

# Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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WRITTEN BY THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Led to the Light.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER XIX.  
HERESY.

When a thinker comes into the world he can not suppress his thoughts, and old ideas are in danger. He comes with the rugged truth, making no compromise with error, bowing to no sacred shrine, nor turning aside from the conflict. Mr. Arling had strayed too far from the fold, and his sermons reflected the changes in his thoughts. He no longer confined himself to didactic treatment, after homiletic rules of love, charity, and righteousness, and original sin. His subjects were practical and based with freshness in the light of new thought. Evolution had given him the method of creation, and Spiritualism had come to save him from utter skepticism, a skepticism, which, beginning with the Biblical account of the creation, had weakened his faith in God and hope in immortality. He well knew that there had been in the valley of darkness. Often had he received the confidence of those who, mourning for friends, would have given all earthly possessions for a certain knowledge of the future life, and they at least would gladly welcome the facts he brought to them. He went into his pulpit with the feelings of a prophet who had received direct inspiration. The angels had come to him, and their message through him was to that of the prophets, as living waters to the bed of a dried up stream.

THEY HAD COME AND WERE LEADING HIM TO THE LIGHT.  
He began with the Bible, which is a record of the spiritual communications and phenomena of a race, extending over several thousand years. Take away its Spiritualism, and only a dry husk remains. The Witch of Endor, or, rather, as it should be translated, the woman of Endor was a medium like those of the present. She clairvoyantly saw the spirit of Samuel. The angels visited the patriarchs and interfered on many occasions. They heralded the birth of Jesus; they guarded his infancy, and stood by the sepulcher. Moses and Elias were seen by Apostles on the Mount of Transfiguration. If the world of spirits was so near, if Moses and Elias could appear, why should not our friends come by the same pathway?

Mr. Arling here left his carefully prepared notes and carried away by the instinctive knowledge that had been given him, gave utterance to ideas which a policy conceived in cooler moments would have withheld. He said he did not believe that our spirit friend came, he knew that they came and communicated. He had investigated the claims of Modern Spiritualism, and was ready to publicly espouse the cause, however unpopular it might be.

The younger portion of the members were delighted with the new thoughts, fresh and clear, which Mr. Arling gave them. They had become weary with the old mannerisms and dry phraseology, and effete doctrines. They were readers and thinkers, and, although they could not define their thoughts, there was a growing sentiment of the incongruity of the new views of life and nature with those handed down from the past. These were the larger portion, and they could not round the praise of the minister in sufficiently expressive language.

When persons have arrived at conclusions by the force of facts, offered to their preconceived convictions, and they stand halting in doubt and fear, if there comes another in whom they place confidence, who expresses their half-formed thoughts, they are strengthened and assured, while they accord highest honors to their exponent. The most successful speaker is the one who gives expression to the withheld thoughts of his hearers. He becomes truly their exponent and representative of the majority. Mr. Arling filled this place admirably. He possessed a fine delivery and the earnestness of a new disciple. The empty pews began to be filled, and an early attendance was required to secure a seat. Camp-stools were scattered in the aisles, and even standing-room at times was not to be had. People drove from adjoining towns to hear a preacher who put fresh life into the dead doctrines, and went away with minds expanded and uplifted by the spiritual wine, which he poured out as from an exhaustless fountain.

At first this was pleasing even to the conservatives, who measured the prosperity of the Church by the size of the audience, and had constantly complained of Arling's want of zeal. As they listened Sunday after Sunday they began to have a dim perception that the teachings were not soundly orthodox.

Deacon Lane was sure there had been a great change from the old style of sermons. There was not a word about hell or allusion to the devil.

"What kind of religion was this that was all knowledge, tempered with love? How could there be Christianity without hell fire? The fact is," he blurted out, "the fact is that we have a full fledged Spiritualist in our pulpit, and the quicker we get him out the better for us."

Now the secret was out, others had thought the same, and the matter grew, and was enlarged on at the sewing-circle, where the ladies gathered to make breeches for the benighted Africans who had imbibed enough Christianity to make them ashamed of their comfortable deficiency of costume.

"I'll tell you what it is," said an aged dame, "he has been preaching Spiritualism, and I'm disgusted."

"Why are you?" asked Stella, who was present.

"Why? Because Spiritualism is a delusion of the devil, and we don't want it in our Church."

"But why do you object to the discourses, are they immoral?" again questioned Stella.

"No, not immoral, but Mr. Arling told us all about spirits, how they come back, and talked to us."

"That ought to be pleasant; to have our loved ones return and speak to us would be a very great pleasure."

"Oh, not to me. I should be frightened to death, I know I should be."

"I've heard," said another old lady, "that the Spiritualists do not believe in God or existence after death."

Said another: "This Spiritualism is a small offence to his belief in evolution. He denies Moses. Oh, it's just awful! And to think of it, he believes that man came from the monkey!"

This alarming information brought out exclamations of disgust, and surprised all round the board.

"He has not said that in his sermons, has he?" asked Stella.

"Not exactly in his sermons," replied the old lady, "but he mought as well, so Deacon Lane said, and it was awful blasphemy."

"I heard with my own ears," said another feelingly, "the minister say that good deeds counted more than belief. That is a bad doctrine. We are commanded to believe, to have faith, and not to rely on our own exertions."

"If we did we'd have a poor stick to support us, and we'd all fall to perdition," interposed a sinister-visaged old maid.

There was wanting only a leader to organize the assault on Mr. Arling and unite the dissatisfied elements, and that leader came in the person of a classmate from the same theological college, who happened to be on a visit to the minister, and, from courtesy, was invited by him to give the morning's discourse. The Rev. McGilp was without a call, and had waited for a year to hear the voice of the Lord calling him to some church with a voice which sweetly accented two thousand years. He envied Mr. Arling, and when he listened that evening to Deacon Lane, on whom he had called, recounted the objectionable sayings of their minister, an idea came to him. He did not have a live idea very often, and it agitated the dead sea of his dead thoughts.

The Rev. McGilp was a short, heavy-built man, with a broad head, heavy square jaw, a wide, low forehead, and cold, unsympathetic eyes. He wore side-whiskers, which gave him a military air, fitting well his disposition. He was religious to the exclusion of every other desirable quality. What he had been taught at college he knew, and he was an avowed enemy to everything he had not been taught there. Rev. McGilp impatiently listened to the charges, and before the deacon was half through, he broke forth:

"You astonish me! I would not believe it possible such doctrines were taught, had I not heard from your lips. What are you thinking of to tamely be led to perdition?"

