

# LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI.

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## NOTICE.

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

### WEEKLY

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

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## HARMONY.

One of the grandest things in the teaching of Spiritualism is harmony. Everything in nature teaches that harmony is the all-abiding law; yet we are sorry to say that in almost every place there are persons inclined to the opposite, unless their views or ideas are accepted.

There is one thing in Spiritualism and Liberalism that both mortals and spirits should learn; and that is, that *leaders* belong to the past, and it is only *law* we obey,—not the originator of that law. Whenever any one arises and places himself in the position of Grand Mogul or ruler, the time has come for the people to revolt; and unless they are too weak or are compelled, by circumstances they cannot control, to remain serfs, they will ultimately regain their freedom. While there may be some leading spirits stronger than their fellows, the masses will assert

their right to be heard. Harmony is gained only by the stronger minds yielding and trying to sooth the weaker ones: inharmony is produced by some would-be leaders trying to incense the masses against those who have the good of the multitude at heart. These said leaders spend their time in proving (?) to individuals, that others instead of trying to do them good, are in reality working against their best interests and imposing upon them; thus getting the populace aroused to fever heat. Then the secret plot is soon shown; for at the proper moment the mischief workers offer to place themselves at the head of the "downtrodden" and protect (?) them from their so-called oppressors. This is the principle on which inharmony is produced. It is the desire of some to "rule or ruin."

Spiritualists, however, accept no ruler or dictator. They may rely to a great extent upon the judgment of spirit friends; and while there are multitudes of spirits whose advice, if taken, would cause inharmony, the higher controls are always working for the good of mankind. And this is never found where bickering or ill feeling is engendered by those who would be the leaders of the people.

No exception should be taken to what is said in any gathering, unless there is a desire to raise a contention. Such minds should seek a rabble, and not a gathering where people are searching after the grandest truths that ever come to men and women,—evidence of the immortality of the soul, and a continued existence after the death of the body. If there is one place on this earth where we should have harmony, it is in such a place. The higher intelligences in giving advice upon this matter say, stand firm for the truth of our return, and give proof of it whenever possible. To mediums they would say, You are oppressed on all sides; never step

down or out of your own province, that your place may be occupied by some one who would rather hear himself talk than the invisibles. This destroys the harmony of the company to the extent that the mediums are so mentally agitated that their controls cannot come near them, for the benefit of waiting earth friends.

In union is strength, and the union can alone be maintained by uniting against leadership in any form. Every medium is a guide through which spirits can communicate intelligence to their friends, and there their leadership ends.

There seems to be a desire on the part of Spiritualists that harmony should reign. Colors are blended according to their shades. Flowers and fruit by nature are harmonious—all nature is one harmonious whole. And it is a travesty on divine Wisdom, when His creatures, evolved therefrom, find time to dispute as to small points of belief, when there are questions of so much greater moment to be considered,—the welding together of mortals for work to be done on this side of life, and finding actual proof of another life to come. The future is radiantly bright; but contentions can turn its brightness into the deepest gloom. No matter whence comes the golden rule, let it apply to all times, and harmony will prevail.

## THE TRANCE.

The trance state is a condition similar to sleep, without its quietude. In some cases the body becomes rigid and seemingly lifeless, and many times it is mistaken for death. This condition is caused by the spirit or superior part of mortal taking a brief rest from active service; the spirit essence has gone away into space or spirit land, and by some subtle force or tie is still held to the mortal body, and can return at will.

The trance of spirit control is the full



possession of the body of a man or woman for the purpose of using that body or organization as a source of communication between spirit and mortal. The body of the medium, so far as his powers of mind are concerned, is for the time a blank. He walks, talks and acts under the control of some one, or some other power than his own. Mesmerists gain control of their subjects in many instances, only to find them controlled by a power superior to their own, and over which they are powerless. The controlling power describing events, friends and incidents, the mesmerist knows nothing about—proving another power than the mere will of the operator.

It was said by Chaucer that 'mesmerists make clairvoyants.' This is erroneous; clairvoyants, like poets are *born not made*—and although by developing the gift can be increased, yet from birth the power of second or spirit sight was there. The gift for want of development might lie dormant for years, or a lifetime for that matter. There are indistinct, but many times startling visions to the persons possessing this phase of mediumship, which they cannot understand; and unless they develop and know what this power is, they will always feel timid about going into a dark room, for it is in darkness that spirits manifest their presence best. Artificial light is too strong for the delicate tissues of spirit form. The spirit brings its own light, and materializes in a pale, lambiant light formed from the phosphorescent elements of space. This light while clear and distinct, bringing out every feature of the loved ones so as to be recognized by friends is yet so subdued that the delicate spiritual body is not injured; and the medium is protected from any injurious results from a too rapid dematerialization of the spirit.

Entrancement in all cases is the going out of the body by mortal, and another spirit or influence taking its place for the time. A mesmerist does not produce a *true* trance by his own power. He may control the will of the subject, but the spirit of that person still has possession while under the law of obedience to the mesmerist. The latter may help the spirit to gain control of a medium many times; but as soon as the spirit influence has charge the mesmerist's power is gone. His subject acts independently of him and at the will of the spirit controlling. Mesmerism, like all other powers, only proves the spiritual.

## SAUL.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.  
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
King, behold the phantom seer!"  
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a cloud:  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud:  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;  
His hand was wither'd and his veins were dry;  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there.  
Shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare.  
From lips that moved not an unbreathing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder-stroke.

"Why is my sleep disquieted?  
Who is he that calls the dead?  
Is it thou, oh King? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
Such are mine; and such shall be  
Thine, to-morrow, when with me:  
Ere the coming day is done,  
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
Fare thee well, but for a day;  
Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,  
Pierced by shafts of many a bow:  
And the falchion by thy side  
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:  
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
Son and sire, the house of Saul!"

—Byron.

For Light in the West.

## THE FUTURE, AND WHAT OF IT.

BY GEORGE S. GREEN, M. D.

PART III.

To me the question I started out with at the heading of this article is an important one; I look over the rising generation and I see grand possibilities in the future. What a vast army of men and woman yet to be—what grand discoveries for them to develop and bring into shape, so that they become practically useful in the arts and sciences, thereby elevating and benefiting mankind. Many of them are to be leaders, the George Washingtons, the Lincolns, the Wendell Phillips, the Garrisons, the Michael Faradays, Stephensens and Watts of the bye and bye. They may not be emancipators of American slavery, or act in just the same line of thought as did those mentioned above; yet they will be emancipators just the same.

Sin and superstition always enslave; and as long as a vestige in any form remains leaders will be called for,—men and women with hearts and hands ready to uplift the degraded, instead of continually thundering in their ears, from velvet covered pulpits, an obsolete belief.

The degraded and those who are outcasts from society have hearts and finer sensibilities, even in their deep degradation and sin; but the Christ-principle presented in a Christ-like way will never fail

of elevating them, will never fail of educating them, slowly at first, but surely in the direction of character building.

If there were less of Christ and God worship—as such—and more studying and acting out in life the God and Christ *principles*, the world would be far more developed in the line of soul growth and high moral attainments than it is to-day. What a grand scene would this old earth witness were such the motive of the inhabitants of this Great Ball upon which we dwell. Instead, then, of ministers and laymen wondering why the masses do not come to church, the great idea will be, how can we provide more room for the surging throngs. Up they come continually, from every point of the compass to the great centers with brotherly love for all humanity in their hearts, because brotherly love has been extended toward them, and has grown up with them.

This is God in man, and man in God at the same time,—this a oneness with God that admits of no criticism,—leaves no chance for dogmatic speculation,—but is a germ growing up into fuller development as the years roll on, under the care and protection of one common Parent, one great Author whose laws are unchangeable and which harmonizes with all the true needs of His creatures.

All the men and women who are leaders to-day in true progressive thought,—who are truly and religiously interested in the development of the sciences, are doing a grand work for the religion of the future. Every eye glance into the realms of nature, and every fact noted are the waymarks in life for coming generations, and by which they too may trace their way into grander and broader fields of investigation.

