

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

VOL. VI. ST. LOUIS, MO., WEEKLY—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1886. NO. 32.

NOTICE.

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

WEEKLY

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

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

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

SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE.

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

Specimen copy sent free.

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

MONEY is at our risk ONLY when sent in St. Louis or New York Draft, Postal Note, Post Office Money Order, or (small amounts) in Registered letter, all payable to

SAMUEL ARCHER, Editorial & Business Manager,
314 CHESTNUT ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.

On last page see our notice of bound volume, including CHRISTMAS NUMBER of thirty-six pages.

Those having copies of our May 15th issue which they do not care to use, will confer a favor by sending them to us. Please write name of sender on wrapper.

THE love of country is the substructure of patriotism, and is the cement that must hold together the rising arch of the American Republic.

DEATH.

One reason why death has been so much feared is because the idea of annihilation has been attached to it. Another reason is fear of punishment, which seems to be implanted in the human soul. The beasts do not fear death; they only instinctively shrink from bodily pain. When the intelligent mind is brought to fully realize

what death is, and comprehend what are the consequences that follow it, then it will largely lose its terrors. Hence, we may ask, what is death?

Man is a two fold being. His natural body, which is composed of particles of inanimate matter, is but the temple in which dwells the spirit, the life, the *real man*. This spirit is not a material substance, so far as the eye or the sense of the man in our condition, which we call a state of nature, can perceive: but the body is a material substance and it does not nor never did live. The soul lives in the body and it penetrates every avenue and vivifies every particle of its substance, and this body seems to live; while, in reality, it is the soul that lives in it. The particles which compose the body are constantly changing. Every day the physical organism gathers from the food we eat and from the air we breathe new particles which take the places of others that have served their purposes and are changing form and passing back to their former elementary condition. In a former number of this paper we spoke of Life as being the eternal existence of the soul; now in reference to Death we would refer to the words of Longfellow in that immortal poem, "The Psalm of Life."

"Dust thou art, to dust returnest
Was not spoken of the soul."

The soul we cannot see; the body we do see, and when the soul leaves it, for the moment it is not changed one particle. It cannot move, think, hear, taste, smell nor see; yet in all its elements it is the same body as when the soul was its tenant: now it is lifeless. The form and features that we loved are cold and motionless. The eyes that beamed with intelligence and love are dull and still. The smile of recognition has passed from the face forever. Friends stand in the presence of this wonderful change with sad countenance, tears in the eyes, regrets in the

heart and love pervading the soul. If any thing could be accomplished which would prevent this dissolution of spirit and body, it would be done. Quickly would great sacrifices be made by friends for the loved one who is going down into the valley of the shadow of death. But no; the change must take place. Nature's work is ended. Its time has come and spirit must assume its higher sphere. Let us draw this veil called death aside and have our spirit eyes see more clearly the condition of the spirit after this change. The spirit withdraws from the temple of this body and it is at once in the wide expanse of spirit realm, where time and distance are no more to it. It enters a purer condition of life. The hindrances of the body, and those connected with what we call the state of nature are left behind. It is no wonder that any who do not believe that the spirit has an eternal existence shrink from death; neither do we wonder that the ignorant hope and believe that the elements composing the present body will be reunited in a reformed body, because that now they have no spiritual perception. The first denies a future existence and is blinded by that denial. The other has faith that there is a future existence; still he has, perhaps, but little knowledge of it, so his ignorance blinds him to the real condition of spirit life and to him it is a fear,— yes, even an awful terror at times.

Angels (spirits) have been appearing to man from the commencement of history, all down through the ages to the present, and telling him that spirit never dies and that his life here is but preparatory to, or rather formative of, his future condition; that then the soul's perceptions are quickened, its aspirations are elevated and its powers increased. Death of a person may be compared to the blooming of the rose. The bud reaches its complete size, then expands to a full blown rose,

radiant in beauty and fragrant with perfume: so man reaches the transformatory period called death, then suddenly the spirit leaves its casket body and expands to its higher or spirit condition, unfolding still as it lives on and on in life eternal. Such is death. Why should it be held in so much dread? It would not have so many terrors if we would get ourselves to fully comprehend what it is and also spend our lives here in accordance with the dictates of our conscience. To a guilty conscience death is a terror: to an approving conscience death is but the harbinger of enlarged happiness.

RICH AND POOR.

The poor man is crying out against monopoly; and especially are the Liberal and Spiritual elements demanding for the poor equal rights and privileges with the rich. Yet, it might be well to consider the other side of the question. Is the rich man alone to blame for the position he occupies? Does not a degree of blame rest with his poorer neighbors, who are always ready to bow to wealth, who teach their children that they are not dressed well enough to associate with those of the rich man?

People who inherit wealth do not understand the wants of the masses. They cannot realize the struggle for bread which the poor must make. With inherited wealth comes consequent ignorance of poverty and all that pertains thereto. With acquired wealth we would expect charity for the poorer brothers, by reason of the many trials passed through in the accumulation of that wealth. But far from it, instead of learning wisdom and mercy by the tight grip of poverty, too often the man who in time becomes rich, also in the years spent in amassing this money becomes miserly, and persons on the round of the ladder he has just left receive but scant sympathy; their only consolation being these words: I was as poor as you at one time, and got rich without anybody's help—you can do the same.

The poor man is, after all, his own worst enemy. Instead of growling at monopoly and the numerous ills accruing therefrom, let him be sure he does not some time become one of those same monopolists—let us reason together and see if the rich are not in a manner held in their position by the poor. For instance, persons of wealth who are kind and gentle with all, wish their children to visit with those of their poorer neighbors, that they

may learn of both sides of life. But here steps in the pride of the poor man, and especially the mother with the plea: You cannot visit Mrs. A's children, your clothes are not fit,—thus impressing servility on the tender hearts of children. They naturally would consider their clothing, if neat and clean, no matter how coarse in quality, fit to associate with anyone; but the parents, by a few injudicious and rancorous words, can change this and turn their thoughts into another channel, in which envy will gradually begin to burn.

While we admit the innumerable wrongs in this world, and the unequal division generally, we cannot say that the poor are free from blame for this deplorable state of affairs. The principle of anarchy will never remove the cause,—it lies with the poor man himself. It is more than a century since the Declaration of Independence was written in blood, yet the spirit of lord and servant has not yet been entirely obliterated. Wealth seems to have a certain dignity which the poor will bow to; and until the poor can learn to come into the presence of the rich with as much hauteur and assurance as in the company of one of his own associates, just so long will riches override poverty. Let all teach their children self-reliance,—how to live right, act right—and if they should in time accumulate wealth, there will be no seed there from which to form a monopolist or a company for the purpose of monopoly. Their hearts have been right in the past, and will be in the right place in the future. Sword, flame and shot will never right a wrong. The weaker party may be subdued by force, but the fire smoulders there yet,—a spark to be fanned into a blaze at a moment's notice. Quarreling never united two in the world, and never will. Commence with the children; teach them the right way, for they form the society of the future—some rich and some poor, but this will make no difference if the heart is right; the barrier will be put aside, and Monopoly and Anti-Monopoly be things of the past.

An incident comes to our mind which will bear relating. A play was announced in a small village by a good company. The title was: "Monopoly vs. Labor." The scene, a mining town, miners, laborers, and finely dressed men representing the company, etc. etc. But the most thrilling scene was a double one. A fly divided the stage in the center, and on one side was a richly furnished room; a gentleman in evening dress was idly lounging

in a velvet covered chair, reading and smoking; a colored servant enters with a tray of refreshments,—all making a scene of luxury and enjoyment. On the other side, what a contrast! A poorly furnished room, one chair, pine table, broken stove, a few cracked cups and saucers on the table, and, pitiful sight! a woman in rags, a babe in her arms, and two small children holding the skirts of her dress, begging for a bite to eat. On the table a tallow candle was stuck into a pint whiskey flask, while another bottle of the same kind lay on the floor, telling its own story! Plenty of work at good wages, if the company did make a big per cent. But those empty bottles were mute whispers as to where the greater part of the earnings went.

When both rich and poor learn charity's law and obey it, monopolies will cease to exist. A man is the same whether in palace or hovel; his aspirations are the same, and it depends on his moral development alone, whether he is demon or angel. The persons crying out the loudest at the present against monopoly are too often the very ones, when chance places them above their neighbor, to let that neighbor feel the force of monopoly in a severe way. Let each one see to it, then, that he does not overlook the beam in his own eye, when casting out the mote in his brother's.

For Light in the West.

INSPIRATION.

BY MRS. M. L. MCGINDLEY.

In passages the great mass of the scientists who studied the elements which constitute the intellectual faculties, imputed human reason and general intelligence to the exercise of what has been denominated as the five senses. This materialistic doctrine in no manner contemplated inspiration of any character as an adjunct, or as an agent in either the creation or modification of thought; hence, it was maintained, that intelligence of every character emanated alone from the exercise of what they regarded as the fixed component parts of the human mind. It has also been almost universally claimed by scientists, and more especially the clergy, that animals were destitute of reason and were governed by instinct alone, which marked a palpable distinction between the animal and the human.

The progress of intellectual development and the extension of free thought has in modern times caused even the clergy

to modify their views to some extent in this regard, while advanced investigators, including Darwin and Huxley, have not only shown and demonstrated beyond all question that animals possess reason, and the elements of such intelligence as is manifested by mankind, but have conclusively shown the fallacy of former formulated views and doctrines touching the framework of the mind. The divergence, however, from the old views is seen more distinctly from the teachings of that grand galaxy of philosophers and thinkers who have during this generation so wonderfully contributed to the dissemination of practical knowledge, which has in such a remarkable ratio produced in every department of life the phenomenal progression which causes the civilized world to march so steadily forward in all that tends to create wealth, and to spread happiness and universal intelligence.

As above indicated the erroneous position, or belief, as to the origin of thought and reflection has greatly yielded to the true and rational assumption, that an occult force or inspiration is one of the leading factors in the manifestation of all intellectuality, and is exhibited according to temperament, cultivation and personal habits and occupation of each individual, and that what is called great genius is simply a phenomenal exhibition of inspiration. These conclusions were partially reached by the enlightened nations of antiquity, as portrayed and illustrated in their literature, art and discoveries.

The unrivaled poetry of Homer and Virgil, and, in fact, all that splendid retinue of writers of both prose and poetry who rendered Greece and Rome immortal through the exhibition of unparalleled genius during the thousand years next preceding the Christian era, aptly illustrate our position; while those unrivaled works of art which adorned Athens and Rome as well as other cities of antiquity during that period conclusively prove that a lofty inspiration characterized the people during that grand civilization. It is safe to assume, that inspiration has been the handmaiden of the rational intelligence which in all ages has propelled the car of enlightenment and true progression as seen in physical science, utilitarian discoveries, oratory, painting, music, sculpture, poetry, architecture and general literature.