"We rather like Mr. Arling," hesitated the deacon, "and, really, how can we help ourselves?"

"Help yourselves! Why the Church has provided for that. Bring him up for heresy before the Presbytery, and make him recant or go out!"

Here was an opportunity for the deacon to have combat which was a delight to him, and the battle began by calling a Church-meeting. Rev. McGilp drafted the formal charges, they were forty-six in number. They were remarkable in there not being one impugning his moral character. There was not a vulnerable spot on his conduct. The most slanderous tongue dared not utter a word in his disparagement. The principle accusations were that he rejected the account of the creation by Moses, taught the goddess doctrine of evolution, and that departed spirits returned and communicated with their friends.

The other charges were dependent on these, as the scheme of salvation was called for by the fall of man, and if he did not fall was useless. The Savior was thereby denied, and if departed spirits returned, they could not be supremely happy in heaven or burning in hell.

Within this phraseology of theology, the charges made a formidable document, and difficult to answer from its wide field, and difficult in deciding the important from the unimportant. Mr. Arling, although he had anticipated some sort of a revolt, was surprised by attack, and shrank from the notoriety it gave him. He was inclined to send in his resignation and leave the ministry, where he felt bound and handicapped. If the Church, after his efforts in its behalf, were so ungrateful and preferred another minister, he would not stand in the way. To this Mr. Canning would not listen. He quite inconsistently to advise given before, now urged Mr. Arling to meet the issue and combat it step by step, and not recede from the line of advance. Of course, the Church meeting was preliminary to the trial before the Presbytery, which duly sat on the momentous issue. There were over fifty divines present, and a trial of a heretic before the tribunal of the Inquisition was not attended by more august and imposing attention to detail, nor pressed with more unscrupulous venom. Rev. McGilp represented the prosecution, and he had arranged to have the high court sit in Arling's own church, intending to thus humiliate the minister there before his people, and show them the strength and zeal of McGilp.

The ministers came from near and far. Each having that ineffable look between arrogance and a complacent smile of satisfaction, and were quartered on the brethren, or rather sisters, for the latter had the entire care of them. The trial lasted a week, and was not only a local event, but widely heralded through the press. The church, large as was its capacity, was crowded to the utmost with an audience eagerly partisan for one or the other side. The ministerial parliament was evidently prejudiced and had prejudiced the case. The prosecutor was determined to prove the guilt of the accused, and had thoroughly equipped himself.

Mr. Arling pled his own case, with the assistance of his father-in-law, the professor of theology, in his *alma mater*. The first day was entirely taken up with preliminaries and determining which version of the Bible should be taken as authority for reference. Some hot words were exchanged between the advocates of King James' version and the revised translation. The former by a two-thirds vote was adopted.

The theological professor was regarded as authority by the ministerial body, almost all of whom had patiently endured his lectures in the college, and they were thrown off their guard when he moved to act on the major points of the charges, and drop the others.

"For," said he, "to prove them all would be an endless task. If we convict on the major, the dependent follow. There are two leading accusations: Denying the Mosaic account of the creation, and accepting the doctrine that spirits return and communicate. Prove these and the forty odd points go with them."

Unknowningly the prosecution were thus driven from its interminable line of breastworks, and the battle narrowed down to two single points of attack.

Rev. McGilp, elated by having the way cleared before him, and thinking the matter now resolved itself into a simple question of evidence, called witnesses who had heard Mr. Arling make such and such statements in his sermons. For four days he had his undisputed way, and accumulated a mountain of say and hearsay. The defence made no effort to prevent damaging testimony and took no exceptions. Half

the brothers and sisters, and many from surrounding churches testified to what they had heard on occasional occasions going.

Deacon Lane, by various expressions, showed that his evidence would prove most damaging. He was held in reserve, to be brought forward to close the testimony.

The deacon's face glowed with ardor, for he was now practically working for the Lord, and having a direct tussle with sin and the devil. The heresy-hunter always has a grim satisfaction in its overthrow, and there is nothing that will more effectually take mercy, charity, and love from the heart, and fill it with venomous hate. When the deacon came forward to testify, the corners of his mouth were drawn backward by his irresistible self-consciousness, and there was a hard determined look in his eyes, which said that he was bound to have God's kingdom prevail, if his best friend bled for it.

"I always set store by the minister," he began, "though he didn't preach right. He didn't tell us of hell fire, and Satan, and was preaching mostly of love and charity."

"What opened your eyes fully?" asked Rev. McGilp.

"It was when his little girl was sick. I went in to hold a season of prayer, and was told by Mr. Arling that he did not want to join. I was completely set back, and I said that we must take what God sent us. Then he cried out in rage as near as I can remember, 'Is that your religion? It is not mine, I abhor it from the depths of my soul! A God who thus causes the agony of my child because Adam sinned six thousand years ago, I scorn, I detest such a God! I thought he must be possessed by a devil to talk in this sacrilegious manner, and I fled from his presence.'"

A murmur ran through the audience, and, in the minds of the Church-members, the fate of the accused was sealed. Such language from any one was reprehensible, from a minister unpardonable.

The preceding testimony was confirmed by that of the deacon, and it was shown that Mr. Arling's expressions were not slips of moments of heated fancy, but came from mature thought. The evidence had been all taken, that is, every one who had anything to say had been given opportunity. Mr. Arling was called to his defence. He responded, saying that he had no witnesses, and would consume a short time only in his argument. If the prosecution would have allowed, he would, at the commencement of the trial, have saved the time and trouble by confessing all that had been charged against him.

This announcement was greeted by mingled cheers and hisses. After order was restored, he continued:

"I admit that I believe in the doctrine of evolution and of spirit-communion. I furthermore hold that I may do so and not be subject to this court or any other for heresy. We are Protestants, and that means we have a God-given right to protest against whatever we do not believe, and to accept and strive for what we do believe. Luther had a right to protest against the Pope, and we have a right to protest against Luther."

"This is Protestantism."

"Do I believe in the Mosaic account of the creation? Yes, allow me the right to interpret it, which, as a Protestant, I have. Where shall we go for an interpretation if not to the rabbi, who have made it a study for thousands of years and have cherished the traditions handed down from earliest times? The chapter on the creation is a fragment of a hymn chanted by the priests in their worship."