Nearly every day, as I go to and from my place of business, I meet dozens of little boys and girls with smiling faces and joyous hearts, and every time I look into their faces radiant with so much love and beauty, there seems to be an irresistible power thrown about me and my heart and soul seem to be enwrapped about as if by magic and I say to myself: What are these to become in the near future? What the character homes that they will build, and the influences that they will exert? And then my soul breaths out, Oh, Father of infinite love and purity,—Oh, spirit guides who do His eternal will; throw about these priceless jewels holy and pure influences. Keep them from corroding sins which tarnish the soul garments here and



hereafter. Help me to be kind and gentle towards them; help me by act and deed to so live that I may be a means of attracting them into the higher avenues, treading up to life's eternal day.

Ah, yes, to us who are on life's stage of action to-day, who have little ones under our charge to train, the future and its religious drapery has a mighty significance—did I hear some one carelessly remark, "What of it? let the future take care of itself." Ah, all along the very track we have passed over they must go; the experiences we have learned they too must learn; only we may, if we will, teach them how to avoid many of the dark avenues that it was our lot to pass through.

If we have during our studies and investigations come nearer to the mount of God's holy love, and have truly felt the uplifting influences of His divine care and protection, we may teach them also to stand with us in that grand and soul-developing relation, so that every advance step that we take towards the everlasting kingdom we see to it that they are not far behind us. Of course, they cannot in tender years understand the higher complexities of life's grand problem, but the sun of God's righteousness shoots out golden rays leaving an impress upon their hearts which to them means "God is Love."

#### "SHADOWS" ON DAWBARN.

I do not suppose my erudite correspondent and intimate friend is after a discussion with me, for we both are too busy to attend to it; but his pleasant, genial criticism on my spiritual position requires a little notice—not, however, for my benefit. I think some of his suggestions in his very readable article, and the niche in which he seems to have placed me, give the opportunity of writing a few words that will interest the general reader. This article, then, will be intended more for the latter, than for Brother Dawbarn.

I was very fortunate in 1857, to have been thoroughly converted to modern Spiritualism; that is, made sure that man consciously survives death. This was at the first sitting I ever had with a medium. I had a communication from the spirit world that covered the whole ground. This was by raps on a table, and the medium was Mrs. Hayden. She was a stranger to me and I was a quiet, retired individual, wholly unknown to her, and I did not know a Spiritualist in the world. Noticing a table in the room, no one sitting at it, or touching it, I moved it, thinking

there might be some machinery connected with it. She, seeing my movement, said, "Put the table where you please, Mr. Johnson" (the name that I had assumed) and I did so. Soon there were some distinct raps on the table, done by no human agency; for Mrs. Hayden, the only person in the room, was seated on the sofa, some feet from the table. I was told how to read the raps with the alphabet and at once got an intelligent message, that exposed me as Wetherbee, and also gave me information beyond my knowledge, which I had to inquire into, and proved that the spirit had stated facts and certainly knew what I did not. I hardly need to go into the details of this experience, but it covered every possible solution. It filled the whole bill. Every thing in the way of spiritual phenomena from that day to this has been cumulative testimony.

I have often said in a very homely way, that I was lucky in the spring of 1857 when I went "fishing spiritually;" for I caught some large trout and I have liked "fishing" ever since. I have since found at times pretty poor fishing, but the remembrance of my early luck has bridged me over the lean periods, and I have often been rewarded for my perseverance. Nothing has and nothing could have reconverted me, for I was convinced thoroughly at the start in the way that I have mentioned; a fact once is a fact forever. But I freely admit that the phenomena, when it is unmistakable, is still to me a fascination. It is a pleasure for me to assure newer investigators that spirits can sensuously manifest their presence to-day; and though I do not require the evidence myself it is more convincing to such seekers to tell them of the experience of to day, rather than what happened ten or twenty years ago. So I am ever ready with a hospitable ear to the phenomenal voices of the spirit world. Now, that does not look as if I was "drunk on phenomena," so Bro. Dawbarn does not mean me; but still I think I must come to the aid of such inebriates as he does mean.

I freely own that I prize highly phenomenal Spiritualism, sensuous proof that man survives the dissolution of his body. I know nothing of "immortality," the word my eloquent friend uses so freely; it is an extensive thought—I cannot fathom it. Modern Spiritualism teaches me, that 'if a man die he shall live again.' How long he will last after that I do not know,—it may be forever; but the point settled with me, is, that the vanished forms of those

we love still live, move, and have a being, and that proof is wholly due to the spiritual phenomena. I appreciate the sensuous light that converted me nearly thirty years ago, and receive its continued and later evidences with gratitude and hospitality, and the finest arguments and disquisitions pale by the side of the simple phenomena of the rap, which only said: "Father, brother, mother, I am still alive—

"So my tired spirit, waiting to be freed,  
On life's last leaf with trembling eye shall read  
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,  
Not *Finis*,—but the end of Volume First."

I therefore am a firm believe in "Volume Two." The library may be interminable; but that is a problem for the next life to settle. So much for what Bro. Dawbarn says of "immortality,"—he probably, however, means just what I do. It is necessary to say this for clearness of thought; for it is possible that a soul might survive many deaths and still come to an end at last.

The sensuous phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are its only distinguishing features; all else is common with all other religious beliefs, even including a future life. With us, however, the latter is a knowledge: with the others it is *faith*; and faith and knowledge in this connection are amazingly mixed, and nothing but a positive phenomenal and sensuous fact divides them. Take the spiritual manifestations out of modern thought, and there is nothing left but faith and hope,—not a shadow of proof. True, as Renan says,

"There arises in the human heart a sacred voice that speaks of another world."

But that is intuition, a sentimental belief, better than nothing,—and it has kept the sacred fire of hope forever alive and burning when revelation, biblical testimony, had failed and faith had gone, or was going into eclipse. And the "Dawning Light," that is, the spiritual phenomena, is reproducing the foreworld of faith again, and to faith is adding knowledge, to meet the demands of the age. How the sacred voice of intuition alone, unaided by our sensuous phenomena, pales by the side of an audible rap on a table with which no one is in contact, and alphabetically read says, "I am your sister and have never died." There is then manifested an invisible intelligence. Wherever there is intelligence there is, or was, a man. "One fact," says a distinguished minister (who is not a Spiritualist) "and one alone will prove the claim of Modern Spiritualism; that is undoubted proof of the presence and, activity of an intelligence that is not that of the embodied persons present." This



minister wants this one fact,—my friend Dawbarn has it and he says, "I have it, and that is true." But then he says if one wants it often, or too often, he is "drunk on phenomena." It seems to me that there cannot be too great an abundance of those phenomenal facts for which the world is hungry, and what the world needs more than anything else. I will venture to say that that minister would give more for the "one fact" required, than he would for all the arguments that spiritual platforms or pulpits could furnish in a decade. Not that I love "the question of direct import," "the world that lies before us," "the influence it has upon the life of today," etc., less, but that I love the sensuous proof, that man survives the chemistry of death, more.

I know a man such as friend Dawbarn describes, who has attended over two hundred seances and spent six hundred dollars; he was one of the happiest men I ever met,—he knew the forms were spirits, he believed he was actually in the presence of his angels. I envied him, even if it was the bliss of ignorance. He had rather spend his dollars for a seance than for a concert, or the theater; it gave him more pleasure and satisfaction for his money. I would say the same if I felt as he did, that the forms were my own special departed. I have my doubts,—none at all in the fact that the spirits materialize the forms,—but in the personalities. I respect them as spirit manifestations, but would like more evidence of identity than they furnish before I can weep for joy in their materialized presence.

My friendly critic says I seem so contented that I am sure of immortality, as to "remain in different to the mud of fraud, superstition and ignorance in which our beloved Spiritualism lies half buried." I think he knows me better than that; I believe with St. Paul, "to prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." I suppose Lieutenant Greely would have relished a "Parker House" meal when he was starving in the Arctic regions; but he did not mind the "mud," situated as he was, that may have been on the old seal-skin garments that he made soup of. It probably tasted good to him in his famished state, so we perhaps in our famished state do not turn up our noses at the best we can get, remembering that the spiritual manifestations carry in their volume the truth that we all want. We try to husk it and we throw away the cobs: but we live in hopes that the truth in time will clear

itself. In the meantime we must all do the best we can, acting on the eclectic plan.

