the moral as we do the physical laws; that neither can be evaded, and finally that man's highest duty to himself is to be ever on his guard against the evil influences which continually surround his animal nature, and his highest general duty is to love God with all his might, and his neighbor as himself.

✠ THE SPIRIT THE REAL MAN.

The spirit is the real man, and the material body only serves as a medium of communication between man and the material world. When the body is no longer capable of serving the spirit it is cast aside and it returns to dust. Sex, tastes, disposition, character, and memory belong to the spirit, not to the body, and when a man goes hence he takes all these things with him and he is just as bad or just as good when he steps upon the Eternal Shore as he was in his material body. In short,

he is identically the same being. To be otherwise, he would needs have to be recreated, and if recreated he would be a different man altogether from what he was, but the process would entirely destroy his individuality and that would be equivalent to the complete annihilation of the man as he was in earth life, and with it would perish all recollection of friends and kindred. In a word, he would be as though he had never been. Can anything more horrible to contemplate than the destruction of our individuality, our affections and the ties that bind us to our loved ones be suggested? No, thanks be to God, each one retains his features, his characteristics and his affections with such distinctness that his earth friends, when the veil is held aside, even for a moment, recognize him as readily as if he were standing by their side clothed in a material body, only he is relieved by death of all material hinderances and the obstruction of time and space is removed. He is separated from no one in the spirit-land except by opposition of thought and incompatibility of affection, which is a wise and merciful provision in the economy of existence. "In the spiritual world a spirit may in a moment become present to another, provided he comes into a similar affection of love, and thence into thought."

In contemplating the spiritual world we must not forget that the spirit is not limited by time or distance. This is abundantly proven in this life, for we all know that distance is no hinderance to thought. We can think of a friend in England or Egypt as easily as if he were leaning upon our shoulder or holding our hand; so also is time no obstruction to thought. We can think of Moses, Confucius, or Buddha as easily as we could if they were living now and in our own city. When we come into the spiritual world we can, therefore, as an illustrious worker in the cause of God and humanity truthfully says, come into communication with persons of whom we can think, whether from personal acquaintance or from mutual friends and the records of history; also that when we meet those whom we have personally known we can recognize them, because they will appear according to the conception of them in our own minds. We carry the images of those who are dear to us indelibly wrought into the texture of our minds, and an idea cannot be eradicated from them without destroying the organization of the mind itself. We carry, therefore, within our minds photographs of every human

being, and of everything we have ever seen, and consequently we have, and always will have, the means at hand to recognize our friends; and still further, the world of spirits is the place and the only place where friends and acquaintances and all who are connected by natural ties can meet at will.

There have always been theories and speculations about the possibility of meeting and recognizing friends in the other world, but they have never been entertained by spiritualists; for they know by faith, by sight, by touch and by the word of mouth that all such theories, speculations and doubts have no foundation but wilful ignorance.

ONENESS IN WEDLOCK.

Whatever of good the civilization of the nineteenth century has brought to humanity, the progress the world has made from the old theory of oneness of wedlock towards the fact of the separate and distinct "oneness" of the husband and also that of the wife is quite enough to make one feel that after all the creation of human kind was not a mistake, although there yet lingers in society much of the old Pagan-Mosaic, or Mosaic-Pagan idea that woman was created purposely on a level very much below man, and that when she assumes to climb up to his side, or go higher than he in intellectual attainments and business sense, she is unbearably presumptuous. Every fair minded man will cheerfully admit that the bondage in which woman has been held, especially since the discovery and introduction into the world of music, poetry and the arts, and more especially since these aids to a higher and purer conception of the philosophy of life have had full sway with their equalizing influences, is wholly inexcusable, and but for the strained and unwarranted interpretation of what is called the Divine Will, as reflected through and in mystic narrative by the founders and professional defenders of the "total depravity" system of religion, woman had not thus been thrust out and below her God assigned sphere in human society.

The mind of the Great-Over-Spirit never contemplated oneness of flesh, nor yet of spirit. In fact, the underlying principle, if it may be so called, of creation itself as well as of immortality is that the spirit—the consciousness, is the proof of existence. Hence if it is concluded that man and wife are, under a law that is wholly of man's

making, "one flesh" it does not follow that there does not exist a duality of spirit over which a law higher than man's law has supreme jurisdiction. But, as a matter of fact, a fact that is well rooted upon and imbedded in logic, and which cannot be disturbed by any fair analytical or syncretical deductions, there cannot be oneness either in flesh or in spirit. Oneness in spirit could be accomplished only by the complete absorption of the one by the other, which, when completed and the oneness fully established, would leave but one spirit, the other being entirely destroyed so far as its individuality is concerned. The same result would follow, also, a oneness of flesh. The process would annihilate one body and one immortal soul. The absurdity of such a theory, belief, or proposition is seen in every living thing.

If then, man and wife bear a duality of spirit and body,—if they are two separate and distinct beings, both in the flesh and out of the flesh, why should not their separate equality be recognized and the "oneness" theory given over as being untenable. As we have already said, man makes the laws under which society moves and has its existence, and those laws are framed for man's advantage and protection, but not for woman's, except in so far as man is willing that she should be benefited by them, and hence it is that man is in the habit of assuming that "me and my wife are one," and he always the "one," and, following out that line of reasoning, which the laws of his own making enable him to do, he allows in man what he would cast out a woman for doing; moreover, upon the same erroneous hypothesis, he has the audacity to lay hold upon and claim as his own all accumulation of property, although she may have contributed very much more force, energy and economy than he in the struggle to secure it. Let us hope that the world has progressed, or soon will have, far beyond that selfish, narrow-minded and heathenish theory, out into the broad sunlight of God's economy of existence, here and hereafter; which is the separate equality of man and wife, both in the flesh and in the spirit.

SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

It is held by a few, and but a few we are glad to say, that spirit manifestations beyond the point of obtaining satisfactory evidence that man are immortal is hurtful and should not be encouraged, but we

hold that it needs no spirit manifestation to demonstrate the fact that life is continuous, nor that the natural and spiritual worlds are separated only by a mere veil which may be drawn aside almost at will. The leaders and teachers of men in all ages of the world believed and taught that man should live after the death of the body; but aside from these teachings, it is inbred in every human being that man does not go into everlasting nothingness when his mortal body ceases to breathe, and therefore needs no other evidence based upon faith alone than is given by his natural longing after immortality. But what of the knowledge and demonstrated theories which spirits possess? Are they not valuable to us, and should we refuse to be taught by the wise and ripe in experience who have gone to the other shore and offer us the benefit of their experiences and observations? Most certainly not. At best we but see through a glass darkly. We see and think as children when compared with those who have been studying the philosophy of life from a much higher point of view than we for hundreds or indeed thousands of years, and if these wise seers and teachers of other ages condescend to teach us in things pertaining to life here and hereafter, shall we turn our backs upon them because they would impart knowledge to us by spirit manifestations? God forbid that any avenue that leads man to a higher and clearer conception of his duty to himself and his neighbor should ever be obstructed, much less closed by prejudice against the methods that spirit teachers choose and employ for the advancement of their earth brethren. We hold that believers in spiritualism and its phenomena should not only encourage spirit manifestations and communications, but tell it to the world and bear witness of the blessedness and joy there is in this belief. The Methodist Church owes much of its marvellous growth to its practice of "giving experience, one to another" which is generally given with a zeal and enthusiasm that is not only edifying but encouraging to those who are less firm in their faith. So powerful, indeed, are their methods of acquainting one another with their experiences in upholding the banner of that denomination that other sects have adopted the plan, and the very best results have always followed, and what are they, pray, but manifestations of joy, or supplication for more spiritual light and spiritual knowledge? In truth, they are for the upbuilding, spiritually, of

every individual participant, and many is the honest resolve there made to be a better neighbor and a better citizen. Now if this custom is so beneficial to them who walk by faith alone, why should not spiritualists who are continually full to overflowing with new evidences of the nearness of the "over there," and of the ability and willingness of those who have joined the ranks of the everlasting throng to come to us and to talk to us face to face, and to tell us what the home of the spirit is like, and describe to us its beauties and delights, proclaim whereof they know from the house top if need be? No, let the table, the circle, and the cabinet be so many altars in the house of every spiritualist, and upon them, in the presence of his spirit friends and kinsmen sacrifice daily all up-rising desires and inclinations that are not in harmony with the highest type of purity of thought and action, and let him sit at the feet of his spirit teachers and learn of them, but let him never obstruct or hinder them from ascending and descending before him, for when they go away it is but for a little time, and when they return they always come bearing precious gifts to the soul and encouragement and consolation to the material man. Why, spirit manifestations are dearer and sweeter to the spiritualist than the confessional and Eucharist are to those of the Christian faith.

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

The following article was printed in the prospectus of the "Light in the West," and is reproduced in the first regular issue as voicing the views of the editor upon the subject discussed.