"There is not an eminent scientist in the world to-day who does not believe in the theory of evolution. It is God's law of formation. We must accept the facts of science and allow them to give us the light of higher criticism. If we do not do this we shall be obliged to yield the citadel of our faith. I believe that my friends and yours who have gone from mortal life, exist as angels and return, and at favorable times converse with us. This is sound Bible doctrine. I challenge any one to bring a passage in the Bible opposing that such spiritual beings shall not return or commune with mortals. You may say it was forbidden to hold such converse, and cite the witch of Endor. In the correct translation it reads the woman of Endor. She saw the spirit of the prophet Samuel, and he gave as clear and correct prophecy as when he was in the flesh. The Bible then affirms that spirits exist, return, and communicate, for what was possible for Samuel is possible for all."

"Moses and Elias appeared to certain apostles, and an angel came to the sepulchre. The active powers of the Bible are these intelligences. The belief in guardian spirits has been held in all ages. It has formed the lullaby song with which our mothers rocked us to sleep in childhood. It is our assurance at death that these beloved, though unseen beings will lead us over the river and up the shining shores of immortal life."

Such is an outline of a part of the speech, which was over two hours in length, and was listened to with breathless attention. It was broad, generous, and comprehensive. The prosecutor was angry at the effect of Arling's speech and the superior ability with which he had managed his case. As prosecutor, he introduced the stock arguments and appealed to the prejudices of his hearers. If heresy was allowed, ruin to the Church would surely follow.

The mysteries of a heresy trial and decision are among the unfathomable secrets of godliness. When the ballot was taken twenty-three voted for acquittal and twenty-four that the charges had been sustained. It was a victory for the jubilant conservatives. The changing of a single vote would have reversed the decision. Why should we take that single vote as of more value than the twenty-three which opposed it? Were not those twenty-three heretics equally with the condemned?

The career of Mr. Arling had suddenly terminated by his honesty of purpose. In a previous century he would have been burned at the stake after due exposure in the pillory, or flagellation at the cart's end. Now, with the refinements of manners, the result of the reception of knowledge, the tiger of theocratic despotism being chained, the heresy-hunters have to content themselves with hanging the heretic whose error is in knowing more than themselves, and honestly declaring his conviction, in the rude blasts of public opinion; an opinion constantly becoming more favorable to the thinker and innovator. The self-constituted tribunal of forty-six, had no power to torture into obedience, imprison in reeking dungeons, or anything but suspend from the ministry, thereby forbidding him from preaching doctrines he had outgrown, and did not wish to advocate, because he knew them to be false.

Rev. McGilp was in the ascendant, and received congratulations from the visiting clergy, not one of whom who did not doubt the credits they had voted to sustain. For the first time in his life he had a "call," and it was no less the voice of God through Deacons Simmons and Lane, to fill the Fordham pulpit. True, he had schemed to that end, but that does not weaken the conviction that God's voice called him to the pulpit of the heretic. The way to secure divine help is to help ones self, and, being an intensely selfish God, he is intensely interested in the success of the selfish.

(To be Continued.)

WRITTEN FOR THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Sacred Days.

HELEN B. FRENCH.

Everyday, from the rosy babyhood of dawn till wrinkled and weary it falls forever asleep in the soft arms of the night, is a sacred day, if around its busy hours his twined a garland of kindly thoughts, if it wears on its dead breast the white lily of one loving deed.

The showers of kindness shall never fade. In every day of the world's to-morrow that shall dawn and die they will shed their subtle sweetness in some sorrowing soul. The day in which we have overcome some fault—made by habit—the day in which we have accepted even one rung on the ladder of progress, the day in which we have been happy when the birds of joy and peace have sung in our hearts when our spirits like thistle-down have wafted through the corridors of our being, the one on which we have sorrowed and suffered and grown strong through suffering—the days free from envy, selfishness, slander, revenge, and hate—the one filled with high-born thoughts, duties performed, aspiration and inspiration—the horizon of universal life, reflecting our own hearts, seems to be already glowing with the roses of universal love; when the soul, slipping from its carnal chains, forgetting the limitations of being, floats on the waves of infinite possibilities—are sacred days. They are living jewels set in the golden band of time—they are luminous, shining with human exaltation, reflecting images of the divine. Upon them fall the benediction of the angel world, tenderly lovingly, as the dewdrop to the tired heart of the rose.

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## A SKEPTIC'S SUGGESTION.

CALLA HARBOUR.

After reading my spiritual paper, I mark some good, sensible article, suitable for the average skeptic; then fold the copy, and tie it up neatly. When going on the cars I take a bundle of twenty-five or fifty such with me, and seated by the open window I quietly pass a few copies on each depot platform for the benefit of those who spend weary hours waiting for trains. Then I forget a couple of papers on my car seat; a few more at the depot where I stop, and, if I have any left, perhaps they get lost in the street cars or in some reading-room. I find that each paper has a much better chance of being picked up if it be tied up neatly.

I do not think it best to hand spiritual papers to strangers; it is too obtrusive, too much like the old fashion of forcing tracts on people. A paper that is apparently "found" makes no feeling of resentment, and stands a much better chance of doing good.

Whether any of the seed thus sown has ever fallen on good ground I have no means of knowing; but this I do know, I am not keeping the good seed stored up in the attic for the mice to destroy. I merely offer this as a suggestion to those who consider a spiritual paper too good to be destroyed outright, and yet can see no use in letting old papers accumulate year after year. What do you think of the plan? Would be glad if some one would suggest a still better plan. If I who am only a skeptic am willing to do what little I can to spread "my hope," how much more reason have you old, confirmed Spiritualists for spreading "your knowledge"?

I also wish to express my approval of the editor's plan of having us mail certain copies to our friends, yet we ought to try to send the right paper to the right person; for instance, the number containing Rev. Savage's lecture was just the thing for those who still love the name of "Rev.," while the second number containing the magical names of Paine, Voltaire, and Ingersoll was just the thing to capture an infidel's sympathy. A little care in sowing the seed would be wise, that it may fall on good ground.