My critic says: "At the close of a meeting a lady gently reproved me saying, 'Do not I know my own dear father?' That lady, John, had all your boasted comfort of standing on immortality,—but how much did she lack of being 'drunk on phenomena'? I believe in personal recognition, enough of it for a hardly earned proof: but not an ounce more." I do not fully comprehend that remark, it seems to me the lady was not drunk on phenomena, either had more evidence or more faith than you or I have in general recognitions; but it seems to me that Abraham Lincoln's remark applies to the case. Some one had said to him, that Grant was in the habit of drinking too much whisky. The President said to them, he wanted to know where Grant got his whisky, for he wanted the other generals to drink the same kind. In closing, our brother says:

"Do not, I beg of you, let immortality blind you to the importance of the life that now is. Let us use immortality and every other truth as added power to destroy superstition and increase the happiness of humanity on earth."

Happiness is what we all want. The man referred to who spends his dollars for seances, seems to have acquired happiness thereby. The woman who said, "Don't I know my dear father?" And was almost 'drunk on phenomena' seems to have acquired happiness. The phenomena is what proves "immortality" (though I like *the survival of death* as the better expression)—it is what the minister I quoted wanted as his one fact. We must keep the sensuous proof ever in the front for the benefit of the "honest skeptic," who wants an experience himself; for this modern light is a matter wholly of experience and not of argument and one having proof of it, his superstition is destroyed and his happiness on earth increased. At least, that is the logic of the thought; but happiness *per se* is more or less a constitutional quality. A knowledge that we have a future life, makes this life important. An eclipse of the phenomena, which Bro. Dawbarn considers intoxicants, would be the worst thing that could happen to mankind;—the "eclipse of faith" would be a bagatelle to it; because it would settle the question that this was a material and not a spiritual universe.

"Young man," said the village editor severely, to the aspiring poet who had brought in one of his latest efforts for publication, "this poem on Lucy's Charm's is

not bad as a whole, but that second verse beginning, 'Her eyes, my soul? 'Her eyes!' is certainly flagrant plagiarism. You'll find that in any Methodist hymn book."

Rev. John P. Newman, who was Gen. Grant's family chaplain at the Metropolitan Methodist church, and was sent around the world by him under the pretext of examining consulates, brought home a barrel of old Scotch whisky, writes Ben. Perley Poore. Not wanting it for his own personal use, he proposed to one of his parishioners, Mr. Cake, then the proprietor of Willard's hotel, to exchange thirty gallons of it for pale sherry. Glad to accommodate his pastor by rendering spiritual aid for spiritual comfort, Mr. Cake made the bargain. One of his bartenders was rash enough to mention to a journalist the fact, and it soon became a public matter. Mrs. Newman was distressed beyond consolation. "The idea," said she, "of my husband, a Methodist temperance divine, being made known to the community as a trafficker in whisky, and smuggled whisky at that, and then the thought of having a drink called after him, 'Newman's Hot Scotch!'"

#### FABLES FOR THE TIMES.

A Crow with a morsel of cheese in her beak was accosted by a hungry Fox, who begged her to sing, remarking that a beautiful voice must accompany so fair a form. The vain bird at once dropped the cheese and the Fox hastened to seize it. But alas! it was Limburger, and one smell overcame the thief, whose dying agonies were heightened by the Crow's executing "In the Gloaming."

Moral: This little Fable shows that the innocent often develop surprising strength in unexpected quarters.

#### THE TWO DOGS.

Two dogs one day went lion hunting, one of them being a smart dog with a classical education and the other being very ignorant and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck the track of a Lion, and the educated Dog started off in the direction of the royal beast, while his ignorant companion, making an absurd mistake, took the back track and started off in the opposite direction. In a few minutes the educated Dog was serving as an inanimate free lunch for an enormous Lion, while the ignorant Dog escaped unhurt.

Moral: This Fable teaches that classical lore should be plentifully sprinkled with practical knowledge.—*Life*.



For Light in the West.

OUR STELLA.\*

BY SAMUEL COLES.

'Tis here our mourning pilgrimage was made;  
And in this hallowed spot we softly laid  
Thy lovely form to everlasting rest,  
And left thee, Stella, with our hearts distressed.

Now will my spirit pay its solemn vow;  
As here before thy silent, dusty bed I bow  
My weary head, and drop a tear  
In glad remembrance of thy virtues dear.

In thee I fondly hoped to have a friend  
To cheer me on life's journey to the end;  
But death it took thee in thy beauty's bloom,  
And brought my darling to an earthly tomb.

I come in anguish and in grief so deep,  
But cannot wake thee from thy dreamless sleep,  
All nature's hushed in quiet evening's gloom,  
As I stand weeping by thy silent tomb.

In grief I turn from thee to busy life,  
To fight life's battle with its barrowing strife,  
'Tis hard to leave thee, but for the present, fare thee well,  
'Till I am laid beside thee in thy narrow cell.

Upon thy grave the turf is spread;  
A marble tablet standing o'er thy head,  
Last token of thy husband's love to tell;  
Oh! dust of the loved and beautiful, farewell.

\* On the death of a daughter.

For Light in the West.

ISOLETHE.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

CHAPTER IV.

They had wheeled her chair to the open window, that she might watch the setting sun as he furled his kingly banner in the western sky. The sea thrilled and blushed: and the voice of the sea murmured weird sweet snatches of melody, that floated nearer and nearer, until they sank like a dream of rest into the heart of that pale browed watcher, Isolethe, with her pure and marble like profile defined against the crimson velvet lining of her chair, and those tender restful eyes turned seaward—beguiled you into dreaming over again those marvellous tales of old, histories of souls that reached the peace of a perfect sainthood, through suffering and sacrifice. Souls out of whose grand completion all the brightness and glory were crushed, all the love and hope: and yet through all life's waste and barrenness, set apart for a ministry worthy of the angels. Such was the face you searched in vain for that shadow of a slain hope, while you felt that the refinement of a great sorrow had left that saintly purity on brow and lips: that some terrible battle had been fought, and a victory obtained, followed by the repose of unruffled peace. But that was all. In her frail spiritual beauty she seemed ever looking down upon you, from unattainable heights. The wild sea breeze stole softly by, toyed a moment with the bright silken strands of her hair, fluttered gently between the pages of the open letter those slender fingers clasped, then floated out

with a last caress among the fragrant rose gardens. Still those mournful eyes were turned toward the sea, where the white sails of incoming ships glimmered through the purple mists. Lower and lower drooped the brown lashes, and Isolethe slept. And as she sleeps you read the letter: "A year ago, in Italy, I read your book, Isolethe, and I write now to thank and bless you for it. It is a noble effort, pure and exalted as the soul that gave it birth. How grandly you sing of love and duty, and the sublimity of self abnegation, through your own loving and losing. Your voice floats down to me from the immeasurable heights of your lonely life. O spirit of my lost Isolethe! You have made me strong, angel of my better hours! Strong to hope, to love, to suffer. When faltering in some stern and rugged path of duty, your voice, speaking through that grand life poem has guided me on, and upward. Nowhere have you failed, dear heart, in your noble mission, and the world must be better and purer for this earnest work of love and faith. When the blue innocent eyes of my child wife lift questioning glances to the tears falling upon the page some heart throb of yours has sanctified, I say: 'Thank her, sweet, this divine singer, that these tears are the regenerating baptism of love! That she has given me the mystic key to your precious woman's heart! That she has taught me to love you nobly, purely.' Then the dear eyes drop shyly down under a passing shower of April tears, and lifting her soft lips to mine, she whispers: 'Then our love shall bless her doubly: bless her for its birth, and bloom, and glad fruition! will you tell her so, beloved?' From the blighted blossom has ripened the perfect fruit. What my life lost with that fair young life of thine, Isolethe, your life's work gives back to me, stronger, richer, nobler. No, you did not fail me! The wifely love that blesses me, is the costly fruit of your divine ministry. My grateful heart pours the incense of a hallowed devotion upon every shrine those tender hands have reared over the old time wreck of love's most precious things. Oh saintly Isolethe! Guiding star still of my soul and life, reach your pure hands down to me from your lovely height once more, and bless me! Shall I know thee again in that land by angels thronged? Shall I gaze into those steadfast eyes as of old, those pure, and shadowy eyes? May I reach you there?