The atheist asks: "What does a disembodied spirit live on? How does it walk, talk, sleep or wake? How does it know itself from nothing?" We are free to admit that we do not know; but we do know "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," and we know, too, that the spiritual world is as substantial as the material world, but we do not know what either the natural or the spiritual body lives on, neither does our atheistical questioner. No doubt he will say that his natural or physical body lives upon nourishment, such as meats, vegetables, liquids and the like, taken into the stomach, but we ask: "What are meats, vegetables and liquids?" Can our doubter answer? We think not. He can tell what their properties are, or rather point them out, tell where they come from, and what effect they have upon the system when taken into the body. So can we, but neither

he nor we can tell of what they are composed. Magnetism, electricity, heat, light and galvanism are forces; we all know, but we do not know what they are. No one knows what a piece of wood is, nor, indeed, a single one of the sixty-four elements of which the earth is said to be composed. If, then, we cannot tell what any of these things are: if we cannot tell what our natural body lives on, how much less are we able to tell what our spiritual body shall live on when the physical body is laid aside.

Of course our atheistical friend intends to be understood as rejecting the theory that there is a spiritual as well as a natural body. That we understand very well, and would not wrong him by putting any other construction on his query. The question arises: Have we a spiritual organism, and is there a spiritual world adapted to it? To both we unhesitatingly answer, yes. And yet, we cannot demonstrate either the one or the other proposition as we would a mathematical problem, nor is either one of them capable of being so demonstrated. But upon the hypothesis that man was not created, or that he was not evolved from a protoplasm by natural laws to merely act his part on earth's stage, and then go out into everlasting nothingness, we are bound to accept the theory that death only shifts the scenes and transfers the actor from a material to a spiritual stage of action without adding to or taking from his moral or intellectual worth—only that in the wholly spiritual sphere of existence and action, he no longer sees through a glass darkly, but is brought face to face with himself, which gives him a higher, broader and more comprehensive view and understanding of the economy of existence—which is evolution—and which law of progression is as unalterable and indestructible as the eternal mind itself.

We furthermore hold that the spiritual body is as much a substance as the natural body. Now mark; can there be power without substance? Does not existence necessitate substance? The theory that God and the angels exist as spiritual beings but are substanceless is illogical and far-fetched. They are spiritual substance, of course, but just where to locate the line that separates the spiritual from the material, we do not know. The difference between steam and ice is very wide, as unlike, indeed, as two given things could be, yet they are precisely the same substances, only in widely different form.

The gases which compose water, taken separately, are as much a substance as when united: then why should it be considered impossible for God to clothe us with mortal and immortal substance, so that when they are separated both should continue to exist as absolutely as when joined together?

As Dr. Chauncey Giles says, it does not require a very extensive knowledge of what are called the works of nature, but which should be called the works of God, to see that all things are related and adjusted to each other with marvelous precision. The fish is made to live in the water. Its form, its internal structure, its fins, every particular in its whole organization is specifically adapted to that element. According to the same law, the organization of a bird is adapted to the atmosphere, a very different element from the water, consequently the creatures which are to live in it differ widely from those which live in the water. They have feathers instead of scales, wings for fins. They have feet, which fishes have not because they have no use for them. If we look at particular forms and functions, we see that one demands the other. The eye demands light; the ear, air; the lungs, the atmosphere; the foot, the solid ground. Take any particular organ of an animal or a man, and its form and nature are the best possible evidence of the existence of an element or world which is adapted to its nature, and in which it can find free play. Thus, the fin of the fish is a positive demonstration of the existence of water; the wing of the bird is an equally clear demonstration of the existence of air, so is the ear; so are the lungs; but each in a different way. The existence of the eye renders the light absolutely necessary.

We have the testimony of our own senses that every organic form in plant, animal and man is made to be acted upon by some substance, and that organ and this substance are adjusted to one another with infinite precision to produce some benevolent effect. Without such adjustment there would be no design or an entire failure in result. The creation, instead of being a unit, would be dislocated and fragmentary—a chaos of conflicting forces, instead of a cosmos of beauty and order. We are inevitably borne to the conclusion that the same fitness, law and order must prevail in the spiritual plane of creation. If a man, as a spiritual being, is endowed with a spiritual organism

kin to his earthly organism, there must be an adaptability of these conditions suited to transformation. If he has eyes, there must be spiritual light; or eyes would be of no use. If he has ears, there must be spiritual atmosphere whose undulations flow into them and cause hearing and fill the soul with harmonies. If man as a spirit, has feet, there must be a spiritual earth to walk upon, or feet would be of no more use to him than they would be to a fish. If he has hands, there must be spiritual objects to handle, or they would be of no use to him. If he has lungs, there must be spiritual atmosphere to breathe. If he has a heart, there must be spiritual blood to impel through the spiritual arteries.

In a word, a spiritual organism demands a corresponding spiritual world which is adapted to it in form, substance and force. If man is not organized as to his spirit, then we can form no idea of him. The words we use in describing a spirit have no meaning; they have no relation to anything. How idle to talk of angels and glorified spirits seeing God if they have no eyes; singing His praises if there is no atmosphere and they have no vocal organs. How absurd to say anything about them, or try to think about them, if we can have no conception of them. We are therefore driven by necessity either to deny the existence of spiritual beings, or to accept the conclusion that there must be a spiritual world, and which bears the same relation to them as this world bears to its inhabitants.

INTERESTING MEMOIRS BY A WELL-KNOWN SPIRITUALIST.

Philadelphia North American: The first time I ever witnessed the process of spirit slate-writing was many years ago in the presence of Henry Slade, somewhere in the West Thirtieth streets in New York City. It was about the hours of 12 to 2 p. m. I found the medium alone in a room on the first floor, well lighted by two windows. Being somewhat skeptical, I required the medium to sit in plain sight, some twelve or fifteen inches from the table, with his feet securely locked around the front leg of the chair in which he was sitting. I examined carefully the slate and know, so far as senses enable one to know anything, that there was no scratch or mark upon the surface of either side. Slade bit off a piece of slate pencil the size of a grain of rye.

In the early days of the phenomenon this biting, instead of breaking or cutting of the pencil, seemed requisite in order, as it was claimed, to magnetize the pencil with the necessary aura. Slade next placed the minute pencil on the slate, and then held them both under the edge of the table, his hand and wrist from the knuckles remaining plainly in my sight until I heard a noise resembling scratching under the table. He then withdrew the slate without changing hands, and handed it to me. There was a plainly written sentence on the uppermost side of the slate, that had been very near the under surface of the slab of the table. Several other manifestations of like convincing import followed, among which were the following: Slade held an apalonica by its stationary side just under the edge of the table, so that more than half the width of the instrument projected over my knees. Whilst in this position the instrument discoursed music for a considerable time, the bellows being made to move backwards and forwards before my eyes by some invisible power, as if it was played upon by human hands. The medium again put the pencil on the slate and held them on the top of my head, his hands projecting over my eyes so that it was plainly seen by me from the wrist to the knuckles. I soon heard rapid scratches over my head, and, on inspecting the slate, found written upon it in a bold, strong hand, "God bless Denton."

I learned that a then noted spiritualist of that name had very recently been present with Slade.

The medium now made a circle on the slate of the size of a silver sixpence, within which he put the minute piece of pencil, and then asked me to lay my pocket-knife on the slate. Upon my doing as requested Slade pushed the slate gently under the edge of the table close to where I sat, when to my surprise I saw my knife rise from the slate, and describe in its flight the segment of a circle, and fall on the floor on the other side of the table, having one or more of its blades open, whilst they had all been closed when I laid it on the surface of the slate, the fraction of the pencil remaining in the little circle, thus proving that the slate itself had not moved during the process of the phenomenon.

It was not until one or two years after this that I was present at another of Slade's seances for slate-writing. His occult powers were then evidently more fully developed than they were at the date of my

first seance. I was accompanied by a lady friend of rare spiritual endowment and one whose harmonious temperament singularly qualified and fitted her for holding intercourse with the denizens of the unseen world though the instrumentality of the sensitive organizations of mortal mediums. We, fortunately, found the medium alone. We all three sat at a round table in the centre of which stood an astral lamp, that cast its bright beams around. The medium sponged a large slate clean on both sides, and after wiping it dry handed it to us to inspect. He next laid a minute piece of slate pencil on the table directly before me and asked that I should lay the slate on the table over it, which I did. I then took Slade's right hand in my left whilst, my lady friend took his left hand in her right, and completed the circle by holding my right hand in her left. We then all three sat for a short time in profound silence, my eyes never once being withdrawn from the slate which lay directly beneath them, but a few inches from the edge of the table that rested against my breast. A few minutes only elapsed before we heard uniform scratching beneath the slate, and on the usual signal, sign or rap being given by the spirit control, I took up the slate and read aloud a beautiful communication purporting to have been written by my spirit wife in a fine and very plain female hand, its lines extending lengthwise of the slate as strait and uniform as if they had been ruled. From the moment the slate had been handed to me by the medium at the commencement of the seance until the time I read aloud the writing on it, Slade had never approached or touched it in any way. This seemed to be a pretty fair test of spirit occult power, but not so striking as I have witnessed in the presence of some other mediums. For instance, some years ago I received an invitation from the late Mrs. Mary Hardy to attend an amateur slate-writing seance at her house in Boston, which I with pleasure accepted. On my arrival in the evening I found quite a large company assembled, among whom were Robert Dale Owen, the Rev. Mr. Bartol, Lloyd Garrison, several army and navy officers, publishers, reporters, etc., etc. We seated ourselves at a lengthy oblong table, at one end of which Mr. R. Dale Owen sat. Mrs. Mary Hardy sat on one side about midway, with myself on her right. Mr. Owen had a few hours before the seance commenced provided himself with two good-

sized new slates, coupled together with a pair of hinges on their one side and a lock on their other. After the company were all seated, and before the gas was turned down, Mr. Owen took from his pocket a key, and after unfastening the lock passed the slate around to the company to examine, by whom, without exception, they were pronounced clean as slates could be.

