

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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ON last page see our notice of bound volume, including CHRISTMAS NUMBER of thirty-two 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.

Do not look at a man through the spectacles of his traducers: judge him by his life, his actions and his conversation.

SPIRITUAL manifestation partakes largely of the customs of the age in which it appears, so is it affected much by the mediums through whom it comes.

THE closer one lives to the angels, the more divine is his charity for human frailties and errors. The more imperfect one is himself, the more he exacts perfection from others.

It is unpardonable ignorance in any one to say “I do not believe in Spiritualism. I have no faith in it”—when that one has never investigated its truths, nor studied its principles. No one can have a blind faith in anything. The uneducated may say, “I do not believe in Sanscrit, do not believe there is such a thing;” and yet we

know that Sanscrit exists, that there are Sanscrit scholars, and teachers of Sanscrit, and books in Sanscrit. We betray our ignorance when we condemn a thing of which we have no knowledge, and have no desire to understand.

SIT not in judgement upon your fellowmen. Only the angels read the secret thoughts, see the hidden springs, the underlying motive of every action. Circumstantial evidence is not accepted in the Court of Heaven from whose justice there is no appeal.

SPIRITUALISM, unlike orthodoxy, has no devious thoroughfares, no broad and narrow guage roads all leading to the same terminus; but it has one plain, straight path, heaven illuminated, and angel guarded, and it is wide enough for rich and poor to travel abreast.

A PURE spiritual life, an honest dealing with humanity — a fearless tongue and a clear conscience — are a continual reproach to your enemies. Since they cannot climb to your height, they would drag you down to their level. It is the nature of curs to bay the moon.

How absurd the idea that we may live vain, idle, and useless lives, selfishly pursuing our own pleasures — deaf to the cry of distress, blind to the misery and want of our fellow beings, dumb when sorrow and distress appeal to our sympathies — and yet be washed clean of those glaring faults and inconsistency by the “atoning blood of Jesus.” Even a criminal who has spent a life time in sin and crime, who has made no effort to undo his wrongs, by remorse and restitution, may at the eleventh hour repose in the efficacy of that bloody bath, and proclaim his acceptance from the scaffold. It is blasphemy to lay the burden of our wickedness upon Jesus, and make him the scapegoat for our sins.

THE seeing of visions is only a stretch of the imagination affected by the general current of thought while the reason is dormant. Being the work of fancy, imagination alone can solve them; consequently, the solutions are as varied as the minds of men are, changing with time, circumstances and development of ideas. These visions are often pleasant to those who like to exercise their own imagination in endeavors to solve them, but the dreamers and the interpreters will be as much surprised when they enter the spiritual state as all other new born spirits are, and they will see how puny are the attempts to instruct their fellow creatures on subjects of which they are profoundly ignorant, until mortality has been changed to immortality.

SOME circles are held apparently to get curious fancies settled; these fancies originate in the minds of the sitters, to the exclusion of ideas that would elevate their hopes and aspirations. In many cases the spirits do not know what ideas to give, that mortals can understand when the question refers to their individuality as spirits. Many of the surrounding spirits are not sufficiently developed to give instruction or even to answer the questions correctly; they hover around to gather help for themselves, and if the sitters in the circle are pure minded, they can assist by instilling pure, elevating sentiments. In such cases the benefit is given to the spirits; think, then, if the questions are intended to elevate the thoughts, or to gratify unnecessary curiosity, or to procure tests varying accordingly to whims and circumstances. When the answers are unsatisfactory there is something wrong in the conditions; for every circle is surrounded by such spirits as the members of the circle attract, and if their own minds and habits of life are not harmonious, their attendant spirits will be discord-

ant, then the answers will be confused or sometimes trifling. Few think how serious it is to hold communion with beings who have entered a state of existence totally unknown to these investigators. Let the proceedings of the circles be prayerful and elevating, seeking instruction from spirits more highly developed than themselves. Let irrelevant questions be carefully avoided, and seek only for assistance to guide in the pathway appointed for each on earth, that the termination of earth labors may be a glorious opening to the clear undertaking of what life is and the destiny of the immortal spirit.

THERE is no study so calculated to elevate the mind of man as astronomy; but this is an exact science. There is no imagination, but close investigation and calculation produce the results obtained, and often the thoughtful student is impressed with the immensity of space, the wondrous yet regular evolutions of heavenly bodies in their orbits encircling, moving around the sun centre, symbolizing the universe, the innumerable solar systems grandly, slowly, majestically moving around the great central source of light and heat, from whence all life proceeds, to which all life is magnetically bound, and the universe of universes is one great whole; yet all these grand ideas open no door to the earth bound spirit to enable it to understand what its own individual condition or state will be when freed from the embryo shell of humanity; it is a changed being with senses quickened, spiritualized and capable of seeing greater wonders than the most fertile imagination aided by knowledge gained on earth could ever conceive.

LITERATURE.

It cannot be denied that a newspaper which encourages literature, becomes at once a blessing to society, and a powerful agent in moulding the minds and correcting the thoughts of men. The importance of giving a free discussion to the current topics of the day, the expression of the right kind of feeling, and those revolutionary out-breaks which are so many straws disclosing which way the gales of progression are blowing, should not be undervalued or overlooked. All these remain fixed and undeniable objects of interest and discussion, from which thought and interchange of thought can not, and should never be detracted.

But beyond all these interests, literature will continue to hold a supreme and

imperial place, ever appealing to everything that is high and noble and pure in humanity. A little display of imagery, an outburst of fancy, a tasteful grouping of fine thoughts, generous sentiments and true philosophies—do not these help to harmonize life by repeating in the fittest way those happy truths that are gleaned from its sorrows? A touching story, a thrilling episode, an old aphorism newly set, all these are points for the mind to repose in when fatigued with the excitements of the day, or oppressed by the ceaseless round of business cares. It is through such a channel that weekly newspapers inclined to encourage literature, can reach many a head and heart that would otherwise remain impervious to the beautiful, the good and the true. An intellectual stimulus is thus offered from which there is no morbid reaction, and the mind before which a literary feast is spread, becomes the stronger and wiser, the braver in adversity, and the better prepared to manfully face the realities of life.

There are of course, certain kinds of literature which the world would be better without. Fair to look upon, yet foul within. Arrayed in a pleasing garb to captivate the senses, trashy emanations from fertile brains that pander to the sensual and depraved. Like the man who first indulges in a social glass with gay and fascinating companions, and who is firmly convinced that he can never sink so low as to reel in the gutter, or rush irresistibly on to the abyss that bounds the inebriates' festive board, yet finds himself upon the brink, a moment more to make the last fatal plunge—so with the insinuating advances of impure literature in its enticing disguise, pleasing to the fancy, plausible in its subtleties, setting aside morality, and giving free rein to the baser passions of human nature.

Transcribed for Light in the West.

INSPIRATIONAL.

Communications given through the mediumship of Y. E. S.
MARCH 27, 1885.—A few remarks on Historical Fiction:—

The writers of history are not always to be depended on, for the events they portray are related according to what they entertain; if erroneous, a false wording will be given which will mislead. This has been the case with Jesus of Nazareth; he is now in the spirit world with many others like himself, whose lives on earth were spent in trying to elevate mankind to a

sense of the importance of the spiritual state. But the miraculous history of his origin arose from old Pagan ideas. Notwithstanding the Great Power that rules all states of being, they likened their imaginary gods to beings like themselves,—indeed, many of them had been heroes brave in war, whom after death they endowed with imaginary powers. Such was the ignorance of the masses of mankind they must endow their early teachers with the attributes of supernatural power and then worship them. It is well to set a higher standard for an example for mankind. Let, therefore, the beautiful character attributed to Jesus be the model for all to follow and imitate; but the myths attached to his history are of no benefit to any. All who lead pure, noble, disinterested, benevolent lives will secure their own happiness in this state and thus become their own saviors.

MAY 30, 1885.—The band will write a few thoughts on the happiness awaiting those who strive to elevate their fellow creatures:—

This subject is an agreeable one for spiritual natures. Our motive for communing with the denizens of earth is to guide them in the path leading higher and higher to eternal blessedness. When the thoughts of mortals are devoted to the best interests of humanity, they co-operate with us and the result is harmony, producing a cheerful serenity enabling them to endure the unavoidable evils of earth with patience and endeavoring by example to encourage others to battle the trials all must pass through with bravery, fortitude and resignation. How cheering the thought that we are not following a delusive phantom, but have convincing proofs of the continued life of departed friends, and as they are living so our existence after the change called death is assured. What cause then, can there be for despondency; all bodily pain must cease, the storms of adversity, be they ever so severe, must pass away; the sadness of parting is softened by the knowledge that at the close of the journey all will be compensated; the poor, unselfish love begun on earth will be renewed, and the joyous spirit will exult over the victories gained by having exercised the virtues of charity towards all fellow beings, resignation under troubles, and an unbounded confidence in the love of our heavenly Father.

