

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE

BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., WEEKLY—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

NO. 27.

NOTICE.

In accordance with the request of its many friends "Light in the West" is now changed from a Semi-monthly to a

WEEKLY

publication. The advance subscription price will not be changed until December 1st. See notice.

Entered at the Post Office, St. Louis, as second-class matter.

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

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One year	\$1.00
6 months60
Single copies05
100 per cent. will be added to subscriptions not paid in advance, or per year.	2.00
Specimen copy sent free.	

ADVERTISEMENTS published at 15 cts. per line for the first, and 10 cts. per line for each subsequent insertion. Larger contracts and long time rates subject to contract.

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SPIRITUALISM is the gospel of peace.

THE pure spirit suffers when coming in contact with a sin-stained soul.

SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS blinds the soul to its own imperfections, while it magnifies the short-comings of others.

WITH some the mind is but a glittering bauble, cared for as a jewel of great price, brought out of darkness into light to be pampered with all the richness of ancient and modern literature; their sole ambition being to shine in the borrowed lustre of the past. All the finer sensibilities of the soul are forgotten in the desire to shine pre-eminent among their fellows; hence, the coldness of the minds so trained. They have educated the brain to its highest capacity only to find that when this is reached there is an unsatisfied longing,—that they have placed themselves above their companions in life, and now for them life practically ceases. There is a want

still unsupplied, and that want is the craving of the immortal part of man or woman that was not born to die,—a craving for the future life that forces the individual who depends on mind alone to be constantly on the defensive, to 'flee when no man pursues.' The mind should be cultivated, but never to the exclusion of the soul culture, or the education of the spirit nature.

THE COLVILLE LECTURES.

The lectures and talks on Spiritualism, which it is expected this well known reformer will make in St. Louis, the 24th and 25th of October, are quickening an interest in spiritual circles and inquiries on that subject. The indications are decidedly in favor of a large attendance. We are pleased with the thoughts and assurance that those who attend will be well repaid for their attention. Mr. Colville has been lecturing since he was seventeen years of age. Those who have heard him speak say that he is never at a loss for a subject, and that he always holds the attention of his audience by giving them something to think about and to take home with them and talk about. He does not try to antagonize the truths of scripture, but lays hold of truth wherever it may be found, and urges people to make it applicable to our age and condition. He uses the facts which are well understood in such a way as to illustrate to the mind truths which it may not yet have learned.

He is a native Englishman and is an advocate of Spiritualism as a religion, yet he does not consume his time in an attempt to destroy our institutions, either civil or religious, but rather in expounding the spiritual philosophy. It is a rare opportunity for all who are in any degree interested in this subject to hear one or more of these lectures, delivered by a gentleman whose utterances are so well

known wherever the English language is spoken.

SPIRITUAL TEMPERANCE.

The best lessons to be learned on all subjects are taught by Spiritualism. In regard to Temperance it would say, be temperate in all things, fanatical in none. The best teachers we have are those who appeal to the reason of the individual, and not with the arbitrary "Believe and act as I do or be ostracised from society as far as my influence will reach."

Temperance does not consist in merely refraining from liquor; the diet, dress and deportment of the person should comport with temperance, as well as a total abstinence from drink. With careful attention to the laws of health, we will never feel the need of a stimulant, except what we find in the bright sunshine, clear air and pure water of our common mother, Nature. If we pay strict attention to keeping the body whole we will have no time to devote to building it up on a false stimulus which leaves us in a worse condition, both mentally and physically, than we were before, as soon as the effects die away. We have no right to abuse our body by imposing on it what nature revolts at,—as in the case of the drunkard, the stomach throws out the poison as long as it can. And when at last weakness comes on to the extent that the vile stuff is held, from the inability of that organ to disgorge it, death is the result.

Death is a blessing in disguise to the habitual drunkard. To live without liquor is to him seemingly an impossibility; yet how many would gladly die to rid themselves of this beastly habit. Persons of strong will power assert, that any one who so wishes can quit the use of intoxicating drink; yet in the same breath, perhaps, say, I must have my cigar—I cannot do without it. The use of tobacco is

a small affair, in their estimation, because the habit belongs to them and not to their weak-willed neighbor. Let each remove his own faults, and then help his neighbors to see theirs.

Through all our truly good mediums come lessons of good. Spirits may return and teach us many things that we consider evil; but test the mediums through whom they come. Are they pure and good; do they ask for highly developed controls? When spirits who on earth lived vile lives come to them do they demand that such spirits shall themselves be taught through their organism; do they consent to be entranced by such controls only in the presence of tried friends? These are tests to be applied to the medium. And if these spirits still persist in desiring to live again an evil life, through the organism of the medium, they should be driven away and given into the charge of more developed spirits, until they are in a condition to realize that if they return to earth and to earth friends it must be for good, and not to use the organism of the medium for their own wicked ends. They should be taught that *temperance* in returning to this life should be observed for the benefit of the medium used.

How many persons, men and women, after developing as mediums have become social wrecks,—and why? Simply because they did not understand the laws of spirit control, and these undeveloped influences have gained possession to the exclusion of the mediums themselves—let mediums be careful in giving away to such. Always when holding a circle for a promiscuous seance, great care should be exercised by the medium, that his own band has charge of it, and the most harmonious persons in the inner circle.

Another thing in which to be temperate is the number and length of seances. Care should be taken that the medium's strength be not overtaxed; for to this evil may be ascribed many of the frauds in spiritual ranks to-day. Mediums attempt to please their many friends, and so overtax their mediumistic power; thus giving these undeveloped spirits a chance to come in and, unconsciously to the medium, perpetrate fraud upon the audience. Hence all the *exposures* we hear so much about may not be the aforethought purpose of the mediums themselves, but a yielding to the influences of evil disposed spirits. Mediums should do all they honestly can, but should not waste their strength; thus injuring instead of helping the cause of Spiritualism.

For Light in the West.

VOICES THAT ANGELS HEAR.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Dear, pleading voices the soul understands,
Calling us back from the heavenly lands.
Tender the accents with sorrow and tears
Reaching the light of the beautiful spheres.
Calling, e'er calling, in sadness and pain,
Calling, e'er calling, but never in vain;
Swiftly we come from the regions above—
Ministering angels on missions of love.

Dear, pleading voices we ever have known,
Calling us back once again to our own,
Heaven with all of its glory and worth
Never can keep us from loved ones on earth.
Calling, e'er calling, so tender and low,
Calling, e'er calling, from discord and woe;
Swiftly we come o'er the billowy tide—
Ministering angels are close at your side.

Dear, pleading voices in grief and despair
Silently calling by unspoken prayer.
Close are the portals of radiant day,
And we who love you are not far away.
Calling, e'er calling, thro' clouds dark and cold,
Calling, e'er calling, from sorrow untold,
Striving to bring you bright heavenly gleams—
Ministering angels are with you in dreams.

Dear, pleading voices, we hear them e'en now
While from the highlands we tenderly bow,
Still they will echo on heaven's pure shore
Till we shall lead you to joy evermore.
Calling, e'er calling, from error and gloom,
Calling, e'er calling, through mists of the tomb;
Closely your loved ones are stooping to hear—
Ministering angels forever are near.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC HEAVEN.

BY MRS. M. L. MCGINDLEY.

Mankind have in all ages entertained a hope of happiness in a future existence; their conception of which has been graded in proportion to their intelligence and morality. Indeed, it seems now well settled that the most barbarous tribes confidently anticipate such change in their situation, as will substantially advance their happiness, while the civilized of the race entertain formulated views of the condition of those who survive the destruction of the body. It seems clear that belief as to the manner of existence in a heaven or spiritual world is graded solely from a standpoint of education and enlightenment; for while the ignorant and undeveloped regard the future world as provided with such surroundings and accompaniments as will place them but little in advance of their situation in this life, the most intelligent and advanced justly recognize the spiritual or celestial existence as an entrance into an endless and boundless sphere of moral and intellectual progression.

Certainly the ancient Hebrews had no

well defined view or belief as to the immortality of the soul, the Jewish scriptures being singularly free from any teachings or position contemplating the survival of the intellectual elements of mankind after death. The Egyptians, Grecians and Romans, however, possessed a knowledge of immortality and endless spiritual progression that was truly phenomenal for that period. The antiquarian has from remnants of Egyptian handicraft unmistakably shown that the religious belief of that ancient cultivated people was founded upon a knowledge of the fact, that death is a natural step towards a higher plane of life. The Odyssey describes the descent of Ulyssus to Hades, where he held converse with the shades of Ajax and other deceased distinguished heroes of the Trojan war; while natural immortality was taught in the twelve cities of Etruria antecedent to the organization of Roman mythology.

It will thus be seen that after all, intellectual culture, regulated as it is by that unerring law of evolution, expands the horizon of contemplation of the attributes of the soul; its future offices, its relations to the universe, its methods of existence, its laws of advancement and progression and its ultimate felicity. The decadence of the wonderful people above referred to exhibits the fact that their rational views of the spirit attributes and mission became less and less distinct as ignorance and superstition overthrew the great culture of that remarkable period. This iconoclastic result was attained through the establishment of ecclesiastical Christianity; for the reasonable, natural and glorious progress and mission of the soul recognized in the ancient religions, taught and interwoven in the literature and general maxims of the seers and philosophers who voiced the best thoughts and aspirations of antiquity, was inconsistent with those materialistic doctrines that were incorporated in the Christian church, when it was first founded, and which have in a great measure been maintained to the present day.

