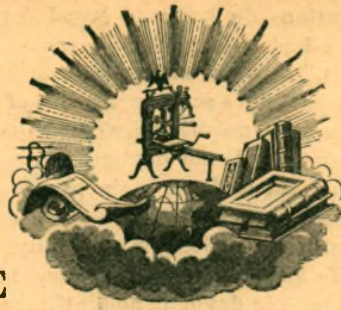


LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY 15, 1886.

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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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S. ARCHER, Business Manager,

314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, Mo.

BRILLIANCY of intellect does not insure purity or greatness of soul.

DEATH, the long dreaded monster, is but an open door to life eternal.

THE house of the soul cannot be measured by either men or angels.

DISRESPECT for their parents is to-day the curse of American children.

WANT of proper training of children is to-day the curse of American parents.

PROSPERITY seems to be the tarnisher, and adversity the furbisher of human life.

THE perfect discipline of the Church of Rome is the secret of her power; and Spiritualists should take a lesson from her in this.

SPIRITUALITY is lost in too much ceremony, in the churches of to-day; and in like manner, too much of this glorious truth is lost in wondering and expecting something astonishing to happen, that may entertain

the physical faculties, leaving the mental and spiritual uneducated and undeveloped.

MAINTAINING the family circle in harmony and purity is a duty which parents owe to their children, to the world and to their Creator.

MANY make a mistake in congregating for the purpose of listening to communications from spirits just released from the environments of life—what can infants teach?

PHENOMENA was intended to be brought before the minds of the people only for the purpose of convincing them of the truth of spirit intercourse. When satisfied of that, they are expected to leave off phenomena, and cling to something better.

GOD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE.

Wherever Judaism and Christianity have been taught, the Israelites have been called the "chosen people of God," on account of the promise to "Abraham and his seed" recorded in the Bible. But we find that while they were called the chosen people of the Lord, they became a "stiff-necked people," and that while "all the nations of the earth" were to be blessed through Abraham's seed, the Israelites, as a nation, were cursed because they did not accept Jesus Christ. And the nations that stood in the way of the passage of the children of Israel from Egypt to Canaan were not benefited, for many of them were barbarously treated and even annihilated. We must, therefore, take the prophecies with some grain of allowance; for, as in the case of Ninevah, the Lord "sometimes repents Him of the evil intended, and turns away His wrath."

In examining the contemporaneous history of the world, we find some nations far in advance of the Israelites in civilization, that believed in the one God over all, the

creator of the universe, even while paying divine honors to tutelary or inferior deities. And that God, the Father and Creator of all, should single out the Jewish nation as His especial people might be a pleasant thought for the Jews, but certainly not for the others. That the All Father makes selections of some of His children to the exclusion of others,—not only that, but authorizes some to inhumanly butcher others,—we are not prepared to believe. Such a belief as that has caused rivers of blood to flow, and the rack and faggot to be the chief industry and proof of religious zeal. It has retarded, rather than assisted civilization.

There is "a chosen people of God;" but they belong especially to no nation, or people, or sect, or country. They are to be found wherever there are those who love to do good, rather than evil.

Those who are charitable in thought, word and deed,
Are the ones who are meant by "Abraham's seed"—
They are the "chosen people of God."

SPIRITUAL AND INTELLECTUAL.

That man may die an intellectual giant, and wake up a spiritual dwarf, at first thought seems most improbable, if not impossible, and is seemingly contradicted by the statement of spirits, who have passed over, that "As we lie down here, so do we wake up there." But it must be borne in mind that spirituality is one thing, and intellectuality another.

One may have the eloquence of Demosthenes, and yet be cold and selfish; the intellect of a Webster can be used to defeat the ends of justice. Eloquence is a gift of language, a power of persuasion by appealing to the intellect, which may be as cold as an icicle,—heartless as a stone, without the semblance of justice on its side; as in the case of a lawyer, pleading the case of a client he knows to be wrong. Not so with spirituality. It is a principle, always on the side of right, always just,

unselfish, charitable, "vaunteth not itself," and seeks not self interest at the expense of others.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that a giant here, intellectually, must necessarily be a spiritual dwarf there. Not at all; the two should go hand in hand. But intellectuality without spirituality amounts to naught,—indeed, if it has been put to a bad use, in leading others astray, it will prove a detriment, and will be charged up against us; for our acts and intentions, in this life, are registered for or against us in our very organizations, and become the basis of our future life.

Spirituality reaches over into the other life, and becomes a basic principle, embodying all the virtues. Intellectuality has no status there, for spirituality covers the whole ground, and as the spirit advances, intensifies all the pure faculties of our nature; so much so, that a highly developed spirit can electrify an audience by a look, or by the power of his will, to an immeasurably greater extent, than any language of earth, and that look, or will power, will convey a volume in an instant. An electric flash of thought from a highly developed spirit will sway a multitude—will cause them to shout with joy, or melt into tears.

"There is joy in heaven when one sinner repenteth," was not an idle saying. What Jesus Christ meant by the sinner's "repenting," was not that he rented a pew and joined a church, but that he meant to reform from evil habits, to live at peace with all men, and practice the "golden rule," which is the whole law. If we do this, we will not find ourselves "spiritual dwarfs when we enter the "gates ajar."

DARK PHENOMENA.

A few days ago we received the following letter from the editor of the *Southern Trade Gazette*, which will explain itself:—

Louisville, Ky., May 4 1886.

Editor LIGHT IN THE WEST:

A correspondent makes the following inquiry: Why are spiritual manifestations always in the dark? We do not know the answer to the conundrum, if such it be. Will you please answer the question in your next issue?

Yours Truly, C. H. SMITH.

We are aware that much objection has been made by investigators and others, to dark circle phenomena, and we are not surprised; for we found the same objection, until we put to the spirits the question, "Why are dark circles necessary?"

Mr. Smith's correspondent also seems to think that all spiritual manifestations are produced in the dark, which seems to in-

dicate that he or she has seen little or nothing of the phenomena, for it is a well known fact that many, very many, manifestations do occur in broad day light. If he had read "Why I became a Spiritualist," in LIGHT IN THE WEST of May 1st, he would have seen an account of a very remarkable manifestation of spiritual power, given in broad daylight, through Mr. Foster, the medium, in the presence of the writer of the serial in question, a gentleman of unquestionable reliability.

We have seen many spiritual phenomena both in daylight, and in fair gas light,—so bright as to enable us to see the hands on our watch. In New York we went to a slate writing medium, a Mr. Phillips, (unknown to him and he to us), having chanced to see an account of him in a daily paper of that city. It was about two o'clock p. m., when we entered his parlor, saying that we had come to see if the papers told the truth about him. He asked if we had brought a slate, and on receiving a negative answer, he said, "Examine that and wipe it off, if you please, with this sponge," at the same time handing us a double slate and sponge. The slate seemed to be already clean, but to be sure of it, we gave it an extra polishing.

"Now," said he, "lay it down on the floor anywhere, a few feet from you." We did as directed, while the medium walked away and looked out of the window. Within five minutes after laying the slate on the carpet, no one else having touched it, we heard a noise of scratching going on in the slate. Presently it ceased, and three distinct raps in, or on the slate were heard. The medium then told us to take up the slate, which we did, and upon opening it found a message. The language of the communication was, of itself, no test; but the writing was there, and, unlike the milk in the cocoanut, it didn't grow there.

Again, we know a young medium in this city, some of whose varied phases of mediumship require a dark circle, but we will relate our experience with him in day light, and we would be pleased to take any one to see him who wishes it.

At eleven o'clock one forenoon, one bright, sunny day, we sat opposite him at a small deal table, when he handed us a small slate, which we examined carefully, finding it free from all marks. We then held one corner of it, while the medium took hold of the diagonal corner with his finger and thumb, placing a piece of pencil about the size of a pea upon the slate,

and requesting us to place our handkerchief over it, which we did. Presently the handkerchief began to wave, a scratching noise was heard, then several raps, and on uncovering the slate we found a communication purporting to come from our spirit daughter. All this time the slate was not out of our hand or sight.

To this we might add a hundred other physical tests we have received in bright day light, but will add only one more, which occurred four years ago. A lady medium, still of this city, sat for us at two o'clock one afternoon for tests, the only appliances being a plain table, 18 x 24 inches, weighing not over six pounds, and on top of that a small black shawl, which the medium took from her shoulders, coming down about a foot over each side of the table. After the raps were heard all over the room, she wrote a communication, which we recognized as coming from a relative.

As we had heard that materialized hands had frequently been produced through the mediumship of this lady, we earnestly desired her to give us some of those manifestations. Accordingly, the raps grew louder and more frequent, and presently a man's hand protruded from under the table, and we shook hands with it, the hands of the medium lying on top of the table in full sight, all the while, and no one was present but the medium and ourself.

The dark seance was a stumbling block to us for years, until we asked a spirit with whom we have conversed (as we believe) through more than one medium, 'why it was necessary to hold certain seances in total darkness.' This person, or spirit, represented himself as "Agassiz," and he answered us as follows:

"The photographer, as you are aware, must develop the negative in a dark room; but to be more explicit, the reason for holding materializing seances in the dark is, that light agitates the atmosphere, as any scientist will tell you, causing it to vibrate, and thereby prevent the adhesion of that part of the atmosphere necessary to the formation of the materialized form, in conjunction with the vital forces of the medium, and frequently from more or less of the audience. On the other hand, total darkness is quieting to the atmosphere: and it must be borne in mind that, to the spirit world, there is no physical darkness, although the darkness of some minds here is appalling in the extreme."

Materialization is a physical demonstration, and spirits are seen every hour in the day by thousands of mediums, all over the world; but they are *spiritually* discerned, *i. e.* with spiritual vision in the *spirit* world,

not the physical, even though seen by those yet in the form.

We know that those who scout the very idea of anything like spiritual manifestation are legion; but the phenomenon has gone too far,—it has climbed the ladder of fact too high to be ignored. The spirit world is learning more and more each day, of the means of approaching the earth—the mode of communication is becoming easier. We have investigated this subject with the greatest of care and caution, and left orthodox ideas only when we found something better. After all, the greater part of what Jesus of Nazareth said, if rightly interpreted, is nothing more nor nothing less than the Spiritualism of to-day. Any unbiased person, in carefully reading the New Testament will find it *underlaid* with Spirituality. With this we leave the subject, trusting it to be received with the spirit of love and truth in which it was written. B.

FRIENDSHIP.

A very precarious ship to sail in is this; many are the shoals and quicksands on which it may be stranded. Fogs and counter currents often destroy it, and those to whom the ship is entrusted often prove recreant to their trust.

There are some kinds of affection which it seems nothing can destroy; such as that of a mother for her child, and individual cases, where husband and wife, or children of the same family seem to be united with a bond more than human; but to this there is a limit—estrangements frequently occur.

But what shall we say of the every-day friendship of society, and of the world; see what it is based on. They must be on the same "level," belong to the same "set" must have the same routine of acquaintance; or, mayhap, attend the same church. But if by accident, one fails financially, so that he must dispense with his fine equipment or cannot go to the seaside for the summer, his acquaintances begin to drop off, and what he supposed to be real, unalloyed, personal friendship, on account of his moral worth, was only an appreciation of his *metal* worth, or to be explicit, his *worth in gold*.

The mere society friendships are "apples of Sodom," as hollow as tin trumpets, and as uncertain in sound. To-day, the full man is fated; to-morrow, if hungry he is ignored. To-day one may float on the top of the wave, and all faces smile upon him; but let adversity come, and how suddenly

the smiles vanish—like the morning dew.

The friendship of the world is a great boon—when we do not want or need it. When we do, it is hollow,—it is cold as the clammy hand of a corpse. Then ingratitude comes to the front, and puts on her coat of mail. Those who made our tables ring with the jokes of the season, in prosperous days, are suddenly struck dumb when we approach them, lest we should be encouraged to take advantage of their good humor, and ask a favor.

What hollow mockery is that. Could ever *true* friendship turn in this manner? Can it be that we are a world of hypocrites? Let each ask himself: "Am I sincere in my friendship, in my professions; and if by chance one of my friends should be lowered in the scale of dollars and cents, would I be one to turn from a sunbeam to an icicle?" The tide may turn and the "cooled off" friend of to-day may, tomorrow—be frozen in that coldest of all atmospheres, frozen friendship. B.

OBSESSION.

This subject is worthy of very careful consideration, by reason of the great diversity of opinion among Spiritualists, in regard to it, as well as its gravity. Orthodox Christians utterly ignore the subject, forgetting it is frequently met with in the teachings of Jesus Christ, their accepted Saviour. Like Banquo's ghost, however, it "will not down," and we propose to deal with it from a reasonable standpoint, and according to the knowledge we have received from the spirit side of life, as well as from what Jesus of Nazareth has said of it.

Our spiritually developed readers will agree with us that there has been, and is now, such a thing as inspiration; and our orthodox readers will acknowledge that "Moses and the prophets" were inspired. Now we claim inspiration to be this: The application of the power of the will of the inspirer, to the extent of being able to lay dormant, to a greater or less degree, the individuality of the person inspired, and to cause that person so acted upon to say, or do the thought, or desired act of the inspirer. This is accomplished more or less as the person inspired is susceptible to influences outside of himself; but we believe that all are more or less susceptible to it. For illustration:—A mesmerized person is inspired, for the time being, with the mesmerist's thoughts, and thinks and acts for him, and through his inspiration. This is the mode of control, or inspiration, both

in the natural and the spiritual side of life.