The happiness of those who walk in the path we fain would show is begun on earth; they partake of the calmness which a clear conscience alone can give. A poet

beautifully describes this state:

Like some tall cliff that lifts its awful form

Above the clouds and midway leaves the storm;
While 'round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

The band will now permit an individual spirit to control:

MY FRIEND, the privilege of control being granted, I wish to express the pleasure I feel in bearing witness to the truth of the remarks made this evening; let none be despondent when suffering from sickness, bereavements, earthly losses, temptations or trials, for properly received these are the purifiers of souls; for heaven is not gained by ignoble ease. Duties must be cheerfully performed, whether pleasant or painful; each one must fill his place in the battle of life, without regard to selfish convenience or pleasure, and when the the victory over self has been gained, a triumphant entry into spirit life awaits the soul prepared by humility and love to understand and enjoy the blessings which only purified spiritual natures can receive. I was known on earth as Joseph Minturn.

MEDICAL WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO CAN HEAR.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

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WHAT is disease, mentally or physically? Concisely speaking, disease is the name men give to any disturbance or obstruction in the circulation of the invisible vital forces. The least disturbance reports itself as "irritation." A general physiological effort to overcome this is called "fever." When the effort of nature to remove an obstruction is local it is labeled "inflammation."

THERE are seven medicines which should be regarded sacredly as agents and elements emanating from the universal Fountain of universal Nature, namely: Dress, Food, Water, Air, Light, Electricity, and Magnetism.

STOMACH affections originate in depolarization of the spiritual forces. Medical men, however ignorant concerning the soul, admit that the mind exerts an extraordinary influence upon the digestive process.

HUMAN magnetism, with a complete change in both food and perhaps location, is nature's remedy for most diseases. Of course, with mercurial and other mineral medicines you can kill many diseases, and kindle up rheumatic pains and neuralgias.

THE part most thoroughly misrepre-

sented — the harmless and uncomplaining organ most vilified — is the quiet, sleepy, good-natured Liver. Persons full of extra fibrin (excrementitious matter), and with filthy blood in every vein, are foremost in abusing the liver; and the quack pill-makers concoct doses to meet the wishes of these liver vilifiers and grumblers.

THE original meaning of the phrase Sabbath, which signification was conceived in and born of the Spirit, is concentrated in one little word of four letters, R-E-S-T. He is the worst Sabbath breaker who will not give some portion of every day to honest communion with the interior and spiritual.

Many so-called learned medical gentlemen laugh at the claims (almost miraculous) of "healing mediums," and very learned non medical ladies and gentlemen join in the laugh thus professionally taught them. But why are not sudden cures as philosophical as sudden sickness? A spiritual emotion (or shock), either of fear, joy, or grief, often produces "sudden illness" in the physical organization. Why may not a spiritual shock of magnetic motion and life produce a sudden restoration of the equilibrium?

You should eat and drink with as much self-control and gratitude as you would "at the communion table." If you bolt your foods and drinks, better make your will, and prepare for paralysis, or else for slow death by softening of the brain. If your brain be naturally strong, Nature will "close you out" by a very Bright disease of the kidneys.

It has been incontestably proved that charcoal (which is always within everyone's reach) is capable, if taken in a pulverized state and in large quantities, of absorbing and rendering harmless the active principles of almost all poisons.

NITROGEN is abundant in animal tissues. In fat the nitrogen is absent; hence it is called a non-nitrogenous substance; and ought not to be used except in very cold latitudes. Persons of vigorous lungs and full habit need no animal food, for they can abstract from the atmosphere all the nitrogen needful for the perfection of their health and strength. But of weak bodies and feeble lungs the opposite rule is applicable; also to persons constantly exhausting their nerve power by intellectual and artistic pursuits.

EVERYONE may preserve the good opinion of his friends by never thinking, or saying, or doing anything contrary to

their prevailing sentiments. They will then never do or say anything to render your existence either happy or miserable. As a consequence, you will live and die a popular nobody.

SLEEPLESSNESS, if caused by disease, means that the body needs to be polarized by human magnetism, employing no medicines, and never sleeping between noon and bedtime. Insomnia means that the cerebrum and the sympathetic ganglia, including the sensitive nerves, are in a positive state, to the disadvantage and impoverishment of the blood, organs, muscles, and bones. Too much phosphorus, too little fibrin.

THE COMING CHRIST.

FROM THE SPHERE OF JOHN WESLEY.

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

"I will not leave you comfortless. I will come again to you. I will send you the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth who will tell you all things."

The second coming of Christ is not the subject of this discourse. There are those in the Evangelical churches who believe that Christ came again in fulfillment of His promise when He appeared to His disciples, and that then He was caught up into the heavens and will not appear until the judgment day. Others there are who look for the advent of Jesus the second time, who think, even now, the day and hour is imminent when He will again appear in bodily form upon the earth to judge all; and that the good will inherit the earth, and the wicked will perish forever. With these doctrinal points and the various theological dogmas erected upon them we have nothing to do. The subject of this morning's discourse is: The Coming Christ.

Scripturally we are entitled to believe that the coming Christ is the Spirit of Truth; that the manifestations of that Spirit in every age are adapted to the needs of the age, and that Jesus, excepting in the reappearance to His disciples, did not, individually, convey the idea that He would come again upon the earth personally, but that which constituted the essential spirit of His mission would be reaped in that comfort that would be brought to the disciples, and in the Spirit of Truth that would come to all men.

There are those in higher life who understand more perfectly the meaning now, of this ancient prophecy, and who realize that truth, in being presented to the world, must be presented personally. Just as any moral proposition cannot be very clearly defined unless defined individually. The laws of the visible universe may be in operation even though you do not know them, but the laws of the moral universe cannot operate upon any individual unless he or she is aware of it. Spiritual truth differs from material facts in this that spiritual truth must be personal everywhere. For instance, there can be no truth separate from consciousness; there can be no virtue separate from individual knowledge; there can be no life pertaining to the spiritual part of man of which man is not aware in some state, either human, spiritual, angelic, or Messianic.

The truths of past time you do not hesitate to ascribe, in their presentation, to such minds as have discovered them, and made them

manifest to the world. Whomsoever has revealed a system of mathematics you accord to him the discovery. When Memnon, borrowing the language of the skies, gave unto the Egyptians the first knowledge of letters it was supposed that he was inspired, such was the light and knowledge that he gave. When Cadmus brought, also, other letters of the Egyptian alphabet, and gave unto Greece the learning of Egypt, he was almost deified. The material knowledge which humanity gets comes by inspiration from within and without, and is accredited to the man who presents or discovers it. The systems of philosophy in Greece were each accredited to the individual who taught it: you have the ideas of the Epicureans, the Stoics, the Platonists; none of these denied to Plato, or Zeno, the knowledge of that which was his.

But modern science and materialism have, so far, failed in their attempt to discover the source of spiritual knowledge, that it seems to be fashionable to say that Christ meant a principle, and that there never was the man Christ. And if Christ only represented a principle, and there never was the man Christ, how can men expect to represent the Christ principle in their lives. If it is only a principle and not a personality, how can you be Christ-like without representing a personality? The power of truth to the individual life is in the measure of the individual exemplification: there would have been fashioned no word for the name of Christ if there had not been a Christ. The power which the individual life brings to man is to illustrate in human form whatever is God-like and divine.

The Messiahs typify the possible attainment of man; but not until all lesser conditions are overcome, and the states of mortal being are conquered: hence the Christ is that light in every age which typifies the culmination of its spiritual truth, the revelation of its spiritual power, and in divine expression reveals whatever will conquer the material and lesser conditions of earthly life. So that there are not only teachers, prophets, and seers, and gigantic minds in philosophy and intellect, but there are Messiahs, the culminations of each age, to whom spiritual truth is an ever-living presence, not clouded, as it is to most mortal minds, not in the shadow, as truth is to most of you, but is interpreted; it is their natural atmosphere, is that which they bring with them. As the genius in music discovers the slightest discord in sounds that others would think harmonious; and composes in spirit and mind lofty symphonies without the aid of external instrumentation, so to the one endowed with this divine possession, whose spirit is the angelic representation of a God-like truth, all is clear: the natural atmosphere is that of truth; no falsehood nor error mingled with it; it is not clouded to the vision, but the interpretation is forever between God and man.