It is evident that the belief in the resurrection of the natural body, which is an essential doctrine of almost every branch of the christian faith, not only eliminated the true and philosophical knowledge of a future life from the cultivated nations of antiquity, but had a direct tendency to deaden and obscure the intellectual faculties, and to thus render mankind in such condition as to be easily

controlled by kingcraft and priestcraft.

Careful investigation and reflection must irresistibly lead to the conclusion that the christian belief in the resurrection of the body was one of the most prolific factors in the overthrow of the ancient civilization, and in the causing of that unparelled ignorance and superstition which held so much of the world in its iron grasp from the second to the sixteenth century; for during that dark and gloomy period the holy hope of endless spiritual progression, which had inspired a most distinguished ancestry, was extripated and almost obliterated by a heartless designing and tyrannical combination of kings and priests, resulting in barbarous ignorance and almost universal degradation. The rays which began to dispel this darkened gloom, first exhibited by the revival of learning which was secured alone through that evolutionary process, which partially disputed the church, have gradually expanded from that time until the present.

A proper knowledge of immortality has been dissiminated in proportion to the rapidity with which the church has been disintegrated. The irrational and absurd doctrine of the resurrection of the body logically led the best minds to Materialism, thus preparing the cultured classes to take the grander step which leads to a philosophical Spiritualism. It will, therefore, be seen that intellectual evolution during the last three centuries has steadily tended toward Modern Spiritualism, paving the way for the acceptance of palpable knowledge through unquestioned phenomena.

This generation thus appropriates to itself the knowledge derived from the best ages of the part, and stands upon the threshold of an era freighted with the truest conceptions of the spiritual counterpart, its capabilities and wonderful destiny. No local heavens governed by kings demanding selfish adoration will be either in the belief or aspirations of the people; nor will burning or cruel hells have an existence even in the imagination. The change called death will be accepted, not as a monster to be dreaded, but as a necessary stage for the soul's transition to another sphere. The cold and cruel teachings of the past will cease to fill mourning friends with inconsolable sorrow. Blind faith, derived from the teachings of an effete literature will be justly discarded. Our common schools, as well as our higher institutions of learning, will

no longer be shaped and controlled by a bigoted and selfish clergy.

An organized and consistent benevolence will triumph over parsimony and that false and hypocritical charity which has been extended alone under the dictation of the Church.

Materialism in all its phases will yield to the overpowering demonstrations of truth; for we now know that from the time of the advent of those heavenly agents at Hydesville until now, palpable manifestations from the other shore have accumulated in an excellerated ratio, evidencing immortality throughout the civilized world.

These celestial messengers have always brought glad tidings of great joy, furnishing indispensable proof that the seeds of immortality exist without exception in all the race,—that death is only the ante-chamber through which we pass into a higher life.

That the most gross and ignominious can ultimately work out their salvation in a higher sphere of existence, while those who have led lives of uprightness and charity will be surrounded at their beds with their angel escorts, and be borne to such homes as their acts in this life have builded for them.

That as there is no end to space spiritual progression will be as boundless as the universe. The Summerland of Spiritualism furnishes a theme for the most lofty contemplation, and when fully recognized will provide the greatest incentive for purity, honesty, usefulness and general humanity in this life. It will forever banish the greatest bulk of sorrow from this earth and be a vast and controlling agency in the extension of peace and good-will among men.

This theme is boundless and must bring into activity the noblest aspirations of our natures and fill us with admiration and awe for that inconceivable creating and governing spirit which has through unerring law developed from His works that innumerable army that traverses the universe, who are the glorified denizens of a celestial world.

Index: Some time ago a "labor schooner" from Australia visited one of the Pacific Islands and kidnapped a number of the natives. The vessel returned for more "labor material," when the natives retaliated by killing some of the kidnappers. Soon a British man-of-war appeared, and sailing around the island bombarded the villages, giving the people a new lesson in Christian civilization, in addition to

that of the kidnappers of the piratical schooner *Anglice*. The natives thus treated have come to the conclusion that all Christians are demons, and as might be supposed, are not in a mod to give a very cordial welcome to Christian missionaries. A German war vessel has been giving the heathen some similar lessons in Christian justice, or if that term be objectionable, justice as often illustrated and practised by the foremost Christian natives. Says the *Boston Evening Transcript*:

"The ignorant natives of the New Hebrides murdered some German Christians, who probably were kidnappers. They did not pause to reflect how wicked it was to murder. But the German man-of-war *Albatross* came and bombarded the native towns, killing and maiming scores of natives who were nowise responsible for the death of the Germans. Some hundreds of frightened natives fled to a small island, where they huddled together, men, woman and children, in a dense mass, a target for the Gattling gun, which was landed and played upon them until the German sailors sickened of the slaughter. This is what the victors call a vigorous reprisal, but what should be called diabolical cruelty."

For Light in the West.

THE TRINITY.

Spirit Dr. Coon, through Mrs. S. C. Scovell.

Yes, there are three in one, viz.: The body, soul and spirit. In what is termed the natural life these three are instinct with one life; after the body becomes a lump of earth by the process of death, we have the soul and spirit. Yet the soul is the body of the spirit, a shadow like unto the cast-off earth body, but without the power of passing through physical death. The soul is the etherialized shape of the old earth form, without the grosser elements, and therefore when returning to earth materialized is more sensitive to discordant surroundings.

The question is often asked: If spirits return, why is it that they cannot come to me or you, as well as to have a medium present, or certain conditions complied with? Why is it, my friend, that you are living, and yet when sent for at the request of a dying relative or acquaintance, you must wait for the medium of a conveyance of some kind to take you there? Why not be there at the time needed. Many persons are so encrusted with the dross and selfishness of earth life, as to be unable to see or feel the presence of a spirit friend, be he ever so near.

The soul is a stronger force than the spirit to come into earth conditions, and less sensitive than the spirit body, to the harshness of the persecutors of Spiritualism. The spirit is, in time, guided to such a height from earth conditions as to be unable to return except by sending mes-

sages through other spirits in lower spheres than their own; thus establishing a line of telegraphy from one circle of light to another, or from one sphere to another. Thus we have the *three in one* in the physical life, *two* in the spirit life, *one* in the spirit form, for the higher spheres alone.

How far spirits are capable of progressing we have never learned, for the most ancient spirits we have ever heard from say there are those who are still beyond them. The moon band of Atlantians claim power of knowledge above all others, and they are unable to tell us when this progress ceases.

Let us be content with learning all we can,—and seek not for perfection in anything. It has never yet been found, and we are free to say it never will. The higher spheres are sending us light as fast as it is necessary for us to know in regard to these facts.

Science advances only so fast as there are minds capable of comprehending the ideas advanced. In every age there are some minds so constituted as to be able to grasp the questions set forth and digest them for the benefit of those less favored by nature,—or we would say, by spirits; for our comprehension is not of ourselves, but by spirit impression and influence. The body is grosser than the soul, the soul is grosser than the spirit; and in the progress of the spirit from sphere to sphere, each change refines it more and more, until, so far as we can conjecture, in the nature of things it fades from our influence altogether. The higher the controlling influence, the less they care to demonstrate by test their presence to their friends, and the more anxious to teach the grand principles of Spiritualism; leaving tests to clairvoyance and other phases of mediumship.

For Light in the West.

THE FUTURE, AND WHAT OF IT.

BY GEORGE S. GREEN, M. D.

PART II.

It is wonderful, indeed, when we think of the rapid progress the nations of the earth are making—the centralization of thought; unanimity of ideas; the brotherly love manifested; the good works promulgated, opposing faiths less and less at variance; Protestant and Catholic becoming less bitter and more tolerant of each other, and finally a thousand and one new avenues open for research,—closed no longer by priestly edict. The gates of superstition and dogmatic speculation are torn down, and though the

debris may yet be seen by the way-side; telling the traveler what has been, they are no longer a frowning hindrance to his passage. The strictest othodoxarian of to-day walks unconcerned over fallen dogmas and superstitions of the past—had such an act of sacrilege been indulged in even as late as one hundred years ago, the anathemas of the Church would have fallen in unstinted showers upon the heads of those who had dared to presume upon even an attempt to trespass on such sacred rites; and such trespassers would have been expelled forthwith as those who deserve only the portion of the “eternally lost.”

Imperceptibly men have grown out of this narrow, bigoted way. Gradually has the Christian Church evolved from the low conditions of religious thought and sentiment to the higher. Step by step both Catholic and Protestant fall into the line of progression; each passing on towards the holy mountains of God's love. It is when we look back into the far-off blackness of superstition's night, that we can more fully appreciate the light from the heavenly sun now shining in this nineteenth century. We have only to look about to see this—it is plain enough, if we only wake up to the fact. Why is it that an old time revival cannot be gotten up after the stamp of fifty years ago? For the reason that people read more with regard to the laws of nature. The primary school books of to-day teach our children in language suitable to their age and understanding, of the workings of these grand forces in nature, and they grow up to understand these forces as being conductive to their happiness; understand them as open gateways up to the Infinite; understand them as harmonizing the one with the other in all their actions of developing and carrying on the designs of the Great Over Soul of the universe.