Now, what is obsession? It is nothing more or less, than the control of a person, living in the form by a spirit, to a greater or less degree. It is called obsession, because the possession is of a low, degraded order, causing the person obsessed, or possessed, to do often vile or wicked things. So far as the *modus operandi* of control is concerned, it is the same in either obsession or inspiration, but the latter acts upon the higher organs, while the former appeals to the lower, or to the passions. The person inspired is influenced by a spirit having a high and noble purpose in view, while an obsessing spirit has some low or revengeful purpose or appetite to gratify,—the manner of control being the same, but the object different.

To be sure, many will think this a fearful thing, too dreadful to be true; but it should be borne in mind that here, on the earth's surface, mind influences mind, the wicked often lead the unwary, or those who are predisposed to do wrong, astray, and why should it not beso "over there." Mind acting upon mind is universal.

That world is not so far from us as many suppose. The first sphere, encircling the earth, like one of the rings of Saturn, is right here around us, and many of those whom we are apt to consider far away, are not only cognizant of our actions, but are greatly interested in much that we do. Many acts which we consider are the result of our own planning, are first conceived in the mind of some spirit, who could come *eu rapport* with us, as we were more or less sensitive or mediumistic. No obsessing spirit can influence a person unless he is predisposed to evil, or is weak on that point; so that the safeguard against being obsessed is to watch well our ways, striving against low influences, mundane or supermundane.

Our orthodox friends, however, may not yet be convinced by the proofs we have offered. Hence we will bring forward what to them should be the best possible proof,—quotations from the Bible concerning the sayings and doings of Jesus of Nazareth, and the testimony of the apostles, as follows:

LUKE VII: 21.—And in that same hour He cured many of their infirmities and plagues, and of *evil spirits*;

LUKE VIII: 2.—And certain women, which had been healed of *evil spirits* and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went *seven devils*. (Wasn't that a good many?)

ACTS XIX: 12.—So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons

and the disease departed from them, and the *evil spirits went out of them*. . . . And the *evil spirit* answered and said, Jesus I know; and Paul I know; but who are ye? And the man in whom the *evil spirit* was leaped on them, and overcame them, and prevailed against them, so that they fled out of that house naked and wounded.

At least fifty other examples might be quoted, but we think the above sufficient.

Nor is this subject of obsession confined to the days of the New Testament, for we find it spoken of in various places of the Old. We quote a few of these as follows:

I. SAMUEL XVI: 23.—And it came to pass when the *evil spirit* from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the *evil spirit* departed from him.

I. SAMUEL XVIII: 10-11.—And it came to pass on the morrow, that the *evil spirit* from God came upon Saul, and he prophesied in the midst of the house: and David played with his hand, as at other times: and there was a javelin in Saul's hand. And Saul cast the javelin; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice.

I. SAMUEL XIX: 9-10.—And the *evil spirit* from the Lord was upon Saul, as he sat in his house with his javelin in his hand: and David played with his hand. And Saul sought to smite David even to the wall: and David fled and escaped that night.

Humanity and the laws governing it are the same now, as in the days of Jesus or Saul, and the momentous question arises: How shall we know when persons are obsessed, and if so, to what extent are they responsible for their actions. How often do men go to the gallows, protesting with their last breath their innocence, when their guilt has been positively and undeniably proved. Were they obsessed? We see men and women doing things utterly foreign to their nature, and children often exhibiting a waywardness and stubbornness quite unlike their ordinary conduct, and when at times there would be a certain supernatural gleam in their eye that denoted more than belonged to the child.

And what shall we say of the poor inebriate, who often in his hours of remorse tries to give up his cups, but cannot,—is he obsessed? Most undoubtedly; as we have occasion to know from many and long conversations held with the denizens of the spirit world, some of whom still indulge in stimulants by coming *en rapport* with some poor drunkard in earth life, thus inhaling a part of the fumes of the liquor he imbibes. Truly, 'there are more things in heaven and earth than we dream of, in our philosophy.' We close this article with one more quotation, from

John, ix: 1.—Beloved, believe not every spirit, but *try the spirits* whether they are of God.

THE TWO BLACK SHEEP.

In the anniversary address delivered by J. Frank Baxter, and published in the *Banner of Light*, the lecturer quoted Mrs. Carrie E. Twing's beautiful poem on the "Two black sheep":

Out in the pasture, cool and green,
Where the murmuring brook is seen,
Hurrying its way in its noisy glee,
To mingle its waves with the dark blue sea,
I sit and watch, while the shadows creep,
The quiet ways of a flock of sheep.

I watch their ways as they slowly pass,
Stopping to pluck at the tender grass,
And my thoughts go back to the fields once trod
By the feet of one styled "The Lamb of God,"
To the sweet words uttered and dear commands,
'Mongst which was this one, "Feed my lambs!"

But as I sit in the waning light,
I notice the sheep are not all white:
There are two black sheep with their white-wooled
brothers,

But they mix with the flock and eat grass with
the others,

And as I glance from left to right,
I wonder if sheep know black from white.

But list! there comes from among the sheep
A voice that sounds both low and sweet,
And it says "We sheep can ne'er decide,
For the blackest sheep are like others inside,
So we go by this: Judge not thy brother,
And dwell in peace, and love each other."

In the pastures green of this world of ours
There are many thistles among the flowers,
And the time ne'er'll come, till we sleep our last,
sleep,

When a flock will be found without its black
sheep.

I've wondered sometimes if in that last day,
When the good and the bad shall go on their way,
If we'll not be astonished, p'raps doubt our sight,
To see many of our black sheep turn out white.

Written for Light in the West.

THE TWO "HEAVENS" CONTRASTED.

"Look on this picture; then on that."

The orthodox heaven is represented as a place where only the orthodox good can go. No matter how unselfish, how charitable a man may be, or how faithfully he has performed his duties to his family or to the world, he is unfit for that place until he has the "seal of the blood of the Lamb" upon his forehead, *i. e.*, a belief in Jesus Christ.

The truly orthodox will be ushered into the "New Jerusalem," where is located the "great, white throne." He will be able to look down from thence, on the misguided man or woman of earth, who may be a near relative,—a child, perhaps,—and praise the Lord for having saved him, and sending the erring one to unending torment. Would this heaven really be a

heaven to a mother, who in earth life would brave death itself for her child, only to see it consigned to everlasting misery? Would she not say, "Let me go, and share the misery of my child, rather than to stay here and be obliged to praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy in saving me, while my child is lost." "O, but you know what the New Testament taught on earth and you believed it then," some of the good orthodox angels answer. "Yes, I know I did then, but I thought of other peoples' children,—not mine." Ring down the curtain on this appalling scene, with all the horrible judgments of a sectarian deity.

Let us now consider the conditions of life in the world of spirits, as described by the spirit communications of to-day,—we speak now of messages received from a high order of spirits, under proper conditions, and not of the ones obtained by those who make it merely a source of gain.

The spirit world is represented as consisting of all space, with no conditions of occupancy but fitness or adaptability, through the law of growth, or progress, which is within the reach of every human soul. Each one is as naturally attracted to his proper location as the "needle to the pole;" so that there is no strife for position. Happiness is the reward of goodness, and goodness there does not consist in professions, but in kindly deeds not only to our relatives, friends, and "the deserving," as we term them, but to *all*, good or bad.

We become ministering angels to the lowly and suffering of earth, and to those in the lower spheres—earth-bound souls who, in the body, either neglected opportunities of advancement, or had been guilty of what we call "great crimes," through misdirection or defective organizations—morally and physically diseased. And for every kind, unselfish act done even to the least of earth's children, the creatures of God's care, a flood of celestial light is poured upon the doer. God's vineyard is the whole universe, and embraces every sentient creature—animal life included—for God is the life principle of everything that breathes.

Locality is a condition in the spirit world, for those who require it only. Many have their houses and lands, their pleasure grounds, and many other things similar to the conditions of earth; but to those more advanced, all space is their home, and the world of thought their habitation.

Man becomes a creator in the life beyond, as he is, to a limited extent here by the

work of his hands. But in the higher realms of spirit the hands are not necessary to produce conditions; the very volition of the mind, in accordance with the development produces it as naturally as our thoughts, acting upon our bodies here, (other conditions being favorable) produce the result desired. In other words with spirits highly developed—in goodness—matter is subject to mind, and thus we become co-workers with God, in the development of the universe of matter.

Now, who would not rather be a co-worker with the Great Creator, in his grand, illimitable laboratory, producing results, as by magic, too stupendous for us to contemplate, than to sit moping around a "great, white throne," singing songs and telling the Lord how great and good He is, —something He knows infinitely better than we can tell Him? Reader, which picture?

A FRIENDLY LETTER.

The LIGHT IN THE WEST for May first, shines in upon me this bright Sunday morning one day after date; the other lights are before me also, quite covering my writing table—there is the *Light for Thinkers*, the *Beacon Light*, the *Eastern Star*, another name for light, and the old *Banner of Light*, also, which perhaps is lighter since my shadow does not fall on it as much as it used to. I do not see that the LIGHT IN THE WEST pales any by the side of these other lights, nor even by the bright natural sun, now shining here in the east a full hour in advance of you in St. Louis. Well the march of the sun is westward, so is the march of empire. I wonder how it will be with our light? That is westward, also, without doubt, but the feature of our dawning light is, that while it moves west, as everything should, it stays east all the time just the same. It is a pleasant thought that there is no sunset to truth, and though the sun may shine after it has vanished from us, our truth will stick, and its cry is always, "Let there be light!" and the refrain always comes, sooner or later, "and there was light!" This is a great blessing to all, and especially to one who has rounded his three-score, and who must agree with the poet that

"The end of life comes nearer,
Every year;
The friends left become dearer,
Every year.
And the goal of all that's mortal,
Opens wider still its portal,
To the land of the immortal,
Every year."

With all this light, solar and spiritual, the passing and the enduring, and these thought blossoms whose favorite name is "light," to which my attention is particularly called by their presence before me, I am writing with a feeling of sadness. I will try not to show it in my written words; it is said Cowper was in one of his most desponding states when he wrote John Gilpin: I don't expect to be as successful as he was. How "blessings brighten as they take their flight,"—were there ever truer words than those? It is the beautiful season of the year. It was once May with me, it is now October. I trust however to still pass through my "Indian summer," but one cannot tell. The sun, as I have said, is shining brightly now; the grass around me is luxuriant and green, the trees are unfolding their buds and are beginning to be gay with blossoms and the robins spreading themselves seemingly at the right points for effect; the whole outlook is artistic. Now here in this spot I have lived twenty three years. My babies when I first began here are now adults. There were four of them, three present, one had vanished; there are only two here now and two "over there" invisible but unquestionably present, and that I know by sensuous and intelligent evidence that has not only made me content, but is the factor that has started into life your LIGHT IN THE WEST and the others named.

Now I am about to leave this locality for new but not as good a pasture. There are so many reminders of a son who, during all these twenty-three years, has been a growing light, a bright and shining one also, and as faultless and loving, from child to man as ever graced a home. It is rather hard that a few months ago he unnecessarily passed over,—it does seem to both of us, father and mother, that his bill of life was not due, and the draft should not have fallen on him. We try to be reconciled, for we have sensuous proof that conscious life survives the dissolution of the body, and that in time we will meet him again, and we will "know each other there."

We have proof of his intelligent presence now, not like the incoming and the outgoing of mortal life, but an *intuitive* feeling, at times, of nearness and presence that is more than a mere sentiment. I do not know what the consequences would have been if I had not the experience that has reconciled me to death, as being a "white robed angel," rather than a "king of terrors." I am a philosopher, as the

sage of Galveston used to call me, and I probably could have stood the inevitable heroically for I never could have feared the future even if I did not believe in one. My wife is like minded, but constitutionally not quite so hopeful, interested in the subject, but sometimes has doubts that I never have; but we both of us feel that there is no consolation outside of our light. There is a melancholy feeling in leaving a spot that has so many associations, and yet it is better to sever the associations and a voice from the other side says so, too. Still the fact remains, "blessings brighten as they take their flight." I expected when this body went out of it for good, it would have gone in a hearse, but it may be as well. How many times in the ups and downs, in the joys and sorrows of these twenty-three years on this spot have I thought of and remembered these old lines. I do not know who wrote them,—I first copied them from an album over forty years ago, when I was a young man, before I was married, and before I had ever seen the dark haired girl that for thirty odd years has moved me by the tender glance of her black eye. Will it be proper for me to quote these lines? I think I will risk it; some one may like to profit by them, if I have not. I do not know but they are almost equal to the sentiment of Thales, the philosopher, who said the chief ingredients of happiness were, "wealth of body, a moderate fortune and a cultivated mind;" but my beautiful ideal has been as expressed by the poetry, and much of the time I have been possessed thereof:

"Give me, ye gods, a little seat
Modern built and furnished neat.
Let it stand upon a rising ground,
For a prospect all around.
Call the mansion "shadows" (?) hill;
From the banks a little rill.
Then add a little garden to it,
Watered well and well laid out.
And then give, ye gods, a little wife
To be the comfort of my life.
And may the product of our joys
Be little girls and little boys—
And then a little income give,
That we in competence may live—
Grant this, ye gods, that I be poor,
If I ask for any more."

