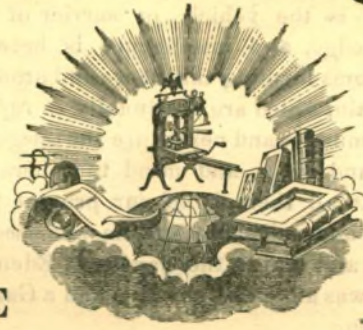


# LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO., WEEKLY—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

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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

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

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**SAMUEL ARCHER**, Editorial & Business Manager,  
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THE soft whisperings from summerland shall be as thunders rolling through ages to come.

EACH spirit voice is but one among a sea of choiristers whose anthems swell loud and clear above the duller sounds of earth.

CAST a pebble into a lake—the widening ripples alone tell of its presence at the bottom: so does the death of a man or woman affect the busy world. Even their friends regard them as a memory, a something that is past and gone.

THERE is with all what may be termed a shadow of self; at some period they will meet this double or dual character face to face. Then they will realize that they stand, as it were, gazing on their—Life. They fear to gaze too long, lest the silver cord that binds them to earth be loosed. A thought of this flashes across the brain, and lo, instantly the mortal is in his nor-

mal condition, and the dual is once more drawn into the animal body. Thus the life, as it were, stands outside the body, while the different organs go with their accustomed work, little recking that the motive power had for a short time left its tenement for a moment's recreation—the length of time depending on the power of the spirit or dual to remain away from the organs on which it is dependent and which are dependent on it, as it is by concerted action that they are both enabled to fill the place intended for them, when through creation or evolution they were first formed.

## LIFE.

In answer to the question, what is life, some would say; surely it is the leaping, crimson tide that gives to the cheek of youth its ruddy tinge; to old age the soft pink of a long vanished childhood,—the active principle which goes bounding through the arteries, giving to mortals the motive power by which they have their existence; this is life. Aye, indeed, cries another, I beg to differ with you. *That* is only the blood coursing through our veins. *That* does not constitute life,—the brain is the seat of life; it is there we get the power to act. We *will* it so, and through our will power we live. Another says: The nervous system is life, and the nerve centre in the human body is the seat of action, touch one of these fibers and the flesh recoils, life is injured. But to all these we would say, that the *life* is not in the blood, or the brain, or the nerves, or in any part of the physical frame. It is the spiritual; therefore, we must look into what some term *odid* force to find the elements that constitute it.

Life in its true sense is not a mere animal existence, it is something higher, grander and deeper than the few constituent parts which combine to make up the framework

of man; that part which is bone, blood, brains and muscle are of the earth earthy. Life is the immortal part of man which was not born to die. It is the spirit force that urges all to the fulfillment of their duty in this world, that carries them forward from the tiny infant to the final ripening of the harvest—old age.

Life is a reality, and would be even if man never had an earthly existence. The great fount of all nature is spirit, and flesh is dependent on this fount for motive power. Life is the *all* in nature, both physical and spiritual,—it is the electricity in nature, to galvanize the human body into motion. And when some cry out on their death-bed for life, offering all their possessions and expressing their willingness to beg from door to door, if by that means they can have but a few more years of precious life, they certainly do not realize what they are asking for. Then let those who cling to earth life cheerfully yield it up, knowing that through the door of death they enter into a never-ending day of life, where their existence will have wider influence, more power and increased happiness.

It is no more nor less than a continuation of the present life, without being cumbered with this natural body nor being subject to its environments. Among all races of men, in all ages of the world, of which we have any history, there is decided aversion to extinction. Before the knowledge of the existence of the soul as a separate and self-existent form from the body had taken formulated shape in the human intellect as a fact, the ancients gave practical evidence of continuous existence in the thought of their desire for life by embalming the bodies of their dead so that they might perpetually exist.

To-day the scientist and moral philosopher cares but little what becomes of the mortal body after the spirit has left it,

they having grown up to that higher plane of life where they behold the spirit still in existence beyond the grave, living in the higher sphere possessed, as in earth, of its attainments, its aspirations and its joys. It is a power and must be an entity, for power is simply the force of substance in action. We can not analyze this substance or entity. We can neither taste, smell, see, hear nor feel it, hence we call it spirit. We recognize its substance from the force of its attributes the character of which allies it with Deity as the parent from which it sprang and from analogy conclude that like that parent it has within itself the elements of self-existent life. As our spirits emanated from this Divine existence we (our spirits) must be the sons or offspring of Deity and like Him, must live; we can not die. Life is a desire to continue living, to possess, to enjoy, to grow, to do good. Life is love.

For Light in the West.

#### MENTAL DYNAMICS—No. 2.

Hegel says there are two primary principles, matter and spirit, both capable of development; all knowledge progresses, by first a positive and then a negative, and mediation formed, which is a starting point for a higher unity. Let us apply this law: You go to your grocer and ask the price of sugar. Your mind is positive, the grocer's negative. He says ten cents a pound, his mind being positive and your's negative. In this way your minds form a mediation about the price and amount of the article you will take, so that this law of positive and negative and mediation formed is being used continually between master and servant, parent and child, lawyer and his client, man and wife, maid and her lover. We must grasp the idea and hold it, that all there is of metaphysics is being used daily by all people, from the voter to the President. The cerebrum or front brain is the positive or voluntary power of the mind, and cerebellum or back brain the negative and involuntary power. From these two brain centres a million of nerves radiate, and terminate in all parts of the body, externally and internally. These brains are dual, and continually *en rapport*. Suppose you touch your finger with the point of a needle. One of these million nerves is wounded, and telegraphs to the cerebellum, danger. This brain signifies to the front brain or positive power of the mind, which directs the muscle to move the hand from the annoyance. The structure of the

nerves and muscles is matter; the thought that flies from the end of the finger when touched with the needle, spirit. Electricity is the vehicle, or carrier of this knowledge, and intelligence is between the atoms forming this nerve and atoms in the brain, which are continually *en rapport*—the muscles and nerves are the telegraph poles and wires, and mind the operator; so that all there is of our present telegraph and telephone system was used by Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden—if there was an Adam and Eve and a Garden of Eden.

By the front brain we walk, talk, and are kept in connection with the progress of the times. By the back brain the process of digestion, respiration, circulation of the blood is carried forward. The front brain sleeps; the back brain, never. Its sleep is death. Life consists in the vital force that goes on between the replacement of constructive elements. The balance between these two forces we call health; the loss of that balance, disease. It will be seen by this that all disease is an effort of nature to rid itself of effete matter, and is to prolong the life of the individual. How does a man get the gout? He takes in more constructive elements in the form of food and drink than his system can utilize, and the hygienic forces carry this out and place the excess of lime and muscle tissue on the extremities, the ends of the fingers or toes, by this means removing this surplus the farthest from the citadel of life, which had it remained in the vital portion of the system would have cut off at once the life of the individual; so that, practically, nature gives a man the gout to keep him alive, and this law applies to all ailments of the human body, from rheumatism to consumption.

The great trouble with writers on spiritual matters is to allow their minds to go out on the waves of mutation, where there is no anchorage, and then, in the position of a boat on a sea without a chart or rudder, are blown at will by every breath of air. You may launch your boat and sail the Silurian ocean that deposited its sediment to form the silurian rocks buried three thousand feet under St. Louis; sail the Devonian seas when the earliest sharks were buried and fossilized on its flow; sail the waves of the carboniferous seas when the coral piled its masonry in walls of coralline limestone, and all the lakes and lagoons of the lower, middle and upper coral ages; and afterwards, when the

valleys of all the continental rivers were being abraded; but be sure to keep your anchor aboard. What we want is more facts and less theories. You are, to a large extent, what your ancestry made you—provided you have cultivated your bias, which is no more or less than following your hereditary traits of mind.

There are two great streams of philosophy, the Rational and the Mystic. One has a sub-structure observation, the other consciousness. All religious systems, from Zoroaster down to the present, come out of this mystic philosophy. The Sacred Vedas, or Bible of the Hindoos, the Theology of Egypt, Hebrew Bible, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Mormonism and Spiritualism all come out of this mystic philosophy, the sub structure of which is the belief of what my consciousness tells me must be so—that knowledge which comes before evidence. This is called innate faith, faith without evidence; the rational system, that which comes from evidence. These two streams of philosophy, that have been used as a shuttle-cock from all time by the mental and spiritual athletes of the ages, are as two rivers that rise on the opposite side of a mountain, flow in opposite directions and empty into distant oceans, the waters of which again commingle and rise in vapor currents to form rains to irrigate the continents. Here comes in the law that all discord is harmony not understood. Had the people the common sense to grasp this law, quarreling and bickering would cease, and divorces would come to an end.