It has also been almost universally believed that certain so-called holy books were written by persons under the direct

inspiration of God; that such inspired writings were thus furnished as a guide for the control and government of the race; that such sacred works were infallible in their teachings, and that it was a mortal sin to disobey their mandates, or to even question or doubt their verity. Such books have been numerous, and have generally furnished the basis for the government of all nations in every age. The Hebrew Scriptures, and the Roman and Grecian Mythology, the teachings of Zoroaster, Confucius, Jesus and Mahomet, exhibit the truth of this assumption. Nor can it be successfully shown that inspiration of a really high order did not contribute in the creation of those religious systems, they having been adapted by reason of their flexibility to the respective peoples that they guided and governed from generation to generation. It is, however, evident that the inspiration that produced the religious books and systems above referred to was necessarily of an imperfect character, owing to the defective intellectual development of their authors and interpreters, and that such systems are not adapted to this enlightened age; for it seems clear, that inspiration can only be manifested in the ratio that mankind advance in intellectuality.

Nevertheless, we maintain that extraordinary inspiration has been specially manifested in different periods when peoples and nations in the process of evolution were prepared to make a general advance upon the pathway of progress; that all the religious systems above specified illustrate this truth; and inasmuch as all of the old religious systems had become unsuited to a true philosophical civilization, the advent of Modern Spiritualism was a necessary and natural result.

The advent of that grand exhibition of advancing evolution as was seen in the palpable manifestations of angelic power concluded ages of mental darkness and priestly tyranny and marked an era the fruits of which are now witnessed upon every hand, in intellectual unfoldment, and unprecedented discoveries in science, and in all those departments of usefulness which produce enlightenment, refinement, liberty, and vast material development.

Since 1848, astronomy has been a practical science through which reliable knowledge has been obtained as to the composition of the members of our solar system, and almost numberless stars in our firmament. Biology has been reduced to such system as enables investigators to trace

life in its mutations almost from the molecule to the highest developed human. Geology has been aggregated into such systematic combinations as to exhibit the progress of the earth in its mutations from incandescent matter to its present wonderful complex condition; thus fully demonstrating the falsity and absurdity of the Mosaic account of creation. Chemistry has brought into the varied forms of usefulness the wonderful agent, electricity, which has become a remedial factor in the treatment of many of the diseases to which mankind are subjected, which transmits the voice through the wonderful telephone, and which flashes with lightning rapidity to the remotest parts of the earth the concerns of individuals, and the diplomacy of the nations. Indeed, since the time above indicated a perfect thunder of discoveries have propelled meteoric showers of phenomenal intelligence throughout the civilized world, thus advancing mankind to its present unprecedented condition. Who will claim that these marvelous results are simply the fruits of thoughts, emanating from what is denominated the five senses, or from a natural development of the intellectual faculties exclusive of occult force or inspiration? It would seem, that no impartial, reflective mind could doubt the potency of inspiration in the vast panorama of human activity; as in the ages when seraphic poesy was reflected in enchanting strains by the bard seated high in hall, and supplemented with the music of the immortal lyre which stimulated to deeds of valor and chivalry a race whose fame will extend along down the corridors of time, by reason of a holy inspiration, producing deeds of moral and intellectual greatness as exhibited in every field of worth and renown.

In like manner, and in more potent and powerful degrees, have the spirits of past ages brought their resplendent gifts. Since the coming of those sublime spiritual heralds in this era, endowing the race with that God-like inspiration which has stimulated and guided the men and women of this generation, through which that universal march of mankind, as above indicated, has been secured. Nor has the majestic power been checked or retarded; but the spiritualistic influence thus displayed will from year to year win new triumphs until the last vestige of religious orthodoxy is overthrown, priestly tyranny subdued, the education of all mankind secured, poverty and crime rationally provided for, and liberty and happiness for the race assured.

O TELL ME NOT OF HEAVENLY HALLS.

O tell me not of heavenly halls,
Of streets of pearl and gates of gold,
Where angel unto angel calls
'Mid splendors of the sky untold.

My homesick heart would backward turn
To find this dear, familiar earth.
To watch its sacred hearth-fires burn,
To catch its songs of care and mirth.

I'd lean from out the heavenly choir
To hear once more the red cock crow,
What time the morning's rosy fire
O'er hill and field began to glow.

To hear the ripple of the rain,
The summer waves at ocean's brim,
To hear the sparrow sing again
I'd quit the wide-eyed cherubim!

I care not what heaven's glories are!
Content am I. More joy it brings
To watch the dandelion's star
Then mystic Saturn's golden rings.

And yet, and yet—O dearest one,
My comfort from life's earliest breath,
To follow thee where thou art gone,
Through these dim, awful gates of Death—
To find thee—feel thy smile again,
To have Eternity's long day
To tell my grateful love—why, then,
Both heaven and earth might pass away!

—*Thaxter.*

Transcribed for Light in the West.

INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S.

NOVEMBER, 1, 1884.—The band will consider the thoughts of those who seek to reduce the communion of spirits to their own rules:—

When spirits commune with mortals they consider the bent of the medium's mind and the capabilities of giving expression to all the thoughts. Some must be mesmerized and placed in trance, bringing the articulating powers under the control of the mesmerizer; the medium being totally unconscious while under that influence. Others never lose their own consciousness; in that case we can only inspire thoughts and let the mediums use their own words. In the case of this medium we can use magnetic power to control the pencil instilling thoughts and mostly guiding the expressions. It would be tedious to enumerate the various methods by which mediums are controlled, as few are exactly alike, and the methods must be adapted to each one's peculiarities. A few may be classified as trance, writing, test, etc., but the great bulk of evidences given by spirit power cannot be classed.

It is well to endeavor to gain knowledge on any subject brought before the mind; but when mortals try to understand that which the mortal mind cannot clearly

comprehend, they are likely to run into speculations, leading away from the truth, and self-sufficiency will cause them to brand all that does not coincide with their ideas as chimerical or useless. Little, trifling circumstances in themselves have aroused in some minds long trains of thought, which have resulted in bringing precious truths to the notice of man. We are glad to find many minds ready to investigate this truth, but we would warn against being too dogmatic. Let them have sufficient humility to believe there are states of existence which must ever remain a mystery to the ken of man. But after the transit into the true life the method of control will be clearly understood and practiced.

NOVEMBER 8, 1884.—The thoughts will attend to the subject of evidence given of spirit control:

To the dwellers in spirit life it is an interesting spectacle to witness the activity prevailing among spirits to prove to mortals the close relations between the states earthly and spiritual, not confined to any belief. Wherever there is a human creature there loving spirits are ready to watch, to warn and finally to receive the soul when freed from the mortal shell and who in their turn revisit the scenes of earth life, endeavoring to impress those still in the body with their presence. As each and every mortal possesses a spirit nature, so each individual is related to us in spirit life, be their earthly circumstances what they may; civilized or savage, believing in communion or not; domiciled in the east or the west; far north or far south; on the isles of the ocean, or traversing the mighty deep, not a soul can be forgotten. Could man realize his own spiritual nature and destiny he would carefully watch for the instructions given through this communion, and regulate his thoughts, conduct, and whole deportment, in accordance with a due preparation for the future that awaits him. We are; pleased to find so many minds taking an interest in this subject. We hope it will lead to the elevation of thousands. It recommends itself to the observation of mankind, for there are few individuals who have not at some time had experience they could not account for,—strange impressions, sometimes warning of danger, sights and sounds that would startle. All these evidences are given to raise man from the apathy with which he regards his spiritual interests. To those who believe the evidences continually transpiring are conclusive, and the happiness of

such communion in earth life prepares the soul to appreciate and enjoy the glorious blessings in reserve for them.

Answer to a question by W. J. Colville:—

QUESTION:—Are mediums naturally born so, or have they to be developed?

Mediumship is a natural gift and development can be no more than the means of its unfoldment or expression; it cannot be created or manufactured, though of course certain conditions are peculiarly favorable for its exercise. Mediumship in children should be recognized and encouraged, and in the family of every Spiritualist home circles should be a regular institution. We know of many persons considered insane whose only affliction is distorted or misunderstood mediumistic endowment. We do not advocate promiscuous seances and would urge the avoidance of all levity and curiosity-seeking in connection with Spiritualism. Home circles for development of natural spiritual gifts should be carefully conducted in every household, and when such is the case there will be little room for scandal and little lack of satisfactory evidence of spirit communion. Like all natural endowments spiritual gifts can be brought out and encouraged in a congenial atmosphere, and by a congenial atmosphere we mean never profaned by the introduction of base or idle wishes. The family circle should be the family altar and the mediums who develop at the fireside should be held as sacred as ever were priests or oracles of old. Do not strive to force phenomena; do not permit over anxiety to destroy the mental calm so conducive to the best results; let there be no lack of confidence in each other, and under no circumstances strive to arrest the easy flow of whatever may come. Remember that oftentimes the earlier developments of mediumship are crude and imperfect, and when mistakes occur do not attribute them to deception, either on the part of spirit or medium, but as in the case of every delicate machine unaccustomed to working it may make many mistakes quite unintentionally; so in the earlier stages of communication your spirit friends may fail to give perfect form to their communications. Truth, like gold, does not always reach you separate from alloy; it is for you by diligent study to eliminate the precious ore from its environment, and the task of doing so will prove a salutary exercise, accustoming you to use your native powers of discrimination.

THE AUTO-DA-FE.

It is Sunday, the favorite day for the *auto-da-fe*. The morning is only breaking; only one half of the sun's red disc is seen, as yet, above the horizon. The radiance of the east is lying in faint and partial rays across the penumbral landscape. The pines nod on the hills, and the morning light shakes and shimmers on the white crests

of the sea. The sparrows chirm, and the peasant stalks from his hut in the field, from the thatch roof of which a wreath of blue smoke is curling up into the air.

From afar there comes the muffled sound of crowing of cocks and the barking of dogs; and the breeze is redolent of dewy fields and opening rose-buds. Man's world is beautiful, and suggestive of a holy and elevated life. But the day dawns, and we find that man's beautiful world has been cursed with the nightmare of a Christ, and that man, in his devout delirium, turns his "Earthly Paradise" into hell, and, in god madness, imbrues his hands in the blood of his brother.

Mutilated out of human shape, haggard and swollen from the torture-room, the condemned heretic is led out to the *auto-da-fe*. His eyes, bleared and wild from the dungeon, blink impotently in the glare of the torch that is to light the fagots at the stake where he will shortly shrivel up in the fire, because he entertained, or was supposed to entertain, some doctrinal opinion a hair-breadth wrong about that irrepressible and terrible Jesus.—*Saladin*

OH YE MOURNERS.

Much of the sorrow of the living grows out of mourning for the dead; when in fact, there are no dead: but the large proportion of humanity treat them as such. Even the church member, who believes in the immortality of the soul does not seem to realize that his loved ones are not dead, and if he thinks of them at all as living, it is as being in some far off place, where they are so taken up with singing praises to God and Jesus Christ, that they have no time or inclination to come back to earth to minister to those they have left disconsolate and heartbroken. The church members are so educated into that idea, that if we ask them if they would not, (if it were possible,) like to commune with their loved, and to them, for the time at least, lost ones, they will tell you: "Oh, I would not have them come back for the world; and don't you know there is a great gulf fixed between that world and this?" When in point of fact the only gulf there is, is the one he has fixed himself by refusing to believe that they can come back, thus turning his back upon his dear ones, who may be waiting at the door of his heart.

