

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI.

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S. ARCHER, Business Manager,
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It is always safe to do right, always dangerous to do wrong.

WATCH carefully the acts of youth, lest they haunt you in old age.

WISDOM is preferable to riches, and much more useful to the soul, both in this life and in its continuation hereafter.

JESUS wept over Jerusalem, and he would weep over the errors and back slidings of the so-called Christian religion, were he on earth to-day.

“TIME is money.” Time is wisdom or folly, says the Spiritualist. The good gathers from it his sheaves of knowledge and increases his immortal love. The fool gathers from it his bundles of sordid wealth, and tries to increase his selfish pleasure.

THERE is no man so bad as to deserve eternal punishment, and there is no God so vicious as to desire it. Discard, therefore all creeds that teach such a thing; form a higher opinion of the God who causes the rose to bloom, and the tree to yield

its fruit for all, regardless of their creed, or belief. Take a lesson from nature, and throw man-made dogmas to the wind.

CAST yourself loose and think and act on your own judgment. Take nothing for granted, nor swallow everything that has “Thus saith the Lord,” or “So saith the priest.” Judge for yourselves and you will be the better for it here and hereafter.

Is the road on which you are traveling to the next world the one selected by your own judgment; or is it one prescribed for you by some priest or preacher, whose brain has been plastered over by some institution for the purpose, and who dares not think outside of a prescribed rule?

MIND and matter are co-existent. Matter of itself is dead, inert, formless, motionless; but by the action of mind, intelligence, it takes on all the attributes of light, life, motion, progress, development. Hence, when the two are united, “the stars sing together for joy, and all creation is glad.”

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.

Man is emphatically a social and imitative being, and while he may have certain proclivities, through his organization, his life is moulded, to a great extent, by his surroundings, and the condition in which he is placed. If it be true, that all soul or spirit is the same, pure in its essence, and only corrupted or degraded by and through physical contact, with unfavorable conditions, how important it is that these conditions be watched, guided and proved, and the spirit be uplifted unto the light.

A very slight thing may change the destiny of a soul, or spirit, for many long years, and cause it to suffer the pangs of remorse and shame, when under other con-

ditions it might have become a shining light, not only to itself, but to all around it. Truly, it is a great responsibility to live—to have charge of a human soul.

THE GOLD HUNTER.

When the miner starts out into the mountains to hunt for gold, he takes with him such utensils as he is likely to need, not only for the discovery of the precious metal, but for analyzing and separating it from the dross when found. So it should be with the searcher after spiritual truth. He should leave all preconceived ideas, prejudices, and dogmas behind, taking with him only his reason, and highest sense of right, and with these assay the truth, or falsity, of what he sees or hears. And because he finds some frauds, or things he cannot understand, he need not therefore throw away everything, and assert that there is no truth to be found outside of old and preconceived ideas.

We are living in one phase of life only, and we are seeking to know of and analyze another, whose conditions are entirely foreign to this; and because we cannot always understand the *modus operandi*, or the conditions necessary to be complied with, we are apt to throw up our hands and call it all demonology, or fraud. Our near and dear friends on the other side, who are only too anxious to communicate with us, are cut off with a sneer or a scoff, because they could not speak as plainly or perhaps as intelligently, through an organization foreign to themselves, as they had spoken from their own form, and through their own organs.

Let any one try to influence, or control another person to communicate their thoughts, in the same manner as the spirit has to do, and see how lamentably he would fail. If people only knew how anxious those who are over on the other side are to open communication with their

friends here, and with the world at large and to impart to them not only words of comfort and advice, but to show them how to avoid many of the shoals and quicksands of life, and how to prepare for, and cease to fear, that hitherto dreaded enemy, death, they would be more lenient with the mediums who act as mouth-pieces for the other world; for at best, they are but human, and liable to all the foibles and short-comings of human nature. They have never been taken up and pampered, and educated into a certain line of life, as have the clergy of different denominations, who are hedged around in every way, and kept *free* from want and worldly care,—and yet, how many of them fall into the grossest errors and even crime!

We do not make this plea because we want to excuse fraud, in any shape or degree. On the other hand investigators should be careful that they do not become a party to a fraud, by carrying with them an influence of their own, and evil-minded spirits, that will destroy the conditions necessary to a truthful demonstration; while if they went there with a mind *free and unbiased*, they would leave the medium and influences untrammelled, and with unmixed power, to produce truthful demonstrations.

We know very little of the action of mind upon mind, through the laws of mesmerism and magnetism; but we do know, that the influence is very subtle, and if it be so, in the grosser, in the physical, how much more must it be in the spiritual; and when we take into consideration, that spirit intercourse, as now understood and practised is only about *thirty-five years old*, how much should we expect of it? We are apt to place a different construction on anything spiritual, from what we do in the natural world. We look for miracles, or miraculous results; whereas, everything is natural, and produced by natural law, if we only understood it. Everything comes up, through the laws of progress and development, from the lower to the higher, and spirit intercourse has advanced in thirty-five years from the tiny rap, to the full fledged inspirational speaker, giving out in unrivaled eloquence, logic, and argument truths that cannot be gainsayed; and that, too, without any premeditation, or preparation, on the part of the medium through whom it comes.

Hence we say: Do not shut your eyes to a truth, because, like the true gold, it may at times be found in the sand, or even in the mire; but rather like the miner

seeking the true gold, wash and sift it, extracting it from the dross. And when this is done you have that which will not perish with the using, but will shine brighter and brighter, through all cometime.

SPIRITUALISM IN ST. LOUIS.

It would be difficult to state accurately the condition of Spiritualism in this city, from the fact that there is no organization, or public gathering of them, by which their numbers could be ascertained; nor, indeed, would that be a fair test of their number, or perhaps their moral or intellectual status, for there are many in the city, to all intents and purposes Spiritualists, who do not mingle with others as such, and yet hold their meetings, privately, or in select circles, the result of which, or even the meetings themselves, are never made known to the public. Many things take place there, as we have occasion to know, that are not only quite convincing of the truth of spirit control, but give an insight into the future life, as already existing there, that is astounding, and often brings tears to the eyes of all present.

We have attended a number of private circles, where all perhaps were mediums except ourselves, and it was interesting to note the different phases of mediumship that developed in each, as it was given expression to at the meeting.

But the most notable private meeting that it has been our privilege to attend is one, the members of which have been in attendance, once every week, for a period of four years. The medium is still a church member in good standing, and when in her normal condition, still leans to some extent to old orthodoxy; but when she is entranced, lectures are delivered through her, by a highly developed ancient spirit, that show in the most conclusive manner the fallacy of the doctrine of atonement, and many another of the dogmas of the churches. But the most curious part of it is, that this advanced spirit speaks through her to an audience of earth bound spirits, or, as they are called in the New Testament, (1. PETER III, 16) "*spirits in prison.*"

We are informed by these intelligences (who speak, sometimes, in four different languages,) that there are many causes, including crimes, for spirits being earth bound; that there are also many who are so from ignorance. Not understanding the laws that govern spirit, they find themselves in strange conditions, but in a longer

or shorter time, grow out of it. They also state, that those who are the slowest (often hundreds of years) to grow out of their error, are those who were tied down with some creed or dogma, and not having found either their orthodox or Catholic heaven or hell, are still looking for Jesus, or the great white throne, and expecting that the day of judgment will yet come, and they will be rehabilitated in their body, and will be caught up to meet Christ in the air.

They furthermore state, that when attempting to persuade those deluded, earth-bound spirits, that there never will be a general resurrection, or general judgment, that they are already resurrected, and that their condition is just what they have made it, by accepting of a formula of religion that never had any foundation in fact, many of them will say, "Go away; you are an infidel," and will not listen, but grope on in darkness, waiting and hoping for Christ and the orthodox heaven to appear.

The spirit who delivers these lectures to these earth-bound spirits says, that he can come nearer to them through the medium, (they being so near to earth life), than he could otherwise, and that in order to progress they must begin with truth on the first round of the ladder, which is on the earth plane; that all error received or inculcated in earth life must be outgrown before the spirit can leave the earth plane: consequently, there are millions of spirits no further from the earth's surface than we are. This may be an unpalatable truth to many; even Spiritualists. But if this be a truth, it is better it should be understood, and we are well convinced of it, not only from attending those meetings, but from the various hints of it in the New Testament.

We are emphatically told by the spirits, that every sphere has its own work of progress or reform to accomplish, and that even death (so-called) will not relieve us of it; but that what of wrong or error we may have imbibed, or been engaged in, must be atoned for, in that locality or sphere, before we can ascend to a higher. Christ expressly speaks of the straight and narrow way," and says that any man attempting to climb up any other way is a "thief and a robber." (JOHN X, 1.)

Truly, it is not "all of life to live, nor all of death to die." This is but the beginning, and it is all important to start right. Death is but a step from one room, one condition, to another, and is realized, in millions of instances, in a few moments.

Open your eyes wide to the truth, and do not be deceived by priest or preacher. It is yourself that has to bear the brunt. No vicarious atonement, no priestcraft, will avail. You will be clothed in the habiliments you have woven for yourself. The account you have kept with God, for the number of times you have pressed a cushioned pew will not avail you: a clear conscience, charity, and noble deeds, are the only passports to heaven.

SPIRITISM VS. ORTHODOXY.

Our friend J. G. Anderson, editor and proprietor of the *Richmond Democrat*, of Richmond, Ray Co., Mo., is having some experience with "The Brethren." It seems that one, "Elder James C. Creel" has seen proper to deliver lectures denouncing Spiritualism, and the wayward course of the above journalist in embracing it; for be it known that such a course is mildly termed *heresy* among the orthodox. The *Democrat* is a large, nine column paper, and the space of one whole page of Number 23, June 3rd, is devoted to an answer of the last of these orthodox lectures of the "Elder." Those who wish to have a full history of these troubles, can no doubt get it by sending a few stamps to brother Anderson for copies of his paper. We give our readers a spicy paragraph, which will serve to show the shot, shell, and various missiles that are flying about in the air up that way:

"The Elder had four mottoes, one for each evening. We have just one—it is, "Be dead sure you've got the rabbit before you bake him." Some men bake the rabbit first—and we never yet saw the rule work worth a cent. Spiritualists are the hardest people to catch on pin hooks we ever encountered—and we ought to know for we went afishing for them in 1880, just like the Elder. There was this difference; we wanted to down the rascals for a sensation for the *Clarks-ville Sentinel*, while the Elder wanted to do it for Christ's and the Elder's sake. We found it the "tuffest" nut our teeth ever tried to crack, but pride of opinion and fear of ridicule shut our mouth to any but a sort of equivocal acknowledgement, until last August. By this time next year we will have the Elder on our string of fish, just like another fellow put us on his string. It rather hurt our gills when he first strung us, but for the Elder's information we will say that it "quit hurtin'" very soon, for there got to be something very entertaining about it. Some day we will tell a story entitled "What Spiritualism has Done for One Man and Woman," and incidentally we will state just here that neither "led" the other; we were told that Mrs. A. could be developed and we returned home vowing that "never in the world would we believe until we could get the proof at home;" so we have been traveling hand in hand in our investigations ever since. Now the Elder may not think so, but we

doubt if any two scientists—not excepting Robert Hare, Wallace or Crookes—ever put Spiritualism to the crucial test we did. We have always passed for pretty level headed people, and the writer was almost as obstinate as the Elder. We never did acknowledge our BELIEF, but when we got KNOWLEDGE through our own organism at the Clinton camp meeting and elsewhere, we were forced to act like honest people—and how we thank God to-day for the courage to do this, for it was a trying thing to do in Richmond under all the circumstances. Some dear friends said we would kill ourselves in business. Several ladies told a friend, "Mr. A. had such brilliant business prospects; but he has ruined himself now," etc., etc. Well, you see even prophets sometimes make mistakes, for here our first year as a Spiritualist—publicly avowed—has gone by, and we are alive and kicking like a mustang pony with a cockle-burr under the saddle."

For Light in the West.

TRUE AND FALSE CHRISTIANITY.

BY PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

"And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch." ACTS XI: 26.

In the record, which every Christian church holds to be true and sacred, of the doings of the earliest apostles and followers of the "humble Nazarene"—the Messiah of what has been called the Christian dispensation,—it is stated that, after the martyrdom of Stephen, there was a persecution of the disciples and they were scattered abroad and traveled to various places—among them Phenice, Cyprus and Antioch. At the latter place, a great many converts were made; and Barnabas came thither from Jerusalem, and subsequently brought to the same place the new convert Saul, so strangely made a follower of the crucified Jesus. And here it is said those people who had set up the new faith were first called *Christians*. They had mediums among them; for the history says: "There stood up one of them, named Agabus, and signified *by the spirit* that there would be a great famine throughout all the world."

Previous to receiving the name Christian—doubtless from the inhabitants of this splendid Greek city—they had been known among the Jews as *Nazarenes* or *Galileans*, disciples of the crucified Jesus, and thus they regarded themselves. He had shown by the physical as well as spiritual manifestation of himself to them, that he still lived as their master and guide, and that their duty as his apostles was to preach to all men the great fact of his "resurrection" (in the Greek, *anastasis*, that is *ascension*), as a proof of man's continued existence after death, and to make known, also, his precepts as the only guide to a blissful immortality. This was what

they meant by "preaching the Lord Jesus"—lord meaning only master (*magister*), or teacher—one to whom they had looked up as an earthly instructor and guide, and now could recognize as a heavenly, spirit guide.