Once tell a fifteen-year-old boy in his academic course that these laws are reversed, or for a moment suspended—as we have read in certain works—and he will laugh at you. The rising generation are studying into, and reaching out after facts; the day of mythological tales in religion as a fundamental law to establish and perpetuate it is fast fading out. It is these earnest seekers in the scientific world who are moulding and shaping the religion of the future. Give the world to-day sermons under the old regime, and they either ridicule or pass them by

in silence. Give them a geological idea to think of, an astronomical fact to ponder over, a physiological law to contemplate, and they are all ears and eyes,—they are at once your friends and will come and willingly learn of you. No longer can the clergy of the old time stamp hold the rising generation with dogmatic ideas—no longer will superstition and fear govern the masses; and this class of teachers is becoming less and less. Imperceptibly they themselves fall in by lopping off more and more of supernaturalism and in their discourses they give us more of God's love, more of the brotherhood of humanity.

One can plainly see, in comparing the sermons of twenty-five years ago even with the sermons of to-day, a great change. Old ideas once held as infallible are now alluded to as mere relics of the past. Gradually the people are becoming to understand the true Christ idea of the Trinity question,—also baptism and vicarious atonement. Although these questions in their old light are still held as a part and parcel of the Church creed, yet they are alluded to only in a general way. Not often do we hear set sermons upon any of these subjects, taking up and running through a half dozen Sabbaths or more—followed by all the physical force that the speaker could command, as he presented the horrors of a sulphurous pit and personal devil, and an angry personal God. Were such dishonest men? you ask. Were they bad citizens? Were they immoral and loose in their lives? I tell you a thousand times *no*; but on the contrary they said and did what seemed to them the age and people demanded. I say it *seemed* so to them, hence their honesty. Through all the dogmatic errors they taught there ran a vein of truth and light; only to them the mountains of God's love were afar off in the distance. They saw the outlines, and as they drew nearer by years of experience, they lowered the tone, they softened the ideas, they struck out the anathemas, they walked over once cherished tenets, until with hushed voice and bated breath they stood at the foot and looking up, they view with tearful eyes and joyous hearts the golden splendors of life's evening sun shining fully upon those grand and holy heights.

Did you ever know a grand old minister of God—one of those large-souled men, whose intellect was like the ten fold burnished face of a golden shield, whose

ideas shot forth and out like the electric sparks from a battery? Do you remember how those ideas drew men and women towards him as he battled for truth, purity, and the right,—battled for humanity, regardless of creed or sect? Do you remember of his ever resorting to certain questionable means and methods to get people interested in religion, or in other words, to "draw them?" Do you remember how, step by step, all along his ministerial course he laid aside from time to time certain objectionable and unnatural points, and in place took up the natural, thereby approaching nearer and nearer to the facts in the case? How his great heart arose, and his manly spirit went forth like a powerful magnetic aura, while he unfolded to them the duties of this life, and their relation to the life beyond; while he pictured to them the heaven that might be builded even here in our midst? And do you still remember him with silvery locks as he comes down to life's golden edge, almost to where the boatman calls? Do you remember one of his Sun lay evening talks at such a time? How still more and more he has laid aside the objectionable, the superstitious, the dogmatic, and instead he takes up the loveable, the beautiful, waking up similar natural correspondences in the hearts of every hearer, similar ideas which have perhaps long lain dormant. How his eyes sparkle with heavenly lustre? Grand old man, evolutionary have been thy teachings! Step by step, grade by grade, hast thou arisen in spiritual life, and hast overcome life's unharmonious variances until thou dost see God as he truly is. Oh! how the world blesses the memory of such an one; how he lives in their hearts like sweet incense, inciting them on to nobler deeds, to higher and nobler attainments.

The following little incident illustrates the point clearly of how the ideas of people gradually change. In the city of B—, Vt., there lived for many years a strict orthodox clergyman, a fine old gentleman; yet of course for years held closely to all the ideas that the church accepts but after having preached many years concluded one bright spring morning, that he would make a bonfire of his old sermons. A few moments after this conclusion his wife noticing a blaze in the back yard says: "Why my dear, what are you making such a blaze for?" "Oh! I am only burning my old sermons." "Well," she replied, "they are giving out

more light now than they ever gave before."

Oh! woman's wit, how sarcastic,
Quicker than the lightning's flash,
And yet how true—

For Light in the West.

JOSEPH'S GRAIN "CORNER."

BY R. HASSALL.

We mean the Sunday-school Joseph, the Bible Joseph. Reading the book of Genesis the other day we were struck with a fact in Joseph's history, which we had entirely overlooked before, and which we never remember to have heard dwelt upon by any one, yet it is one of the most important facts in Joseph's character and career. It sheds more light on his spirit and purposes than any other fact in his history. It brings him down from the lofty moral elevation in which our imagination had placed him and makes us wonder what elements of character were discoverable in him to entitle him to special divine favor.

If the account in Genesis be true, Joseph planned and manipulated a "grain corner" in Egypt, three thousand years ago, which has no parallel in modern times, either for foresight, enterprise, or heartlessness.

Acting as the agent of Pharaoh, he bought up during times of plenty boundless stores of grain. Then there came on hard times—famine indeed throughout the land. This famine was Joseph's opportunity. But for what?—For the exhibition of pity, of generosity—of kindness to the poor starving multitudes? No; but for utterly fleecing them; first of all, their money; next of all, their cattle and lastly of all their land and their own freedom. It was a clean sweep indeed of everything which the people possessed. Never did corner in grain give such ruthless power, and never was one used so completely and hopelessly to impoverish and crush the inhabitants of a country. And this, bear in mind, by Joseph—our Sunday school Joseph—whom we were taught to regard as a paragon of excellence.

You resisted Potiphar's wife, Joseph, you helped your father and brother when they needed help; you interpreted dreams and you were a shrewd and able ruler of the land of Egypt. But you were too narrow, too mean, too grasping; without conscience and without heart. If in the future your whole story is to be told we want you no longer in our Sunday school books.

Let the readers of LIGHT IN THE WEST turn to the fourth chapter of Genesis and

they will find the account of this ancient corner in grain in Egypt, and Joseph's hard and unjust use of it to enrich a king and rob the people of all they had. Their lives were at stake—and he took advantage of the opportunity to fleece them. Our reverence for him is gone forever.

ISOLETHE.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

CHAPTER III.

"Of what are you dreaming, Isolethe?"

She was sitting on a huge gray rock, half hidden by shelving banks deep and rich with clinging mosses and ferns, the cool elastic breeze from the sea flushing her cheek, and dallying with the masses of her magnificent hair, released from comb and band: for the day had been warm, and the massive coils oppressed her. Herbert had found her, shut in among the rocks and hills, with her steadfast eyes sweeping far across the sea, to the horizon beyond.

"Of what are you dreaming, Isolethe?" he repeated, softly, approaching her with a quiet smile in the grave eyes that sought her own. All the rose flame of the sunset seemed to kindle in her cheek, as he called her by her name for the first time. There was a slight embarrassment in her greeting as she made a hasty movement to imprison her hair, but he said quietly: "No, let it be so, please, somehow you recalled that sweet Evangeline picture just now, and I had a darling sister once, with beautiful hair like this." And he reverently lifted one of the fluttering strands to his lips. He was thinking at that moment only of the dear dead face under the coffin lid, as he touched it again caressingly.

"Was it long ago? And was she young?" asked Isolethe softly, her eyes alight with sympathy.

"About your age, I should think," he returned musingly, "and the birds have sung over her grave these five summers! But you did not tell me the subject of your thoughts, Isolethe," he resumed after a pause, "did I startle you?"

"Oh no!" she replied: "I was only watching those piles of crimson clouds in the west, marching on and on, like the scarlet-robed victims of an *auto de fe*. And when yon steady star shot out of the flame into that sea of luminous gold, I likened it to the immortal spirit dropping its red robes of pain and sacrifice, and rising triumphantly above sorrow and death, until it reaches the heart of Christ: resting there the sweeter after its fiery path through flames. See! the clouds are faded now, and are dropping pure and pallid into the

clear, still waters beyond. So shall the garments of pain which martyrs wear be washed in the white waters of peace at last, and He shall say: 'These are they which have come up out of much tribulation!'

She ceased speaking. Her soulful eyes darkened with some passing shadow:—"the shadow of a great pain," Herbert thought, as he watched the faint rose tint that enthusiasm had kindled fade from her cheek. She seemed very near to him in that hour; and Oh, how inexpressibly dear! He took up the book she had been reading. The leaves fell apart where a geranium leaf marked the poem "Loved Once," and repeated in his low, impassioned voice the closing line:

"They never loved who dream that they loved once!"