The typical Christ life is the God-like man, not the man God, but the God-like man who reveals as much, in human life, of the God nature as can be expressed in the human form, and who presents the perfect epitomization of that life and light in action, word, and teaching.

Throughout the Orient, before the advent of the Christian religion, we must believe that God spoke the word of truth to those who needed it in the culmination of each age. And there is evidence to show that the Christ life appeared in four different Dispensations that preceded Jesus; teaching the same essential truths, revealing the same essential clearness of spiritual preception, illustrating the God in man. These four Dispensations spread over all Asia, and in Egypt, and in Africa, and made four lines of light, which under the

Chinese empire were worshiped in the four essential principles of life, and which handed down through Persia and Egypt, constitute the record of the spiritual unfolding of the Orient. And there is no truth pertaining to man's spiritual nature, that is not to be found in those mystic utterances; veiled as they have been by the various theologies and religions of man, the principles themselves were God-like, and the impersonators of the principles were Christ. These Christs are the Messiahs typified in the New Testament under the revelation of John who says, that the "Tree of Life" bears twelve manner of fruit: these referring to the cardinal virtues, the principles that are to be illustrated in the Christ life, toward which all mankind are tending.

The age that grows ripe for a Messiah reaps spiritual manifestations and signs and tokens from the heavens, and ministrations of spirits and angels, prophesying and visions. As in the Mosaic Dispensation, before Jesus appeared, there were indications of the coming, all the mothers in Israel expected the Christ birth to appear; the Messiah, although the nature of a Messiah was not fully understood, still was expected, and each one prayed that unto their household there might come the sacred promise of this Life Divine. It was not thought among the high and great, among the priests and rulers that Christ would come to the Nazarites, who were somewhat of outcasts, were the most lowly of all the tribes of Israel, it was not supposed among themselves that the Christ to the lowliest would appear; but He did, that which was the most lowly became the most exalted, the lines of spiritual light followed them into their simplicity, for the simple life of the Nazarites kept alive the primal worship of God, and out of the ministrations which came through prophets and gifts of the spirit, they alone seemed to know of the moral approach of this new Life. And when from out of Nazareth came Jesus it was asked by the proud and great, and those in the temples, and by priests, and by the people: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" The Nazareth of every age is that lowly place in which the Christ is born, is that self-abnegation and humility which comes with the knowledge of an approaching truth. How unworthy one feels when a great light approaches him; how meager and scanty the raiment of earth when the celestial glory falls upon one. Therefore it is the lowly, among the lowly, that the Christ life has its birth. The typical Madonna of every age is the lowly mother, veiled in purity, and in humility; not the queen, the proud and the great, nor the worldly, but the one chosen and apart. The veiled Isis of the Egyptians pictured the Mother thus concealed. And the Christ life made manifest in Judea was the typical expression of that sacred and divine Motherhood.

So when Christ appeared to the Jews they did not know Him; they expected a king, and He came a simple teacher; they thought to have a ruler, He brought no scepter, except the rod of love; they expected an empire, not only that he would gain possession of all their own territory, but all the territory of aliens and strangers. Their Christ was to be a king, this Christ was the lowliest and simplest of men; their Christ was to be a ruler, this Jesus was a ministrant, was only a lowly man, visiting the outcast, associating with publicans and sinners, healing the sick, and casting out demons, and in other ways assisting those who were in sorrow, this could not be the Christ. And yet the hours and days went on and, during the three years of ministration, there came the consciousness to such lives as were ready, that this must be the Christ; that He spoke as

one having authority. that His words were words of wisdom and love; that the power that He revealed was not the power of earth; that the manifestations that He gave were not those given of the earth; though they did not understand the meaning of God as Father, nor the heavenly state which He pictured, nor the spiritual truths that were to penetrate their lives; still there were those who knew that this was the Christ.

Among the wise men of the East were those who knew from prefigured signs and tokens, such as the five pointed star which was said to be the symbol of the next Dispensation, as it revealed the five essential truths that in the Kabala were known, as typical of the new Messiah. Whenever the symbol of the five pointed star appeared, the Parsee, whose light was from Zardrust, knew that would be the Messiah. There was no knowledge excepting among the secret priesthood in Judea, that this Christ would appear with this symbol; but among the children of Israel who were of the True Church, and among the Kabala who were in the priesthood, there was knowledge of this symbolism. So in the temples some of the priesthood never interfered with the teachings of Jesus, even when a child of twelve years of age, for they knew He was the Appointed One, that He had come and that His works would reveal Him to be the Christ. But those who ministered in the mere external office of the temple, who were not initiated into the mysteries of the symbolism of the East, who did not know the sign of the new Messiah's coming especially of the five pointed star, these were they who misunderstood and persecuted Christ.

Under the power of science many of these ancient symbols have been dispersed; many of the innermost meanings are lost: the true Apostolic descent, which was in the real priesthood, has been lost in the mockery of the Roman Catholic Church, and in the still greater mockery of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Apostolic descent, of form, instead of the real spirit, of the typical church in its external exaltation instead of spiritual powers, is the most preposterous perversion of ancient truth ever known; or to suppose that any church organization can hold in its keeping the keys of Heaven and direct the ministration of spiritual truth, when certain signs alone must accompany those who hold the powers of spiritual life, and these signs must be the spiritual gifts, sacred purity of life and the truth clear and perceptible at all times.

There are many who say, that the spiritual manifestations of to-day are but the indication of the advance thought of the world, and are perfections of the added light which has been given to mankind in the natural course of man's unfolding and progress, and that this is not an especial visitation or Dispensation of spiritual power. Such as these observe from the human side, and do not know that spiritual truth comes to the earth in cycles, just as astronomical cycles do; are not aware that every advent of spiritual truth upon the earth, is not only a possession continuously, but that each New Advent is a new revelation: and do not know that there is no other way for man to receive spiritual light, and strength, and power, than by revelation. Man does not attain to spiritual truth by material or external growth; but attains it by growth from within, and the life that is revealed is a portion of his immortal nature, and is revealed by angelic powers.

No man ever spoke with spirits excepting the spirits first awakened within him the knowledge of spiritual life. No man ever climbed up to the gates of Paradise, and wrest-

ed therefrom the secrets of immortal life, unless first ministering spirits opened to him the way to the gates of Paradise. Let no self-appointed prophet or seer of earth think he or she has discovered spiritual life, because of any earthly condition or power, that enables the seer to see, or the prophet to prophesy, for any gift of the spirit to come to man is the power that is breathed from the Spirit of life unto the spiritual life of man. No outward awakening will perform this purpose. The objects of material life lead you directly away from the spiritual, but the spiritual perpetually impinges upon your life, and makes at last the avenues of spiritual existence the means by which you climb to a knowledge of spiritual things.

There is nothing more unnatural in this New Advent of truth, than that the buds shall unfold when the proper time approaches, or that the harvest should be ripe when the grain is full grown. There are statements in which this may be presented as most in keeping with the order of God in the universe; one is the material state, in which all things move in cycles, everything is governed by the seed time and growth, every harvest appears in response to growth, and the whole earthly existence reveals that nothing goes out of the order of nature: the movement of planets in their orbits, of suns around more distant suns, all indicate cycles that are accompanied with such material changes, that when you observe them you know when the harvest will appear, what time the seed should be planted, and whether the year will be prosperous in certain kinds of growth; you understand that certain forces come to you in cycles and you can predict the appearance of certain phenomena of nature like comets; or you can tell the approach of tempests, cyclones, earthquakes, and such storms as affect the material prosperity of the earth; so that all the forces of material nature are indicated to you when you are ready to see, in the natural order of the universe.

In spiritual things there is no chance. It is not simply that the spirit world wishes to communicate and finds means to do so or that man desires a message from the other world, and the avenue is opened from the human side; the great ebb and flow of spiritual truth is in consonance with human needs and in accordance with the laws of the spiritual universe. The laws of the spiritual kingdom, are governed by intelligences, personalities and powers. There is in all the kingdoms of life, into which the spirit of man can go, consciousness; no blind forces acting upon the spirit; all is intelligence. If a thought comes to you, it comes from somewhere, and from some intelligent source; if a message, or ministration, or spiritual uplifting comes, it must come from an intelligent source. There is no great reservoir of intelligence into which you may dip your wings of thought and soar earthward with inspiration upon them. All are identified spirits, angels, and the divine orders of archangels and Messiahs. Even thus the orders of being freighted with divine thought, and messages that you need, come to the earth.

When there is an outpouring of the spirit many spiritual gifts are awakened; when your children speak to you from the unseen realm, and your friends manifest more nearly, it is because beyond and above them is the great impelling wave of spiritual life, that is making ready for the new manifestation of truth upon the earth; and this preparation, however slow, still goes on apace.