Mr. Owen again took the key from his pocket, relocked the slates and passed them to the medium, Mrs. Hardy, and then returned the key to his pocket. After placing a short piece of slate-pencil of the usual size on the slates, the light being turned nearly out, Mrs. Hardy held them under the table. She almost immediately became greatly agitated, accompanied with that singular shivering and shaking so common to mediums when they are being used by their spirit controls in making powerful physical manifestations. My sitting next and in close proximity to the medium enabled me to better appreciate the violence of the power with which she seemed to be controlled or assailed. Soon, upon the usual signal rap being heard, Mrs. Hardy withdrew the slates from beneath the table and passed them to Mr. Owen. The light now being turned on in full, Mr. Owen read a few lines that were written on the outside of one of the slates as follows: "We have written on the inside," and then passed them around the company to examine. On the slates being returned to Mr. Owen he again, in plain sight of all present, took the key from his pocket, unlocked the slates, and read aloud a plainly written communication that was on the inside of one of the slates, and then passed them again around the company, who examined and commented on the wonderful phenomenon apparently to the satisfaction of all present.

A still more wonderful phenomenon than this, if possible, I more than once witnessed in the presence of the well-known Mr. Powers, the finger-writing medium. After seeing him write on several occasions with his own finger in his peculiar fashion, I called at his then rooms, No. 8 Davis street, Boston. On that occasion he offered to do the writing with my own forefinger instead of using his. I handed him a large sheet of letter paper, on which I put a private mark to identify it by. Powers laid this sheet of paper flat on the table or book (I forget which) and grasping my right hand in his as he stood in plain sight in a convenient posi-

tion, the medium wrote a line the whole length of the paper in a large, capital hand. There could be no deception in the using of my finger, as everything was done in the simplest manner possible. But the strangest part of the phenomenon consists in the fact that just below the written line was an exact duplicate of it, although in rather fainter chirography, as if the latter was a daguerreotype of the first. The writing was of the character of faint writing, executed with a lead-pencil. I asked Powers to repeat this manifestation, which he cheerfully consented to do. On the last occasion, when the medium had got about half way across the paper, I felt the end of my forefinger getting a little sore, and I asked Powers to use my middle finger instead. Without a moment's hesitation he dropped my forefinger and finished the line all the same with my middle finger. The soreness of my forefinger was probably caused by the aura of some kind that the controlling spirits had concentrated in it to fit it to write with.

Some eight or ten years ago I chanced to call at the house of a well-known gentleman in Philadelphia, where I met a lady and her little son of some 9 or 10 years, who I was told was controlled by spirit to draw and paint flowers, etc., with his finger. On my saying that I should like to see a specimen of his powers, the mother asked him to move his seat and sit beside me. I took from the center table a half sheet of note paper, and tearing off one corner so as to be able to identify it, I handed the sheet to the boy. This he laid upon a large sized pamphlet or book, which he placed before him in his lap. I watched the little artist's movements very closely. He soon began to make quick, slight touches to the margins of the paper, with the object evidently of being able to discern by the discolorment of the paper when his power to paint came upon him. After a few minutes the coloring matter seemed to be at hand, and he drew and painted with his finger a little yellow flower on a green stalk accompanied with green leaves. I have the flower in my possession. It is not remarkably pretty, but then it is perfect in all its parts, and would do no discredit to a boy painter of the same age in a country school. Respectfully,

Thomas R. Hazard.

N. B. I would say just here that of all the wonderful occult manifestations incident to modern spiritualism, spirit drawing and painting, including the lack of visible ingredients and the almost lightning speed and perfection with which they are often executed, are perhaps the most astonishing and past finding out of all.

Here is a specimen of German repartee. A Frenchman said to a Berliner: "Your Iron

Cross, the highest Prussian order, is simply ridiculous—it has an intrinsic value of scarce five sous." To which the native of the Prussian capitol replied: "I don't deny it; but it has, nevertheless, cost you two Napoleons."

GEN. GRANT'S HERESY.

The theological opinions of men like Gen. Grant are perhaps of slight significance. For Grant was a great soldier and not a great thinker, a man of affairs, a practical, common-sense kind of man, equal to great emergencies in battle with wonderful coolness, courage, firmness, energy and patriotism. All this can be said of him and more. But if we read his history aright, Gen. Grant had little or no interest in church doctrines as such. Theology had no attractions for him. We have no doubt that he had a firm belief in God and immortality and this was the extent of his belief. His creed was very brief, rational and simple.

We say this not from any plain statement which the General ever made of his belief, but from occasional words dropped during his sickness and from an entire absence of any intimation whatever, that he endorsed an orthodox theology.

Take, for instance his "Supreme Thought." After rallying, when his friends thought that he was about to die, and when Gen. Grant himself believed that his hour had come, Dr. Newman asked him what at that great crisis, was his "Supreme thought." Mark his answer.

"The comfort of the consciousness, that I have tried to live a good and honorable life."

And this answer in the presence of death. Not a word about his worthlessness. Not a word about the mercy of God to wretched sinners. Not a word about free grace or atoning blood, and salvation through the cross of Christ. His supreme thought had not the remotest connection with such ideas. Would this have been possible, however, at such a moment, if such ideas had been prominent in his mind? Would a man, accepting the orthodox creed say, when he was dying or supposed that he was dying, that his supreme thought was "The comfort of the consciousness that he had tried to live a good and honorable life?" Far from it. The very opposite would be his supreme thought, viz., that all his righteousness was utterly worthless and that salvation was possible only through an utter abandonment of all reliance on his own merit, and complete reliance on the merits of Christ. And he would say so.

This supreme thought of Gen. Grant, therefore, was a sad revelation to the orthodox believers of the land, and some of the evangelical papers have mourned over it. It was too pagan, too rationalistic. It was not more so, however, than the last supreme thought of Gen. Washington before he died. In this respect Grant has had many illustrious predecessors.

R. H.

Keokuk, Iowa.

A SNOW-BOUND ROBIN.

H. S. HILLS.

Above my window on a March morn
Robin Red Breast sang his sweetest song,
All heedless of snow and blinding storm,
Blithe and light hearted, sang so long.

Weary soul, just listen to Red Breast
Pouring forth music this wintry day;
Veil all sorrows—let the heart rest.
Listen! then will the clouds flee away.

All who live have some burden or sorrow.
A lesson she brings to each and all.
Night must glide on ere all see the morrow.
Spring flowers bloom after winter and fall.

Thy throatrilling such rich melody,
Breathes of a clime where exotics grow;
Even though leaden skies are near thee,
Shivering with cold and mantled in snow.

Child of Despair on Life's stormy sea,
Whose surging waves roll mountain high;
Robin sings from the dear old elm tree,
'Tis better to Hope and live than die.

Never doubt God nor in sadness grieve,
Pass by temptation's beckoning grove;
Defying Fate is the way to live,
Then a King through the World you will rove.

Darling bird of my early spring time,
These yearly visits I dearly prize:
Robin's storm-swept, flute-like notes sublime,
Say to all sad, drooping souls—ARISE.

CREMATION.

BY A. AVERY.

Cremation is another departure from superstitious ideas. When this theory was first promulgated, a few years ago, it was pounced upon as vigorously as any of the ideas that had preceded it, but it is gradually taking hold of thoughtful minds, and is winning converts every day. When it is understood that the earth is as full of water veins as the human body is of blood veins, how, in the name of reason, can any one with common sense oppose the cremation of dead matter, either human, brute, or vegetable? A dead body, in and of itself, is nothing more than a stick of wood, except a stick of wood put in the ground is harmless to health, while brute or human flesh in their chemical changes become fountains of poison to all living substances. We are taking into our living bodies every day the poison seepings of the cemeteries. We take it in the water we drink in very minute homeopathic doses, so minute that the poisonous effect is not immediately appreciable; nevertheless, the poison is present, and will, sooner or later, manifest itself in one way or another.

Cremation has been most energetically opposed by believers in the resurrection of the literal body at the general Judgment Day. These theorists argue that if the bodies are burned there can be no resurrection, forgetting that the result is the same whether ashes are made through the action of intense fire

or by the slow chemical changes which come through being buried in the ground. Superstitious opposition will in time give way as in other cases, and within fifty years compulsory laws will govern the disposal of dead bodies and cremation will then assert its hygienic authority. Rain water held in tightly cemented cisterns is the only water not contaminated with poisoned matter, and these who are strictly in accord with Dio Lewis and his cranky theories use no other than cistern water.

THE DEMAND OF RELIGION.

BY REV. JOHN C. LEARNED.

"We live in a transition period, when the old faiths which comforted nations, and not only so, but made nations, seem to have spent their force."

EMERSON.

"What is incredible to thee thou shalt not at thy soul's peril attempt to believe * * * Go to perdition if thou must, but not with a lie in thy mouth."

