

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

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

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DENIAL and ignorance generally and unfortunately are companions.

Be slow to follow him who is fluent in words and hasty with opinions.

It is no more unsafe to investigate Spiritualism than it is to investigate Christianity!

A KNOWN duty conscientiously performed is a source of joy which brings peace to the soul.

A WISE person will hear reproof and receive instruction, but a fool will heed neither one.

SPIRITUALISM invites the most searching and thorough investigation, which is both reasonable and right.

THE proud selfishness so manifest in the Christian church to-day, bears about the

same resemblance to the spirit of Christ as does the oyster shell to the oyster.

A FUNDAMENTAL principle of Spiritualism is to attend to our own business and love our neighbor as ourselves.

WE say that God is everywhere, and it is true; yet some people when they speak to him in prayer yell as if they thought he was deaf.

WISDOM is now coming to the poor as well as to the rich, to the unlearned as well as to the learned, and Spiritualism will help it to come faster; God speed the day and the light.

SEEKING after signs and wonders will never cease, and this phenomena is only evidence of spirit power; but receiving the impressions of spiritual truth is farther along and higher up in Spiritualism.

TRUTH is divine as it emanates from and is in conformity with the Divine Spirit and is therefore spiritual. So they who believe and speak the truth and act in conformity with it are Spiritualists. Do not be frightened, good christian brethren who find yourselves occupying this ground, we think as much of you as ever.

GEOLOGY teaches that the salt in the Dead Sea is the result of the shores and bed of the sea being in the horizon of the salt-bearing rocks. Theology would allow us to believe that the water in that sea was made so for the purpose of keeping inquisitive divers from going down to discover the buried cities of Sodom and Gommorah.

AGES ago, lichen and fucoid seeds, wafted by the winds, lodged in the crevices of barren rocks. From this the matted thicket covered the projecting granite, that in after times the cereal sea might wave its golden harvest. So the seeds of spiritual

truth sown on the barren rocks of superstition and ignorance, will in time hide them deeply beneath the fertile soil of reason.

SYMPATHY may be due to the action and reaction of metaloids in the system. A geological friend thinks it not unreasonable to liken the human organism to a leyden jar, the liver and spleen being the battery wherein the metals are held in solution, the polarization being affected by connection through the veins and arteries with the brain, where thought is generated. The back and front brains are known to be alternately positive and negative to each other and to other individualities, which confirms the theory of the mental battery.

WILL some of our good Christian brethren tell us what all the saints are doing now who went from earth to heaven? Some of them have been there thousands of years and some of them only a few years. Resting and singing hallelujahs, are they? Do we not all know that all the good angels we ever heard of were doing something? Jesus was always busy. Not only so but he said: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work". So it is not reasonable to say, and are we not compelled rather to believe that the spirits of those who have gone before us are doing something? If they are doing something, is it not far more likely than otherwise that they are working for the good of those they love over there? Then who is so uncharitable as to believe that they have blotted from their memory all their loved ones yet on earth? If so could they have the face to meet them with open arms when they enter the heavenly home?

Suppose we allow ourselves to take a good common sense view of the matter and from all we have learned about the angels either in or out of the bible accept the

evident truth that they do think about us and are at work and doing all in their power to help us, and that if they did communicate with man at one time they can certainly do so now. We need not shut ourselves off from God. He wants to communicate with us now as much as ever he did. Good friends, let us not let any body do our thinking for us. Let us lay all prejudices aside and investigate this one subject calmly. If we have dear ones there let us ask the Divine Spirit to send them near to us and to bring us near to them so that we may speak to each other. If we approach this matter in a proper spirit we will surely be successful and it will surely bring joy and peace to us.

SPIRITUALISM AND FASHION.

Now that Spiritualism is gaining ground so fast ye fashionables are beginning to enquire if it is not best to look into the matter a little. But we will say this to believers in the Spiritual philosophy: Just so soon as the purity of spirit return is encrusted with fashion, and mediums become wrapped up in fashionable follies, just so soon will the light begin to fade, and the dimness of the world be cast over it all.

When the purity of the church became slimed with the foam of fashion, then began their spiritual downfall. When the time came that the poor were cast from the front ranks of the fold upon the frivolous excuse that scarcely veiled the fact of their want of fine clothing to sit with their wealthy neighbor, then the church began its spiritual decay. Free seats gave way to cushioned pews whose rent was far above the slender purse of the "middle and lower" classes; hard benches ranged along the aisle were "good enough" for poor people. But what self-respecting man or woman would consent to occupy them under compulsion. The bench proclaimed their poverty to all—and even to-day, with shame be it said, could those who are the founders of the church come into the fashionable temple of worship, they would, unless recognized, be shown into a back seat, that their plain garments and old fashioned ways might not offend the fastidious taste of these latter day worshipers.

Under no circumstances let Spiritualism become *fashionable*, if it excludes the poor. The mutual knowledge of the return of the dear ones is the link that should bind rich and poor together. When necessary to build houses to meet in, they should

be plain, comfortable, free, and all should be made welcome to join in the pursuit of knowledge under its roof. Satin and cambric, silk and calico, broadcloth and jeans should mingle, and their owners should feel that there is something more in life than to establish one's standing by the clothes on the back.

Above all should a fellow feeling predominate among mediums. No one should let a feeling of pride enter the heart because her gifts may not be as her neighbor's. And it should humble one to think that she is worthy of such a gift. Whenever the demon of jealousy enters the heart a corresponding meekness is taken away, and in time true mediumship will give way to this intruder, and an organism of worth is lost to the world through a weak yielding to their own selfishness. The knowledge of our faith comes through media, therefore, they should guard their lives and their gifts for the good of others as well as for their own benefit.

BELIEF AND KNOWLEDGE.

That knowledge is power is conceded by all, and it is through this power that Spiritualism is making such gigantic strides to the front. There is no assertion that will bring the proof of another existence except the faith of Spiritualism. When we speak of our faith we also imply a practical knowledge of the fact through the various gifts of mediums. Every person has, as it were, a 'mind of his own,' and what will satisfy one mind is utter nonsense to another; so it is that our spirit friends find different instruments for the different phases of mediumship, and strive to give satisfaction to all. When a person affirms his belief in Spiritualism he does not intend to convey the idea of a *belief* alone. It is only the ordinary way of speaking; for those who call themselves Spiritualists have proof of the existence of spirits, and consequent knowledge of their presence.

Modern Spiritualism and its investigation is the result of our friends' desire to make their presence known. In the past, when stories were rife about haunted houses, ghosts, spectres, *belief* that it was from the spirits of men and women passed over was all very well; but now in modern times, when we have a knowledge of the fact of spirit return we may say that we *know* it to be a fact.

In all religions throughout the earth man is asked to believe blindly what is drawn from the different Bibles throughout the world, without evidence. But

such belief amounts to nothing; it is an individual matter which one can believe or not, as it suits him. With Spiritualism it is different; its adherents *know* its truths, they can *prove* them and more than all, can give a *reason* for them.

HYPOCRISY OF CONVENTIONALISM.

He is fortunate who at any time has with him a companion, or a book—and a good book is the best of companions—whose joy or sorrow in the deep things of life, in art and nature, is altogether genuine and original. When we say *original* we do not mean that the feelings should be new, unknown thitherto to the hearts of men; but that it should be unborrowed and spontaneous. The world is so old, men as a rule are such inveterate imitators, literature is so apt to shape itself in the moulds of the schools of the day, that a voice perfectly natural and fresh surprises almost as much as it delights us. The ancients enjoyed an advantage in that they wrote before the great art of writing ill had been invented, says Lichtenberg.

There are standards of taste, canons of criticism, decrees of authority that the prudent and the worldly wise will never dare to defy. A genius, brave in the contentiousness of his strength, may now and then venture to set them aside: but mediocrity, however ambitious, will always copy. The case would not be so lamentable were this insincerity and intellectual timidity confined to literature. Conventionalism rules the world. In the conversation of those who are ordinarily called cultivated people the same old cut and dried opinions, the same old stock of silent quotations, and set phrases even, are repeated *ad nauseam*. One might suppose that people got their talk as the parvenu does his manners, out of a hand-book of etiquette.

But now and then we find a child of nature who is not afraid to speak right out his or her own honest and simple opinions, and however crude, however wide of the mark they may be, we are always charmed, for then at least we have found something genuine, original and natural. How pleasant, for instance, it is to find one who is still in love with Walter Scott and Fennimore Cooper, and who quite frankly admits that he has no taste for the elaborately artificial fiction of our own day. A confession of that sort is far more engaging than the prosy eulogy pronounced by some literary dandy

upon the metaphysical poems of Browning or the weird and mystic verse of Rossetti. The danger of the opposite tendency is that men will give over thinking altogether; that they will just accept the ready-made criticisms that are circulated through certain complacent circles, and be perfectly content never again to have any mind of their own.