That they had reason for so regarding him the record plainly shows, not only in the accounts of his physical re-appearance shortly after the crucifixion, but in his subsequent appearances, or manifestations of his spiritual presence. Thus it is said (ACTS XVI, 7) that "when they (Paul and Timothy) were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the *Spirit of Jesus* suffered them not."

It is obvious, from this, that they were in some kind of communication with Jesus as a spirit, and were guided by him in their movements.

Christianity in those early days, was a very simple, and an entirely rational, faith, when considered in the light of Modern Spiritualism. It consisted merely in the facts that Jesus had lived, had presented certain ethical and spiritual truths for the benefit of mankind, had endured a terrible martyrdom, in attestation of the Truth, and had crowned the whole by his "resurrection" or re appearance to his disciples, in fulfillment of his promise, and as a demonstration of the future life—not merely his continued life, but the universal truth of man's immortality, as he plainly meant when he said: "As I live, ye shall live also." The logic of this is entirely destroyed by making Jesus God himself; for how can the "resurrection" of God (what an absurdity!) prove that man is to be resurrected? These facts, with an exhortation to conform to the simple moral and religious precepts of Jesus constituted primitive christianity. The people were also exhorted to believe in Jesus not as dead, but as still living in spirit, and present with all who accepted the fact; and they were taught that, as an exalted spirit, in harmony with God he could shed upon them a divine influx, which would elevate and spiritualize their nature, and in this way reconcile them to God. This influx was spoken of as the Christ influence, or power, *Christ* representing not an individual but a spiritual condition or principle, essentially divine, and grandly exemplified in the life and character of the "man Jesus of Nazareth."

All the principles involved in this simple doctrine enlightened Spiritualists — not mere "wonder-mongers"—must accept; for they are universal and immutable. Of

course, a different terminology may be employed to express them, without changing their character or importance. The term *Christ*, which is but a metaphorical expression, may give place to some other mode of designation; but the thing must remain. There is a certain plane of spiritual being, a certain order of influx, which has been so denominated; and if Modern Spiritualism does not recognize it—is not controlled by it, it is not Spiritualism, for it does not possess the spiritual element, though it may be concerned with spirits, who have not yet reached a spiritual condition or sphere. Modern Spiritualism must not be allowed to degenerate into, or even approach to, a degrading *animism*, or spiritism, common to nearly all barbarous nations.

Primitive Christianity illustrates the higher principles of spirit communion and influx, and teaches the avoidance of those practices which, while they recognize and employ spirit intercourse, or a recourse to spirit agencies, encourage, instead of repressing man's lower propensities—his selfishness, passionate gratification, sensuality, and inordinate greed. While we may have not the slightest sympathy with the orthodox dogmatic system, we must recognize the power and beneficent influence of Christianity upon society, the family, and individuals, as far as it teaches and puts into practice the principles which Jesus taught—as far as it embodies the Christ principle, even though it fails to explain rationally the philosophy of that principle, and ignores the new light that has come, indeed is always coming, into the world. Christianity has lost nearly all its spiritual force, though it still remains a mighty ethical force in human society, because it gives support and sanction to those great ethical principles and precepts which Jesus and other illustrious avatars of the past taught and exemplified. But in rejecting the Spiritualism—or, as its exponents say, supernaturalism—which appears in both the doctrines and deeds of Jesus, it has, to a great extent, lost the spiritual control of the people. It may gather some of them into the churches, as a part of the social system; but it cannot, as is now quite evident, spiritualize them: it cannot impart to them a spiritual incentive which is strong enough to make their lives the exemplification of the principles which Jesus taught. The Christ element is wanting, notwithstanding they claim to be Christians. As organizations the churches do a vast deal of

good, in the effort to carry out the Christian principles; and, with the social power which they wield, they compel the unconverted spirit of Mammon to pay tribute to Christ; but Mammon rules, nevertheless, and if he pays tribute on Sunday, he repays himself by his selfish and conscienceless exactions every other day in the week. "Love your neighbor as yourself" is a beautiful and saintly precept for Sabbath contemplation; but the principle of human brotherhood is not for practice in the store, the factory, or the counting-house. It is not *politic*; it is altogether too sentimental. Besides, it is so much easier—and apparently wiser—to believe in Christ, the beautiful doctrines of the vicarious atonement and the forgiveness of sins, as well as the eternal damnation of unbelievers, than it is to do what Jesus commanded; albeit he said: "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them not is like a man that built his house upon the sand." O, what a difference there is between true and false Christianity!

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

[The two following pieces were given inspirationally by the band control of the medium, Mrs. E. Yeatman Smith, of St. Louis, who transcribed them for LIGHT IN THE WEST. In our next, July 1st, number we will give some particulars concerning this lady, whose writing speaks for itself in regard to her power as a writing medium of a high order.—ED.]

I think I can help some of my old friends on earth, by relating something of my experience since entering spirit life.—Here the pencil stopped, and a mental question was asked: Did you believe in a future life?

Ans.—I believed in a future life, but did not believe in this communion of thoughts.

Ques.—What did you understand by communion of saints?

Ans.—I understood by communion of saints, the unity of Christian believers in essential truths.

Ques.—How do you understand it now?

Ans.—Now I perceive a communion of thoughts between mortal and immortal, or, in other words, between spirits freed from earthly bodies and spirits still confined in earthly bodies: I wish, therefore, to use this power to send a few thoughts. To describe the change is impossible, but with the change comes such a revelation of wonders, as in some cases to cause a revolution of ideas. The object, the destiny, of life is made clear to the understanding; the spiritual body, having risen from the earthly body, is become an individualized spiritual entity, with its place

to fill, and its work to do,—carrying out the work begun on earth, but by higher, nobler methods. The whole soul is elevated; the ideas are symmetrical, and harmonious, making the beautiful forms recognized as having been faithful servants in their stations on earth. I wish to urge my friends to continue their endeavors to elevate themselves and their fellow creatures, by being governed by the broad spirit of charity, freely conceding to others the right of opinion which we claim for ourselves. I would comfort my loved ones by telling of the happiness I am experiencing, and in the hopes I entertain that all, in due time, will partake with me in the untold, indescribable blessings which await the children of the great All Father, freely offered to all who earnestly wish for whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is noble, whatsoever will elevate the character of humanity. Earnestly strive for the glory of having spent the time allotted to earth, in aiding to secure these blessings to others as well as to yourselves. May these few words have a lodgment in your souls.

May 29, 1886.

SPIRITISM.

Many persons decline to acknowledge a belief in Spiritualism because they do not understand it. They believe in many of the phenomena, but they do not understand by what power, or by what process these phenomena are produced; yet these people are in the constant exercise of knowledge founded on faith, for what is faith? It is the evidence of things not seen,—and are they not surrounded by mysteries; or what seem to be mysteries? The every day occurrences of the growth of vegetation we see, we know, we believe; but who understands the working of the wonderful chemistry of earth producing from the same materials the varying tints, the delicate tracery, the grateful perfume, the boundless variety of each of these qualities; is the botanist's list of specimens ever filled?

Turn to animal life. Here man has worked, studied, examined, and what has he gained? Much and beneficial knowledge, and as far as the animal system is studied, it is understood; but who understands the life that animates the smallest insect as well as the largest animal, or the highest of all ranks, man? His frame is thoroughly understood by scientists; they can put the finger on nerves invisible to the sight, and explain the operation of these delicate fibres; talk scientifically on the convolutions of the brain and from this knowledge theorize on life; but when they

reach this idea, they have reached the limit of human understanding. The moment the life is touched, it is gone, and only the lifeless body is left to speculate on. Talk as they will, they do not understand from whence the life proceeds or what forces operate continually upon it.

Now look up to the wonders of the sky. Here the knowledge gained is likewise wonderful; but while the movements, the distances of those sparkling, shining orbs are calculated and with a degree of certainty which proves the truth of their observations, yet who understands the power that keeps them all in their appointed places? They call it gravitation; that is but a name and gives no clew to the power itself. They talk of centrifugal and centripetal forces: but who understands these forces; whence they originate; how they are controlled so as to maintain the perfect order which distinguishes all the works of nature? Even the disturbances experienced on the earth's surface, when understood, will be found to be governed by law.

And now let us ask, what mortal understands the nature of the spiritual body spoken of by Paul of Tarsus; how it is so closely connected with the animal body? What mortal understands this? Not one. How, then, can the unseen working of the freed spirits, or the spirits still confined in earthly bodies, be understood? It is not intended to be understood, but to call man's attention to the necessity of preparing by unceasing exertions to so regulate the thoughts and practices of every day's existence, that when the change in the course of nature shall remove the individual thoughts to their true natural life, they may appreciate and understand the life which during their sojourn on earth, is a mystery.

May 22nd, 1886.

PEACE.

Peace is represented by a white winged dove, such as that which is said to have brought to Noah the olive branch, as an evidence of the subsidence of the waters, and a re-establishment of peace between man and his Creator.

We know of no more holy mission than that of making peace between belligerents of any kind, and we can imagine that when the peacemaker has accomplished his purpose, a holy calm, a heavenly balm, is poured into his own soul, for the good he has wrought for others. Well might Jesus say, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

If every man and woman were to make

it the aim and object of their lives to preach peace, to throw in the olive branch instead of the firebrand, it would not be long until the millennium would dawn upon our earth. Who quarrels with those splendid societies of man and women, the Shakers and Quakers? No one,—and why? Simply because they will quarrel with no one,—they are at enmity with no one.

When man ceases to be selfish as the brute, that knows no higher law, and when he learns to "do as he would be done by," there will be no cause for quarreling. And when he shall have arrived at that point where, for the sake of truth, he will swear, if need be, to his own hurt,—then and not till then, peace will be over the land, and joy and happiness will cover us as a mantle. When every one shall seek the other's good, the spirits, or angels of God, will walk with man, for there will be "none to molest or make afraid in all God's holy mountain." B.

"OUR HOME IN HEAVEN."

Our excellent occidental contemporary, the *Golden Gate* of San Francisco, is giving its readers a serial story under the above title. It is a communication from Spirit Rev. H. B. Kenyon to his son, H. H. Kenyon of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the *Golden Gate*. In the issue of May 15th in relation to life in heaven he says:

"This I did not understand, but find that just as we live on earth, just as we are at the time of leaving the body, so we find ourselves on reaching the spirit world. There is no change mentally. If you have been keeping bad company; if you have been drinking alcoholic drinks; if you have wicked thoughts of any kind, you take all with you; you take your natural conditions and no other; but you cannot harm or corrupt others here. They will find others as bad as themselves and will mingle together for a time, but will in time become despondent, miserable, and will call for other and better conditions. Their greatest suffering, perhaps, will be thirst for something they can not find here—after that passes away there comes another change—thoughts that sting and torment. Things come up before them that they have neglected to do—loved ones' faces appear before them that they have wronged, and it becomes a place of the greatest unhappiness. None are happy here and as soon as they wish for better things the angels hear their cry and come to their rescue. But after they are lifted out of this condition they have many others to pass through that will not be pleasant, before they can be called pure. All thoughts are plainly seen here; there is no covering up here. You can not say one

thing and mean another without the deception being seen by all.

"Our happiness here depends entirely on ourselves. To be happy here at first, we must give a pure life on earth doing all the good possible. You need not go very far to lend a helping hand. After taking the best care possible of our loved ones at home, reach out a helping hand to those in need. You will always find God's poor all around you. Never seek for missionary work until your own and the needy in your own neighborhood are taken care of. Do not starve your own to feed others. Overcome selfishness as much as is possible in justice to your own. The wrong we do can be blotted out by living a better life after we see our error. We are not forever damned for wrong-doing unless we choose to be, and no one chooses to be; every one in time realizes the wrong that has been done and is lifted out of such wretchedness.

"If you do not come here from a pure earth life, you must become so before you can mingle with the pure and lovely in this life. We do not progress here, until we make up our mind to do so, and till then the pure pass us by. That is just why so many who lived together in earthly conditions, as man and wife, do not meet here for a long time, and in some cases never do; they are never drawn to each other. There is no discord here where the pure in heart reign. It is love and happiness we are looking for, and we go looking until we find it."

Then in issue of May 22nd, in addressing one who had recently passed to the spirit world from earth, and in preparing him for that life the spirit says:

"Did you always obey your Heavenly Father's wishes? Did you do your duty to those under your care? Did you help the poor and needy? You had riches. Did you give a life that would call the angels from heaven to your side? I will let you answer.' 'Oh, no, but I do wish to do better now.' 'Yes, and I am here to help you; but until you have become free from all sin, and pure in heart, you can not live with your little loved one.' 'What can I do? Show me the way, I am ready to do anything to be once more happy.' Taking hold of hands they passed to another place, very much like this, only there were a few flowers and a great many people.

"My friend, the first lesson you have to learn is, Do unto others as you wish them to do unto you. If you see any one here who is more unhappy than you, help him; tell him of what you have seen and what you are promised; by so doing you accomplish what you should have done before you came to Summer Land. You will now have to do what you left undone on the other side."

"Whoso would be a man, must be a non-conformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred save the integrity of your own mind."—Emerson.