He laid the leaf in her hand. The light touch thrilled her, and the soft eyes drooped under their brown lashes.

"Isolethe, you seem so much my own, that you must feel how much I love you, and yet, I have never told you, sweet. My heart tells me that you love in return," he whispered, "what does your heart say, my Isolethe, my darling?"

Again the mother voice: "Promise me that you will make every sacrifice, if sacrifice be necessary, for Miriam's happiness!" This voice seemed to float down to her from some far-off space. Nothing seemed real in the silent agony of that moment, save the deathly pain at her heart, and the desperate struggle to regain the mastery over self—and yet, she gave no sign.

"Isolethe, my beloved, will you not speak to me?" She turned her serene eyes upon him unflinchingly, and laid her hand upon his arm. "Herbert, I am grieved and sorry for this! Believe me, the tenderest, sweetest love that sister can give to brother is yours. I honor and esteem you more than I can tell: but I cannot be your wife!" The faintest quiver of pain touched her lips, as she marked the wave of pallor that swept over his face, then vanished: "Cannot, Isolethe, is this the true answer of your heart?" "It is my final answer, Herbert, it hurts me that it must be so, but you know me well enough to believe that I do not speak the words lightly."

No, he could see that she did not, the whiteness of death had settled upon her lips, and a despairing anguish looked from her eyes, but her low voice never faltered, as her light touch rested upon his bowed head.

"It pains me to see you grieve so, Her-

bert," she said, "I will be your loving sister always: in that I will not fail you. Trust me, there is gladness, and happiness, and love for you yet, can you not believe it?"

"Do not mock my sorrow, Isolethe. Love? Oh no! not love! since you defraud me of that sweet hope!" he answered brokenly.

She bent toward him, her pure face all aglow with her holy purpose, and whispered softly. "Yes, Herbert, Miriam's!"

She turned to leave him, but he caught her hand and held her back and bending his searching, sorrowful gaze upon her face he said: "Lift your truthful eyes to mine, Isolethe, and tell me if this is your wish, the one earnest desire of your heart?"

"It is my wish, dear Herbert, the one earnest desire of my heart!" He bowed his head in silence. She stooped and touched his brow with her lips: then, breathing one fervent blessing upon him forevermore, glided noiseless as a shadow from his side.

SIMPLICITY IN LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of Light in the West:

I am deeply interested in the subject of Spiritualism, and feel that every effort should be used for its advancement. When properly understood, Spiritualism will be popular with the people: the reason it is not popular now is, because it is not properly understood. The subject of Spiritualism should be so explained that the people can readily see what are its teachings, etc. What the great masses of the people want to know, and should know, are the facts. The truth is what will 'make them free' and extricate them from the ruts into which they have been thrust by the false teachings of orthodoxy.

The truth should be given to the people in as simple language as possible. Words are the vehicles of thought, and one simple word freighted with thought will do the people more good than a thousand words that are to them but senseless sounds. 'Tis the thought that enters the human mind, that arouses it to action. Every one who writes upon the subject should seek to clothe his or her thoughts with words that the uneducated can easily understand. They should remember that their communications are read in many households that are uneducated, and have no dictionary of scientific terms to which they can readily turn.

This is a fault that I have noticed with many of the writers for spiritual journals. They seem to desire to show their learning to the people more than anything else. They seem to think that if they should clothe their ideas in simple language the people would overlook the fact that they are learned. I believe, though, that "Light in the West" and its contributors are clearer and have less of this

fault than any other spiritual publication and writers that I know of. Spiritual publications are the instruments by means of which we can communicate to each other our objections and experiences, relative to this subject. Through them we can communicate our thoughts and observations that may be of vast benefit to others: and we can be greatly benefited by thoughts and observations of others thus conveyed to us. Thought commingled with thought is what has elevated the world intellectually to what it is to-day. Thought commingled with thought is what has revealed to us that life is immortal and that there really is no death.

J. L.

RUMME AND SUGAR.

St Louis Critic: Those who are laboring to procure an amendment to our National Constitution in favor of religion strongly profess their apprehension that infidelity and even Paganism will run riot in our fair land if not restrained by the strong arm of civil law. They are not the first to indulge such fears. Two centuries ago our worthy sires of New England engaged in the same laudable work, and carried it to considerable success in some instances, as the "heretics and malignants called Quakers," and also the Baptists, could testify, having experienced some of the "tender mercies" of those who were zealous for the honor of our long-suffering and compassionate Saviour.

But sometimes their plans miscarried, as in the following case. This letter from a very pious Puritan explains itself. It cannot fail to be of interest at this time as a bit of history which is so nearly trying to repeat itself as its second centennial:

"SEPTEMBER, 1682.

"TO YE AGED AND BELOVED JOHN HIGGINSON: There is now at sea a shippe (for our friend Elias Holdcraft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would sail some time in August) called ye Welcome. R. Green was ma ter, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn. who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxett of ye brig Porpoise to way aye ye said Welcome as near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make captiyes of ye Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshippes of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours, in ye bowels of Christ,

"COTTON MATHER."

We recommend this as a model for those ardent Christians who are so intent upon putting down, by human authority, those who presume "to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences," in this age of enlightened Christian liberty. Cotton Mather was a man of undoubted piety, zealous for the cause of God, and a fine example of what "zeal toward God, but not according to knowledge," will produce. An order to "way-lay ye ungodly scamps" of these last days who refuse to observe "ye venerable day of ye sun" would be refreshing to the senses of those whose souls long for "Christian legislation" against those Mordecais who refuse to bow to their ideas, and to accept as Christianity their own mixture of Platonism and Roman Catholicism.

If there is no hope of "making gayne for ye ministers" by selling them in exchange for

"rumme and sugar," they might till be made to add to the interest of religion by putting them up to be "raffled for" in a "church fair," and thus make "fun for the million" who are invited, as pleasure seekers, to fill the treasury of the Lord! We have Scripture example for this, too. Samson was used for a similar purpose; but we let each one carry out the comparison to suit his own taste.

"WAGED BY SPIRITS."

Under the above title, the N. Y. *Sunday Mercury* of Oct. 3rd published an interesting story related in the presence of one of its reporters, by Col. S. P. Kase, of Philadelphia, the millionaire railroad builder, and a prominent Spiritualist. To be brief as possible, the story is this:

In 1862, Col Kase had occasion to visit Washington. Arriving early in the afternoon, he walked down Pennsylvania Ave. to the Capitol grounds. Passing a house near them, where he had formerly boarded, he saw that a stranger occupied the place, and the name of B. Conkling, whom he knew as a writing medium, was on the door. A voice beside him said, "Go in and see him," and he obeyed. As he entered the room, Conkling was sealing a letter. He at once said, "Mr. Kase, I want you to carry this letter to the President. You can see him, but I cannot." The Colonel hesitated, but at last consented. He arrived at the White House at about dusk and was shown into the presence of the chief Magistrate, who drew back, apparently a little frightened, probably caused by the close resemblance of Mr. Kase to George Washington. The two then chatted pleasantly for some time, when the Colonel handed Mr. Lincoln the letter. The President read it over carefully twice, and then read it aloud. It was:

"I have been sent from the city of New York by spiritual influence, to confer with you pertaining to the interests of the nation. I cannot return until I have an interview. Please appoint the time. Yours, etc., J. B. CONKLING."

After a short conversation, in which the President promised to write to Mr. Conkling and grant him an interview, Mr. Kase left. About four weeks afterward he was standing in the gallery, when an old lady, a Mrs. Laurie of Georgetown, handed him a card saying, "Call any time it suits you." He learned from Judge Wattles, who was standing close by, that she was a Spiritualist. He and the Judge called that evening, and there met Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, who received them cordially. What occurred is best told by Col. Kase:

"Soon I observed a young girl walking up towards the President from the other end of the large parlor. Her eyes were closed and she was stroking her chin. She came up close to the knee of the President and said: 'Sir, you were called to the position you occupy for a very great purpose. The world is universally in bondage. It must be physically set free so that it may mentally rise to its proper status. There is a spiritual congress supervising the affairs of this nation as well as a congress at Washington. This republic will lead the van of republics throughout the world.'

"This was a text upon which she lectured the President for a full hour and a half, dwelling strongly on the importance of the emancipation of the slaves, saying that the war could not end unless slavery was abolished. Among other things she prophesied that from the time of the issuing of the emancipation proclamation there would be no reverses to the armies. I never listened to a lecture so grand and sublime and so full of thought as this delivered by a little girl, who must have been under deep control of the spirit of some ancient philosopher. The President listened with the greatest attention throughout her discourse.

It was a scene that could never be erased from my memory, bringing to mind the passage in the Scriptures where the head of the nation was being taught wisdom by babes and sucklings. She woke up out of her trance condition and, frightened at

the thought of speaking before the President, ran off."

After this Mr. Laurie's daughter began to play under control, the piano moving up and down. Five persons present seated themselves upon it, but this did not retard its movement. Two evenings later he again met the President and wife at the same place, and within a few weeks the Emancipation proclamation was issued.