Hans Christian Anderson tells a very pretty little story which illustrates our meaning perfectly—the story of *The Invisible Suit of Clothes*. There was a certain king who gave his whole attention to dress. His Council of State discussed nothing but the latest modes, color and cut, tint and tissue. Now one day three strangers visited the court of that monarch and announced that they possessed the secret of the manufacture of a peculiar species of cloth, invisible to all fools and knaves. They needed only a place in which to set up the loom and plenty of gold and silver threads. The king thought it would be well to have a suit made of that magic stuff, and so, supplying the foreign weavers with all they asked, he bade them go straight away to work. After many days of waiting his Majesty sent one of his favorites to inquire if the web were not nearly woven. Admitted into the working-room of the weavers the royal messenger saw only a loom perfectly bare, and men moving about it with empty hands. "Come," said the strangers, "see the work goes bravely on. Is it not beautiful? But go you back to the King and tell him we need yet more gold and silver threads." Then the favorite said to himself, "I am a ruined man if I admit that I am either a fool or a knave." So when the King asked him whether he had seen the cloth, he answered, "O, yes, I saw it, but it is not yet completed. The weavers need yet more gold and silver thread."

The King complied with this request and waited again for many days. At last he sent his Chancellor, an old man with vast reputation for sagacity. His visit was the counterpart of his predecessor's. He saw the bare loom and the empty hands, and he came back and reported that he had seen the cloth, but there was need for still more gold and silver threads. Finally, the King lost all patience and went in person to inquire the cause of the long delay. The weavers received him with the air of men who were just finishing a miracle of beauty. "Just a few more gold and silver threads, your Majesty, and it

will be ready for the tailor's hands." And the King reflected, and said to himself, "I am the King, and yet I am either a fool or a knave. My people must never know it."

Men were sent at last to bring home the wonderful cloth, and they came back with solemn faces, pretending that they carried a load. The tailor came and cut and fitted a suit to the King—made only of air and humbug. Then the King stripped himself and put it on, and paraded the streets with the whole court at his back, that he might discover which of his subjects were fools and knaves, and which were wise and virtuous. The city rang with admiring plaudits, and every body said there never was seen before so lovely a suit of clothes. Only a little child said, "The King has nothing on!"

The moral is clear enough. It is too clear for explanation; but whenever we see an affected ass standing tiptoe to express his admiration for something he does not understand, we think of *the invisible suit of clothes*.

Transcribed for Light in the West.

INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S. NOVEMBER 15, 1884.—The band will make a few remarks on the necessity of cultivating the mind by well-chosen reading:—

We wish to inculcate the necessity of progression. When the knowledge of spirit communion has been satisfactorily determined it is well to keep the thoughts employed by tracing the advancement of knowledge and observing the varied effects which the same ideas will produce on different minds. Some of the finest intellects require a great amount of reasoning before they can embrace an idea as correct. While they reason on facts that have been brought to their minds, all is well; but when speculative theories begin, the study of them is not gaining knowledge, but losing the road to wisdom by following the fancies of those who blindfolded try to lead.

How difficult it is for a mind accustomed to theorizing to accept the simple truths we teach. Every subject they touch must be mystified. Simple truths must be avoided, or buried under loads of chaff, under the impression that the greater the amount of verbiage, the deeper the intellect—a mistaken idea. The wise apothegms or proverbs of the ancients in their short, pithy sentences, are better understood and retained, consequently more beneficial to

the temporal and eternal interests of mankind.

While men busy their thoughts on science as connected with earthly subjects, they reason rightly; they have facts to guide them. But when they undertake to solve the problems of the manifold workings of the human mind they often fail in their research, because they ignore the principle factor in the study, viz.: the spiritual nature of man. When this is more generally and clearly recognized psychology will be better understood and the capabilities of the latent power of man will stand out in bold relief. The studies of earth will be continued in spirit life and all false foundations will vanish. Then will the spiritual nature be fully revealed, and the vain fancies of the mortal mind will be discarded for the simple truth. The band will now permit an individual spirit to control the pencil:—

"MY DEAR E—: I wish to tell you that I am now vexed and grieved that by my attention to speculative philosophy I lost all belief in the future; and having trained my children in my thoughts I now have not the privilege of communing with them. Little did I think when in earth life of the wonderful powers of the human mind. New wonders are constantly opening before me. My old ideas are changed. The surroundings are all spiritual; we know that we are living in eternity, and the problem of life is here solved. It is a great happiness to be again associated with the dear ones I thought lost. . . . you will join us; then our family will be complete and together we will praise the giver of every good and perfect gift. Y."

November 22, 1884.—The thoughts will consider the subject of consciousness:

The idea implied by the word consciousness is the knowledge of the certainty that we exist, whether pleasant or painful. Unconscious, therefore, means a state of oblivion incapable of thought, a most unreasonable term to use when writing with a view to prove that there is something beyond the consciousness of man, his very nature.

But thinkers whose minds are in darkness with regard to that something must naturally reason in a circle on a subject of which they are ignorant. How few of such minds are open to conviction. The intellect with them is considered above the spiritual nature, and ignoring that nature of which they are unconscious, they think and think, study and reflect, searching for

ideas from vegetable, animal and human life, with which to fortify their opinions. And when volumes are written, it is said at the end that there is something yet which they do not understand. Such writings are only bewildering. They contain little true knowledge: they are not calculated to elevate the ignorant, and they really only show what years of study and reflection have produced in the authors' minds.

How different are the spiritual teachings. We do not discourage study and reflection, but we would lead the thoughts to study their own true nature, so that their studies may elevate the character and produce the happiness which the spiritual nature alone can understand and enjoy.

KANSAS CITY LETTER.

To the Editor of *Light in the West*:

Seated at my desk busily writing, I heard a soft tap at the office door. Answering the call, what was my surprise to be confronted by a distinguished looking young man, who introduced himself as Mr. Shepard, also a gentleman accompanying him as Mr. Tonner. We were not at first impressed as to the identity of the visitor, but a chance remark brought us to a knowledge of the fact that we were in the presence of the wonderful medium Jesse Shepard, of musical renown. The visit was full of interest, and in listening to Mr. Shepard, who is a fine conversationalist, we lost thought of mundane things, feeling as if in the actual presence of the angels who control this grand instrument.

Time flew by on golden pinions, and when Mr. Shepard arose to go we felt as though we had known him for years, instead of an hour or two. We accepted his kind invitation to be present at his seance, Friday, November 26, at the residence of Dr. Joshua Thorne, a leading Spiritualist and one of our first representative citizens. Dr. Thorne is a graduate of Oxford and Eaton, well versed in languages both ancient and modern, and always ready to do good and assist all philanthropic and progressive movements.

At an early hour we wended our way toward the place of meeting, and found several as prompt as ourselves. So famous are the seances of Mr. Shepard, that all who are expected are on time, for fear of losing their seats. The seance was attended by some of the most talented people in Kansas City, disproving the statement of many that our beautiful philoso-

phy depends on the uncultured for appreciation. In the presence of the persons whose names I give, we have ample assurance that this knowledge of an immortal existence, and the actual proof which the angels bring through their mediums, is attracting universal attention from the most scholarly and eminent.

Mr. Shepard has made converts in all circles of society in Kansas City; but his most brilliant work has been done among the best and most representative minds here, and among a class of people who could not have been reached or influenced by any other phase of mediumship. I make brief mention of those present, besides Dr. and Mrs. Thorne:

Colonel R. T. Van Horn, one of Mr. Shepard's earliest converts, editor of the daily *Journal* here, accompanied by Mrs. Van Horn, a lady of pleasing address, and intellectuality a mate for her talented husband.

Judge Henry N. Ess, who was at one time one of the most positive and outspoken Materialists in this city, and who this day stands with the head of the legal profession here. This gentleman was induced, much against his will, to attend one of Mr. Shepard's seances at the residence of Dr. Dooley in this city two years ago; The result was one of the most powerful and accomplished converts to Spiritualism of which our ranks can boast. Other Judges present were: Judge Styles, law-partner of Governor Crittenden, a man of strong individuality; Judge Bender, Supreme Judge of the court of Georgia, whose countenance indicates deep thought and research, and Judge Phillips of Georgia, who though an investigator of only a year, is convinced of the presence of the immortals.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Jewett, who attended a developing class a year ago; and although strangers to the spiritual philosophy they were not only convinced, but received evidence in their own home shortly afterwards through the mediumship of Mrs. Jewett, who was developed under Mr. Shepard's guidance. Mr. Wm. Oldham, a class leader in one of our principal churches, was a member of the developing seances and received his first impulse to investigate through their influence.