It is a notable fact that the President of the United States of America, the occupant of the most honored office in the nation, can go and get married like other people; and that, too, with far less fuss than accompanies a like ceremony on the part of hundreds of private citizens, when the public relations attached to his official position are considered. Mr. Cleveland and Miss Folsom agreed to become man and wife. No imperial sanction of crowned heads was necessary. No consultation with minister of state, nor decree from the high court of the



MR. AND MRS. CLEVELAND.

realm to be secured. The time was appointed. In the presence of a few relatives and friends the ceremony was performed; the officiating minister using only a simple form of such service. The bride and groom took a little trip over to a pleasant mountain home, in an adjoining state, where they

spent a few days quietly enjoying the pure mountain air, and from whence they unostentatiously returned to Washington; he to continue his official duties, and she to assume the management of the social affairs of the presidential mansion and office. Governmental business moved along as usual. There

have his wedding at the high place of honor, to which his fellow citizens called him. That is all there is in it: and this new family seems determined that there shall be nothing more to it. In all this they have done credit to the sentiments of simplicity which our liberty loving people delight to honor.

was not a ruffle disturbing the business of the people, nor scarcely a rustle in the social circles, except a LITTLE CACKLE in some quarters, questioning the propriety of the young lady in going to the home of the man to be married. This only displayed the rare good sense of the parties, in the exercise of their rights as free citizens in this land of boasted Liberty--of Miss Folsom gratifying the novel pleasure of being married in the "White House," and of Mr. Cleveland in allowing his official position to sanction the proceeding, and

G. A. R. MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

The closing Memorial exercises at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, were imposing and long to be remembered by those who participated. Our space will not permit us to give even a summary of them nor of the patriotic addresses which were received with enthusiasm both by the "Blue" and the "Gray." The poems referred to below by our friend are full of expression and tender thought; also couched in kindest language we find sentiments of earnest warning, to the defenders of our nation to guard with vigilance the banner of Liberty. Editor.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 2, 1886

Editor Light in the West:

I forward the enclosed beautiful poem as read at the G. A. R. Memorial exercises in this city. I send it fearing otherwise it will not reach you as I notice it has been suppressed by some of the New York papers, notably the Times. A peculiar interest attaches to it in consequence of its author having, at times, taken his pastor, Henry Ward Beecher, severely to task, for a display of too much liberality in the pulpit. While Dr. Raymond would indignantly scout the imputation of a leaning toward Spiritualism, yet, in allegory, he, and thousands like him, are paving the way for a wider acceptance of the basic truth of that philosophy. N. A. C.

"At the close of Mayor Whitney's address the Com-

mander of Grant Post entered upon the stage with a delegation of Robert E. Lee Post, of Richmond, Va. * * * Professor Rossiter W. Raymond then read the following poem:

THE GRAND ARMY—1886.

I.

Grim enemies are the years,
And vain is strife with them.
Regulars and volunteers
In serried lines, with ringing cheers,
The battle-tide may stem;
But in the warfare of the years
The army disappears!

Where now are the heroes all
Who marched to the flaming South?
From field and forge, from hut and hall,
Full many a brave man went, to fall
While Glory kissed his mouth.
Yet instant Glory claimed not all—
Her harvest was but small.

And many a brave man from the war
Came feeble and maimed of limb;
Bullet-scar and sabre-scar
And fevered weakness, sadder far,
Were Glory's marks on him!
These living martyrs of the war—
Who tells us where they are?

Time's bullets strike to kill
Whom other bullets spared:
His pickets lurk on vale and hill,
And every hedge and highway fill,
A soundless, sleepless guard,
Swift to surprise and strong to kill
Whoever lingers still.

If they would but advance,
An open, manly foe,
With cannon's roar and bayonet's glance,
And bugles calling to the dance

In music that we know,
We would not fear their stern advance,
Nor dread the battle-chance.

But stealthily, one by one,
They choose their victims out:
They sound no bugle, fire no gun
At rising or at setting sun;
They raise no battle shout;
And thousands, falling one by one,
Tell mutely what is done!

II

Aye, comrades! gathered once again,
Close up your ranks anew;
For many a name is called in vain,
And fewer, grayer heads remain
That once were young with you!

Of the Grand Army's ancient might
The rearmost guard we seem;
The van has climbed another height,
And in the starry skies of night
Its distant camp fires gleam!

There stand the braves, whose voices here
At roll-call now are dumb;
They wait to greet their comrades dear—
Methinks I catch their echoing cheer,
As Grant and Hancock come!

They wait, they watch—ah, do not doubt
They watch the land they love!
From posts ethereal they look out,
And, here unheard, their sentries shout
In the great camp above!

O Brothers! from your higher ground
What perils do ye fear?
May not your silver trumpets sound
Some note of warning, clear, profound,
To guide your brethren here?

III.

Is it a voice from upper air
That calls to us:
"Beware! Beware!
The greed of gold, the lust of power,
The reckless pleasure of the hour,
The pride of party, and the lies
That lurk in Liberty's disguise.
Vainly we fought if slow decay
Can steal our victory away;
If tyrants, rich or poor, command
The free-born children of the land;
If the red ensign of disgrace
Flaunts in our starry banner's place;
Vainly we died if on our graves,
There press again the feet of slaves!"

IV.

We hear you veterans true!
Though we grow old and few,
There are enough of us still
Once more the ranks to fill,
Enough to stand in the cause
Of Liberty and her laws!

We swear it, we and our sons—
We, who stood by the guns
Before which slavery died—
You shall not have fallen in vain,
Nor see the glory wane
That was your pride.

The foes of justice and peace
Shall falter and fly and fall,
And the conflict shall not cease
Till the land is free for all.

The banner of treason we smote with you,
No more shall sully our skies of blue,
Nor the blood-red banner of murder light
Again with terror the peaceful night.
But this flag, that is ours and yours,
We will keep o'er a land unfurled—
One, while the world endures,
Free, in spite of the world!

* * * Capt. Crawford had especially come on from the Far West to participate in the ceremonies of the day, and he read the following poem which he had composed for the occasion:

A MEMORIAL OFFERING.

The fast revolving wheels of time have scored another year,
And sacred duty once more calls surviving comrades here.
Once more we're called upon to strew with nature's fairest flowers
The graves of those who bivouac in heaven's celestial bowers.
Once more the deep-tongued bells ring out a requiem for the dead,
Once more from comrades' dimming eyes fraternal tears are shed,
Once more with muffled drums we march, in funeral array,
Toward the silent camping ground of comrades passed away.

Once more, our thoughts go wandering back to where those comrades stood,
In smoke-swept, battle-blighted field and blood-bespattered wood.
We see them standing in the line with eager, flashing eye,
We hear again their voices join in ringing battle cry,
We see them falter, reel and sink upon the crimson sod;
We catch their whispered message ere their spirits go to God.
We see their white, wan faces as amid the shot and shell
We charge with stubborn fury o'er the spot on which they fell.

And floating back on memory's wings through all these buried years,
We hear their loved ones' piteous moans, we see their falling tears;
We see their pain-pinched faces when their eager eyes have read

The name they so much feared would come among the listed dead.
Widows and orphans greet our sight, and eyes with tears are blind
Within the homes which loyal feet so far had left behind.
The sombre shade of death has dimmed the gleam of hope's bright star,
The sun of happiness is hid behind the cloud of war.

We think of this as o'er their graves in softly falling showers
We cast with tender, loving hands our offering of flowers.
And as beside their silent homes we stand in mournful groups,
We almost seem to hear the measured tread of spirit troops
As downward they come, marching from the blessed camp above,
To lend their phantom presence at the annual work of love,
And angel voices softly seem to whisper in each ear
Their gratitude at being thus remembered year by year.

And some who last Memorial Day bore hither gifts of love
Are missing from our midst to-day, but in the ranks above
They muster with the patriot host and lovingly look down
As comrade hands place on their graves the first memorial crown;
And when we once more gather, with our floral gifts in hand,
Some who are with us here to-day with heaven's host will stand
And watch with love-illuminated eyes the death-thinned columns pass
Toward the City of the Dead in melancholy mass.

Ere long we will hear the call to join the ranks above,
And younger hands will carry flowers and younger feet will move
Toward the tombs in which we lie, and younger tongues will tell
Of how their sires for freedom fought and did their duty well.
The sons of veterans will take our annual task in hand
And keep our memory ever green within this blood-bought land.
And in their youthful hearts will grow the seed our hands have sown,
Of love and honor for the land we gave them for their own.

For Light in the West.

JUDAISM VS. CHRISTIANITY.

For more than eighteen hundred years, not only a war of races, but a war of religious belief has been waged, first on one side, then on the other, between what might be called father and son, in religious descent; for the Christian believes all that the Judean believes, and in addition the dogmas of Christianity.
The persecution and attempted extermination of the teachings of Jesus began with the Jews, in his crucifixion on the cross between two thieves, and for the ostensible reason, that they considered him a seditious person, teaching strange doctrine, calculated to overthrow their religion and government. The teachings of Jesus were of a higher, broader and purer order, embracing all humanity in its folds; leveling or rather bringing up, all humanity to one common standard, making all acknowledge their common paternity, a common interest, even to the extent of living, and having everything in common.
The persecution went on for centuries, un-

til the time came, when the weaker became the stronger, and strange as it may seem, in full view of the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus, the christian church became the persecutor, and is to-day persecuting the Jews for an act, the crucifying of Christ, without which, according to the christian's own doctrine, there would be no salvation, and the myriads of souls that have, do now, and will live, upon the earth, would all have landed in an endless hell.

It is unnecessary to detail the fearful persecutions, that have been perpetrated upon the Jews, in all the ages since that event by which the world was supposed to be redeemed, the crucifixion of Jesus on the cross, and for which generation after generation of Jews have been persecuted, and treated like malefactors, with "Bulls and Papal annunciamientos against them," until civilization cried out against it. And even now some of the so called christian countries hardly treat them as human beings.

The writer visited Rome a few years ago, and among other relics of barbarism, and religious bigotry and intolerance, he there learned that under the *Pope's nose*, and by his will and consent, the Jews, (like lepers in some countries) were restricted to live in a certain section of the city, the Latin quarter, and if found outside of it after nine o'clock p. m. were apprehended, and treated as criminals. And the thought came to me, some of these poor, persecuted creatures might be the lineal descendants of Jesus Christ, and the entire nation of Jews has been persecuted and ostracised for eighteen hundred years, for furnishing us a Saviour.

Is it not time that such injustice, such conduct, so entirely contrary to that inculcated by Jesus, when suffering the agonies of the cross, and saying, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do," should cease? If Christ could forgive the very persons, who in their blind zeal, thought they were doing their God, and our God a service, by crucifying him, how much more readily should we forgive them. We as a nation profess to be his followers, and as those Jews now living, are descendents, eighteen hundred years removed, is it not high time that these fallacies, these crimes perpetrated in the name of religion, these outrages against common sense and justice, should be done away with and that humanity should be viewed in the light of having one common origin, one common father, one common destiny? Christians sing, preach, and pray, that they may at death, like Lazarus, be taken into Abraham's bosom; and yet in many so-called christian countries they treat any one having the blood of Abraham in his veins, with all the contumely of malefactors, as unfit to associate, or have any part with the human race.

On the other hand let the Jews throw away such forms and beliefs as belong to the dark ages, —such as, that God had any particular people other than those who serve him best by a pure life, and place themselves fairly and

squarely among the family of nations as a part of them. Then they can safely claim to be treated as of them, and in full sympathy with them. Let us acknowledge nothing but the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, and when we do that, we shall be on the high road to the highest type of civilization.

Let us look to our laws that they be not only models of justice, but that they protect the weak against the strong,—be they physically or mentally weak. Let us have a government that will check monopolies, or excessive power, in any shape, by hedging them around, by enactments that will work on a sliding scale, so as to meet every emergency, and prevent as far as possible, the rich becoming richer, and the poor poorer. Let the government strain any nerve to see that the laborer gets a just compensation for his work, and not as now, to barely keep from starving the honest laborer of the country, and the balance of his productions to go into the hands of the speculator.

Put the best men in the most important and responsible places; change, and again change the laws, until the working men will go about with smiling faces, after their day's work is over, having received a liberal compensation for their sweat and toil. When the laborer will have ceased to be treated as a beast of burden, and his children taken from the slums and alleys, and by education and culture, breathe a higher, physical and moral atmosphere, we shall have less need for churches, prisons, or brimstone sermons. Then the millennium. B.

THE REALITY OF SPIRIT POWER.

Editor Light in the West :

I believe I was born a skeptic: at any rate, I do know I have always wanted a reason,—a why and a wherefore, for things and events generally, as I found it as impossible to "believe all things," with another's faith as it would be to appease my hunger by merely seeing another eat. Many things, indeed, yet remain a mystery to me. My mental and spiritual sight, however, have seen things that before were hidden; showing clearly to my mind there is a sixth (or more) sense, invisible though it be, far more correct and powerful than the five senses, commonly known to humanity,—a power outside of us, stronger and far superior to those we use every day. ("There are more things in heaven and earth, than we dream of in our philosophy.") Closing the preparatory remarks, I will relate a few things that came under my own experience; such as my eyes have seen, my ears have heard, and impressions made on my mind, soul, or spirit.

When I was a boy, about seventeen, in New York city, I saw suddenly appearing before me, a gigantic female figure, holding a key in one hand and a sword in the other, which I touched without any effort on my part. I was very much surprised,—yes, more than I can ever tell or write. This phenomenon looked somewhat similar to such allegorical beings

representing "Liberty," "Columbia," etc. The phantom lasted perhaps less than a minute, fading away like the colors of a receding rainbow, until out of sight. I saw again this same phenomena about twelve years ago in Chicago. It made such an impression on my mind, that I can never forget it; and while doubtless other events, said to be "real," have nearly passed from memory, this singular occurrence is as fresh as if it took place this morning.