Well I think I had better not spin this out any more. I have so much occupation for my pen that I had better strive to be short even if I cannot be sweet; glucose you know is a good substitute for the latter, and it is said to be as wholesome as sugar.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Boston, Mass., May, 1886.

MARY'S DREAM.

The lovely moon had climbed the hill,
 Where eagles big aboon the Dec,
 And like the looks of a lovely dame
 Brought joy to everybody's ee;
 A' but sweet Mary, doop in sleep,
 Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
 A voice drapt softly on her ear,
 "Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

She lifted up her waukening een
 To see from whence the voice might be,
 And there she saw her Sandy stand,
 Pale, bending on her his hollow ee,
 "O, Mary, dear, lament nae mair,
 I'm in death's thraws below the sea;
 The weeping makes me sad in bliss,
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

The wind slept when we left the bay
 But soon it wauked and raised the main,
 And God He bore us down the maine
 Who strave wi' Him but strave in vain!
 He stretched His arm and took me up,
 Tho' laith I was to gang frae thee,
 I look frae heaven aboon the storm;
 Sae, Mary, weep nae mair for me!

Take off thae bride sheets frae thy bed,
 Which thou hast faulded down for me;
 Unrobe thee of thy earthly stole—
 I'll meet wi' thee in Heaven hie."
 Three times the gray cock flapt his wing,
 To mark the morning lift her ee;
 But soft the passing spirit said,
 "Sweet Mary, weep nae mair for me!"

MATERIALIZATION.

The spirit communication given below seems to have come in opportunely, so as to give some light almost in answer to the question sent in to us by Mr. Smith, as given in another column.

We deem it impossible to give the complete law which controls in spirit materialization. If we could it might be explicitly written; then any person having the requirements fulfilled might command materializations at any time and place. Then man, in his natural state, would at once assume a sphere higher than the angels or spirits themselves. The philosophy of man—all human knowledge, is limited; not perse; but by the law of progression. As Shakespeare has it,

"Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

From recent manifestations of spiritual power, given in the bright light of day, it would seem that man in the spiritual life, as well as in the physical, is trying to understand the philosophy of spirit materialization. The learner reasons from effect to cause: the teacher comprehends from cause to effect. Some have attained a degree worthy to be called Tutor, perhaps, but there is only one Teacher, the Infinite.

Carefully keeping this fact before our

minds, we are prepared to learn; and we, may read with profit what is given below and much that has been and will be written on spiritual philosophy. While the spiritual body is isomeric with light in its normal condition, materialized spirit, that is, a spirit assuming a materialized form so as to be visible to our natural eyes, is not isomer with light. We assume it has not elements possessing properties in the same proportions; hence, as is well said in the following communication, "the spirit so encased, can not stand the atmospheric pressure of earth very long." For like reason light, especially atmospheric light, is detrimental to materialized spirit form or the form which assumes shape to our natural eyes. The spirits behold each other, but our seeing them is quite a different thing. Conditions affect our natural vision. For example, a lamp may be seen, miles distant, through the darkness, while in daylight, only a few rods.—Ed.

COMMUNICATION FROM DR. WM. GRAHAM:

"Ye are the dust of the earth, and unto dust ye must return again." The little magnetic worlds ye see, when in the clairvoyant state, of floating clouds of variegated colors, stars, light, forms, etc., are the essence of the fluids of bodies long since passed to dust, and in that spirit fluid, (we call it fluid for the want of a better name) it being matter spiritualized. It is in this fluid the clairvoyant sees the spirit, as it was on earth,—the spirit psychologising the mind of the medium; (which is of the same character as that above spoken of, though in a harmonised condition) and weaves a body sufficiently tangible to be seen by the psychologized brain, that the spirit has thus prepared to see itself, and this spiritual sight may be carried to any given distance, and made to see anything in nature—even to the planets, and describe the conditions thereof.

"As it is on earth, so it is in Heaven." Now with the medium who has the conditions within and about him, to collect, condense and control this fluid in a sufficient quantity and state, that it may be used by the spirit seeking to manifest, materialization may take place. That is, the spirit can use the fluid thus obtained through the medium, and appear materialized to all interests and purposes, for the time being. But the spiritual fluid being isomeric with light, and more subtle than the ethereal belts beyond, ascending from earth to planets by spirit agencies,—the spirit thus encased cannot stand the atmospheric pressure of earth very long. Hence, after using up this fluid, either in a longer or shorter space of time, according to the quantity, the spirit must of necessity depart in the same condition that it comes.

Now as mankind is the compound essence of all that is of earth and its fluids, the fluid exhalations thus spoken of contain all the elements of nature: hence, the spirit has all

the material spiritualized to work from and upon. The same as the painter who puts the different colors upon the canvass, and makes the representations of the objects thought of. So with the spirit when seen by the clairvoyant eye, or in a materialized form. D. D.]

INGERSOLL ON ALCOHOL.

Col. Robert Ingersoll was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language:

"I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All we have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; men of genius it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and the scaffolds on either hand, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the vile stuff called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness.

"It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, and blights parental hope, and brings premature age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all paupers. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with misery, idleness and crime. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims to the scaffold. It is the blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns innocence. It inspires the father to butcher his helpless offspring, and the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perfidy, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions and endangers the government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman

and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend, calmly surveys its frightful desolation; and unsatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of all abomination, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—*Southern Illustrated World.*

INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.

A friend hands us in the following message, received a short time ago, at a private sitting, through a medium in this city. Thinking it may be interesting to some of our readers, we give it publication.

"Friends of the new light and truth—of the new dispensation, as it has been called—I bid you God speed in your search for the living truth. In the form I was known as John Knox, —a minister of the gospel, as I was termed—and preached to many listeners what I then understood to be the divine will of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I am here to say that since a change of form, experience has taught me that while in earth life, my knowledge of the true import of Christ's teachings was not so great as I thought. It is a comfort to many who have been bereaved to feel that their friends had been redeemed by the blood of Christ. In the Presbyterian doctrine this sentiment finds its best expression in the belief that they had been foreordained to happiness in the world to come. It is a comfort to many to dwell on thoughts like these, when their friends have been taken away. This is the way I preached, and my work was acceptable to those to whom I ministered. But since changing worlds I find that this doctrine does not afford the comfort that I expected. At first I was but a little removed from my old, or earthly condition. I seemed to be tormented by all the pains that flesh is heir to: this was not satisfactory. I expected soon to go on in my journey and was certain that I had not yet reached heaven—was not within the pearly gates. I had not seen God himself. I said to myself, 'Why this delay?' and again, as if in self-examination, 'Have I not forsaken sin, have I not crucified the flesh, denied myself in accordance with the commands?' After waiting—how long I cannot tell you, but it was a long time—a stranger approached me, who said, 'you must follow me, if you wish to go in the straight and narrow way.' This request seemed strange, but I placed my hand in his. I knew that some believed in an intermediate state in which they sojourned until they were prepared to enter heaven; and although this was not my belief, I cried out, 'O, Lord! save me, or I perish,' But no Lord appeared. I followed on, and my guide said to me, "You have much to learn and much to unlearn. Many things that you have learned will not be of much use to you." Then

a new light dawned upon my mind. Many tangled texts were made plain and easy to understand. My guide said, 'Patience and perseverance will accomplish much. All thy aspirations shall be answered.' I looked around me—I seemed to be lost—felt as if buried. I was compelled to cry out, 'O, Lord Jesus how long' I was told that this was in the second sphere and the fifth school. I asked how many conditions or spheres I would have to pass through before reaching God's throne, and my guide said, 'My friend, by unfoldment and development you shall have every wish gratified.' When this new light dawned on my mind, I asked my guide what it was, and he said it was the light of Jesus. 'You can see now,' he said, 'how the preachers have blinded the people, and mystified the Nazarene's teachings.' Since my unfoldment I have been to many Presbyterian General Assemblies and tried to impress them with a correct understanding of Christ's words; and to Methodist Conferences, but have failed to reach them. I was present when you commenced these meetings, and I desire to thank you and ask you to continue in the way you are going. You are doing untold good. I know of many minds in the form who would if they had this opportunity, be born of the spirit. The control of this band said to me, 'You have been a good scholar here—you have learned sufficient to be able to give instruction, and we will give you the first opportunity to speak.' It is the first desire of those who leave the form to relate the incidents of their entry into spirit life. I give you my name and any of you who would like to find out the truth of what I have said respecting my stewardship on the earth may ask any Presbyterian minister if he ever heard of John Knox."

Invocation—O, Ever Living Father, Thou fountain of love, purity and light, we thank Thee that Thy children can come up from darkness, and, seeing the light, voice their thought here. Many more are waiting to see the light of this new dispensation. May many more come from the ways of darkness and superstition, who know nothing of the beautiful truth. Many more are nearing the land where they will meet the dark clouds which will hinder their progress. O, may the children in the form realize this. May they go out and search for many that are lost—many that are dead to the living truth. We thank Thee, our Father, for truth. We thank Thee for all the blessings we enjoy, for all is from Thee. May the dew of thy love fall on all here, and may the flowers of truth bloom forth, and gladden the hearts of friends on the other side of life and to Thy name be the praise, for the truth we receive. Amen.

CHRISTIANITY'S POSSIBLE MISTAKES.

Editor Light in the West:

Truth demands as a part of our mission to earth, that nothing should be hidden from the full gaze of mortal sense and their full per-

ception of the facts that have been studiously concealed by the priesthood for 1885 years. We, therefore, declare the return of the spirit Krite, who lived on the earth 5509 years ago, as substantiating our argument that the so-called dead die not! He, Krite, was an Egyptian Alchemist and Prophet. His recent return and message through spirit M. Faraday, transmitter, proves the eternal life of both of these Sons of God. And furthermore the life principle was inherent in both alike, even while the life of Krite on earth was 3624 years prior to the pretended scheme of redemption, first launched by pagan priests of Rome 1585 years ago. Faraday, a believer in the Christian religion, and a teacher of it in his earth life, now desires and is anxious to disclose his present knowledge of the higher life to all mankind. We ask you one and all: Shall his testimony be received; or shall we become opposers of such testimony by ignoring or remaining silent about it? He deems it important for "mortals to know of the origin of Christianity, different as it is from what I believed and taught in my earthly life." Such are his words. Now, should we heed his counsel, and refuse to hear his testimony, truthful as it may be; and that, too, while we know that myriads of human souls have, in earth's past history, groaned in agony of spirit in the midnight, gloom and despair which that erroneous system has cast upon them, and which has led many a fond, loving heart to a hopeless incarceration in a madhouse? But the day star of knowledge has arisen far above the horizon of the Christian's materialistic death. To teach that belief is infidelity to truth—a heinous sin against the human race.

The voice of the spirits should be heard today, nor can we shirk the responsibility of giving them utterance, whether they died yesterday or a thousand years ago. Both alike have important truths to utter in our hearing. Spirit Prof. M. Faraday says: "Before humanity can emerge to a truthful plane of religious thought, the real basis of religious ideas must be understood."

Now, let us look squarely in the face the idea that "God is angry, and will not permit a soul to enter heaven, save through faith in the efficacy of atoning blood, and that of His well beloved son." Mortals cannot love such a God. Surely a common sense view explodes such a mystery, versus, nonsense, that He loved his Son, and proved His love through causing that Son to be murdered. Common sense revolts at the statement of such stupidity as unworthy of Christian mythology. No! we will not be saved through murder. Its animus cannot harmonize with our mental capacities. It is the priesthood's plan: but the Angel ministry has revealed a better way for woman and man.

Through works of love and loving deed,
There human hearts shall cease to bleed.

As the twenty-seventh chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew has done gross injustice to the moral status of spirits who dwell

on the earth nearly nineteen centuries ago, it is eminently proper that such spirits should feel impelled by their innate love of truth, and its uses to the whole human family, to return to earth to throw the light of their own knowledge upon such mistatements of their own history and its reputed connection with the origin of the Christian religion.

As that form of faith has assumed, in the ages past, to control the religious sentiments and belief of intelligent men and women, it seems right and proper for us to inquire as to the natural results of such beliefs; and whether they have a sure basis in truth, or, on the other hand, have no better support than errors which cannot endure, but must explode and be cast out of mind. As lovers of truth then, we say: Let no ethical teaching be regarded as too sacred to be probed to its deepest foundation stones.

We have the united testimony of fifty-two such intelligent returning ancient spirits who know whereof they testify, and some of whom took an active part in formulating the Christian story of redemption, and well knew of its lack of consistency and the essential principles of truth before it was launched upon the world of mortal life.