Suppose some one that you loved as you do your own life went away to some far country, and after a time came back; but because that person did not come back in

just the guise that you thought they should, and you should either not recognise them, or would not take the trouble to find out, don't you think that friend would be grieved to the heart, and would go away sorrowful? Just so is it with the loved ones who have crossed the river of death. They have not gone afar off, but are close by your side, only as you repulse them by unbelief.

The spirit world is all around you, and the heaven of the mother who has been taken from her child is not away in some far off place, but is close by that child's side to aid it with her magnetism and sympathy, and to influence if possible those who have the charge of it to be kind to, and bring it up in the way it should go, but all this is interfered with by the scepticism and unbelief of those left behind, and all because priestcraft says, "The door between the spirit and the natural world is closed, and God does not permit any intercourse between the two." How unjust that would be on the part of God, to place a barrier between two hearts that were as one, and to separate the child from the sympathy of the mother! Far be that from Thee, O God. The door is open, but alas, too many in their ignorance refuse to take advantage of it and go around all the remainder of their lives, complaining and in tears, that their loved ones are lost to them; while if they would use the proper means they could commune with them every day, if not every hour in the day.

Ah! what a pleasure is lost to those on both sides of the line of the change called death, and all from the ignorance, superstition and misdirection of those who are creed bound, who have eyes but will not see, ears but will not hear.

How much pleasure might be attained, how much suffering might be avoided, if people would throw aside their prejudices and investigate the truth when it is presented to them. But, no; they will rather hug to their bosom the myths and dogmas of the past that are filled with gloom in the present and forebodings of the future that makes man the puppet of an angry God, instead of the creature of His love and care.

O, when will humanity learn to think and act for themselves, rather than to be led by false teachers, that know not the way and the truth, that when you ask for bread give you a stone, and when you ask for fish, give you a serpent?

Do not be deceived; there is no worse world than this. This is the primary,

rudimental sphere; this is the starting point in man's conscious existence, and from here it is onward and upward forever. But to those who would win in the race, we would say, Be careful that you fill out the measure of your existence in the sphere in which you are with good and not evil deeds, for 'as ye sow, so shall ye also reap; as ye lie down, so shall ye also rise up, and with whatsoever measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.' Life is continuous, and though you may shed your outer coat, the man is still there, and will be held accountable for the 'deeds done in the body,' not only those of commission, but of omission. Neglected opportunities, while they may not cause suffering as poignant as crimes committed, still they will fill the soul with regrets that it may take long time to efface.

Look to it then, that you do not enter the other world with a libel upon God fastened upon your brain, charging Him with all sorts of deeds of hatred and vengeance, committed against humanity, when it will be found He is a God of love and not of vengeance; a God of beneficence and not of hate; a God of infinite order and not of confusion; a God who does not need to repent of what He has done; a God who makes no mistakes and then has to rectify them with miracles; a God whose attributes should call forth nothing but love and adoration from his children, instead of fear and dread as of some cruel tyrant.

How much happier will the world be, when all the misconceptions and dogmas that now hold up God as a jealous and unforgiving Being are swept away. How joy and hope will mantle the brow of humanity, instead of fear and the look of despair as now.

How the death bed which now rends the hearts of the living and the dead will become a place of hope, if not of joy, to know that the sufferer is freed from pain and is not lost or gone on a long journey, but is here and ever present with us, and ready to minister to our wants, and soothe our fevered brow, with a love that far transcends that of earth. O, how much of happiness is lost that might be had, only for the dark pall of ignorance and superstition that hangs over the world, shutting out the light.

But the light of God's eternal truth is growing stronger and stronger, and will ere long shine forth so clear that it cannot be misunderstood; and it will not be necessary for one to say to another, "Know ye the Lord," which is truth, for 'all shall

know it from the least to the greatest.'

See, the light is breaking from God's eternal throne,
And there is no mistaking the truth by every one. B.

Newark Call: It is remarked of Newark young men now-a-days that they show a decided determination to stand by the churches—particularly at the hour when the girls are coming out to be escorted home.

WAR.

"Happy," said Montesquieu, "is the nation whose annals are written in sand,"—that is, in peace. If this sentiment were to be the keynote of my paper, the paper would not be written. Man is the product of war; war against claws, fangs, stings, jungles. His life is the price of war against weeds, brambles, insects, microbes and the elements. In his first term of school life his teacher was the jungle. It was well for him if his strong club was matched against a stronger paw. The Australian fought against the weak and silly Marenpiol and what is he? The weakest and most silly savage on the globe. The Zulu fought against behemoths, tigers, lions, and what is he? Look at a photograph of Cetiwayo. It is the image of a huge man-animal with thews and sinews like the brinded tiger. In Greek fable those who warred against cranes were pigmies. To see what man is you must see what is behind him. I have a friend who is a naturalist and who studies nature sometimes in Florida. Troup stood one day on the deck of a little steamer on the upper St. Johns, and saw a fish gobble up another fish. He saw a hawk swoop down and catch that fish. He saw a "water-turkey" swoop down on the hawk, and an alligator snap at the water-turkey. He shot the alligator. The fish was watching for the other fish. The hawk was watching for that fish. The water-turkey was watching for the hawk. The alligator was watching for the water-bird. Troup was watching for the alligator. I am afraid the devil was watching for Troup. Here was nature in full cycle.

"Some day philosophy no doubt
A better world will bring about;
Till then, the old, a little longer,
Must blunder on through war and hunger."

If man stood in no genetic connection with this toothed and clawed world behind him, the apothegm of Montesquieu might stand as good scripture. But there is a wiser saying on a page of Darwin,—“All the past is in man, ready at any hour to break out into action.” The child chases the butterfly. The boy pelts the frog. The President angles for the fish. It is in us; all that is below is in us. Even Israel's

Jehovah was a man of war. "Blessed be Jehovah who teacheth my arms to war and my fingers to fight." "There was war in heaven." Mormon commentaries on this text tell us that Satan, whose name at that time was Lucifer, was generalissimo of the celestial armies. He lost a battle, and in this theology, hell is simply one of the fortunes of war. Better men than the Mormons have taught that earth-hell has been an incident of war. I think, rather, that war has led heavenward.

When the President goes fishing he does not delight in the lazy sucker which lies on the mud with a dull eye and sluggish fins, with energy just enough to take the bait, but not to resist the pull which will land him on the shore. He wants a fish whose eyes are aglare, who darts at the bait, who fights, leaps, plunges, bends the pole and yields only with the ebb of life. It was such a fish, and not a lazy, peaceful mud-fish, that rose with reptile, bird, mammal. It was such a fish, if any, that listened to the preaching of St. Anthony, and with proper piscatorial ritual expressed its determination to lead a better life. It was such a fish, if any, that headed the exhortation of Rouse's psalm:

"Up from the deep
Ye codlings peep
And wag your tails about."

It is such a fish which, if a reform is ever inaugurated in the waters, will take the lead.

The tribes which Cæsar found most warlike in Germany were the ancestors of Luther, Humboldt, Helmholtz, Hæckel. The only savage tribe which science finds to-day potential of civilization is the war-loving Caffre. If the negroes of San Domingo had kept the martial spirit infused into them by Toussaint, we would not hear so much to-day about their Voodooism and cannibalism. I like Goliath walking out full panoplied and defying the armies of Israel. I like the young David taking a stone from his bag and slinging it into Goliath's head. I like Cæsar writing that immortal *veni, vidi, vici*. I like not Pompey sitting in his palace and admiring that pictured togo,—"*Pompecius togulam pictam illam silentio tuebar suam.*" Man rose out of nature by war, and by war he rose from the shaggy brute-man to man. "*Arma virumque*"—every poet who has sung of the pilgrimage of man has sung arms and the man. God knows that Adam always was bad enough, but what a "poor stick" he must have been before the coming of Eve! One of the church fathers wrote a cometary on the necessity which

had risen, unforseen, for the creation of Eve. Adam was worthless. He was a "bad lot." The only hope of any outcome was to antagonize him. The learned father shows that the word *negendo*, translated *for*, means *over against*. Woman, according to this man of God, is a helpmeet to man by being over against him, an antagonism to call out his virtue. What was Socrates before Xantippe came *negendo!* right up over against him with a slop pail!

What was Greece before the Trojan War? What were Priam and Hector? What were the Jews before they fought the Persians? They were fit for nothing but to worship calves and snakes until they were soundly flogged and carried away captive. Isaiah rose after Samaria fell, and while Sennacherib was thundering at the walls of Jerusalem. Not in piping times of peace, but amid the blare of trumpets did the religion of Israel become ethical.

The wars of the Heptarchy, which Milton compared to the wars of kites and crows, did but little to make England. It was the Norman invasion, a decimating war, which made England, and the Civil War, cutting deep, which reformed her.

It was wise in the American colonies to rebel against England. It was wise in England to try to subdue the colonies. The world must be taught that it is a serious thing to try to change a government.

The least good of all wars is a civil war. We begin to see our own in the perspective of history. If you were to ask the publishers of higher literature, ask the best men of letters and men of science when the work of their brains was in most demand, they would tell you during our civil war. The mind of the nation was quickened. Men were reading the best thoughts of the highest thinkers. They were thronging the lyceums, warmed by the inspiration of the best speakers. They forgot to be stupid and sordid. Never had the nation known such mental activity and moral heroism.

What are we now in these piping times of peace and plenty? The public mind is asleep. The lyceum is dead. Publishers will tell you that they are afraid of anything high or severe. If the *Index* or *Science Monthly* were to lower its tone it would greatly enlarge its constituency. I read one of the great dailies of Chicago during the session of the American Association at Buffalo. Not an issue had more than a paragraph devoted to the Association, while column after column was given

up to base-ball clubs, horse-races, and society gossip and scandal. Last winter I passed a few days with a friend in a sleepy village of southern Ohio. Sam Jones had just closed his "labors" in Cincinnati, and the villagers had no longer as staple for conversation the silly slang of the "Georgia Cracker." My friend told me that then their diversion was to meet in a certain store, and report each to the others, how many eggs his hens had laid the day before! And this is village life to-day! Moody, Sankey, Rev. Rip Van Roarer, Sam Jones,—cackling hens! The mind is asleep. The novel-reader is satisfied with Howells, the religionist with Jones, the average "liberal" with Truth Seeker, and the average reader of a country paper, with such an able editorial as this which I see in a paper that lies before me: "The beautiful Miss Bertie Bell of this place, Sundayed last week with the accomplished Miss Luck, of Jonesville."