## SPIRITUALISM NOT UNPOPULAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I have not time this morning to write you either a lengthy or a formal article, but I want to jot down a thought on an important subject. One of your correspondents writes of the unpopularity of Spiritualism. He or she is under a misapprehension.

I am a member of the press association of this coast. I went to a convention held in San Francisco. The W. C. T. U. was strongly represented there. It was proposed to send a vote of approbation to the legislature, of a bill granting woman's suffrage, the said bill being the work of the W. C. T. U.

I arose and opposed the vote, saying that the W. C. T. U. was of a body of women who were not in a free State, and that they were asking freedom from the civil government, while the Church government, which they represented, did not give them freedom; and that I held that while the Church did not think them worthy of freedom, it could not ask the civil government to do so, and that until they were eligible to the highest affairs within the gift of the Church, they could not ask to be eligible to the highest affairs within the gift of the civil government. I declared they wished the civil suffrage as so many slaves who wished to fulfill the decrees of their masters. I told them that I was in favor of woman's suffrage when women of themselves asked for it, but not when sought by the W. C. T. U. In assurance of this, I said that I was a Spiritualist, and a free woman.

At the close of the meeting I was taken by the hand, and complimented on my speech. Women came to me merely to talk to me of Spiritualism; they had heard of it, but knew nothing about it, and they wanted to learn. Some of them evidently thought that to be a Spiritualist meant that you were a medium, and I was asked by two ladies whether I could not "get something for them"; one of these was secretary for the W. C. T. U. of some place. I lunched with her, and before I left her she had three times besought me to try and "get something for her."

Spiritualism unpopular. I believe there was not a more desired friend in that convention than I was as a Spiritualist. VIRGINIA CHAUNCEY FORWARD.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

REV. JESSE B. FERGUSON.

I see by my last issue of TRUTH, April 26th, that your Free Circle has had the honor of a visit from that distinguished pioneer in the spiritual awakening, with whose name and history your readers ought to be made more familiar.

Although it is not possible to verify the genuineness of his communication in the manner I proposed in your paper April 1st, it was easy in his earthly life time to find that none who knew him would question his sincerity, however much they might disbelieve the wonders he had discovered, and had the manliness to proclaim.

It was my good fortune to enjoy social intimacy with that gentleman in the early days of his spiritual apostleship, and learn from his own lips why he became a Spiritualist, and listen to the narration of his experiences in connection with the early agitation of the mysterious questions that were arresting the attention of thoughtful minds.

After his popularity as a preacher had caused his society to build a costly meeting house in Nashville, and made him the legal owner of it in his individual right, his wife, in an entranced condition, wrote what purported to be a letter from his nephew, a young lawyer in St. Louis. The letter was substantially:

"Uncle, I am the spirit of your nephew that you believe to be alive and well in St. Louis. You do not believe this, but when I relate our parting conversation while standing on the bridge, that no one knows anything about but you and I, you will be compelled to believe it is I."

Letters soon confirmed the truth of all the automatic writing. Mr. Ferguson went to Kentucky and found the policy at the uncle's, and that the mistake, or rather non-payment in time, was the fault of the post-office, and did no damage.

The war came. Unwilling to fight with carnal weapons, Mr. Ferguson went to Europe as the business manager of the Davenport mediums, and created a sensation in high circles. Lord — said to him "I believe those phenomena are what they appear to be, but my friends say they may be jugglery. I want you to bring the boys to my mansion that I may be able to say that I know of my own knowledge that no appliances of necromancy are used."

Mr. Ferguson said to me: "If ever I felt myself in a tight place, I did then. A refusal to oblige his lordship I knew would receive but one construction, and I knew also that our seances sometimes proved failures. A failure would be ruin, and refusal to comply with the courteous request about as damaging."

"We went, were shown into a parlor in which there was no furniture, but a large wardrobe in the center of the room to serve as a cabinet, and some chairs. The Davenport brothers were taken into another room, and their clothes entirely changed. Some cords were brought in, and a dozen or so of visitors admitted. The seance was conducted in the usual way, and when I saw that the invisibles appeared to appreciate our trying condition, and work with more than usual activity, you may imagine my relief."

But, to return to Nashville, Ferguson was bold and defiant in teaching, even from his pulpit, that new lights were being received, conflicting with existing orthodoxies. The clergy took the alarm. The Calvinistic portion were indignant that a leading clergyman should raise a doubt that they and their church members, in the language of George Bancroft, the historian, had been "preordained in the council chamber of eternity, and absolutely spotless in its execution." The Arminians felt the loss of being deprived of the privilege of stealing Uriah's wife or cognate acts, repenting at leisure, and being restored, like the Jewish libertine king, to divine favor.

Revenge, the usual penalty for heresy in all ages, was put in requisition. A law was thought to exist in Ferguson's title papers to the church edifice. He was long harassed by a suit at law, but during its pendency he told me that he was constantly instructed how to act, through the mediumship of his wife. The final decision awarded to him an unquestionable right to the property.

This controlling question being settled, a greater one arose, involving conscientiousness—was he justly entitled to so much pay for his former erroneous teaching? He magnanimously relinquished all claim to the house and grounds, thereby setting a grand example of making legal decisions give place to moral justice, a denouement he had intended from the beginning of the contest. How many orthodox money-grabbers would "go and do likewise?" They, as Bonaparte said to Talrand, "while professing that their kingdom is not of this world, manage to get as much of it as possible."

The whole history of the Church, since its incorporation with paganism by the Council of Nice, shows a persistent determination to prove that the Great Reformer was mistaken when he enunciated the impossibility of worshipping "God and Mammon," and that his golden rule, "Do unto others, etc.," need not be complied with, except when it suits temporal interest.

Mr. Ferguson escaped the fate of Galileo, Hypatia, Bruno, Servetus, and tens of thousands of others who believed that truth was as sacred outside of the Bible as within its pages, and dared to proclaim it; for this we are to be thankful to the increased intelligence of the age rather than an abatement of the spirit of persecution that originated the Inquisition, and fired the sagot in the day of Joan of Arc.

All history, not excepting what is regarded as sacred, proves that mankind have habitually crucified their redeemers, and my friend Jesse B. Ferguson would not have enjoyed the luxury of a natural death-bed, had he lived in the times of Roger Williams or Cotton Mather.

St. Helena, Cal., April, 1893.