These latter come to discharge a bounden duty to themselves in full confession, and to obtain relief from the heavy load of error which has weighed them down, and in dark or murky clouds in spirit life. But while some are quite desirous to gain a hearing of their humble statements of complicity and imposition of fraud, with their intents and purposes, others shrink from the invitation of the transmitter; * like self-condemned criminals, still refuse to make any disclosure to the untold millions who have been deceived and warped by their untruthful statements.

There is abundant testimony before us that the Roman Governor of Judea from 25 to 36 A. D. did not condemn one Jesus to the cross.

First: The laws were his rule of conduct and did not permit the death penalty to be inflicted for blasphemy of any God, "and I," (Pontius Pilate) "would never have consented to the death of any man whose only crime was that of character. If the charge of treason was made against any one, he was entitled to a fair trial before the Governor and his accusers, and upon his appeal to Rome, no one had a right to pass sentence of death except the Emperor, before whom he was entitled to appear."

Second: "Is it reasonable to suppose that I would have dared deliver a person to death whose nature was of the character which Romans were taught to consider sacred? No! I would have defended him to the last, as long as a cohort remained alive, and rather than have committed such impiety, sacrificed my own life for what I then thought was a truth, but now know was a priestly fiction."—Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea in the reign of Tiberias.

Question: Many writers say that Pontius

Pilate transmitted to Tiberias a memorial of Jesus Christ's actions and death. Is it true?

Answer: It is not true. Had such a memorial existed it would have been preserved and quoted by the church as full proof of his career. The public archives were in possession of the Christians for centuries before they were destroyed, and all papers that had reference to any such person would have been quoted by the Christians against their enemies. All writings attributed to me were forgeries.—Pilate.

Now, in support of the above, hear the statement of Caiaphas, High Priest of Judea at the time of Pilate's Governorship: "I come to aid you in your efforts to unravel the mystery which surrounds the connection of the christian deity with Judaism. During my life upon earth, there were many hopes indulged by my countrymen for the appearance of a deliverer who should rescue the nation from the Roman yoke. These hopes were the basis of all the insurrectionary disorders which finally culminated in the overthrow of the nation and its exile.

"Apollonius of Tyana was well known to our wise men by reputation, but not recognized by them as having the true doctrine because of his affiliations with the Romans and other Gentiles, and some of his disputes with our Rabbis were the foundation of the stories attributed to Jesus. Apollonius insisted that the Jews had failed to grasp the true idea of divinity, on account of subserviency to the Mosiac law and exclusiveness toward other nations. He often quoted from our older writings, ideas diametrically opposed to the received traditions of the day, and endeavored to prove to us that all who lived upright lives were sons of God as much as the Jews.

"These conversations were recorded by Damis, and afterward woven into the story of Jesus as controversies with the Jewish Rabbis concerning his Divine nature. * * * There was no disposition on our part to destroy him, which has been ascribed to us as existing toward Jesus, for he was considered an alien, but those of us who knew of spiritual ideas, often came to him privately to converse with him and the conversation ascribed to Nicodemus might have occurred with almost any of us, although in making up the story our names were freely changed and others invented. * * * As for the record which says that I was either instrumental or accessory in accusing any one for the crime of blasphemy before Pilate, with other charges, I repudiate them as the fabrications of after generations. No such person as Jesus was ever accused before the Sanhedrim, nor would such accusation have availed anything, for the Jewish laws were annulled in all cases where they conflicted with the laws of Rome.

"We could not have injured our cause more than by accusing an innocent person of blaspheming our God or of attempting to incite an insurrection against the Romans. Upon one hand, the Romans would have laughed

our charges to scorn, and upon the other, the people would have refused to support us, for whoever promised to lead them against Rome, would have had a larger following than we could raise against him.

"It seems as if this ought to dispose of the christian mythology, and that hereafter the Jews should be relieved from the imputation of causing the death of a person of whom the only record existing, proves that he could not have existed unless the tales of the Gentiles about their Gods had a basis of truth. * * * It was the greatest folly to place the nativity of Jesus in Judea."

E. P. GOODSSELL.

* Prof. Michael Faraday, of London, Eng.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN OF ALL NATIONS IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

[The closing part of one of the weekly lectures by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, delivered in Chicago, April 18th. on the above subject will interest many of our readers. Copied from "The Weekly Discourse"—Ed.]

"But the spirit in the light of Spiritualism returning to you and holding converse would answer you like this. You ask is it true that the Brahminical Kingdom of Heaven is correct, that the version which is given by Buddha of a future life is correct? We answer, yes. Is it true that the idea that prevails in India of the states of the departed is correct, that there are these distinct conditions and different states that precede Nirvana? We answer yes. Is it true also that as believed in Egypt there are states that lead unto Osiris, and other states that lead out into the great wilderness of the desert? We answer yes. Then if asked, is it true that the Hebrew idea is correct, that the New Jerusalem is to come, that the wicked are to perish, and that the good are to inherit the earth, is this true? We answer yes. Is it true, then, what the Roman Catholics believe that there is Hades and Purgatory and Heaven, that these represent different states beyond death? we answer yes. Is it true that there is the Protestant Heaven and the Protestant Hell, and the Lake of Fire, and all the horrors of that realm into which sinners are plunged, and the heaven in which the blest are saved, and rejoice looking down upon those who are in misery? we answer yes, but every man who believes in any of these heavens or hells must make them for himself. He bears his Brahminical Heaven with him, and he bears with him, his Hindoo Heaven, and he bears with him his Indian Heaven and he bears with him his Egyptian Heaven, he bears with him his Hebrew Heaven, and he bears with him his Christian, Roman Catholic or Protestant Heaven, and he bears with him that state which is none of these, recognizes no creed nor dogma, nor limited view of the Kingdom of Heaven, but only the words of Christ, "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and those men and women who do not worship at any shrine, nor call themselves by any name of religion, still exist in spir-

itual states, in conditions fashioned for themselves.

"We have seen the Calvinist in Spiritual life, in just as narrow a heaven as he has made for himself, so narrow that neither to the right nor to the left, nor in front of him, nor behind him, nor beneath him, nor above him was there any space for any individual living soul but himself, immured in that heaven of his own creation, he might pray to be released from Heaven that he could witness something else as if it were in Hades. We have seen the selfish man immured in the walls of his own creation while endeavoring to gain the Kingdom of Heaven for himself, and when looking down as he thought from his own Kingdom of Heaven he found himself so miserable that he would be glad to exchange it for any place in that Hades that he thought to look upon. We have seen individual lives that were so full of self-righteousness, so conscious of being saved in the heaven that they thought they had won, that when there as on the desert waste and in the wilderness they sought their Christ only to find the image of this magnified self-devotion.

"Yes all these heavens and all these hells are true, they constitute the different states of human life, they are a portion of your individual inheritance, and you make them for yourselves, you bear them with you into the Spiritual Kingdom and possess them there until you outgrow them. But there are spiritual states that are neither limited to the heaven of Vishnu, nor the heaven of Mahomet, nor to the narrow walls of any denominational heaven, there are kingdoms that represent the spiritual treasures of the soul, and unto these kingdoms come all these, lesser states, the great, the wise, the good, the true, the glorious of all nations, Brahmin, Hindoo, Hebrew, Egyptian and Christian meet in that all hallowed glorious light of truth that is beyond all limitation of creed or bondage, that interprets all heavens as meaning the states and conditions of mind, and finds room in the great hereafter for every living soul. Under this light Spiritualism teaches you that the Kingdom of Heaven which you fashion by your deeds of love unto man, by your goodness one to another, by your forgetfulness of self, by your conquests over pride and passion, that this heaven neither belongs to any nationality, nor to any creed, but is that heaven of which Buddha was aware when he spoke of Nirvana, that kingdom of which Christ knew when he spoke of the Kingdom of Heaven that is within you, that divine estate that conquers all selfishness and pride, and misery, and finds its happiness in doing good unto others.

"There is a surpassing kingdom, there is a glorious heaven, there is a transcendent state, all languages have symbolized it, all pictures of the glorified ones have revealed it, the highest aspirations of man have taught it, teachers and prophets have stated it and the Christ within every heart makes it manifest,

it is that heaven of unselfishness, that heaven of love that would rather share the hells of the millions, than the heaven of the few if the many must be lost, that state born of such glorified and perfect attributes as can only come to man when, by victory over his own limitations, he has conquered pride and selfishness and passion, then he has ceased to wander in the wastes of the deserts of oblivion; he is no longer in the wilderness of temptation like the Children of Israel, he is no longer in that state where Vishnu needs to be appealed to, for the light divine is all-glorious, is all-perfect, whose throne is within the soul of man, whose temple and whose shrine are there, and whose heaven also for man is there; that the light reigns in every state and condition, in all worlds and among all nations and peoples; not only reigns upon this feeble orb that is flickering in space with its accompanying states, but in all other worlds and planets peopled with immortal souls, and who in the kingdom of their spiritual life, must also find that surpassing and all-glorious truth. But the kingdom that Spiritualism reveals is at your door, it is in your midst, it lives, it has been spoken of in all prophecy, it is sung in all the anthems and hymns of praise; let it light your dwelling and adorn your lives, so that you shall no longer be searching for it over the agonies, groans, misery, suffering and pain of others, but shall find it in the victories that you win over self, in the self conquests that you gain, in the light of that immortal life that conquers death, that swallows up Hades, that brings even the domain of darkness which is wordliness and pride, into the inheritance of the Kingdom of Heaven by the victory that is won over human selfishness."

Written for Light in the West.

PROGRESS ILLUSTRATES SPIRITISM.

The statement made by the apostle Paul, in the fifteenth chapter of 1. Corinthians, that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body,"—"celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial" was simply a reference to the then general belief of the cultivated nations. Indeed, the recognition of the truth of natural immortality was not only almost universal among the Greeks and Romans, in the apostolic times, but it constituted the chief corner stone of the mythology of the polished and cultivated nations of antiquity. The careful student, however, with diligent search will fail to find evidence tending to show that the Jewish people, prior to their conquest by the Romans, had any well founded theory in regard to the immortality of the soul; for certainly the Old Testament furnishes no satisfactory evidence that immortality was taught in the Synagogues, or was an essential element in the religious belief of the Jews. It is evident, therefore, that the christian conception of a future life was derived from Roman and Grecian mythology, and not from the Jewish Scriptures.

It may be safely assumed that the civilization of a nation may be estimated, in any

period of its existence, by reference to the condition of the belief of its people in the divinity and indestructibility of the human soul, and in the communication of the angel world, in its many methods, with persons in this life. The recognition of the truth of spirit return, and intercourse with the living, has been coeval with the earliest dawn of enlightenment, and this glorious knowledge recedes, and becomes more and more imperfect, as a cultivated people sink into ignorance and bigotry. The destruction of so many elements of liberty and knowledge, through the establishment of dogmatic christianity during the first ten centuries of the christian era, is an apt illustration of this truth, as dogmatic christianity, both Protestant and Catholic, is far more materialistic than spiritual.

The doctrine of the resurrection of the natural body through a plan of the Creator, based upon miracles, many of which were claimed to have been performed by a palpable violation of the laws of nature has a manifest tendency to obscure the intellect, deaden and subject its votaries to the domination of ecclesiastical despots. It is safe to say that our progress since the revival of learning, has been in the same ratio as materialistic christianity has been compelled to loosen its grasp upon the intellect, and as a true spiritual unfoldment has been permitted to develop. There have been more remarkable manifestations of the genius and grandeur of the human mind during the last forty years than for the ten centuries immediately preceding that time,—as seen in the numberless inventions in all departments of human activity and of scientific learning. Is it not, to say the least, a noteworthy fact that this remarkable era of the world's history was virtually ushered in by the advent of modern Spiritualism?

This was but a natural result, for as the spirits of their ancestors inspired the Greeks and Romans, through which they erected those wonderful monuments of art, and secured that phenomenal excellency in literature and refinement, so characteristic of that age: in like manner numberless spiritual influences in inconceivable ways, during the last forty years have contributed in every department of life to inspire and strengthen that God-like genius that has secured the present advanced condition of the human family. Can we doubt but that the direct influence of the spirit world upon the earth will soon be universally recognized? The contemplation of these truths cannot but afford great pleasure to the philanthropist, and in fact to all persons whose minds are freed from the control of religious bigotry, through the direct and augmented influence of the spirit world.

MARY L. MCGINDLEY.

Mandan, Dakota

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

LET truth and wisdom ever guide us.

Written for Light in the West.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH.

Spirit of truth breathe o'er us
Thoughts of thy love divine;
Faith with its light before us,
Beams on our path sublime.
Take from each thought all sadness
Wipe every tear away,
Fill every heart with gladness,—
There let it ever stay.

Wide o'er the earth thy blessing,
Falls with the dews of peace;
Right every wrong redressing,
Doubt with its pain shall cease.
Over the gloom of sorrow,
Shines ever bright thy ray,
Hope from its light we borrow,
Wherever our footsteps stray.

Oh! may thy light forever
Shine in the hearts of all,
Bless every pure endeavor,
Hear every feeble call.
Come on thy wings of healing,
Here let thy presence stray
Softly as music stealing,
Into our lives each day.

GEO. W. SHIPMAN.

North Collins, N. Y.

Written for Light in the West.

WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

(Copyright secured.)

CHAPTER III.