Again, I attended a public school in New York city, and was never absent, except in case of sickness, etc. On a certain day I left home with my books for school; but even boy as I was, I could not get near the building—something "Possessed" me. I wandered about, till after school time and came home, my parents, of course thinking I had attended my usual studies. The papers the next morning brought the news, that a panic had been raised in that school, and every boy in the room my class met in, on fourth story, had been killed or seriously hurt.

Some years ago our family went to England, and after remaining a short time, my father started out to secure berths for five, in a clipper sailing vessel; but meeting a friend on the way, they went to a hotel together and partook of some refreshments before he went to the office to secure the necessary passage tickets. The result was, he was *too late*, every berth having been taken. My father came home rather cross, expressing himself in strong but not very orthodox language, regretting very much being left behind. My mother, however, said to him that it no doubt was all for some good purpose, which perhaps time would show. We remained five weeks longer in London, and took passage in the ship "Margaret Evans," and after a long and tedious voyage, arrived safe in New York. The first news we heard that day was, that the figure head of the ship in which my father intended to return, but missed through the instrumentality of a friend, had been picked up at sea, and that was all that was ever heard of her. A few years ago I had a great loss by a fire in this city, which so depressed me, that I procured a deadly dose, with suicidal intentions, which was knocked out of my hand by two boys running suddenly against me. At the time I thought this was an accident, but now it is attributed to spirit protection.

One evening, five or six years ago, I locked my door and started to go to church. Just as I got into the street, without any apparent cause or reason I walked upstairs again, unlocked my door, and pulled my bed to the opposite end of the room,—why I could not tell. I did it, and then locked my door, and again went off to church thinking no more of it. After returning I retired and during the night a heavy storm arose: part of the roof was blown in and chimney fell, some of the bricks falling through just over where I had been accustomed to sleep, and my removing the bed from that spot was the means of saving my earth life.

Not long since, I needed a small amount of money on one particular day, but could see no earthly way of obtaining it in time; but while I was thinking over the matter, a "still, small voice" suggested my going out, and out I went, apparently aimless; but I ran against a friend, who without asking, handed me more than I really required to meet my obligation. Surely "truth is stranger than fiction," and there is a power outside the visible world that guides, protects and works out things. I am looking for more light, and as I receive it will pass the torch.

W. E. WILLIAMS

St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. RICHMOND.

It is proposed to invite this estimable lady and medium, to come to St. Louis, and deliver some two or three lectures, and we know of no movement that would do more to awaken a genuine interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism than to have this lady come and deliver a series of lectures in this city.

Mrs. Richmond's lectures are delivered in a state of trance, the name of the inspirer often given, and the logic and eloquence of her discourses have called out the highest encomiums from those in the highest, as well as in the humbler walks of life. To our mind, her lectures are more convincing of the truth and beauty of the Spiritual philosophy than any other phase of mediumship; for in her case there can be no room for deception, or fraud, it being only necessary to believe the truth, "for the truth's sake." The lady lectures frequently from the subjects given at the time by the audience, and all are invited to present a subject, the audience deciding which shall be spoken to, and as this could hardly be done by any one not assisted or inspired, the test of spirit influence and power is then and there made manifest. Then her arguments are most interesting and logical and her manner and address most pleasing.

It is to be hoped the Spiritualists and others of St. Louis who desire a rich treat in spiritual things, beyond cavil, or the suspicion of a doubt, will use their influence to secure the services of Mrs. Richmond as a lecturer, and particularly as she is willing to come if her expenses, merely, are guaranteed, indeed, her life has been given to this cause, asking only that the necessary expenses be paid to and from Chicago, and while here. We hope sincerely, that this intellectual and philosophical treat and phenomena, will be furnished the people of St. Louis, so that they may be able to judge of the claims of Spiritualism, from the basis on which this lady explains it.

A. E.

St. Louis, Mo.

First Small Boy: "Say, Johnnie, where are you in Sunday-school?" *Second Small Boy:* "Oh, we're in the middle of original sin." *First Small Boy:* "That ain't much. We're past redemption."—*Pittsburg Truth.*

For Light in the West.

THE SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

The origin of light is but the beginning of wisdom, and it is to the effect of light that we owe all our powers of life and thought. If in darkness worlds could have come into habitable existence, and life have been sustained thereon,—developed, and purified,—no light would have been necessary.

Admitting light to have been the origin of life, then the source of the universal Godhead was light, from which emanated universal law. All law must spring from a source of intelligence, intellect from an individuality of spirit; hence, an individual spiritual God. "In Him was light, and the light was the life of man." Hence, the ruler of the universe is not a God of imagination, but an ever-beginning, and everlasting entity of spirit, "that was, and is, and is to be."

In the beginning
All was night; darkness reigned supreme
Throughout the vast immensity of space.
Chaos was order, there being at that time
In nature no opposing power known.
The earth in fragments flew among the stars,—
Dim missiles of the sky. The sun and moon
No office yet performed, except to roll
In confused disorder, 'mid the scene.
Time did exist, though no account was made
Of time, by days or weeks, or months, or years.
No thought was known, excepting that of Him
Who saw and ruled the vast and boundless deep

Dark and innumerable ages passed,
Of which quintillions in our count would be
Less than a unit in the calendar.
Order was called, ere a dawn existed:
Every element answered to that call,—
Each one its relative position sought,—
The spirit of light began to kindle,
And life took root and grew.
Time rolled on, and ages passed away
Ere man came forth, as a God-like being,
From the planet earth.
I thought became developed by love divine,
And unto earth man (a compound of the whole)
Became resigned; he sought for light
By worshiping an unknown cause, the effect
Of which he saw resplendant 'round him,
And held that power sacred that brought forth
All things for good. No evil yet he knew;
For, to the children of the earth, the gates
Of reason were yet closed, and for ages after.
When all the elements, becoming more refined,
In nature's crucibles were melted o'er,
And all the finest parts compounded,
Then, and not till then, the full light of reason
Shone down upon the earth and man.

There was a cause, a thought,—it was sublime,
That made all worlds complete, and suns to shine;
The seasons to exist in regular turn,—
The cold to strengthen, and the heat to burn.
There was a Cause, the first great cause of all,
From murky night threw off the dismal pall,
Brought order out of chaos, and proclaimed
Life and light to worlds as yet unnamed;
That made the earth, and stars, the moon and sun
Each in its radiant course to run;
Divided day from night, for man's best,—
The first for labor, and the last for rest;
That made the mountains rise, the rivers roll,

And ocean tides to flow from pole to pole;
That made no thought to die, nor man to fall,
And spirit to exist beyond the pall
Of death,—so called, on earth below—
That invisible change that doth bestow
But purer light upon the soul that's passed
From out the body, by the fatal blast,
To cross the river to the summer land
And join, with saints and sinners, hand in hand.

The body to the earth gives back its name,
And mingles with the dust from whence it came,
But the spirit element, the soul sublime,
Seeks greater light from off the throne divine:
Restless and weary, it thus pursues its way
From that of earth to realms of brightest day.

The most refined of life cannot be seen
By nature's eye, that sees but nature's gleam—
In the monster steam, a subject to man's will,
We only see the vapor from the still.
The electric belt thru' which the world is lighted
Is only seen when by a spark ignited.
The starry firmament, with all its laws,
Is moved and governed by an unknown cause:
And all the vast immensity of space
Is charged with atoms of an unknown race.
How, then, without light from the great unknown,
Can all these wonders by man's will be done?
All hail the power, wisdom! Hail the spirit, light,
That sheds a halo o'er the age of night—
Leaves darkness to the world where it began,
And lifts the veil dividing saints and man.

DE LAVAN DEVOE.

St. Louis, Mo.

MY.

Editor Light in the West:

This is a word of great import with some people, and we fear it will be emblazoned on the foreheads of many when they wake up in the other world, as it is here constantly on their tongues. It is *my* wife, *my* children, *my* house, *my* church, and in and through it all, is *myself*. A stream of selfishness runs through every aspiration of such ones, and when a person in want applies to them, they are ready to say No with as hard an expression, as if their face were made of flint, and their heart too, for that matter.

Do such people ever think, that when they die they must enter the other world as naked and penniless as they came into this, that they will need friends in the next world much more than they needed them in this? And have they forgotten, or did they ever know that Jesus of Nazareth made this one of the most prominent features of his teachings, to "lay up treasures in heaven," and how did he recommend us to do it? He did not say, "Feed the rich and full fed," but he did say to "Feed the hungry and clothe the naked."

We are not pointedly told the crime of Dives which caused him to open his eyes in hell, but the parable points mainly to the fact, that while he was arrayed in purple and fine linen every day, he let Lazarus lie at his gate, and paid no attention to him; the time came when Lazarus was "comforted and Dives was tormented," and the tables had turned to such an extent that Dives, who would have scorned, in his life time, to have had Lazarus for a

servant, was now denied that privilege.

The spirit world, to which we are all hastening is not afar off, as many imagine. It is all about us—many of our nearest and dearest friends that we may think in some far off heaven, if they were of the Dives kind, and were full of self, are right here, earth-bound, and walking about among their old haunts, because they can't get away. They lived such Pharisaical and selfish lives here, they are tied down to earth, being unfit to go higher, until they have learned there is some one else in the world besides themselves; that to be so supremely selfish, shuts the golden gate as effectually on them, as if they themselves had put a lock on it, and thrown away the key. It can never be opened, except by abnegation of self, humility, and repentance. How much better, then, to begin here to recognize the "Brotherhood of Man," and the Fatherhood of God, and act up to it, than to wait, and try to buy into heaven by giving to the church before, or leaving to it after one is dead, for he will find the church does not hold the key to heaven or happiness hereafter.

That key lies hidden in his own heart, and that alone can unlock the treasures of heaven, for as Jesus said, 'Heaven is within us,'—yes, and hell is, too, for heaven or hell is more a "condition of the mind" than a locality. Then

Think less of *MY* and listen to the widow and the orphan's cry.
Think less of creeds and more of Christian deeds,
Don't think yourself much better than your neighbor
Because he's poor, and therefore has to labour,
You may have need for him, before eternity is done,
To bring a drop of water yet, to cool your parched tongue.

St. Louis, Mo.

A. W.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED.

Golden Gate: We don't suppose that there is a so-called heathen land on the globe that is more in need of true missionary work than those that so pompously distribute missionaries abroad. In Japan, the traveler will find its restaurants perfectly clean and systematic; the walls hung with beautiful pictures of birds and flowers, interspersed with mottoes from Buddhist authors, as, "Forgive all injuries;" "Speak ill of no one;" "Be kind to the unfortunate;" "Be attentive to the poor and aged."

In sorry contrast with these humane, heathen promptings, are the adornments of our eating saloons; where one generally finds repulsive cuts of pugilists, half-clothed women, and such legends as, "No credit given here;" "Beware of pickpockets;" "No tramps admitted to table." Why is it that other nations do not send missionaries to the United States? There is surely need enough of them, and the need is a growing one. Those who have studied the questions in connection with foreign heathens will doubtless agree with Prof. Morse, that they are too polite to offer us instructors or instruction. Nothing better was ever said of barbarism, and nothing more sarcastic of Christians.

If modesty were a Christian virtue, we should not thrust ourselves upon those who practise truer Christianity than we can preach.

For Light in the West.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

The worm of the still has a poisonous breath,
It breathes from its nostrils the odor of death,
To those who inhale it the power of the will
Is dead—such power belongs to the "Worm of
the Still."

The people have long set a price on its head,
Yet the very same persons well know it is fed
On the corn from the field, intended for bread,
But which goes to the worm to make poison
instead.

It is found in most places, near the brook or rill,
For the worm must have water its breath to dis-
till—

Oh, its fumes are rank poison—its odorous breath
Leads men to ruin—leads them to death.

From the charm: of the snake and the famed
upas tree,
By the power of the will you may force yourself
free,

But the worm of the still, when once in its toils,
Will continue to wind you around in its coils.

You will finally become so fond of its breath
That you stay close beside it, though threatened
with death.

Oh, frail, stupid man, can't you see how your will
And your reason are vanquished by the "Worm
of the Still."

WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

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CHAPTER V.

About the time I received the following communication from the Rev. Dr. Bullard, I was still attending church, and listening to the same old orthodox ideas, that had been preached into me for years. I listened to many communications, of which it was impossible to keep any record, other than in my heart, and some of which were as heavenly manna to my hungry soul; still I heard much at circles and elsewhere, that was confusing, and sometimes I could detect fraud, (the latter generally among those claiming to produce physical manifestations.) Thus I waded on and on, in a labyrinth of doubt and fear, and sometimes despaired of ever finding the truth; for I was looking for and demanding the exact truth, and demanding that its demonstration be made as clear to me as I would expect of a mathematical problem, not taking into account the many unfavorable conditions with which the spirit world had to contend, in communicating with those of earth, nor what I afterward learned; that different minds, even in the spirit world, often see the same truth in different lights, owing to their minds being differently constituted, or on a different plane of development.

I will here state, that I went at the investigation of Spiritualism, with all the seriousness, approaching to awe, that my nature was capable of, and after acquiring some experience, I found that promiscuous circles were not the best places for me to get the informa-

tion I wanted. I will not say tests, for a mere physical test did not at all satisfy me. I wanted to know the status, the kind of life, and the object and routine of life, in the spirit world, and I believe, if I had found it to be a life of luxury and ease, such as the oriental heaven is depicted to be, I would have rejected it as being no better, or not even as good as the orthodox heaven; for, as I have said before, I longed for a life of activity, with greater power and greater scope of achievement than upon earth.