Credes to the Front.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

The Cleveland Presbytery is reported as disapproving the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor," because this society was started by another denomination, and "it was thought it tended to injure interest in Presbyterian affairs." It seems that Presbyterianism is considered before Christianity—erred before Christ. If the "Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor" advances the interest in Christian faith and practice, and helps to extend the sphere of Christian influence, what matters it who started the movement? Is total depravity to supercede Christianity? Is infant damnation more precious to the Cleveland Presbytery than the golden rule? Spiritualists should keep an eye on the Church, and profit by its follies.

BE ACCURATE.

Your correspondent of April 1st, Mr. C. H. Greene, of Rochester, Mich., in commenting upon my report, "Remarks on State-writing," which appeared on the 19th of March, makes two objections for the purpose of deducting a third. I desire your readers to refer to these letters, as I wish to show upon what slight foundations objections can sometimes be based on mediums and Spiritualism. I shall not attempt to defend the beauty of the medium. That part of the society have in hand, and their endorsement will have no uncertain sound.

Your correspondent says that John Brown "did not go" with his family to southern Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, stopping at Knoxville, etc. Why does he make this assertion? Does he really know that Brown did not? Not at all, and detecting himself in this statement he endeavors to qualify it by adding, "at least there is no authentic history to that effect." Is not this altogether another thing? Does history ever record every detail connected with the event it endeavors to narrate? Are there no unpublished details connected with the lives of Grant or Lee; of Lincoln or Davis? If the spirit of either of these illustrious men should communicate some incident not now "authentic history," would it be proper to say, that "if that was the result of genuine independent slate writing it must have been some one personating the 'individual'?" Is it right to thus doubt visiting spirits? And should the visiting spirit communicate only such things as are recorded in "authentic history," would not the medium be charged with literary theft? Did ever two persons testify, under oath, to an event of which they were both witnesses, and agree in detail? And if not must one of them necessarily testify falsely? Did James Redpath know of every event which happened in Brown's life? Did Badeau know of every detail connected with the life of Grant? Does Mrs. Jefferson Davis know all the matters in the life of her husband? Apply these questions to your correspondent's premises and tell me if he is "accurate."

Mr. Greene is again wrong when he asserts that "there was no such scene at the execution, or James Redpath would have mentioned it." Now, I have not seen Redpath's History, but in a short biography of Brown, which I looked at later, it is there stated that John Brown asked where the citizens were, when he was informed that none but troops and civil officers were allowed to be present. If this be so James Redpath was not there. Ever assuming Redpath to have been there, does it necessarily follow that this incident would have been stated?

Again, Mr. Greene says, that if the spirit had been that of John Brown, "he would not have written in such a high, flowery, haphazard style." If spirits develop in spirit life, does he deny this development to John Brown? In my studies in spiritual phenomena I have always found that skeptics object to certain communications said to have emanated from spirits on account of poor grammatical construction, but this is the first time I have seen an objection on account of a "high, flowery style."

Since then I have called upon the medium, Mr. H. D. Dwelley, and called his attention to the communication. We sat down to the table, and having called the attention of the controls to the article we placed the slate under the table without pencil and in full light. There were seven persons present, and the following is a transcription of what we found written upon the slate:

"What I told you about him was true. I did not then give you the whole of his out and his ins, nor of all his travels and of his little affairs. Your correspondent does not know as much about it as he thinks. He gets what little he knows by hearsay. I did not go into details, but I told you the truth. There was hooting and yelling there. There is no man living that knows all of old John Brown's movements. It was only the spirits that saw him in the dark of night."

RED WOLF, ROVER, Controls.

If Mr. Greene doubts this let him come here and satisfy himself. Five of these sitters are in business here, and are reliable persons. Their affidavits can be given if asked for. Through another medium, a Mrs. Fitz, a professional, but not an independent slate-writer, I got the following on the Saturday evening after this event. The lady had requested me to sit with her, as she wished to develop as a slate-writer, and believed I could help her. So we sat at the table, and the following is verbatim of what was written upon the slate:

"John Boyd, sheriff, Hurrah Hickman. How is this? Abraham Lincoln, president, fought for my country, one and all.

"George Washington, nobleman, did all things near right. Andrew Jackson, willing to come.

"John Brown, friend Hickman, I am here to-night. Hooker, I am not going to let anyone beat me."

Mr. Dwelley and I are receiving from Joe Hooker a description of the battle of Lookout Mountain. I have submitted it to an old officer who was in that battle, and one who does not believe in Spiritualism, but he pronounces it as exact, although not one sentence of what he has given appears in "authentic history."

"Pat Murphy, once a Catholic, but not now. Hurrah for Spiritualism.

"Henry Ward Beecher to Henry Hickman: How happy I felt when I met the friends that had gone before me. I wish I could have met you before, but it is never too late.

"Asleep, but not forever, meet me beyond the river."

Here I made the remark that I was glad to get that, when the medium replied: "Why? Who is he?" I answered that he was the greatest preacher this country ever produced, and when in the form believed in Spiritualism, but had not the courage of his convictions. By this time I had cleaned off the slate, and the following is what he added to my remarks:

"I am sorry I had not. But I did not know what to do. But it is not too late, thank God, since I have found this medium. Good bye, friends, to all."

The next writing was:

"Jeff Davis, used to be a Democrat, but that makes no difference I love to see you all."

To this I replied: "Mr. Davis, I am glad you have come. Let the dead past go. I would like to take you by the hand. Would you be willing? To this there were three loud knocks, but no further writings from him.

The next was:

"Nellie Davis. Stranger to you, but still I am a friend. How happy I am to write these few lines to you. Body in the grave, but my spirit beyond, in that beautiful home. Will visit you often. Good-by."

Now, Mr. Editor and Mr. Greene, what is the proper thing for me to do with these spirits? I feel assured that they will come again. Shall I receive them as a gentleman should receive his friends? Shall I ask them courteously to identify themselves by stating incidents in their lives? or shall I dismiss them as deceivers. Respectfully,

HENRY HICKMAN.

Commenting on the church extension in Berlin, a sectarian paper says, "it is one of the most hopeful evidences that rationalism is on the decline in the land of Luther." Rationalism on the decline! A pity the Church employs this word to mean irreligion. But there is something startling in the phrase nevertheless. Its antithesis, unreason, would appear to be a more welcome force in its literal definition. And perhaps it is.

If all readers of human character could see their own defects as well as those of others the world would be filled with charity.