As I had occasion to speak of the civil war, in the last chapter, it might be well to give a short account of how and where I was situated when the war broke out;—how nearly I came being caught in the Confederacy, after the secession of the states, and how, by a little different turn of events, or providence, as some might call it, I might never have been in Washington, as stated in the last chapter.

When Louisiana declared herself out of the Union, I was in New Orleans, and a slaveholder with northern proclivities. In other words, I was a northern man by birth, with southern affiliations, and a slaveholder by purchase, and not by inheritance, which made it all the more inexcusable. True, I never bought a slave who did not beg me to buy him and I never sold a slave; still, all the time, I felt it to be wrong. I felt slavery to be a moral blot upon the escutcheon of our nation. I was lenient with my slaves, to be sure, and let them have pretty much their own way, giving them half of what they earned in summer, and most of the other half, when they were out of work in winter. This satisfied my conscience pretty well, but if I had died, it might have fared hardly with my slaves, in case of sale, as it did in many instances; hence the injustice in the ownership of a human being.

As stated before, I was in New Orleans when Louisiana seceded, and I leaned to the South, having lived in a southern state many years; but when I saw the stars and stripes hauled down in Jackson Square, and the stars and bars run up in their place, amid the booming

of cannon, my eyes filled with tears, a shudder ran through me, and I thought "My country is dissevered, and I am here in the disjointed and rebellious part of it." I had not thought it would come to that and when I saw a southern confederacy, with slavery as its corner stone, I involuntarily said, "I am not of it, — I will get back into the Union."

I passed the Custom House, where I had so often transacted business with United States officials, and my heart sank within me. I determined then to leave at once for some state that was still true to the Union, and as there were no through railroads then, to New Orleans, I took the fastest steamer I could find, the Louisiana, in which to leave the Southern Confederacy. Everything in the shape of business was at a standstill; except preparations for war, and the formation of the New Government.

The boat left, as advertised, for St. Louis, being obliged to take out custom house papers from the southern confederacy before she was permitted to leave. After sundry delays by the Custom House authorities, which at times seemed intentional, the steamer got under way, well filled with passengers, but no freight. Her decks were well stocked with wood, in order to avoid stopping on the way until after she would pass the danger line of detention or confiscation, which at that time, was Napoleon, Arkansas. She seemed to be enthused with the feelings of the passengers and crew, and in haste to get out of the Confederacy, for she fairly flew up the river; and as she passed, without stopping, the various landings where she had been used to take wood, the negroes, on the bank, would call out to each other:—"look dar, now! What's de matta' wid de Luze-Ann: she's done gone by, an' she's runnin' like a sheered wolf!"

All went well until four o'clock on the third day out, when we reached Napoleon, at that time the dividing line. It was our intention to pass without stopping—but no such good fortune: a crowd was on the levee, and just as we got abreast of the town, away went a thirty-six pounder across our bow.

The Captain stopped the boat, and called out, "What do you want?" The answer came back, accompanied with oaths, "Come in here; or we'll blow a hole through you." The passengers remonstrated against landing; but the captain thought "discretion the better part of valor," and made the landing.

The boat was immediately boarded, and while some emptied the bar, others demanded the Custom House papers, and seeing that they were of the Confederacy, pronounced them *all right*. But those who had been imbibing freely at the bar, now came up, spoiling for a fight, and wanted to confiscate the boat.

For a time our chances for leaving the Confederacy seemed very dark; but the Captain by dint of coaxing, hard persuasion, fresh draughts of *whisky*, and by claiming that the boat belonged to St. Louis, and that Missouri would soon join the secession, etc., at last per-

sued them to let the "Louisiana" continue on her way, up the river. And she was the last boat that passed that line for St. Louis for four years and a half; and one who was on that boat, and who now writes this, afterwards furnished flotillas, for over four hundred cannon, that did good service for the Union.

I cannot describe to the reader the utter repugnance, the foreboding and the horror I had for the severing of the Union. I foresaw constant bickering and warfare, between the sections, with only the Mississippi river to divide them. I seemed to see these United States degenerate into a third-class power, and the republican form of government become a by-word; still, I believed that under the compact, the states had a right to secede, for Washington expressly stated, in the convention of the states, that it was "an experiment," and that Virginia would "try it;" while Rhode Island was four years in coming into it. But with all this, and while I believed in the right of the states to secede, I did not believe it to be expedient. And I can now see, as others do, both northern and southern, the 'hand of providence' through it all.

I will now introduce a communication relating somewhat to the war, from spirit Stephen A. Douglass, received August 6th., 1861:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Through the kind assistance of the guides of the medium I am permitted to commune with you. This is a great privilege, one that the children of earth cannot appreciate or understand, as we do; for it assists us in our development to a higher condition.

"It may seem strange even to you, that I, Stephen A. Douglas, should talk in this manner; but, my friend, we must here, as in earth life, become little children before we can be men. This is particularly the case with those who, in the mundane sphere, neglected their spiritual growth; for be it known, intellectuality is not spirituality, and without spirituality, we are lost indeed. Through the assistance of one Roger Bacon, who has kindly undertaken to be my guide, I have arrived at a point of development in which I do not suffer in mind, as I did before leaving the form, for I now see the wisdom of all your great commotion. It is the greatest good that could be brought about, for man.

"I now understand that *freedom to all and for all* is the ultimate; and that part of humanity, which has been compelled to lie dormant, with inactive minds, will now come up, by natural law, to its proper standing in your mundane sphere. This is one of the greatest blessings, though in disguise, that our Heavenly Father can bestow upon His children.

"For sometime before my transition, I was satisfied that I did not see things as clearly as I wished; but if I had, the opinion of the world would have kept me from uttering my sentiments. Hence, you see the great necessity of freedom for the mind as well as the body; and when one is attained, the other is still to be

striven for, and both will be accomplished, for

Light shall drive away the night
And right shall triumph over might.

"Oh, my friend, there sit to-day, in your legislative halls, many noble men who dare not utter the sentiment of their souls, because they are held by public opinion, that dread monster. It must be annihilated, or lost in the great sea of uses, that true hearts may be allowed to beat in accordance with their interior promptings. I long to tell my old friends the way, and the life, and how to avoid the quicksands into which I fell; but I must be governed by conditions. I am promised other opportunities to speak to you, through this medium, and when permitted, will give you a history of my entrance into spirit life, and the sensations and experience connected therewith.

"I can only add, that through the law of aspiration, and the assistance of kind friends, I have thrown off the dark mantle that enshrouded me on earth. I am in the full enjoyment of a bright future in view,—everything that the new born soul can desire, or comprehend, are presented to my vision. Oh, my friend, this is a world of transcendent beauty, reaching into infinitude; with eternity in which to explore it."

Some of my readers may be disposed to inquire, why Mr. Douglas should have come to me and the only answer I can give is, that I knew Mr. Douglas very well, being frequently with him during his memorable campaign against Mr. Lincoln, and in which he was successful. And as I was mayor of one of the considerable cities (at that time) of Illinois, I had frequent intercourse with Mr. Lincoln as well, and will here relate a little incident characteristic of him:—

In the summer of 1856, a lady came to the city in which I was mayor, intending to give Shakesperian readings; but, unfortunately, on her way to the Hotel, she partly fell through a cellar door, on the sidewalk, fracturing her ankle. As the lady was not a citizeness of the state, she sued the city for ten thousand dollars damages, in the supreme court at Springfield, and engaged Mr. Lincoln to attend to her case: the suit coming on, I went to Springfield in the interest of the city.

While the parties were all in court, and the case about to be called, Mr. Lincoln came over to where I was sitting and said, "I don't like to push this suit against the people of your city, as many of them are friends of mine; but in justice to my client, I must do the best I can. I feel sure we will get a judgment; but I think the thing ought to be compromised." I answered that our city was comparatively poor, and that if the lady got a judgment, she would have to take it out in town lots, or public buildings, and she could do very little with those. "And then," I continued, "so long as the plaintiff talks of ten thousand dollars, compromise is out of the question; but if she would take something like her board and doctor's bill, we might consider it."

Mr. Lincoln went across the court room

and after consulting with his client, came back and said that she would take three thousand dollars, and dismiss the suit at her cost. I then said, "Well, if we pay that sum, are we to be entitled to the injured member?" After consulting with the plaintiff, Mr. Lincoln returned saying, that as the lady understood the mayor was a single gentleman, he might have the whole body, if he took a fancy to it. Thus a compromise was affected, through the good offices of Mr. Lincoln.

I was also present when Mr. Lincoln and Gen. Shields met to fight a duel with broadswords, on an island opposite Alton, Illinois. The quarrel occurred about a very estimable, and then young, lady of Springfield, whose name it is not necessary to mention here; but the affair was amicably settled, to the satisfaction of all. In latter years, and while president, I often saw him and have now an autograph letter of his, recommending me for the work I performed for the government, mentioned in chapter second. He felt the responsibility resting on him at times during the war, to be so great that it almost crushed him, and he would the cry out in the agony of his soul, to be guided aright.

Mr. Lincoln was a believer in spirit phenomena and a medium, well known to myself, frequently sat for him, privately, and at other times would send him communications that came through her, addressed to him. I have every reason to believe that the emancipation proclamation was first mooted and urged from the spirit world.

Mr. Lincoln's cabinet was peculiarly constituted, being made up of elements that, singly, would have acted disastrously to the cause of the Union, but combined, were just what was needed. Mr. Lincoln, left to himself, would have given way too much; but with Stanton, who alone would have played the tyrant, and Chase, Seward and Browning who were conservative, to stand firm, the cabinet was made of sterling stuff. No one of them had his own way entirely, but all parts helped to mould the destiny of this nation.

I also knew General Grant, many years before he became so well known to fame. He was one whom adulation or prosperity could not spoil; but adversity came very near doing so. He had many grand and some weak points. Destiny developed his grand points and left his weak ones behind. His greatest achievement was *conquering himself*, and I think his wife had much to do with that. I do not think he had any confidence in spirit communications,—at least I never heard him say so.

I have written this much of public men to show that there was nothing peculiar, or to be wondered at, in receiving a communication from my friend, Mr. Douglas, and in the next chapter will have occasion to copy another of his messages to me.

Washington, D. C.

B. O. J.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—*Humboldt.*

"WHAT GOOD IN SPIRITUALISM."

The Southern Association of Spiritualists, which convened at Louisville, Kentucky, serves to call attention to the recent growth of Spiritualism in this country. It is claimed that there are now 7,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States, and while this is doubtless greatly exaggerated, it is certain that their numerical strength is surprising. Spiritualism is an established fact, but it is not easy to see what good it does or what inducements it holds out as a reward for those who embrace it.—*Post Dispatch.*

To the spiritually unenlightened mind—to the mind bound by chains and dogmas in darkness and superstition, 'it is no doubt hard, — yes, impossible 'to see what good Spiritualism does, or what inducements it holds out as a reward for those who embrace it.' To those whose first thought is of the reward, I would say: Fear not for the reward, for every good brings its own. Among the good things it has accomplished I would say that it has settled many questions of momentous importance, a few of which I will mention.

First: That man has a conscious existence beyond the grave.

Second: That all individuals commence that existence precisely as they leave this, mentally and morally, retaining their identity and memory—in fact in full possession of all the faculties they possessed here.

Third: That the future existence is one of mental progress, and spiritual unfoldment for all human intelligences.

It also teaches that Nature, holding the golden scales of justice, says: Obey the laws and enjoy—transgress and suffer: That every thought and every act is engraved upon the tablets of the soul and that the years of eternity will not blot the record out: That every thought is a living entity and will return to its source many times during the countless ages of the life upon which we are about to enter: That man ever was and ever will be: That the change called death is the greatest blessing our Father ever gave to His children. Spiritualism undermines the false, overthrowing the Babels of bigotry and superstition, is constructive in purpose and eclectic in method—adopts the true wherever found. It has given free thought a new impulse; severed the bonds of fear and superstition; revealed in a truer light the law of compensation; opened to anxious eyes a revised geography of the heavens, and convinced multitudes of Atheists and Deists of a future conscious existence. Unbarring the gates of death, it has brought the loved inhabitants of the summer land into our cities, our homes and our chambers, permitting us to touch their shining hands and hear the music of their voices. It has kindled in believing souls the loftiest endeavor, the broadest and the warmest heart fellowship. Its prayers are good deeds, its music the sweet breathings of guardian angels; its ideal a pure life of brotherly love, and its temple the measureless universe of God.

The statement that there are seven millions of Spiritualists in the United States is no exaggeration. The number of its adherents is

constantly increasing, and none investigate the subject honestly, without becoming convinced that it is the truth, "the light and the way."

No! the statement is no exaggeration, —the reign of darkness and superstition is rapidly drawing to a close, the hour is not far distant when the "calling of the preacher of false doctrines and effete dogmas will be gone, and their temples and churches and meeting-houses shall be turned into consultation chambers, to find remedies against poverty, crime and debauchery, and there shall be volunteers going about seeking out the helpless and distressed—there is no such congregation to-day in all the world," even among the churches.

St. Louis, Mo.

W. L.

DEGENERACY OF THE STAGE.