Red Jacket, the Indian orator, has a name which in his own language meant, "He who wakes them up." Who shall wake up a people long lulled in the arms of peace? Milton sang of strains "which might create a soul under the ribs of death." What lyre can quicken a soul under the ribs of this death? What did wake us up was the red jacket of war. What did create a soul was the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

There is one way to help the hare lip. It is to cut to the bone, and cut and scrap and pierce the osseous indolence till it quickens into growth. A nation tends too much to ossification. War is the heroic surgery which rouses it into better doing than bone-making. The old Greek name of physician was "Extractor of Darts." He who threw the dart was as much a physician as he who cut it out. He prevented premature ossification and arrest of growth. Sparta rose to civilization, first of the states of Greece, because she was first to excel in military discipline.

I know that the highest type of man is he who takes the pugnacity he inherited from the jungle and makes it war against wrong thinking and evil doing. But Luther would never have thrown his inkstand at the devil if some ancestor of his had not thrown his spear at a Jute, or Saxon or Frisean. The qualities which make the moral hero have their root in the boomerang, the sling, the spear, the catapult and big-throated cannon. "First the natural, then the spiritual." This jungle-stuff cannot yet be sublimated into moral heroism.

Blessing coming too soon, is bane in disguise.

The Chinese invented an alphabet while their language was in monosyllables, and the result was that the language, reduced to writing too soon, was struck dead, and the mind which spoke it withered into rigidity. A people may beat its swords into pruning hooks too soon. When we the American people, shall be as eager for the last word of scholarship on our bibles, and the last word of science on our earth and our bodies, as we are for the last breath of a scandal; when the proceedings of a science association shall fill as large a space in our public prints as a base-ball club; when a thinker like Spencer shall fill as large a place in the public mind as a slugger like Sullivan; then, if other peoples have marched with the same step, then we may dismantle our forts and learn war no more. The education which shall emancipate us from war is not yet coming through our schools and colleges. It is a point wisely made by Matthew Arnold against the German scholars that their critical judgment is impaired by lack of contact with affairs. Socrates was a better philosopher from his contact with affairs in a Greek camp. Emerson would have been a better philosopher if in early life he had carried a musket. Some day, no doubt, when war and

"Philosophy a better world shall bring about," the school, the college, the mills and marts of trade will be the sufficient teachers of the race; but we are still at school under the rod of war. Gideon had trouble with the men of Succoth, and "he took thorns and briars of the wilderness (cactus) and taught the men of Succoth." I have no doubt the instruction was salutary.

We are not yet out of the wilderness. Men of Succoth are the aggregate of Christian nations to-day. Spiky rods and whips of cactus are still their teachers.

The gates of Eden, which Tennyson sang as "distant gates," it is given to our prophetic vision to see gleaming in the distance. Thither, through devious paths, our feet are tending. Torn they will be by brambles, speared by cactus, clawed by pard and panther which still crouch in their old jungle, the human heart, but it were atheism to doubt they will enter the pearly gates at last. Then our museums may hold the tattered banners, the rusted swords, the silent cannon memorials of a time when men, half akin to brutes, warred on bodies of men. But peace will never be. Bannered and sworded men

will be for other combat. Paul never wielded a Damascus blade against his fellowmen, but he fought nobly against his fellow Paul. The old man will always rise in rebellion against the new. As long as there is insubordination of passion to reason, of the flesh to the spirit, so long will man be at war, so long will the Michal fight against the Satan.

—W. D. GUNNING in Boston Index.

For Light in the West.

PLANCHETTE.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

"Somebody" sighed when I sang last night
That frivolous little canzonet;
And he fluttered the music from *left to right*,
Now, what did "somebody mean, Planchette?
He says he likes fun-loving girls,
With midnight orbs and coils of jet,
But I *heard* him praise Marie's golden curls—
Did he mean what he said? Come! answer,
Planchette.

Can you tell us whose eyes he loves the best?
"Yes?" Well, then, like a darling, *do!*
Tell us what color; and mind, no jest—
Oh, naughty Planchette, you've written "*blue!*"
Blue to match with the curls of gold—
And the name, you've not written it yet;
Write in letters straight, plain and bold—
"M"—now don't you mean "C," Planchette?

Nellie, you're pushing the board, I know,
Making it write such impossible things;
It moves so unsteadily, moves so slow
Under the weight of your diamond rings.
"No, she is not!" O, you funny Planchette,
How could you hear that light whisper, pray?
But answer one question before I forget—
Does "somebody" love "La Belle Claire"?
just say.

"Marie"—*take care* what you write, Planchette,
Belle Claire owns no rival about *her* throne!
If "somebody's" love has a shade of regret
For some other, don't hesitate; let it be known.
"Mar-ie—M—Marie"—you're trifling, Plan-
chette,—

"Marie is loving—but Belle Claire—is-cold—
Somebody loves not—the tresses—of jet—
And his heart—is entangled in—curls of—gold."

Why, little Marie, don't tremble so;
If "somebody" only could see that blush!
And Planchette is only a humbug, you know,
And all that it says, there, is not worth—*s-sh-*
hush!

Planchette is writing again; "Belle Claire
Under the laughter is hiding a pain;
On her beautiful lips curls the scorn of despair—
For she loved—for she loved—and she loved in
vain"!

There, now, I'm *angry* with you, Planchette;
You are writing such silly, nonsensical things!
'Tis only a wild bird escaped from the net,
Before I had clipped his inconstant wings.
But a shadow steals up in the moonlight there
On the porch where Marie, the little coquette,
Sits alone; and it bends o'er her golden hair—
Well, I guess you are right, you provoking
Planchette!

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shriveled and old!
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'erbold.
Only a woman, forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church-door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of its music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster—
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter but not for the poor,
Swingeth wide open the bronze church-door.

Only a woman, waiting alone,
Icily cold on an ice cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her—
Giving not bread for a stone.
Under rich laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman. In the old days
Hope caroled to her the happiest lays;
Somebody missed her;
Somebody kissed her;
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battle of life
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart, where the death-shadows are.
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair;
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door!

KARL KEPPELSTANE'S BOOKS.

BY MINNIE C. BALLARD.

Many years ago, in Germany, that land of scholars wise and unwise, there lived an old professor, Karl Kepplestane by name. A miser he was, but the treasures he hoarded were not silver and gold; not jewels, and silks and precious stones, not even bonds and stocks,—but books, ever books. Old books and new books; books small, and large; books pious, books foolish, books learned; books, books, books! of all sorts and conditions, an ever growing store, and as carefully tended as a mother tends a weaning child. Old Karl fairly worshiped those books; for them he sacrificed home, friends, ambition,—and, the gossips whispered—love.

It is true in his early years he had once loved a beautiful maiden, but his books had stood in the way, and so for them, and through them his love for the girl died out, and after some years of hopeless waiting for its rekindling, she had married a more devoted and less learned lover. The professor, now freed, gave himself wholly up to his precious volumes. He studied them by day, he dreamed of them

by night, and strange as it may seem, this intense affection began at last to work an effect upon the books themselves. As the old man loved them more and more every day, more and more of his life passed into them, and they grew living and sentient.

He fed upon them and they in their turn fed upon him. They assimilated every hour, for he seldom left them. No aspiring youth, no eager thirster after knowledge ever drew help or inspiration from old Karl's store. A gruff refusal met each and every borrower. The books stayed in their places on their capacious shelves and every day they grew more like their master, and he more like them.

At last, one morning he was missing. No one knew where. Some neighbors crossed themselves and said, Diabolus has carried him away, for his taciturnity and miserly habits had made him much disliked; but others, and the greater part, said, "No, his books have destroyed him; they absorbed him body and soul." However it was, old Karl was never seen again, and after many days the State took possession of his effects.

No heirs were found, and as Karl had never thought any man or woman, any college or institution of learning in the land worthy to possess his precious books, they were now advertised for sale by the owner of the building where they were stored, in lieu of rent, due him he said.

Whether this were true or not, the books did not find ready purchasers; the ignorance and superstition of that portion of the country was great, and the peasants said, "No, we might be buying the old man's soul, or we might be unconsciously harboring his murderers. We will have nothing to do with them."

Finally from a distant part of the same town came another old professor, and after critically examining the volumes, he made an extensive purchase. Carefully packed, the books were carried to their new home and placed by the professor's own hands on the shelves prepared for them.

It was late in the evening when the task was accomplished, and well pleased with his labors, the professor retired for the night. Rising early in the morning, his first thought was of his new acquisitions. Hastening to take a fond look at them as a lover might at his sleeping bride, what was his dismay to find them all utterly vanished! Empty and bare stood the shelves, as empty and bare as though the

art of printing had still slumbered in the brain of a Guttenburgh or a Faust.

"Some thief has stolen them," said the professor, "some vile thief," and without more ado he hastened townward, to complain of his loss. But on his way passing the building whence he had bought his books, some instinct caused him to enter, and there on their old shelves stood the volumes, each in its old accustomed place unruffled, calm, serene. Dumb agents, say you?—yea, but living, acting ones, possessed of all the soul and obstinacy of old Karl Kepplestane.

Profoundly surprised, yet also profoundly vexed, thinking some trick had been played upon him by the rapacious store keeper who owned the building and used the lower portion as a salesroom for odds and ends, the old professor without a word removed the books the second time, while the proprietor of the place busy with others' cares, thinking this their first removal, made no opposition.

Determined they should not again escape, or be stolen from him, his suspicions of the store-keeper growing stronger and stronger as the daylight waned, the old professor locked and double locked his study door, and as the darkness increased, he stationed himself in a huge armchair before his book-shelves, proposing to watch the night through, and if possible catch and punish the fancied thief. He could have sworn he had never slept a wink during the passing hours, yet when the morning came, empty and bare as on the preceding day stood the shelves, no signs or trace of a single book, every volume great and small gone.

"Back to their old den," mutters the professor, and now both wrathful and frightened he hastens to the store and reproaches the keeper with his loss. The man incredulous follows him to the upper room which the old miser had inhabited, and there, sure enough, are the books in their old places, all unchanged. As the store-keeper had seen their removal on the previous day, he now realized that his business integrity was at stake, and pacifying the professor as best he could, he himself assists at the third removal of the books. He follows them to their safe reception, and with the professor determined to watch through the night. Together they watch, and together in the morning they stare at the empty shelves. Together they hurry to the store to find the weird books there before them, cosily resting on their shelves, baffling and silent.

Thoroughly frightened, the men consult together and on promise of secrecy, the store-keeper refunds the professor his money and seeks a new purchaser for his uncanny treasure.

"Mayhap old Karl had a grudge against Professor Gemal," said the store-keeper; "some other buyer may be more fortunate."

But in some way the story leaked out, and no new buyer came; only a few strangers moved by curiosity bought books now and then, to see if they really would return to their old home, but as they inevitably did, and the store-keeper now refused to refund the money, purchasers of the books became scarce, and at last totally died out. The town's-people would not touch them, and the strangers thought they had no more money to fool away.

Little Gretchen, the store-keeper's only child, petitioned for some prettily bound volumes of the poets she fancied and her father readily granted her request.

"Surely no magic can withstand the innocence and beauty of the child," said the fond parent; "and no poet can be so discourteous as to leave the presence of youth and loveliness for the gloomy room of a dead miser."

But so it happened. Little Gretchen again and again bewailed the loss of her favorite authors, and her father not daring to tell her the truth, at last forbade her to touch them more.