Even as the morning comes, that first creeps slowly and scarcely perceived, but at last the light is revealed, the sun has arisen almost before you know it, and the truth is made manifest that the day is there, so at this hour

of preparation, ministering spirits pour out their knowledge of spiritual life upon you.

The world is looking for the New Advent of truth, but in what way and at what time and hour no one seems to declare. There are only those aware who are illumined from the sources of knowledge. Spirits in the usual spiritual states do not know it; they know that there is a light along the horizon, that this new truth is illuming the world with its presence; but the angelic spirits know; and they know that when the earth is ready,—that even now the preparations are imminent—that the truth that has come to the earth to day, will have its culminating expression in visible form, as the truth that has come in every age has done. No truth has ever been revealed to mankind, that was not revealed through a personality. The individual who discovers a science, or announces a philosophy, is accredited with that to which he gives birth, and when the culmination of this truth comes it must be in some individual.

Then is not Christ a principle? Yes. The teachings of love, and truth, and wisdom, and knowledge, are appropriated by all according to their growth and powers of assimilation; but the individual Christ of every age is a prophecy of what those who are called in that age will become. So that when Christ—Jesus of Nazareth—called from the tribes of Israel, one hundred and forty four thousand, and from other nations a vast multitude whom no man could number, it was not to be understood that these were all that were ever to be saved, but that these were they who had ripened under his ministration, under the Dispensation of that Christ. Now when the Christ of the new truth appears, such as are ready for another harvest shall be gathered; those who have ripened beneath the tribulations of the past two thousand years; those who have come up through great sorrow and suffering; those who have borne patiently the mockery, and trials, and crosses of life; those who, in the present hour whether on earth or in spirit life, perceive the dawn of the new truth, those who long for it, to whom it is food, who look not upon the past but upon the coming light, for strength.

As not upon Moses and the Prophets alone, did the Children of Israel look for the light, but upon the Messiah who was to be called Christ, so to the new Life, and the new Light you are looking; to that which shall be the typical impersonation of the Light Divine of this present hour. Climbing up through the ages of the past, through the five dispensations that have come to the earth, this sublime prophecy reaches you to-day.

The six pointed star is the Egyptian Messianic, Cabalistic, and Buddhistic symbol for the present hour, the one half cycle of the great period, æon of Jehovah. This cycle is upon you; its dawning power is made manifest; already the heralding angels make you aware of the approach of this Christ; and the form will appear twofold in human life, unrecognized excepting by those who are spiritually illumined, bearing the message, the one word of divine truth. When the full cycle of this Messianic period shall have come, then will all who are awakened and quickened by the presence of ministering spirits be aware of this Light.

The Christ Man will not come in glory. The Christ Woman will not appear as a queen of earth. Theirs may be as lowly a place as that which the Nazarene entered, in earthly life; or it may be in some fairer clime, among more beautiful surroundings, that the new Life will breathe its presence upon the earth, like some sweet song made manifest by the harmony of its surpassing melody. But cer-

tain it is that where there has been discord, there will be then harmony; where there has been striving there will be peace; where there has been sorrow and deep agony there will be joy: and to such as have been afflicted through prophesying of this coming they will be made aware of their inheritance; when that Life shall appear among the sons and daughters of earth, peerless, possessing the attributes of goodness, of love, of truth, of the Divine nature, typifying in every action the perfection of life that is revealed, showing the possibilities of the human race, when the life shall have gained full and complete mastery over the earth and all earthliness.

Doubt not this coming; whatever light and whatever glory may be yours in advance, it will not simply be the principles of love and truth but a divine impersonation that will walk in your midst to show what man will attain, and that you are not to worship his personality, but only follow in the typical illustration of what that light shall be. Then will all darkness, and sorrow, and sadness change into joy; and such as are ready, which will also be the great multitude whom no man can number, will come and receive the light, and the earth and the heavens, in that degree will be made new.

Not yet is this cycle complete; the true Messianic cycle is two thousand two hundred and fifty years. These are days of rapid culminations. Sometimes there is exactitude in astronomical figures, but the day is imminent; you are all aware from the trembling of kings upon their thrones, from the light and joy that come to those in lowly places; because of this new truth that is in the air; and such preparations as can be made in your hearts and lives: such seed as you can sow of the flowers of the new kingdom; and such goodness as can be revealed in your existence willingly will be made here; and you, like those who waited in Israel, like those who waited in far Asia, can prepare the way for the footsteps of the new Messiah, can smoothe the thorns and briars from the road which He must tread, and if this be done for humanity it will be done for the Christ; for whatever you do for mankind, that you always do for the coming Messiah.

Written expressly for Light in the West.

DISCIPLINE.

A Christmas Story in Six Chapters.

BY JESSIE WANNALL LEE.

CHAPTER III.

"I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat. I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in naked, and ye clothed me."

Garton's desultory employment led him out at all hours, and in all sorts of places. Returning late one evening, a woman's form arrested his attention, and a woman's anxious face peered into his. With a shrinking movement she turned to pass him, then as if impelled toward him, she abruptly paused, and silently confronted him. He could see that the shivering form was thinly clad, that want and distress looked from the hollow eyes that burned with the fire of inward fever; and as she turned them full upon him, the rasping cough that smote his ear racked the slight form, as she drew her miserable garments around her.

"Well, my friend, have you anything to say to me," inquired Spencer scrutinizing her keenly.

"Yes," she gasped, as another fit of coughing seized her, "will you give me a dime for the love of heaven? I must find a bed to-night."

"Poor soul! friendless and shelterless on such a night as this. Where do you live?"

The unexpected sympathy in his voice unnerved her, and she broke down utterly. "I have no home, not now, since I've been sick. The woman I lived with said I must go, because I had no more money; and I feel that I must find a place to-night, if it's only to die—my head hurts me so."

"Poor child! and you look so young; have you no mother?"

"Oh, sir! don't speak of my mother, for God's sake! I had a mother and a good one; but I broke her heart—she is dead," and the poor creature sobbed bitterly.

"If I give you money for a bed, where will you go?"

Oh, I'll find a place—anywhere, so I can put my head down. It seems to be bursting now. I'll find a place, indeed I will!" she went on eagerly, as though she thought he doubted her.

"And after to-night—what will you do then? Where will you go?"

"I don't know. May be I'll die—I feel like it—but if I don't, I will find some place where they will let me stay for God's sake, if they won't for mine," she answered hopelessly.

"And then when they turn you out again, you will drift back into the streets to freeze and starve; is it not so?"

"Well, what matter? What am I, that any one should care? I am worse than the dogs; for they have homes, and some one to feed them. Give me a dime, please sir, and let me go."

"Come with me, you are too ill to be out on such a night as this, come home with me, and my wife will give you a shelter. Come, poor child; it is bitterly cold here."

"Oh, no! no!" she cried: I am not fit to come into the presence of any pure, good woman, as I know your wife must be—she would spurn me like the dirt of the slums from which I came. No, no! anything but that! You are kind and generous, and I bless you for it, but I cannot come; I have not fallen so low as that."

"If you have sinned, and are vile as you say, there is so much more need of pity and kindness. It is not they who are

whole that need a physician: but they who are sick. You are homeless and sick; you are a fellow being, and no matter what your sins and errors may be, it is my duty to help you. Come."

"But you do not know what I am—to what depths of degradation I have fallen, or you would not offer me a shelter. My very presence is contamination,—I tell you I am fouler than the mire beneath your feet—God help me!"

"He will help you, my poor child, if you ask him. An honest confession of your sins, with true contrition, is a step toward reform. If I am willing to take you home with me, why will you refuse to come? It is death to you here."

"I wish I were dead! Oh, I wish from my soul that I were dead! If you hadn't spoken to me so kindly, I should have braved it out; but—oh, I am so wretched, and tired, and hungry, and cold!" she sobbed wildly.

But Garton had gently and firmly taken her by the arm, and was leading her unresistingly to his humble dwelling, where he knew Kate's pitying and tender heart would supply the balm of sweet womanly sympathy.

"Whatever Spencer does is right," Kate always said: and so when he brought the poor wanderer home to be cared for, she went to work with a hearty will; and in a few hours the poor girl was peacefully resting in the sleep of utter weariness and exhaustion.

Kate's ready sympathy and kindness towards the forlorn creature so strangely thrown upon her hands met with the reward of a grateful heart. After a night's quiet repose and simple breakfast she felt much better, though the cough was still troublesome. Kate's charities were all of the smallest, according to her means, and invariably involved some personal sacrifice; but they were bestowed cheerfully and heartily, and dictated by a heart keenly alive to the sorrows and misfortunes of others.