CARLYLE.

There is a large and daily increasing class who are sick and tired of the threadbare forms of thought offered them in the name of religion. They are not religious people; they are not indifferent to any of the deep questions of conscience and the soul. They believe in every vital sanction of virtuous living. But they have ceased to think in the phrases and doctrines of the dark ages. Six days in the week they no longer talk in the language of Scripture. They do not conduct business with it in their counting rooms or greet each other with it on the streets. And if they go into the churches the expressions drawn from the ancient idioms and metaphors of the Jews, or from the scholastic and medieval creeds of the Christians seem forced and far off and meaningless. To thousands of even intelligent and thoughtful persons, they are like a cabalistic vocabulary or a foreign tongue; or they suggest ages of unsettled controversy, and texts are still saturated with superstition or associated with bitter persecution.

Very pious and orthodox people are often greatly concerned with fears for the religious fate of the masses. What is to reach them? How are they to be saved to the churches? For there is undoubtedly great defection among them from the old forms of faith. Not two per cent of the working people of London (we are told) ever enter church or chapel—and how much better is it in New York or St. Louis? Probably they can never be gotten back into the churches as now organized and managed.

But a matter of still deeper concern to religion is: how can the most intelligent and thoughtful be made loyal to any form of organized faith? And the answer must be: only by making the forms of organized faith adjust themselves to the best thinking and living of this nineteenth century.

Religion must have soul in it; it must be sincere. Empty professions, or one-half be-

lieved, will not save the church, though multiplied a hundred fold. Speaking in Bible-phraseology from morning till night on weekdays as well as on Sundays, like a Puritan or a Palestinian Jew, will not serve religion. Keeping sacraments and ceremonials, whose meaning is forgotten, or whose origin in superstition, contradicts all that we know or believe to day, only makes the matter worse.

Religion, if it means anything good and healthgiving for us, is "the science of sincerity," the art of faithfully following conviction, the aim to embody in conduct all that we hold high and sacred. It is the shrine upon which we lay our affections, our visions of truth, our calls to duty.

This religion may not be fashionable, but true religion never was fashionable. It has often been forced outside the costly temples, synagogues, and churches of custom. "One with God" has often been its only "majority." But that does not hurt it, that is its hope. Some day, when the friendship of the world is no longer needed, the world will come over to its side. Then it will be a sign that it is time for another advance. Then new comcomers and reformers will herald the new progress. Religion leaving the old shell, must then pour itself into the new language and thought of the newer times, assuming new forms at the demand of a higher civilization.

CHARLES FOSTER.

Charles Foster, the once noted spiritualistic medium, who ten years ago made such a furor in this country and Europe, appearing before scientific men here and the crowned heads abroad, died at Salem, Mass. on the 17th of last month, at the age of 52 years, of softening of the brain. He was born in the lower part of Salem, and was the only child of the late John L. and Mary Foster. When but 14 years of age, while a pupil in the Phillips School, his attention was called to raps near his desk. Then loud noises would awaken him, and his furniture would be found scattered in confusion. Later in the day the furniture would be heard moving about when no one was present. Osborne, a barber in the Lynde Block, took him in charge as a mesmeric subject, and from that he developed into a spiritual medium. He performed more wonders than all the mediums of the time. When scarcely of age he visited Europe and was the guest of Lord Lytton at Knebworth, and formed the foundation study for Margrave in "A Strange Story." He was noted as a test medium, and the late Epes Sargent wrote of him that once, when two skeptics held his arm and asked for writing to appear on it something to fit their case at once, there appeared the words, "Two fools." The Hon. Charles De Long, when in California, laughed at stories of Foster's power, but consented to visit his rooms. He did so unknown to Foster, who said he could get but one message, and that was for Ida. He asked if any one knew who Ida was. De

Long was startled and acknowledged that Ida was his wife's name. Foster said she would have to come and get it herself. On her coming the next evening he again claimed to receive the message, which purported to tell that Mrs. De Long's father had invested £650 in land ten years before, and that the men making the investment had rendered no account to the executors. The De Longs followed the instructions and got hold of the land, for which they were offered \$25,000. When in Australia he became homesick, and, although he was receiving one hundred guineas per day for sittings, he left for home. While there he was known as the "American Puzzle."

He performed feats in the line of second sight and spiritualism which have never been explained. He had been married twice, being divorced from his first wife, who survives him. When in his prime he made a large amount of money, but gave it away as freely as it came to all who asked, and a few years ago the home he had purchased for his parents was sold on a mortgage foreclosure. He was at one time confined in the Denver Insane Asylum and has been under guardianship for several years. Foster was not only a clairvoyant—he was a clairaudient as well. He was also a writing medium, and received many strange messages by placing a pencil between two slates. It is related of him that while in Salem a tattered stranger once called on him.

"Your father," said the man, "directed me to come to you and get \$5."

"What's that?" said Foster. "My father, sir, is dead these ten years back."

"Very true," was the response; "but he sent me a message from the other world. I have no doubt he will be willing to repeat it on your slate." A pair of slates was produced and a pencil was shut between them. It clicked half a dozen times, and when the slates were separated Foster found an autograph order from his paternal parent directing him to do what the stranger had asked. The man got the last \$5 he had about him.

The friends of the late medium were not confined to New York. He was popular wherever he went. In Washington he was on intimate terms with Senators and high officials. He went to California about the year 1868 and was received as a prince. After a few months he continued his journey to Australia, where he created a sensation. About the year 1864 he was visiting at the house of John J. Outley in St. Louis. While at the dinner table one day he started up suddenly with the exclamation; "By George! how my arm hurts." Rolling up his sleeve in the presence of the company he exposed to view, traced on his arm, the sentence: J. J. Outley: "In a few minutes a man will call on you. Do not comply with his request."

The prediction came true. The caller wanted to borrow a horse and buggy. He did not get it. At a seance in Chicago, a Frenchman named Baldwin once interrupted proceedings by calling Foster a humbug.

"Young man," said Foster, "inside of six

months you'll blow your brains out."

The Frenchman was a few evenings later converted to spiritualism. The spirits encouraged him in grain speculation, and he lost all he possessed in a few weeks. Then the prediction of Foster was fulfilled. He blew his brains out during the beginning of the fourth month. Another time the spiritualist waked up his household at night and showed them his body completely covered with strange messages inscribed in red ink. He made several predictions of railroad accidents and other casualties, nearly every one of which came true.

LEGENDS OF CERAMIC ART.

BY MARGUERITE BRODERICK THOMPSON.

Art literature is being enriched by the discoveries of those who are delving into the origin of ceramic art, ascertaining its progress through ages, and studying the legends of Greece, Japan, Egypt, China, and Europe. While research and study of pottery is going onward and upward, the art world must necessarily go backward in point of time until it reaches the period in which the potter's art and its productions illustrated history, when it reflected the customs, habits, and religion of its patrons, back beyond the era in which molded clay forms the connecting link between the prehistoric age and written history, back indeed to when religious belief ascribed the discovery of the art of making vessels and images of clay to the gods, who permitted the value of the discovery for other purposes to be demonstrated while doing service as the means of communication between the great over soul and man.

It was believed by unthinking man in the primitive world that the knowledge of the capabilities of the plastic clay, and the possibility of its being molded into ornamental and useful forms and vessels, was first communicated to him by the heavenly powers as a means of giving him a clearer and more comprehensive understanding of his relationship to and dependence upon the great unseen. To be sure, this sounds strange in the light of the intelligence of the nineteenth century. But that which we attribute to inventive genius, primitive man attributed to a beneficent deity. Our inventive powers differ from his in degree but not in kind. The same divine nature that suggested to his mind the employment of common clay for useful and ornamental purposes enables us in the light of the accumulated wisdom lying between, to improve upon but not complete his invention.

The dividing line between legend and history is narrow at best, oftentimes misty and indistinct, and the farther we are removed from an historical, or alleged fact, and "a gallant legendary full of pleasurable accidents," the more difficult it is to discriminate and to tell where one leaves off and the other begins, so intermingled do they become. An historical pro-

blem is sometimes solved by the creation of a legend, and legends oftentimes are accepted as historical facts: especially is this true where the legend can not be disturbed without doing violence to the fact, as in the legendary tale about how the potters' art was discovered in China by Kouen-on, about 3,000 years before the Christian era, during the reign of Emperor Hoang-ti, and how the gods, in consideration of the many labors for the good of his subjects, the amelioration of their condition, and the extension of their knowledge, including the invention of earthen ware, translated the good old emperor to the upper sphere, or the heavens, on the back of a huge and whiskered dragon. In China both the translation and the pottery invention stand upon the same level as historical facts.

After all, common sense or reason, with proper data, if permitted, will supply an easy solution of the problem of the origin of pottery. Jacquemart says that on the day when man, walking upon the clayey soil, softened by inundation or rain, first observed that the earth retained the prints of his footsteps, the plastic art was discovered; and when lighting a fire to warm his limbs or to cook his food he remarked that the surface of the hearth changed its nature and its color—that the reddened clay became sonorous, impervious, and hardened in its new shape. The art was thus revealed to him of making vessels fit to contain liquids, and at the same moment was born into the world ceramic, or rather the germ or protoplasm from which have evolved pottery, porcelain, faience, majolica, mezza majolica, and the other productions of the potter's art.