"Farewell! I shall know thee by the true

soul looking from those eyes, and the halo on your beautiful hair. O Isolethe, lost Isolethe!"

And the sleeper never stirred. Her face was beautiful in its repose. An ineffable smile lingered around the lips, and the long brown lashes still veiled the dreamful eyes turned seaward. Her life's work was accomplished. Her long mission fulfilled. Miriam's happiness was complete and through her, who went out with the tide, crowned with the lillies of immortal purity.

[THE END.]

For Light in the West.

SOCIAL WALLS AND FENCES.

BY WM. E. WILLIAMS.

No two things are exactly alike: there may be a close similarity, but no identity. But because we find more or less difference between existing things, is no reason why such a difference should cause a separating, or separation, one from the other, or be the standard alone for the claims of superiority.

The oak may spread its proud branches and rejoice in strength; but it has not the blush and perfume of the rose, neither can it claim superiority over the apple tree. Gold, according to bulk and commercial value, is more valuable than iron; but iron is really more valuable for service, when implements for use are concerned. Some years ago, cotton was said to be "King"—gold is king, so are iron and coal, wood and wheat, so every thing in its proper place has the same claim to royalty. But because this difference exists, why should one commodity insist on being superior, and look with disdain on others. In nature no such conditions can be found. True, in the lower animal kingdom, the strong prey upon the weak; but it comes from want, or a desire (so to speak) to supply some need. But with man, and his civilization, walls have been erected and fences put up, to separate him from his fellow, merely on account of his possession, or non possession of wealth. If intelligence and worth formed the orders and classes in the social world no fault or objection could be made; but, as it is, worth is not taken into consideration in their formation, and intelligence is not required as a factor: money, gold,—wealth in material things being all that is required for recognition into what the world calls *Society*.

It matters not how wealth may have been accumulated; its possession is a sure passport into what are called the *best cir-*



cles; for the vilest scoundrel, if successful in obtaining wealth, is received with open arms into the mansion house and welcomed as an honored guest, while honest principles unaccompanied with cash are repulsed and derided. What a comment upon the intelligence of the age is the present condition of society, the scale of which is dollars and cents, and whose only God is Mammon! whose only object of worship is gold and real estate.

Most of the distress and trouble arises from the false and infamous foundations upon which society rests; for greed, selfishness, monopoly and a thirst purely for sordid gain are its chief attributes, with a most contemptible presumption that respectability and honor are only to be found in those who have money and abundance of this world's goods. To gauge a man and woman by their wealth alone shows a low and depraved mind, unworthy of any human being: for wealth is often obtained at the expense of virtue and honesty. Those persons who pride themselves upon and stiffen their necks on account of possessing worldly riches alone, are entire strangers to all true merit, and virtue is an exotic flower they never knew.

Alas! for the present age,—our country in particular. Every effort is put forth to accumulate riches; costly buildings with every improvement appear; railroads and steamboats increase, and riches increase at a wonderful rate; while morality, and a desire to ameliorate the condition of humanity seem to make little or no progress. True manhood is sacrificed at the shrine of mammon—'tis as Goldsmith remarked:—

"Ill fares the land where wealth accumulates and men decay."

What a folly to spend all our short earth life in gathering together a vast amount of material things, at the expense of our peace, health, and the noble attributes of the soul: to live for self alone, and then pass from mortal life to the eternal one, to give account of our stewardship. Oh man, will your pride and social standing help you then? No.

"Lounger" in *The Critic*: I don't know when I have been more forcibly struck by the absurdity of certain English customs, than on reading in a morning paper that the notorious young nobleman who arrived in this city a week ago has forty livings in his gift.

That a dissolute fellow who leaves a wife at home while he tags around the country at the heels of a variety actress, the wife of another

man, should be responsible for the appointment of forty clergymen to as many parishes—that he should select the spiritual adviser for some 60,000 souls—is so flagrant an absurdity that I can but wonder at a social system that makes it possible, and the temper of a people who can submit to it. It is an outrage to decency which no amount of tradition can justify. It is bad enough to put such power in the hands of an ordinarily incompetent man, but when it is given up to a man of the type of the one in question, it is time for right-minded Englishmen to demand a change.

#### LIFE'S TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

The following lines, said to have been written by a Quaker, contain the true philosophy of life:

I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to any fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. Let this be my epitaph:

What I spent I had:  
What I saved I left behind:  
What I gave away I took with me.

For Light in the West.

#### SUPERNATURALISM.

BY E. P. GOODSELL.

In our existence upon this earthly planet, one of the smallest revolving around its great central luminary, we discover the principles of law, of growth, of intelligence, of harmony, and ever progressive strength and status of the human mind.

But in order to obtain the grandest and best results of life's brief sojourn here, we are under the necessity of calling often to our aid the light of nature, that shines within the precincts of our own souls, the light of reason by the supreme beneficence of which we are enabled to "prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." But in our past experience in the ministrations of the Church dogmas it has been one of its favorite teachings to discard reason, and its free exercise, as if it were a heinous sin. Man, say they, may exercise his reason upon any subject save religion; in the domain of Christian theology he must refuse to let its light shine. He must 'hide it under a bushel' or beneath a huge pile of unsightly rubbish. And would he know of the fact, the truth, concerning the future life of his own soul,—whether it is immortal in the sense that it cannot die,—he is admonished by his assumed teacher with a frown upon his face, that all such inquiries are in themselves of the nature of

the evil of free-thinking, and deserve severe punishment. Here, then, is a thing that must not be 'proved.' Subdued though he may be, he tries to find relief from the dogma of a physical resurrection; but here again he is totally baffled, for the graves of the myriads of the departed remain as in myriads of years ago: they have all evidently and utterly perished,—that is, if Christian theology has a basis of truth.

The natural desire of the human soul is for an eternal life of conscious happy existence; but the supernatural idea tries its best to conceal the desire by saying that it is one of the hidden mysteries one of the secrets that must not be investigated and proved. Hence, the man or the woman is violently thrust by the teacher into the role of a sheep,—they must not think. Hope, then, too long deferred, dies within the soul.

But this authority of theirs is a usurpation. They have no proof, nor can they prove that power thus to domineer over human souls was ever given them through the operation of any natural law. It is only by an appeal to their own cherished idol supernaturalism, which does not exist in this natural world, that they seek to crush these most divine gifts of reason, and thus sustain themselves in this outrageous abuse of their official work.

And if the way to the future life is made so plain that the man or the woman "need not err therein," of what earthly use is the doctor of divinity; especially one that blinds your reason, or forbid its exercise?

They have labored to what result for fifteen hundred years? Has man been made better, or worse? let the secular press as now testify. And such is the outcome of the dogmas and angry God, a personal Devil, and brimstone Hell: all of these, and many others, such as profane language in the pulpit are terribly blasphemous to the cultured mind. And for all these worse than useless expenditures of time no good is reached, but the scanty earnings are taken from the poor, which should go to buy bread for their little ones.

There is a very prominent business man over on State street, says the *Chicago Mail*, who always wears a very demure expression of countenance, although he is fond of a joke. One day he walked into Charley Barnes's hat store, and soberly inquired whether the house made discounts to pastors. Mr. Barnes himself was on hand to assure him that they did, and would allow



him the usual twenty per cent off. The solemn man then said he would like a becoming hat. Several were shown to him, and after much thought and inquiry he finally selected one marked five dollars, which Mr. Barnes said he would sell him for four dollars. The solemn man put it on and contemplated himself for some time in the mirror. Was the hat becoming to a man in his profession? Mr. Barnes was confident it was. Would his congregation be likely to take any exception to it? Mr. Barnes was confident they could not. Then the solemn man looked at himself some more, and, after making another inquiry as to whether it would be sure to please his congregation, produced his five dollars. Then he started out. At the door he paused and inquired again: "They can't find any fault with it, can they?" "Most certainly not," said Mr. Barnes, confidently. "Because, if they do," said the solemn man, as his hand was upon the door latch, "they can go to h—l."