My text was "Mental Dynamics," and, like an itinerant preacher, I have wandered and not fed the flock with spiritual force. Let us come out of this empyrean of ether and keep our feet anchored on mother earth. The will must be bridled, Pegasus must have a bit in his mouth, else, like the stories in the Arabian Nights, we shall scale all the celestial ramparts of the abodes of those who continually travel in that great caravan that leads to the river which all must be ferried over.

The philosopher and christian were discussing the resurrection of the body, and P. said: "You allow the body remains after death in the grave, and is comfortable until the resurrection; may have been in that condition a hundred thousand or million years, and spirit has become accustomed to its surroundings and is comparatively contented and happy. Now suppose that when Gabriel blows his horn you should fail to be waked up, would

you be any the loser? Would it not be more consistent with common sense to let you remain as you was?"

The disposition among spiritual writers is to emulate Don Quixotte and fight wind mills. They must keep in mind that man is finite, Deity infinite, and not expect to solve infinity. Plato said the human mind is an epitome of the universe. Aristotle took up the idea and said if there is order in the mass it must exist in the particle, and from that standpoint divided the animal kingdom into families, genera, species, and founded the science of zoology.

Spirit is separate from matter and capable of development, or has a growth like a flower in the garden, as shown in the religious upheaval at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, in 1700, when Jonathan Edwards, the most distinguished preacher of his day, solicited for a revival of religious thought in his church, and after holding meetings for several weeks and no results apparent, the meetings were discontinued. Yet Mrs. Edwards still kept soliciting in private for an outpouring of the spirit, and after a short time the meetings again commenced, and the most memorable revival for that century took place, some two hundred joining the church. The explanation of this power that changed the belief of the congregation was that during the first efforts of Dr. E. the commencement of a spiritual growth had taken place in the entire congregation from his efforts, which during the suspension of the meetings was kept up by Mrs. E. until it reached its flowering period, when pollen was thrown out, and all the minds who were in that circle were acted on by this unseen force and made homogenous. Their minds were linked to the dogma of their church, and mental and spiritual satisfaction came from that fact. This does not prove that the spirit growth may not be a deadly night-shade in the garden as well as a rose of Sharon. Without evil, good could not be appreciated. The law is to eat or be eaten. Each church has its philogiston, and the church that accumulates the most heat burns up the others.

If the American people allow the Jesuit to develop his system of monasteries, numerous hospitals and parochial schools here to undermine the republic, its days are numbered. It is only a question in addition how long it will take to fill the grand prairies of the ten States in the basin of the Mississippi with abbeys and divide the lands between them, and make peons of the farmers as was done in Mex-

ico, Spain, Italy, France, and is being daily done here. If Uncle Sam don't commence to cut these followers of Loyola, his republican toga will soon be all shreds and patches. The best way would be to elect the Pope as the next President, and have the captain general of the Jesuits, who resides in Rome, appointed as commander-in-chief of the American army. This would save this society a great amount of anxiety about their secret movements for murdering this republic being found out.

Matter and spirit are separate. Man mentally sees inductively; woman deductively. Man must plod; woman, being more spiritual, at once grasps the conclusion. Her mind is more connected with the spirit world; his less. Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of the author of "Descent of Man," wove all the plants, trees, winds and metals into sex. The Brahmins had male and female deities. Xantippi was the proper woman for the wife of Socrates, whose mind was disposed to discuss philosophy with the Greeks. In place of working in his shops and making money to buy flour and bacon, he went to the clubs, and allowed his mind to soar up to the battlements of the celestial world and discuss the science of the soul. He did not attempt by simply a power of the will to project his mind in the empyrean of stellar spaces, but went up by reason's ladder, and could always come down when he wanted to.

After being in one of his rhapsodies, and having great mental contentment, he would go home poor as a church mouse. Mrs. S., whose mind had been occupied in making garments for her children and securing food, at once commenced from her standpoint to berate her liege lord, and bring his mind back from the spirit land to every-day necessities. In this way Socrates was mentally and physically strengthened. If he could not raise her up, she had the ability to bring him down mentally, and in this way the wife was entitled to credit for one-half of the wise sayings of the old Greek. The secret of his success was that he never allowed himself to get angry.

Ideas are atoms with an elective affinity. The same ideas used by Demosthenes were afterwards used by Cicero, Clay and Webster. Patrick Henry is said to speak through certain mediums. Would it not be more consistent to say the same ideas used by P. H. directed me to write? or Homer, Virgil or Josephus used the same ideas now used by the writer?

When the first English ambassadors went to China, the idea of the Chinese was that they could not be of any use in their own country, else why did they come so far? Will not the same idea prevail in the spirit land? If the new comers were of any use in their own country why did they not remain there and minister to those whom they left behind?

J. VAN CLEVE PHILLIPS, *Geologist.*

#### RELIGION IN TEXAS.

"HE THAT BELIEVETH NOT SHALL BE DAMNED."—Rev. Mr. Tynes, pastor of the Baptist church, preached a sermon last Sunday night, to an average congregation, upon Infidelity, taking the above quotation from the sixteenth verse of the 16th chapter of Mark for a text. During the course of his remarks he said he would rather have the reputation of a murderer than that of an infidel.

Why did not Mr. Tynes take the whole quotation from St. Mark as a text? Why confine himself to one verse, and a part only of that? Ministers of the Gospel frequently charge Infidels with garbling the Scriptures, but isn't he guilty of the same offence? Let us see:—

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

But St. Mark doesn't stop here:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues.

"They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

If one portion of this quotation is true, so also is the other. If unbelievers are to be damned for unbelief, the true believers are to stand the test laid down by Jesus.

Last Sunday night was an excellent and exceedingly appropriate time for Rev. Mr. Tynes to prove himself a true believer. Any druggist could have provided him with a poison which would kill an Infidel in five minutes, and one of the old rusty-backed rattlesnakes that frequent our prairies would answer admirably for a serpent. It may be clerical for Christian ministers to classify Infidels with murderers, (we entertain a better opinion of the laity,) but if the words of Jesus are true, they are all in the same category—none of them can stand the test.—*Denison Sunday Gazeteer.*

POETRY is that statement of truth which, through the imagination, appeals to the affections and tends to satisfy them.

R. A. CAMPBELL.

For Light in the West.

## A PROPHECY.

TRANSLATION OF THE VISIONS, SEEN BY JOHN.

And God created all men kind,  
That they on earth might live,  
And comfort in each other find,  
While he His bounties give.

He made no laws for merchandise,  
He made no rich or poor;  
He made the world a paradise;  
Shall man defile this power?—

And worship kings, or other Gods,  
Of metal, stone or wood,  
Who ruleth as with iron rods,  
And fatten on their blood?

But God will now affix a time,  
When all the earth shall see  
The end of poverty and crime,—  
All hail the Jubilee!

*The fifth chapter of Revelations*:—The visions of John, alluded to at the time of Christ's revisit to the earth to establish his kingdom; they were seen and described hieroglyphically, the true meaning of which has been experienced only as time progressed, as there are many things yet to be fulfilled. The Throne, with him who sat thereon, signified that God from whom all power emanates; the elders were types of his chosen ministers, or instructors of the people; the Lamb symbolically represents the patient innocence and love of that Christ whose blood was shed for the ransom of all; while the seven seals denoted the past, present and future tribulations, under the seven principal ruling planets, viz.: the Sun, Moon, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, Venus and Saturn, six of which are now broken. And I am commanded from the skies that on the breaking of the seventh seal, (which is Saturn, and who will be ruler of the heavens in the year 1888, and continue to rule for several years), the wrath of God shall be poured out upon the earth, when Christ at the close of the calamities, opens the book and descends in triumph upon the earth, with great power and great glory, and blessed are they whose names are written therein.