Editor Light in the West:

There was a time when Shakesperian plays were put upon the boards, and the moral derived from them was of a high order and the general tendency was to raise the moral standard of thought and action. But of late years, either from the depraved taste of theatre goers, or their lack of appreciation for the sublime representations of the Shakesperian drama, a species of low, semi-demi monde representations have taken their place. The theatres are crowded almost to suffocation to see spectacular pieces exhibiting droves of semi-nude woman or young girls, who should be at home or at school, learning the practical, every day lessons of life instead of exposing themselves to the gaze of a vulgar herd, whose only appreciation is the gratification of the animal senses.

Then there is another grade, who play the role of an unfaithful wife, led on by the stage villain, and our youth and young girls are educated in the "fine art" of leading a woman astray and breaking up a happy family. The "leading lady" anguishes on the sofa dressed in the highest style of abandon, and throws out all the lascivious allurements that the full fledged society exotic is capable of. The aim and object seems to be to see how near it can portray the actual criminality of the parties without producing the actual occurrence on the stage. To say that such plays are demoralizing, very feebly expresses it. They are educators of lasciviousness, and crime, and lead to the worst results.

The matinees are a conglomeration of the most dangerous elements of society: persons should be careful about what their sons and daughters witness. The theatre is a great educator for good or evil, and while the husband is at his place of business, his wife and children may be drinking in the seeds of domestic dissatisfaction from the very fountain of impurity.

A. N.

THE GOLDEN CALF.

Editor Light in the West:

We are accustomed to consider the Israelites an idolatrous and ignorant people, because while Moses was up on the mountain, receiving instructions from their God, the people in the valley ordered a golden calf to be made, and worshiped it. We are wont to think that God's chosen people were very forgetful of Him and His commandments, when Moses left them only forty days to

go up on mount Sinai. But if professing Christians, and all others who profess to have a rule of right to govern them, would only stop and think, how often they turn aside, even between Sundays, and do what they know to be wrong, they would cease to wonder that a nation of people just released from Egyptian bondage, and surrounded by idolatrous people, should be led astray. And we are no better; for while we may not be worshiping golden calves, we are, many of us, running after the golden "bulls" and "bears" on Change and elsewhere. Never in the world's history was money worshiped more than now. The rush and scramble is so great, that the poor and needy are forgotten,—their rights are trampled upon, and there are none to take their part. The code of religion or morals of any man, who lives up to the letter only, and not the spirit of the law, is worth nothing. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and remember there are many other sins, besides worshipping the golden calf.

* *

CHIRO-PSYCHOMETRY.

WHY A NEW NAME—ANCIENT PALMISTERS—THE GYPSY PALMISTS—STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF THE WRITER WITH THE GYPSY MAIDENS AND GRANNY.

BY ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL.

IV.

As I come now to speak of the more minute meanings of the detail in our art it may be well to remark that a new science or art requires a new name.

This is equally true of a radical modification of an old science or art. As alchemy naturally developed into chemistry; and as astrology has its scientific evolution in its improved offspring, astronomy, so palmistry (or chiromancy) has its philosophic survival in its legitimate successor and descendant, chiro-psychometry—which is by interpretation "the hand as a measure of the soul."

The hand reading of which I write is not fortune telling. It does not belong to the same school as the "weird warnings of the withered witch," whose "eyes are lighter," and whose tongue is consequently loosened by "cross my palm with silver money."

I shall have nothing to say about dark men plotting injury" or "fair women with a wedding ring and a fortune."

The hand-reading of which I write is as different from fortune-telling palmistry, both in its methods and its results, as the calculation and determination of an eclipse is different from an astrological horoscope. Chiro-psychometry under many different names is now attracting the attention of many studious and intelligent investigators, who find it absorbingly interesting. Amateurs find it exceedingly fascinating as far as they pursue it. Nearly every one who looks into it at all is found to accept its teachings, so far as they understand the art, and it is safe to predict that the vast majority who read these articles will examine their own hands as well as the hands of their acquaintances. The writer has read more than twenty thousand pairs of hands, representing nearly all races, nationalities and grades of society, and has never failed to interest nearly all who were present.

All grades of men (and women) from the prince to the pauper: from the philanthropist to the pick-pocket; from the purest in regeneration to the vilest infamy—have presented their hands to him for inspection, and have thus revealed to him their motives for action and the foundations of their characters.

Here I will say a few words (which logically belonged the first article but which will do as well here in relation to the history of the occult ancestor of chiro-psychometry—palmistry.

The latter is at this day generally thought and spoken of, by the better informed, as a cheap delusion used by the unscrupulous to extort or wheedle money out of the pockets of the ignorant, the superstitious or the curious. In former times, however, palmistry ranked, like astrology, among the learned arts, or was recognized as one of the sacred and peculiar gifts. It was studied and practiced by the philosopher, the priest and the magician, among whom it was an esoteric accomplishment and a much prized possession. Many among the learned of all nations and times have been interested in and believed more or less in the teachings of palmistry, and a review of ancient literature will show that many who now rank as wonderful men have devoted much time to reading the "mystic lines of man's hand." Some of the ablest rulers and greatest generals have laid their plans or modified them as directed by the palmist. Some of the best and wisest of all classes have reverently held forth their hands to the palmist with mingled emotions of hope and fear. They thus sought to lift the veil of the future, hoping to catch a glimpse of their general fate or to see the result of some special undertaking, yet fearing an unwelcome knowledge by the prediction of an unfortunate or mayhap a fatal termination. Job was a believer in palmistry, for he says: "The palms of the hand he covereth over with light." In another place he is yet more explicit, saying: "He signatureth the hand of every man that all the men he hath made may know the man." Palmistry, then, is as old as the days of Job, and the book of Job was ancient, probably classic, when Moses wrote Genesis and the Law. Palmistry was known and practised in its primitive use of divination by the ancient Egyptians. We know of this ancient Egyptian palmistry, only as we know of Egyptian sciences and philosophy from frequent allusions to it by the early and classic writers who though ancient to us, are, in fact, modern as compared with Egyptian antiquity. These classic writers not only allude to Egyptian palmistry, but they make many quotations of its principles and teachings; showing that it was a favorite and an occult study with their wise men—both priests and magicians. It is, therefore, probable that when "Moses was taught in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," palmistry was one of his special accomplishments. It is probable that the Egyptians, and Moses with them, understood character reading from the hand. There is a tradition that Moses, when he went before Pharaoh with his message from Jehovah, saw the king's hands and noticing his enormous thumbs his heart quailed, and Aaron was given for a helper. There is another tradition that when Moses was about to choose associates to assist him in leading and ruling the dissatisfied Israelites that he passed through the camp and by the size, bearing and

general appearance chose a thousand men whom he invited to meet him on a certain day. When they were assembled, he, by simply noticing their thumbs, selected 100 whom he invited to return the following day. These 100 he took one by one into his tent, and, pledging them to secrecy, he carefully examined and recorded the peculiarities of their hands. He was thus so acquainted with their characters that he was enabled to assign each one to the position for which he was best fitted.

Josphus is on record, in his own writings, recognizing palmistry as an art of high rank and great value.

The Greeks, among their innumerable appropriations of others' ideas, also appropriate Egyptian palmistry. To this, as to everything else they accepted from others, they added new lustre, enhancing its attractions and increasing its beauties they embodied it among their higher esoteric accomplishments and gave it prominence among their religious rites.

Homer wrote a complete treatise "On the Lines of the Hand," which, though lost, is frequently referred to by later Greek writers. Socrates, Aristotle, Plato—in fact the greater number of the eminent Greek philosophers and authors—were palmists.

The Roman priests and augurs were proficient in the practice of palmistry, but with them it was debased from its Grecian purity and beauty and made to do duty for sordid purposes. Paracelsus, Albert Magnus, and others like them, pursued the study of palmistry, not for pecuniary gain, but for the sake of its intrinsic worth. Their works in Latin, and John Rothmaus' in German, are the foundations of all modern fortune telling palmistry.

Palmistry as a means of divination or fortune-telling is now represented by only one prominent writer, Desbarrolles of Paris, who is a professional fortune telling palmist. Fortune-telling by the inspection of the hands is universally practiced by the gypsy women of our day. Among them it is at once a traditional and an exact art. While it is undoubtedly true that these wanderers like some other mortals less trusted will often set a dollar "blind the eye to evil or quicken the light to good luck" and read a "bonny fortune" that warms the heart and opens the purse of their victim; it is still undoubtedly true that two or more experienced gypsies—where there is no object in deception—will without any consultation with each other, read substantially the same fortune from the same hand. No claim is here made that they proceed by uniform and well defined rules, which enables any number of experienced gypsies, though separated and noncommunicating, to see in any certain hand the same peculiarities, and hence to read from it substantially the same fortune and fate. That is, their art, when fully understood, is an exact one. Whether it is a truthful one, or whether it has in it any elements of truth as a foundation, is entirely another question. The following incident will illustrate this position as well as interest the lover of the occult:

In the summer of 1877 I visited a gypsy camp just south of Kansas City. I found it consisted of a single family. There was that day in camp a middle aged man down with a chill, two boys, seven and ten years old, and a young woman of twenty. I had been feeling unwell myself and had with me a box of pills prepared for me by a

physical friend. I administered a dose to the ailing, down hearted wanderer. I sent one of the boys to a grocery hard-by for a pint of bourbon, had the gypsy lass boil some water over her camp-fire and made for the invalid a "hot whiskey," well tempered with Cayenne pepper. He drank my medicine without a murmur, and then we wrapped him up warmly and put him to bed in his wagon.

This a true interest in their welfare and its immediate good results put me in much favor with the nut-brown gypsy maid. She told me the sick man was her father, the two boys her brothers. Her older brother and sister had gone to another camp, west of Wyandotte, to be gone two days; her mother had died when Bobby was born, and much more of family history.

I asked her to read my fortune. She was willing to do her best, saying; "You have been very good to my father, and I wish sister Kate was here. She is a bonny reader, and would tell you many things that I cannot pretend to tell for I am only a learner;" adding, earnestly, "indeed we are all learners, our whole lives."

"I am," she said, "striving hard with my sister; she is ten years older than I. She learned from mother and granny. Both of them were bonny readers. My sister is to be married at Christmas, and I want to learn all I can before her husband and the little ones take up all her time. Then next year I am to live with my aunt and granny, when I will learn many dark and bonny signs."

I gave her my right hand, but without looking at it she pushed it on one side and said: "I'm thinking you never saw a Romi bedora read a fortune, or you would know she always wants the left hand." I had purposely given her my right hand, knowing she would ask for the left. I was not an idler in search of amusement; I was not a fatalist seeking a glimpse of the future; I was a student seeking information; I was watching closely and keenly every motion and fixing in my memory every word. I accordingly presented my left hand, remarking, "As you choose, though I suppose they are both alike." "Indeed, they are not alike," she replied. She took my hand, looked at it, turned it over, pressed the nails, turned the palm up again and held it more fully in the light and scrutinized it earnestly for fully a minute, without a word. I noticed her color come and go with conflicting emotion and felt her hand thrill with agitation. Then with that mingled look of firmness and doubt which we can all discern, but which I cannot describe, she handed me back the dollar with which I had "crossed her palm," saying earnestly, almost eagerly:

"I cannot read your fortune, but I'll give you another dollar till you read mine. You know more about hands than I do, and if you had my eyes you could tell the Roma many things they would like to know."

I tried to accept her peculiar acts and words as a joke, saying:

"What makes you think I understand hands?"

"Think! I don't think anything about it, I know it. I know it as well as I know you are there before me. Ah! it is plain. I could put my forefinger there in your loof (palm) and see it in the dark, with the end of fingers. I never saw it before in any man's hand, except in the hand of my cousin Jack Hardaway. He was a book-reader Roma, and knew all about the stars and the sun and the moon that he had learned in

old books. He was trusted with my sister Kate, but after he learned fortune-reading he broke off. He said he loved Kate all the same, and more, but he could not marry her, for he was to be killed in his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year by a wound in the lungs, and could not bear to leave Kate a widow with little ones to care for alone. And then, Christmas after his twenty-fourth birthday, he was taken sick with a terrible cold, and his lungs commenced bleeding, and he died in less than a week."

After some further talk with her, I read her character from her hand. She was very much pleased with my interpretation, and wanted me to teach her how to do that.

I offered to teach her sister and herself to read character if they would in return teach me the gypsy art of reading fortunes.

Her reply to this was very striking and very peculiar. Without attempting to use her exact words and gypsy idioms, I will try, so far as I can to present her ideas, which were substantially as follows:

I will be willing and glad to take you at your offer, if I could: but you have not the gypsy's feelings to understand what they mean. Of course you have eyes, and they are good ones, but they are not like our eyes; and they are not trained as our eyes are trained. We can see things in the hand that you cannot see or understand. Some of you gorgies cannot tell blue from green, and all of us Roma can see colors and shades that you cannot see. In the same way we find lines and signs in the hand, which we cannot show to you, because you cannot see them."

Just then a dog ran along the road, with his nose near the ground, evidently following the track of his master.