For Light in the West.

THE SCHEME OF SALVATION.

The preacher in the pulpit often dwells with peculiar delight on the "scheme of salvation," as it is called, showing the wonderful workings of the divine mind. But when unorthodox people attempt to analyze that mysterious subject, and dissect it, they cry out, "Oh, that is not for us to understand, or meddle with!"

When we ask how the son can be co-equal with the father; how he can have existed through all eternity, with the father, God the son and God the Holy Ghost, and take upon himself the conditions and nature of a man, and thus being as God a Creator, yet becoming a creature, they admit that these are things no man can understand or reconcile. Nor do we believe God can.

How unfortunate it seems to have been, that God was absent from the Garden of Eden, leaving his proteges, Adam and Eve, liable to be tempted, and to fall, or rather, as the record shows, to rise, so as to know good from evil; for if God had been there on guard Adam might not have fallen, and the son of God might have been saved all the suffering and humiliation he had to pass through. Elsewhere in the bible we are told, that God 'repented that He had made man' and, that it 'grieved him at his heart,' and we have no doubt that this was another of the times, though it was not so stated.

Now, if the forethought of God had been

as good as his *afterthought*, when the flaming sword was placed, so as to guard the "tree of life," and if God had thought to have chained the devil up, or down rather, or had got the serpent out of the garden, so that Satan could not have crawled into it, then all might have been well. But it would seem as if God did not think of that; or all this misery, and the necessity of a hell,—even after it was agreed and understood that the son would take upon himself flesh, so that the father could wreak his vengeance on him instead of on man, the real culprit,—would have been saved.

And yet hell, after all, seems to be necessary; for even in the face of the promise, that "as in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive," according to the preacher, none are saved but those who "believe and are baptized." It needs no mathematician to show, that hell will still be crowded, while heaven will be comparatively deserted, for the "scheme of salvation," according to the bible, does not yet seem to be complete, as after a trial of eighteen hundred years, where *one* is saved, *fifty*, according to the creeds, are lost. If any man were to invent a machine or *scheme* intended to save all of a certain thing, and it only saved a fiftieth part, it would be considered an utter failure: and how much more so, if it be the work of God!

Is it not strange, that as it is claimed to be a prophecy, referring to Jesus Christ the Son, when it was said about the time of the "fall," that "the seed of the woman would bruise the serpent's head," that the son waited so many thousand years before bruising it, and before coming down to earth to fulfill the mission. And the question comes up, what became of all those who died in the meantime? If, 'in Adam all died' what became of those who died before Christ died to save them; did the devil get Adam and Eve, and all that died after them until Christ died? That is a serious question — for them, at least.

But the truly devout have an answer or answers for all these hard questions; such as: "Oh, we must have faith; we must not enquire into those things," or "everything is possible with God." Yes, fortunately, much is possible with God, and he will yet bring you up out of ignorance and blind superstition, into the light of truth, and into the knowledge of a better than the bible God. B.

Love mocks all sorrows but its own.—G. G.

CHESTNUTS SET TO RHYME.

Oh, what made the chimney *sweep*?  
 And why did the cod fish *ball*?  
 And why, oh why, did the peanut *stand*?  
 And what makes the evening *call*?  
 Oh, why should the baby *farm*?  
 And why does the mutton *chop*?  
 Can you tell me what makes the elder *blow*?  
 Or what makes the ginger *pop*?  
 Say, why does the trundle-bed *spring*?  
 And why does the saddle *horse fly*?  
 Or what mean ear made the pillow *slip*?  
 And why do the soap boilers *lye*?  
 What made the monkey *wrench*?  
 Or why should the old mill *dam*?  
 And who did the shoe-makers *strike*?  
 Or why did the raspberry *jam*?

—Story Paper.

*Hall's Journal of Health* for October contains the beginning of an interesting article on "Dreams," from which we make a short extract:

What is that which, under such conditions, makes use of the mental faculties, causing the brain to continue its activity without fatigue, and oftentimes, without consciousness? What is it that sees, hears, takes notes, and calculates, or what is equally to the point, invents, imagines and creates, when the vital forces are suspended in a death-like state of insensibility?

The materialist has never been able to answer this question satisfactorily, even to himself; but to one far in his advance, by having accepted the sublime truth of man's dual existence, the union within himself, of the spiritual and the physical; that man is now and here, a spirit inhabiting a physical organism adapted to this, his initial stage of development, it becomes comparatively easy of solution, for he is able to perceive in respect to dreams, as in all natural things, the intelligently ordered elements of being, acting in accordance with divine law.

*The Lowell Courier* has constructed the following ingenious palindrome: "No, it is opposition." A palindrome is a sentence that reads the same forward and backward.

"What did the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a Massachusetts teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way, and make other people do the same," was the reply.

"If I'd only something to go by," said an old toper who was trying to find his way through a difficulty, "I could get out of this scrape." The best thing for you to go by is a rum shop," said a friend.

The conductor exclaimed angrily: "Here! don't do that. You're ringing the bell at both ends of the car." "That's all right. Bedad, an' I want both ends of the car to shtop."



## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

Each heart has its haunted chamber,  
Where the silent moonlight falls !  
On the floor are mysterious footsteps,  
There are whispers along the walls !

And mine at times is haunted  
By phantoms of the Past,  
As motionless as shadows  
By the silent moonlight cast.

A form sits by the window,  
That is not seen by day,  
For as soon as the dawn approaches  
It vanishes away.

It sits there in the moonlight,  
Itself as pale and still,  
And points with its airy finger  
Across the window-sill.

Without, before the window,  
There stands a gloomy pine,  
Whose boughs wave up'rd and down'rd,  
As wave these thoughts of mine.

And underneath its branches  
Is the grave of a little child,  
Who died upon life's threshold,  
And never wept nor smiled.

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !  
That haunt my troubled brain ?  
That vanish when day approaches,  
And at night return again ?

What are ye, O pallid phantoms !  
But the statues without breath,  
That stand on the bridge overarching  
The silent river of death ?

—Longfellow.

Transcribed for Light in the West.

## INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S.  
SEPTEMBER 6, 1884.—The band will consider the  
thought of INSPIRATION.—

It is well known, that mind controls mind even while clothed in matter. The ideas of one are thrown into other minds by conversation, by public teaching, or by books. Thus thoughts a redissemated like seed and take root and flourish wherever the soil or mind is adapted to it; each soil or mind receiving the seeds or thoughts which harmonize with it. The same thoughts may be introduced into different minds; and as each mind gives expression to these thoughts, how varied is the impress which they have produced,—as in a garden the same soil produces flowers or fruits varied in color, form, fragrance or flavor, one part appropriating certain ingredients and rejecting others; while other plants assimilate the rejected ingredients: thus the beauteous variety displayed in the cultivated garden. One mind can receive the idea of metempsychosis or that which is something like incarnation;

another mind rejects that idea, it does not accord with its reason.

Ideas, the most crude and fantastic, always find some minds ready to receive them, and they seem to them convincingly true; but many of these errors are errors of judgment, not of heart. The affections remain pure and the fancies of the imagination, the mistaken ideas will all be made right, in the light of truth as experienced in spirit life untrammelled by the crude ideas engendered by contact with earth and earthy surroundings. This variety is necessary. Thought to be kept right must be polished by the friction produced by opposition which does no harm while used in moderation and tempered by gentleness.

The truly spiritual mind hears all opinions and judges with kind discrimination, never condemning, knowing that as the understanding expands error will cease.

We see, therefore, no cause for excitement, no necessity for harsh judgment. Let charity govern all that calmness and unselfish love may rule in the minds of those believing in the grand truth imparted by spirit friends. May the blessings of our Heavenly Father attend us. The band will now permit the friends of the medium to control:

“MY DEAR CHILD: I wish to say, do not be impatient; the hour is close, and we shall rejoice face to face. How can we be thankful enough for the blessings our Heavenly Father bestows on us, His children. Our hearts overflow with gratitude. Oh, how different from earth life, where all was gloom and sorrow. Now all is peace and gladness. Some will be soon with us, but we cannot foretell earth's events. We know the workings of the laws of nature, but we cannot tell the exact time. The band wish me to stop. Farewell for a while. From S. M. Y.”