FAIRY-LIKE PHENOMENA.

A. L. WATSON.

Here, in the extreme northwest corner of the Empire State of Texas, although celebrated as a land of almost perpetual sunshine, yet it has been said this year bereft of the divine rays of light emanating from Modern Spiritualism, excepting in occasional instances. In January, last, Mr. William Wallace Aber, of Topeka, Kas., came among us, and has remained up to this time, holding from one to three seances each week, at nearly all of which the writer has been an attendant. Like other pioneers, he was destined to encounter many obstacles, but he persisted until he had cleared the thorns of opposition from his path, and planted the seed from which others will gather rich harvests.

Mr. Aber is one of the few mediums for physical phenomena and materialization who subject themselves to strictly test conditions at all his seances, unless specially requested to the contrary. His usual practice is to give two seances in an evening. In the first he sits between two curtains, strong tape tied lightly around his wrists, the ends firmly sewed to his trousers, and his head protruding through a slit in the curtain next to the sitters in a circle. Behind, and some distance from him, is a table on which are placed a tambourine, pair of bones, pencil and writing tablets, slates, sometimes a music-box (which his controls keep wound up and going), an indelible pencil, etc. Immediately after the curtains are dropped in front of him, and before he is entranced, the rattle of the bones and tambourine are heard, hands protrude through apertures in the curtain—some large, others small—messages are written on tablet and slates and handed over the curtains, the music-box is heard being wound up, etc., etc. Sometimes the medium is drawn back a few feet, and the curtains drawn to one side by an invisible force, showing the medium bound and seated in his chair, deeply entranced. To my mind, this latter manifestation is one of the most pleasing and convincing evidences of spirit power, as I usually sit at one end of the circle, and can see the curtains glow with radiant matter while being drawn aside. Often Sam, the medium's control, requests that pocket-handkerchiefs be placed on the medium's head, when a hand is sent to draw them in, and soon they are thrown out with messages and pictures imprinted thereon with the indelible pencil previously placed on the table within the cabinet. In these seances the light is at medium height.

In seances for materialization the light is turned lower, but high enough to enable one to clearly distinguish the forms as they emerge from the cabinet. The medium sits in a chair, the bottom of his trousers firmly sewed to the carpet, or his naked feet placed in a pan of flour, his coat sleeves sewed to his trousers, and his coat firmly sewed together at the throat. Often in less than fifteen seconds after the cabinet curtains are dropped in front of him, the spirit forms begin to emerge from the cabinet. Dr. Reed, the alchemist of his band, comes first to see that the light is at the right height. Then follow in quick succession others. Many have been identified by those sitting in the circles as friends or relatives. Full names and other tests of identity are frequently given. When the circle is an harmonious one, the best and most convincing manifestations occur. A young Spanish girl, lovely as a Hebe, comes and dances the skirt-dance in a lively manner, while a delightful perfume from the folds of her snowy white garments is wafted to all parts of the room; when applauded, she comes again in response to the encore and repeats the dance three or four times. Minnehaha, the Indian maiden, comes from the cabinet, sits down on the floor, and is seen manipulating something with her hands; she then rises and throws out a sheet of fine lace, after which she gathers it in a bunch and presses it upon the forehead of those in the circle most in rapport with her. Twice she has placed the lace on my forehead and once in my hand; the first time the lace felt somewhat coarse, but the next time it was as fine as a cobweb. Another of the medium's controls is little Nellie, a child apparently about twelve years of age. She is a lively, little chatter-box, and calls everybody uncle or auntie.

Many of the materialized forms are recognized as having been well-known citizens here. As many as twenty five to thirty have appeared at a single seance. On two occasions, when the circle was especially harmonious, a male form came and played upon the piano, the music reminding one of Jesse Blueppard's performances or Blind Tom's "Battle of Manasses. One of the most peculiar and pleasing features of these seances is the dematerialization of forms outside the cabinet. Once, while the writer was talking to the spirit, Prof. Wm. Denton, dematerialized slowly to the floor, saying good-bye three times while going down, the last time when his head was just above the floor. On another occasion I stood close to the opening in the curtains, while a spirit having a very large head, and as bald as a billiard ball, talked with a lady. As before, his body slowly dematerialized, the last seen of him was his shining bald pate as it disappeared through the carpet.

All of Mr. Aber's seances are held in private residence. He wears black clothing throughout, and a frock coat. The male forms appear mostly in sack coats, white shirt bosoms, collars and cuffs. The color of their garments are dark, grey, and light; sometimes they have long, flowing beards, at times mustaches only, or without beard. The females are invariably dressed in white, loose-fitting robes, with hair hanging down their backs or over their shoulders.

There being only a few Spiritualists in El Paso when Mr. Aber came here, he encountered difficulty in obtaining circles sufficiently harmonious to obtain good results. At one of his early seances some one lighted a match while a form was outside the cabinet. The shock to the medium was so severe that it was several weeks before he was in condition to properly give seances, and in fact is not fully recovered from its effects yet. Spiritualists everywhere can not be too careful in excluding "smart Alecks" from their circles, as sudden interruptions of conditions work disaster to mediums, and may cause death.

A branch society of the Texas State Spiritualist Association, incorporated, has recently been formed here, James A. Brock, president. Hereafter we will be able to give mediums legal protection who may come our way.

Last Sunday evening Mr. Aber was presented by the Spiritualists of El Paso with a handsome gold watch in appreciation of the good work he has done while in our midst. He leaves in a few days for Dallas, this State, where he will remain a short time, and then go to Topeka and Minneapolis. El Paso, Tex., April 25, 1893.

PHENOMENA AND ITS DEFENSE.

JUDGE S. M. TUCKER.