The discovery of the potter's art in Japan, as in China, was the outgrowth of pure imagination; necessarily so, for they had no knowledge of that art—at least, unless they got it from the Egyptians—until about the time the discovery was made in China, or possibly before that period. The Japanese legend dates the introduction of pottery long before history begins, by a countryman named Tanamuchino-nikoto, who had conferred upon him a title distinctive of deity. But the Orient was not only the birthplace of man, but of art also. Long before barbaric Europe even thought of yielding to the influence of civilizations, ceramic art had been carried to a marvelous degree of perfection in the East. In fact, ornamental work made of clay, in point of artistic design and character, reached the summit of the civilization of the Orient, and was fast fading before tradition in the west made any mention of the secret of the potter's art and the art of decoration.

Next to the Orient, Egyptian methods of forming clay into useful and ornamental vessels pass in review. Here, too, it reaches old age, even antiquity, before civilization was born in Europe. From Egypt, it may be said, the seed of ceramic art was sent out into the world to be planted wherever it could take root. But although Egypt received the secret of molding clay into useful and ornamental

ware from the Orient, her priesthood was careful to make the traditions of the country claim Egypt as the place of its birth, and as Young's History of ceramic art says: "They reverently gave the art directly to the gods." Like the Hebrew Jehovah, the Egyptian Num first made the heavens and the earth, and when he saw that they were good, he took clay from the river Nile, put it upon his wheel, and fashioned the last and greatest of his works, Man. Then he breathed the breath of life in his nostrils, and the clay man in turn fashioned images of his creator out of plastic clay and laid then and there the foundation of the potter's art, leaving the science of ceramics for his progeny to unravel. This they have been doing in all the ages since inanimate clay became a living soul, and, although the ceramic art of the nineteenth century as to artistic merit is scarcely a step nearer perfection than the vases and other productions of the potter's wheel, which men strived for in the athletic games long before Abraham was, we are progressing fast enough.

POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

A few weeks ago, the Rev. Father Halley, a priest of considerable prominence in the Catholic Church, was buried in Cincinnati, and the occasion was marked with great pomp and circumstance. The funeral oration was delivered by Rev. Father Cusack, and such a stringing together of palpable absurdities as was woven into that oration was never before seen or heard of in any intelligent community. If his utterances were not vicious, they certainly were blasphemous. Among other equally absurd things he said: "A priest is a marked man in the community. His trusts are so great, involving the most sacred relations of life; his position so exalted, that all other conditions in human society are second to his. The world possesses places for more brilliant display of talent, perhaps, than does the priesthood—it holds out better opportunities for acquiring riches—puts into the hands of the ambitious man greater worldly power—but none of all these advantages or opportunities is to be compared to the powers and sacred functions of a priest. So extraordinary are the duties of a priest that he is required to devote himself to them altogether. Other men may arrange their affairs so that they can be attended to, in their absence, by others. Not so with the priest. No one can do his duties but himself, or a priest like himself. No religion can subsist without a priesthood, because no religion can exist without a sacrifice. The priest has power to offer up the holy sacrifice of the mass. The sacrifice is none other than the sacrifice offered up on Calvary for the redemption of mankind—the sacrifice of the incarnate God. In offering up this sacrifice daily, the priest is perpetuating the merits of the august sacrifice of Calvary for the sins of the world. The priest is applying the merits of the sacrifice of the cross to sinners. What

tremendous power is this to take for the moment the place of the Son of God and to renew that sublime act of immolation on the cross for the redemption of the world! How great is that power by which, at the bidding of the priest in pronouncing the words of consecration in mass, the Son of God descends from his throne in heaven and becomes really present under sacramental veils. A pledge of the infinite love he bears us! How pure must be the life of a priest who lives true to the requirements of his exalted state! 'Purer,' says St. Chrysostom, 'than any solar ray should that hand be which divides that flesh, that mouth which is filled with spiritual fire, that tongue which is purpled with that most awful blood.' Then again, the priest is possessed with the power of the keys. He has jurisdiction not only over the real body of our Lord in the blessed sacrament but he has jurisdiction over his mystical body, which is the church. He has the power of forgiving sin. 'Let a man so regard us,' says the apostle, 'as ministers of Christ, and dispensers of the mysteries of God.' One of the great 'mysteries' or spiritual powers is the power of freeing from sin, provided the sinner repents of his sin and promises never more to offend God grievously. St. John Chrysostom observes that 'it was not to angels or archangels, but to the priest of the new law Christ said: 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosened also in heaven.' How great a power is this, my dear friends—this power of pardoning sin! Sin is the one evil of the world. All else—sickness, disappointments, loss of fortune, loss of fame, death itself—all these misfortunes are nothing in comparison with the misery of sin. When the heart is heavy because conscience tells us that we have done wrong, we have committed sin, where shall we find that power in the world to remove from our souls the load of guilt that is weighing us down? Will wealth do it? No; wealth can accomplish a great deal in this world, but all the wealth in the world can not free us from one mortal sin. Will pleasure or dissipation do it? No; pleasures, worldly pleasures, take wing and fly away, and dissipation only adds to our guilt. Only the priest has power in his hands to forgive sin and restore us to the friendship of God.

Such a man as I have been describing was the dead priest, Father Halley."

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

There is a statue of Henry Clay in the Capitol Square at Richmond, Va. Two colored girls were promenading the Square one afternoon, when one was overheard to say to the other: "Dat's Clay." "Who you trying to fool? Dat's marbul; an you knows it!" replied her indignant friend.

That's the way the world goes: mistakes and misrepresentations will continue, not only in the humble, but in the higher walks of life.

THE DYING CHILD AND ITS TOY.

The verses which follow are founded on an incident which recently happened in the Infirmary of the Hospital for Idiots in England:

"The child is dying," so the doctor said,

As with the nurse he left a bright-eyed boy,
Who, scarcely conscious, tossed upon his bed,
But closely clasped the while a broken toy.

For ten long, weary months, that toy had been

His joy in health, the solace of his pain;
And still he prized it with affection keen,
Though now too weak to play with it again.

The nurse came back, and, stooping, with a sigh,

Smoothed his fair curls and pressed his tiny hand
As she soft whispered; "Tom, you're going to die!
You'll leave us soon, Tom! Do you understand?"

His thin lips quivered; but his strength was spent,

Though still the toy was held against his breast
But the kind nurse, as o'er the child she bent,
Knew he had heard her, for her hand he press'd.

And in some minutes' space, still, standing by,

She caught this whisper as he tried anew,
"Nursey, do promise me that when I die,
You'll put my toy into my coffin too!"

And as she reassured the dying boy,

Upon his face she saw a glad smile creep,
As, clasping closer yet his broken toy,
He kissed it, and fell peacefully asleep!

THE SWEDENBORGIAN THEORY.

Rev. Chauncy Giles says: If we look at the spiritual world, the home of man as a spiritual being, we shall see as great a transformation from common opinion formed from an earthly point of view as we have in relation to man himself. From the earth, and seen darkly, through the glass of nature, the spiritual world has appeared dim, vague, unreal; a realm of silence and darkness, the habitation of formless ghosts, waiting through the long night of the ages to be re-embodied, and to regain substantial existence. I know there is much said and sung of the joys of heaven and the torments of hell. But, after all, it is unreal. The result is confusion of ideas, doubts, disbelief. The real, unconscious, heart-belief of the Christian world has been, and to a very great extent is now, that we know nothing and can know nothing definitely and certainly concerning the future world.

But from our point of view, it is the real world. Spirit is substance. Spirit is the mould of all forms. The material world gets its form and the form of every mineral, plant and animal from it. This world is the shadow, that is the substance; this is the fleeting, that is the permanent; this the vague, the indistinct, the rude, the simple; that is the definite, the clear, the complex. Its objects are more numerous, more various in form, color, quality, and more glorious in beauty than any material object can be; the lines which distinguish one object from another are more finely and sharply drawn, and the objects themselves are more distinct to every sense. The habitations of our fathers and friends who have

passed on before us, are so beautiful that words cannot describe them, and all the relations of the angelic men and women to each other, and the outward world are adapted to the state of each one with perfect exactness. Everyone rises or falls to his level, and is drawn to his place with unerring certainty, and finds those conditions which are absolutely the best for his good and the good of the whole community; and what is still better, every one in the heavens recognizes his place, and delights to be in it. Heaven is an orderly society which grows out of human conditions, human attainments, in which the freest play and the largest scope is given for the exercise and development of every human faculty, and the attainment of every human aspiration.

THE DEAD OF THE YEAR 1885.

"The year 1885," says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, "has been unusually fatal to the famous men and women of the century. From its very beginning this feature has been remarkable. And not only is the number of deaths of distinguished persons very great; the circumstances under which these leaders have passed away have been peculiarly striking and sad. It seemed that the death of Schuyler Colfax in January, so swift, without a word of warning or premonition of the change which awaits all, came early in the year as a lesson to so many others who followed in his footsteps. Nor has any class or profession been exempt. Leaders in politics, literature, in the army and navy, in religion, all have fallen, and that, too, with a suddenness that startled the world. Perhaps no department suffered more seriously in numbers than politics. Among the prominent Republicans who have died during the year, in addition to ex-Vice President Colfax, were ex-Secretary Frelinghuysen and ex-Senators Fenton and Sharon. Among the Democrats may be mentioned Vice President Hendricks, ex-Governor B. Gratz Brown, ex-Senator Gwin, known as "Duke" Gwin, ex-Secretary Jacob Thompson, and ex-Senator Robert Toombs.