"I am fully assured within my own mind," said Col. Kase, "that the various spiritual manifestations witnessed, together with information received on the subject, fully convinced President Lincoln of the necessity of issuing his great proclamation. It is well, however, to refer to the prophecies made by the little girl. . . I believe we had twenty-six battles after this great event, and were all successful on the Union side, except possibly one or two unimportant skirmishes."

Colonel Kase added, that when Mrs. Lincoln was put into an asylum as insane, because she claimed to hear spirit voices, he wrote to the son, Robert Lincoln, then Secretary of the Interior, and told him about his mother's Spiritualism. . . Four days after he wrote this letter Mrs. Lincoln was removed from the asylum by order of Robert Lincoln.

Dedicated to the girls with golden hair:

Golden hair she had, my girl,
Teeth were set as rows of pearl,
Forehead as a lilly fair;
Dimples on the cheeks were there.
Walk was graceful as a fawn
As it gambols on a lawn;
Voice Æolian harp was strung;
Charmed the air was when she sung.
She beset me everywhere,
In lake, and cloud, and azure air,
When the rainbow arched the sky,
Milky way was belted high;
Tints of ocean shells there were
Woven in the golden hair.
Ever near and ever far,
This Venus was my guiding star

V.

The Rambler tells of a Chicago six-year old, who is much afraid of thunder and lightning. A few nights ago a fearful thunder storm came up just as he was starting for bed. He at once rebelled, and neither threats nor entreaties could for a time induce him to retire.

"Why Willie," expostulated his mother, "there is nothing for you to be afraid of. God will take care of you. He takes care of us all."

"Yes, I know," responded the youngster "but He can take care of us better if we're all together than He can if He has to keep runnin' around to hunt me up."

"But, Willie, God is up in your room. He'll take care of you up there."

A few more entreaties of this sort finally succeeded in sending him to bed.

For a while nothing was heard from him. Then there came a fearful clap of thunder, and the next moment Willie's voice was heard from the top of the stairs.

"Mamma," he cried, "you come up and stay with God awhile; I'm coming down stairs."

"What has become of my boot-jack?" said Trowser, savagely, as he knocked things about. "It's on the mantelpiece," replied Mrs. T. "I covered it with plush to-day, and painted some flowers on it. Isn't it lovely?"

TO A SINGER.

If you earnestly wish to promote
Your talent, hear what I suggest:
You've given us many a note;
For heaven's sake, give us a rest.
—B. W. Davis in *Century*.

AN AID TO CURING ALCOHOLISM.

Scientific American: We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any sure cure for confirmed habits of inebriety, unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of this bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or, in a minor degree, satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases; and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man": "I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a very little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings, and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years, I have not tasted liquor; and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky; but I have no temptation to take it. I give this in consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."

Index: It was when Darwin, in his old age, was bringing out his books on the habits of plants. His health was poor; and an old family servant overhearing his daughter express some anxiety about his condition, sought to reassure her by saying: "Hi believe master'd be hall right, madam, hif'e only 'ad somethin' to hoccupy 'is mind. Sometimes 'e stands in the conservatory from mornin' till night—just a lookin' at flowers. Hif 'e only 'ad somethin' to do, 'e'd be hevver so much better, hI'm sure." No one enjoyed the joke more than the great naturalist himself.

W. S. Bell in Independent Pulpit: When the native African sees an eclipse, he fancies some huge monster is attempting to devour the sun, or moon, as the case may be. He resorts to his tom-tom, by which he hopes to frighten away the fearful monster. After the eclipse has passed away he turns to his skeptical brethren and says, "I told you so," just as his more civilized brother who prays for rain, and after it comes, no matter whether it is a day or week after, turns upon his incredulous friends and asks them triumphantly, "Didn't I tell you so?"

Cuisine: A great nobleman of the court of Marie Antoinette was once staying at Woburn, when a bottle of some exquisite old wine was sent for from the cellar. The French duke took a glass of the precious liquid, and, in answer to a question, announced with immovable countenance that it was *parfait*. The Duke of Bedford then tasted it, and immediately got up spitting and spluttering, roaring out: "Why, d—n it, it is castor oil."

Cleveland Leader: A war with Mexico would cost the nation from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000, and make about 100,000 widows and orphans.

For Light in the West.
SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

BY DELAVAN DE VOE.

STANZA IX.

The contest thus began, raged fierce and strong
By law of difference, first to invade,
Each individual centre, potent claimed
Within its realm to rule. The kings, priests
And potentates, in God-like power assumed
Each sovereign rights. Within the temples built
Divine light and wisdom to unfold;
Altars sanctified to Jehovah's name,
Under the heaven lit spires, with boasted pride
They kindled fires of death.
Holding superior gifts, indulgent,
Given by the central crown, their traitorous wills
Each order of light revoked, and wisdom
And truth malin'd. Their thirsty souls they quench'd
With mammon, the draught trained to the dregs.
Responding; the inner circle high proclaimed
Lights down; and o'er the vast domain was spread
A pall denoting death. Nothing daunted
In obtrusive prayers unto the Gods of earth
And esoteric laws framed to deceive
Mankind, their altars stained with blood
In obedience the multitude adjoined
Less wise, in blindness knelt; and incensed Gods
Adored. With zeal the leaders wrought, and to
The end persisting, the spirits of light
Dethroned, in mortal visions inno ent,
To darkness, and ultimate death.
Themselves, the priests and kings, by visions had
Imperial power, once given, e'er retained.
The garden of earth, many husbanding
The flocks and herds bountiful to behold,
The soil in abundance yielding,—gracious
Mother to unfold her bosom, luxuriant
To the wants of man, offspring vainly proud.
The central powers, church and state combined,
Holding the right to rule, in avarice mien
Grasped unlawful gain, by levied tax, that
The multitude in obedience paid;
Until within the temple gates was housed
Wealth in unknown quantities.
Again between themselves the assumed priests
And kings subdivisions rose, outrageous
Gain and avarice inflamed their souls,
And o'er the spoils they wrangled.
The multitude eruptive, betrayed and low,
In clans and tribes united. Their leaders
Many governments formed. Within the camps
And 'round their centre fires, harangued
By kings, and priests as holy men, they burnt
Sacrifices to the God of mammon.
In venom steeped, they marched to battle
Under the star of night, and guiled god of day,
Perambulating, dislodged as they went
The weaker to the wall, the victors with
Their spoils great glory claim'd, and wars and death
Ensued; strewing the earth with dead men's bones
O'er which the hollow winds cried, Murder!
And into the ears of mortals, the pall
Surrounding, whispered, Death!
Each tribe under their banner, life and death
Contesting fought. Captives, a dire calamity
Worse than spear or blade was theirs. Called slaves
Doomed to a life of woe, all glory lost,
Admonished by God, the spirits of light
Tary, din obedience to his will,
Asunder rent their fetters, and set
Many captives free. The all seeing eye
Cognizant of all, under the first great law
Of trinities in one, and dual powers strong;

Whereby in exercise their wills contesting
Much progress made, in issue, each point raised
New rays of light, the darkness to illumine.
To man much power was given
Kings and priests, in vain exploits, to conquest
Lead on, the mightiest Monarch ruling,
And like the Juggernaut car of Ind' crushed
'Neath the wheels of time each vanquished foe.
The spirits of matter jubilant,
Seditious, unchecked, imbued with venom
Flung from their serpent tongues, epithet vile,
In circuits wide disdained all higher truths
And the spirits of light maligned.
In all ages past, the revolving ages
From the earliest dates, mammon the world
Has ruled. E'en the Prince of peace, heralded
From on high, sent from the eternal throne
A Peasant, yet a King, in robes of peace
Within a manger born. Foretold by stars
Of Heaven, and by visions of Prophets wise,
Being entranced, attained the holy light
From out the circle of the most high throne,
Set forth to man, in ages; seared with age
His wondrous coming, God in the flesh,
Proclaimed his light Divine: a hallowed light,
Redeeming the world from darkness. Potent,
To secure eternal bliss, and sunshine
To the soul.

INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S.
JULY 26, 1884.—The band will consider the controlling power which guided the communications of the last circle*:

The control of a medium is generally of a similar temperament to the subject; consequently, the opinions given in trance frequently coincide with the ideas of the medium. When in a normal state each individual in a circle should exercise his or her own reason; we do not ask for blind assent. The risen spirits become convinced of the truths they teach by the use of their reasoning powers, which in this state are much stronger, much clearer, than while in the mortal frame; when the understanding is befogged with the many false notions instilled into them as their ideas take form,—instead of being taught the lessons of goodness which nature teaches the young minds are warped to receive the dogmas of theology; reasoning on such subjects being considered dangerous.

But while we advocate the exercise of reason, we would warn man against the pride which reason alone so often produces. There are many subjects which man's reason cannot fathom. Of what avail is reason in contemplating the surroundings of spirit life: and there are mysteries in nature beyond man's comprehension. The thoughtful mind will never fail to find objects for study and

observation; and as true knowledge is gained the mind expands to perceive the immensity of the field opening before the mental view the acquirements of earthly knowledge are found to be so limited, that humility takes the place of pride, and the instructions offered by spirit friends—which may be considered revelations—are gladly received.