"What troubles me, Spencer; is to find a garment that she can wear. Mine are all too short for her, and in that old wrapper the preponderance of arms is alarming, laughed Kate, "but now that she is clean and wholesome, and her hair nicely brushed, she is really pretty and sweet-looking: don't you think so?"

"And now, Lizzie, dear," said Kate, as she mixed a soothing draught for her, "tell me all about yourself, and let us see what we can do for you. Don't be afraid

of us, for we would be your friends, as you will find."

A choking sob rose in Lizzie Fane's throat, and the dark, mournful eyes turned appealingly to Kate.

"I don't know why you should be so good to me," she said brokenly, "I'm sure I do not deserve it; but I will tell you my story, and you shall judge. I was an only child, petted and indulged; and therefore grew up wilful and headstrong. I could not bear restraint, and when father died, mother, who was always gentle and affectionate, gave up to me in everything. I really loved my mother, but I thought her notions were too rigid; and I chafed and rebelled when she gave me counsel and advice. Poor mother! Oh, if she could only know how bitterly I regret every act of mine that gave her pain!" and the poor girl wept bitterly.

"She does know, Lizzie, let that assurance comfort you, and it gives her joy to see you repentant," said Kate soothingly.

"Do you really think she does? Oh, how do you know! how can she know; she is dead! Oh, mother! mother!"

"There is no death, Lizzie. Those whom we have loved, and who loved us, are with us still in spirit. They are only removed from our material eyes. But they love us still, and watch over us, guiding and strengthening us when the burdens of life fall upon us too heavily. Be comforted, Lizzie, *there is no death*; and every act of our lives is open to the eyes of God's messengers—the angels that walk with us."

"Oh, if I could only believe that! If I could only feel that my repentance is not in vain."

"It is never in vain. All that we can offer in atonement for sin is sincere repentance, and an earnest desire to amend our lives and so live, that the temptations of the flesh will have no power to turn us aside. We must work out our own salvation. We cannot lay the responsibility of our shortenings upon others. Conscience is the stern and just judge from whom there is no appeal—but go on with your story."

"When I was seventeen," resumed Lizzie, "there came to B—, where I lived, a young man who called himself Harry Taylor. He was handsome, clever and witty, was a fine singer, and very fond of gaiety. I was captivated and fell madly in love with him. He flattered my beauty, and praised my voice and, silly fool that I was I believed him. Mother warned me. She never liked him, and always said he was not what he appeared to be: but I

would not listen. I thought she was prejudiced, for in my eyes he was perfection. He knew that mother opposed his visits to me, and so he prepared an elopement. I was, a vain romantic girl, and thought how charming it would be to run away with my hero, and make a real love match. I stole from the house one night, and met Harry in the lane. He had a carriage waiting, and said he would drive to a friend of his who was a minister, and he should marry us. Poor, simple fool, — not a single regret for the home of my childhood! not a pang of remorse for the un-dutiful conduct that was to break my mother's heart! Oh if the angels are with us, why did they not warn me; why did they not drive me back?"

"Perhaps they did try to warn you, but if you wilfully closed your ears to their warning whisper, who is to blame?"

"I leave you to imagine my horror and shame when I discovered too late that the stranger for whom I left mother and home was a gambler and thief, hiding from justice! That Harry Taylor was not his name, and that his friend was not a minister, but a gambler like himself. That he already had a wife, and I was the victim of a mock marriage. Then I grew desperate and wicked. I loved him tho' he had basely betrayed me, and when he told me one morning that I was not his wife, that I had better return to my home, and he would give me money to take me there, I wanted to kill him! He left me in Farnley where he had taken me, without money and without friends! Then I didn't care what became of me; I went from bad to worse, and every downward step made me more hardened. I drifted about from place to place, not daring to go home, and when my health gave way, and I could get no more money, I slept in barns and outbuildings—any where that offered a shelter from the rain and cold!

"I was mad the night I met your kind husband, mad with pain and hunger. I never had begged before, and I tried to pass him by, but something seemed to impel me toward him; I almost fancied that I felt a hand drawing me, but it was the fever in my brain, I suppose, though I could not pass him by. Now, kind lady, you know my hateful story, and you ought to open your doors and drive me out like the degraded, guilty thing I am!" A torrent of tears drowned the last words, as the poor girl bowed her head on her arms, and sobbed convulsively.

Kate was dumb with astonishment and

pity. She had been so sheltered from the temptations of the world, that it was difficult to realize how so slight and frail looking a thing could have suffered so, and lived.

At last she spoke. "Lizzie, have you ever read that touching story of the woman who was brought before Jesus of Nazareth that he might condemn her, — how he said: He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her, and He stooped down and with his fingers wrote on the ground. But the rabble slunk away and Jesus looking up said: Woman, where are they: did no man condemn thee? and she answered, 'No man, Lord.' And Jesus said, 'neither do I condemn thee: go thy way: from henceforth sin no more.' Could anything be more sublime than that divine forgiveness, Lizzie; and if Christ the sinless could be so pitying and tender, shall we, who are weak and erring sit in judgment upon our fellow beings? And you see what that divine charity of Jesus did for the sinner brought before him? It melted her soul to repentance and gratitude; and since he, the martyr, did not despise her, she left all to follow him. That charity, that Christ-love, still remains. It would hedge you about in all tenderness, and break the chains of your degrading bondage. Will you turn from that love and pity, Lizzie?"

Kate's soft eyes were full of tears, and her voice was pleading and earnest. "Remember, Lizzie, Christ did not come to call the righteous to repentance—but sinners. None are so vile but they may repent and be forgiven."

"Oh, if I had heard those words before! If I had thought there was a way of turning back; but the world has been so cruel to me—so bitterly, bitterly cruel! I would have gone back to an honest life, if I had dared; but virtuous doors were shut against me, and I suppose it was right, I am not fit to come in contact with the pure and good," concluded Lizzie tearfully.

"My dear child," interposed Spencer, who had silently entered the room, and heard the last words. "Be not discouraged. Though the clouds hang heavy above your head, the sun of eternal light is shining beyond, and its divine rays will scatter the mists and fogs that now becloud your path. Only look upward. Look away from the clouds; look to the life-giving, all pervading, all illuminating principle of spiritual light and wisdom. If a child wanders through forest paths, led by the mother's hand, and sees only the

way-side blossom, hears only the song of flying birds, or seeks only to chase the brilliant winged butterfly, the child is not to blame if he stumbles upon hidden briars that tear the tender flesh. But the mother's watchful eye notes the brambles and thorns hidden under the oval green grasses, or springing at the roots of flowering shrubs. And the mother's careful hand clears them away, making a safer passage for the child of her love.

"So the angels, with a love surpassing the love of a mother, see the briars and thorns that choke the spiritual path of their earth children, and with firm but loving hands, tear them up by the roots. It may be the uprooting causes pain. It may be there are wounds, and the wounds bleed; but God holds the sovereign balm, and pours it upon those wounds,—the balm of healing and of peace. Be not discouraged. There is work for you to do, and that work is just begun; for only through trial and discipline are the spiritual graces cultivated, and the spiritual nature unfolded. Through loss and suffering your hold upon material things must be weakened, until you feel the longing and outreaching for the things that are spiritual. Strive to climb the heights. There are angel hands outstretched to lead and help you. Lift your soul to a higher plane. Strive for the attainment of spiritual perfection, it is within the reach of all. Drop the empty husks of worldly pleasures, and reach up for the golden fruits that richly grow in spiritual gardens, for those who have sown their seeds on earth, in tears, sorrow, sacrifice and loss. Give yourself confidently as a little child into the hands of the spirit physicians, they will heal you, they will strengthen you. But give yourself in love, in trust, and all humility. Do not despair. Cast out all fear, the angels are with you always. When they have led you safely through the thorny paths of earth life, you will be brought into sweet green fields, whose paths are paths of pleasantness, and all their ways are peace! Peace abide with you, dear sister, and love."

The voice of inspiration ceased, and Spencer Garton laid his hand in silent blessing upon the head of Lizzie Fane, and softly withdrew from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

"And he shall give his angels charge concerning thee, and on their hands they shall bear thee up, lest haply thou shalt dash thy foot against a stone."

Another year had passed away, and still the dull routine of Spencer Garton's

life had not altered.

"Kate, I am almost discouraged!" he said one day after having an application for the situation of book keeper rejected.

It does seem hard that all one's energies must go to waste in this manner. If I could only get out of Weston; but the band still say, wait," and they know best; but it has been a long and weary waiting, little wife," and Spencer threw the letter on the table.