Such is the pure hieroglyphic meaning of the passage in which John has thus described his vision, and the world will shortly experience that the four beasts as there represented will be gifted with power over many nations of the earth, in which are represented four powerful kings, viz.: the Russian, Austrian, French and German kings or heads, who will in blasphemy offer prayers to idols, (the almighty dollar), and so blaspheme God for their short, successful career, which shall end in their discomfiture to the triumph of the chosen

*The sixth chapter* referred to the then past, present and future events which have and will shortly come to pass. The white horse and the happy and joyful personage thereon, showed the peaceful, happy and unpolluted state of the first generations of the earth; while the red horse and its emblazoned rider denoted the wars and tumults which have since existed upon the earth. The black horse shows the devastation and death by famine, pestilence and warfare, which visits the earth to this day and shall continue to the end; while the pale horse shows the tranquility of the world as it will exist under the reign of that Christ whom the world crucified under the direction of heaven, that the words of the ancient prophets should be fulfilled, which declare that his blood should be shed for the salvation of man; while the saints under the altar, who were crying aloud for God's judgment, are symbolical of His oppressed creatures, whose groans and cries for help and succor to their earthly rulers have been uttered in vain, until they have reached the ears of that God who will avenge their wrongs and cleanse them from their iniquities, by clearing the earth of their destroyers and oppressors, and so clothe them with the glorious and spotless armor of righteousness, and fit them for an existence under that reign in which all mankind shall dwell in harmony and love. So be not deceived, the time is at hand!

*Chapter nine, verse twelve, to the end*:—It principally alludes to the future, and the time is at hand when the four mightiest powers shall be loosed and combined; when their mighty armies shall be combined and scatter devastation over the surface of the globe; and the time is not far distant when these visions shall be acknowledged in principle.

*Chapter ten*:—This vision was figuratively given of the things which must yet come to pass when the book upon which mankind have been taught to build their faith shall be no longer regarded; but mankind will adhere to the truthful doctrine of Christ, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," as the end of time signifies the end and overthrow of evils. When an earthly monarch shall end his career then shall the world prove the truthfulness of that part of the vision which describes the "one thousand two hundred and three score days."

*The thirteenth chapter* alludes to a period when the power of the North shall raise itself, blaspheme God, and yet gather

strength and infest all the nations of the earth with rapine and devastation.

*The fourteenth chapter* contains willful corruption by the original translators, but the time is at hand when the people shall know the "Babylon" which is described as fallen in the passage referred to; for where is that city from whence goeth iniquity into all other nations and kindred who drink deeply of her intoxicating and worldly delusions? The fountain of evil and the nourishers of iniquities will be crushed, and its smoke shall ascend into heaven as an atonement for the evils of which it was the mother. The war which is now being planned in the congress in the heavens will soon be planned in the minds of men. The now Crown Prince of Germany will play a leading part in these, my prophecies. "Rome" will be a city of ashes, but many great changes will come before that time; for all the Southern states of the United States will be visited by fire, pestilence, earthquakes, storms and destruction. Many southern cities will sink never to raise again; large rivers will be thrown up where there is land to-day. Where the Hot Springs are in Arkansas there will be a second *Vesuvius*, which will heave fire, brimstone and destruction over the rest of that soil. The earth will there divide itself, and a large river will flow out towards the Gulf of Mexico, on which ocean vessels will travel. The southeast of Texas will sink in the deep ocean. This great electromagnetic current will disturb the mind of man to such an extent that the lower grade of mankind will raise a Revolution, while the higher grade, of a more sensitive and spiritual understanding and gifts, will make very curious inventions, never before dreamed of; for horses will perish through this great magnetic change. Man will invent machines to roll carriages and wagons, with which a child can move; air ships will be invented, for it will not be safe to travel on the oceans as before; for where there is ocean to-day will ere long be land. Lake Huron and Ontario will be visited by storms ere long. Diseases will spring up among men, which can only be cured by the laying on of hands,—for this reason the magnetic healers are created to help their fellow men; for all men and women are created for a purpose.

PROF. A. C. C. PFUHL,  
*Astrologer and Prophet.*

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress

told her of Wiggins' coming earthquake: "Go 'long, chile," she said, "go 'long wid yer nonsense! God-a mity don' go and tell anybody what He's gwine ter do; He jes' go 'long and do it."—*Ex.*

Transcribed for Light in the West.

### INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S. OCTOBER 14, 1884.—The band will attend the call made to consider the question of Mormonism:—

The whole system of Mormonism is based upon the fancies of a deluded fanatic, who, imagining himself possessed of superior powers, and aiming at notoriety, deceived himself. And having succeeded in gathering a few dupes, he, following the example of churchly teachings, assumed spiritual authority, mixing up bible teachings with his own ridiculous imaginations. Instead of elevating his followers, he pandered to the groveling instincts of their ignorant, depraved minds.

He endeavored to renew the eastern dispensation, reducing the female sex to a state of disgusting degradation. These practices have aroused in refined minds a detestation of the whole organization; especially as their fanaticism has caused the dupes of their leaders to commit the most atrocious crimes in revenge for non-compliance with their despotic assumptions.

The most surprising fact is, that men of reasoning minds should be so debased by their passions, and so enfeebled by the restraints of fear, that they submit like whipped slaves to the arbitrary demands of the rulers controlling the Endowment House. Never can a people yield their own judgment and their domestic affairs to the guidance of fanatical leaders without becoming brutal and abject, ready to fulfill the behests of brutally minded tyrants.

Such is the state of the Mormons; but it cannot last. When the masses awaken to their own situation, they will feel the necessity of acceding to the superior teachings of a pure civilization, from which they now shut themselves out by their impure, degrading practices.

Polygamy cannot exist where women refuse to be bought and sold. When they have learned the value of their own souls—no dependance on man for their salvation,—their own fulfillment of duties compatible with the respect due their sex will secure their self respect here, and the happiness of their existence in spirit life.

How are these women considered outside of their own homes? Only as infe-

rior animals, subject to the will of their masters,—not even allowed to think themselves independent beings. And what do their masters know of the existence to which all are hastening?—not enough to save themselves from the misery awaiting low, degraded spirits. The band will now permit the spirit of a Mormon to control the pencil:

"I wish to express my sorrow, my deep regret, which the recollections of a life spent in carrying out the Mormon teachings must bring. Oh, with what pleasure would I endeavor to compensate for the wrongs committed in earth life. I am ashamed of my weakness, and still more of the endeavors used to decoy others into the same delusion. My motives were my own aggrandizement. I aimed at despotic authority over these misguided people,—I succeeded. Better for me if I had failed. I should not now be deploring the misery caused by such false teaching. Selfish and arbitrary, I am now suffering the anguish of remorse without the power to make compensation. I entreat those people to open their eyes, to use their own judgment; and as for the book which they consider their guide, let reason do her proper work, and they will then be freed from the false teachings which have deluded them. Let them make a struggle for freedom—let them be guided by the light of a clear conscience, and elevate themselves in their own minds, and in the estimation of all whose respect is worth having. Here there is no distinction of sex; each individual, male or female, is equally responsible for the motives and actions of earth-life—no longer a ruler, I must obey the laws of spirit life. I must stop.

J—S—

OCTOBER 11, 1884.—The band have no particular subject to discuss to-night; they will address a few words to the medium:—

We wish you to endeavor to exercise the patience becoming to a faithful servant, and await with calmness the appointed time of departure. Do not despise the time of waiting; the active duties of life are rapidly drawing to a close. The worn-out body will soon be laid away; but you will rejoice in new powers, that will enable you to perform with delight the duties which will devolve upon you, for energy is necessary.

Here there is none of that excitement which to many minds in the earth form seems a necessity. The calmness, the rest, of a contented mind is the nearest

approach to spiritual existence: loving and beloved, every duty is a pleasure. One source of pleasure is the surety of congenial minds, and we will gladly welcome and instruct you in the laws of the new existence. With these assurances be calm, be cheerful, be ready to help by your advice and sympathy all who apply to you for instruction, and thus your usefulness may be extended to the close of your earthly existence. Farewell.

### INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

The bible is not a set of divinely inspired documents. It is absolutely impossible that it should be such. Verbal inspiration is not possible. If we consider that the man spoke face to face with God, then we must say that the memory of that man was inspired; that the memory of those who heard him repeat it, and in their turn repeated it to their children, were also inspired. We must say that the writer who long afterward put it down in writing, was inspired. And again, when in the course of time, printing was invented, the printers were inspired. Yes, the printer's devil was inspired, and every one in the whole printing establishment was inspired. This is impossible. The bible has suffered from its friends. And the doctrine originated to give authority to an infallible Pope. Verbal inspiration has done more harm than all the other doctrines pretending to have their authority from the bible. The bible is not infallible. It is simply the progressive history of the way in which man received his ideas of what God may be. If you take the bible in this broad, historical, common-sense ground, you can keep what is valuable in it and answer all questions of the scoffers. In Genesis we find the natural ideal of God held by primitive people. You and I do not believe that God walked in the Garden of Eden in the afternoon because the noonday sun was too hot to be comfortable. These people conceived of him only as a man of greater size and greater power than themselves. We do not believe that when a sacrifice was made God came down because he smelt roast beef. These ideas are a part of the ideas of the age. Man is imperfect; he must be dealt with through imperfect mediums. And the historical pre-eminence of the bible towers in the ages. With the new testament it is the earthen vessel, cracked and mildewed in which the treasure is kept. Christ's sayings lived in the memory of those he loved. They were scattered abroad by his disciples. Later the sayings were collected and written down. These anecdotes of Christ were, of course, many of them spurious.

—*Rev. H. R. Haws, in Harvard College chapel.*

The *Father's Love* is a neat sixteen page paper published in San Francisco, by Franklin Rhoda, and devoted to the interests of the poor and needy of every

race and belief. One part of the editor's mission is "cellar work" among what are termed the "lower classes." But it seems that in this broad charity he must suffer annoyance from those whose duty it is to encourage him and all others engaged in such work.

"The most trouble we have had in trying to reach the boys in our cellar work" says Mr. Rhoda, "has come from the continued and unwarranted raids made on our meetings by the police. All we have asked of the authorities is that they keep out of our way. We can take care of the boys if some one will take care of the police. Every man's house is his castle, and we feel that when we ask nothing of the authorities, we ought, at least, to get it. They have even taken the liberty to say that we should sing nothing but religious songs; a thing they have not dared to do to the keeper of any other house in the city. I want to say that, personally, the officers on our beat are good friends; but there seems to be an interference from the outside, and, as a native citizen of the State, engaged in what I believe to be the lawful business of spending time and money for the benefit of poor and homeless boys, I appeal to the authorities for the simple boon of being left without protection. At least sixteen boys have been arrested in my meetings without my authority, since we began our work, a few months ago. When they do the things I tell them, and sing their songs, they are likely to be taken up for it, and it has created such a terrorism that the boys are afraid to take any part in the meeting. I have gone to the police court to get them out, but hope it may not be necessary in the future."

#### MY RELIGION.

BY SPIRIT THOMAS PAINE.

[Delivered in Chicago through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.]

#### INVOCATION.

We would turn unto Thee, O! Life Divine; unto Thee, Infinite Love, we would bring our offerings of love; unto Thee, Infinite Wisdom, we would bring all of wisdom that, in its feebleness, the human mind can grasp; and unto Thee, Thou source of knowledge, we bring all tributes of praise, all aspirations toward that which is divine. May every life yield to Thee its fruitage of goodly deeds; may every mind give unto Thee the harvest of its thoughts of wisdom and knowledge, and may the earth, grown greater, better and wiser in its expression by the hand of man, also stimulate the human heart to rarer and loftier endeavor; may all visible things, governed by the perfect law and wisdom of Thy life, reveal to man, also, that invisible kingdom governed by the perfect law of Thy love; may the material universe, giving its expression and abundance of gifts, reveal to man, also, the knowledge of

that higher and diviner realm wherein there is abundance of wisdom, of knowledge; of all graciousness and all divinity; may every heart bring its offerings, its highest aspirations, its tributes of devotion and lay them upon the altar of Thy love. Not the altar fashioned by human hands, not before the shrine consecrated by earthly name, but upon the altar of humanity, before the shrine and altar of the living spirit, in that temple which is Thy life and Thy love forevermore; there may all souls praise Thee without ceasing. Amen.

#### DISCOURSE.

I believed in an Infinite overruling intelligence, and I hoped for immortal life. Such was my creed, when upon earth I walked and talked with mortals; my religion was the love of the Creator in love and good deeds for humanity, and in nearly a century of earthly time within the spiritual state I have no reason to change my belief or my religious convictions. The Infinite overruling intelligence is not only manifest in all the visible works of creation, in that which mathematically and scientifically demonstrates intelligence, but is more than manifest in the capability within the mind of man to perceive that law or order which the universe reveals.

With creeds fashioned by man I have nothing to do. With faiths predicted upon human interpretation I have nothing to do. With all the various forms of religious thought in the world, I have only to do with that which is true. Truth is my revelation, and truth is my interpreter of God and his will forevermore. Wherever I find truth, that is God's written word to me, and if my mind is not capable of perceiving it, then must I with all powers of thought within me awaken such intelligence as shall enable me to perceive that truth. The quickening power of Infinite love is manifest in all ways alike, but the power of perceiving that love depends upon human conditions, and human circumstances and the individual spiritual attainments. I know no other way of serving and worshipping the Deity, than by acknowledging the laws that govern the universe in my mental power, and by acknowledging the laws that govern human life in my relations with humanity. I know no higher worship than that which is accorded in the lives of mankind in doing good unto others, in endeavoring to assist those who are more unfortunate than myself, in striving by every possible means to overcome the shadows of misfortune that may surround humanity. But a century of spiritual perception, and a large portion of that time in an existence which is independent of material sorrow and material joy, enables one to perceive more nearly the sources of things; to analyze more clearly the relation of mind to mind, and spirit to spirit. Man is hampered in his perception of humanity by his physical senses, and the material seemings of life often swallow up the deeper and diviner reality; while the daily cares and sorrows of his existence, the weary treadmill of toil, the persecution of tyranny, the bondage enforced by slavery of all kinds, must make

man for the time being seemingly the prey and victim of the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

I wage unceasing war, as once before, upon every kind of human despotism; forever my voice cries out against all kinds of tyranny, and that might which establishes itself as right upon the earth because of physical powers I must forever, in any world or state of existence, condemn and censure. While I wage war against King Craft, against the despotism that would wield sway over human life, it is not the individual king or ruler that I am warring with; he may be the most abject slave, he may be the most pitiable object; it is against the principle that I must forever contend. While I wage war against any man standing between God and man, and holding man's conscience in his keeping, it is not priest, nor prelate, nor the external man that I condemn; it is the principle of that hierarchy that claims to adjudicate between the conscience of man and the Divinity that is the source of all conscience and moral excellence.

Much is mistaken for religion that is only fanaticism, and much is mistaken for fanaticism that is the purest and clearest thought in the world. Men judge one another from their individual standpoints; whole nations have perished from the judgment of their people, because of the opposite view which each would take on the simple proposition of right and wrong, and the whole world and its history therefore presents the collision between opposing and contending parties, opposing and contending nations. The true basis of all is human selfishness, cupidity and ignorance, and these must be charged with the results.

The whole human race has marched steadily forward from the feebleness of the first perception of infantile thought to the grandeur and glory of the achievements of science, of art, of intelligence, and the moral and political excellence of to-day. We have in the past endeavored to gather the truths of the greatest minds; we have bowed before the shrine of Confucius; we have worshipped at the altar of Plato; we are made one with the great teachers of antiquity, we have followed in the line of christian thought, not the thought of christian theology, but the thought of *christian humanity*. The truth, no one can revere more than the one who addresses you, and behind no veil, nor shrine, nor altar would I refuse to enter where truth is to be found; but if it be in the open daylight, if it be beneath the stars of heaven, if it be veiled in the wonderful mysteries of nature, if it is revealed in the human heart or to the human understanding I would also find it there. My teachers are the wise of every age; those whom I seek to emulate, the great and good of all time. In the kingdom of the spirit that which is valuable of the human life, is not the number of material victories attained in battles, not the conquests of kings and rulers over one another, not the warfare between contending armies, nor yet the warfare between mind and mind, but the measure

of human truth, the measure of human justice, the measure of liberty, the measure of that which promises for humanity the highest and divinest gifts.

If you ask me, what is my book of revelation? I will say, the whole truth that has been revealed to man by the knowledge and love of the Infinite. If you ask me, what temple I worship in? I will declare to you that I worship in the temple of the universe, that my altar and shrine are within the spirit, that the soul of that life, whose manifestation is but feebly made in the human form, is the true shrine and altar where I bend. If you ask me, what are my offerings of praise? I will say, such feeble works as I can do for humanity, such efforts as I can make to uplift the down-trodden, such truths as are given me to express; these are my praise. If you ask me what ritual of service I accept? I say none, except the voice of love wherever it is spoken, the voice of truth wherever it is found, and that ritual which serves to advance the condition of humanity, in uplifting mankind to the knowledge of the Love Divine.