"Some harm may come to my sweet girl," he said, "let the old books alone. Better an empty head than a ruined soul. My dear Gretchen is lovely enough as she is. It is not well for a woman to be learned. The books are cursed."

So the years passed away, and the books remained unbought and unread. Little Gretchen grew a woman, married, and in serving husband and children thought no more of the dainty poems of her youth. The old professor and the store-keeper died, and the "Room of the Books" was steadily avoided by all. One stormy winter's night, though, it was heard from again, and for the last time claimed attention. The cry arose: "Fire!" "Fire!" and running to the spot the "Room of the Books" is found in a blaze; at least the flames seem to be issuing from only those windows, but no one ventures in. The goods are saved from the lower store, but no one saves the books.

"Tis the devil claiming his own," said the neighbors, "the soul of old Karl

Kepplestane must at last return to Satan, his master, and no doubt, he will take his books with him."

Indeed, the gossips affirmed the books were seen fluttering and flying through the air like bewildered birds over a robbed nest. But when the building was consumed, no scrap nor leaf of them was seen. No doubt, as the neighbors said, they had gone with their master to the place of lost souls, the limbo of lost delights. Purified by flames they may yet return;—but who can say?

—Saint Louis Magazine.

For Light in the West.

MIND IN NATURE.

Each atom of the world, coal, iron, lead, copper, silver or gold, as well as all gases and ideas, were primarily created with an elective affinity, discriminative power of attraction, and bias, indestructible. Force comes from an inherent property in matter to aggregate in antagonistic centres, and when the maximum of the antagonism is reached to them strive to form a mediation. This is the law of all individual and family feuds, political discords, religious dogmas, and reaches from every atom in the structure of the world, to clouds, tornadoes, cyclones, earthquakes and volcanoes. Each atom in the material world is *en rapport* with each atom in the immaterial or spiritual world.

The world was seen in the ideal by the great Architect before the world was, and its growth has been due to a life principle given it when a cell floated in the nebulous matter or cosmic dust of space. Electricity is not force, but the vehicle that moves force from one antagonized centre to another, making good the law that all discord is harmony not understood, all partial evil ends in universal good. The rude strengths in coal veins and iron mountains are continually striving with their dual atoms in the mutual world asking to be developed. In this way can be explained the rise, progress and decay of all political dynasties, industries, religious societies and Empires.

The rise and progress of the Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Macedonian, Roman, British empires, and American Republic—have been as the well ordered acts of a drama. The political actors made their entrances and exits, under the direction of the spirit of the times which was a definite spirit. Under all this marshalling of empire builders are coal, iron, other metals and clays in the soil to produce cereal

products. The coal and iron in the great basin of Russia will cause the Tzar to drive the Turk out of Europe, and place the Duke of Edinburgh on the throne of the Russo-British empire at Constantinople,—a new map will be made of Europe. The Russian bear and the English lion will be the supporter of the new coat of arms of this new dynasty. It was the small, still voice of the coal veins buried under the great basin of Russia, and the iron deposits at the heads of the Po and Danube that told me this, and I was directed to write with a pen of iron so that the Russian should see this writing on the wall, and not become mad. But stand in with the spirit and liberalize his government, and not be cast down—for when coal and iron speak, monarch should hearken and accede to their teachings. You ask how can this be? don't the live men of the present know as much as the dead men of the past. The sympathy between atoms is illustrated in these lines:

Galvanic forces reached afar;
These threads they run from star to star.
This sympathy of mother earth
Has been with her since time of birth.
The iron monarchs on their thrones,
Their dusky diamond sisters own.
The tanwy Queen of "Calumet,"
On golden King her eyes have set.
Nevada's yellow monarch, he
This dame would wed of inter sea.
The polar star they watched together,
As children when they were in ether. P.

Transcribed for Light in the West.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

PUBLISHED BY JUSTITIA.

January 8th, 1875.—My much beloved friend: I have come to you to-day for the purpose of giving you instruction in regard to the future place of the party which holds the controlling political power in this state. (Tammany ring of New York) They have laid their plans and will attempt to carry out their wicked purpose of disintegrating the common school system and bringing the educational methods of instruction under Catholic discipline and control. That is, to crush out all ideas of freedom to the masses and bring them under the Roman hierarchy that governs the Catholic world. They think they will in time get control of this government, and then woe to the Protestant cause. Then would the Pope and his minions soon endeavor to establish the inquisition in this land, as they did in Spain.

My friend, I could reveal to the minds of mortals plans which are concocted at the Vatican in Rome that would set thy blood

surging through thy veins in silent fear; but it would not be wise for us to reveal these plans to mankind, because they would not be credited, and only bring down curses on your head, and not benefit the world. So you see we will let them go so far, and no farther. They must bring their ruin on their own heads, and that they will shortly. I tell thee these people have got to the height of their iniquity, they are fast filling up the measure of their cup of woe, and when we open upon them the different batteries which we have prepared, and which are now masked, till the enemy has marched in triumph within the reach of our guns, we will unmask our brazen-mouthed pieces which are placed on heaven's battlements entirely out of reach of the enemy—and we will pour a broadside into their ranks which will make them reel, and that too, within a few days.

Webster will come next week, and show thee that God framed the Constitution of the United States and He ordered the fifteenth amendment and no human power can rescind it. We know how that damned Tammany ring have planned to disannul that Act. We know how they have planned by order of Bishop and priest, to destroy the common schools of America, how those orders have come across the waters from the Vatican at Rome, to use all endeavors to stay the tide of progress in this land of religious liberty, and endorsed by the Catholic Sovereigns of Europe they have laid a plan to destroy the liberty of this country, and that plan is laid quietly, and secretly, at the Vatican, and every one is *sworn in blood* to keep this oath, but God will reveal their plans and turn the crimson tide against great Babylon, for in one hour will her judgment come.

No wonder they hold their secret sessions at Rome, and do not permit a man in their circle unless he is sworn to carry out these devilish plans, plans against the life and liberty of America, and the fools who are placed in power in this land are so rotten with corruption that they cannot see nor care for the rights of the people. O! sons of America, for God's sake arouse yourselves from this fatal sleep which has fallen over the nation. O! why will ye not watch and pray as Christ told His disciples to do, when He found them sleeping, for I tell you a greater crucifixion than that of Christ is about to transpire if the people of this country suffer the Christ principle to be nailed to the

walls of despotism, enslaving the minds of God's children by shutting out the light of truth from the minds of future generations.

MARTIN LUTHER.

This remarkable prophecy of the downfall of the temporal power of Rome—together with many others written about this time by Martin Luther, was fulfilled within a few months afterwards, as history has recorded. JUSTITIA.

WHO IS THIS MARVELOUS MAN, DR. A. B. DOBSON?

This question has been asked by many. The following letter will throw some light on the question:—

LONG LAKE, HENNEPIN CO., MINNESOTA.
February 25th, 1886.

DR. A. B. DOBSON,
Maquoketa, Iowa;

DEAR DOCTOR: Your remedies and picture received all right. I have been using your remedies for two weeks, and thank God I am getting well.

For five months I was confined to my bed, unable to turn over without assistance; but since taking your remedies I can sit up to have my bed made. I had been given up to die. The doctors said consumption had set in, and I had my burial clothes made; but thanks to you, and the good spirits, I will not need them yet.

I did not believe in spirits or Spiritualism, but I do now.

I am gaining so fast that the neighbors can hardly believe it is myself.

I have sent you a great many patients, and will send many more.

I had twenty calls on Monday to see your picture, and to see, if I was really gaining as fast as reported. They don't know what to make of it, as they were all expecting me to die. They say: "Surely this is a miracle." "Who is this man who can work such wonders?" and many more such questions. Send remedies soon so they will reach me before this month's medicine is gone.

I wish I could tell to the sick of the whole world, what you have done for me. God bless you is my prayer.

Truly yours, HELEN MASON.

[The above is an excellent testimonial to the practical success of our friend Dr. Dobson as a Clairvoyant Physician. He has a standing card in this paper and persons who write testimonials can be referred to by any one at any time.—ED.]

OBITUARY.

Passed to spirit life, September 20, from Ridge, Oregon, James L. Taylor, aged seventy years, ten months and twenty-two days.

Mr. Taylor was a man whose faith was known by his works. His last act was to accompany relatives to the station, thirty

miles away, in which he took a severe cold and was imprudently given a heavy dose of calomel. He was brought home to live only one week. Also, in February last, Elmer E. Hopkins, age twenty three years, Mr. Taylor's son-in-law, was taken away; but the blessed truth of spirit return and communion will sustain the bereaved ones in their deep afflictions.

THE ARGUMENT OF ABUSE.

Some Spiritualists seem to be imbued with the idea that the true way to build up their cause is to make war on the Bible, Christianity, and every form of religion not in harmony with their own.

One of our subscribers actually discontinued his paper recently because we refused to publish an outrageously abusive article of the Christian Church, which he sent us. We are pleased to add that this is the only instance of the kind in our experience with the *Golden Gate*.

Now, the trouble with this brother is that his spiritual nature has never been developed above the level of mere animalism. He has not learned the first lesson of the Golden Rule. He does not know what it means to be decently charitable, but is too much wrapped up in his own self-conceit to be respectfully considerate of the opinions of others. Had he been born in the days of the Inquisition he would have been another Torquemada,—provided he possessed the courage of his convictions.

Who does not, or should not, know that kindness only will convince—bitterness and uncharitableness never? No man was ever yet convinced of the truths of Spiritualism by ridicule or abuse.

It would seem that Spiritualism can have no worse enemies than some of its pretended friends. Those whom they would seek to win to its gentle and beautiful teachings they would first "knock down and drag out."

Spiritualists should learn to be spiritually minded. They should be second to none in the practice of those virtues and graces which come naturally of a gentle and loving nature.

If a knowledge of a future life, with all its possibilities of progress and happiness is calculated to make one cruelly unkind, then it were better that one believed in all the dogmas of ancient tradition.

But we are glad to know that such is not the tendency of the teachings of Spiritualism. It operates rather to soften the heart and stimulate the better nature of

man into generous feeling and action. It lifts man out of himself, and into a clearer sense of his relation to the Divine Soul. Where it fails to do this the fault is not with its teachings and philosophy, but in the undeveloped nature of the individual man.—*Golden Gate.*

A SAD STORY.

A maiden who lived in Dubuque,
The young man who loved her forsuque,
But later repented,
Said she never had meant it,
And measures to win him back tuque.
But he, full of pride, would not deign
To hear what she sought to explain;
He said she was fickle,
And in such a pickle,
She never would put him ageign.
Then despair seized the maid of Dubuque,
And her life with cold poison she tuque,
And the young man, they say,
Is now pining away,
For he's haunted each night by her *spuque.*

—*Boston Courier.*

A GOOD OPENING.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

I would like to draw the attention of lecturers or good test mediums to our little ten year old village, as by some means it seems to have been overlooked, perhaps on account of its extreme youth. But though young it is like most western towns, extremely precocious; contains nearly six thousand inhabitants; is the center for three railroads, the St. L. and San F., the M. P., and the K. C. Ft., S. and G.,—in short, a thriving mining and manufacturing town, composed of a wide awake, liberal and intelligent class of people, with a large amount of money in circulation.