"Your energies have not gone to waste dear," responded Kate, who still kept up her hopeful spirit, and sunny cheerfulness, in spite of their increasing poverty. Look at Jim Bartley! why, he is another man since you befriended him. His wife says he is changed altogether, and is much more cheerful and agreeable at home. He is doing really well now, I am glad to see; and since he got the situation of porter at the Blake House they are living quite comfortably. And there is Lizzie Fane! Can anything be more gratifying than the entire change that has come upon her? She was not really a bad girl at heart, poor child; she only needed an encouraging word, and a hand to lift her up. I am so delighted to hear such a favorable account of her. By the way, I have not read you Mrs. Atwood's letter—here it is," and Kate read:

DEAR MRS. GARTON: You ask how I like the young lady whom you so kindly recommended to me for a nursery governess. I am much pleased with her indeed. I find her capable, industrious, and patient; and quite clever with her music. The children are very fond of her, and she seems equally fond of them. While she is always cheerful and pleasant, there is a seriousness in her manner—a kind of subdued sadness—that makes me think she has known great sorrow; but she is reticent regarding her past life, and I have not pressed her for her confidence; but that she will enjoy our affection and trust, I feel quite sure. With kind regards, I am yours sincerely, JANE ATWOOD.

"Now what could be pleasanter than that, Spencer? Surely you will not say your energies have been wasted? And now I have something to tell you; I have three more music scholars! And that mysterious price of embroidery that you were so unpardonably inquisitive about has been exchanged for a five dollar bill. See, here it is, fresh, and crisp, and new! Now am I not a perfect bonanza, husband mine?" and Kate took him by the ears to give him a "French kiss."

"You are the dearest little wife in the world, darling, and an unfailing source of comfort and help to me, answered

Spencer, as he drew the bright head down on his breast, "and I see how ungrateful I am to murmur,—but what is that? Listen! why I do believe it is fire! Good God! it is fire, and as I live its Blote's house!

"What are you going to do, Spencer?" cried Kate, as he sprang up, and hurriedly snatched his coat.

"Why I'm going to see if I can be of any use. Heavens! how it burns—and I'm afraid there's no water!"

Yes, it surely was Blote's house, and the splendid structure was one blazing mass! It was August, and there had been no rain for a month; everything was parched and dry, and the flames licked up the shingles like paper. The fire department of Weston was very inefficient. There had not been a fire in the village for many years, and the inhabitants had made no provision for that contingency. There was a scarcity of water, a paucity of ladders, and the longest one would not reach the roof. It was a scene of the wildest confusion. There seemed but one opinion—that the building must go. "What a pity!" one exclaimed. "A house that cost so much money left to destruction; no earthly power could save it!"

Swelton Blote rushed about in a frenzy of excitement. "Five thousand dollars to the man who will scale the roof, and extinguish the blaze,"—but he shouted to empty air.

Suddenly a child's terrified scream rang out above the din. And there at the upper window, nearest the roof, stood Lillian, the only and idolized child of the millionaire.

"Oh God—my child! save my child! he shrieked. "Good God! will you let her perish?" The ladders were of no use. The flames had environed her so completely that she seemed a picture framed in living fire, with her long golden hair falling loosely around her, and her tiny form in its white clinging nightdress.

A groan of anguish burst from the father's lips, and the sweat of agony rose in great drops to his brow.

"Great God, men! will none of you try to save her?" Great sobs choked his utterance, and he tore his hands in the despairing effort to reach her. It was awful; but no one volunteered to take his life in his hand and attempt the rescue.

Spencer Garton with a cool deliberate eye had measure the distance. There was only one thing to be done—splice the frail

and slender ladders. It was dangerous, but it must be attempted. He had sent off hurriedly for ropes, and was lashing them together with the aid of other strong hands that trembled at their task; but it was accomplished with expedition, and in silence. "Now, friends," and his voice rose steady and clear, "I don't know if I can succeed, but I mean to try! This top ladder is shaky, and its very light: but stand here as many of you as can, and hold it firmly to the ground. If I find that I cannot keep my footing I will shout to you: but steady now, and God and the angels helping me, I will do my best."

Not a moment was to be lost. The flames had crept down below the window, and Lillian's face had disappeared. A part of the roof had fallen in, but the west side where Lillian was might stand until he could reach it. The silence of death hung over the crowd that watched that perilous ascent with bated breath.

"I should say it was mighty rash in Garton," said one man, "there's no chance in getting there now. Why look! the top of the ladder is smoking!"

It was true: it was imbedded in live-coals, and the sight was sickening.

"One of you bring me a pail of water; quick," shouted Garton.

A murmur of dissent arose, and no one ventured.

"Do you hear me; are you brutes that you hang back? A pail of water I command you!" rang out Spencer's voice—when quickly leaping up the slender rungs like a young monkey sped Joel Harper, the lithe, nimble figure never pausing until it gained the spot where Garton stood.

"God bless you, Joel, now pour half of it here, and wait until I jump in and find the child. When you see me again, empty the pail where it smokes, and fly down for your life."

Oh, the agonizing suspense of that moment! Joel did as he was told, for he was a brave little fellow—and waited anxiously for Garton's reappearance, but he did not come. Mr. Blote with straining eyes and ashen lips tore his hair frantically; what was all his wealth to him then in that supreme hour? It could not give him back his child, his idolized Lillian.

Slowly and with difficulty Garton made his way to the burning window. They watched him spring into the blazing mass and disappear. The men below covered their eyes in horror. But now through the

dense and stifling smoke they discern his form, and a white object is in his arms, thank God! But how to reach the ladder! Every heart stood still with fear. Lillian had fainted, and lay a dead weight in his arms. The flames had singed her hair, and Garton feared the worst. Holding her face close to his breast, he prepared to descend with his burden.

For a moment he reeled with a deathly sickness at his heart, and his brain swam only for an instant! Committing his soul to God, and with a mental prayer to his guardian angels for protection, he planted one foot upon the ladder, cautiously feeling his way, and grasping the top rungs with his disengaged hand, he threw all his weight upon it, and dropped to the rungs below. It was a perilous feat, and it wrenched his arm cruelly; but he scarcely felt it. He must hasten, for the top of the ladder was burning now, and it swayed and trembled beneath him with a dizzy motion that paralyzed the anxious hearts below.

But the angels were with him. Nearer and nearer, just pausing a second when a burning beam fell and struck him on the shoulder—nearer and nearer. Two more steps and he is down, and Lillian safe. A shout prolonged and deafening greeted him as his foot touched the ground; but Spencer had fainted, and sympathetic hands caught him as he fell, with Lillian clasped tightly in his arm, and her long golden hair tangled over his breast.

A PECULIAR EXPERIENCE.

It was in March, 1870, and I was confined to a sick bed. My brain was extraordinarily active, and the vision I am about to describe was very realistic in all its features. My senses were very acute; but while the main facts are indelibly fixed upon my mind, after the lapse of so many years, yet many of the details that at the time much impressed me are now necessarily lacking in my remembrance.

An old physician and friend, who had many years before passed beyond this vale of tears, appeared to me in a vision, and after giving me some important information and advice concerning my health, inquired if I would like to accompany him upon a visit to the other planets, assuring me that the sight I would see would well reward me.

I seemed to feel no fear whatever, but rather a desire to accompany him, so I said "yes."

"Come, then," he rejoined and it

seemed as if I came out of my body, leaving it entirely behind. We started off through space and visited a number of different earths or planets. I saw and heard many marvelous things, and recognized many persons whom I had known in the flesh years before.

So we journeyed on from one sphere or earth to another, until we reached one that was inhabited by the most beautiful and altogether lovely beings,—in fact beyond any human conception or imagination. Their faces were bright and luminous beyond description; their eyes and every feature peculiarly distinct and perfect. Their hair was long and flowing, of the color of gold tinged with silver, and every thread shone and sparkled like an aureole or corona of bright gems. Their robes were of the finest fleecy white, loose, long and flowing, and these robes seemed to be part of themselves, and I was told they were the robes of righteousness.

These lovely beings moved about through space at their will and apparently without an effort. One of them spoke to me.

Read and ponder well what she said, for she spoke with knowledge and authority. "This," said she, "is where the books are kept; the judgment books, wherein are set down the deeds done in the body. Each mortal keeps his or her own book and makes the entries therein."

While I marveled at this, she displayed a small book, the leaves of which opened like a map, in folds. Yet I wondered more as I opened it and recognized my own handwriting; a complete record of every act in my life entered there. It was then explained to me that I already had a spiritual body, and that every night while my earthly body slept the spiritual body came and recorded the deeds done in my waking hours.

And I was further informed that there are twelve planets, my home, the Earth, being one of them. All were inhabited by man save one, I was told, and that one was the habitation of the souls of men before they entered the brain of man. This planet, it was not permitted man to enter.