Literature has been drawn upon heavily, and some of the brightest lights in the splendid firmament of thought have been extinguished. The scholar and author, Richard Grant White; the promising young writer, Hugh Conway, who had just begun to make a great name and place for himself; Dr. Joseph Alden, the author, educator, and editor; Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, the poet and author, who ranks high among the literary women of America; the wise, quaint Henry W. Shaw, better known as Josh Billings; Hinton Rowen Helper, author of "Helper's Impending Crisis;" these have sung their last songs and told their last stories, and have joined the silent majority. They filled many fields of literature, from the sweet hymns, through the intricate mazes of scholastic criticism, past the novel period, and into the crisp, delightful realms of wit and humor.

The religious world has yielded up several of its most elevated exponents. The Catholic Church remembers Cardinal McCloskey, the first and only American honored with that high office. The Episcopal Church has parted for the time from the elder Dr. Stephen H. Tyng. Methodism has paid its tribute to Dr. Benjamin F. Tefft, and the Presbyterian Church notes the decease of the venerable Dr. Samuel Irenaeus Prime, who has been gathered to his fathers.

Philanthropy has lost that noble champion of his race and humanity, Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to see and pass his centennial and to know that his work was not in vain. The well-known composer, Franz Abt, was also called hence. The daring guide of explorers have been called upon to note the decease of the distinguished Dr. Nachtigal, whose explorations in Africa have added great stores of information to our knowledge of that dark continent. And while we name Africa, it may be mentioned that the false Prophet, El Mahdi's death also occurred during the year. The extreme sad end of the actor, John McCullough, is so familiar to all that it need only be mentioned to recall all its sorrowful features. The dashing Colonel Burnaby, whose "Ride to Khiva" introduced him to thousands on this side of the Atlantic, is also numbered among the victims of 1885. And of the rich, Wm H. Vanderbilt has gone the way of all flesh.

The soldiers have had their ranks thinned. General Charles McDougall and General Irvin McDowell have crossed the lines forever. They have been joined by General George B. McClellan, who, like Colfax and Hendricks and Vanderbilt fell in almost the prime of his power. And last on this record, but first in the hearts of his countrymen, the simple, silent man from Illinois, who sleeps on that hill beside the Hudson, Ulysses S. Grant, the luster of whose pure, patriotic life and labors will grow and glow while history lasts.

POSTHUMOUS PRAISE.

BY JEFF. W. WAGNICK.

Life is a vivid reality. Death is a great fact. Life is a shadow streaked with rays of sunshine. Death hath its own eloquence. The solemnity of the occasion thrills the heart with tenderest emotion. Beautiful tributes of love and regret are paid to the memory of a loved one who has crossed over the mystic river; but these profuse words, kindly and loving as they are, fall upon ears that hear them not. Eyes that these words would have aroused to sparkle with ecstatic delight, have lost their earthly lustre. Hearts that these words would have thrilled have ceased their weary throbbing. The remembrance of every harsh word spoken and every injustice done the departed (when living) makes the guilty one an humble repentant; but these words of regret avail nothing. They are as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." Words of cheer

and sympathy spoken to those while yet engaged in life's sad warfare, would diminish the shadow and magnify the rays of sunshine. Their lives would bloom with new hopes and aspirations, and nothing but the popular curse of neglect and inhumanity could blight or destroy. Thousands of weary care-worn mortals to-day, are pining in secret, the unfortunate victims of indifference and neglect. It is natural for man to crave sympathy. Sympathy is an efficacious agent; but it is usually applied with miserly care. Strange as it may seem, but true nevertheless, smiles and kind words are usually reserved.

"For strangers and the sometime guest,
Though we love our own the best."

SPIRIT GEORGE A. REDMAN ON MEDIUMSHIP.

From the Banner of Light:

The following pithy communication, full of suggestions and advice to mediums, was given by Spirit George A. Redman at our Public Free Circle, Friday, November 27th. As many of our readers will remember, Mr. Redman was a powerful physical medium in the early days of Spiritualism, and wrought much effective work for our Cause by the convincing demonstrations of spirit power given through his agency.

The thoughts suggested by the returning spirit in his message are worthy of the deepest consideration, not only by mediums, but by all who profess a desire to learn of mediumship and its laws. We are glad to hear from Spirit Redman at this time, and to be assured by him of his continued interest in the work of Spiritualism, as we knew him while in the form, and fully endorsed his mediumship.

Deeming the communication of sufficient importance to be printed at once, we advance its publication, that our readers may peruse the words that to us seem to have been most timely uttered:

"It is a very long while, Mr. Chairman, since I have had the pleasure of speaking through the lips of a medium, and within the last few weeks I have come to your circle-room, looking over the ground to see if I could not get a chance to speak, but at each visit I decided not to make the attempt, for I saw others were anxious to come, who perhaps needed to do so more than myself.

"I do not wish the old workers in the spiritual field to feel that I have deserted them or the work; and one thing which induces me very strongly to speak at this time is this: Not more than a day or two ago I overheard one of our best and grandest workers in Spiritualism make the remark that he considered it very strange that those old pioneers in the field, and the friends who had done faithful work for Spiritualism before they passed from the body, so seldom return to speak a word of encouragement to those who are left to struggle with the forces and elements of life. I did not take this exactly as a reproof, because I know very well there are thousands and millions of spirits

seeking avenues for communication with mortals, and I know there are hundreds, month after month, who do come, and speak in their own way. If they do not give just the precise word of encouragement some soul may ask for, yet they do come, bearing intelligence and grand lessons of truth; they are doing the work of encouragement in a good, though perhaps silent way.

"My friends, I am not idle. I am as interested in mediums and mediumship to-day as I could have been when on earth, and very much more so, for I have outgrown some of the crude conditions that lingered around me here; I have risen above the plane which I then occupied to a higher spiritual platform, therefore I can be more thoroughly and unselfishly interested in this work than when hampered by material conditions. There is not a medium in the land but whom I am in sympathy with; there is not a worker in Spiritualism whom I would not help if I could with magnetic power and force, as well as with encouraging words; and what I say of myself is true of all mediums and workers who have gone over to the spirit-side. Those who stood on your lecture platforms and discoursed of the grand truths of immortality to you are still laboring, giving forth the bread of life to souls in need. They are not ignorant of your aspirations; they know when you grow weary and long for some communication or word of cheer, and they send out to you what is far better than the uttered word; influences and magnetisms of strength that invigorate your lives, and help you to press forward again.

"I have been watching events closely as connected with Spiritualism, and of course I am deeply interested in that phase of mediumship known as physical. I have tried to assist more than one medium who has the power of giving forth physical elements which can be used by spirits in presenting tangible demonstration of an unseen power. I am ready to assist all such mediums at any time they call upon me, and I know I can bring a vital force which will help them in their work. But I want to say just a few words to mediums of that class, as well as to those known as materializing mediums. This phase of important phenomena has come up since my day, and has had a grand growth, but this growth is as nothing to what may be developed if the mediums are careful of their powers and do not grow reckless.

To mediums with physical force—such as is used by spirits—and I think it may more properly be called electrical than physical force—I give a word of warning. Most of you have frames highly charged with animal magnetism, and as you feel strong and well you think you can live as you please, without making any draught upon your systems. This is not so. The more careful you are of yourselves—th t is the more closely you live in harmony with nature's laws, paying strict attention to proper rules of diet, exercise, and pure living—the more grandly will your powers develop, and the better will you be used by the spirit-world in giving unmistakable evidences of the power of those who have gone before. Never, by any means, seek to supplement your powers by your own devices, because just as sure as you make the first little attempt to do that (no matter if you are disappointed and cannot receive from the unseen forces those manifestations which

will convince your sitters and cause them to become satisfied with your mediumship), just so surely will you open the door to spirits of a low order, who are unscrupulous in their dealings with mankind, who will bring you into disgrace.

"Now I do not admit what a great many Spiritualists say, that, of necessity, the physical medium must draw to himself spirits of an undeveloped grade, because physical force is used. I know, from experience and observation in the spirit world, that a medium man or woman, possessing a surplus of electrical force in the system, which can be drawn off and utilized by spirits, may attract to himself intelligences of a high order, spirits who are scientific in their education and in their employments, spirits who delight to experiment with the forces of the universe, whether they are in connection with a mortal organism or at large in space—and that these spirits may be grand and glorious, and yet descend to do a work with a mortal for the grand end of demonstrating power and immortality; therefore, if a medium, man or woman, aspires to a pure life, attends to the common sense rules of living, he or she will attract pure and good intelligences who will help such to grow, and also to do a noble work.