Make your visible shrines wherever you choose, bend your knee before any altar that claims your devotion, serve your God in any way that it pleases you; but if you serve not humanity your service is in vain; build your temples as high as the dome of St. Peter's, make your pillars as lofty as the clouds, but if you love not your fellow beings, and do not, every day, seek for something that shall uplift them your temples will crumble into dust, and naught will be left for your service.

In Greece the works of art, the monuments to the deities of mythology, all reverence and homage paid to mere formal images of devotion have ceased to exist, but Plato remains, a living thought, and every age builds more and more monuments of human life to his surpassing power. In Rome all things have perished; but the names of the wise and the great and the good still abide with you.

Your altars will pass away, your christian shrines will crumble to the dust, and the temples reared and dedicated by human hands and voices to the worship of God, must inevitably in the course of time disappear, but whatever thought you have given forth, whatever deeds of love or hatred, whatever kindness or whatever cowardice you have manifested: these will remain, and in the temple of your individual lives, at the shrine and altar of your spirits these will forever confront you. Men build their eternal habitations; the light that is within you grows brighter and brighter, or the shadows more and more obscure the brightness. What becomes of the written tomes and vast volumes of human thought, or temples reared in human image if the life within man is neglected and desecrated? I plead for that humanity, that asking for admittance to the doors of the Temple of Life finds too often that they are closed because of want and poverty and sin. I plead for that humanity that being ignorant is not sustained with

knowledge; being weak, is not upheld with strength; being powerless to do the right, is not adequately assisted; not knowing the way to worship and to praise, does not know the name of the living power that is above, viz., the Truth, the Wisdom, and the Love Divine.

The crumbling edifices of material dynasties are but physical prototypes of the crumbling forms of superficial worship, of external praise. Man needs no vast temples that shall cost millions of money in which to praise God; he needs that the orphan shall be fed and clothed, he needs that humanity shall be taught, he needs that the vast multitudes that through the earth shall be properly sheltered, and he needs more than this, that the spirit of Truth and Love shall enter their hearts rather than the name of religion. Man requires no external service wherewith to syllable the name of God. If he has words to speak, let them be words of comfort, wisdom, intelligence, and order; man does not need any written ritual wherewith to declare his intentions or praise; the silence of his spirit proclaims it by the deeds of his hands, the thoughts of his mind, and the words of his voice.

The power of Truth is a palpable presence in the world; it demolishes altars, temples, and shrines when they no longer serve humanity, and into the human heart is incorporated, upon their downfall, the light of that which is divine and perfect.

To-day the world fulfills the prophecy of a century ago and human society is rapidly following toward that culmination which makes the true spirit of religion the life that is within man. I can tell you what will be the religion of the future by telling you the hopes of humanity; I can declare to you what will be the worship of a hundred years hence, by declaring to you what are the highest aspirations and prophecies of human life. Poets have dreamed and sung it, philosophers have stated it, and the inspired of every age have given to the world the voice of that ultimate and divine religion that mankind is to follow. It is a religion fashioned of no creed nor dogma, limiting no man's conscience to the fetters of a single bond of faith, but binding it only by the law of that perfect truth, that like a clear and shining crystal cuts its way through every shadow, and reveals the substance of which it is made. The religion of the future will require no priests for its oracles, but will be the chosen voice of humanity appointed to tell the truth; will require no cloisters, for man will have learned to overcome temptation, not to flee from it; will require no institutions of theology, for the word of knowledge will be spoken in all schools, and all human life will be the graduating class; will require no church officials, for the guide of man's worship will be his own intuitions and the voice that is within him; will require no temples, for all the temples that are then built upon the earth will be for the benefit of the people.

It has been said that the one who addresses you was infidel. Infidel to what? To God?

No. To humanity? Not knowingly. The only infidelity was to error as understood by the one who addresses you. For that I thank heaven. If one can be unfaithful to error, unfaithful to bigotry, unfaithful to bondage, unfaithful to tyranny of all kinds, then one is true to the conscience and voice that is within, God and that Conscience alone can be the judge. Let no one declare that materialism was the form of infidelity which was ever in the mind of the speaker. So far from being a materialist, the whole world was and is animated by the one divine and perfect law of the Supreme Being; so far from being a materialist, every human life was held sacred as a portion from that Divine Giver, and now from the spirit world which is the sacred reality of all existence, the voice that addresses you is here here to-night to declare that spirit is life, that intelligence is the source of all law, and that the Infinite is more and more manifest unto the life that turns toward it, and that human affairs would fade, fail and sink into utter chaos, as would the universe but for this light that is within man, this immortal soul that forces its way through all forms and material things unto the light of that true and divine religion.

That is materialism which forces God to dwell in any time, or shape, or place; that is materialism that builds external shrines and declares that God is only there; that is materialism that frames in human words an especial form for belief and declares all lost that do not accept those words. It is materialism that predicates the salvation of humanity upon any material life in the universe rather than upon the spiritual state; it is materialism that has handed down to you through all these ages of time the horrible judgments of material kings and rulers.

It is materialism that builds up in your midst to-day an external shrine that you must worship instead of the altar of the spirit, and science and the materialist of so-called philosophy demolishes with one hand this structure and offers you nothing that shall take the place of the spirit of religion, and while the material worshiper offers you this external form of religion, he gives you nothing that shall suffice for that divine comprehension of the spirit.

I am infidel to all materialism; pope, or priest, or church, or external creed that can limit my God to any of these, I excommunicate from my church. I am infidel to all materialism of science that worships matter as God and sees no divine intelligence behind the stars that move in their orbits and the laws that govern the material universe. Yes! and being infidel to these I believe in all that has ever been given to man of Divine truth in any form, in words and works of prophets, seers and sages. I believe in the Christ man, and not the Christ creed; in the word of God, and not in the word of man. And forevermore while man walks this earth, this small speck that glimmers in space like the faintest meteor, the one who addresses you will still seek for that light and life that is highest and best and endeavor to reveal the Word of God in such ministrations as shall guide all mankind toward the truth, as shall make all nations one, as shall call upon the whole human family to come and worship at the temple of the living God which is the soul of man.

## A TRIBUTE TO DR. JAMES H. McLEAN.

BY REBECCA MORROW REAVIS.

Once more th' eternal city of our God  
Has opened wide its golden gates, and 'tween  
The everlasting pillars forth have trod  
A band of choristers, bathed in the sheen  
Of ambient holiness; behold their mein  
Of tender joy as carefully they bear  
Into the gladness of their home serene,  
A loved one from the lower world of care,  
Their endless peace and harmony to share.

Wearied of life's unceasing cares at last,  
He entered his long rest, but not before  
The good that he had sown in seasons past  
The full, ripe measure of its harvest bore;  
Like a grand tree, whose sturdy boughs no more  
Stem the wild torrent of the storm king's breath  
The swaying billows of this life being o'er  
He bent before the chill hand known as death;  
But 'tis the hand that opes to higher birth.

"He was my friend" how oft shall this be said  
By sorrowing ones who'll drop the bitter tear,—  
"He was my friend, but now alas he's dead!  
And shall I find another friend so dear,  
Perhaps indeed he did not so appear  
To all the world,—his light may have been hid,  
Because the charity was so sincere  
It vaunted not itself, nor did it bid  
The left hand know the good his right hand did."

But shall this good his generous hands have done  
Be ever mourned as dead, shall it not be  
Within the heart of many a grateful one  
The emblem of his immortality,—  
An amaranthine bower, and he shall see  
Its beauty rise, and twine itself above;  
Among the flowers that kiss his feet, and he  
Breathing its fragrance ever, it shall prove  
To him the joy of God and mankind's love.

O, that we each in this our earthly home  
Might live as he has lived,—our way might hew  
From lowest round, then hear a voicesay, Come,  
Friend come up higher, thou hast been so true  
To every law thy better instincts knew:  
Our lives should be those monuments sublime  
Which mark the progress of the favored few,  
Pointing aloft where steepers yet higher climb,  
To grander mounts along the road of time.