Mr. and Mrs. Strobe, who are well able to judge of the sweet sounds rendered by the angel band, as Mr. Strobe is at the head of one of the largest music stores here. Others were: Mr. Marsh and wife,

Dr. Goodrich, Mr. Shurlein, Mrs. Prebinow and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Weir, Mr. Penfield and Mr. Olmstead. The last named gentleman is one of the wealthiest and most influential men of Kansas City, the head of a large jewelry establishment and has also large interest in milling business at different points in this state; he is an enthusiast in Spiritualism and a staunch defender of the cause.

Sunday, November 28th, another seance held at the same place, was again patronized by a representative class of society's favorites. On both occasions all were invited guests of Dr. and Mrs. Thorne. Sunday night, several of the previous seance were present, with the added names of Dr. and Mrs. Todd (Dr. Todd is an eminent surgeon and an able advocate of our belief, knowledge,) and Mrs. M. L. Towne one of the leading society ladies, and wife of a railroad magnate.

I have devoted so much time to the sitters that but little space is left to chronicle the results of the seances. Mr. Shepard calls in the sitters as impressed by the control. He seats them as the control dictates, thus securing the utmost harmony possible in a mixed company of different characteristics. After all were seated the room was darkened equal to the far famed Egyptian darkness the medium seated himself and requested the company to sing the airs played on the piano. Soon a voice said *Sontag*, and immediately the most ravishing of voices commenced singing, filling the air with melody. Next came a magnificent bass voice, belonging to the powerful LaBlache, followed by one after another producing sounds and effects beyond the power of my pen to describe closing with the world renowned Egyptian March.

Hermes then controlled the medium and gave fine tests, conversing in the Greek tongue. Ben Wade materialized and gave a very satisfactory test of his presence to Colonel Van Horn. Horace Greeley manifested himself to Leo Vincent, Editor of the *American Nonconformist*, giving a test beyond dispute. But it would take too long to tell each wonderful event of the seances, so I will only say that to be appreciated, Jesse Shepard must be heard; for neither pen nor tongue can do justice to his wonderful mediumship. We hope to enjoy his presence in Kansas City at an early date.

Mrs. Maude Lord will be here soon. She expects to address the people at Pythian Hall Sunday, December 5th.

MRS. S. C. SCOVELL.

WHERE IS BABY NOW? *

This thought I pondered o'er,
Then spake I to the flowers
That kept their vigils o'er his green and mossy bed:
"Pray tell me—Is the baby dead?"

Then lifted high the rose
Its fragrant breath, and said:
"Two seasons have we watched his cradle bed:
No, no; the baby is not dead."

The daisies then began to murmur sweet his praise
And said: "We, too have watched that little bed—
Have poured our sweetness o'er his head.
No, no; the baby is not dead."

The tulips sang aloud:
"Shall we his icy lips unseal?
Will our warm breath of love or colors gay
Entice the icy fetters to give way?"

Then looked the lillies up with their bright faces.
They said: "He did not die; 'tis only change;
The angels bore him to the starry skies."
They bad me look to realms on high.

I questioned Nature with her myriad voices filled with
praise,
Have you sung requiems o'er the baby's grave?"
All answered—"No; we could not sound a note of praise
To him who filled a baby's grave."

Now fell a murmur on my ear
It was the baby's prattling cheer;
Bright daisies decked his crown
As an angel bare him earthward down—"No, no; the
baby is not dead."

* Meditating on the transition of little Harry B., the foregoing thoughts came to me. M. PASQUIER CURRAN.

MEMORY.

Our venerable and not sufficiently appreciated friend, the dictionary, gives this definition of "memory":

The power or the capacity of having what was once present to the senses or the understanding suggested again to the mind, accompanied by a distinct consciousness that it has formerly been present to it; the power of retaining or recollecting past events or ideas.

A definition that does not define, an explanation that does not explain: and yet, perhaps, as near to satisfactory definition and explanation as can be framed in words. A mystery of mysteries is memory. Familiarity with this marvelous faculty, if it does not "breed contempt," at least produces indifference; so that we rarely give a second thought to the workings of what is nothing less than a perpetual miracle. Why should we remember? How can the mind retain, and unconsciously, the impressions of the passing moment, and revive them again days, months or years afterward?

It may be a sound—

A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring,
A flower—the wind—the ocean, which shall wound,

Striking the electric chain wherewith we are quickly bound.

Why should these things and a thousand others — all trifles light as air—be, as it were, an enchanter's wand summoning from the past into life and light what seemed to be dead and buried forever? Why should a look given or a word spoken to a child lie dormant for half a century — its existence not even suspected — and then suddenly reappear in the mind of the old man as vividly as if the look or word were

of yesterday? Why should faces turned to dust long, long ago flash upon us with more than the reality of life, as young and bright and beautiful as when we saw them in their unfaded bloom? Strangest of all, where all is passing strange, why should we actually feel "the touch of a vanished hand" and "hear a voice that is still?" Hand may have vanished, voice been stilled when we were boys, yet they come back to us with the lengthening shadows that herald our own departure — come back not dimly and uncertainly, but as clearly and strongly as if they had never left us?

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
I hate to go above you—
Because"—the dark eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child-face is showing,
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing.

Did not the poet see the sweet face, hear that loving voice, as distinctly as when he stood in the spelling-class in the old school-house, a happy, careless lad? What artist painted the portrait whose colors were so brilliant after the lapse of so many years? What mechanic constructed the mystic telephone which conveyed to the ear of age the very words in the very tone, spoken to the ear of youth? What is all human art, all human invention compared with the wonderful organ implanted alike in the brain of the savage and the sage?

The well-known fact that our memory of the incidents of childhood and youth is more vivid by far than of those transpiring in later life, is usually accounted for on the assumption that then the mind is more susceptible of impressions, is "wax to receive and marble to retain"; whereas the process of advancing age dulls the mental susceptibility, and, as it were, hardens the mental soil against new growths. This is only an assumption, for nothing can be really known where the basis for accurate knowledge is so small. Perhaps if the life of man were ten times three score and ten, his recollection at three hundred of the events and ideas of seventy would be as perfect as those of ten now are at seventy. It does not seem possible that what we see, feel, or hear in the prime of manhood, when the intellect is in its fullest vigor, can really be less permanent than the results of seeing, feeling or hearing, when the intellectual faculties are incomplete and immature. Then naturally rises the most interesting of the innumerable questions connected with this subject — *Do we can we, ever absolutely forget?* We think we do, but are we not always mistaken? How often is the remark made — "Well, I had forgotten that; I certainly have not thought of it for twenty years." Scarcely a day passes with any man or woman that does not bring a resurrection of this sort; sometimes valuable, quite as often worthless, but in either case a genuine revival of what was supposed to have forever perished. Will not the agency that preserves so

many things preserve all? And will not all things, from the earliest dawn to the last ray of intelligence, sooner or later confront the individual? Such would seem to be the reasonable conclusion, and some ingenious metaphysicians have suggested that the books which are to be opened at the Day of Judgment will be nothing more than the unwritten records of each human memory, illumined by the ineffable luster of eternity.

De Quincey somewhere likens the memory to a *palimpsest*, or ancient parchment, from which—before the invention of printing—one writing was erased to make room for another, forming, as it were, layers of literature which by delicate manipulation, can be separated and deciphered. So the latest layer or writing may be a monkish legend, the next a fragment from an apostolic epistle, and the earliest a part of one of Cicero's orations or a letter from Pliny. But the comparison, though suggestive, is poor and feeble. In the palimpsest the last marks of the pen are, of course, the plainest, and must be removed and lost before those beneath can be reached; but in the memory first impressions are the deepest — no erasure is necessary or possible, and nothing is lost from beginning to end of the ineffaceable record. Memory has a detective of its own. A name, date, or quotation slips from the mind; you try to recall it, but cannot, and soon forget what it was you desired to remember. But the detective is in search of it, and the next hour or next day, when your thoughts are in an entirely different direction, the name, date, or quotation is brought in and reports for duty. What is it that has tracked the absentee through all the windings of the mental labyrinth, found it at last we know not where or how, and returned it to the owner? May not the same power that brings back one missing link, under a stronger and sterner command bring back all the links from cradle to grave? Persons who have narrowly escaped drowning tell us that at the last instant of consciousness every event in their lives was before them, as if a veil had been lifted from the vision of the parting soul. May not, then, the stronger and sterner command be issued by death? and instead of "dumb forgetfulness" following the last sleep, only in that seeming sleep is memory fully awake. Shakspeare guessed as much:

To die—to sleep;
To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.