So, if any lecturer in making a tour through this western country should chance to "drop down" among us, I think he or she could make it pay financially; for money is always spent freely here. Besides, there are quite a number of believers in this community who would hail with joy any one who would bring good tidings.

MRS. ALLEN.

Pittsburg, Crawford Co., Kansas.

"THE FIVE ALLS" was at one time a very common tavern sign in England. It consisted of five human fingers, each accompanied by a motto. The first was a King in full regalia, with the legend, "I govern all;" the second, a bishop in pontificals, with the motto, "I pray for all;" the third, a lawyer in his gown, with the motto, "I plead for all;" the fourth, a soldier in regimentals, with the motto, "I

fight for all;" and the fifth, a poor countryman, with scythe and rake, having for a motto, "I pay for all."

ANCIENT STRIKES.

The first big strike on record was led by an agitator named Moses, and took place in Egypt more than 3,000 years ago. This Moses is a Jew, and it is a singular fact that this race has furnished all the Socialists. Carl Marx, Lasalle Kropotkin and Bakunine were all Jews and so was Jesus, who was so radical an Anarchist that he whipped the national bankers and ten per cent. deacons of his day out of the temple, called them thieves, robbers, etc., and it became necessary to suppress him with the strong arm of the law to prevent a rising of the lower classes. Moses was not only an agitator and a leader of strikes, but he encouraged the striking workmen to borrow a great deal of gold and jewelry, which were never returned to the owners, and caused the death of a large number of deputy marshals, enticing them into the Red Sea.

Only a little over one hundred years ago, one George Washington led a strike against an English capitalist named George, and considerable violence ensued, but Washington was never punished. Let us be truly thankful we live in a day of law and order, when such men are properly punished.—*X.*

New York Graphic: When Balzac was asked what he meant by such an incomprehensible passage in one of his most famous books, he replied:

"I do not know!"

"Then, what will your readers think?"

"Ah! That Balzac is a g—r-e-a-a-t man!"

"Was early man a savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man arose at 3 A. M. and rushed around like mad to reach the depot only to find that he was too early by about four hours, it is safe to bet he was somewhat savage.

—*St. Louis Critic.*

"WASN'T Herod an old man before he learned to dance?" a little girl asked of her mother. "Why, my child, what on earth put that in your head?" "Nothing much, only I was reading in my Sunday-school lesson that the daughter of Herodius danced before Herod." The little girl had to dance off to bed.

HUSBAND reading morning paper, in response to his wife's question whether there is any news: "Well, here are two columns given up to the American board." *Wife*: "What's it all about?" *Husband* (languidly): "I don't know, but if I should read it all through, I'm sure I'd be an American Bored."

LONG WORDS.

E. M. in *Notes and Queries*: The old name for chrysophanic acid contains 24 letters: "dioxymethylantraquinone." There is also an instrument used for breaking the ossified callus of a falsely united fracture which bears the name of "dysmorphosteopalinklastes, 26 letters." The impurity of cocaine called ecgonin is simply

"Methoxyethyltetraphdropysidinecarboxylic Acid," and contains 46 letters. Previous to this the three following have been considered the longest words in the English language:

Methylethyephnylammonium, 25 letters.

Phiscocynoscophographicalities, 29 letters.

Anthropomorphitamismicaliation, 32 letters.

FIRST SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION

Met Sunday, Nov. 21st., at 3 o'clock P. M., with a good attendance. Mrs. Thomas gave an interesting discourse under control; and a general discussion of the amendment of the bill relating to "Fortune Tellers, Astrologers and Spiritualists," now pending with the city Council, followed. The proposed amendment provides that the above persons shall be required to take out a license of one hundred dollars before practicing their profession for money within the city limits. A committee was appointed to oppose the bill before the committee having it under consideration; after which the society adjourned. C. H. TRUSSELL, *Sec'y.*

SIXTIETH YEAR.

The *Youth's Companion* celebrates this year its sixtieth anniversary. It might well be named the "*Universal Companion*," so widely is it read and so wisely adapted to all ages. Its contributors are the most noted writers of this country and of Europe. Among them are W. D. Howells, J. T. Trowbridge, Prof. Huxley, The Duke of Argyle, The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Archdeacon Farrar, C. A. Stephens, Admiral David Porter, Lieut. Schwatka, and many others. We do not wonder that the *Companion* with such contributors, has nearly 400,000 subscribers. It costs but \$1.75 a year, and a subscription sent now is credited to January, 1888.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

A COMMITTEE OF ONE.

After considerable reflection, and a summation of matters referred to in an other column we have decided to ask every subscriber of *LIGHT IN THE WEST* to please constitute a committee of one for the purpose of securing one or more new subscribers during the months of October and

November. If you will do so we will on our part promise, that if by such means and by the first of December our subscription list is doubled from what it now is we will not increase the subscription price for the year 1887 unless that during that time we increase the size of the paper. Is not this a commendable enterprise? Surely there are hundreds who could with very little effort in their home circles and among their friends secure several new names for us. Kind READER, WE MEAN YOU. Give this matter a few good, but *energetic* thoughts, and see if it does not vivify a *good wish* into a good *resolution* and quicken that forward to at least a little effective work, which will certainly secure one or more new subscribers. We offer you a plan now by which you may help us to keep the price of the paper low. Will you do it?

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

The *Saint Louis Magazine*, illustrated, edited by Alexander N. De Menil, pub. at 213 N. 8th St.; per annum.....\$1 50

This well known publication offers a spicy feast for Thanksgiving. "Ninebarks Effaced" is concluded. "Dance on Big fim Creek" is unique; "A Woman's 'No,'" by Brad Courtland, "Across the Country," "Karl Kepplestane's Books," which we reprint in this issue, "The Mysterious Gulf" prove interesting. The poems are numerous and *real*; "Literary Topics," "Light Moods" are well sustained. In the "Home and Society Department" that obsolete specimen of the genus homo, the *Model Husband*, is discussed.

Queries, a literary magazine conducted by C. W. Moulton, pub. by C. L. Sherrill and Co. Buffalo, N. Y. per annum..\$1 00

This handsome monthly has been enlarged, making it fifty two pages, certainly one among the cheapest. The frontpiece for November is a portrait of John Ruskin, followed by a review of the great literary master. A novel feature is "Question Department" in which we note the familiar name, Wm. Emmette Coleman; numerous prizes are offered for correct answers. Altogether, without going into details, or an endless enumeration of its excellent qualities, this monthly is a literary treat.

The *Occult Magazine*, published in Glasgow, Scotland, per annum..... 1s. 6d.

This journal, devoted to psychical and philosophical research, a "chronicle of

strange, and secret, and forgotten things," is filled with matter interesting to the thinker. "The Signs of the Zodiac," "Fragments on Occultism" and "Mighty Giants of the Past" present food for reflection. The editor resides in this country, Loudesville, White Co., Ga., and all communications should be addressed to him at that place. Send for sample copy, 5 cts.

Freeman's Monthly Magazine, Ozias S. Freeman, editor and publisher, Passaic City, N. J.; per annum.....\$1 00

Quite an improvement typographically may be noted in this magazine. "Trip to the West Indies," "Talks about Woman," "Brides, Bridegrooms and Bridesmaids" are samples of the subjects treated.

The *People's Health Journal*, published at Chicago, Ill.; per annum\$1 00

This monthly is devoted to "health, hygiene and preventive medicine," and comprises sixteen departments, containing valuable information for all.

The *Bizarre*, conducted and published by S. C. and L. M. Gould, Manchester, N. H.; per annum.....\$1 00

This is a monthly devoted to "notes and queries in history, folk-lore, mathematics, mysticism, art, science," etc., and is an interesting and instructive little magazine of some twenty-five pages. Send for sample copy.

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.

We have made arrangements with the publisher of the "Book of Algoonah" 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 January first.

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 subscriber when the time paid for is to expire.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

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

CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us seven dollars and fifty cents before December 1st. we will send Ten Copies, one year to any addresses

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.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets every Sunday in Paragon Hall, 215 North Seventh Street, at 3:00 P. M. The public are cordially invited to attend.

A Mediums' 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.

Address or send draft on St. Louis, New York or Postal Note, Post Office order, or small amounts in Registered letter.

LIGHT IN THE WEST,
314 Chestnut Street. - - - - - St. Louis Mo.

Campbell, R. A. 418½ Olive St. Teacher and practitioner of Psychic Healing and Palmistry. Office hours 1 to 3 P. M. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited

Cordingley, Geo. V. independent Slate Writer, holds daily and nightly seances at his home, 1604 Pine St.; also teaches developing classes every day and evening.

Mellon, John S. 710 Olive Street., St. Louis has for sale lands in Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Also agent for the St. Louis Wire Steam Washer

Thayer, Mrs. M. B. 323 West 34th st., New York City. Seance every Thursday eve. Manifestation of flowers. Independent Slate Writing.

Thomas, Dr. R. M. Cardington, Ohio, Manufacturer of Electro Magnetic Battery and Supporter combined, for either sex. Prices \$10 & \$12. See ad. in this paper.

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.

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.**

— THE —

Four Gospels in One,

BY ROBERT ALLEN CAMPBELL.

Second, revised edition. 12 mo. Cloth extra. 233 pages.

A work embodying in one narrative every statement in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in precisely the language of the Bible WITHOUT COMMENT.

The work is divided into sections, which are arranged in chronological order. The heading of each section indicates the central thought—locates as far as possible the incidents and shows the exact chapters and verses that are woven together to make up the narrative.

It represents the things recounted by the several evangelists, before the reader, in their proper connection, and thus enables him to take in at a single view, what would require no little time and difficulty to search out for himself. The index to the subjects treated is very full, directing the seeker's attention at once to any point of the evangelic history he wishes to examine. The exact words of Scripture are faithfully preserved throughout, and the work will prove of much service in facilitating a fuller and clearer understanding of the narrative.

The many flattering notices which the work has received (some of which we give below) and the repeated calls for the book since the first edition, published in 1871, was exhausted, have induced its publishers to issue the present edition, which they hope will command the large sale which it so well deserves.

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.

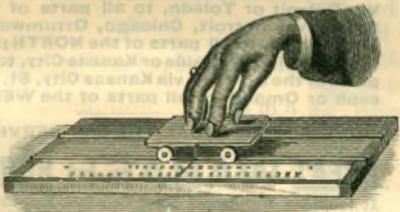
PRICE, \$1.50 or with the words of Jesus colored red \$2.00

Astonishing Offer.

SEND three 2 cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power.

Dr. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa.

Evolution of Planchette!



— THE —

PSYCHOBRETTE

— OR —

SPIRIT TALKING BOARD.

Interesting and Instructive.

A SURE GUIDE TO MEDIUMSHIP!

Scientists Mystified!

Investigators Puzzled!

Spiritualists Pleased!