Thou'rt gone, but only as the flowers go,  
To still live on and brighter days adorn;  
Thou'rt gone, but only as the crimson glow  
Departs to wear new glory in the morn;  
We say, farewell, well knowing thou art born  
To higher spheres where they who therein dwell  
Behold thee wear the honors thou hast worn  
E'er yet the shafts of death around thee fell.—  
Once more, my friend, we bid a last farewell.

—*American Tribune.*

## THE MYSTERY OF ROSEDALE.

BY MISS AMELIA THROPP.

Situated upon the banks of the James river, in the State of Virginia, was a beautiful brown-stone mansion, built in the Gothic style of architecture. It was built by Mr. Southern, an English gentleman. The structure was beautiful, commanding from its situation an extensive view of the surrounding country, with the spires of Richmond glittering in the sunlit distance;

the grounds surrounding it were varied and picturesque.

Mr. Southern had but one daughter, Alice, who, on account of her beauty, was styled, by her admirers the "Lily of Rosedale," Rosedale being the name given to the estate. Alice was a tall, slight, graceful girl of seventeen summers, very fair, with large blue eyes and clustering golden curls. Her personal appearance was only surpassed by the loveliness of her disposition; amiable and unselfish, her greatest pleasure appeared to exist in giving happiness to others; always cheerful and kind, she was the sunbeam of that beautiful home.

There are many young girls in the world like Alice; they wish every body so well, and in return the world feels so kindly and protectingly towards them. Gazing on such in their youthful innocence, even the most cruel-hearted can wish them no ill, but feel like holding out a sheltering arm to protect them from the storms of life.

Mr. Southern was a man of noble ancestry; his wife also boasted of her noble blood; she was Scotch, and claimed to be a descendent of the house of Douglas. After their marriage they came to Virginia and took possession of the estate which had been left to them by a wealthy bachelor uncle. It was before the abolition of slavery, and a large number of slaves were included in the inheritance. Mr. Southern was a man who was noted far and wide in the surrounding neighborhood, for his many admirable traits of character; although rather dreaded by his inferiors for his proud and stern bearing, yet with his equals he was kind, affable and most hospitable. Alice was the pride of his heart; it was for her he accumulated wealth and managed carefully his large estate; through her he hoped to continue the dignity of his house. The fair heiress of Rosedale was courted far and wide, the favorite guest of every brilliant gathering.

Shortly after her seventeenth birthday, there came to her father's house a young man from the south of England (Sir Harry Percy) the son of an old friend of Mr. Southern's, who had been especially invited, and was cordially welcomed at Rosedale, and Madam Rumor guessed the truth when she said it was the wish of Mr. Southern and Sir Harry's father to bring about a match between the two young people.

On the evening of the arrival of the young Englishman, Alice, who had been informed of his coming, was all expectation. Unconscious of any design on the

part of her parents, she looked forward to his coming as that of an agreeable guest and a pleasant companion. She was rather surprised at the unusual stir at the house on the evening in question, and the very careful preparations made by her parents for their guest, but argued that as Sir Harry was the only son of a very dear friend and distant relative of her father, it was excusable. In the evening her mother entered her dressing-room and took unusual pains in the arrangement of her toilet; her white tulle dress was carefully inspected, and the clusters of forget-me-nots with which it was trimmed, again and again re-arranged; her hair brought forward, then brushed backward upon the fair brow, until even the patient Alice became wearied, and was glad when her mother expressed herself satisfied. When all was satisfactory, Mrs. Southern said, "Now, my love, we will go down stairs and welcome your father's relative, whom you will find a most agreeable young man."

It was moonlight in the month of June; nothing could surpass the beauty of the scene that greeted Alice's eyes as she went out upon the wide, beautiful lawn and beheld in and around nature in its midsummer perfection; the air was fragrant with jessamine and roses, whilst the night-birds sang softly amidst the willow boughs that bordered the river James, which reflected on its limpid surface the moon's rays, as it wended its way through the cultivated expanse until it was lost in the distance. Alice paused as she passed through the full length window of the drawing-room, and gazed on the lovely but familiar scene that stretched out before her, her face reflecting the pleasure she felt; as she stood thus, the full light fell on her lovely vision, and the calculating man of the world was awestruck; never before, he thought, had he seen a creature of such angelic beauty. She looked at nature's fair face; he viewed God's most perfect work—a beautiful woman.

Remembering what was due to her guest, Alice entered the drawing-room; Sir Harry went forward to meet her, and bowed low as he took her extended hand. She was timid with strangers, and her eyes dropped beneath his admiring gaze; recovering her self-possession, she looked up, and a feeling of painful disappointment came over her as she observed Sir Harry's face. He was a tall, dark-complexioned man of thirty years, with a countenance cold, sharp and stern. The impression he made was most unfavorable



and was destined to be permanent. She found him dignified, suspicious, silent, and with her frank, genial nature she began to dread his uncongenial companionship.

In Mr. Southern's employment was a young clerk, Frank Garland, the son of his steward. He was a handsome man of twenty-two, with brown eyes and hair and fair complexion; added to his personal charms he had an agreeable manner and address, which made him beloved by all who knew him. He and Alice had loved each other tenderly from childhood, and even in their baby days. When old Dinah took the little girl to visit at Mr. Garland's cottage, young Frank's nurse would put them into the same cradle for their afternoon nap, and often old uncle Pete would take them to the barn and pull them over the floor in a bushel basket for a ride, whilst Dinah, standing by to witness the fun, would be convulsed with laughter. Since Sir Harry's arrival, Alice had seen little of Frank, and when she did, found him sad and reproachful.

She felt his changed conduct deeply, and began to look so pale and unhappy that her parents, attributing it to her love for their guest, were glad when he made known to them his intention of proposing to her. It never occurred to them that there was any cause of danger in her companionship with Frank, regarding him in the light of a goodnatured plaything.

Alas! alas! how blind we are, for—

"Love will venture where it dar na well be seen."

When Sir Harry made known his love to Alice, the poor girl, never suspecting his attachment, was overcome with surprise. It was unexpected, she scarcely knew how to reply. At last, with a strong effort, she gathered sufficient strength to express her regret at what had happened, and her utter inability to accept him, as her whole heart was given to another.

Overcome with disappointed rage, he sought her parents, accusing them of making a dupe of him. In their dismay they sent for Alice, who, weeping, threw herself at their feet, begging them to spare her from the fate of being Sir Harry's wife, and confessing her love for Frank.

Their indignation knew no bounds, and the result was the cause of terrible days at Rosedale. In the midst of their reproaches Alice's health gave way, she was attacked with fever, and for sometime her life was despaired of. When she became convalescent, Sir Harry again urged his suit, which was firmly repulsed. Finding his efforts to win the lovely girl a failure, he

one morning summoned his valet, and hastily departed for England. In vain Mr. and Mrs. Southern urged delay; his pride was wounded, his patience exhausted and he went home, where soon after he consoled himself by marrying a lady of rank and fortune.

In the meantime Alice's parents, feeling chagrined and disappointed at the conduct of Sir Harry and fearing for their daughter's health, reinstated young Garland, who had been dismissed from employment, and sanctioned his engagement.

Those were happy days for the lovers. The winter passed quickly, and when the mid summer moon again shone with its calm silvery light down upon Rosedale, they were to have been married. The marriage was to be a private one, Mr. and Mrs. Southern not wishing to give publicity to an event which was to cause them so much pain and shame.

Three days before her intended wedding, Alice was taken suddenly ill and died. The people of the surrounding neighborhood were surprised and horrified; knowing well the pride of the Southern, especially Alice's father, feared there had been foul play. But he was a rich and influential man, and as there was no positive proof, scandal was silenced. Alice was buried at Rosedale; her remains rest beneath the willow boughs beside the river James.

Soon after this sad occurrence, Mr. and Mrs. Southern secluded themselves from society; it was evident to all, Rosedale had lost all charms for them. The place appeared under a spell; the servants, filled with sorrow and dismay at the death of their lovely young mistress, told all sorts of horrible stories about the now gloomy house. The most popular one was, that the ghost of their departed mistress haunted the grounds, and annually on the eve of her wedding, could be seen entering the apartments she had occupied during her life, making her approach from the outside veranda, attired in her bridal robes.