The Washington *Critic* tells this: A nice little boy, reared in the intellectual and heterodox atmosphere of Boston, happened to be a witness in a case in Cincinnati, and the question arose as to his being able to understand the nature of an oath, so the judge investigated him. "Well, Wendall," he said kindly, "do

you know where bad little boys will go when they die?" "No, sir," replied the boy, with confidence. "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed the judge, in shocked surprise; "don't you know they will go to hell?" "No, sir; do you?" "Of course I do." "How do you know it?" "The Bible says so." "Is it true?" "Certainly it is." "Can you prove it?" "No, not positively; but we take it on faith," explained the judge. "Do you accept that kind of testimony in this court?" inquired the boy, coolly. But the judge didn't answer. He held up his hands and begged the lawyers to take the witness.

WHAT IS REPARTEE?

Repartee is a sudden flash. It is turning a current of thought in an opposite direction. It is the upsetting of a train of thought. It is really deforming a thought. Repartee is a case where one speaker makes a plain statement, aimed in a certain direction, which a hearer collides with and reverses so as to shoot straight back at the speaker.

"What I want," said a pompous-orator, aiming at his antagonist, "is good common sense."

"Exactly," was the whispered reply, "that's just what you need."

Repartee is often very unkind, but its unkindness is excusable when the person indulging in it has been attacked. For instance: Abernethy, the famous surgeon, swore violently at a poor Irish paver who had piled some paving-stones on the doctor's sidewalk.

"Remove them! away with them!" exclaimed Abernethy, with an oath.

"But where shall I take them to?" asked Pat.

"To hell with them!" exclaimed the doctor. "Hadn't I better take them to heaven? Sure, and they'd be more out of your honor's way there," said Pat, as he leaned on his spade.

An instance of unkind repartee is recorded of Charles Lamb:

One day a loving mother brought her beautiful golden-haired baby in to dinner in her arms. She was very proud of her sweet babe, and holding it up with joy and pride in her eyes, she said:

"Mr. Lamb, how do you do like babies?"

"I like 'em boiled, madam—boiled!"

Of course that mother never loved Mr. Lamb after that.

The finest piece of repartee in the English language is the instance where two Irishmen were walking under the gibbet of Newgate. Looking up at the gibbet, one of them remarked:

"Ah, Pat, where would you be if the gibbet had done its duty?"

"Faith, Flannagan," said Pat, "and I'd be walking London—all alone!"

A fine bit of repartee is attributed to Douglas Jerrold:

"Have you seen my *Descent In to Hell*," inquired an author, a great bore, who had written a book with a fiery title.

"No," replied Douglas Jerrold, "but I should like to."—X.

The Bishop of Derry once consulted Sir William Gull, and the great doctor gravely said:

"You must go to Nice, my lord."

"Oh, I can't go to Nice. I'm too busy."

"It must be either Nice or heaven," was the doctor's retort.

"Oh, then," quickly added the divine, "I'll go to Nice."

"I will not question your judgment," replied Gull. "As a right reverend prelate you ought to know which is the preferable place."

For Light in the West.

GLORY.

We were once present on a battle field in the midst of the strife and carnage where the minie-balls were whistling, cannon booming, shells shrieking, horses neighing and large bodies of men rushing to and fro in the smoke of the battle. All around us men and horses were falling, some instantly killed, turning up their pallid faces; while others lay maimed and wounded or were being carried to the rear. All was anxiety and excitement and the faces of many were blanched with fear or sorrow for the comrades that had fallen around them. And all this for military glory, and the newspapers teemed with the acts of heroism of many of those who died on that battle-field for glory.

A month later we visited that same battle field, and all that was left to tell the tale of that sanguinary strife and carnage, or to mark the spot where those who gave up their lives for glory, were here and there long trenches filled up and turned into mounds by the hundreds and thousands of men that had been mowed down by the missiles of war, the invention of man to destroy his fellow man. We turned away and said: Is this all that is left of the glory of the battle-field; is this all that is left to comfort and support the widow and the orphan,—and where is the compensation for those whose blood was spilled on the field of battle. No one could answer, but to point to the fabled word, GLORY.

Then we thought of the battle of life how fiercely it rages; how in man's frantic efforts for gold, he tramples under foot all the finer sensibilities of his nature; how he struggles during the day, lies awake at night to win in the race for gold; how he becomes the slave of his love of gold and suborns everything else to that; how he barter his youth for old age and premature decrepitude of body and mind and not infrequently overtakes his brain to such an extent as to deprive him of his reason, and in the asylum where he has been confined the only coherent words he is heard to say are, *Gold, more gold*.

Is the glory of the battle field a compensation for the deadly strife engendered there; — for the loss of life and the suffer-

ing entailed upon those who are directly or indirectly caught in its snare? We think not.

Are the bags of gold or the power they give worth the toil and strife, the sacrifice of principle, the shutting within oneself of all fellow feeling for humanity, and the certainty of going to an asylum or tottering into a gold worshiper's grave; having nothing but money bags to leave and with the certainty that those to whom they are left are glad you are gone, and would not have you *resurrected* for the world. Look at this picture, of a gold grabber, and think whether your life will have been worth the living; and when it is over if you can look back you will see, that it was an empty shell, that you had mistaken the shell for the kernel and discovered it when it was all too late!

How soon the most prominent of men, whose lives at the time seem indispensable to society and the world, when laid away in the narrow tomb are forgotten. And where are they, and what have they taken with them; any of their gold? Ah, no; that is left behind possibly for others to squander. But what has the gold worshiper who has just died for capital to begin with in the other world? He has bent all his energies to the acquisition of wealth here and he had no time to devote to self culture, or to enquire what would best fit him for the life to come. It is barely possible that he flung a few pennies or dollars to some cause or charitable purpose to ease his conscience; but as for self culture or spiritual development he had neither time nor inclination. He is ushered into that world entirely unprepared and unfitted for that life, having lived entirely on the physical plane, and without one aspiration for a higher life. Who cannot see that that man is stranded on a shore where he is entirely unfitted to reside or take a part, and that he has nothing in common with those who lived a life of abnegation and unselfishness.

Of whom, and of what do you think heaven is made up, ye gold worshipers? Do you think it consists of the death bed repentent, the man who has spent all his life for self, and not only for self, but made unrighteous war on his neighbor, and then to make all things even gave, in his will, when he had no further use for it, a few thousand dollars to some doubtfully charitable institution? Ah, no; heaven is not reached in a day or by a *coupe d'etat*; heaven is reached only by slow stages, by persistent moral effort, by unselfishness, by

aspiration for the pure and good, by charity for all and to all,—not alone the charity of the purse, but charity of the thoughts toward others. Not to live the life of the vampire and then throw a few pennies back from the verge of the grave that you had perhaps filched from the widow and the orphan, directly or indirectly. Ah, no; that is not the royal road to heaven, and if you should by some miracle get there in your present sordid, selfish state of mind you would not want to stay; you would want to hide yourself from the penetrating gaze of the bright robed ones who only are fit to dwell there. Not bright robed because they had, according to old theology, been “washed in the blood of the Lamb,” but had led pure and unselfish lives on earth and were continuing their lives in the spirit world in doing good, which is the “will of the Father which is in heaven.” Fitness for heaven is not accomplished by a “Presto change” movement, by the fear of hell at death or any other spasmodic movement, but by the process of development from one stage of unselfishness and purity to another. And there is no escaping it; if you do not enter upon it here, it stands between you and heaven there, and ye cannot enter in, until ye are fitted by the law of eternal justice, adaptation and growth.

Did not Jesus say, that any man that entered by any other way than by him, which means his precepts and example, is a “thief and a robber?” Then let me beseech you to study well these things, and to be wise in time. B.

COMMUNICATION.