Struck with wonder, I asked further about the soul of man, saying that I had thought the soul was the life of man. But I was told to look at the beasts; they had the spirit of life but no soul. Then I was informed, to my wonder, that man could live without the soul and the soul without the body. The soul was given to man to help him in his earthly existence; to make his life better and more happy, and to

direct and keep him in the paths of rectitude. And I was further told that it was through the soul that man approached God, and received counsel and direction and aid to walk in the way to receive the blessing of Heaven. Its function, also, was to help man to prepare the spiritual body for the life hereafter.

The great value of the soul was emphasized, and I was also told that two other souls accompanied the first to its destination—the brain of the man—and watched over, guarded and ministered unto it through the life of man. And I was shown the human brain and the location of the soul therein. I saw the three lobes of the brain and the location of the soul near the end of the middle lobe. I had not before known of the formation of the brain, but physicians have since confirmed to me my description of the three lobes.

And I was further told that I had been born three times, and that my present body was the third that the same spirit of life had tenanted. I was also shown a white spirit essence, surrounding living people. I observed that some were very brilliant, while others were less so; and I was told that this mist was the spirit body that would exist in the hereafter, in connection with the soul and spirit of life, and that every *good work and every good word, every good thought* adds to the brilliancy of that light, and to the perfection of the spirit body.

And after this I awoke refreshed in body and reinvigorated in mind.

Again I dreamed, and methought I was in Washington D. C., and in my vision I beheld the President of the United States and his Cabinet, and the foreign Ministers Plenipotentiary and the Diplomatic Corps were also present, with others.

The President called the meeting to order, and said: "Gentlemen, I introduce to you His Excellency, the Russian Minister, and I crave your attention while he narrates a dream."

The Minister then said he dreamed he was in a beautiful field, sitting upon a high boulder or rock, whence he could overlook a vast extent of country. Presently he saw a tree suddenly spring up out of the ground. It was followed by another and another, until there were eight trees in all. He marveled greatly, and yet he watched closely and admired them as they grew up and flourished. Some developed very large and beautiful foliage; yet there was one small, stunted tree, in appearance like a dwarfed, gnarled oak.

This he gave little heed to, as it seemed so insignificant.

The Minister said he descended from the rock and walked about and among the trees. In passing near the small tree he accidentally touched it, when to his amazement, it spoke, saying, "Webster."

From that moment the tree began to grow, and as he paused to observe it grew larger and larger, and kept on spreading and taking up more and more room, until it achieved immense size. And still it grew and flourished, until it began to topple over the other trees and ultimately took their places.

"At this point in the narrative," said the Minister, "I awoke alarmed, crying out, 'It will fill the whole earth.'"

So Webster towered above his fellows, and so this form of government, based on popular freedom, and guaranteeing each citizen the right of 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' will in my judgment, ultimately absorb all others.

NEHEMIAH KENNISON.

MRS. S. B. CRADDOCK.

The daily *People and Patriot*, of Concord, N. H. gives an excellent notice of this well known medium, which we copy in full:

"Mrs. S. B. Craddock is a lady resident of Concord who is known the length and breadth of this state and Vermont. Born in Vermont, she was educated and brought up as a Universalist, and has held a license to preach as a minister. She came here about seven years ago, being first invited by one of the officers of the Concord Spiritualist association to speak at the society rooms, Eagle block.

"After this she opened circles and gave sittings in this city, since which time she has been in the field as a lecturer and public medium. She is a powerful speaker, and prefers that the audience choose the subject. In towns and villages which she visits, she gives lectures for the benefit of needy individuals and institutions. She is the proprietor of a number of medicines which she recommends for various disorders. As a trance medium, Mrs. Craddock has a wide reputation. Her medical examinations while in this state, have been attended by a large number of patients. She manufactures her own medicine, which is purely vegetable, prepared from gums, roots and herbs. Formulas are given, as she explains, by her guides, and from these the medicines are compounded.

"In 1881 Birch Island in Sunapee lake

was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Craddock, and fitted up so as to be an additional attraction at the Spiritualist resort. A pavilion for public speaking was erected, where Mrs. Craddock has since held religious exercises. This resort has been named Liberty Island, and here Mr. and Mrs. Craddock have built a commodious house, which has been frequented by larger and larger numbers every year.

"Her home in this city is No. 9 Prince street, and many are the visitors which she receives, either in search of health or knowledge. Many of these are willing to testify of relief afforded, and of satisfaction received. Mrs. Craddock has an immense number of testimonials to the power which she possesses, and which puzzles thoughtful people.

"Notable instances of her trance powers were strikingly shown in the discovery while in this state, of the body of Emma Lizzart, who was drowned at Lake Village in 1884; and the body of Dennis O'Leary of Laconia, drowned in the same year. She is frequently visited by detectives and others seeking for information pertaining to every variety of public and private interests."

For Light in the West.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY DELEVAN DE VOE.

The following poem, was suggested to the writer by the melancholly accident of the death of Mrs. J. Lane, Elko, Nevada, who sacrificed her own life in the vain attempt to save that of her little son.

Offspring of the soul, a quenchless light
That shines eternal as the stars of night;
Guided by the wisdom of a love divine,
Changed by no title, poverty nor crime,
Aroused in life by each maternal care,
Welcomed in heaven, on earth, and every where.

Soul of living thought, a power divine,
Hailed by the saints and man in every clime;
Washed in the sea of ages till as white
As robes of heaven, that deck the throne of light,
Pure as the breath of angel's love can be
That dwells the realms of eternity.

Filled with impulse pure, love, hope and truth.
On to the rescue of the wayward youth
She goes with open arms and streaming eyes
To lift him from the wrongs that round him lies;
Prompt to protect, and to defend
From infancy, through life, unto the end.

A mother's love! ah, child, why so forget
Those sleepless eyes that often o'er thee wept?
Who kissed from off thy cheek the falling tears
To quench the troubles of thy childish fears;
Or, if in manhood, thou hadst pain or grief
She was the first to quickly bring relief.

And now a scene presents itself to view,
'Tis sad, indeed, but not more sad than true.
And it relates to what is said above,
And proves the spirit of a mother's love
Who held life valueless and time a toy,
Compared with heaven, and her drowning boy.

The little angel stood upon the shore
Where he had fished the finny trib' before;
He knew no danger, and no thought he had
That life was slender, and could end so sad,
Until the angry stream bore him away
Into the realms of bright, ethereal day.

His mother coming near, he met her eye,
She saw him in the flood and heard him cry:
She plung'd 'neath the wave with one fell bound
Shouting, Alas! Alas! My boy will drown!
Without a thought that one so purely bent,
Should be the victim of such accident.

But such she was, the mother and the child,
Both passed away beneath the waters wild;
Passed into angels arms, whom there did stand,
To bear them swiftly to the summer land,
To other scenes and to a brighter shore,
To live in spirit life forevermore.

Thus ends the scene; the lifeless clay.
Is safely laid in mother earth away.
The tabernacle of the soul is rent,
And all its vital energies are spent,
And while it lies and mingles with the sod,
The spirit dwells with angels and with God.

For Light in the West.

HEROES AND HEROINES—WHO ARE THEY!

BY W. E. WILLIAMS.

It has been customary, from the most remote times unto the present, to consider the man who succeeds in destroying his fellows being a *hero*; and loud rings the clarion voice of praise to proclaim the victor's name. I admire the daring man and woman who struggles for liberty, or fights for a righteous cause; those who stand firm in behalf of a suffering humanity, and all who are ever ready to lend a helping hand to the fallen and suffering ones,—those who are moved by a higher motive than the accumulation of dollars and cents. "*Honor to whom honor is due.*"

Who is a hero; the man who marches to the battle field to kill or be killed? In some cases he is, and in others he is not; neither are all the heroes confined to the navy. The objective motive, with a patient endurance as well as courage, constitute real heroism, through fame may never have sounded that one name through her silver trumpet. Yes, many indeed are the heroes and the heroines the world has never heard of, who are struggling day by day, fighting the battles of life—not with sword and cannon, but with the pick and shovel, the hammer, chisel, the saw and the brush, bravely fighting for their daily bread—often quietly suffering slander and abuse from some of their fellow mortals in better circumstances. These are some of the real heroes, whose reward is yet to come. Courage and endurance are not confined to man, for we find ex-

amples of the grandest heroism in woman. Not the dolls of fashion or society pets, but real, genuine women, who have the real courage to stand up for the right—those who toil with the needle early and late to obtain an honest livelihood, and yielding not to temptation. Such heroism excels the exploits of any victorious commander or general history ever recorded. Then, again, we see brave woman and girls in the factories, stores and offices giving their time and labor for a compensation often far too small to supply the necessities of life, and often their small wages are shared in the support of a sick brother or sister, or an aged parent. They are the unheralded heroines, whose reward is in the future; in the pure immortal world justice will be done them. Again, the mother, often a widow, sacrifices her own comfort for the good of her children, and constantly works to advance the interests of the family. She is fighting the earth life battles, unseen except by angel spirits who record her deeds of heroism. These are some of true heroines that the world knows not of. But their devoted struggles are not lost; a bright future yet awaits them all, while the mere belle of fashion, and the "Society lady" will find her place, and her reward, in the great eternal existence. Struggle on then, and yours will be the victory, ye lowly heroes. Press on, for the grand triumph; for God is on your side.