But I will let the Rev. Dr. Bullard, whom many of your St. Louis people of the older stamp no doubt remember, tell his own story, as written down at the time:

"My Dear Sir; Through the kind permission and assistance of the circle, who sit with and control this medium, some of whom are also your very dear friends, and have requested it, I am permitted to communicate with you this evening.

"Oh, it is a glorious privilege to return again to earth, and come again in communication and sympathy with its children. All who knew me, know that I held a prominent religious position in their midst, and that I left the form very suddenly; but I then thought I was prepared at any moment for the summons; I left the form satisfied that my life and actions had entitled me to a high seat in the land of gladness. I lived a smooth and pleasant life, in conformity with all the forms and ceremonies required of me, by the church to which I belonged and presided over; I gave alms to the poor, assisted the needy, upheld with my means, all societies that were of my peculiar opinions of religion. Thus, I lived a pleasant and easy life, anticipating a joyful entrance into my preconceived heaven, of everything beautiful and holy.

"I supposed that when I passed the shadowy gates of death, I should be taken at once on high; and finding I had parted with my body, I stood waiting for some one to accompany me there. While thus I stood waiting, I was approached by one whose countenance showed deep thought, high resolves, and mighty attainments. By him I was welcomed, and led upward, till we came to a strange looking country, and I asked my companion and guide why it looked so uncultivated. It seemed to be a beautiful country, abounding in hills and dales, and with every diversity of scenery, but there was a rough look, — a want of cultivation apparent. Its inhabitants seemed honest and industrious, but they bore the same rough, unfinished appearance as did the country, and I asked why everything was so crude. My companion said he would hereafter explain, but that this was to be my home. 'But let us hasten,' he added, 'for I have much to show and tell you, — when we return from our journey, you will see the propriety of what I have said.'

"So we continued our journey, to countries smoother and more highly cultivated. After a great length of time, as it seemed to me, for I was made to see the distance with mortal senses, we arrived at a beautiful city. No

indeed, thought I, we have arrived at heaven; what a glorious place it is! He led me around, and through the city — what grandeur and sublimity everywhere met my eye! How perfect and uniform everything was; spirit hands alone could have formed it. How beautiful the trees, — how inviting their shade. I begged to stop and lie down beneath them, that I might enjoy the scene that everywhere invited the weary traveler to repose of mind and body. But my companion led me on, and I gazed up into the sky where clear and beautiful seemed the pure vault of heaven, studded with stars, shining like gems. There was such an air of repose, of heavenly calm, resting on everything, that I fain would have tarried to enjoy their beauty.

We arrived farther on, at a country where broad and beautiful streams were dancing in the moonlight of the planet Saturn, and where there seemed to be sounds of music and joy constantly wafted from their ripple. How gloriously bright was everything there? A soft, silvery atmosphere seemed to pervade it, clothing it in a mellow and heavenly light, yet clear and bright as though bathed in the light of the noonday sun. Presently my ear caught the sound of soft and gentle music, — and softly it fell on my senses, lulling my passions to rest, and by its purity elevating my soul to a communion with worlds, to me yet unknown, beyond the stars, — yes, to a communion with something still higher: *The great fountain of purity and light, the center of love, the Great Divinity which fills the universe.*

"Here, by a soft silvery light, which emanated from my guide I looked at him, and understood without language, what seemed to say "Look and behold thyself." Then indeed, I began to see and feel as though I was *unfit* to inhabit this lovely place. While I thus stood, gazing at myself I was approached by several spirits; they gazed kindly upon me, yet as though I was a stranger. They did not seem to recognize me as one of themselves, and I moved along with a lonely feeling.

I noticed that all seemed intent on some purpose; all were engaged in some errand of usefulness for their fellow beings. I seemed the only idle one. I saw, also, that they were clothed in bright and shining garments which seemed to float around them as a flood of light, yet did not in any way encumber their progress, as my clothing did me.

"Oh, then I understood all my grossness; their garments corresponded to their advanced ideas, and mine to mine. Theirs seemed to make up a part of themselves, and a part of their spirit form. How expressive were their looks; every emotion seemed to be one of love to their fellow men, in a broad and expansive sense, and their banner which gave a most imposing appearance to the scene was waving on high, with this beautiful inscription:

'Truth will conquer the world.'

"As I passed along with my guide I said to myself: 'This is truly a far more elevated heaven than ever my weak imagination could

picture; it is ten thousand times more beautiful than my soul ever conceived, and I feel that it is no place for me. I look so coarse, so unlike any one here, that my very soul shrinks within itself, nor wishes to mingle where all seems to bear the impress of wisdom, and elevation, far beyond me. Can it be that I am not prepared for heaven? How sad it makes me feel; I had thought, there was prepared for me, one of the many mansions in the heavens, but the more I gaze about me, the more I feel my unfitness to mingle with the shining throng who inhabit this bright land, until I have developed to it by works; for now I have learned that "faith without works is dead." It cannot surely be, that those who inhabit here, ever possessed souls so narrow as mine: they must be from other planets, from other worlds, where wisdom has developed them.'

"The spirit who had been acting as my guide heard me in silence, and led me slowly back to the country which was so rough and uncultivated. Having arrived there the elder and more experienced spirit, thus addressed me; 'My son, thou hast been permitted to see thyself as thou art; thou canst judge, without being told, how unsuitable to thy spiritual development, would be the sphere and companions thou hast been introduced to. Thou canst see to what point of development thy spirit has reached, in its upward aspiration after pure and holy truth, which comes from on high.

"Thy life and education, if they have not led thee into many grievous errors, have deprived thee of many great advantages. Thy soul hath been educated to merely look up, as do the heathen to the sun, to the great spirit, and ask protection and forbearance for thee, and such as were like thee. Thy prayers have been selfish in many respects; thou hast prayed only for good to thyself, and such others as thou thoughtst were like thyself: thou hast gone through with forms and with ceremonies, in obedience to the laws of man. Such puny laws never emanated from a higher source than man himself. God's laws rule the universe unceasing, and glorious in all their searchings and workings,—beginning with time, but ending only with eternity.

"And now, my son, I see thou art fully awake to thy true position and hast learned a profitable lesson, and I see high and holy resolves budding forth, within thee. Hadst thou opened the chambers of thy soul to the teachings of nature's laws, thou wouldst have grown in wisdom and knowledge.

"This sphere is like thyself, and those thou hast been with; it possesses every attribute of beauty and usefulness, yet how rough it seems. Thou perceivest it has not been useful; everything is in its first, crude, and unpolished state: even so is thy heart, and thy spiritual body is in just such a condition as thou seest. All here have been taught just such lessons as thou hast taught, and whether they have profited by it, thou canst see by their progression.'

"Oh, what a lesson was this! My guide again spoke to me and said: 'We are a class of spirits whose mission it is to elevate all in this sphere, and we do it by taking them with us, as we have you, and letting them learn by comparison. And now thou mayest begin to develop the spiritual part of thy nature, which is so gross as even to disgust thyself. The beautiful sphere just shown thee is indeed a heaven, to those that dwell there; because their lives,—the growth and development of their spirits have raised them to that sphere, and thou, likewise, must labour, and progress as they have done, until thou shalt attain to gifts which have become their heritage.'

"Think not the glorious joys of heaven are formed but to please the sensuous eye of man, to feed his appetite, for ease and comfort. Think not that the life of the pure and good is spent only in praying to, and praising God. Ah, no! The beautiful and purified spirit is one continued prayer, a never ending adoration to the majesty of the Most High. There are other duties and objects; the immortal soul has other work, than singing and praying forever. It has a grand labor to perform, which begins with its entrance into the spirit world, and carries it, from one stage of progress and perfection, to another, until it becomes pure and beautiful, and divested of all earthly grossness and passion, and approaches nearer the great center of light, and universal love.'

"How pleasant now seems my labour,—how thankful my spirit feels, even now, that I can mingle with those that can assist me in my profession. Oh, what a field there is before me,—what a land of promise, glowing with bright and immortal rewards, and a glorious certainty of attaining, what I labour for!

"Oh, could I return in the form to earth, I would speak in thunder tones to them. I would bid them *throw off* the shackles that so long have bound them. I would bid them go forth into the rich fields of Nature, and learn of God in Nature, how beautiful is truth.

"I must now leave for this time; but I am promised more of this sacred privilege, which is elevating to the spirit,—for as we give out truth to others, so do we receive, in return an influx of light and truth, from those above us. And thus, the grand chain is being drawn upwards that will bring man up out of ignorance and misdirection, which are the only sins with which man has to contend. Bullard."

This communication gave me a great deal of comfort and strength to throw off the old dogmas of the church, and to ask for assistance. When I retired to my room, I knelt down and uttered the following prayer, which stands transcribed alongside of the communication:

"Oh, divine soul of the universe, wherever and whatever Thou art, be Thou soul or spirit, near or far, I would approach Thee, and ask to be directed into the path of truth and righteousness that I may have proper conceptions

of Thee, and of all Thy attributes. That I may so live as to glorify Thee in every act of my life, and do and think that, and only that, which shall be just and right, as between Thee, myself and my fellow man. That charity for all men, may be constantly uppermost in my mind. That I may be able to divest myself of all false conceptions of Thee, and know Thee only as the beneficent Creator and sustainer of the Universe. With a heart longing for the highest and purest truth, to Thee, Father, I commit my spirit, and ask that I be guided into all truth. Amen."

In our next will appear a communication from Emanuel Swedenborg, giving a description of life in and location of the spheres, which is the most natural and satisfactory of any I have ever seen or read.

B. O. J.

Washington, D. C.

For Light in the West.

IMMORTALITY AND ULTIMATE HAPPINESS.

The mental and physical afflictions which in all ages have bowed the shoulders and troubled the hearts of the people have not only resulted from defective mental and physical organizations and the diseases that flesh is heir to, but have been produced largely by the ambition, selfishness and cruelty of the race.

All history consists chiefly of records of cruel and barbarous wars, inaugurated and conducted either for personal or national aggrandizement, or to subject the mind of mankind to the domination of bigots and despots. While the area of liberty and general intelligence has continuously expanded, the reign of the military tyrant seems to be almost wholly unchecked. Modern Europe is to-day virtually a military camp, where millions of men are being armed and drilled, not to engage in a contest for the liberty or the rights of man, but to act as organized agencies for the extension of a colossal government, which only exists to perpetuate tyrannical dynasties and ecclesiastical despots.

This warlike condition of the world brings in its train countless evils and almost unbearable wrong, in the incorporating into armies thousands of young men who are thus deprived of home and liberty—and whose lives are so often sacrificed for the imagined pleasure of a great ruler—and in that inexpressible sorrow experienced by parents and friends, by reason of the absence and cruel fate to which such soldiers are subjected. No pen has recorded, or artist portrayed the many phased cruelties and horrors of war. Poverty is another and no inconsiderable factor in the sum of human suffering and woe: the great mass of mankind are now, and always have been "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the few.

Capital, whether organized or in the hands of the individual, has always succeeded in constituting cruel task-masters for the poor, in the great and unspeakable burdens imposed by human necessities, which now and alway

have produced those numberless oppressions which extend exhibitions of peculiar sorrow and anguish to each vicinity throughout the world. Vice in its varied forms resulting largely from our defective physical organizations has always been a most prolific source of mental and physical suffering and it is needless to say that ecclesiastics of all religions, in the ages of the past through governmental power, and by craftily subjecting the masses, through fear of their supernatural authority have greatly contributed to poison the very source and fountain of human happiness, for it has been truly said that their flag waves over every fortress of despotism.

Perhaps after all, the dread and fear of death has always been the greatest foe to human enjoyment; the death-bed scene with its accompanying sorrow, the cry of the orphan, the irreparable loss of the companion,—in short, sickness and death in its innumerable forms is now regarded by mankind as the greatest and most unbearable misfortune.

However, since the earliest dawn of civilization grand and noble men and women have appeared in each generation, who maintained with remarkable reason that the great afflictions of the human family above referred to were but a part and parcel of a great natural chain of wider development through which ample compensation would be secured in a spiritual existence for the great afflictive experiences of life. Each nation produced its philosopher, poet and prophet who in his respective field, gave grounds for hope of a better existence in a future life; and however clouded by ignorance and superstition, it must be conceded that better conceptions of the spiritual condition of mankind emanated from the seers and prophets who existed in the infancy of the race than were originated from an organized theology. This can truthfully be said of all the cultivated nations of antiquity including the Hebrew prophets.

The glorious rest in Nirvana, the sublime teachings of Socrates, Zoroaster, Confucius and Jesus, furnish conclusive evidence of the truth of this position.

The inspiration of the Greek and Roman as seen in their comprehension of that natural spiritual existence, which is visible to so many of the clairvoyant mediums of the present generation, the remarkable display of mediumistic power witnessed on the day of Pentecost, abundantly exhibit the fact that a better knowledge of the angel world was acquired antecedent to organized theology than since the establishment of the Romish church. A partial theology, the logic of which consigned a large majority of the human race to an endless perdition, only contributed to the happiness of the few, while it placed its iron grasp upon the intellect and conscience, and ruthlessly extended the pall of sorrow to every condition of life.

'Tis true, purgatory rendered it possible for redemption after death. This gloomy view of immortality did not contemplate the final

restorative of the family, including the erring father, brother, or sister, and in this it was less philosophical than the teaching of the ancient religions.

The writer of this, however, would not deny that the church both Catholic and Protestant, has taught such views of immortality as have brought joy and hope to millions of sorrowing and troubled hearts—this however was based almost exclusively upon faith, as they claim that inspiration ceased in the apostolic age, and that knowledge of the future life could only be obtained by a recurrence to the teachings of the New Testament. Is it too much to say that the age of faith is past and the cultivated and reflective mind has discarded it, and that absolute or palpable knowledge is now demanded?