SEPTEMBER 13, 1884.—The thoughts will write a few words on the motives which induce different persons to come to see the work of spirit power:—

In some cases it is only out of curiosity and to indulge the propensity to sneer at what they do not understand. This contemptuous sneering should not excite believers who know that this self-conceit and narrow bigotry will be gone like a vapor when the truth of spirit life is realized by them. But argument with them is useless. Taught to believe in a fancied superiority, their cherished pride prevents the reception of spiritual truths. Man cannot receive new ideas while he thinks those he has received are infallible. The

disputed virtue, humility, is the first step towards progress.

But we must not relax our endeavors to enlighten mankind. There are some, whose reason having grasped the knowledge of continued life, and continued intercourse with spirit friends, who are strengthened and refreshed by those proofs of spirit power, symbolizing the truths they have endeavored to convey to the understanding by words. Such friends we rejoice to welcome. They are indeed brothers and sisters.

Let the mediums be always ready to receive and give instruction; for the seed sown will spring up in many a mind and increase the happiness of those whose aspirations raise them above the anxious cares of earth while all earthly labors are spiritualized by the motives which actuate the faithful performance of all duties devolving upon each individual.

For Light in the West.

## THE SOUL.

It is difficult to prove to the Materialist the existence of the soul, because that is an intangible substance, or entity, so to speak; but to the non-Materialist, to the reasoner on non-material subjects, or essences, the existence of the soul or spirit becomes a self-evident fact. Any one who looks at the ponderous steam engine, making its revolutions with regularity and precision, knows that there is a power, and intelligence, at the back of it, that is really the motor; not the engine itself, which is merely acted upon by the more subtle agency, the steam, and back of that, mind.

Ah yes, says the Materialist, but we can see the steam, and we know that is the agency which moves the engine, because we have provided for it, in arranging for the production of the steam. True, and so has the great Creator provided the soul of man, which by the law of attraction and adaptation takes possession of the body at the appointed time, when it is ready to receive it, but because man cannot in his infantile state see into all the ways and workings of that transcendently wonderful Being, the Creator, he uses for an argument the oft repeated phrase, “It isn't.”

In other words, what he cannot see and prove by and through his physical senses, he cannot, or will not, believe; but the day is fast approaching, when men will think and reason from a higher stand-point, and will perceive much that is now above their comprehension.

All the learning and research of scientists cannot, and dare not, assert, that force is inherent in matter; and while the law of attraction seems to account for motion, whence first the law of attraction, and what first gave the impetus to matter? The motion, or attraction, that we see and profess to comprehend is the result of other attraction, or motion, and so on *ad infinitum*, until we reach the *Central*



Source of all motion, force, attraction, life, thought, *will*, which latter is at the back of all life, motion, or action, in the universe, and is what we call God. Of what that great central Source is composed, no finite being will probably ever know; and to attempt to analyze that which is beyond our comprehension would be futile. But to the mind of man as at present constituted, and well developed in the reasoning faculties, it seems apparent, that every thing that exists must be composed of substance more or less sublimated, call it matter or spirit as we please.

From the spirit world comes the assertion, that *thought* is an entity and can be *seen* by highly developed spirits; and if thought is an entity and can be seen, then it must be substance, and if substance, then so is spirit that produced it, and so must be the great eternal Mind. But how constituted, how sublimated, who shall ever know! It is enough, perhaps, for us at present to know, that we have a soul, a life essence, that retains its consciousness after death, and has powers and capabilities that if propelled in the right direction, will carry us into the realms of unlimited knowledge and development; and as it is an undisputed axiom, that knowledge is power, who shall place a limit to the stupendous height to which the soul of man may attain? Yet there seems to be this immutable law, that advancement must be in the line of justice, goodness and Truth, and who would have it otherwise. Who would grovel in the depths of grossness and materiality even with the power of a Lucifer or an Archangel.

The attraction of the soul to the Deity should be, must be; because that Deity is all that our highest conceptions can be of goodness, purity, and truth, and with these for our motto there is nothing in the ultimate but which is attainable for the soul of man.

How great, then, is the incentive to aspire to and emulate these qualities of the Deity, who shall ever be in advance of us, pointing the way to higher and nobler deeds and attainments, but which may be now so far beyond the comprehension of man, that were he told of them, he would stand amazed, and say, "That is the work of God. I shall never attain to them." Look up, O man, thy destiny is largely in thine own hands, it is better to do right than wrong. Wrong leads to darkness and despair; right leads to light, progress, wisdom and truth, and directly to the great central source of all knowledge, which is power illimitable. B.

The news that the ladies have carried off three-fourths of the honors in the junior class of Colby University, and that to give the boys any kind of a showing two English parts have been assigned instead of one as usual—and this, in connection with the fact that there are but six young ladies in the class—is received with delight by some people who have not for-

gotten when an argument used against the admission of ladies into the colleges was that they had not sufficient intellect to master the intricacies of Latin and Greek, or else that their minds were too largely taken up with such frivolities as dress and society.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal*.

#### WHO IS "B"?

"Some one" over that signature "has been regaling the readers of LIGHT IN THE WEST with a number of articles" on what he knows and has learned as "a reader of spiritual literature for more than thirty-five years," and proceeds to "pitch into" some imaginary writer by the name of Justitia, and imagines that he has given him "particular fits." For the purpose of enlightening said readers—a few of whom might become enveloped in this dust, which "B" has endeavored to stir up—we wish to "rise and explain," that Justitia is a man in possession of a large quantity of MSS., written by a woman—a relative of Justitia—now in spirit life, who, while in earth life, was a writing medium for fifteen years and after her death returned and gave them in his charge as a spiritual legacy.

This lady was controlled by hundreds of spirits, ancient and modern, but the spirit whose writings have been published up to this time,—and whom "B" mistakes for Justitia,—was this medium's controlling and developing guide, and was when on earth—about twenty-eight hundred years ago—a Jewish prophet. It was several years after this (*i. e.*, Oct., 1869), before the medium learned his name.

Under these circumstances B's article seemed so ludicrous and nonsensical, that the writer was first tempted to pass it in silence, in-as-much as about that time (Oct., 1869), a band of spirits took control, including Socrates, Solon, Demosthenes, and many others, besides messages from the family, relatives of the medium, who had not been permitted to write during the developing process. Many of these are now in the hands of the printer and will be published in due time. But, methinks I hear brother "B." say; "What right has this old Jew to come back to us and roll old, blind theology as a sweet morsel under his tongue?" Just the same right, my brother, that you will have three thousand years hence to come back and talk "United States," when there will possibly be no U. S. We offer no apology or explanation of the language of this ancient spirit, as, if the

readers continue to follow these productions, they will explain themselves,—we will only say we are now living in the "last days," so frequently spoken of in the bible.

If a man had predicted the earthquake at Charlestown, thus being instrumental in saving hundreds of lives, would he have been guilty of "preying upon the fears of the masses," and would he be "sent to a lunatic asylum as a lunatic?" And if an ancient spirit comes back and prophecies the downfall of a nation because of its crimes, would you nab him, brother B., and put him in durance vile?

We do remember that "this was written in 1869, nearly twenty years ago," and also remember that there are prophecies in the bible written eighteen hundred years ago which are now being fulfilled, and many yet waiting for the future to reveal. Shall we despise prophecy?

Jesus was a communist, a socialist and a labor reformer, and the capitalists of his day stamped him out and tried to stamp out his doctrines; but he promised that he and legions of Christ-angels with him would come again—and so they have come again and we see the result in the outcropping of Socialism, Communism and Spiritualism all over the world. And what is more, these "isms" have "come to stay" till the last crowned head is dethroned, be he Emperor, King or Pope. This is the second coming of Christ—not in person *here on earth*, but in principle.