The communion of spirits in the circle is a great pleasure to the disembodied as well as to those in the mortal form. The continued life is realized; the risen friends can still hold converse with their loved ones. With what thankfulness should mankind receive such a boon, granted by our Heavenly Father to those who will receive it. The band will now permit an individual spirit to control the pencil.

MY DEAR FRIEND; I wish to address a few words to you. It is a great pleasure to watch the development of a mind that can receive these spiritual truths. This I have in guiding your hand to express my thoughts, finding that you understand better than when this spirit communion was first developed through your power. I would say, be thankful, be willing to use the power given to you for the benefit of your fellow creatures. Let no impatience lead to murmuring; bear infirmities cheerfully, acquiesce gratefully in the prolongation of mortal life, which can still be useful to others: the reward is sure, though delayed. This is from J.—. M.—, *England*.

AUGUST 9 h, 1884.—The thoughts will consider this proposition: Why is the moral growth on earth so slow?—

The enquirer must remember that changes to be beneficial to man must be slow; quick transitions of thought on religious subjects are not always reliable. Witness the sudden conversions at revivals; how few are of lasting benefit!

Some of the teachings are gratifying to the sensual nature of man, and they are carrying out the practices recorded in ancient scripture and maintaining their supremacy by keeping the females in religious degradation. By so doing they brutalize themselves,—not receiving the benefit they might derive from association with women of fine intuitions and cultivated intellect. Their system is debasing to all connected with it. There is no wish to rise out of it; and should a few endeavor to bring about a reformation, the old methods of strangling any attempt at elevation are secretly yet surely resorted to. The selfishness of the leaders and

*That of July 19th, 1884, published in September 25th issue of LIGHT IN THE WEST.—ED

the power they hold over their dupes keep them together.

All spiritual movements tending to elevate mankind are of slow growth. This is owing to man's perversity. Was there ever an attempt to expose and correct error that has not been opposed by cruel and arbitrary measures by the leaders and propagators of those errors? It is with the Mormon leaders as with the despotic hierarchy of the Romish Church; the object of both being to blindfold their followers by tacitly forbidding the use of man's grand inheritance,—REASON.

The next proposition: "The state of leaders and teachers who willfully and knowingly inculcate all false doctrines and dogmas in those depending on them for guidance and instruction,"—how can the answer be made intelligible! To the embryotic thoughts the change from mortal to spiritual surroundings cannot be understood until experienced. Imagine a man of extremely sensitive temperament continually harassed without cessation by the haunted remembrance of a heinous crime, ever present, obtruding its hated presence at all seasons, and attended by the reproaches of his dupes, now no longer under the restraint, but equal in the power of distinguishing truth and falsehood. Realize if you can, the horrible situation, the whole baseness of their nature exposed to the gaze of all! And judge what misery, what wretchedness, recoils on the naked spirit! Gladly would they compensate those whom they had deluded; but there is nothing for them, save the purification which sorrow and remorse can slowly, slowly, bring. Little do men think in time of their haughty self-will of the misery they are securing for themselves. Our Heavenly Father never punishes; but an infraction of spiritual laws entails its own natural, yet disastrous consequences. The band will now permit a spirit to control the pencil.

MY FRIEND: The permission to give expression to a few thoughts is gladly taken. I hope to help some of those victims of false teachings. Could I reach those poor, down trodden women, immersed in folly and jealousy, and those men more debased than they, I would cry aloud: Throw off these bonds of submission! purify your thoughts! cast aside this hated polygamy!—and establish the purity, the happiness, of respectful, loving intercourse of wife and children, devoted to the best interests of each other. Then may you rise in your own estimation, and the

peace and tranquility of home and state be secured. This is the advice of B. Y.

OBITUARY.

Passed from earth to spirit life at his home in this village, September 28th, Almond Gray, in his seventy-sixth year.

Father Gray was one of the early investigators of Spiritualism in this state. He was kind and genial as a friend. He could recount all that ever took place since he was old enough to remember. Prof. Lockwood delivered an able discourse on "The Continuity of Existence" by his request, the Misses Cora and Vinnie Phillips furnishing music. J. C. PHILLIPS.

Omro, Wisconsin, Oct. 6, 1886.

FIRST AND LAST.

But many that are first shall be last and the last shall be first.—MATTHEW XIX: 30.

This saying no doubt refers to the great change in condition which many will experience when they are launched by death, as we call it, into the world of spirits. There is a very general belief, among those who have their sails set for the haven of happiness and rest, that because they are sailing along easily and pleasantly, all will be well with them hereafter.

They never *flagrantly* broke the commandments, they gave to charity, and stood well in the church; so their conscience is lulled to rest, and they easily glide along into the life to come.

But there is a higher, an *interior, spiritual* law, that will search the innermost recesses of the spirit, and will lay bare every *motive* for every act of this life; alas, too often, it is found, that at the root of many of the so-called good and charitable deeds there was the canker worm of selfishness. How many of us do these from a "sense of duty," as we call it, and yet keep a sort of running account with God of every act of a charitable nature we do.

When children, and grown people as well, are taught to do right from principle, all this will be changed, and we will have a higher state of morals, and a transformation of humanity. Those who are governed in their actions by either fear of punishment or hope of reward will find they have failed to "lay up treasures in heaven," because the *motive* was wrong. This, and not the act itself, will be judged in that day when the soul appears before that tribunal appointed to judge each one, *viz.*: his own conscience. Before this judge the "deeds done in the body" will appear, each one, clothing the spirit in filthy rags, or more happily, in shining

garments. Selfishness, pride, vainglory, will be there to testify as to the part they have played in the private and public life; while the virtues practised will shine as gems of rare beauty.

The mask being rent asunder by death, the spirit beholds itself in its own light, and the revelation, the exposure is terrible. And he who perhaps considered himself first in this life, may be humiliated by seeing those whom he considered very much beneath him here, enter into their happy spirit home, while he is tormented in spirit. Let us watch, lest we who think we are first shall find we are last. B.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

PART VII.—CONTINUED.

[By spirit Patrick Henry, from the inner circle of the Spiritual Union, St. Louis. Given for Light in the West.]

But instead of identifying yourself with their cause and labor for their interest with all your might to better their condition in life, you close your church doors as well as your hearts against them, because they can not swell your salaries; pay high pew rents; make no costly presents; are not dressed to suit the fastidious worldlings, who go to church to see and be seen; to have their ears tickled with flowery oratory; and to display their fine dresses, jewelry and equipages, while the neglected forsaken ones are left by the lanes, alleys, by-ways and hedges, to seek whose truth may be found without guides, and if they thus without the friendly hand to lead them go astray and approach mental, moral and spiritual ruin, they are denounced by you as social failures, human wrecks; miserable sinners, beyond redemption and out of the pale of possible salvation.

But all this will be set against you in your life account. The reverence you receive in the body will then become derision; the honors you accepted turned into shame, your false respectability will change into contempt by your interior judgment when severed from all earth considerations; quality, not quantity becomes the criterion of spiritual worth. Your own soul becomes the accusing judge; a bar from which there is no escape; a prison from which there is no release, until the spirit is redeemed by a long and difficult labor of unselfish devotion to humanity which ought to have been performed while in the body.

After proving false to your sovereign and deserting into the ranks of his enemy, Mammon, you therewith surrendered the priceless gifts of the spirit; the jewels and

badges of your office and the test of your loyalty; these spiritual gems, more precious than gold and silver, which should adorn you and convince the world that you are indeed what you claim to be, a spiritual minister.

"These signs shall follow them that believe" (See MARK XVI:17-18). This promise was never revoked or cancelled, and stands to-day as valid as when made.

Have you these tokens of your office? Where in your ranks can be found the gifts of healing the sick; of prophecy; of casting out evil spirits; of diverse tongues; of the discerning of spiritual things. And because you have forfeited and lost them yourself you doubt or deny in toto their existence in others, and abuse the instruments of the spirit world as rogues and imposters, and slander and persecute them, or ridicule them as dupes of a foolish imagination. You make the baptism with water, the outward washing, of greater importance than the baptism of the divine Spirit, and the cleansing by the fires of perfect love. MATTHEW III:11.

Your bloody butcher house religion, your doctrines of salvation through the gory sacrifice of innocence is an infamous, insulting blasphemy to God, and revolting to sound reason. Instead of raising the white banner of eternal life, you unfurl the black flag with its emblems of death to terrify your charges into blind submission. The gospel of salvation for all, through perfect love, is set at naught by the fear of damnation. You recite in the Confession of your faith a belief in the Holy Spirit, a communion of the saints, the resurrection of the dead and deny it when it is proven to you every day all about you. What a stubborn, bigoted inconsistency!

You teach what you do not believe yourself; you point out the way to others, wherein you refuse to walk yourself; this is hypocrisy. And because you know the will of God and do it not, and also hinder others from knowing and doing it, so much greater is your guilt and condemnation.