"And I would like to say a word to materializing mediums. The same rules of proper living, pure thought and aspiration apply to them as to other mediums and also the same advice—that is, never, by any means, seek to supplement your powers by efforts of your own. The minute you do that you take the work out of the hands of high and exalted intelligences, and invite those of a low order to visit you. They will be sure to do that, and you will be sure to suffer in consequence. I do not believe that it is ever necessary for a medium to introduce any foreign substance into her cabinet for the use of the spirits. There are spirits who will not hesitate to make use of phosphorescent light, if this is introduced, even if the medium herself does not use it, and there are spirits who have no scruples about making use of yards and yards of some material fabric supplied from without; but such spirits we do not want! Those of a high order, who come to demonstrate their power over matter, to give palpable evidence of an unseen life to mortals, will find a way of demonstrating all this independent of material help; and what is more, they will provide their own test conditions in such ways as will more than convince the skeptical world. So I bring this advice to mediums: Trust your spirit guides; provided you have so lived, and you intend to so live, as to bring to your guides that are wise, and pure, and good and true, themselves—trust them, and place yourselves in their hands, not unreasoningly, but knowing they will only do that which will bless and benefit you. Invite the presence of the true and good, leaving the results with them, and with higher powers; if you do not receive any manifestation at one seance, no matter—let it pass; the very next may bring to you the grandest demonstrations of spirit-power that were ever vouchsafed to mankind.

"I am not a prophet, but I make a prediction to-day, and that is, there is to be a grand change, or rather an outgrowth in mediumship, a grander development; for I am aware of many, many bands of good, pure-minded spirits, who are operating upon laws in connection

with matter—and the mediumship that is to be unfolded from its present condition will be such as will give to humanity on earth undoubted evidence of occult power. Spirits will do a more thorough work than they have done; they will take the matter into their hands more fully; their mediums will be obliged to submit to the laws which they bring to them, and not only their mediums, but those who surround them, mediums, who are now so full of a vice; and when this time comes you will not have the condition of turmoil and confusion that now reigns. Mark my word, friends: There is to be a grand change, when spirits will step down to you and show their powers, providing their own conditions and their own materials. They do not ask for your co-operation in that sense; they do ask for your sympathy, for your willingness to learn for something of humility of spirit, which is ready to be led when it can realize that wisdom guides.

"Perhaps I have not succeeded in explaining my position on this subject as fully as I wish, but I am glad to speak at all. It is a subject to be taken up again and again by spirits and mortals, and which will in time be so thoroughly, ventilated as to give instruction and knowledge to the eager searcher after truth. I was known Mr. Chairman, in years long past as a medium for the spirit-world.—George A. Redman."

EARLY MARRIAGES.

R—in the Chicago Inter-Ocean: A young man in any condition of life has at the outset of his career the strongest natural inclination to marry, and have a companion and helpmeet. He feels the need of the feminine element in his life, but he is here met with the strongest artificial obstacle in the shape of the opposition of society to what is termed the "indiscretion" of an early marriage or one "without prospects." A few years later he may be regarded with favor, but it is in those few years that the mischief is too often done, the temptations experienced, and habits formed that cling for life perhaps. So spring up the class that are responsible for the evil, and we find them afterward in all callings and pursuits. Does not a responsibility likewise rest on the society which encourages exposure to temptations which many men are too weak or do not choose to resist?

I am convinced that if early marriages could be made the rule rather than the exception that the resulting material disadvantages would be more than offset by the gain to the race in moral and physical stamina, while the social evil would be dealt a final blow.

Let every mother, then, bring about the early marriage of her son, and she may rest assured that she had done the best act of her life for him next to bringing him into the world. I am fully aware that there are objections to early marriages in the present state of society, such as uncertainty of livelihood, indiscreet choices, lack of worldly knowledge; but these would largely disappear in a condition of affairs where marriages should be regarded as the natural duty and condition of a young man, and to be unmarried a departure from the natural order of things. Such change must necessarily be slow, but there must always be a beginning.

Summer is over, the sere leaf is past and even Kriss Kringkle has bidden us adieu.

BE KIND

BY LILLIE SHELTON.

Oh, be kind to those who love you !
Grieve no human love away !
Twine it carefully about you,
Let it bless you day by day.
Tho' the sunlight now may dazzle,
Life has many a clouded sky :
Hoard your treasures of affection,
You will need them by and by.

Oh ! be kind to those who love you !
Give them gladness while you may !
Here to-day, to-morrow's sunrise
May behold them pass away,
Lavish love on all around you,
Smiles and sunshine freely strew,
And like bread upon the waters
They will yet return to you.

AN INCIDENT.

William Foote, Jr., in *Religio Journal* : Man-kind as a rule in the eagerness of their desire for eternal life, are more prone to make a display of their prejudices in behalf of their belief in, rather than of any demonstrable knowledge they may possess of, the doctrine of immortality. Here is a conspicuous illustration of the truthfulness of this allegation. Not long since while spending an evening at the house of a lady friend of more than average ability, the subject of the conversation was the unhappy results accruing, first to the individual, and next to society in general from the many unfortunate examples the world could show of conjugal mismating. On my innocently remarking that I doubted whether the offspring of any but those eternally conjoined in spirit and truth could be near to perfection, I was rather sharply reminded by my friend that she supposed that the gist of my observation might be true ; but here she displayed the cloven hoof of prejudice, in saying so much : " I do not wish it to be understood that I am a Spiritualist."

" I am not sure that I understand the meaning of your remark !" I replied, somewhat startled at her brusqueness.

" I mean," said she, " that the marriage tie can only bind the twain so long as the two shall continue to live in this life. More than that we do not know."

" Ah ! but do you not believe in the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, my dear woman ?" I earnestly inquired

" Oh ! yes ; but then you must know I am no Spiritualist."

" Why, you certainly do not mean to say that !" I could not help exclaiming. " If you admit the theory that yourself and mankind in common, are the heirs of a life after the death of the mortal body, what else are you, in point of fact, but a Spiritualist, or a Spiritist ? All mankind may be divided into two classes on this subject, namely, those who do believe in a positive individualized, responsible existence of themselves after the death of the body, and those who do not believe in such a possibility, but who think that when they die that that is the end of existence forever for them."

Recollecting she was raised a Hicksite Friend, and, that she might be orthodox in her religious belief, and feeling somewhat hurt by her cutting and uncalled for remark, I continued : " Perhaps you are willing to believe you have a soul, and that it will live after the death of your physical

body in sort of a dormant state, till quickened into active existence and recollection again by the archangel's trump at the judgement day. For all such who can entertain a belief of that sort I have but one feeling—pity ! pity ! And, in conclusion, my dear madam, allow me to add that I am not one of those who think I am immortal simply because some priest or religious society tells me so ; and, that all communication between the lower and the upper worlds entirely and forever ceased on the death of a certain individual in remote Judea about 1,900 years ago ; for, if it ever was possible for those who have gone before to hold communion with those still on earth, though it were thousands of years ago, it was in accordance with a natural and divine law, which is not even now suspended for those who wish to avail themselves of its beneficence "

She was silent ; and thus ended our subject and conversation.

WHAT AN OLD SAILOR SAW.

Cleveland Leader : " Talking about ghosts," said old Captain Jones last evening, as he cast a wary eye over the dark and stormy bosom of Lake Erie, while making a heading against the storm down Bank Street. " I hain't exactly superstitious, but the dismal roar of that treacherous water and the sullen gloom of those storm clouds hanging over it, remind me of a similar night, long since past, when I was knocking about in an old-fashioned schooner on Lake Ontario. You see I have been a sailor man pretty much all my life," said he as he tenderly shifted a very large chew of navy plug into the other cheek, " and I have had some mighty tough times of it, you may calculate. Well, as I was going to say :

" One Fall I shipped on board an old schooner from a port on Lake Ontario. We were engaged in the lumber trade. I had heard from some of the older sailors about the port that the vessel was haunted, but I was young and not being a believer in ghosts paid but very little attention to the rumor. We made two or three trips and every thing went smoothly, but one afternoon, while pounding down the north shore of the lake, we detected signs of a storm coming up from the northwest. We made all preparation for a night of it, and if ever a crew underwent a tough one we did. The wind rose as the night came on, and the old lake was lashed into a perfect fury, while the darkness was fairly suffocating in its intensity. Of course all hands were on deck and each man had plenty to do. Suddenly the man at the wheel started from his post, and with a wild and terrified exclamation said : ' Look up there !' All eyes were instantly turned aloft, and the sight which met my gaze was seared and burnt into my memory for all time. Standing erect in the cross tree of the old hulk was one of the most frightful apparitions ever seen by mortal. It was the figure of a man posing as silently as the rock of Gibraltar. A dim, unearthly light surrounded the motionless form and shed a pallor of death over it. Its right arm was raised and the finger pointed steadily into the very teeth of the storm. The face was white as marble, and a look of half terror, half madness, gave it an expression of indistinguishable horror. Its hair was long and wild, and the furious winds that shrieked through the rigging tossed it in confusion around the head and shoulders. We were fairly be-

numbed with fright as you can imagine, and every man aboard the vessel stood looking spell-bound at the awful visitor. I can't say how long it remained there, but after what seemed an age, the light surrounding it grew fainter, and finally the ghastly specter melted into storm and clouds and was lost to sight. After the first scene of terror had left us, a grizzled old sailor remarked to me that the ship was doomed as sure as fate, and he was right, for we went ashore that night, and all but two of us were swallowed up in the frenzied wave. The schooner was battered all to pieces, and with her cargo proved a total wreck.