That instrumentality which shall extend its beneficent influence into all the varied fields of human suffering and sorrow, with the cheering knowledge that mankind are immortal, and that degrees of ultimate felicity shall be awarded to all after the change called death, modern Spiritualism, emanating not from the learned or wealthy, but from little children of humble poor, it has worked its way without money or worldly influence in spite of an almost universal opposition; it has circumnavigated the globe and by its wonderful phenomena has verified the truth of its mission. Henceforth its influence will become rapidly extended, bringing glad tidings to the burdened souls of the unfortunate of our race, until that intercommunication between the two worlds will be as certain and satisfactory as the telegraph or telephone, which now connects one locality with another. Indeed, we now know that he who from incandescent matter, through law impressed therein, in a process requiring millions of years, evolved the immortal beings who have lived and died upon this earth, has in His beneficent plans provided for the final happiness of the worn and oppressed soldier, the wearied toilers who subsided in their habitations of poverty for the restoration and elevation of the victims of vice in all its forms, and for the full and complete restoration in a glorified condition of the broken family and sundered ties of the beautiful and God-like chain of human affection.

MARY L. MCGINDLEY.

Mandan, Dakota.

A FLOWER SEANCE.

N. H. Eddy, of Norwalk, Conn., writes to us of a seance he recently attended in New York City, at Mrs. Thayer's; he says:

The seance was wonderful—I brought away the calla lillies, roses and other flowers that came to me. About sixteen persons were present. The doors were locked and sealed, and the room thoroughly examined by those present, to their entire satisfaction. * * * Anyone seeing the beautiful flowers that dropped down on the table, and feeling the cool breeze would call it truly wonderful. The presence of the flowers was made known to us before the lights were lit, by their delightful fragrance. One gentleman, a stranger, who was

there for the first time, got a blue bird. He said that before coming there, he mentally requested one, and so brought a paper bag with him, in which to put the bird should he get it. "Sure enough," continued the gentleman, "when the light was struck, there was my blue bird."

CHIRO-PSYCHOMETRY.

SPIRIT AND MATTER—USES OF THE HAND—MYSTICISM AND THE HAND—CHANGES IN THE HAND.

BY ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL.

VII.

The soul is the real man, and the body is the material manifestation of the man. The body exists from the soul, and for the soul's use. The body changes naturally in obedience to the indwelling vital forces. It is true the body may be changed mechanically by outside forces. It may be wounded or worn, distorted or mutilated, by objective forces acting upon it. It can be developed only by the vital forces working within it. That is, the body may be injured by the powers and acts of the outside world. It can be mended or healed—improvingly developed, made a more human body—only by the indwelling spiritual forces; and the form of the indwelling spirit will determine the shape of the living habitation which it generates and sustains.

The poet tells us:

"The mind hath features as the body hath."

He might much more truthfully have said:

The body hath the features of the mind,
Because the mind hath veiled itself therein.
The outward and the inward worlds are like;
As like as any act is to its thought—
As like as matter can to spirit be.

That is, the body and the mind are as much alike as words are to the thoughts they express.

The body is a representation—a revaluation if you will—of the man, and a record of his life. Everyone, all the life long, is constantly incarnating desires, thoughts and acts in the fleshly lineaments, in 'o quality and form, into color and expression. The affections—good and bad, the thoughts—true and false, the acts—virtuous and vicious—growing out of these affections and thoughts, are all plainly written out in the body. The reader only is wanting. The phrenologist, the physiognomist and other specialists have explored and explained partially the meaning of certain peculiarities of different parts of the body. The claim here put forth is that the hand represents the whole man in general. Not only this, but the hand in detail is a true index to the mind in minutia. This index is clear, full and distinct. There is no pretence, however, that this index is fully understood, or that it can, in all cases, be easily read. We can read the character from the hand just so far as we can understand the mind and its laws, affections and impulse and their laws, and also how they are delineated in the hand.

The problem before us is, from the hand to find the physical peculiarities, the mental idiosyncrasies, the impulses and affections—in short the abilities, aspirations, tendencies—and from these to deduce the resulting character. This cannot be done easily or perfectly. The only claim is that a good beginning has been made and considerable progress has been accomplished.

To the very pertinent inquiry, "Is there any

reason why the hand should be an index of the mind?" the proper reply is that there is no known *a priori* reason why the hand indexes the character, any more than there is an *a priori* reason why the sense of touch is connected with the nerves rather than with the blood vessels. It is a fact learned from observation, and verified by experience. Having the fact of this indexing of character once suggested, however, we find innumerable facts and abundant illustrations to confirm its truth.

The hand is the immediate servant of the will obeying its orders as directed by the intellect. The hand is the promptest of servants, moving when commanded, and instantly ceasing to act when the will, through the intellect, ceases to order. As there is no speech without thought, so there is no action of the hands without orders from the spirit. The will desires, the intellect plans and the hands execute, and one is as essential to humanity as the other. Each member of this trinity—will, intellect, hand—is a counterpart of the other, and the hand can be seen and felt. Pure desires and clear thoughts are not known until ultimated, and the hand is the executive of the man.

It is said, seeing is believing; but whenever sight is doubted we confirm the fact by touch. So if seeing is believing, touch is knowing, and touch belongs to the hand. Prophets and seers, poets and printers, sculptors and musicians have immortalized the hand, and the hand in turn has been the instrumentality through and by which they have immortalized themselves. Moses in the Pentateuch, Job in his drama, David in the Psalms, the prophets in their exhortations, John in the Apocalypse and Jesus in his teachings have exalted the hand; Homer and Hesiod, Shakespeare and Goethe, Milton and Dante, Boehm and Swedenborg, Bell and Bacon, Montaigne and Balzac, Buddha and Emerson have written or sung of the hand.

The hand and its work is everywhere. Behind the glass which Fate holds up before us imagination dimly pictures the shadow of a hand. We are led, we meet or we do not meet, we depart or remain, or we come, as the unseen hand directs.

To us, as to the Egyptians, the hand is an emblem of strength. To us, as to the Chaldeans, it is an emblem of invincible power. The king, midst revelry and feasting, started back aghast, sobered and trembling, at the hand as it wrote upon the wall. The writing, which was not understood, surprised him. The hand, he knew, meant power, and hence struck him with terror. To us, as to the Romans, the hand is an emblem of fidelity. Transitory matters are discussed, exhortations are delivered and minor bargains are made by the tongue; but history is recorded, deep reasoning carried on, intricate calculations and real estate conveyed by the hand. Our ancestors swore by the hand, and we raise the hand in oath or affirmation. Friends salute with the hand. Men and women are married clasping hands. Fervor, respect and affection are manifested by pressing, and still more by kissing the hand.

What a difference in hands—and every shade of difference in the hand tells of a corresponding difference in the person. The little innocent baby fingers, rosy and clinging, the quick, eager hands of childhood, the restless, busy hands of youth, the dainty delicate hand of woman, warm with its fluttering pulsations, the firm hand of manhood, strong to strike yet tender to caress,

the feeble and uncertain hand of old age, the cold dead hands folded in rest—each and all tell a story that in outline at least can be read by every beholder, but which is incomparably more eloquent to the intelligent "hand reader." Again think of the difference in the same hand under a change of circumstances. That hand which is strongest for work, which holds more firmly than fetters the offending culprit, or strikes with a death-blow the opposing enemy, may still be the most delicate to soothe, the most congenial to quiet the friend; and it may, by its kindly pressure and tender touch, express more eloquently than words the deepest sympathy in the death-chamber, and may by its love foldings impart more confidence than the uttered vows at the nuptial altar. When warm palm meets warm palm in the grasp of friendship, or in the clasp of love, it is the soul of the one meeting the soul of the other.

The hands are always true to the life and change as the life changes—in growth, quality and decay. The hands are the true index of the inner man, for his daily life has incarnated itself in them. Every desire of the heart, through the thought in the brain which enshrines it, thrills instantly from the soul through all the nerves and fibres of the body, and as it is ultimated by the hands, it leaves its impress upon them. We cannot yet discover the actual impress of each thrill or thought—any more than we can point out the special result of every hammer stroke on the dressed stone. But as every stroke tends to give the resulting effect, so every desire and thought tends to determine the resulting character, and hence the resulting hand, and this result in each case is definite. This definiteness we can determine just so far as our powers of preception, understanding and experience enables us to comprehend and appreciate.

(To be Continued)

THEODORE PARKER.

"Shadows" in Boston *Transcript*: There was a man at the corner of Post-office avenue and Congress street; he seemed to be hesitating as if undecided whether to cross over or continue on. He wore a stovepipe hat, head a little cast down, a white beard on the chin, rather short; his coat was buttoned. If it had been about a quarter of a century ago, or a year or two before the war, I would have said, or thought, he was Theodore Parker. At any rate, it suggested the placing my eyeglasses over my nose, and the clearer vision dispelled the illusion, for the form and features were not the duplicate, on closer inspection, of that great but then unpopular man, but who was loved, nevertheless, to devotion by those who knew him, as in every sense a king in disguise. The illusion was quickly dispelled: the memory of him was not. In many places and at many times I had seen him, in the pulpit and out of it, yet, whenever the thought presents his image to me, it is apt to be on that corner that my mind's eye sees him. My business location was opposite it in Thorndike's building, and I have seen him often pass out of the post office that way, his lips moving as if talking to some one whom we did not see, and not a few times has he crossed over and had a chat with me. I wonder to-day why I did not put the shoes from off my feet, calling the place where he sat holy ground. He was the most wonderful man I ever met. The world now

admits his religious and intellectual greatness but then he was too near for a good view of so great a structure; using his own words, one must stand at a distance to see St. Peter's. I see him now in memory. I almost think that stranger who hesitated on that corner, for thus calling him in this way to my mind, and yet I need no such stimulant, for he has a permanent place in my memory—for cause. How small most ministers look to me to-day when I measure them by him. It is possible that I have grown some myself in a score and a half of years, and that the difference of which I have spoken in the then and now is only in the seeming. Perhaps Coleridge suggests a general truth, rather than a glittering generality in his lines—

"For lonely appear the departed,
When they visit the dreams of my rest."

I think I owe more to Theodore Parker than to any other person for what little I know, or what I call my mental make-up. I remember once a poetic tribute was made to him at one of his anniversary occasions, of which the closing verse was remarkably applicable, reading thus (I quote from memory)—

"The voice of bigotry now is hushed,
That called him heretic, though sent of God;
Full many a sham by him lies crushed,
And others safely walk where he in peril trod."

I did not propose to write a sketch of him; it is not needed, but with foregoing for an introduction, I will close by relating an incident in my experience that has always made me feel awkward, but pleasant, whenever I have thought of it.

It was near church time of a Sunday morning. I was near the Old State House, walking south, reading a Sunday paper, when a man about passing me slackened his pace and said, "My friend can you direct me to Trinity Church?" "Certainly," said I, folding up my newspaper, for the man's voice had charmed me, it was so musical yet distinct and low—we would say to-day magnetic. "I am going up that way myself, and will show you. I seemed to have a desire to listen to him, as much for his tone as for what he might say. If I had been a young woman I would have called it love at first sight. As we walked a long way he talking and I listening, we soon turned into Winter street, and when at the Music Hall entrance I stopped and pointed to the green Common, at the upper end of the street, and said, "Turn there to the left and the first public building will be St. Paul's." He said, "I was inquiring for Trinity Church." "Oh, excuse me," said I, turning round (this was, you know, before the great fire) and pointing to the old structure on Summer street, just in sight, and then, looking at him as he was about going to it, I said, "My friend, you seem to be a stranger here, and I am going to do you a favor, which I should consider one if done to me. Instead of going to Trinity Church you come in here with me and hear one of the lions preach. I will venture to say that you will hear more good, solid sense than has been uttered from Trinity pulpit in twenty years." This was a bow drawn at a venture, for I had never been in Trinity Church. He replied thanking me for the suggestion, and added, "I cannot very well to-day, as I am going to preach there myself this morning."

I was so sat on that I was confused, particularly as he in leaving me gave me a pleasant parting look and nod, as if he enjoyed it even if he did not see it as I did, making me almost feel as if I had

better follow him and perhaps change my mind, but upon the whole I am not sorry I did not, for I heard what proved to be one of Theodore Parker's great sermons that morning. I need not say that this was before the days of Phillip Brooks, and it was safer to say what I did then than it would be now, as he has made Trinity a larger star in our horizon than it was then.

ST. LOUIS SPIRITUAL UNION.

This is the name a small company of Spiritualists here have assumed in organizing themselves into an association for improvement intellectually. The members are required to furnish original essays and poems in turn at their meetings. They have promised to vote one or two pieces of their best productions for each issue of "Light in the West," and the two following are their first contributions. We are pleased to have them; especially those that grapple up their themes and discuss them with ability and brevity.—Ed.

MY GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Angels of Light! Angels divinely tender!
Bright visitants from those transcendent spheres;
Sinless and pure, bathed in eternal splendor,
Whose pearly portals bar from our dull ears
The matchless harmonies, that through the æons
Have thrilled and echoed with undying tone;
Blending their heavenly numbers with the pæons
Of seraph worshipers around the throne.

As vestal stars, their silvery veils unfolding,
Drop o'er the weary world their crystal beams,
Brimming with light the flower cups, and moulding
Their images in dim, forgotten streams.
Or, as the sun through tangled mosses creeping
Kisses the life blood back to some chilled flower—
Some wandering germ in gloom and darkness sleeping,
Missing the light and warmth, and vernal shower.