To the Editor of Light in the West:

I received a message through a private medium, a member of the Baptist church, and well known to me. It purports to come from a Baptist minister who passed away a short time ago, at the age of seventy, and had been settled over one congregation thirty-four years. I was well acquainted with him, having belonged to his church, and had often conversed with him in regard to the future life. This is his communication:—

The shades of night are now upon me,
Dark and dismal seems my doom;
If but one ray of light could reach me,
Could penetrate the gloom—

Oh, what have I been doing all my life! What have I been teaching! Oh, can the darkness be penetrated by God's love and light? If I could have known what a mistake I was laboring under in earth life,—but I was firmly set in my own opinions, and would not believe any one right but myself. Now I am in entire darkness, spir-

itual darkness, praying for light, and God says we shall not pray in vain.

I can see hope for my friend, and light will yet shine down upon him. D. L. S.

AN AGE OF PROGRESS.

BY GEO. S. GREEN, M. D.

In every department of life we recognize one prominent fact, viz.: that we are living in an age of progress. No longer is the old style plow used, but newer and more improved implements have taken their place. And this not only applies to Agriculture, but to Theology, Law and Medicine. Men are not satisfied with old-time usages and customs, the idea of investigation has thoroughly gotten hold of the American people and they stand foremost to-day with regard to inventive power. Every department has its respective admirers and they push on year by year into newer and fresher fields of discovery. The telephone to-day is understood by every school child—fifty years ago and less, men would have been hooted at for proclaiming such a nonsensical ideal and this is but one of a thousand, for still are the great minds of earth at work and ere long some startling development will awaken the world. Progress is written on everything, it is a law of creation. Man must—because of the existence of such a law—investigate, look into and develop; often his ideas are vague and shadowy and for years he can not perfect what he knows in fact does exist. Yet in the course of time he is rewarded, darkness is turned into light and he gives to the world the fruits of his labors. In the domain of medicine, also, men have not been laggards, but with busy brain they have studied early and late. New and troublesome diseases have arisen, and with giant intellect they have grappled in with these monster enemies to human flesh, and often through the results of their investigations have they been enabled with proper remedies to cast out these fell destroyers of health and happiness. Thus we see that there is no standstill point—we must push on. No department but some one is interested in it and will in time develop new ideas connected with and belonging to that department.

ABUSIVE AND ANTAGONISTIC.

We would not have our speakers cease to expose the fallacies of orthodox dogmas, but we do say let it be done without useless ranting and wholesale denunciation. We are not unaware of the fact that Spiritualists have much to complain of on the part of some ministers, who, Talmage like, go out of their way to abuse and

misrepresent Spiritualism; but they are the losers by it; let Spiritualists rely upon the truthfulness of their own teachings for acceptance. Half of the membership, and many of the ministers of the Protestant churches are now convinced that Spiritualism is true, at least, so far as relates to its phenomena and intercourse between the two worlds. Many cling with tenacity to the idea of the Godship of Jesus, the authenticity of the bible, etc., dogmas instilled into their minds in youth, and in fact by heredity; generation following generation in that line of thought, has so impressed it upon the children that the thoughts are hard to eradicate. It is much easier to reach such people by kindly presenting the opposite view than by ridicule.—*Spiritual Offering.*

NEW DEVELOPMENT.

To the Editor of Light in the West:

I feel it my duty and a privilege to testify to the truth of spirit return and communion. It is something new and strange to me. For the past six months I have been hearing disembodied spirits talking to me as naturally as we talk to one another. They say they are as much astonished over it as we would be to hear a corpse talk. They say they never try to talk to us, thinking it impossible to make us hear. The trial tests and proofs they give make me confident that it is my returned friends,—they say it was purely accidental that they found the means of communication. I hold daily communion with them and esteem it a great privilege.

Another strange occurrence recently came under my observation. It was this: A gentleman from Indianapolis went with Mrs. K—, a medium in this city, to one of our photographers, to sit for spirit pictures. He was a stranger to Spiritualism, but felt strongly impressed to go to this medium. He went, and his mother gave him her name by independent slate writing. He got two good pictures of his father and mother. His mother passed away twenty years ago, but on comparing the spirit picture with an old photograph, the likeness was found to be perfect. His unbelieving brothers and sisters, who remembered her well, admitted the fact. The gentleman also compared the spirit photograph of his father with an old likeness of him in his mother's breastpin, and all recognized it as perfect. It is a great pleasure to me to know these things.

Jeffersonville, Indiana, December 3.

Emerson: The decline of the influence of Calvin, or Fenelon, or Wesley, or Channing need give us no uneasiness. God builds his temple in the heart, on the ruin of churches and religions.

UNSELFISHNESS.

I love my neighbor as myself;
I love his horse, his house, his pelf;
His pelf, I should have said before,
Means his arzhong, his louis d'or.

I love my neighbor, oh, so well,
That with my nose I'd have him smell;
With my own eyes I'd have him see,
And with my mind think thoughts like me.

I love him so, his ways I'd fix
In trade, religion, politics;
His thoughts, his deeds, his aims, in fine,
I'd shade to harmonize with mine.

Ah, would he let me love him so,
How smoothly all our plans would go;
In everything beneath the sun
I and my neighbor would be one.

But oftimes, when I sit with him,
And note his humor, sweet or grim,
With disappointed heart I see
My neighbor is in love with me.

—Burdette.

Written expressly for Light in the West.

DISCIPLINE.

A Christmas Story in Six Chapters.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

CHAPTER II.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."

The day had been sultry and dark, the night was black and starless, and the damp, heavy atmosphere was thick and stifling with the horrible stench borne from stagnant pools, and malaria poisoned marshes. A man stood midway of the Farnham bridge, and looked irresolutely around him. Not a living thing was to be seen. The heavy fog rising and spreading rapidly, shut out all sight and sound.

The man unwound from his throat a tattered old scarf, and flung it down beside him, then rummaged in his pockets for any bits of papers left there, tore them into fragments and tossed them over the bridge, all the time mumbling some unintelligible words. For a moment he stood looking over, peering down into the darkness that engulfed the bottom of the piers; a darkness so dense and palpable, that the feeble glare from the long line of lamps along the bridge failed to reach and penetrate it. He leaned over the bridge on his elbows, and stood thinking. "I shouldn't like to be mashed under the boats that I know must be layin' somewheres 'long there," he muttered, "a drowned corpse is ugly 'nough at the best; but to be took to the morgue all gashed and pounded

aint what I bargain for. Not as anybody would know, or anybody care, for that matter, but it's just a fancy I've got to go decent like. Well, a beggar can't be too choosy, I s'pose, so here goes"—but as he prepared to spring a powerful hand seized him by the collar, and hurled him back.

"Stop!"

The man suddenly foiled in his intention turned fiercely to the intruder.

"What do you mean, man? What were you going to do?" demanded the voice, as the strong hand shook him roughly.

"Look here mister, I don't see as it's any of your business. Let go, you hurt my throat"

"I beg your pardon, I did not mean to hurt you," relaxing the severity of his grip, "but I shall not let you carry out your intention. How dare you?"

"A man dares to do anything when he's in my fix," he returned doggedly. "Why can't you go your way and leave me to go mine?"

"Not when your way seems to lie over there in the water! I ask you again: how dare you attempt to take your life?"

"It's mine and I guess I can take it if I want to; it's not worth much, nohow. You wouldn't give much for it, I'll be bound," and the man drew his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and was silent. "Every human life is worth something," replied the stranger. Every human life has its responsibilities. It is not the part of a brave man to undervalue the one, nor shirk the other. Why do you wish to do so?"

"What good would it do to tell you; you talk like a preacher! You'll be given' me a tract next and tellin' me to feed my soul! I can't eat tracts; taint my soul that's hungry—it's my body. I've had nothin' to eat for two days; what's the use o' livin'? Do you think if I could get work I'd be here? I'm not lazy, mister, but hunger takes the heart out of a man, and the bravery, too, for that matter."

"Let us walk away from here, friend," said Spencer Garton, "I'll find you something to eat. I'll not give you a tract; but I will give you a cup of coffee to clear away the mental fogs."

The man was ragged and dirty, but he was not altogether hardened, and he trudged along by Garton's side, with a suspicious moisture in his eyes and a throb of genuine gratitude in his heart.

A year had passed since Spencer Garton had left the employ of Blote and Co., and the history of that year was written in the

threadbare garments, worn shoes, and care-lined brow. But the noble face had grown more spiritually refined, and the same dauntless spirit looked from the brave, patient eyes. The miserable creature at his side did not see that he had extracted the last dime from his shabby purse to succor a human being.

"Now tell me your trouble, brother," he said kindly, as they sat down in a remote corner of the depot eating room, "and let me see if I can keep you."