PROGRESSION.

To the Editor of Light in the West:

In witnessing during the past thirty-eight years the conflict of ideas religious and political, I have been made aware of the fact, that a large class of persons do not hesitate to resort to class legislation, enacting such laws as will place themselves in power, roughly trampling upon the best interests of their fellow men. It is the same vital principle that was battled for in the seven years' war of our own Revolution one hundred years ago, and in which the sentiment of the divine right of kings (moneyed kings?) was signally defeated. It is the same greedy power and lust for eminent places which money bestows on its possessors that is now as ever in the past, cropping out to rob the laborer of his hire and subjugate his wife and children as slaves. And in support of his one-sided view, they find the king theory in their so-called Sacred Word, has ever aimed a death blow, and a daring one at religious freedom; first deny-

ing the right to the exercise of free thought, upon which the stability of a people's government depends, endangering the earning of even the scanty pittance doled out to them for arduous labors performed, and also to defray the expences of living. A large portion of these deficient earnings are demanded, even many millions of dollars annually to pay the taxes on Christian property, and Christian dogmas; both of which alike do no good to anybody, but are quite distasteful to all lovers of liberty and the freedom of men and women to climb to their own highest and best aspirations in this mortal life.

But to all these things prestercraft is opposed. In proof of this, they have fought with tongue and pen the idea of the ministry of angels from the bright immortal shores to their own dearly loved ones who remain in mortal life. And thus the light of immortal truth,—knowledge of the immortal life is covered out of sight, and a blind superstitious faith is lugged in and enforced by law by these salaried teachers. Mankind while in subjection to the priesthood is not free; subjection allows no freedom to man; much less to woman—even to the right to rule her own mortal form. E. P. GOODSSELL.

A FEW WORDS TO PREACHERS.

REVEREND GENTLEMEN:—I notice that you are worried because so few men go to church. How can you expect intelligent, educated men of the nineteenth century to take any interest in beliefs which the world has long out-grown? What well informed men now believes in the story of Adam and Eve? Who believes that God doomed all mankind to eternal damnation because Adam eat an apple, and then, in order to save some of them from His own judgment, had to sacrifice His only son? Who believes in the deluge? Who believes that the sun and the moon stood still and the day was prolonged twelve hours, in order that one set of men might butcher up another set of men? Who believes that fiery horses attached to a fiery car ever took a man up from this earth? Where, in the name of astronomy, did they take him?

Do you yourselves really believe these fables? Do you not perceive that sooner or later you will have to free religion from them? In the early ages, among rude and ignorant people, they were probably useful, but for many years they have been obstacles in the way of true religion.

Why do you not adapt religion to the progressive intelligence of the day. Why do you not listen to the teachings of astronomy, geology, chemistry and other sciences? Do you not perceive that Galileo, when he invented the telescope, did more to promote the glory of God than a thousand preachers?

Why do you worry about life hereafter,

about which you do not know anything? Why do you not follow the advice of Jesus, and "let the dead bury the dead," and employ your time and thoughts in making people wiser, better and happier on this earth? Why, in a word, do you not follow the example of Jesus, whom you profess to follow?

W. H. BENSON.

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 Algonnah, 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.)

Spiritualism Sustained, by John R. Kelsoe. The latest clear, logical, complete vindication of Spiritualism published. Cloth, 240 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

PAMPHLETS RECEIVED.

We are in receipt of Part IV of GOD AND HIS BOOK, by Saladin, (Wm. Stuart. Ross) the powerful Agnostic. This is a continuation of Parts I and, II which we noticed some time ago, and is written in the same vigorous style.

The following pamphlets have been received from the Truth Seeker Co, 33 Clinton St., N Y.:

THE ORIGIN OF THE CHRISTIAN BIBLE, by O. B. Whitford, M. D., may be called a critical disquisition on the origin of the Scriptures, written without prejudice on either side, and cannot fail to repay a careful reading. Price 25 cents.

BIBLE TEMPERANCE; Liquor Drinking

Commended, Defended and Enjoined, by Edwin C. Walker, is written in the fearless style of this writer. While we would not endorse all the author says the book presents some ideas that will bear repeating. Price 10 cents.

A MASONIC VINDICATION OF RIGHT, by O. B. Whitford, M. D. is a protest against the union of Christianity and Masonry. Price 15 cents.

PERSONAL EXISTENCE AFTER DEATH IMPROBABLE, by L. R. Smith is somewhat of a materialistic plea that "death ends all." Price 10 cents.

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.)

H. A. Pierce, of 1233 N. 16th St., this city, has called our attention to a circular letter from the proprietor of the *Free-thinkers' Magazine*, asking all friends of that excellent publication to contribute their mite towards placing it on a firm foundation—and a comparatively small amount, (\$800) would do this. As it is now, the editor, who has worked in the Liberal cause for some thirty years, bears the burden alone. Money sent will be credited on subscription, if the giver wishes it. We hope the friends of free thought will consult their best interests in this matter and contribute liberally to the cause in which they profess to be interested.

The *Carrier Dover* for December is fully up to the standard of that excellent publication. The fontispiece is a fine portrait of the eminent scholar and thinker William Denton accompanied by the mortal address delivered by A. B. French at Camp Cassadaga. Other portraits are those of Thomas Lees of Cleveland, Ohio, the well known Spiritualist, and Mrs. Dr. Beighle, and Burt Wilson and spirit sister. The *Dove* promises a delightful holiday number, and all subscribing before January can begin with it.

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.

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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' experience, and can give the best references from the city doctors and others.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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

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

SPECIMEN COPIES.

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

CLUB RATES.

We are asked about this and here again we respond and say that to any one who sends us

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we will send Ten Copies, one year to any address 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.

SHORTHAND EULOGY.

H. A. Pierce introduces Prof. Ira Pickard, teacher of the different methods of short hand, in the following novel fashion:—

Try, try Pickard's shorthand way,
The best of any of our day;
By mail he'll teach a few at home,
So low, indeed, the boon's your own.

To save expense, each one now try
This road that leads to business high,
Success in business may be yours
In the greatest haste our age secures.

Cash in advance, now strictly heed,
And stamps for the first answer speed,
Pleasant as it is to teach
One cannot live by thanks and speech.

Each one should learn this bee line way,
The greatest "short cut" of our day,
Longhand scribes it does o'erleap—
We quickly scale the mountain peak.

Now, shorthand is what all should get,
The quickest route to business yet;
So, write particulars to gain
Don't miss the stamps to catch his train.

Address, with stamp, Ira Pickard, 1233 N. 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

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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He has now just published a very pretty edition of Longfellow's Poems so far as copyright has expired. It is in the form which he is making famous as the Ideal Edition—beautiful enough to be worthy of the name—the type being large Long Primer, the printing and binding (cloth) in excellent taste. People who have been used to buying Longfellow might suppose the price of the handsome volume to be a dollar or more—instead of which Alden asks only 25 cents for it! Postage, 5 cents extra, if by mail. Alden's last catalogue, 64 small quarto pages, which he sends free to anyone (his publications are not sold by Book-sellers, buy direct only), is a veritable literary wonder in its attractions. Address JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, New York or Chicago.

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

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

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

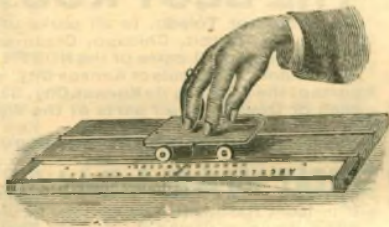
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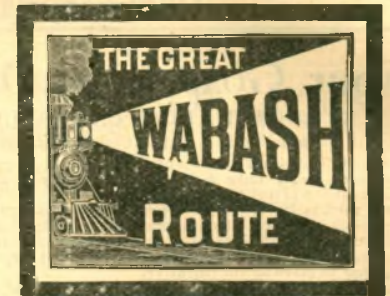
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