So o'er my darkened life—its voids abysmal,
Its wasting waters that o'erflowed my soul,
Its arid paths, its sorrow's fiery chisml,
Its blind outreaching for some restful goal—
So to the withering faith so slowly dying
Among the poisoned weeds of doubt, distrust,
A bitter frost upon its life power lying,
And in its heart the world's corroding rust.

Come light, and warmth, and peace! The blessed angels
Stooped to my needs, and heard my helpless prayer;
Going before me like white robed evangelists,
Lifting me out of darkness and despair.
Stooped, and to me! the least, most undeserving
Of their divine and gracious ministry;
The least, because the best years for my serving
Were wasted in lost opportunity

And so like stars my clouded life illuming,
Sweet heralds of a brighter, purer dawn,—
They flashed their light upon my weak presuming,
And wooed me to the lofty heights, whereon
Their gentle hands may reach, and clasp securely
My world worn spirit, sick of earthly strife,
May reach and guide, and lead my footsteps surely
To paths that turn to the eternal life.

To-night, my feeble lips would strive to render
Some tribute from my overflowing heart—
Some word to tell them of the deep and tender,
And tearful gratitude that shines apart
My ministering angels! Love so holy,
That no unhallowed thought can ever rest
Within the temple consecrated so-ely
To angel worship—in my loyal breast.

Abide with me! Life's shadows creep and lengthen
Along the path my tired feet must tread.
Abide with me! to comfort and to strengthen,
When gloom and tempest gather overhead.
Give me sweet patience, charity and meekness
For all that wounds, for all that sets aflame

This erring human nature; let its weakness
Rise up in strength through discipline of pain.
And when this little life of mine is ended—
With failure written on it everywhere—
When the great Plan at last is comprehended,
Then, loving angels, take me to thy care.

JESSIE W. LEE.

St. Louis, Mo., Easter Sunday, 1886.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.

JESSIE W. LEE.

A half hearted worship is an insult to God. The brief span of life is all too short for the serving and adoration of that 'divinity that shapes our ends,' and hedges us about. When we reflect that we are merely atoms of the great universe, that all worldly aims, desires, and ambitions are insignificant and paltry in comparison with the opportunities that are daily afforded for spiritual culture and unfoldment, we should bring serious minds to the preparation for the real life that begins when we have laid aside our material bodies. We should therefore strive to reach the highest good, that we may attain to spiritual perfection.

We should seek to build the foundation of future happiness on the rock of safety, where the turbulent waves of doubt, uncertainty, and old theological superstitions may dash against it in vain: a foundation whose corner stone is *love*—all embracing, all pervading; whose unsullied brightness shall reflect the heavenly beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

The promise, "He shall give His angels charge concerning thee, and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone," should send us on our way with rejoicing hearts and inspired lips; bearing on our lives the impress of a holy purpose, and in our hands the herald banners of a brighter dawn, whose shining folds float above the old, time-worn ruins of decaying theologies, and, excelsior-like, point ever onward and upward.

To my mind, Spiritualism is the only vital principle of religion,—is nearest to the real, Christ spirit. It has no need of creed and dogma, the pomp and ceremonials of stereotyped usages, lengthened litinies, latin prayers, and penances; no priestly robes adorned with gold; no flaming, symbolical altars. The Spiritualist's eye of faith sweeps back through centuries to a hushed and reverent multitude on a mountain, where the lowly Nazarene—the son of a carpenter, in humble robe, and with unshod feet—taught the divine religion of love, the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man; a religion whose seeds blossoming from the nine beatitudes have ripened in glorious fruition, until principalities and powers, empires and republics, have been gathered under their wide spreading branches.

Thus, I say, a half hearted worship is an insult to the omnipresent and exhaustless love of our Father in heaven. The best and the most that we can give, when balanced with that love, cannot rock the scale, nor stir the beam. "Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? and who shall dwell in his holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart! who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully." Let our lives illustrate our religion. Let our daily walk be a commentary upon our professions. Let us, remembering our own weakness and errors, be lenient to the errors of others, and in all things strive to do the will of the Father. Let our hearts

be in accord with the harmony of the angels and our souls enthused with the zeal and ardor of a true, Christ-like worship; until we can sing:

"Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!"

RELIGION, MORALS, AND LAW. WHICH SHALL PREVAIL?

[Conclusion of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's lecture, delivered in Chicago, April 11th, and continued from last issue.—Ed.]

In Rome it is theocracy, not in Italy to-day, but in the Vatican; in Russia it is Imperialism, in England it is the government, in America it is gold; and until the moral sense of the people rises to the emergency of the hour the law of your land will be moulded, shaped and interpreted to suit this idol, which is worshiped upon the surface of society, the control and worship of Mammon. That individualism developed in this republican nation becomes despotism when finally, all laws are made to serve it. The general humanity has to be remembered in the midst of individual liberty, and that law which permits, whether by force of physical violence or commercial machinations schemes of any kind, any individual life to encroach upon another individual life is tyranny. And that power which makes it possible for this kind of tyranny to exist proves that the republic in some department of its government is lacking. Is it in the administration of the laws or in the constitution itself? If the latter you have the remedy of amending the constitution. When four millions of slaves were released by the dread hand of war, it was not found impossible to make amendments admitting them to the rights of citizenship. If there is something lacking in your constitution that fails to meet the highest moral sentiment of the day, then it is possible to change and amend it. If there is nothing lacking in the constitution, but it is only in the administration of the laws, then the fault rests with the people who are too busily engaged in toil for making homes too busily engaged in toil for daily bread, and in developing all kinds of schemes of commerce and trade prosperity to attend to the demands of politics. Remember the prosperity of American commercial interests and even national existence depends upon each citizen holding one hand upon the pulse of that government which he aids in creating, and with the other toiling for his daily bread or attending to his daily pursuits. Therefore if there is a moral sentiment in the community higher than the law or higher than the administration of it, then it is the duty of every good citizen to see to it that either the law is changed if that is at fault or the administration of that is changed, if the fault is there. Your government and your prosperity depend upon this. But it is not a legal, it is an ethical point we wish to make to-night, and it is this, that whenever the law fails to meet the emergencies or crises of nations, either being paralysed from being imperfectly administered or from not having within itself the principles of that which meets the vital issues of the day and hour, then the moral sentiment of the people rises up and the law is either a dead letter or it is entirely overthrown. That sentiment which in Boston could mob William Lloyd Garrison on behalf of the slave-holder, and less than half a century later could ele-

vate him to the highest pinnacle because of the abolition of slavery, that moral sentiment which bends to the voice of commerce and the respect for property but which finally rises to the consideration that human life is of more value than property; the moral sentiment that when once touched, becomes the final force and power in the world. In a fire it is first property and then when human life is in danger every other question sinks into insignificance for the saving of human life. If a ship is on fire at sea and no earthly power can save it, the duty of the commander and officers must always be clear and plain; he knows that if possible every human life is to be saved, and it is only a coward that saves himself at the expense of his fellows. In time of great peril, when vast multitudes of people are in danger, the question of property sinks into insignificance and a child's voice has more power to summon the courage of men than all the millions that are stored in the vaults of the national bank of England. And when it comes to the test, that the slowly rising wave of man's moral force has become thoroughly aroused and quickened it will be to the sense that something is wrong in any government or under any national power or law where there several hundred thousand people who have not bread and have not labor; that there is something wrong where people are starving in the midst of plenty, that there is something wrong where peoples' hands are idle when there are thousands of acres to till, thousands of buildings to erect, then that moral sense rises to meet the emergency, and forms the popular opinion upon which action is to be taken. Churches and their ceremonials and rituals fade and fall away. That man is the man of God who stands up in his pulpit or upon the platform and speaks for humanity. Theodore Parker severing himself from his church in Boston on the question of human slavery, preaching to ten people in the Melodeon, and Music Hall to ten thousand people ten years later, proves what the moral force of man is when it rises to meet the spirit of the hour. Wendell Phillips when the voice of slavery was hushed and the great war-fare was ended standing up in defense of the laboring man; summoning the Goulds, the Vanderbilts and the Scotts, and all those engaged in legislation to make more powerful the already powerful monopolies, illustrates the strength of one man's moral nature, and the prophecy of what the world will be when it will be impossible for a man to be the possessor of a million dollars, when it will be a monstrosity for him to declare himself a millionaire, when the moral sentiment of the people will no more permit this individual augmentation of wealth than it now permits the holding of slaves, or than it now permits piracy upon the high seas, or than it now permits highway robbery.

The question of moral force has sometimes entered into man's religion but largely it has been kept at bay, and human law excepting for physical rights has hardly been considered a question of morals; all courts of human adjudication treat man as either malefactor or as innocent, the law gives him the benefit of the doubt if he is accused of a crime, but there is nothing in the law which is merely an expression for the convenience of man in his dealings with his brother that is pervaded by any moral

sentiment at all. Courts of equity haven't this element, and while it is deemed generally that all courts of human justice make decisions with strict reference to that which is right and wrong under the law, we know that where there are two sides to any question the strongest side can blind the eyes of justice, and the weaker too often has no hearing. Something is needed where it is possible for the malefactor who performs an action under the sanction of the law to escape, and where it is not possible for the man who steals a loaf of bread to keep from starving, to escape. Something is needed that shall act as a solvent between man's moral nature and justice, which will rigorously interpret when it is possible for man to plunder his fellowmen and receive no punishment, and when for the most trivial offense, three months, six months and we have known sometimes years of incarceration are suffered by the helpless man. Between that which is called law and religion there must be some solvent, some grand moral archway upon which humanity can pass onward and forward in its great and wonderful progress, and that archway human life itself is preparing, human sentiment is making ready, and these moral forces brought forward to their quickening powers will alike penetrate and take away, that which is false from courts of justice, and from places of human worship. That there should be penitentiaries side by side with churches; that there should be poverty where there are palaces; that there should be people starving for bread, through no fault of theirs, where there are those rolling in luxury is the problem for you to solve, and if you will not solve it in the way that the great teachers and moral and religious saviours of all time have shown, then it will solve itself at your doors. You must make ready, it is a moral welfare that is going on in the world today. Religion can stand aside if religion is theology; and law, if it is a dead letter and deaf to the Christ of humanity, it must needs also stand aside. There comes the law of right, there comes that power which is the admonition of truth; there comes that voice which is the interpretation of the voice of humanity pleading unto every heart and visiting with thunder tones every place of power, and every hall of legislation, and every place of worship in the world.

Kneel if you will in prayer, but do not dare to kneel until you can say, I love humanity and would do no wrong to my fellowman. Kneel in the name of Christ if you will, but do not dare breathe that name, the name of one who loved mankind, until your conscience is quite sure that you have taken no advantage of your fellowman, that you have not been angry with him, that you have not striven against him within twenty-four hours; pray if you will, but if that prayer be not laden with the voice of the Prince of Peace it will not rise higher than the walls of the room in which you kneel and the voices of angels will take up another strain, another prayer of love will be wafted to Heaven for the poor and down-trodden whom you neglect and despise.

Yes, call upon the laws, the laws that too frequently are made for the individual, the favored class, and caste, and condition that make it possible for one man to violate with impunity the rights of his fellowman, make it

possible for monopolies to gather strength and power until no longer is their force capable of being resisted; yes, call upon these laws and place, under legal sanction, weapons in the hands of weak and foolish men, and see what the result will be, of the "maintenance of law and order!" I call that revolution which under the name of law makes murderers of responsible men.

The moral sense, which, if the Christ were here to day, would summon him to the aid of those who are oppressed and neglected, the moral sense of the world is against Croesus forevermore. Dives in the parable of Dives and Lazarus was not a man, but is the Hebraic word for worldliness. Lazarus was the beloved friend of the Nazarene. Between that Dives which is worldliness and the Lazarus of humanity this impassable gulf has been placed, not by humanity, but by Dives, and that Kingdom of Heaven which is to come on earth, can only come when this gulf is spanned by the strong, true, peaceable, correct and vital life of the moral strength of a people that are not afraid to rise up in defense of that which is right though the enemy is right at the door of the dwelling which they inhabit.

A man says his first duty is to his family, to those dependent upon him, and that he must continue in certain lines of business, even though his conscience may be sacrificed, to protect his wife and children, but supposing the deluge came and the great waves of the lake were swept up and engulfed your dwelling you could not save it, nor your warehouse, nor your ships, nor any of your possessions but you would try to save your children's lives; the moral force of the world lies in this, that in emergencies the people are right, that in great questions you can entrust them with that which is intended for humanity, and that in the hours of final peril they yield the voice of selfishness to the voice of humanity forever. To strengthen this moral sense, to keep this conviction alive, to make each individual aware of it, to let go of possessions when principles are at stake, to sacrifice the worldly goods for the honor of the soul, this is the lesson of all past teaching and present inspiration. Your mother from the kingdom of life eternal, just as when you lisped for the first time the prayer at her knee would say, "My son, when it comes to a question of principle let nothing stand in the way of your doing right," you may not have known how you have slipped from this day by day amid the quicksands of business, and ensnaring toils of daily life, but when summoned once more to your mother's knee, when beside the altar of the soul you have tried to converse with her, when in the presence of angels you can speak face to face with her, what are all these things that you prize and covet, that you are struggling for, compared with that peaceful light and love beaming from her eyes, from your own conscience in the consciousness of well-doing. When it comes to that test what is human life worth, if to possess it day by day and hour by hour and moment by moment bow before the shrine of that which you know to be false, and worship at the altar of Mammon, bending the knee to Moloch and forgetting the voice that taught you the Lord's Prayer?