The refreshment, cheap though it was, had sent its reviving warmth through the frame of the would-be suicide, and under its genial influence the man lost somewhat of his sullen air. Spencer could see that the face which looked out from beneath the tattered hat was not a bad one, only weak and irresolute; the face of one who would easily succumb to adversity, and lose heart in any great emergency that called for strength and endurance.

"Well, you see, Mister, as you've been so kind to me, a worthless old vagabond, it's only right to tell you that I'm not a criminal exactly, though I might 'a been one if you hadn't come along, and that I never would 'a done it if I hadn't got so desperate like. But you see, I worked at the mill over yonder, and when the strike come I was laid off by the Union; and they 'lowed if I kept on workin' there after the strike they'd kill me. So I was afeard of 'em,—not but what I was satisfied, for I got purty good wages, 'nough for me and Sarah—that's my wife—to live purty comfortable like, and boss was a good sort of man. I hadn't no fault to find with him. But you know no boss can please everybody; strikers, Union, Knights o' Labor and all, so I just got skcered and quit, and I've been quit ever since. I stood it purty well for several months, for I earned 'nough at odd jobs to carry us through the winter; but when Sarah got awful sick, an' was laid up for more'n two months, an' I couldn't get no more work, no matter what I tried to do, and there was no money to buy med'cin for Sarah, nor any thing to eat, why then I just got desperate, and thought I would end it all. Sarah'd be taken care of somehow, and she'd be better off without such a worthless old tramp as I'd got to be. That's how it is, Mister!"

"And so you thought it was better to be a moral coward than to manfully fight your troubles, and keep pegging away at them until they were ended! That would have been the better, and braver plan; don't

you think so?"

"But you see nobody can be brave on a empty stomach; now can they, Mister?"

Garton thought of the many days at home when their empty larder stared at them hopelessly, and he replied:

"Jesus of Nazareth said, 'Man cannot live by bread alone.' We can so bring our bodies with their physical wants and cravings under the subjection of our spiritual natures, that those wants can be made fewer, and easier satisfied. The stronger we grow in spiritual grace, the more refined our material natures become, and the less we are burdened with material wants. I think one may live on spiritual food daily, and increase in strength and endurance. But I thought the Union, or Knights of Labor, provided for the necessities of those thrown out of employment through strikes."

"Oh they aim to do it; but you see there is so many, and the Union gits tired of always bein' called on for money. You see in the first heat and excitement of a strike, they promise lots o' things to the men; but after the first two or three months if it lasts that long it gets sort o' monotonous, and the Union gits awful tired. You see it's like the fust breakin' out of a war; it's so glorious to go a-fightin' for your country and harth-tun, and all that sort o' rot, that while the thing is fresh, every man is a hero and gits his name in the paper; and they all expect to be generals and presidents before they git through. But after they have fit four or five years and get shot at last, they are hustled into the ground a few inches deep, and nobody knows or keers whether they were generals or privates. Its all in the freshness of the thing," he concluded oracularly.

"Well, now, my friend, go home to your sick wife and take heart of hope. Don't get such silly and wrong notions in your head. Your life is not yours to destroy, but it is yours to improve and make better. Get out of yourself; look around you and see if you cannot do some good; if not for yourself for others. We are all dependent on each other in this world; when one is weak another is strong; and the strong must help the weak, and teach them to be strong also. Do not give way to trouble, but fight it off. All sorrow is sent for some wise purpose,—very often to arouse us from the selfishness of our own narrow desires and teach us that through pain, sacrifice and privation the path must be made that leads to eternal life. Be

brave and hopeful, and do not forget that if you will lift your eyes from the Slough of Despond and ask for help and guidance, the angels will lead you. But you must reach up to them; you cannot drag them down to you. Pray for help.

Remember, that as you live here, so will you live hereafter. Do good: the poorest and humblest of us can do some good, if it's only an outstretched hand when a brother stumbles. Live a pure, godly life, and that will bring the heavenly helpers near to you."

"I said before you talked like a preacher, Mister; are you one?"

"Not in your sense. I only preach what I have been taught."

"But you've got a religion, havn't you; will you tell me what it is?"

"With pleasure. My religion is Spiritualism, and I am a Spiritualist."

"Well, that beats me! I've heard of Spiritualists, but I didn't know they talked like that. Why, it's like the Bible; ain't it?"

"Certainly; we take our religion from the New Testament. It is the same religion that Christ taught,—whose example and teachings Spiritualism bids us follow. But now tell me where you live, and my wife will go and see what she can do for yours. Remember what I have said, and do not be discouraged. Try again, my brother, and try until you succeed. Good night, and God bless you."

"So that is Spiritualism, is it?" mused poor Jim Bartley, as he slowly arose and started for his miserable home. 'Help one another; do good to one another,' etcetry, etcetry, and he talked to me like a human bein'; wasn't too proud to set down in that public place and speak to me kindly, tramp that I am. I wonder when a man ever called me 'brother' before? Spiritoolism, hey? Well I'm beat, that's all!"

Spencer Garton had not found it an easy matter to procure another situation in Weston, well known as he was, and respected as he had always been. The prejudice manifested by Blote and Company had followed him and hung about him until in sheer heart weariness he almost gave up hoping.

But his guardian angels bore him up beyond the absolute despondency that seemed natural under the circumstances, and he never wavered in his faith. "The time is not yet," they wrote, "wait, and be patient." And he had tried to be patient, tried hard and earnestly. But when he noticed that Kate was growing

thinner and paler, and that her pupils in music were falling off,—because of "hard times," they said,—and the anxious look in her eyes deepened, more for him, he knew, because her sweet, unselfish spirit deemed no sacrifice too great for his sake, it seemed harder than ever. Still, when the hour seemed darkest, some cheering, comforting, message would come, and then with renewed trust they would pour out their hearts in gratitude to the ministering angels who taught them how to bear their burdens.

The most cruel blow was losing their home: it was so nearly paid for, and it was so very dear to them. Kate had come to it a bride, and to Spencer it was a thing set apart, and sacred. Every nook and corner was instinct with her presence. Everywhere was stamped her individuality; all the bright and pretty things her tasteful fingers had fashioned seemed a part of herself. It was hardest of all to part with. But it had to go; there was no earthly way to pay for it. The Building Association was sorry, truly sorry, and offered to give Garton more time, but it only prolonged the misery,—it could not be paid for, no matter how long the time might be extended. It must go, and the sooner the wrench was over, the better.

Once Garton met Mr. Blote on the street, who coldly bowed in passing, and sent the Parthian shot: "Sorry the spirits didn't save your house, Garton; I suppose they could if they had wanted to," to which Spencer replied pleasantly: "All things come to them that wait."

With Kate's music lessons, and whatever employment he could obtain, at copying, collecting, canvassing, whatever of fered and by dint of the strictest economy, they had managed to eke out on existence, and in their small way had done some good, sown some seed that was yet to blossom and bear fruit.

"Kate, what do you think of my sharing this work with Jim Bartley," asked Garton one day. "He knows enough to collect bills, and I know he is honest. It may put some heart into the poor fellow, and perhaps be a stepping stone to something better. We must not despise the day of small things—what do you say?" To which Kate replied:

"Why, if you think it will help him, do it by all means. I can manage some way."

Kate's management consisted mainly in surreptitiously conveying to Spencer's plate the one choice morsel of steak she allowed herself to buy, and pretending to

be surfeited, when he insisted upon her sharing it; but the angels must have judged her leniently, knowing the subterfuge was prompted by love.

But Spencer Garton, with his sensitive impressional nature, was stung to the quick by the coldness and constraint of those who had once called themselves friends. Keenly alive to their sarcasm and coarse jests, he yet bore them bravely, and gave no sign. "Clever fellow, Garton, but a little off!" they would say, and Blote and "company" congratulated themselves upon getting rid of him. The firm had sailed along under flying colors for so many years, and had such a reputation for superiority, that it could not tolerate any new-fangled notions foisted upon it. Garton had put his foot into it, for now he reaped the reward of empty pockets. Well, thank heaven it was no fault of Mr. Blote's. He had warned and remonstrated; but Garton was bent on riding his hobby, and it had carried him to want. No one was to blame, *et cetera*.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

From the "Weekly Discourse," C. L. V. Richmond.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake."

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven."

Such is the promise that truth gives to all who are its followers. Christ as the impersonation of the truth of that hour, as the Guide, Leader, Friend, and Teacher, spoke of Himself, "for my sake," not personally but for the sake of the truth that He represented; for the spiritual gifts that he portrayed; for the line of light and righteousness that He revealed; for that which conquers material power and the worshiping of Mammon. Certainly all who follow Christ, meaning truth, if they were persecuted, if they are reviled and all manner of evil said against them falsely, still is it not enough to know that it is false: is it not enough to know that truth can guide and lead you on; is it not enough to know that whatever is valuable in your spirit and commands your reverence, your utter regard and worship, is valuable enough to take you through all kinds of perils and persecution?