"There," said the gypsy teacher, "you see that dog running where his master passed some time ago? I saw the man turn out of the road and pick a posy just where the dog left the road and sniffed about until he found a fresh start. People tell us that the dog follows that track by the smell. How do they know that? Can the dog smell so much better than the man? Is the rose sweeter to the dog than to the man? Is the smell of the flowers sweeter to him than to the man, or is the balm of the clover-field known to the dog? Not a bit of it. All we can say is their smell is different. The dog recognizes one kind of odors and enjoys them. The man distinguishes and is pleased with a different kind of a smell.

"Now I do not say that the Romi sight is better than yours; I only say it is different, just as our impressions are different. You can feel about markets and mines and crops. We don't know anything about these things and we can't learn. Sometimes you meet one that you love or hate at sight. Sometimes you know that another person is near you. Sometimes you know that danger or good fortune will come in a minute. How do you know these things? The Romi women always knows these things. That is, the young women; the middle aged women, and especially the widows and old women, know them; but the men and the women with little children or with family trouble don't know much better than you. They know them just as well as you know what you see or feel. You know them sometimes, because your second sight, as you call it, comes to you only at odd times, but we gypsies have it all the time. In the same way we always see

things in the hand that you might sometimes get a glimpse of, but never see clearly. And if you cannot see the fortunes in the hand how can you read them? If you could see them you could learn to read them, just as I could learn to read your books. I could not read a book if I could not see the letters, or if I could not see how one differed from another."

All this interested me so much that I determined to immediately see the other gypsies, and especially the older sister. I took my leave, drove north into the city and directly over to Wyandotte, and thence west about two miles to the other camp. Passing the compliments of the day, I asked for a hand reader, and was, of course, referred to "granny." I told granny, however, crossing her palm with a coin, that for certain reasons of my own I wanted a "bedora" that is, a young woman, a maiden, to tell my fortune, after which I would return to the old lady.

"O, well," said she, "there is only one here, 'Bonny Kate.' There she sits," pointing her out, and then called her:

When Kate came up I crossed her palm with silver. Retiring a few steps under a tree, I held out my right hand.

"The other hand of the gentleman, please," said she.

I held out my left hand. She took it carelessly, remarking as she looked at my ring:

"I see you are a Mason."

I nodded assent.

As she turned my palm to the light she gave a perceptible start and the blood left her face to return again in torrents. She held it a moment, then putting her hand upon it tenderly she stooped over and held it to her cheek, then handed me back my money, saying as she turned away, with tears in her eyes, "No, I cannot read your fortune, you are yourself a hand reader. Excuse me," wiping away her tears, "but your hand has fortune in it that breaks my heart to see."

See then took my hand, saying:

"Yes, a bonny hand, and a sad one too. He died before he had wife or child," and then made a startling remark about my own heart-history and experience.

She then called "granny" and spoke to her in Romney, in which I could only distinguish the name Jack.

The old woman, gray and wan, but neat and active, came up hurriedly, took my hand, looked at it eagerly, patted it lovingly and kissed it repeatedly, saying "My bonny boy. My bonny boy." She led me to a stool and sat down near me, still holding my hand, and among much that she told me said: "Yes, you are a bonny reader; you've a bonny hand, my own darling's very hand, only you are longer lived than he. He died and left the loved ones to mourn. You live to mourn the loved ones lost."

The acquaintance thus begun was kept up during the summer, and as I was always a welcome guest in the camp, I had the opportunity of studying thoroughly their system of palmistry. Kate was a good teacher and told me I was her best and most proficient pupil.

A person, who gives now and then a little of what others have earned for him or he has robbed from them, is called generous and is praised but if one, who gives time and all to help others, to think out and find out how society ought to be to

prevent temptation and wrong doing of all kinds and make it easy for all to live right and well, is insulted in innumerable ways, robbed without redress, worse than murdered—even now-a-days.
—Rothuggaren.

From Omro, Wis., Dr. J. C. Phillips writes us: Have just returned from Green Bay, this state. I found there many anxious inquirers in relation to Spiritualism, and will mention a few. Daniel DeVrooy is being developed to speak, and I predict for him a brilliant future, as his band seem very radical in the thoughts given. Mrs. Josie Miller, under the control of E. V. Wilson, it giving some fine tests, as well as talking very nicely under his and other controls. This lady will make a success in the lecture field. Miss Minnie Gilger, a young lady in her teens, is also controlled to lecture—the controls using the very choicest language. She is also controlled to write by her Indian maiden control, Tender Flower. I give some extracts from her writing:—

"The distance is traveled, and we come again, bidding you each be of good cheer. Fortify yourselves against the bleak winds that whistle around you,—they will soon calm. * * * Put yourself into the hands of the immortals, and your trust will not be in vain. By your very earnestness, your seeking, thoughts brilliant, dazzling, will be lavished upon you,—for no one seeks in vain. Who toils for good, must reap good. * * * Oh, friend of earth, thy faith will sustain thee in time of trouble. We strive to reach thee, and lift up the cloud, as best we can. Oh, glorious Spiritualism! free and pure thou art. Thou teachest love to all—malice to none. Thou takest away the mystery of death, pushing back the bolts of superstition and letting the golden light of truth flow into mortal hearts, dispelling all fear of an avenging Father. Thou art to the human mind, what dew is to the flower—giving it strength to battle against wrong. Nothing hidest thou from those who seek to read thy pages, and from them they learn to build a home of beauty in the angelic climes, free from sin or aught that would cloud the brightness of its atmosphere."

POOR IRELAND.

The future of Ireland, from its most favorable standpoint, is not promising. England is blamed for the present deplorable condition of that priest-ridden country, and she may be somewhat to blame; but the root of the whole matter is, Absent Landlordism. The country is drained of its rents, and the people who own Ireland do not live in it, but rob it in rent-rolls, and spend them in England or foreign countries.

But suppose the Irish people had Ireland to themselves,—could and would they govern it peaceably? Are there not elements within itself, that would create anarchy and bloodshed? It is well known that there exists the bitterest of feeling between the two religious factions, and it is a question, after all, whether either faction would not rather be down-trodden by the English, than to be at the mercy of their religious opponents. For history has demonstrated, over and over, that there is nothing so implacable as religious bigotry; and with the priests to carry the cross at the head, we might expect to see "a war of extermination." No doubt they would think, as of old, that they were doing God a service, in rid-

ding the earth of so many heretics. Alas, that the teachings and example of the "meek and lowly Jesus" should have been so misunderstood, as to lead them to resort to the sword, rather than to the Word.

There must be something wrong in a religion, or in the interpretation of it, that has led so many, these many centuries, to force others to adopt a certain belief. It is only bigotry and ignorance that would force people to confess to a belief of which they are not convinced, other than by the force of argument. All this grows out of that monstrous doctrine, "He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." According to this, the old adage,

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"

could not be applied to religion, for if it did, it would be sheer nonsense to force the unbelievers into acceptance, with the sword, the torch and faggot. It is horrifying to think of the vast number who have perished on the altar of religious superstition. It is enough to turn any thinking being against any and all dogmatic religion.

The history of the world shows, that it is only a question of time, when the persecuted become the persecutors; for example, the Puritans, who came to this country to avoid persecution, and then in turn, persecuted the Quakers and burned witches at the stake. Alas, poor Ireland! The mills of her sectarian God will grind her to powder. B.

THE UNVEILING OF ISIS by Charles Latimer, C. E. Editor *International Standard*, and "Alpha and Omega or The Mystery of Trinity in Unity solved by Kaleidoscopic Symbols," by James A. Bliss, are now being published in the columns of the *N. D. C. Ace and True Key Stone*. Send your name and address on a postal card to James A. Bliss, Editor, South Boston, Mass., for a sample copy.

WEARING WEEDS.

Editor *Light in the West*:

If the christian minister believes what he preaches, and the congregation what they profess, why all this mourning over the deaths of those of their number? According to their belief, if those persons had faith in the blood of Christ to cleanse them from sin, they are infinitely better off,—having been carried to Abraham's bosom, robed in white, and given a harp of many strings.

Why all this paraphernalia of crape, and "widow's weeds," anyway? If God has taken our dear one's to himself, is it not flying in His face, to mourn and "refuse to be comforted, because they are not,"—because our affections have been lacerated? And to mourn by rule of fashion, is simply an insult to God, as well as to the dead. Let us wear our sorrow in the heart, not on the outside. L.

DR FRANKLIN WRAY of Andrew, Iowa, writes us that he is receiving many letters from his advertisements. We call attention to his change of add. which appears in another column.

"O World! somewhat I have to say to thee.
O sin-sick, heart-sick, love-sick, soul-sick world!
So ailing art thou, both in part and particle,
That solid truth thy stomach ill digests."

BEGGARS ALIKE.

A beggar stood at the rich man's door—
"I'm homeless and friendless, and faint and poor,"

Said the beggar boy, as the tear drops rolled
Down his thin cheeks blanched with want and cold.

"Oh! give me a crust from your board to-day,
To help a poor beggar boy on his way!"

"Not a crust, not a crumb," the rich man said,
"Be off, and work for your daily bread."

The rich man went to the parish church,
His face grew grave as he trod the porch,
And the thronging poor and untaught mass
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began, the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles dim,
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he said,
Were, "Give us this day our daily bread!"

Phrenological Journal.

MIND OVER MIND.

The following article, which is taken from the Glens Falls (N. Y.) *Daily Times* of February 26, is interesting as a reminiscence of mesmerism thirty years ago and is of especial local interest as one of the subjects spoken of is a well known citizen of St Louis:

"People who lived here twenty years ago will remember Dr. Cushing, who was quite a remarkable man in his way. Strangers coming here are much impressed with the immense paper mill across the river, but probably that would not have been there had not Dr. Cushing established the first mill on that site, and paved the way for the present fine structure. He was quite a successful business man, and made money here. The last heard from him he was in Florida. The doctor possessed the peculiar faculty of mesmerism, and liked to exercise it on any good subject whenever it suited his fancy, and on this account more than one individual in town used to detest him simply because he got them in his power and forced them to do as he directed, whether it was ridiculous or not. One day the doctor said to a well-known gentleman, who is still a prominent business man here: 'Do you believe I can

STOP ED. PIKE'S HEART?"

The gentleman said he thought it an impossibility, so the doctor sent and got the boy who worked then in the *Republican* office, and taking him into a room told him to remove his upper clothing so that his heart would be exposed. The boy did as directed, and the doctor said to the gentleman: 'Put your ear close to his heart, you hear it beating regularly.' After a moment's pause, in which he held the boy with his eyes, he suddenly ejaculated, 'Eddie, your heart has stopped beating!' and the gentleman who was relating the incident said the pulsations of the heart ceased instantly. The doctor kept the boy in this condition for about half a minute, and then remarked: 'Eddie, your heart is going again,' and then worked two hours to restore him. It was a close call.

"One day while walking in the street he saw Ed. Knight a little distant before him carrying a bar of iron. Knight, it is said, fairly hated the doctor, and the latter knew it, but was bound to have his fun. 'Wait,' said the doctor to a companion, 'see me control him.' He fixed his gaze on

Knight and tersely said: 'Ed, put down that iron;' and Knight dropped it on the sidewalk with every appearance of its being hot. Then, after having given this exhibition of his power, he commanded Knight to pick the bar up, which was done instantly and the doctor did not detain him longer. He had under his control Dr. Stoddard, who also resided here at that time, and who was a

GOOD PRESBYTERIAN,

but who also possessed mesmeric influence, and exercised it at times. One of Dr. Stoddard's subjects was a man well advanced in years named Holbrook, and so completely was he in Dr. Stoddard's power that whenever the latter appeared Holbrook would immediately begin to entreat the doctor to let him alone, which was not always done. We do not hear so much about mesmerism in this period as once obtained, but it still exists

IN CERTAIN PHYSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

It is said there are some people in this place who have it, although they do not utilize it or give manifestations of its power. A number of years ago, when M. B. Little was a young man, he was a very effective and powerful revivalist, and conducted meetings in various places. One time, in a suburb of Glens Falls, he was exhorting the sinners to seek salvation, and had been more than usually fervent. He felt a peculiar influence, and pointing his finger at a tall, burly fellow, he said, 'There is a convert to God,' and down went the fellow as if he had been shot. Mr. Little pointed his finger at others, who fell to the floor in the same manner, and he thinks it was due to mesmerism; at that time such manifestations were called the falling power but they are seldom heard of now."

A WELL-KNOWN ST. LOUISAN.

The Ed. Pike referred to in the above reminiscence, is none other than the well-known Edwin S. Pike, Western agent for J. K. Wright & Co.'s printing inks. He was seen by a *Republican* reporter yesterday and questioned in regard to the truth of the statement.

"Yes, it is true," he said, "and I have had the experiment tried upon me many times by Dr. Burton, the celebrated mesmerist."

"What were your feelings when your heart ceased to beat?"

"Well, I can hardly explain it. It was something like the feeling that one has on taking laughing gas. There was nothing oppressive or disagreeable about it. The first experience I ever had with mesmerism was in 1850, when Dr. Burton first visited Glens Falls. I was then employed on the *Republican* at that place and wrote several articles ridiculing Dr. Burton's so-called influence, and pronouncing him a

MOUNTEBANK AND IMPOSTOR.