Beautifully made and easily operated. Price \$1.00 each, or \$1.25 delivered to any part of the United States. Trade orders solicited. Send for descriptive circulars to

LEES' MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY,
142 Ontario Street, CLEVELAND, O.

**MISS MARY DUFF,
CLAIRVOYANT
AND WRITING MEDIUM.**

107 North 8th St., St. Louis.

FRED A. HEATH

The Blind Medium,

will give readings by letter, giving future business prospects and other items of interest. Send 25 cents, lock of hair and stamp. Address 27 Lawrence street, Charlestown, Mass.

FOR PHYSICAL AID

Send six cts. postage, name, age, sex, leading symptoms and receive diagnosis of your case with directions that will lead to recovery. **MAGNETISED SILK** that has the miraculous power of giving relief to painful disorders, sent for 15 cts. persheet, 4 for 50 cts, 10 for \$1.00. Address: Dr. FRANKLIN WRAY, Andrew, Iowa.

Mrs. S. C. Scovell,

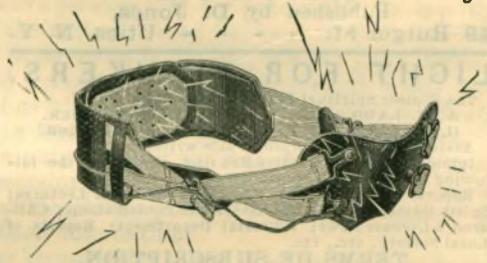
PSYCHOMETRIST

— AND —

SPIRIT MEDIUM.

To put yourself in magnetic rapport with her spirit band, send lock of hair, name, age and sex. She will diagnose your disease, or give valuable advice in all social and business matters. A trial reading will be given for 25c; full reading, \$1.00. Will fill lecture engagements in Missouri and Kansas. Correspondence solicited. Address her at COLUMBUS, Kansas.

Nature's own Restorer, Electricity.



Dr. R. M. Thomas Electro Magnetic Battery and Supporter combined has restored many invalid- to health and happiness, after the most eminent Physicians had failed. Prof. A. B. French of Clyde O. says "your belt has done more than you claimed it would for me." Invalids should investigate this wonder of wonders that is used and endorsed by Physicians. Can be worn by either sex, a specific for all kidney disease, rheumatism, female weakness, general debility, nervousness, and many ailments. Price of Belt furnished in r-d morrocco \$10 white kid \$12. when ordering send size around back and abdomen. Send 4cts in stamps, and leading symptoms to Dr. R. M. THOMAS, Lock Box 417 Cardington, Morrow Co., Ohio, and he will return you a scientific diagnosis, and book of testimonials free.

Spore Killer

Has proved to hundreds the fact that disease cannot exist where it is freely used in connection with

Electric Anti-Bilious Pills

And plain, systematic living. A clear mind and sound body is obtained, which is the secret of all success. Price 25 cts. Manufactured by

Mrs. L. B. Hubbell, Norwich, Conn.

Mrs. M. E. Shaw
2706 INDIANA AVE.

TEST MEDIUM

Office Hours 10 to 4.

Take Gravois Road Cars

C. L. HERRING.

Magnetic Physieian.

Has returned from his summer trip east and is to be found in his office at 2937 OLIVE ST. No medication or electricity.

DR. J. C. PHILLIPS,

Clairvoyant & Magnetic Healer

My powers and skill are well known to the public.

Correspondence Solicited.

OMRO, Wisconsin.

MAGNETISM!

When Medicines Fail Try

MAGNETIC TREATMENT.

It is the life giving principle. It penetrates the nerve centers. Equalizes the vital forces. Removes pain, and is KING over RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PARALYSIS and all nerve diseases.

Dr. DeVOE, 1240 FRANKLIN AVE., ST. LOUIS.

FITS To those afflicted with this terrible disease we say,—do not be discouraged when your physician says your case is incurable. I guarantee to cure if you try my special treatment. Correspondence Solicited.

MARY DUFF,

CLAIRDESCENT PHYSICIAN

107 N 8th St. - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

BEN MILLER,

Fashionable

HATTER,

GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, etc.

605 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

CORNS EXTRACTED

Without Pain.

25c each. All troubles of the feet treated in a skillful manner.

Dr. N. Kennison & Son.

Also a lady manicure to attend to the Finger Nails

623½ Olive Street, St. Louis.

M. GOETTLER and CO.

1260 S. BROADWAY.

KEEPS A LARGE LINE OF

Hats! Hats!

Established 1853.

Correct Styles at Moderate Prices.

American Nonconformist

Edited by James Vincent, and published by H. & L. Vincent, at WINFIELD, KAS.

Now in its VI volume. Devoted to total and immediate emancipation from slavery to bond holders, railroad corporations, national bank and ecclesiastical dictation. Terms, \$1.50 per an

MYSTERIES OF THE HAND Revealed and Explained.

The art of determining, from an inspection of the hands, the person's temperament, appetites, passions, impulses, aspirations, mental endowments, character tendencies.

By Robert Allen Campbell.

This is a book which any lady or gentleman will peruse with exciting interest and from which every reader must receive pleasure, instruction and satisfaction. It is written from a philosophic and scientific standpoint, in a pleasing and lucid style, upon a most fascinating subject, and teaches all the title-page announces.

The subject of character-reading from the hands is here, for the first time, presented in a manner at once acceptable to the educated and easily understood and practiced by those of ordinary intelligence.

The author has examined, studied and read many thousands of hands—including those of all classes—good and bad and indifferent—cultured, intelligent and ignorant—exalted, commonplace and degraded—eminent and obscure. His delineations are clear, full and accurate, convincing all intelligent listeners.

2mo, over 200 pages, beautifully printed from new stereotype plates, on heavy, extra-quality toned paper, embellished with 43 illustrations, and elegantly bound.

For sale at this Office; Postage 10 cts.

Extra maslin, gilt side-stamp, \$1.50

ONLY THE \$1.00.

Weekly Magnet.

The official organ of

The Iowa Medical Liberty League,

Organized to oppose medical monopoly. To effect a bond of fraternal feeling and a unity of interest and effort among practitioners and patrons of "irregular" means of cure; to collect human experience in harmless healing; to discuss, collect and disseminate important facts concerning the persecution, practice, progress and success of all safe cures.

The five cents postage required for sample copies and terms to agents will be refunded to those who think they are not worth it.

Des Moines, Iowa.

BANNER OF LIGHT.

The oldest journal in the world devoted to the SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY. Issued weekly at Bosworth Street (formerly Montgomery Place), Boston, Mass.

COLBY and RICH,

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.

322c B Rich, Bus. Mgr., Luther Colby, Edr., John W. Day, Ass't Edr.

Aided by a large corps of able writers.

The BANNER is a first-class Family Newspaper of eight pages—containing forty columns of interesting and instructive reading, embracing a literary department, reports of spiritual lectures, original essays—Upon Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects, editorial department, spirit-message department, and contributions by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

Terms of Subscription, in Advance.

Per Year, \$3.00
Six Months, 1.50
3 Months,75

Postage Free.

Advertisements published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Specimen copies sent free.

COLBY AND RICH

Publish and keep for sale at Wholesale and Retail a complete sale assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books.

THE NEW THOUGHT.

A vigorous 8-page Journ l, devoted to Spiritualism, General Religious and Political Reform. Published every Saturday by MOSES HULL & CO., at DES MOINES, Ia. The organ of the Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists.

Terms of Subscription:

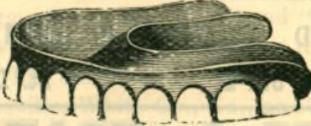
One year \$1.50 | Three months \$.40
Six months75 | Single numbers 0

The New Thought will be sent to new subscribers on trial three months, for 25 cents—a sum which barely covers the price of blank paper and press-work.

Address all communications to

Moses Hull & Co.,
DES MOINES; IOWA.

Painless Dental Rooms. S. E. Cor. Ninth and Washington Ave.,



Dr. D. JACOB.
Dr. I. RADOMOKY

HELPS TO LITERATURE STUDY.

1. Outline Studies in Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, their Poems. 32 pages. 10 cents.
2. Outline Studies in the Poetry and Prose of James Russell Lowell. 31 pages. 10 cents.
3. Ten Great Novels. Suggestions for Clubs and Private Reading. 23 pages. 10 cents.
4. Selections from Robert Browning and others for Children, Teachers and Parents. 62 pages. 20 cents.
5. Unity Clubs. Suggestions for the formation of study Classes in Literature. 21 pages. 5 cents.

The Five Pamphlets, post-paid, 50 cents. Address CHARLES H. KERR & Co., 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

FOUNDATION PRINCIPLES

Advocates a Humanitarian Spiritualism. Published semi-monthly at Clinton, Ia., and commences its 3rd volume June at 86-R. 4 columned pages. \$1 per year, and during its 3rd year offers Foot's Health Monthly, 16 paged, 50 cents per year, as a premium to all new subscribers. You can't do better than to send for it.

THE Free Thinker's Magazine.

H. L. GREEN, EDITOR and PUBLISHER.

Published Monthly at Salamanca, N. Y.

Single Number, 25cts.

Six Months, \$1 00; One Year, \$2.00.

THE ALTRUIST.

Is a monthly paper, partly in Phonetic spelling, and devoted to common property, united labor, Community homes, and equal rights to all. 50cts. a year; specimen copies free.

Address A. LONGLEY, Editor.

2 N. 4th st., St. Louis Mo.

SPIRITUALISTIC,

The Olive Branch.

A monthly, 20 pages, devoted to the cause of Spiritualism and its Philosophy.

\$1 00 Per Year.

Published by D. Jones,

49 Rutger St. - - - - Utica, N. Y.

LIGHT FOR THINKERS.

The Pioneer Spiritual Journal of the South.

A. C. LADD, PUBLISHER.

G. W. KATRS, EDITOR.

Assisted by a large corps of able writers.

Interesting and instructive Reading, embracing the following features and departments:

Reports of Phenomena; Reports of Spiritual Lectures; Spirit Messages; Original Essays and contributions; Children's Lyceum News; Editorial Department; Reports of Local Society, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy, one year \$1.50
One copy, six months75
One copy, three months40
Five copies one year, one address 6.00
Ten or more, one year to one address \$1 each
Single copy five cents. Specimen copy free.

Issued weekly at Chattanooga, Tenn.

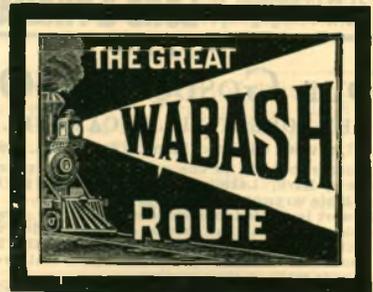
THE GOLDEN GATE.

A large eight-page Weekly Paper, "Devoted to the elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond." J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager. Mrs. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant, San Francisco, Cal. Terms—\$2.50 per annum. Send for sample copies.