Brother B. makes merry over "God is calling loudly for help." Did he ever hear of the omnipotent God working by means and instrumentalities? What is the need of human spirits coming back to earth and begging and pleading with mortals to organize and try and stem the tide of sin and crime which is sweeping over the earth like a cyclone, if the omnipotent God needs no help? Who is this omnipotent God? Why, *you* and *I*, dear reader, are a part of Him; and yet we need help. He is not only omnipotent but omnipresent; and every human being is a son or daughter of Him and a part of Him; for "in Him we live and move and have our being."

With reference to the bible, we simply seek the spiritual pabulum, and leave the husks and refuse for those who delight in that kind of fodder. It is well known that in the animal kingdom the lower and more filthy the animal the more filthy and poisonous its food; while the better class of animals are more particular with



reference to their diet. Profiting by this we have no desire to hunt out all the apparent errors and mistakes of the bible, as there are plenty who like that food. The bible with all its incongruities is the best weapon with which to fight the church, whose pretended custodian it is.

I have never been a church-member,—take no stock in modern christianity at all, but was born a Spiritualist, and believe in it as naturally as I imbibed my mother's milk.

Now, with regard to the medium who was the best that ever lived, in my opinion—I refer to Jesus—I see no flaw in his character or teaching, and right worthy was he of the commendation: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." He did say, "Take no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink." There is nothing wrong about that; the fault lies with brother B. Jesus was talking to his disciples and followers who were willing to live practically his doctrines. He taught the principle of communism, of owning all things in common. The Essenesian brotherhood, of which he was a member, had existed for more than four hundred years previously, and owned all things in common. We would refer brother B. to what Josephus says about them: They took no thought for the morrow.

Take the community of Shakers to-day—they take no thought for the morrow. Their interests are identical, they own all things in common, and they are the longest lived people—according to statistics on longevity—in the United States; owing to their purity, peacefulness and freedom from corroding care, in taking "no thought for the morrow." To be sure, men like Brother B. would soon starve to death if they undertook to live according to this principle, because they are not ready for the kingdom of Heaven where there is no such thing as individualism, and personal ownership, and not having first overcome their selfishness and unwillingness to live on *equal* terms with their fellows.

Again, he has—not knowing where he was going—run his head against the fig tree. What does this story mean? Why, simply this: Jesus took this method of impressing on his followers the fact that everything has its use, including man, animal and vegetable, and if either outlived its usefulness it were better to be removed and make room for something better. The trouble with B. is, he strains

too much at the letter and does not see the spirit or principle intended to be conveyed. Jesus, perceived the seeds of decay and death in the fig tree and predicted its end—"only that, and nothing more."

In B.'s article on Jesus in LIGHT IN THE WEST, Oct. 2—9, he still continues to stumble over some of the finest points in the teaching and character of Jesus, simply because he has not attained a spiritual elevation sufficient to see clearly the purport of the Jewish Messiah. "If a man hate not his father and mother, he cannot be my disciple." Now, what did he mean by that expression? Why, simply this, that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and universal Brotherhood of Man was far higher and superior to our flesh and blood, and that mankind should learn to love each other so well, that our love for our father or mother was of secondary consideration; for do not even the animals do the same? Is it commendable in us to love our parents and children, following a merely animal instinct and when the beasts of the field do the same? Jesus taught that those who were in spiritual affinity with each other were more strongly bound together than those who only loved their own flesh and blood; for flesh and blood could not enter the kingdom of heaven, but only those united in spirit. Admitted that *hate* is a strong word—why quibble about words if we wish to "catch on" to the intent and meaning of the speaker. Let me say right here to brother B., that to be *intensely spiritual* is to be unnatural; for to the natural and carnal mind, spiritual things are not easily discerned.

Brother B.'s high sounding phrases about "judging the Gods," looks to me like bombast and egotism. A spirit who has been in spirit life say fifty thousand years is comparatively a God, and man's ultimate destiny is to become such, and to aid and preside upon occasions, like the hurling of a mighty sun into space and directing it upon its orbit. Aiding at the conception, gestation and parturition of suns and planets and, in some instances, hurling a planet into fragments—as was the case with a mighty planet which revolved between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter—when its inhabitants were in such spiritual declension, as to be beyond regenerative methods. We say beings like these finite though they may be, are so far advanced above and beyond us in wisdom and power that to say man

—although he may have reached his three score and ten—is capable of judging them, sounds like the babbling of a fool. To say that any man can perform a good deed or good act "without the assistance of any divine nature" is specious and untenable; for good is divine, and every human being is a partaker of the divine nature.

Of all deaths, the most to be deplored and condemned is that of the suicide. Spirits come back and tell us that the hell of the suicide exceeds description; yet brother B. extols and lauds the man, who, not having courage and faith in God sufficient to face the trials of life, insures his life and then commits suicide, defrauding the Insurance Company, and leaving his family to contend with the evils he no longer had the courage to face,—and calls it heroism. It would have been better for *him* if he had robbed and murdered the Insurance agent; for then he could have had time to repent his crime, and not rush red-handed into the presence of his—conscience. Such a man's God, in my opinion, is as bad as the Hebrews' God.

With reference to the errors, mistakes and mistranslations of the old Bible, I can say nothing. All this talk about it is like the little dog who barked all night at the moon, and yet the moon went right on just the same. It served its purpose in being the spiritual guide of the Jewish nation, until Jesus came and pointed out its weakness and its fallacies. He taught a higher doctrine,—so high, in fact, that the Christian Church to-day does not practically comprehend it; but continues to quote and teach the Judaism of the Old Bible. The life, the character and teaching of the carpenter of Galilee are just beginning—outside of the primitive Christian Church—to be understood, and which I feel prepared, in my humble way, to defend against all comers. JUSTITIA.

#### LECTURES.

It was our purpose to give in this paper an account of the lectures delivered in this city by Mr. Colville, but as the paper is already behind and as our work is so urgent in other matters and so much time has been given to the work connected with the lectures, in which all were so much interested, we conclude to let this issue go to press. It will be enough to say, that Mr. Colville is here and is having good and well attended meetings, while all express themselves as being more than satisfied.



H. T. L. in *Unity*: Who believes in Christ?—It is he who believes the virtue Christ possessed or taught possible now, and at last necessary to every human soul. That Christian faith may God help us propagate! As to any other Christianity we understand it no more than we do the language of the frogs.

#### THE PROBATION QUESTION.

In a recent editorial on the Progress of Theology the *Banner of Light* thus ably reviews the late dispute on "future punishment" by the theologians assembled at Des Moines:

As another practical illustration of the progress which theology is making we need but instance what has just occurred at the meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions held at Des Moines, Ia. This large body never underwent more exciting theological debates since its formation. The dispute turns on the theory whether the heathen who have never heard "the gospel," and therefore have had no chance to "embrace" it, are to be everlastingly punished for what they could not help, or are to have a chance, called probation, in the next life.

This novel dispute has been raised by the discovery that certain missionaries sent out by the A. B. C. F. M. Board actually hold so humane and reasonable a doctrine, although it is not charged against one of them that he has preached it or had occasion to preach it. The "new theology" favors the idea of probation in another life, while old iron-clad Orthodoxy holds hard and fast to the cruel dogma of original depravity and eternal punishment in consequence to such as do not embrace the gospel (according to Calvin) and such also as have never yet heard of it! The latter succeeded in finally getting a resolution through the Board upholding their inhuman and illogical dogma, although the new men, representing Andover, were out in strong force, made a masterly fight, and produced a deep impression.

To give to our readers some idea of this internal dissension over mere points of faith in the Orthodox ranks, we cite Dr. Withrow, of Park-street Church, Boston, as saying that "a strict mandate should be given to the Prudential Committee to accept no candidates for missionaries who hold the doctrine of probation." Those who went for that side undertook to dodge the real issue by declaring, with Dr. Todd, of New Haven, "We are not a theological court, but we are a corporation en-

titled to put such restrictions upon the men we employ, just the same as a bank or any other corporation. The public has no business with what we do in this matter." There is no conscience about it, then, according to this view. It is nothing but business. Very well; just remember that when you employers of missionaries, whom you call only your employes, go about hat in hand begging for money to support these missionaries in the field, to say nothing of officers in easy chairs, and superannuated preachers at home. The strong point of the dodgers was, that neither the prudential committee nor the Board was an ecclesiastical body, and therefore was not called upon to pass upon questions of theology.