Reviling is the common practice of mankind in good or evil. Those who persecute, persecute for opinion's sake, or for malice, or for envy, or for slander. There is nothing strange or new in being persecuted. If you array yourself against any evil you are persecuted; if you express any truth you are persecuted; if a work is different than the accepted formulas and customs of the day it is persecuted. That is the common practice of the world;

and if one would be more than simply a dead letter, he must expect to be persecuted. The fact of persecution in the world, usually, is evidence that there is some new thought, or truth, or goodness in existence. When you remember that there never has been one step of human progress, one word spoken in behalf of humanity, one advance made in the direction of science, or art or civilization: when you remember that no out-pouring of religion has ever come upon earth that has not been accompanied by persecution; that that which is in the shadow must persecute the light; that those who are in error must endeavor to stay the advancement of truth; it not only places you with those who fought the battles of the world, but with all who ever had a new idea; with all the artists, poets, and philosophers, all who indeed have been prophets in any direction. That is what it is to be persecuted.

How can persecution harm you, if the evil that is said of you is false, are you not above it; and if it is true should you not seek to remedy it? If it is for truth that you are persecuted instead of the evil that is within you, does it not fall as far short of the mark as if a man aimed an arrow at the sun; how can your feelings be lacerated if it is untrue? So strong is the armour of truth, so absolute the possession of righteousness that one cannot feel wrong. If one is weak he should pray for strength; but he who is false to his convictions who turns traitor to his Christ, who betrays him like Judas, who denies him like Peter, who turns and flies at the approach of the enemy and declares that he knew him not, he who disguises his convictions, hides them under a false, fictitious or worldly name, and endeavors to draw the veil of popularity between himself and those who would persecute him:—such as these have no knowledge of the truth.

The Truth that brings the kingdom of heaven brings its own joy; all the light that is in the world, all the glory that is here is from the consciousness of this possession. Take it from the world and midday darkness would ensue, a shadow would fall upon the sun, the glory would be blotted out from all the blooming flowers, and the light that moves and governs the world toward divine purposes would be entirely lost.

After announcing, in these splendid sentences, the Divine promise to the entire human race, then the instruction of the Sermon on the Mount, the searching nature of its moral precepts, is of such value that all who believe in the mere letter of the law, or who consider that conformity externally constitutes true goodness, would do well to read with the power of the spirit upon them. He says, "Ye have heard it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill. . . and then He proceeds to analyze that he who is angry with his brother hath already committed murder in his heart. He then takes up the various commandments in the decalogue, and declares that the spirit of their violation is in the

thought, in the heart, in the individual desires; and this being true who shall escape the censure of conscience? The voice that cries out in anger against his brother, is the voice of the murderer, whether it comes from high or low, from the outcast of those in authority, from whatever source it comes. The anger that seeks the destruction of another, and only withholds through fear is the anger of the murderer. The same is true in reference to all forms of vice and crime, that have their violation, not in the falsehood that is breathed, not in the action, not simply in the word, but in the hypocrisy of daily life, the conveying of one intention to the mind when another is meant: all this is searchingly pointed out.] The boastfulness of giving alms to the poor, the enrolling of your names with the long list of those who give public endowments, that kind of benevolence that gives alms that the world may see, instead of bestowing because it comes from within the spirit; all this is searchingly criticised.

SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANY.

Specially prepared for Light in the West.

VOLAPUK.—The plan for a "universal commercial language" originated about five years ago by Herr Schleyer, of Switzerland, seems to be meeting with greater favor than has been accorded other projects of the kind. It is reported that Volapuk is already spoken with facility by thousands of Europeans; knowledge of it is being disseminated by more than fifty societies scattered over England, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Holland, Asia Minor, and other countries; Volapuk grammars for the use of Hottentots and Chinese, besides all the European nations, are either in the market or in course of preparation; and two reviews, one entirely in Volapuk and the other with a translation on alternate pages, are regularly published. The special advantage of the new language is the ease with which it can be learned, eight lessons having enabled a Parisian class to correspond readily with students in foreign countries.

THE NERVES OF TASTE.—The discovery that heat influences one set of nerve-points in the skin while sensations of cold are received by another set, has been followed by some interesting experiments, by two Italian physiologists, which indicates that the various tastes result from the exciting of quite distinct sets of nerve fibres in the tongue. The prolonged application of ice removed the sensibility for all tastes—sweet, sour, salt and bitter. Cocaine destroyed—temporarily, of course—sensibility for bitter only. Other substances such as caffeine and morphia, reduced the power of discriminating between different degrees of bitter. Dilute sulphuric acid had a peculiar effect, causing distilled water and even quinine to taste sweet at the tip of the tongue, although the bitter of the quinine was elsewhere tasted as usual.

A LENGTHENING LIST.—While the number of chemical elements had not reached seventy a decade ago, Prof. H. C. Bolton has prepared a list naming over forty elementary substances whose discovery has been announced since 1877. No less than nine of the supposed new elements have been detected this year by Crookes.

AMONG THE ELECTRICIANS.—Applications of

electricity are daily becoming more varied. Among recent ones are telebarometers, telemeters, mometers, telemanometers, telehydrobarometers, which respectively record, at distant points, air-presures, heat, steam-pressure, and water stages.

SCIENCE IN AUSTRALIA.—The colonies of Australia and the neighboring islands have some twenty scientific societies, with a membership of between 2,500 and 3,000. These organizations are to meet in 1888 for the purpose of forming an Australian Association for the Advancement of Science, similar to the important associations now existing in England, France and the United States.

SPEECH RECORDING.—A promising method of recording and reproducing speech is that of M. Leon Esquille, by a modification of the photophone. The speaking is done before a diaphragm having a highly polished surface from which a ray of light is reflected, and the record of this speech is obtained by simply photographing the ray of light upon a traveling band of sensitized paper. After having been developed, the articulation may be reproduced by projecting the image of the trace by means of a strong light upon a selenium receiver, the well known apparatus for transforming light-impulses into sound-vibrations, and the speech is then heard through the telephone connected.

SPANISH GEOGRAPHY.—The field for geographical exploration is not yet exhausted even in Europe. Schrader states that in the north of Spain several ranges of mountains exist, some reaching a height of 10,000 feet, which have no place on any geographical map. In the Aran valley another discovery has recently been made. Triangulation showed a gap unfilled between two ranges of peaks which, approached from different sides, had been supposed to form a single range; and further exploration proved that the gap contained a large and hitherto unknown lake.

THE CAMERA IN MEDICINE.—A new suggestion is that photography may become a useful agent in medical diagnosis, disclosing symptoms of disease before they are otherwise perceptible. In a recent negative of a child the face was shown as thickly covered with an eruption, no trace of which could be seen on the child itself until three days afterward, when its skin became covered with spots due to prickly heat. In another recorded case, invisible spots were brought out on a photograph taken a fortnight before an attack of small-pox.

THE STUFF OF DREAMS.—Most dream representations, according to the investigations of Wundt, emanate from actual, though weak, impressions on the nerve during sleep. Thus, an inconvenient position excites visions of laborious or painful experiences, difficult respiration produces the agony of nightmare, flying is suggested by the rhythmic movements of breathing, nudity by a fall of clothes from the bed, crawling hings by skin irritations, etc. The reproduction, of past memories is associated with events which have left a profound mental impression.

EUROPEAN ALTITUDES.—A German estimate places the average height of Europe above the sea at 974 feet. Switzerland shows the greatest mean height 4,624 feet, and the Netherlands the east, 31 feet. Intermediate are Spain and Portugal 2,298 feet; Austria, 1,698; Italy, 1,696; France, 1,292; British Islands, 714; Germany, 701; Russia, 548; Denmark, 115.