We summon you back to the altar and shrine

of your childhood, we summon you back to the sweet ways and ingenuous truthfulness of the child nature; we summon you back, or rather forward, to the triumph over that which is selfish and worldly to free yourself from the voices from the compulsions that lead you from the highest and noblest convictions of your soul. Fly from any altar however gilded the dome or sacred the temple, or, however much it may seem to be attuned to the voices of praise, if under the subtle speech of soft words you are there made to think that the voice of Mammon is the voice of God. Fly from any shrine, or from any teacher, or from any one who standing up as the representative of true religion, dares to say that the pauper is not preferable to the millionaire if the pauper's conscience is clear, and the millionaire's seared by his gold.

A christian divine whose name has been once pronounced here this night, took occasion to go through the length and breadth of this land proclaiming that every man had a right to all the gold that he could obtain (legally of course) and every woman had a right to wear all the jewels that she could buy or receive, and that the poor man should save money from two dollars a week to buy him a home in his old age and this a representative christian, this man who speaks to thousands of worshippers of Mammon dares to say this in the name of Christ! No, it is not possible that every man or any man has any right to any more gold than will bring him his daily bread and the needs for his household, when he has more than this he encroaches to obtain that gold upon his fellow man. No woman though she may love the glitter of diamonds and jewels has any right to obtain these when by so doing the one who obtains them must sacrifice his time, often his conscience and frequently his highest moral sense to bestow the glittering baubles upon her which will not feed nor sustain one moment of daily life. Yes all things beautiful are for use, but all beautiful things are not for the use of one man, nor one class of men, nor one class of women, but if the poorest in the land may wear jewels worth thousands we agree that all may, until then the moral sense of the world will rise up against crowns, kingdoms and jewels that are upbilled and obtained on the price of the poor man's labor.

In another sense, and then we have finished, the moral force of the world becomes the leader when all lines of evangelical creeds are lost, and the thousands of those who listened to them now compel another interpretation. Fifty years ago Calvinism could be preached from almost any orthodox pulpit in the land, received the sanction of the people even in its severest and bitterest form: to-day you seldom hear it, and the voice of the public minister is tempered to the moral sense of the people, who will no longer hear it said that the pathway to Hades is paved with unbaptized infants. He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," could not have been present when from the throes and the agonies and pain of monstrous fear, the conscience of John Calvin gave forth utterances to those thoughts. Now the moral sense of the community takes the church and minister and his teaching along with them, and they forget the

sternness of past creeds in the light of the present hour. More than this will be accomplished, the moral force of the community to-day take church, clergymen, and congregation not only to the portals of the other world where, in past time, they have been left despondent, but into the presence of living and palpable powers that inhabit that other world, into the presence of the ministry of angels, who have conquered death and Hades, and this same moral sense that has enabled certain Christian clergymen to drop the name of Satan from their vocabulary and substitutes the word Hades for the terrors of Hell will finally also take them beyond that portal into the realm of Spiritual existence, made manifest by the voice of Spiritual truth that is in the world to-day and then they will triumphantly and with most unanimous accord declare, "Oh, we have always believed and taught as we do now."

The world moves by such grand and powerful potencies, and such wonderful agencies that, "as 'neath the all-pervading light of the sun the planets are impelled around it in their orbits seemingly without their volition," so under the light of this surpassing truth, this potent power, this Spiritual force in the world man's moral and religious nature and the laws that govern nations will finally rise to the full standard of the flood-tide, and man will be governed by the highest knowledge that he knows.

Along the banks of the Nile in Egypt were placed indices to measure the overflowing waters of the Nile. When there were ten inches a goodly harvest might be anticipated but not perfect, but if it rose to twelve, or beyond that the whole nation was rejoicing. So there are moral indices along the turbid river of human life, when it is flood-tide those skilled in watching these indications can tell what the harvest will surely be. But the flood tide now of the moral forces of the world are rising in great vehemence and power, and those who watch from above, who minister from above know at what time and in what hour this great harvest of spiritual truth will be gathered in the world. Meanwhile each augmentation of the stream is to be found in each human life and there can be in future time nothing religious, nothing moral, and nothing legal that is not recognized as the highest and noblest standard for all the world to follow, the Standard of right and truth.

SATURDAY HALF HOLIDAY.

It is disgraceful to employers that a movement of this kind should have to be agitated by clerks and salesmen. These people naturally hesitate to put forth their claims for an indulgence of this kind, fearing to displease their master. The managers of business houses should eagerly seize the opportunity of encouraging recreation on the part of their assistants, on the ground that it makes them brighter and healthier. Half a day's outing in a canoe, on a bicycle, up a mountain or on the ocean will make him who enjoys it a doubly valuable man when he comes back to his desk of a Monday.

Remember this, you parchment-skinned yellow-livered check endorser. If you have never tasted

the sweets of a cold water bath after a two hours' healthy sweat, think of what you might have been had you not made of yourself an office slave. If you have sons and daughters spare them the sickly existence you have come to lead, and train them early to a love of out-door life. Don't be everlastingly telling your girls that tennis is too violent for the sex; that mountain climbing will kill them, or that a tricycle will rupture. Let your boys learn to swim early; don't discourage them from getting on a horse; buy them a bicycle if you are rich enough; and if not, see that they climb the highest trees in the country or explore the cragged peaks of the highlands.

We do not, my dyspeptic dissenter, tell you this because we seek to divert your child from being a good business man. On the contrary, we are preaching this sermon for your good, you furnace-baked tabby. We want your child to grow up to be a support to you in your business and home. We want him to have a good digestion, a steady hand, a clear skin, a resolute will. While you are driving off the stage of life under the baneful lead of some fashionable doctor who has turned you into a peripatetic pill-box, your children will have grown up to spare you at least the dread of having them follow in your foot steps.

Help, then, this healthful movement, my dear Blue Pill.—*Outing.*

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

A WEEKLY.

As intimated in our last issue, we are thinking of making our "Light in the West" a weekly instead of a semi-monthly, as it is now. The magnitude of the change is almost equal to the original work of establishing the paper, but our success has been good, and so uniformly maintained that we feel rather safe in taking this progressive step. It involves a considerably increased expenditure and a question with us has been whether we can afford it at the present subscription price. If we can, considering the amount of solid reading matter we give, it will be an anomaly in independent weekly journalism.

We will say here that in our next, July 1st, number, it is *most likely* we will make the announcement of a change to a weekly of same size and form as at present; we can assure our friends that it is not our purpose to have "Light in the West" become less, but we think larger every way and appear oftener in addition. We may be compelled to advance the subscription price to new subscribers.

Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, the well known author of "Golden Key," "Phantom Form," and other valuable books is having published in *The Spiritual Offering* a new story, "The Guardian Angel." We have the second chapter in the issue of June 8th and it at once starts out interesting to all and instructive to those who are prepared to receive information of truths that are so smoothly woven into a story. The name of the author is sufficient guarantee for it. "Leaves from My Own Book of Life," by J. H. Mendenhall, is continued in the *Offering* from week to week, and gives an extended view of the universe from a spirit standpoint, from which we will quote hereafter. These with other good things carefully prepared and artistically arranged, with untiring perseverance, go to make up the weekly *Offering*.

MEETING OF SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS IN ST. LOUIS

In our last number we asked all who wished to have arrangements made to induce the Southern Association of Spiritualists to hold their next Reunion Convention here in 1887, to send us an expression of their views. A number of them have called at our office and more have written to us. As yet there has been no meeting held to take active measures towards perfecting arrangements, but it is evident there will be.

We have heard from some twenty persons, all of whom express themselves as anxious that there would be a united effort to have that meeting here, and some of these support their wish by saying they will give so much money as well as work to secure it. This part of the wish amounts to about fifty dollars, so far, and only some six of them seemed to think of mentioning that part of it at all,—indeed we did not think of it ourself; for we know that the Spiritualists in and about St. Louis can pay all the expenses of several such meetings if they want to. It is not probable that the whole work would require over \$300, and that, likely, only in the shape of a loan to an executive committee. At all events, this is the Report we have to make up to date.

It has been suggested, and we hereby renew the request, that all who have an interest in this will please send in their names and addresses, and whatever suggestions they see proper to make; so that before the first of July we may all be able to see what we can do. We know of several more social circles where this matter may be discussed and a report given to us, and there are also many able individuals yet to hear from. One and all, let us hear what you have to say, and if you choose let us know what you will do toward it. There is to be no compulsory law in this matter, it must be a fraternal co-operation for the purpose of accomplishing a good work, in which all are or should be interested.

THE WISCONSIN STATE ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.

Will hold its next quarterly meeting in Musical Society Hall, No. 381 Mil. St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, June 25, 26 and 27, 1886. Speakers engaged for the occasion: A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio; Mrs S. F. Warner-Bishop, of Wisconsin, The Misses Cora and Vinnie Phillips will furnish the vocal music. Pay full fare on all railroads to meeting, and you will be returned for *One-fifth Fare*. Board at all first-class Boarding Houses at \$1.00 per day. The meeting will be called to order at ten o'clock a. m, Friday the 25th.

We hope to see all interested in Spiritualism present.

W. M. Lockwood, *Pres.* J. Challoner, *Treas.*
Mrs. Spencer, *Vice Pres.* Dr. J. C. Phillips, *Sec.*
Omro, Wis., June 1, 1886.

PROFESSOR HENRY KIDDLE.

It affords us pleasure to say to our readers that we are to have articles on different subjects from the pen of this able writer. This accomplished scholar, eminent teacher and Spiritualist needs no introduction. At one time in a private letter he wrote us: "I am a Spiritualist because I clearly perceive that Modern Spiritualism has received a knowledge of truth that mankind need—must have taught—to be saved from terrible

suffering here and hereafter. It has a reformatory influence which society needs and for the want of which true religion is dying, and which alone can make the human conscience potent over the lower, selfish propensities. The spirit world must be recognized: for Materialism—Sadduceism—is blighting everything; while the church can do nothing effectual, because it is practically Sadducean and materialistic." His article on Materialism, which will appear in our next issue, July 1st, will be read with interest.

PRESS NOTICES.

The *Banner of Light*, Boston.—"WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST," is the title of a series of interesting and instructive articles now being published in *LIGHT IN THE WEST*. (St. Louis, Mo.) Though the name of their author is not given, we are informed they are written by a gentleman prominently known in political and business circles, and held in the highest estimation. In the course of his narrative he describes seances held with Chas. H. Foster in Washington, D. C., at the commencement of the civil war (1861), the results of which were that, as told by the spirit intelligences, and by following the advice they gave him, he filled contracts for government work, which performed a very important part in the defense of the Union.

The *Spiritual Offering*, Ottumwa, Ia.—"WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST." This is the title of a series of articles, now being published by our able contemporary, *LIGHT IN THE WEST*. A part of one chapter we give on our sixth page. The author does not seek notoriety nor does he wish his name before the public at present; he has been, nevertheless a prominent and favorably known citizen of St. Louis, having taken an active part in the Union cause in the suppression of the great rebellion. The part of the third chapter we publish will indicate the general tenor and consequent interest of the reader of the series. *LIGHT IN THE WEST* is a good paper, constantly growing better and proving to be a valuable addition to our spiritual publications. See prospectus on our seventh page. Subscribers of the *Offering* desirous of having *LIGHT IN THE WEST*, can remit to this office \$3 for both papers.

The *Golden Gate*, San Francisco.—One of the very best edited of our Spiritual exchanges is *LIGHT IN THE WEST*, published at St. Louis, Mo. It sparkles with good things which we are pleased to copy. There has been running through the last few numbers an interesting article entitled, "Why I became a Spiritualist." It is evidently the product of a clear brain. The writer gives reasons for his conversion that would convince any reasonable mind.

Richmond Democrat, Mo.—One of the best known public men is the author of a series of articles now running in the "Light in the West," a dollar paper, semi-monthly, published at St. Louis. The articles appear under the head "Why I Became a Spiritualist," and give the personal experiences of the writer, who is known throughout the country as one of the ablest public men of to-day, though he does not seek notoriety, and writes over his initials.

True Citizen: The world wants men, manly men, men with a conscience and a purpose; true men, rooted in principle, buttressed by truth.

"LIGHT" ON SPIRITUALISM.

There has recently been added to the periodical literature of this city a semi-monthly journal of sixteen pages devoted to the exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism. It is entitled "Light in the West," and published at 314 Chestnut street. Price one dollar a year. Its discussions are able, candid and dignified, and will interest inquirers.

—*St Louis Sunday Sayings.*

G. S. Bishop, Haven, Kansas: I am well pleased with "John's Way."

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 years 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.

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.

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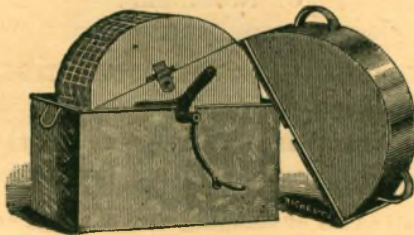
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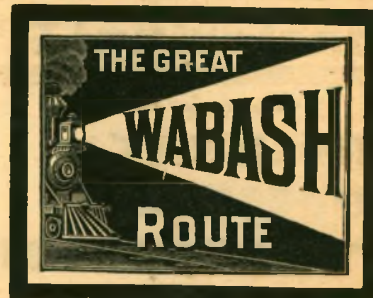
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