FACTS

A Monthly Magazine devoted to MENTAL & SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. Including Dreams, Mesmerism, Psychometry Clairvoyance, Clairaudience, Inspiration, Trance and Physical vediumship; Prayer, Mind and Magnetic Healing; and all classes of Physical effects.—Single Copies, 10cts. \$1 per Yr. FACTS PUBLISHING CO., (Drawer 5323.) BOSTON, Mass.

THE POPULAR RAILWAY OF THE CENTRAL STATES.



ONLY LINE

Reaching by direct routes all the following large cities:

ST. LOUIS, INDIANAPOLIS,
CHICAGO, FORT WAYNE,
DETROIT, LAFAYETTE,

TOLEDO, SPRINGFIELD,
ANNAPOLIS, QUINCY,
KEOKUK, PEORIA,

KANSAS CITY, COUNCIL BLUFFS
ST. JOSEPH, OMAHA,
DES MOINES, OTTUMWA,

Embracing the Principal Points of the Six Great States of Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, with Branch Lines or Close Connections to other cities not mentioned above.

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR LINES

Between St. Louis, New York and Boston, via Niagara Falls; Chicago and New York, via Detroit and Niagara Falls; St. Louis and St. Paul and Minneapolis; St. Louis and Chicago; St. Louis and Kansas City; St. Louis and St. Joseph; St. Louis and Council Bluffs and Omaha; St. Louis and Des Moines; St. Louis and Toledo; St. Louis and Detroit; Chicago and Kansas City; Kansas City and Des Moines; Detroit and Indianapolis.

THE BEST ROUTE

Via Detroit or Toledo, to all parts of the EAST; via Detroit, Chicago, Ottumwa or Des Moines, to all parts of the NORTH; via Indianapolis, St. Louis or Kansas City, to all parts of the SOUTH; via Kansas City, St. Joseph or Omaha, to all parts of the WEST.

NO ONE CAN EQUAL THE CAR SERVICE OF THE GREAT WABASH ROUTE

It includes Handsome New Coaches, Luxurious FREE Reclining Chair Cars, the Best Equipped Dining Cars on the Continent, the latest and most Elegant Pullman Buffet and Sleeping Cars, the Splendid and Novel Mann Boudoir Cars and Palace Woodruff Sleeping Cars.

EVERYONE WHO TRAVELS should determine before starting to make a portion of his journey, or all, if possible, over the WABASH, ST. LOUIS & PACIFIC RY. Any Coupon Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada will sell you tickets via the WABASH and give all desired information. WABASH For Maps, Time Tables, etc., write to

F. CHANDLER, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING.

COL. D. M. FOX, PUBLISHER
D. M. & NETTIE F. FOX, EDITORS

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS
Prof. Henry Kiddle (H. K.), No. 7, East 130th St., New York City.

"Oulina," through her Medium, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Ill.

Among the contributors will be found our oldest and ablest writers. In it will be found Lectures, Essays upon Scientific, Philosophical and Spiritual subjects, Spiritual Communications and Messages.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per Year...\$2.00 | Six Months...\$1.00 | Three Months...50cts
New Club Rates: 3 copies \$5, 5 copies \$8, 10 copies \$15.
All must be new subscribers except the getter up of the club
Advertisements published at 15 cts per line for the first and 10 cts for each subsequent insertion.
Specimen copies sent free.

Subscribers desiring a change of post-office, must give the name of the office where taken and where to be sent, otherwise the change cannot be made. Address, SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE LION REMEDIES.



LION REMEDY No. 1
Cures all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, such as Diabetis; Bright's Disease; Stone in the Bladder; removes Gall Stones; cures Dropsy; Enlargement of the Liver and Spleen; destroys Tumors etc. \$1.00 per bottle, 6 bottles \$5.00.

No. 2
Cures all diseases of the Blood and Skin, such as Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Canker, Cancers, Erysipelas, Eczema and all Blood Poison. \$1.00 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$5.00.

No. 3
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica Affection, Gout, St. Vitas' Dance, Nervous Headaches, and all nervous disease, etc. \$1.00 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$5.00.

No. 4
Cures Coughs, Bronchitis, Consumption, Asthma, Hay Fever and Catarrh. 50 cts. per bottle. 6 bottles, \$2.50.

No. 5
Cures Chills and Fever, Paralysis, Intermittent Fever, Malaria, etc. \$1.00 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$5.00.

No. 6
Cures all Uterine troubles, removes Obstruction and Irregularities, cures Back Ache, Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Piles, Costiveness, etc. It invigorates, strengthens and gives tone to the whole system; \$1.00 per bottle. 6 bottles \$5.

No. 7
Restores lost vitality and assimilated with the blood becomes part and parcel of the whole system; cures impotence, strengthens and vitalizes every part. \$2.00 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$10.00.

No. 8
Cures Dispepsia, Heart Disease, Habitual Costiveness, Sour Stomach, Dizzy Head, Coated Tongue etc. \$1.00 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$5.00.

No. 9
Will destroy the morbid appetite for Alcoholic Drinks, Opium, Morphine etc. \$1.25 per bottle. 6 bottles, \$6.00.

THE LION REMEDIES

are Nature's most potent agencies for curing disease, as they are made from the very best roots, herbs, barks and gums that grow in this and other countries, their curative powers have been thoroughly tested and proved to be all we claim for them.

As it is impossible to combine the different properties required for different diseases in any one compound, preparation or remedy, we have carefully prepared and arranged (NINE) different remedies, each one adapted some special case.

These remedies have been used for the last ten years in New York, Boston, Chicago and other large cities and towns. It is their wonderful success in eradicating old chronic diseases completely from the system, and restoring the patient to perfect health, that has induced us to advertise so extensively that all may know of their great curative powers and be persuaded to try them, whatever their disease may be, even if their physician has given them up as incurable, for the Lion Remedies have cured many (of so-called incurable) when everything else has failed, as some of our testimonials will show.

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. RISLY, 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.

OHIO AND Mississippi R'y

The direct and short Line to

**CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
WASHINGTON,
BALTIMORE,
NEW YORK & THE EAST.**

3 SOLID DAILY TRAINS to CINCINNATI and LOUISVILLE

10 HOURS, with Through Day Cars, Parlor Cars and Palace Sleeping Coaches. No Change of Cars for any class of passengers.

2 DAILY TRAINS

**To Washington in 28 Hours
To Baltimore in 29 Hours**

This is 4 HOURS QUICKER than the fastest time by any other line.

The Day Express has elegant Day Coaches and Luxurious Parlor Cars, from St. Louis to Cincinnati, connecting with sleeper for Washington and Boston.

The Night Express has sleepers through without change. No other line from St. Louis runs Through Sleeping Cars to the NATIONAL CAPITAL.

PALACE BUFFET SLEEPING CARS

are run by the "O. & M." Night Express from

ST. LOUIS to NEW YORK

— DAILY —

Without Change in 39 Hours.

BEST ROUTE TO JACKSONVILLE

And Winter Resorts in the Southeast.

The Double Daily Lines of Parlor Cars and Palace Sleeping Coaches by this Line from

St. Louis to Cincinnati & Louisville

Taking direct connections at both points with morning and evening Express Trains, having Palace Hotel and Sleeping Cars to Chattanooga, Atlanta, Macon and Jacksonville without change.

No Ferries or Transfers by this Route!

**The Only Line running a Sleeping Car
of any description between
St. Louis & Cincinnati.**

For Tickets, Rates, or any particular information call on Ticket Agents of connecting lines, West, Northwest and Southwest.

Or in St. Louis, at 101 & 103 N. Fourth Street.

W. W. PEABODY,

Pres't and General Manager,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

W. B. SHATTUC,

General Pass'r Agent.

G. D. BACON, Gen'l Western Passenger Agent,

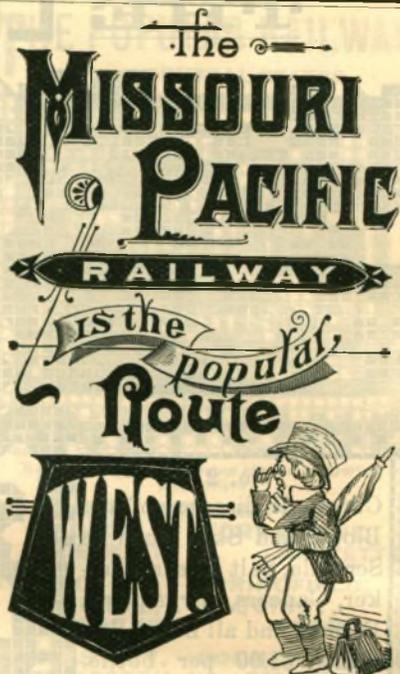
ST. LOUIS, MO.

Light in the West: Bound Volumes FOR 1886.

We have preserved a good number of this year's volume for binding and at the close of the year and with the last number in December we will have prepared a complete index for the whole volume. Volume VI. 1886, complete, will consist of 584 pages well and neatly bound in heavy board covers with leather back and corners, gilt lettering on back furnished at five dollars per copy, sent to any address postage free. It will contain as much reading matter as any ordinary book of nine hundred pages and much of it the writings of some of our best and most favorably known Spiritualists. We may not have as many copies to bind as will be wanted and those who would like this bound volume for their library will do well to order soon as our rule will be "first come first served." Of course it cannot be furnished till January and it will not be necessary to send the money till the books are ready but we will put the orders down as received and would like all who wish copies to send in their orders by the fifteenth of December.

It may be thought that this is too much for the bound volume when the year's subscription is only one dollar. To this we would say that one dollar is too little; compared with other papers, it is worth fully two and a half dollars, both in value and amount of reading matter to any true Spiritualist, but it is our purpose to have a wide circulation of LIGHT IN THE WEST at a price which every one among us who wants it can afford to pay. The bound volume is for continuous use and for the libraries of those who can afford to pay its full value and it is those friends of the cause and of ours whom we ask to help along this work as above stated as they may be able to see it deserves. Of course it will be out of print and copyrighted and when these volumes are disposed of it can not be had anywhere for any money.

The Christmas number, of 36 pages, will be furnished at 10 cents per copy, or six dollars (\$6) per hundred copies, postage paid. We will have some articles from our best known writers, and will try and give their subjects next week. In order to secure copies the orders should be in by the 15th of December.



**3 TRAINS DAILY TO 3
Kansas City.**

**DIRECT CONNECTIONS AT
Kansas City and Omaha
TO ALL POINTS IN THE WEST.**

**2 Trains Daily To 2
Leavenworth, Atchison,
St. Joseph & Omaha.**

**Elegant Pullman Palace Sleeping and
Buffet cars on all trains**

— Chair Cars Free. —

THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

**IS THE ONLY LINE DIRECT TO ALL POINTS IN
ARKANSAS and TEXAS.**

ONLY ROUTE TO THE

**FAMOUS HOT SPRINGS.
OF ARKANSAS.**

ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN

St. Louis & San Francisco

Solid Trains Through to

**Memphis, Tenn., and
GALVESTON, TEXAS.**

**Daily line of sleeping cars through to
MEMPHIS & NEW ORLEANS.**

W. H. NEWMAN,
Gen'l Traffic Manager.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt

ST. LOUIS.