"How shall we reach the masses?" asks a religious paper. Dear brother, you can best reach them with a spoon. Go for them with a knife and fork. Humanity's tender point is its paunch. The conscience of a man may be seared as with a hot iron, but his maw is ever open to impressions. His intellect may be stunted, but his appetite is a giant. Take him to a concert or the theater, and he comes away to seek the nearest feeding place, where he may gorge himself before he sleeps. The little struggling church that bankrupts itself still further by venturing on a lecture course finally lifts itself clear out of debt by a series of suppers. A man who will not pay fifty cents for a book will dump one dollar and fifty cents' worth of dinner into his system. A picnic without ten parts of feed to one part of band is a flat failure. When we "receive" a distinguished guest we feed him; when we say "good-bye" to an eminent citizen we give him something to eat. We have a feast for the wedding guests, luncheon for the watchers, and a light collation for the mourners. There are a thousand restaurants to one library, yea, more. By and by, if the principles of evolution be true, this world will be peopled by a race of stomachs with legs and arms. The legs will be needed to carry the stomach to the trough, and the arms to fill it up.—X.

The *Illustrated Graphic News* is a handsome sixteen page paper printed on the finest tinted paper, and conducted with ability. Typographically it is perfect. The Grand Annual Number will be a marvel in the newspaper line. Contributions are promised from Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, ("sister of the president"), Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Edith M. Thomas, I. M. Gregory, (Editor *Judge*), Fred. D. Mussey, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, H. S. Edwards, Opie P. Read, *Arkansaw Traveller*, J. M. Bailey, *Danbury News*, Will L. Strickler, Emily Thornton Charles, Will J. Lampton, *Washington Critic*, Chas. Ledyard Norton, and other writers of note. The double colored supplement, "In the Trenches" is attracting wide attention, especially from old soldiers. Price of this number is 50 cts. Per an. \$4.00. St Louis.

INVALID NURSE.

Persons who wish the services of a good nurse are requested to call on or address Mrs. Shober, at 3122 Brantner Place, who has had over five years' experiences, and can give the best references from the city doctors and others.

BOOK AND OTHER NOTICES.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

There are a few subscribers yet whose paid up subscriptions will end with this year. All will please remember that our terms are Two DOLLARS per year, if not paid in advance at One Dollar, and that we will not continue the paper beyond the time paid for, even at the two dollars, without an agreement to do so. While many have not responded to our request

to renew their own subscription and send in a new subscriber at two dollars for both there were numbers who have not only sent in one, but from one to ten at \$1 each, so that we are encouraged to continue the price as it is for the present; especially as many requests have come in urging us not to raise it, and giving assurance of continued work for us.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Book of Algoonah, a concise account of the history of the early people of North America, known as the Mound Builders. 353 pages, cloth, reduced to \$1 00 or with *LIGHT IN THE WEST* one year \$1 75

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 and tendencies. (See advertisement.)

Religion of Spiritualism, by Samuel Watson, 423 pages, neatly bound in cloth. A work all Spiritualists should possess. Price, \$1 25

Spiritualism Sustained, by John R. Kelseo. The latest clear, logical, complete vindication of Spiritualism published. Cloth, 241 pages price \$1 00

The Four Gospels in One, containing every statement in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in exactly the words of the authorized version. (See advertisement.)

PAMPHLETS.

Spiritualists' Directory, useful for reference, 36 pages \$.25

Those wishing any copying done or ornamental card writing of any kind, should address for price of work Mrs. L. N. Camp 2617 Franklin Ave., whom we can recommend as a superior professional penman. (See advertisement.)

HOME COOKING.

At 823 Washington Avenue we have established a restaurant, where we give regular board, meals and lunches of the best, well-cooked food. Also, a principle feature of our establishment is **Hygienic Food**, and the proper preparation of it for all those who desire it. This diet is especially suited to dyspeptics and all invalids, and they are earnestly invited to come and try what we can do for them.

MR. AND MRS. TRUSSEL.

It is with pleasure that we refer to this advertisement of Mr. and Mrs. Trussel, and without hesitation we recommend their table, food and cooking and them to the patronage of all who can appreciate good victuals well cooked and nicely served. The *Hygienic* depm't is recommended by Drs. Susan and Mary Dodd, the celebrated Hygienic physicians of this city. We were acquainted with the family of Mrs. Trussell in Virginia, who stood high in the community and lived well; so that now she is especially fitted to cater to the wants of all who like clean, well-cooked victuals,—especially invalids or those who prefer hygienic diet. Much of Mrs. Trussell's

life has been spent in teaching school, and she well deserves the support of intelligent and good people, since she and her husband have embarked in this way to make an honest living.—Ed.

Echos from Sunny Land is the latest spiritual exchange that has come to our table. Its motto, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," is good. We are always glad to welcome a newcomer into the spiritual ranks. It is a gratification to all true Spiritualists to know that Spiritualism has gained a footing in any place sufficient to justify the publication of a paper in its interests.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.

The December *St. Louis Magazine* is an excellent issue of that interesting monthly. There is a handsomely illustrated article on Hartford Conn.; four good Western stories by John R. Musick, Mrs. H. A. Chute, Horace S. Keller, and Minnie W. Armstrong; Editor Alexander N. De Menil has articles on Miss Cleveland, Henry George, and other writers; the poetry is by Maude Meredith, Laurence Marston, L. F. S. Barnard, Edward L. Fales, and others; "Light Moods" is the best humorous department in any magazine, and "Home and Society" is of particular interest to ladies. For specimen copy and a set of gold-colored cards, send 10 cents to New St. Louis Magazine Co., 213 N. Eight Street, St. Louis, Mo.

The *Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer* for December is as good as its name is long, being complete in all its departments. Only \$1.50 per annum, or with "Light in the West" if sent before January 1st, \$1.75. Send for sample copy free.

S. H. Preston "In Quest of God," Harry Hoover ventilating "Spiritualism," Miss Ella E. Gibson contending for the name Ethics or Ethical Culture in place of "Ethical Religion," Dr. J. M. Peebles writing wisely on "Health for a Hundred Years," Dr. W. L. Willis wildly expatiating on "The Christ Principle" all combine to make this issue of the *Freethinker's Magazine* a lively number.

The *Mental Science Magazine* sets an appetizing table of contents for this month. "Christian Science," "Metaphysics," "Mew Jerusalem Omnibus," show thought and care on the part of the writers, and the different departments are well sustained throughout.

Notes and Queries with this number completes its third volume and we hope it may live to celebrate its centennial. Bright, chatty, interesting and instructive, it fills a peculiar little niche which belongs to its own peculiar little self.

Queries for December completes the second year of its very successful existence. It has been twice enlarged, and further improvements are in contemplation. The present

number contains a good portrait of Robert Browning, with a study of his life and poetry; portraits of Jean Ingelow, and Martha Washington; an illustrated poem, and an ideal picture from "The Earl's Return." In the Query Department, the subject of "Physics" is introduced by D. W. Nead, M. D., of Philadelphia. The other departments are "Mulum in Parvo," "Reviews," "News and Notes," "Open Congress," "Query Box," "Recent Publications" and "Editor's Table." An index to the second volume accompanies this number. Buffalo: C. L. Sherrill & Co., Publishers, one dollar per year.

The *Manifesto* closes its thirteenth volume. This magazine breathes forth the pure, calm, peaceful spirit characteristic of the Shakers.

Hall's Journal of Health grows better with age. The frontispiece is a portrait of Dr. J. R. Buchanan. A history of the eminent physician is given further on. "Dreams" is continued.

The New Jersey Spirit is the "name-elect" of a paper which will soon make its appearance. It will be devoted neither to Spiritualism nor Anti-Temperance, but to the Labor Question. Such head lines as "Spook of Jay Gould!" "Shades of Monopoly!" "Capital Ghost Story!" etc., etc., would be appropriate for its columns.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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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.

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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.

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.

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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.

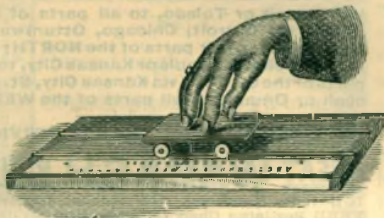
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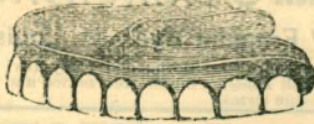
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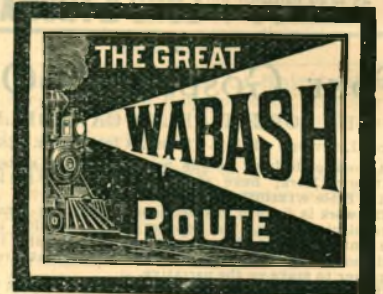
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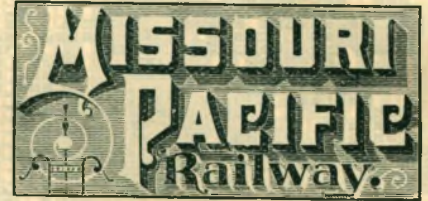
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