Mrs. Mabel L. Aber, of Kansas City, Mo., has been here and held three seances. While the results were not as good as I saw at her seances last Fall at camp-meeting, yet to me and to most of her visitors they were entirely satisfactory. There were quite a number of mediums' cabinet controls or guides come out in good light, some of whom talked freely with members of the circle. Hypatia, one of Mrs. Aber's guides, came out in the dark with her robes brightly illuminated, and with an illuminated crown on her head, with the letters H-Y-P-A-T-I-A in letters at least two inches long, which sparkled as though formed of diamonds. She brought with her the most delightful perfume, which no one in the circle could name. Lola, an Indian girl, one of the guides of a local medium who was present, also came out in the dark with her beautiful costume so illuminated as to show her form and color plainly, and danced to the music of an organ, in a manner equal to that of a professional dancer. One young lady was taken by the spirit form of her grandmother and an aunt, inside the cabinet, and while one stood on each side of her she was allowed to pass her hands over the face and form of the medium, who was lying in what appeared to be a death-like trance. On two occasions a spirit form came out into the room before the medium had gone into the cabinet and while her hands were held by members of the circle. A favorite niece of mine came out each night in good light and talked with me and fully identified herself to me. One night she sat upon my knee with her arm around my neck. She also called my wife to her and talked with her and kissed her. My mother, who had been in the spirit world over forty years, came out two nights, called me by my name, and satisfied me beyond a doubt. She also called my wife to her and talked to her, standing with one hand on my head at least three feet from the curtain of the cabinet. A spirit form came out and called for Dr. Richmond. When he came to her she said loud enough to be heard by everyone in the circle, "I am your sister Eliza." After talking to him a short time, she said: "You have my spirit picture with mother, in which I am standing on my head." The doctor has a picture of his spirit mother and sister, in which the sister's head is in an opposite direction from the others. I recognized the spirit by her likeness to the picture, as did Richmond and others in the circle. Several forms came out and were recognized by their friends. Maggie, one of the guides came out in good light and in the middle of the room in plain sight of everyone, took a white handkerchief from a lady and by some means made it into several yards of white lace of the finest texture, placing one end over the head of the musician and the other over the head of the manager, eight or ten feet apart.

We met with much opposition from the church members, and from skeptics generally, and I am sorry to say, from some professed Spiritualists, who are not yet in a condition to understand this phenomena, and from that reason, from their standpoint of cause, the whole thing is a fraud.

Anonymous letters were written, and threats were fully made. Some proposed to gain access to the circles by making any promises of good behavior required, and when in to make trouble, and, as they called it, exposure of the fraud. One or two got in and violated the rules of the circle, but accomplished nothing, only to demonstrate the fact that they were unable to comprehend spirit phenomena.

But, notwithstanding all this, these seances have done good; they have started inquiry and investigation, which are ever the beginning of progress. There are private circles being held in different parts of the city almost every night, conducted by local mediums, who are meeting with success and doing great good for the cause.

In conclusion I will say that I regard Mrs. Aber as a grand medium and a noble woman, whose whole heart is in the work of demonstrating the beauties and truths of Spiritualism and the continuity of human life. Wichita, Kan.

WAS IT A TEST?

A few days previous to the inditing of this report the author was scanning an illustration purporting to be the three Fox sisters in their astral state. It occurred to him that he would like to hear from Katie, she who passed over last summer. Why the preference, can only be accounted for on the supposition that Katie was present or in rapport with the thinker at the time, and impressed him with the desire to come into communication with her. Nothing, however, was said of this mental wish, and so no living mortal knew of it, or could know of it even by mind-reading, for there was nobody present at the time, and later it was entirely forgotten until reminded of the same by Katie's materializing at one of Mr. A. Willis' seances in this city last Friday evening, and there

giving the recipient to understand that she had come in response to his desire. Had anything been said of it, or even hinted at to the medium, skeptics could maintain reasons for objection; but this is precluded by the fact that the writer himself had too far forgotten the circumstance to even think of it again from the moment of its inception to the materializing of Katie Fox in the spirit-cabinet, and as a grand test of spirit mind reading or their psychological influence in producing mortals to the place where the test can be given, the writer says nothing, because shortly after the above-mentioned desire to attend a seance at Mr. Willis' also became a wish of himself. The cause of this longing was made apparent by the denouement; the whole perhaps being enacted as a play to illustrate how spirits operate to aid their mortal friends, guide them by impression or inclination, and bring them comfort and consolation through tests to show that they are ever with them and can help them if they will but listen to the voice of the spirit—the higher ego—when acted upon by angel minds.

Whether others present received similar tests was not related there. But claims were made concerning the recognition of spirits that could not be doubted. And it is as likely as not, that all spirits, who have mortal friends, should feel concerned about them enough to enact similar little plays for their benefit and encouragement. Spirits are not sanctimonious life-creatures that only sing psalms and play on harps as our Church brethren are prone to believe. But practical beings like mortals, doing what they can for men's elevation and enlightenment by impressing, guiding and inspiring them with renewed love or energy when lax. New hope when despondent, and a firmer faith when made skeptical by scoffers or those who pretend to know more than God Almighty himself.

For such and other demonstrations are our physical mediums, and Mr. Willis is one of the oldest and most faithful workers in the cause, never getting ruffled about the little worries of life, or manifesting ill feeling on account of trifles. Like his main control, John Morris, he is ever the same, having a kindly greeting for all, whether they come once a week or once a year. And John Morris as usual manipulated the trumpet and extended a cordial welcome to every sitter personally. He also materialized, his first appearance being at the moment that the gas-light was lowered and the box-light raised. In fact, Mr. Willis had not yet seated himself before this spirit showed himself to the circle. It was an instantaneous process. A similar materialization followed this. The light was lowered upon the disappearance of John Morris, and in almost an instant raised, when a female in white with long, flowing back-hair was sitting at the organ. The light was momentarily lowered and raised again, but the female figure was gone. The distance from the organ to the cabinet was too long to have allowed the spirit to move bodily into it. She must have dematerialized in the flash of two seconds—the same process generally taking from twelve to fifteen seconds in the light.

The rapidity with which Mr. Willis' spirits manifest is marvelous, and keeps one constantly on the watch for fear of missing something. And this the investigator can not afford, for every demonstration of the spirits at these seances has a meaning and teaches some useful lesson in the science of this new revelation—Spiritualism. But every medium furnishes different manifestations, and to gain a primary knowledge of it, one must study without ceasing, and attend as many seances as circumstances will permit.

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Spirit Me

OUR

At Douglas Hall, 21st street, between 12th and 13th streets. Questions to be answered in these columns. Write name and address of the questioner. Mrs. A. H. Kirby, Mo.