The angel heralds have again proclaimed glad tidings of great joy. Again as of old at Bethlehem, the messengers of the higher spheres announce the dawn of a better day, of peace on earth and good will to man. Again the Spirit of God is poured out upon all flesh in Pentecostal power; again the voices of heaven assure us, there is no death, and that life and immortality are brought to light; again and again, all over the earth is heard the triumphant shout:

"Death, where is thy sting?
Grave, where is thy victory?"

Again mankind is awakened to the comforting truth, that man's soul, the divine spirit individualized in him, is the everlasting, undying essence that will finally overcome all evil that may surround and beset him, and comes out victorious in the end, bringing a flood of joy and gladness to thousands who are ready to receive and accept it from unmistakable proofs and countless testimonies of its reality.

Like a morning star emerging from darkness into light, like every new truth, out of humble obscurity, this new glorious revelation shines and radiates its beams into the hearts of the sorrowful and the mourning ones of earth; strengthening with new vigor the weary and the heavy laden, and the sweet prospect, that earth life is not all that is of human existence, wipes away the tears shed at the coffin and the grave, when farewell is bidden to your loved ones on this side of the river of life to meet them on the opposite shore.

Why is it that you the clergy, who of all others should give this new gospel of *Light, Life, Love and Liberty*, this new dispensation of the Christ-spirit among men, amid all the joy and gladness it brings to humanity, a jubilant welcome,—why is it, that you look upon it with sullen mistrust, and undisguised aversion, that you call it wicked, devilish, and do all you can to keep others from accepting and enjoying it? WHY?

Because the light of the day-star has not been able to penetrate the heavy fogs and mists of your bigotry, though it has arisen to thousands all above you. The gentle voice of the spirit world could not be heard through the hard, thick crust with which orthodox theology imprisons you; because the rays of the Spiritual Sun shine upon the tightly closed doors and windows of your soul and cannot illuminate its interior. Your spiritual senses have been dulled to the perception of spiritual things, through the influence of Mammon-service, and your presumption is, that because you cannot, nobody else shall. But heaven's doors are now wide open, and the priestly keys which kept its gates closed so long are cast into the bottomless pit with death.

All the hell there is, consists in a loveless life, and its present and future results. 'God is Love'. Thence, such a life is Godless, or ungodly, or wicked, and the transgressor can never be absolved from the

consequences it entails on the violator of divine law, or upon those wronged or injured by such transgression. He must change his conduct, become aware of the evil of his ways, repent and be spiritually born again, in order to get rid of the hell within and about him; and that new birth is nothing more nor less, than to become conscious of, and sensitive and obedient to the immortal Spirit, the divine essence within: Christ within, the hope of glory.

And then and there heaven begins in the soul. Must Spiritualism through its mediums after all teach you Doctors of Divinity, you teachers of Israel the spiritual nature of man and his relation through it with the Deity? Are they destined to point out to you the true resurrection power of the divine Spirit, as Paul did to the Athenians? What you worship in ignorance, that I set before you, etc., (ACTS XVII: 31-32)

You must sooner or later, willingly or unwillingly, come to the conclusion, that you are not fighting phantoms but realities; and the same voice that came to Paul on the plains of Damascus, and of the heavens, comes to you also, echoed and re-echoed a thousand fold! 'Why persecutest thou me? It is hard to kick against the goad.' (ACTS XXVI: 14.) You can no longer hide behind your sanctimonious dignity, as in a strong-hold; the time is past for sneering, or frowning, or ignoring, the new light out of existence, it will keep on shining until it will fill the whole earth with its brightness. The unseen hosts have marched the appointed time about your orthodox Jericho, with loud bugle blasts of Truth, which make your strong, high walls totter, crumble, and fall in every direction. And if you do not soon escape and seek safety outside, they will fall upon you and bury you under their ruins. It is no use to resist any longer against the power of the divine Spirit. Be careful that by the words of your own master, whom you proclaim as Savior, King and Judge, you do not commit the greatest of all sins: Blasphemy against the holy Spirit. (MATTHEW XII: 31-32.)

Read for your own particular instruction the verse, including the 22nd to 37th, and then say with Gamaliel when too other mediums were arrested, arrayed before the council for healing the sick, beaten and charged to keep silent, not proclaiming the truth,—these were his closing words of advice to their enemies, and they are ours to you; preachers, priests and doctors, listen to them:

"Refrain from these men and leave them alone; for if this council or this work be of men it will be overthrown."

"But if it is of God, you will not be able to overthrow them; lest haply ye be found even to be fighting against God."

Read the whole fifth chapter of Acts.

(Continued.)

SPIRIT MESSAGE.

A communication relative to the birth of a NEW PLANET, now comparatively near at hand.

Concluded.

This sun is but a nucleus of souls in their brightness and their majesty, who have long desired and contemplated, both the conception, gestation and birth of this new and more magnificent orb, as well as a participation in this glorious reunion, which is—the universe over—an occasion of so great a rejoicing that the most glorious conceivable beings even hasten to the celebration of a new-born world with joy, assistance and thanksgiving.

You, my friend, are one of those invited guests, and will be well prepared to participate in its wonderful development and manifestation of angelic talent and hilarity.

Not many from your earth are yet ready to receive the tidings or administer a return of joy at the summons. We have been sent,—not, indeed, against our will—to stir within your breast a refulgent interest in this natal anniversary, and a glad reply to the well timed notes of the hierarchs of humanity, multiplied to all those who are willing to be present.

The birth itself is a necessity of the divine Mind for another place of exhibition, another bud from the great tree, put forth to blossom in the arms of the centuries, and the warmth of the encompassing angels. An event of so much joy to us, is indeed deplorable to a majority of the denizens of your and similarly conditioned earths. They are not ready. They give no welcome; but already do they cast up a great cloud of despair and terror from the womb of hell, at the coming of the sons of man. But a people so direct and uncharitable can have no humane interest or satisfaction in an event which *gathers them to one place*, where they can not disturb the festivities of millions of congregated saviors, and can no more interfere with the progress and fruitfulness of your own and other earths.

Then indeed will the wilderness burst forth into flowers, and the reunited fraternities of the higher worlds looking down upon you, and waiting with eagerness to taste the reality; and the rejuvenated atmospheres and materials of your arid earth will join in a new magnificence and outgrowth long heralded, and as long unknown to your sin-beladen earth.

The place and position assigned to those who from your world at this day are destined to bear a part in this enormous outlay of power and exhibition of glory and congratulation of multitudes, will be appointed and designated simultaneously as they are able to be instructed and brought into harmony and intimacy. Our designs as instructors and pro-

mulgators of these sublime manifestations, will be unfolded to you,—as to others—in such gradual but sure and satisfactory methods, and frequency and fulness of detail as will enable you to rely fully upon those who are capable—even more than myself—of giving assurance of correct knowledge and ability to demonstrate the facts of this unparalleled future, as well as to perform as assistants, the intentions of those supreme governors who will preside at this final and faithful conjugation of the superior spheres with the sublunary planets that have so long revolved alone unconjugated and unmindful of those divine spheres, waiting to be celestially annexed in their solemn marriages. That they may be one, is the universal prayer of the stellar universes and the spontaneous springing forth of every human inhabitant of those unnumbered habitations.

The house of many mansions is now about to be filled with those invited to the mighty wedding feast. We would that none should be absent. But how can they be worthy who reject the announcement with scorn? and like the five foolish virgins provide no oil of joy in their miserable lamps, whose wisdom and whose brightness have alike expired.

But our joy is full in being able to find in the hedges of obscurity, and the highways of watchful angels the vessels of our delight.

With hearts surcharged and overrunning with heavenly pleasure, we meet with those we can expostulate with and attract to this lofty theme of reproductive energy, and loveliness. Let, my own beloved classmate of celestial observation, and exploration, these mighty subjects henceforth engross your attention, even to the entire exclusion of inferior inquiries and engagements, that you may be the sooner free to move with us into those purer regions of thought and unfathomable Light and Love—for which you are daily preparing, and which your hourly attendants are both persuading and stimulating you to accept—as your own privilege and joy, as your own divine birthright and emolument.

Be not in anywise discouraged at the immensity of these proposed appearances, as if they were not those very same realities which the sages, the seers and the saviours of all time have foretold and declared should sometime arrive. Shrink not my friend, from attaching yourself to Him who has announced Himself as the Wisdom, the Power and the Glory, and at the same time, the Cause and Creator of these, scarcely looked for but, sublime effects of that eloquent Hierarch who speaks to your ear so often those syllables of warning and encouragement that are no less divine than sincere and genuine. And as I myself will testify before all men and will shortly demonstrate to you, from my privileges of observation and scientific foresight, which have been so amply granted me by this Divine Lawgiver and affectionate Counsellor co-adjute to the performances Made known so lately to yourself, to be maintained in the imaginable labyrinth of His coeval womb of

fire. You may regard me as ever yours, and as now most sincerely present.

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHELL.

FIRST SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.