At length, Mr. and Mrs. Southern, finding their stay at Rosedale intolerable, put their property into the hands of an agent for sale, and returned to England. The report of the place being haunted was assiduously circulated, and it was sometime before it could be sold; finally it was purchased by a Mr. Wilcox, at a great sacrifice. When he took possession, his eldest son and daughter had a little disagreement about which should occupy Miss Southern's private apartments, which were ex-

ceedingly beautiful. At last, Mary Wilcox being an unselfish girl, yielded to the wishes of her brother, relinquishing her desire for the rooms, who quickly took advantage of her generosity.

Some time afterwards Charley Wilcox, on entering the breakfast room one morning, was observed to look deadly pale, and in reply to all questions gave evasive answers. When leaving the room, he turned to his sister and without giving any explanation, said, "that henceforth she might occupy his apartments, as he intended to take rooms at another part of the house." Mary was too delighted at the offer to express any surprise and took immediate possession.

At midnight, a year later, when the June breezes again swept over Rosedale, Mary, who had retired late, was lying after extinguishing her light, looking from her couch out of the open window upon the beautiful landscape beyond; which in its peaceful loveliness lay beneath the splendor of the mid-summer moon. The deep blue sky was spangled with countless stars, which were reflected in the clear waters of the James. The night birds sang softly in the alders by the river's bank, whilst the air, laden with the odor of roses, fanned her cheeks as it stole through the open casement. Suddenly she was aroused by a slight rustling sound, as if the wind were gently sporting with drapery, and turning, she saw slowly approaching along the veranda towards her window, a vision, the picture of Alice Southern whom she had frequently met in early life. Slowly she approached, and entering the room, stood beside her bed. Yes, there she was! her white robes swaying in the gentle breeze; her face calm and serene, whilst her golden curls shimmered in the bright moonbeams. There was an expression of gentle sadness in her eyes as she extended her hand towards Mary, who, overcome with fright, gave a terrified scream and lost consciousness. She was found by the family and servants cold and rigid, and it was some time before she recovered. On explaining to her brother the facts, he assured her that at mid-summer just one year before, he had at the same hour, seen the same lovely vision, which accounted for his vacating Miss Southern's apartments.

This is the romance connected with Rosedale; the beautiful haunted house upon the banks of the river James. I have given you the story as Mary Wilcox gave

it to me; you may doubt it or believe it, as your judgment dictates.—*Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer.*

For Light in the West.

#### FORMS OF RELIGION.

All the orthodox religions, as well as the Catholic, have certain forms or ceremonies through which every one must pass, or we are told that their chances for heaven are limited.

The Baptists think, or used to think, immersion essential to salvation; the other orthodox churches say, belief in the Lord Jesus Christ and baptism are necessary to salvation, while the Catholics have a great variety of forms and ceremonies, without the performance of which by the persons themselves or the priest, the soul will go to purgatory, and if not prayed out of there, or relieved by the saying of masses, it will be eternally damned, and those beliefs have gotten such a hold on the minds of the church-going people that they dare not look, or think, outside of it.

But to any one whose mind is free and whose judgment is unbiased, those things look like the work of priestcraft and consider them perfectly absurd.

Spiritualism does away with all these dogmas and absurdities, and places man on an entirely different plane and basis for the saving of his soul, as it is called by the churches. Spiritualism claims that the soul is not lost, nor ever can be; but is in an undeveloped state, reaching out by the law of experience and growth from a lower to a higher state of being; that the Creator has made no mistakes, nor can make any, and that all things in the light of development are good in their order and will ultimate in the highest good to the creature and redound to the glory of the Creator.

It is the most singular thing that all religions give to the Creator infinite knowledge, infinite power and infinite goodness through their creeds, and then knock it all over by his acts, and show him to be jealous, vacillating, weak and so short-sighted that the devil, a creature of his own creation, often gets the advantage of him and sometimes, at least, by the Creator's own admission, shows superior knowledge.

To any one who will study the Bible and New Testament without the glamour of religious prejudice they cannot fail to see the shortsightedness, the utter variance from true principles in many of the precepts and examples that are laid down for us. They go on the principle, (like many of the tyrant rulers of old),

that the King or ruler can do no wrong, and that the subject has no rights that the ruler is bound to respect. But justice is an eternal principle, that lived before man, and will continue to live throughout the ages of eternity.

The eternal mind will see, that exact justice be done as between man and his fellow man, and no scapegoat a production of the human mind can ever avail between man and his conscience. For every act of man against his fellow, there is a register within himself, though it may be all unknown to him, yet the time will come when that book will be opened, and not only read by himself, but by all men; priests and preachers may preach dogmas, and lull their congregations to sleep, on the doctrine that the blood of Jesus cleanses from all sin, but on passing over to the other side it will be found that by the eternal law, no man nor savior can carry another's burdens, that justice forbids it, and stands with evenly balanced scales saying that "with whatever measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," and nothing else will satisfy the ends of justice. Even the culprit, while he has passed through the furnace seven times heated, coming out annealed and purified by the process, will applaud the author of the law that made it necessary.

Live whatever life you may, so that by the eternal law you bring down upon yourself the supremest punishment for violated law, still, while eternal justice reaches you through that law, eternal wisdom sits at the helm, and will rule and overrule all your rebellious or wayward actions, so that in the end the Prodigal Son will return to his Father's house, and be received, having been fitted to enter by the processes of dear bought experience, and will be able to look back and see that every act of his life, was an experience, and though often dear bought, yet was necessary to fit him and make him appreciate the love of the Father, who is God over all, blessed forever. B.

For Light in the West.

#### MRS. LORD IN THE WEST.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

Mrs. Maud E. Lord arrived here Friday night; she was accompanied by her daughter, and they were met by the committee, and escorted to Hotel Normandy, Central street; where she will remain during her stay here.

Mrs. Lord held her first public circle October 30th. It was, as is usual with her,

wonderful in results; all present receiving undoubted evidence of the return of spirit friends. Musical instruments floated in the air; voices audible to all gave names of friends and relatives; rings were removed from the fingers of sitters, and similar tricks played on members of the circle by the invisibles. During these manifestations Mrs. Lord was busy giving tests to one and all. This afternoon (Sunday); she addressed a large audience at Pythian Hall, cor. Maine and Eleventh streets. Her discourse consisted of (by request), personal reminiscences of her mediumship, and the trials passed through before she arrived at her present standing as a test medium of undoubted ability. Her address was well received, and the numerous tests and clairvoyant descriptions generally recognized. She will hold seances every night while here.

Mrs. Lord is on her way to California, hoping the mild climate may restore her daughter to health. Miss Lord is quite delicate, and her mother fears our cold climate here. She will stop at Topeka, Denver, and other points of interest while visiting the West, and informs me that she is well pleased with the great interest she finds manifested in Spiritualism here in this city. She thinks this bids fair to be a grand place for spiritual unfoldment.

We find Mrs. Lord deserving all the praise bestowed on her by the press wherever she tarries long enough to be known, both as a lady and a medium. S. C. S.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 20.

*The Independent Traveler*, a neat, four-page sheet, comes to us from Dexter, Maine. Its editor, J. F. Nickerson, seems to be an independent minister, who persists in reading the Bible through his own glasses. We wish him success. And to show something of the tone of the paper, we select from it the following anecdote:

#### PERFECT TRUST.

Old Strout wouldn't work. He had perfect trust in God, and didn't worry from one meal to another. "God will provide," said he. A neighbor didn't endorse such faith; she said, "work and get." But old Strout had perfect trust, and could lie down in the child's cradle, and trust God to send in the dinner. Dinner came. "There," said he, "you see, I trust and it comes!" The disgusted neighbor said: "Go along with your miserable foolishness! We see your family in need through your laziness, and we pity them and help them. We cannot see them suffer; and you eat what we

bring in, and that is the long and short of your perfect trust in God, you miserable, lazy fellow!"

A NEW SOCIETY.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

We formed a society in this city, and dedicated our hall October 20th. We were so fortunate as to have the presence of Mrs. Maud Lord, the grand exponent of our philosophy, as a speaker. Not to disparage others, but she combines in herself both a speaker and demonstrator, qualities comparatively rare among us. Our society is called The Springfield Harmonical Society of Spiritualists.

The officers are: Frank Godley, *President*; Mrs. Sarah Gray, *Vice-President*; J. McGavin, *Secretary*; Helen Smith, *Treasurer*.  
J. MCGAVIN.

Springfield, Ill.

[We publish the above notice with pleasure, and wish the new society prosperity. — Ed.]