The editor of the *Independent*, Dr. Ward, who protested against the iron-clad resolution proposed by the old school of believers, said that it contradicted the desire of a very large part of the missionary force. He said that letters could be read from missionaries, asking that men who held "new departure" views should be sent to the foreign work. He likewise stated that eleven out of fourteen missionaries in northern Japan were opposed to keeping back men from the field because they happen to believe in the "new departure." He thought the Board should not be frightened because somebody calls it a new idea. "We have had many new ideas, new schools they were called, but the question has always been settled on the side of liberty. There has been a great change of front on the question of who shall be saved. Once it was not admitted that even infants could be saved; now we admit it; now many of us hold the view that thousands of heathens will be saved—immense multitudes. The old school admit it, but they don't say precisely who will be saved. The question is simply: How do you think these immense numbers of heathen who are to be saved will be saved? That is the only question which has raised this uproar." And he added: "The man who opposes free thought is an enemy of truth. If this doctrine is mere speculation let it go as such, for it is harmless. It will not do for us, by snap judgment, to say that these men are rank heretics. They stood for freedom of thought." And such utterances were greeted with most enthusiastic applause.

Then up rose a reverend professor from Chicago to declare that he was opposed to the idea that this new doctrine is mere "speculation," to be played with as a toy

or amusement. He said he thought the Board has "the right to reject some men *who are a little free with their thought.*" "To go from Dr. Woods to the present Professor of Theology in Andover," he exclaimed, "is a longer leap than from Leo X to Luther. Their doctrine is *thoroughly revolutionary.*" Another Chicago doctor of divinity insisted that the Board had a right to direct its missionaries as to what it believed they ought to preach. Further, said he, if they have come to the parting of the ways, let these brethren who believe that more good can be accomplished by "this softer gospel" go their way and organize a new society (Board) and see if their methods will do more for Africa and foreign fields than the old methods.

That liberal-hearted preacher, the Rev. Newman Smyth of New Haven, said: "If you take this exclusive action, you precipitate this fight into every town and hamlet in the United States." To which came responsive cries from the old-style theologians of "Let it come! Let it come!" "Yes," answered Mr. Smyth, "but first let the kingdom of God come." And this is the great schism that is to rend the old Calvinistic Orthodoxy and iron-clad theology in this country asunder. We ought all of us to be grateful to the heathen who are the unconscious cause of so great a help toward the achievement of religious freedom.

Woman's Tribune: A little Magazine street girl asked her mother the other day how it was that Adam and Eve came to leave the garden of Eden, and was told that the devil entered the garden in the form of a serpent and tempted them, and God banished them. The little child pondered over the reply for a few moments, and then looking up said: "Mamma, why didn't God send the devil away instead of Adam and Eve? They were in the garden first."

Truth Seeker: When General Corse, the recently appointed postmaster at Boston, was beleaguered in the city of Altoona, General Sherman signaled to him, "Hold the fort, I am coming." From this dispatch comes the "Hold the Fort" hymn. But somehow or other General Corse's reply seems to have been omitted from the sacred verse. What he signaled back was this: "I am minus an ear and part of a jaw, but we can lick all hell yet." The omission is probably a clerical error, and the hymn should be at once revised.

As coals are to burning coals, and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife.



## BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

## A COMMITTEE OF ONE.

After considerable reflection, and a summation of matters referred to in another 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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The *Monthly Magnet*, noticed at length in last issue, has been changed to a *weekly*. It is published in the interest of a worthy cause, and deserves support. See ad. in another column.

The *Horticultural Art Journal* is one of the most beautiful of our illustrated exchanges. It is a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of nurserymen, seedsmen, florists and rural homes. Each number contains four exquisitely colored plates of new fruits never before illustrated, which, with its other sixteen pages printed artistically with new type, make it an admirable journal for \$3.00 per year. Send 25 cts to the publishers, Mensing & Stecher, Rochester, N. Y. for a specimen copy.

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Mr. Samuel Archer. Dear Sir: \* \* \* *Light in the West* is as its name indicates. It carries *Light* from its western home where it has an immense reservoir to thousands of people and lights up their homes with Truth, Justice and Purity. Respectfully Yours,  
C. W. Hampel.

Greenville, Ind.

## 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.

## TERRIBLE PROFANITY.

Eagle: The Rev. Mr. B——, of Oregon, has two little boys, Matthew and Johnny, who have been duly instructed as to the exceeding wickedness of swearing. But the seed seems to have fallen on stony ground, for as their father was getting an armful of wood, he overheard on the other side of the woodpile the following conversation:

"Oh, Johnny," said Matthew, in a coaxing but somewhat awe-struck tone, "less swear."  
"Less!" cried little Johnny, courageously. There was a pause, during which Matthew appeared to be considering how to do it. Then he called out in furious accents: "I swear."  
"Tho do I," piped Johnny.

First Deacon—I see Rev. Joseph Cook is down on every kind of speculation.

Second Deacon—Glad to hear he has improved.

"Improved?"

"Yes, his religion is mostly speculation."  
—Index.

Two tramps—a man and his wife—have recently been making a good living in Scotland by means of their baby. "We jast gits 'im christened," says the father, "at all the towns we passes, and then, ye see, parson he makes us all comfortable wi' summat to eat and money for beds. On days orful bad we 'as to do 'im twice."—Ex.

## DIRECTORY COLUMN.

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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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## CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us *seven dollars and fifty cents* before December 1st. we will send Ten Copies, one year to any addresses he may order, including his own. There are hundreds of circles in which a person with a little effort could secure the required number of names in an evening. Who will try? Send us the names you want specimen copies sent to and we will help you. Now since the paper is to be a weekly, there is no paper that offers such inducements for and which subscriptions can be had readily.

From this time on the paper will be printed so as to reach most of our subscribers in the large cities by each Saturday morning mail. Any who do not get their paper regularly will do us a favor by writing us a letter or a postal card at once, stating what is wanted.

**MAMIE VAN ASTORBILT:** Oh, Mr. De Fly, see that Va Islip girl with Barou von Gies-senbach! Did you ever meet the baron in New York?

**MR. DE FLY** (laconically): No—shave myself.  
Puck.



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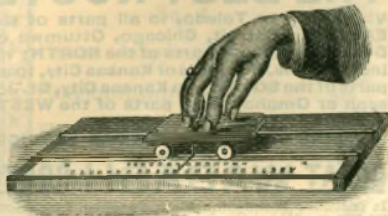
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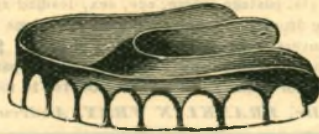
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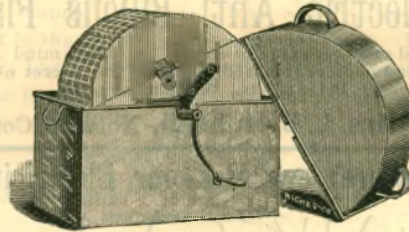
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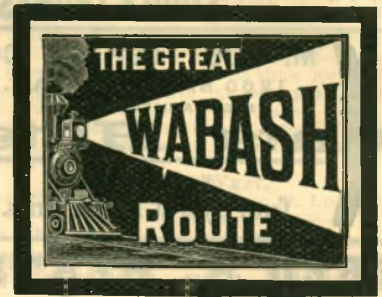
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THE LION REMEDIES are put up in large bottles. We have given only a few of our many testimonials (that are in our possession) in favor of the LION REMEDY, showing clearly that the claims put forth in their behalf have truth for their foundation.

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.

CHICAGO, ILL., May 13, '86.

LION REMEDY Co.—I take great pleasure in stating that the Lion Remedy No. 3 is a sure cure for Rheumatism. After taking one bottle of your medicine I was greatly relieved, and when I had taken two I was entirely cured.

Yours truly,

E. RISLEY, 314 Fulton St.

NEW YORK CITY, April 1, 1886. 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.R. NICKLES, Druggist, 679 B'dway.



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