Sunday afternoon, October 17th, the Association met as usual, and was called to order at 3 o'clock. Mr. Longley, editor of the *Altruist*, spoke on "Constructive Spiritualism." He said, that it is necessary to destroy first, in order to prepare the way for construction. The church tells us that all spiritual intercourse ended with the apostles. Spiritualism proves this to be a mistake. Spiritualism has been said to be "guerilla warfare." If organized the spiritualists would be a greater power; but its basis is entirely different. Spiritualism is Universalism; it is a brotherhood. It gives mental freedom to all. Mr. Longley was followed by Mrs. Emma Mayer, who gave an interesting account of her experience as a medium.

The Society appointed a committee to help with arrangements for the coming of Mr. Colville.

The Association will not meet next Sunday. Oct. 30th, Prof. Campbell will lecture, at 3 o'clock P. M. All are cordially invited to attend.

Pall Mall Gazette (London): It is a long time since the newspapers recorded any accident so horrible as the death of the Woolwich (England) molder who was overwhelmed by a cataclysm of boiling steel, and it is not often that so strange a ceremony as the burial of poor Moriarity is described in black and white. The fact is the poor fellow is part of a 60-ton gun, in which he will continue to serve his country. Yet, oddly enough, he was buried yesterday. For some ashes and fragments of clothing were collected from the ingot and shoveled into the coffin, which was followed to the grave by what is called an imposing cortege. This solemn but consolatory farce calls to mind another case somewhat similar, which forms one of the ghastly legends of Middlebrough. A laborer had tumbled head foremost into the fiery liquid, and nothing of him was left. But they ran a coffin full of slag, held an inquest over it, and laid it in consecrated ground in the orthodox manner.

Golden Gate: Spiritual phenomena, to be of any use to the world, must be so conclusive in their certainty as to place their genuineness beyond reasonable question. Nothing that comes of conditions favorable to deception—nothing that does not appeal to the unclouded senses and to the better judgment of careful observers, because of its absolute fairness and freedom from all taint of suspicion,—is really of any weight, in a scientific sense.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

A COMMITTEE OF ONE.

After considerable reflection, and a consummation of matters referred to in an other column we have decided to ask every subscriber of *LIGHT IN THE WEST* to please constitute a committee of one for the purpose of securing one or more new subscribers during the months of October and November. If you will do so we will on our part promise, that if by such means and by the first of December our subscription list is doubled from what it now is we will not increase the subscription price for the year 1887 unless that during that time we increase the size of the paper. Is not this a commendable enterprise? Surely there are hundreds who could with very little effort in their home circles and among their friends secure several new names for us. Kind READER, WE MEAN YOU. Give this matter a few good, but *energetic* thoughts, and see if it does not vivify a *good wish* into a *good resolution* and quicken that forward to at least a little effective work, which will certainly secure one or more new subscribers. We offer you a plan now by which you can help us to keep the price of the paper low. **WILL YOU DO IT?**

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We are glad to greet the *American Non-conformist* again. It has taken a change of base, it seems, and, judging from the appearance of the paper, much for the better. The birdlings concluded to leave the home nest, and we are pleased to see that their "wings" were sufficiently strong to bear them up, in this trial trip,—may they not fail them in the hereafter.

The October number of the *Carrier Dove*, Mrs. Schlesinger's beautiful magazine, is especially interesting. It contains portraits and biographies of Andrew Jackson Davis, Mrs. Lena Clark Cook of San Francisco, and Bishop A. Beals; also a portrait of Mrs. Lincoln, surrounded by spirit friends. The conclusion of "Crowded Out,"

a serial by Miss M. T. Shelhamer, "Practical Spiritualism" by the editress, together with other interesting and timely articles comprise the October *Dove*. Oakland, Cal., Subscription price \$2.50.

The *Freethinkers' Magazine* offers a choice menu for October. "The Myth of the Great Deluge," "Massacre of St. Bartholemew," "The Woman's Bible," by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, "Cosmic Calvinism," by Moncure Conway, are its leading papers. In the Literary Department "Uncle Lute" gives another chapter of "A Modern Queen of Reason." The leading editorial, on "The Future Church," is worth the price of the magazine for a year. Published by H. L. Green, at Salamanca, N. Y. \$2 per annum.

The *Leisure Hour*, a semi-monthly, \$1 per year, comes to us from Montreal. It is a crisp, cheery, clean little sheet, and in looking over its twelve pages we are strongly impressed with its originality, and freedom in expression. The leader on "Compensation," and an article entitled "Kephalization" are specially worthy of note. Address Box 989, Montreal, P. Q.

The *Phrenological Journal* of October, contains a highly interesting article relating to Phillip Brooks D. D.; a portrait accompanies it. No. 10, of "Familiar Talks," will enlist many new recruits into the army of students of Phrenology. Kate Greenaway's genial face inspires in one a belief in her abilities if there were no tangible proof of them. Nervously afflicted ladies should read Eleanor Kirk's curious but o'ertrue tale "Wanted to Swear." The editorials are crisp, breezy and invigorating. It is not strange that the old *Journal* lives, breathes and has useful being after all these years. So temperate, so harmonious and so kindly that it must be long-lived. \$2. per year. As an inducement to subscribe now, it is offered three months free to new subscribers for 1887, or "On Trial" three months for 25 cents. Address, 723 Broadway, New York.

Freeman's Monthly Magazine, Passaic, N. J., is an unusually interesting number. "Past and Present," by Rev. P. F. Leavens, is an historical sketch of Passaic and the First Presbyterian Church. The article is illustrated with cuts of the various places of worship the Society has occupied. Other articles are: "My Trip to the West Indies," "The Motherless Babe," "Kate Douglass," a love story, "Talks About

Music," "Our London Letter," etc. The "Ladie's Department," and an "Eclectic Department" abound with choice reading. Published at the remarkably low price of \$1.00 per year.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Some time ago we announced that up to September first we would take subscriptions for "Light in the West" at the rate of one dollar per annum. Our friends have been so industrious and successful in securing names that we have decided to lengthen the time and now announce that the price will remain at ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE to all subscribers who *subscribe and pay in advance*, before December 1st, 1886.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Again we must refer to terms and say that the subscription price will remain until

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per year in advance but we will not send the paper to any person without payment in advance unless with a distinct understanding as to terms of payment—\$2.00 if not in advance and we will not send it longer than the time paid for unless requested to do so at the above rates. The date with the address on the wrapper shows the subscriber when the time paid for is to expire.

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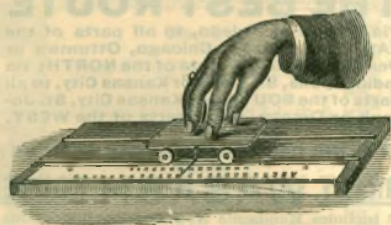
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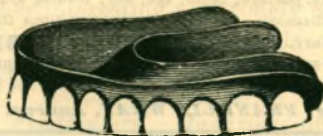
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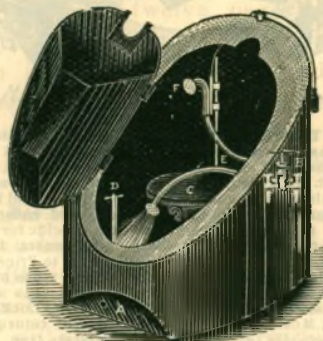
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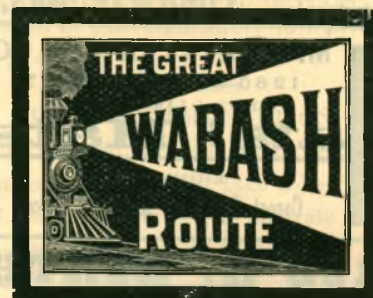
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Ask your Druggist for them, if he does not have it and you cannot wait send direct to us. Remit by P. O. money order, Postal Note or Registered letter, giving full Name, Town, County State and Express Co. Address

LION REMEDY CO.,

No. 16 North Ada St., - - - CHICAGO, ILL.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 3, 1886

LION REMEDY Co.—Allow me to add my testimonial in praise of your Lion Remedy No. 2. I have taken three bottles and I never felt so well from the use of any medicine in so short a time. Its action on my system is magical, and I consider your Remedy No. 1 as the best liver and kidney remedy I ever used, and freely recommend it to all suffering from these troubles or biliousness. Yours respectfully,

JOHN LYNCH, 222 W. Randolph st.

CHICAGO, ILL., April 29, 1886.

LION REMEDY Co.—I would like to add my testimony in praise of Lion Remedy No. 1. For Liver and Kidney Troubles and Biliousness it excels anything I have yet tried. My mother has used it for stomach trouble with success. For twenty years she was compelled to subsist on two meals a day, and her food always distressed her, but at present she eats her three meals a day with a relish and with no distress whatever. Yours truly,

FRED. E. JONES, 995 W. Monroe st.

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Yours truly,

E. RISLY, 314 Fulton St.

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LION REMEDY Co.—For several years every spring has found me afflicted with deranged liver and kidneys which generally debilitated me from 6 to 8 weeks, causing much anxiety as well as many doses of disagreeable medicine. Learning of the Lion Remedies I was induced to try them, having little faith in their efficacy. Before I had finished my 2nd bottle I was in my usual good health. To the suffering I would say: don't give up in despair. Give the Lion Remedies a trial. J. E. NICKLES, Druggist, 679 B'dway.

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