DON'T.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of Winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespear, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub anyone. Not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, right nor Christian.—*Christian Advocate*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

I have a distinct recollection as far back as 1816, of seeing my father standing on some high thing in an open barn, throwing down grain gradually for the natural wind to blow the chaff out of it; soon after seeing him lift the grain up and down before him in what they called a fan, a thing made of thin boards, some three feet long and shaped like a half moon—all before fanning-mills were thought of. Then

I think it was about 1820 when I saw the first fanning-mills, and oh, how tired I used to become turning the crank! How delighted I used to be, too, at the general muster, or when a camp-meeting would occur, which would be every few weeks all through the summer, in Ohio.

I remember hearing the Rev. James Finley, a Methodist minister, preach what was called the "still-house funeral," in 1825, and still-houses are not dead yet. About that time it was as much as one's reputation was worth to be known as a Jeffersonian republican, and Jefferson was yet living. I have heard old federalists spitefully say to them: "You are not republicans; you are *Jacobin democrats*;" but the republicans are proud of the nickname, *Democrats*, and have so honored it, that many do not know it is the same party, formed by the *great and noble* Jefferson.

Then how well do I remember being a soldier in the Black Hawk war, of 1832, carrying a flint and steel in my pocket, and fighting the Indians with flint locks; but procussion matches and caps were invented about that time.

Camp-meetings and revivals were then raging furiously, and many have I been decoyed to, and urged to pray, but never could feel that miraculous "change." I always refused to play the hypocrite.

About this time Gall's phrenology was much talked of. Before that, my dear brother James would contend with me as to which had the smallest head; after that it was which had the largest one. Next came mesmerism and daguerreotypes, when I began to prepare myself to believe almost anything.

How the awful flashes of hell fire have dropped off since the tiny rappings at Hydesville,—and what wonderful improvements in steam and electricity since my remembrance! But my greatest hope is, that we may never loose the grand principles laid down by Jefferson, Paine and Franklin.  
N. G. SAYLES.

A SCRIPTURAL PANORAMA.—The regular lecturer to the panorama being ill, his assistant behind the scenes, a Hibernian, officiated in the capacity one night. Lecturer: "This movin' scane, gintlemen and ladies, represints 'Danial in the Lions' Den.' This is Danial betwixt the lions." Auditor: "Be them wild lions or circus lions!" Lecturer: "I pity the ignorance of the like of yez, sor. This was B. C., before circuses."—*Texas Siftings*.

The meanest church organist lives in Philadelphia. He is all bent with age, and the other day, at the wedding of an antique Philadelphia belle, whom he knew many years before, he astonished everybody by playing a fantasia on the air, "When You and I Were Young."—*Boston Traveller*.

TOURIST: "An' now me letter of credit is cashed, can you direct me to some spot in this blasted country that will equal Pipe-weed-under-Tay-copse Herfordshire-heath, North Staffordshire, England, for a flip at a salmon?" Banker: "I seldom fish myself, but I understand that Mud Creek-over-against-Bill-Simmonse's-Mill-pond-Knox-county, over-the-left and under-suspicion-Maine, United States of America, four-hands-round, is fair sporting ground."

A HINT TO DUDES.

"This life is horwibly dull, Angelica," he observed, as he drew his seat closer to her. "I am boahed to death, I assuah you, 'pon honah."

"I am very sorry that you find life so."

"Ewvything is so beastly dull, yaw knaw; nothing going on."

"It is very sad."

"It is, I assuah you. I feel as if I had dwank the cup of life and got down to the dwegs. There seems to be nothing in the world to engage the mind."

"O, yes there is," she said with animation. "You go and hunt around and get the mind, and when you have found it come to me and I will suggest something that will engage it."

—*Boston Courier*.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

DECEMBER 1st AT ONE DOLLAR

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 suscriber when the time paid for is to expire.

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

CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us *seven dollars and fifty cents* 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.

## BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

## A COMMITTEE OF ONE.

After considerable reflection, and a consummation 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.

## ACCEPT THIS OFFER.

Mrs. H. N. Read, the well known medical clairvoyant, formerly of N. Y. City, is now located at No. 16 N. Ada St., Chicago, Ill. Any persons sending her three 2 ct. stamps, lock of hair, age, sex and leading symptom, will receive a diagnosis of their disease free.

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We have made arrangements with the publisher of the "Book of Algonah" to furnish our readers with the book at \$1.00 post paid, or for \$1.75 we will give the book and one year's subscription to LIGHT IN THE WEST. This will hold good only until October first.

The *Eastern Star* proposes to twinkle weekly,—not *weakly*,—before the new year. The editor is a live man, and deserves support.

The *Phrenological Journal and Science of Health* for November, with a sketch, and an admirable portrait of Edward S. Morse, President of The American Science Association; "George Elliot and Phrenology," "Familiar Talks with our young folks No. 11." "Thoughtful and Positive men" are interesting. Handwriting as indicative of character is considered

in No. 8 of the series. "Decline of population in rural Massachusetts" is a careful study. "Two Ancient Pharaohs" is a review of the recent discoveries and presents the mummy portraits of those historical personages. The late John Dugall editor of the *New York Witness* receives a kindly notice, with an excellent portrait. "Faculty in Animals" "Modern Sociology" "The press and public health" and "Value of Phrenology" are all good. "Suicide and Insanity" are considered by the Editor. "Our Mentor Bureau" is unusually rich in items of general interest. The publishers offer very liberal terms to immediate subscribers for 1887, \$2. per year, 20 cents per number. Fowler & Wells Co, Publishers, 753, Broadway, New York.

The *Southern Cultivator* for November is far ahead of any previous number. In a handsome new dress, printed on beautiful No. 1 S. and S. C. toned book paper, it is in typographic appearance the equal of any periodical in the Union, and in the character and arrangement of contents for our section it stands without a rival. See the table of contents.

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## SOCIETY DIRECTORY

Notices of Society Meetings will be inserted in this column at 25 cents for five lines, or less, each insertion, and for each additional line or part thereof.

## ST. LOUIS.

**Community Meetings** are held every Sunday at 7:30 P. M., in Paragon Hall, 215 N. Seventh St., for lectures and free discussion on Common Property, United Labor and equal Rights to all. The public are cordially invited to attend and participate—Seats free.

**A Medium's Meeting** will be held next Sunday evening, at half past seven o'clock, at 107 N. Eighth street.

## ILLINOIS.

The **Southern Lyceum** of Chicago meets every Sunday afternoon at Martine's Hall, N. W. Cor. 22nd St. and Indiana Ave., at 1:30 P.M. sharp.

## DIRECTORY COLUMN.

This column will be prominent and kept near to reading matter for purpose of making it a **READY REFERENCE** where persons can have their Name Address and short notice of business. Each Card will have space of one-half inch uniformly set in small type with the name only displayed. Rates: One-half inch inserted one time for \$1.50 six times \$6.00, 12 times \$10.00. one year \$15.00 payable monthly or quarterly in advance.

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## 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.

**ADVERTISERS** or others, who wish to examine this paper, or obtain estimates on advertising space when in Chicago, will find it on file at 45 to 49 Randolph St., the Advertising Agency of **LORD & THOMAS.**

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We most heartily commend the volume.—N.Y. Independent.

The plan is a most excellent one, and needs no commendation from any quarter.—Louisville Courier Journal.

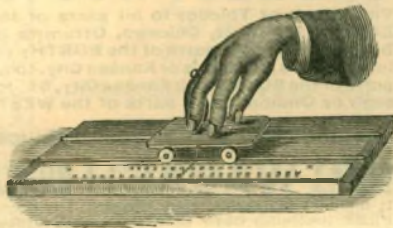
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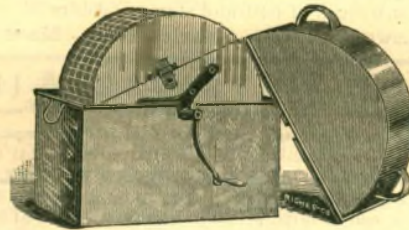
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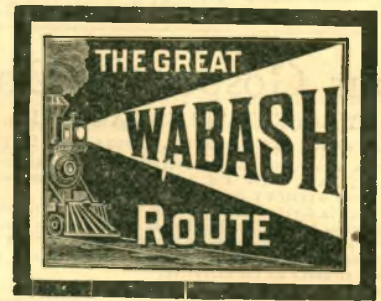
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