One day the doctor came into the office and inquired for the man that wrote the articles in regard to himself. I was pointed out to him and he came over to me and talked a few moments in regard to mesmerism, I all the time laughing at him, and on starting to leave asked me if I would call on him at his room at the hotel that afternoon. I consented to do so, and he departed. According to agreement I met the doctor, and he commenced a series of experiments upon me, and finally succeeded in getting my eyes shut fast, although I laughed at and made fun of him all the time. He said that was enough, and asked

me to come to the exhibition that night. I went and took a seat in the front row, and when he called for subjects I went up on the platform. He directed his experiments especially at me, and finally placed me under his influence so that I would get on the table and

FLOP MY ARMS AND CROW

like a rooster and do other things equally ridiculous.

"The Dr. Cushing spoken of in that article was a tall, dignified man with coal black hair and piercing gray eyes that would have attracted attention anywhere. He was fond of experimenting with me and considered me a good subject. I remember at one exhibition he had a boy under his influence and was making him perform all sorts of antics. Some one said that he thought it was all a humbug and the boy was put up to it pointing to the open stove full of

HOT COALS

the doctor said: 'John, you see that basket of nice red apples? Go take one.' John obediently went to the stove, thrust in his hand and grabbed one of the hot coals, burning all the skin off the inside of his hand. That experiment cost the doctor \$500 or \$600 in the suit for damages that the boy's parents immediately instituted, but the scold, for was convinced of the sincerity of the boy's actions at any rate.

"In 1856 I commenced traveling with Dr. Burton as a subject. He could do anything with me, sticking pins through my hand without my feeling the least pain, stopping the beating of my heart etc. I finally became so imbued with the mesmeric influence that I almost had no will of my own, and he could control my actions even at a distance from him. For instance, one time we were in New Bedford, Mass. We gave several exhibitions there, and one day a man came into the doctor's room, when I was away, and told him he thought I was a humbug and an impostor.

"Well," said the doctor, 'I am willing to stake my money and my reputation on his sincerity.'

"The fellow said he was willing to bet something on it.

"Well," the doctor said, 'you see Pike is not here, and of course he can know nothing of our conversation. Now, I will wager \$25 that no matter where he is at I

CAN BRING HIM HERE

as fast as his legs will carry him.

"The doubter consented to the wager and the money was put up. At the same time, although I was several blocks away, a feeling came over me as though a rope had been placed around my neck and was pulling me along, and I immediately started out on a hard run for the hotel, coming into the doctor's room all out of breath. The man lost his money, but he was converted. This might seem a pretty hard one, but there are parties living in New Bedford to-day who can bear witness to the truth of it.

"I stayed with Dr. Burton until 1858, when we came to St. Louis.

We gave exhibitions here for two months in the small hall of the Mercantile library, and the doctor will be remembered by citizens who lived here at that time. Dr. Burton stayed here some time, having an office near Fifth and Pine streets, and I got married and went to work at my trade, the printing business. Dr. Burton is still alive, over 90 years of age, living in Detroit, where I saw him a few years ago, hale and hearty."

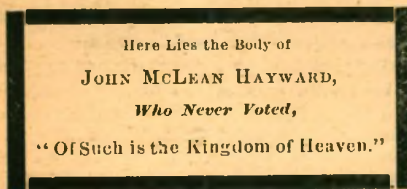
"Do you think you could still be influenced in that way?"

"I don't know. Probably I could. You see, to be a good subject it takes a man who is in perfect health, who is temperate and who is not addicted to sensual habits of any kind. The genuine mesmerists are very few, and I am as much disgusted as anyone with the exhibition of mountebanks and impostors, but I know by experience that there is something in mesmerism, a real control of one mind over another."

THE SARCASTIC WOMAN.

Vanity Fair: Have you ever met the sarcastic young woman? No! Well, she is a pest. The giddy girl, the gushing girl, the lackadaisical miss are not ornaments whose loss would cause the world grief, but they can be tolerated. The sarcastic maiden should be suppressed by law. The school is growing. Nobody likes the sarcastic girl; everybody fears, and many hate her. Her stock in trade may originally have been satire, but has long ago degenerated into impudence, and with the degeneration has slipped away her ability to see the difference between what was and what is—between satire and impudence. She has been fostered in the family circle, and generally stays there. She began with mild criticisms of her friends and ends with lampooning them. Now she has none, and caricatures her acquaintances; her parents applauded her early efforts, and she retaliates by staying on their hands. The family think her brilliant, young men avoid her, and what the world knows as a sour old maid is generally thus created.

BOSTON, MASS., March 22.—Dr Hayward, who died recently at Wayland, prepared his epitaph some time before his decease. On his tombstone will be the words:



A SUBSTANTIAL GOOD WISH.

EDITOR LIGHT IN THE WEST: Dear Sir,—Please insert the following notice in your columns, to wit: From June first to September first, I will answer all letters of a business character addressed to me free of charge, when accompanied with a receipt from you to them for one year's subscription to LIGHT IN THE WEST, dated after May 15 and three stamps. I do this to show my appreciation of your journal and trust that all friends of our cause whom I can assist will take advantage of this offer. Yours Respectfully,

MARY M. MCGINDLEY.

Clairvoyant and Business Medium.
Mandan, Dakota, May 6, 1886.

AN EXCELLENT PAPER.

It seems almost unnecessary for us to call attention to a paper so well and favorably known as the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston. It has been for fifty-eight years a weekly visitor, and each year has shown more clearly its wonderful usefulness to the class of readers for whom it is prepared.

It would be interesting to trace its influence in the case of two families, one of which began, we will suppose, twenty years ago, to provide it for their children to read, while the other furnished the most sensational publication. The contrast would no doubt be a striking one.

Parents can give their children few things of more value and importance in their growth of mind and of character than a wide awake, intelligent, wholesome paper into whose management the publishers put conscience and moral purpose as well as money and ability.

AN EXTRA.

Our readers will notice that our LIGHT IN THE WEST this issue, contains twenty pages instead of sixteen as usual, and thus we serve them a little better—at least in pages, than we promised. We hardly expect to make this permanent, but if our friends in the cause will increase their patronage, we will enlarge to suit them. Can any one find a publication of equal worth that can be had at ONE DOLLAR per year? If our publishing facilities were not peculiarly favorable we could not afford to turn out such a paper at so low a price.

A COMMENDABLE ENTERPRISE.

The Pennsylvania Spiritual and Park Association of Philadelphia have purchased some twenty acres of Woodland, a part of which is already highly improved, and which they will still farther improve by the erection of speaker's stand and News Building, with an auditorium having a seating capacity of five thousand persons. Some twenty cottages will be erected this season; also restaurants, (no intoxicating drinks allowed) a large pavilion and other improvements, making it a pleasant resort chiefly in the interest of Spiritualists. Here may be held general meetings: and regular meetings three days each week, and twice on Sabbath. A choir of singers and a band of music always in attendance. Lecturers, Trance and Inspirational, Speakers and mediums secured for these meetings. This truly shows a great awakening among the old Philadelphia Broad Brims and High Bonnets. We will have more to say of this excellent institution and its worthy objects in a future issue.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

The Progressive Publishing Co. of Salem, Oregon, have entered upon the work of publishing a large, four page monthly paper, mainly in the cause of Spiritualism, under the title of *The World's Advance Thought*. LIGHT IN THE WEST rises up and intellectually responds to you, Mr. Advance Thought, a hearty spiritual "Good Morning." You come bounding into the world as though you had attained full growth by circling in the existence of the eternal past and being now fit to assume the name and position of *Advance Thought*, with and among the kindred spirits of Earth. The work you outline for yourselves in the salutation you give us is high and noble. Great as this work may be you seem equal to the task; arduous and difficult as it is, you seem to be endowed with energy and strength commensurate with it. We see that there is comparatively an open field for you and all who desire progress, and who love without dissimulation will bid you welcome and wish you, as we do, good speed, for Truth and Right.

If our friends who are interested in agriculture,—and they are legion,—want a first class Agricultural paper let them send for the Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer; Atlanta Georgia and one of the best published; \$1.50 per year. If they want to know everything on Farm Topics and all about Horticulture and the Apiary and Live Stock and the Dairy and Poultry and Field Crops and see Letters from the People and the information contained in a

General Inquiry Department, Legal Department, Departments for Patrons of Husbandry, Farmers' Clubs etc., Floral Departments, Houses and Homes, Woman's Work Household Duties, Fashions Department, Family Circle, Young Folks and even what is in the Children's Letter Box, as contained in some sixty pages given twelve times a year in this ably edited Monthly, and in connection with this by sending to us we will send what many believe to be the most ably edited Journal in America on the Philosophy of Spiritualism. Send to LIGHT IN THE WEST 314 Chestnut Street, St. Louis, and get this Journal and also the Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer, both one year \$1.50.

The Daily North American, published by Morton McMichael's Sons at Philadelphia, Pa. is an anomaly of cheapness in daily publication of a high order, being sold at one cent per copy or sent by mail at 25 cents per month. More than thirty columns of select general news and reading matter fresh in its pages every day. A sample copy will convince every one that they should have it.

New Thought emanates no more from Maquoketa. It seems like the old nest became too small for the growing bird and suddenly he spreads his wings and soars away to Des Moines Iowa, an ample field for greater growth and where he may be found "at home." May prosperity attend the paper's improved appearance and increased size.

TEMPLE OF THE ROSY CROSS.

This small book of 250 pages has been referred to by the LIGHT IN THE WEST in several issues. It is a neat little volume in clear, plain print, well bound in cloth. The subject, "The Soul, its Powers, Migrations and Transformations," is at once interesting to those who think and read, and those who read and think. We have a few copies here for sale; price \$1.50

THOMAS ELECTRIC BELT.

Again we are sent a commendation, favorable to the curative powers of these belts, but have not room in this issue. The Doctor's Advertisement may be seen in another column and those letters only give us assurance of his reliability. Write to him.

The PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for May, 1886, will prove especially interesting to that large increasing denomination. "The Disciples of Christ," as it presents an excellent portrait of the Rev. Robert Graham, with a very full and interesting sketch of his life and work. "Familiar talks with our Young Readers," (No 5) is a rich instalment of series which grow in interest and spirit with each month. The Constitutional basis of Character, is an able paper. "Backs and Character," illustrated, is very amusing and the reader is sure to recognize everyone therein described. "The New Cardinal," "Faith and Science," "Shams," "Notes from a Teacher's Dairy," and "Plea for woman" are all interesting. Chapter III. of "His Weakness and her Fault," finds the young people house-keeping. "Principle of Heredity," is one of Prof. Seizer's vigorous and logical articles. "Notes on Science and Industry," presents much carefully selected information. The editorials are all brief and pithy. "Beggars Alike," "Wood Violets," "Who is this?" sustains the reputation of the JOURNAL's preference for quaint poems. "Answers to Correspondents" will surely suit everybody, difficult as it is to please him. Price only 20c. or \$2 a year, address F. W. L. & WELLS Co., Publishers, 753 Broadway, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We invite attention to our Jan. 15 issue; in which it may be seen that we purchased, paid for and absorbed the only spiritualistic journal in the city or in this region and thereby harmonized with our own work the good will, not only of that elder paper, but of its supporters, who, without exception express themselves as being entirely pleased.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We will send a specimen copy to any one and will take it as a favor to have lists of names with addresses sent to us. Any person so receiving the paper will please accept it as an invitation to send along the dollar and try us a year.

CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us seven dollars and fifty cents for ten subscribers we will credit that person with one copy free, one year, as club agent. There are hundreds of circles in which a person with a little effort could secure the required number of names in an evening. Who will try? Send us the names you want specimen copies sent to and we will help you.

Any subscriber who does not receive the paper by mail regularly and quickly after the 1st and 15th of each month, will do us a favor by writing us a letter or a postal card at once, stating what is wanted.

WHO WILL HELP US.

We will send LIGHT IN THE WEST, THREE MONTHS to any person who will send us the names and addresses of FIFTY persons who are Spiritualists, so that we may address and mail them sample copies. **BUSINESS MANAGER.**

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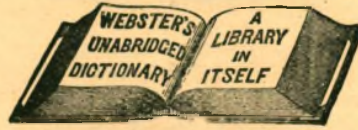
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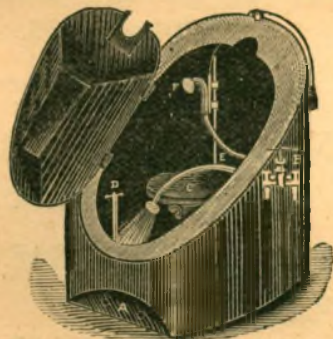
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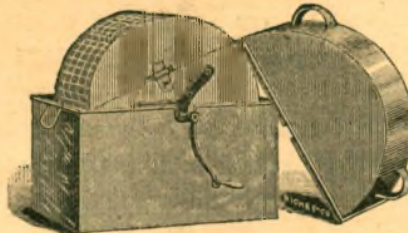
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NEBRASKA, COLORADO,
CALIFORNIA & MEXICO,
AVOIDING TRANSFER AND DELAY**

If you contemplate a journey anywhere, do not
complete your arrangements until you have seen
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