" I learned afterward that a sailor had lost his life by falling overboard from the vessel some years previous to her destruction.

" Do I think it was his ghost ? Well, if it wasn't no man ever saw one."

HUMAN ELECTROTYPES.

Scientific American : M. Kergovatz, a chemist of Brest, has proposed a new method of disposing of the human body after death, which he considers preferable in every way to either burial or cremation. His system is an antiseptic one, much simpler and less expensive than the old system of embalming, and is nothing more than a new galvanoplastic application. The body is coated with a conducting substance such as plumbago, or it is bathed with a solution of nitrate of silver, the after-decomposition of which, under the influence of sunlight, leaves a finely divided deposit of metallic silver. It is then placed in a bath of copper sulphate, and connected for electrolysis with several cells of gravity, or other battery of constant current. The result is that the body is encased in a skin of copper, which prevents further change or chemical action. If desired, this may again be plated with gold or silver, according to the taste or wealth of the friends of the dead. M. Kergovatz has employed the process eleven times on human subjects, and on many animals, and states that in all cases it was perfectly satisfactory. In spite, however, of his warm recommendation, the idea is repulsive.

MORTALITY AND OCCUPATIONS.

London Times : Some interesting facts in connection with this subject appear in the supplement to the forty fifth report of the Registrar General. It is shown that on the average the agriculturists have a comparative mortality figure of 644, the shopkeepers of 877, and tailors, hatters, printers and bookbinders of 1,088. Living in a vitiated atmosphere seriously affects the respiratory organs. The mortality from diseases of these organs and phthisis, taken together, is 168 for the fishermen and 287 for the agriculturists, while for drapers and grocers 357, and for tailors and printers 549. As drapers live in a more vitiated air than grocers, and printers than tailors, so the mortality in these several trades corresponds to the differences in each case. Arranging the various industries in the order of purity of air the following are the averages of deaths from phthisis and diseases of the respiratory system : Fishermen, 198 ; agriculturists, 237 ; grocers, 283 ; drapers, 430 ; tailors, 471 ; and printers, 627. As regards chimney sweeps, the death-rates are lower than in the previous record, but still are exceedingly high, and give a compara-

tive mortality figure of no less than 1,519. Cancer is a prolific cause of death among chimney-sweeps. Out of 242 deaths in which the causes were ascertained there were 49 due to forms of malignant disease. This is equal to 202 deaths from this cause to 1,000 deaths from all causes; whereas, the proportion of deaths from malignant disease to deaths from all causes among males from 25 to 30 years of age in England and Wales is only 36 in 1,000. The liability of chimney sweeps to malignant disease is about eight times as great as the average liability for all male.

A TRADITION.

Translation by James Cooper, M. D., of ancient character-writing, through Dr. L. H. Nason: In the ancient city of Tlatatzin, near the temple, which stood on rising ground, was a small house surrounded by fruit trees and flowers. In this house dwelt Vitezu, the beautiful. She was far more beautiful than any other maiden, and it was believed that the priests would select her, as soon as she was sixteen, as one of the sacrifices of the Deity. It lacked but a few months of that period in her existence, when Yetum, a young worker in stone, met her in the sacred grove, and assisted her in gathering fruits and flowers.

When they met, their souls intermingled, the fire of a pure and unselfish love was kindled on the altars of their hearts, and each recognized the other as a soul mate. The first meeting was followed by others, and Yetum proposed asking the widowed mother for her daughter. Vitezu then told him that her father was dead, and she feared her mother would refuse him; "For," said she, "my father, though a great warrior, was not slain in battle, and my mother thinks, if I am not offered as a sacrifice in the temple, my father will not be happy in the spirit-land." Said Yetum: "Let us fast for three days, and, then, as the Golden God sinks beneath the waters of the West, we will visit the Silent Valley of Dreams, and consult with your father, and mine, who is also beyond the clouds.

The Valley of Dreams was an almost circular depression in the mountain side, the entrance being a narrow gulch scarce wide enough to admit two persons. Yetum and Vitezu met at the opening of the valley just as the sun was disappearing, passing among the rocks and bushes until they came out of the valley, which was clear and carpeted with grass and flowers. A strong spring of pearly water gushed from the mountain side, and music lily rippled over the white stones in its bed. They each drank of the water, and, hand in hand, sat down on the grass and flowers. Sleep soon overcame them, and they did not wake until the returning sun was gilding the mountains with golden glory: then they arose, and silently, hand in hand, left the valley, for no one was allowed to disturb the silence of that sacred place by speaking in it. When they reached the grove, Yetum asked Vitezu, with a bright smile, what she had seen? She answered: "I first saw a great white bird, with plumage as white as snow. It hovered over the place where I lay, and I seemed to be alone. The bird was so large that I was afraid, until I saw that it carried flowers in its beak, and it looked kindly upon me. It took me in its talons, and carried me over the tops of the trees and

mountains, far to the north, and set me down by a stream of water, and there I found you building a house, assisted by my father, and I was very happy."

Then Yetum spoke: "When slumber's chain was loosened so that I could dream, my father stood before me. He was clothed in white, and, in his hands, he carried the flowers of peace and love. You were standing by my side, and, joining our hands, he said: 'Make your preparations secretly, and fly to the northward on the eve of next Temple day. Travel all night under our guidance, and in the morning all danger will be passed, for a great storm will destroy all trace you leave in your flight: but the storm will not harm you, for you are to originate a great nation.' Then, blessing us, he disappeared." Pleased with their dreams, they agreed to meet on the eve of Temple day, and separated.

Among the many youths who loved Vitezu was Moquan, a dark-browed, ill-natured fellow, who, having seen Yetum and her together, became at once jealous and watchful: but he had not seen them go to or return from, the Valley of Dreams, though almost constantly on the watch. He became very suspicious, however, when he saw the girl busily engaged in preparations which he did not understand, and he secretly watched every movement she made without finding a clue to her purpose. In the meantime, the Secret Order of United Workers,* to which Yetum belonged, met, and he, knowing that he would have their sympathy and aid, told his story, and related the visions of Vitezu and himself. The members of the lodge, after discussion, agreed that the matter should be kept secret: that the spirit must be obeyed, and that each member so disposed, should contribute something toward starting the couple in a new house. Contributions were to be given into the hands of one of the brothers, who was to convey and secrete them at a certain point on the route to be pursued by the lovers.

It was the eve of Temple day. The sun was setting behind a heavy bank of clouds, and the gentle breeze was lazily moving the leaves of bush and tree, as Vitezu lightly tripped through the sacred grove, toward the wood, beyond which she well knew Yetum awaited her coming, to commence the journey.

Moquan, half an hour later, sought her at her home, but found her not. He visited the home of Yetum, and found him also absent. He then flew to the Temple, and informed the priests in attendance, who told him to wait until morning, when they would investigate. Said Moquan; "When morning is here, they will be beyond our reach."

"The servants of the Temple have long arms," said the priest.

Moquan armed himself, and sped to the secret grove, where he soon found the trail of Vitezu, and followed it into the wood, where it joined that of another, which Moquan knew was that of Yetum. He hurried forward, but night was approaching, and a storm with it. He was determined to overtake them and slay Yetum at least. Swift as the deer, and silent as the cat, he pursued his way until night shut out the light. Then the heavens were black with clouds; the angry flashes of the Great Spirit's eye were frequent, and the deep-toned thundering of His voice were heard. Still onward ran Moquan, each flash of light giving him a glimpse of the trail. Pres-

ently the rain began to fall in torrents, and Moquan sought shelter under a neighboring tree, his face toward the north. A prolonged and vivid flash illumined the scene, and seated within easy bow-shot under a sheltering tree, he saw Yetum and Vitezu, but was not seen by them. He strung his bow, and fitted an arrow in readiness for the next flash. It came, and with it an awful crash. The great tree, under which Moquan stood, was shattered into fragments and he, with bow and arrow still in hand, was hurled almost at the feet of the fugitives, who were unharmed. Yetum embraced Vitezu, and, pointing to the body of Moquan, he said: "The Great Spirit blesses us, He has slain our enemy; the rain no longer falls, and the flash of His eye gives us light; let us pursue our journey." On they went, he bearing her across streams in his arms, and lifting her over rocks and prostrate trees.

The storm raged behind them during the night, and the morning dawned bright and beautiful, just as they reached the valley beyond the mountains. With the dawn of the day the priests missed the fugitives, and immediately search was made in all directions. Near night, a party returned with the body of Moquan; his bow and arrow still grasped in his cold hands. The story of the riven tree, and of the traces of the young man and maiden, under the shelving rock, was told, and the priests at once said, "The Great Spirit is with them, let them go," while brothers of the Order rejoiced for them.

The journey was continued for days and weeks, until they arrived at the valley and stream, which was recognized by Vitezu as that of her dream. There they built their house and made their home and established a village, which grew into a great city, and was the capitol of the great tribe Vitezityu, which in after ages carved dwellings in the rock, on what is now called the Colorado River. The Vitezityu has, as a tribe or nation, long been extinct, but among the mountains of the Southwest, some of their traditions and a few of their descendants still live.

AWEKLE, the Story-Teller, or Historian.

* The original Free Masons of Yucatan.

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