REPLY

Tuesd

As the bright sun draw close unto you, fully the great joy they would teach life which awaits the lessons of life this afternoon, h nearness than ever some the doubts into their lives h we find clouds of that which is moisten the ground the seed may be into existence— as the rains that is within you.

spirit from circles life, for at times those who h that had all this dows, you would trials that you you. Each exti tiful spiritual every lesson is plane or in the you. I would clouds in you have been bre whatever may as families h

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Spirit Message Department

OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 7:30. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Most contain an enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 26 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday Afternoon, April 25, 1893.

PROLOGUE.

As the bright shining angels from the home of the spirit draw close unto you, endeavoring to help you to realize more fully the great joy and happiness of their spiritual existence, they would teach you bright and beautiful lessons of that life which awaits you. They would also have you learn well the lessons of life on the earth plane, they draw close to you this afternoon, hoping that you may more fully realize their nearness than ever before, and that they may take away from some of the doubts which seem to trouble them, and instead shed into their lives brighter sunlight. But as through all nature we find clouds and sunshine—each necessary for the growth of that which is beautiful, not only necessary to soften and moisten the ground as the rain of this day, but necessary that the seed may burst open and the beautiful flowers may spring into existence—so the clouds and trials of this life are to you as the rains that water the earth. They bring out that which is within you. They prove to you the power of your own spirit from circumstances which come to you through earth life, for at times you doubt the love of the father or the love of those who have passed on. Friends, did you ever think that had all things been beautiful, with no clouds nor shadows, you would have stood still? It is only through the trials that you are tested, just as though the fire had refined you. Each experience brings you out more bright and beautiful spiritually. Each experience to you is a lesson, and every lesson learned is something gained, either on the earth plane or in the realms beyond, and so I come to encourage you. I would say rejoice and be glad that there has been clouds in your life; rejoice that through these many trials you have been brought out into higher thoughts, and remember, whatever may come, the love which has bound you together as families here, still binds you together there.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[By E. L., Xenia, O.] Why do spirits admonish even those of their friends, to take the best care of their health, who, enfeebled in body and mind by the weight of many years, are no longer able to benefit themselves nor any one else? Would their progression not be greater in spirit life?

Ans.—Chairman and friends, as we view you from the spirit side of life, understanding the many conditions which surround you far better than you do yourselves, and knowing that care is needed, whether in youth or old age, we feel it a duty to admonish you to take great care of the house wherein you dwell. Although the structure may be old and weakened by the wear and tear of earth life, and although many of the faculties may be so weak that you can scarcely be able to do that which seems necessary, we would say care for this body as well as you possibly can, and bring forth all of your will power to invigorate it for the strength of will can and does overcome many weaknesses. We understand why this brother has asked this question. We see that he is not always placed in conditions in earth life, which seem to him to be the most pleasant, and while he reaches out in spirit to try to help those who are near and dear to him, he feels that he is unable to do so through the weaknesses of his physical body, yet it is far better for this brother to live on and on until this body is entirely worn out, until it has become so old and decrepit that the spirit can no longer reside therein, for each day and hour doth this spirit fulfill some form of duty. Remember, it is not the body that is the ego, but it is the spirit. You are spirits. This is only the house that you live in, and the spirit may be bright and beautiful, although the house may be old. While I look down into this brother's soul, I see budding there bright buds which will never bloom upon the earth plane, but which will bloom in spirit instead. I see new buds putting forth spiritually. He is trying to learn more and more even while upon the earth plane, and he rejoices at much that pertains to the spiritual, and clasps hands with the many loved ones that have passed to the spirit realm, and it will only be a few short months more that this spirit will be encased in this poor body that feels so weary at times. But still if you should ask this brother, "How do you feel spiritually?" he would say, "I do not grow old spiritually. I seem to grow stronger spiritually as my body weakens and I see bright beckoning hands of beautiful youths looking down and waiting for my spirit to be freed." Thus I would say to my brother, be patient and in a little while you will join those who have preceded you, and then will begin the joy of your life on the spirit shore. Then you will return to sing a soft glad song unto those who remain. Do not weary, for the way is so short now that you should be extremely glad to know that you have knowledge which will carry you high on the spirit side of life.

Ques.—[By W. J. H., Buffalo, N. Y.] Name the general effects upon the decarnated spirit of the use of stimulants, tobacco, liquor, opium, and other narcotics.

Ans.—Whatever you partake of in this life and become a slave to, is that which will be the hardest from which to free your spirit in the beyond. Every day I see spirits freed from the body entering into the spirit world; and I also see the longings for that which they can not have. Whilst each one of us on this side of life can have all of that which is of benefit to us, yet we can not partake of that which is disastrous to us spiritually. You ask me what is the injury to that spirit, and I will tell you that these appetites hold this spirit down to the earth, for they will come again and again and attach themselves to some other spirit that use these stimulants that their appetites may be satisfied. Not long ago there was a spirit freed from earth life whilst under the influence of liquor, and upon wakening from the stupor which surrounded him, almost the first question asked was, "Can I have whiskey?" The attending spirit said, "No, you can not have whiskey." The spirit waited a while, realizing the impossibility of gaining that which he desired, returned to the earth plane, found a sensitive, and through that sensitive is to day gratifying the appetite of liquor, and driving this sensitive down into the depths. My dear friends, you must not partake of liquor, for if any of you do, or use tobacco or morphine, remember it will be a long time before you can give up or overcome the appetite for these stimulants. I find many things which may seem very strange to you. Many of you have been taught to believe that as soon as the spirit is freed from the body, it is purified. This is not the case. You pass out of this room into another room, and you are the same person. A spirit passing out of the material body into the spirit realm is the same spirit that it was whilst upon the earth plane, having the same desires, loving and rejoicing in the same that pleased it whilst upon the earth plane. So you

will at times find a spirit who desires to overcome these habits, and it will possibly be a very hard struggle—as hard a struggle as it would have been upon the earth plane—but on the spirit side of life there are no temptations, the same as upon the earth plane, and whilst this spirit is struggling over conditions which seem hard to overcome, there are many good and true spirits who will help him up and out of these conditions. No, friends, if you desire to enter the spirit world, free to enjoy all its blessings, I would advise you to give up all habits which stultify the intellect or dim the sight, or which rob you of your reasoning power, because the man who can not see the injury that he is doing to himself by using stimulants is blind as though he had no eyes to see. The man that can not feel the effects of liquor upon the mind is dull indeed, for no man that partakes of liquor can be very highly intellectual, for all of those powers are dulled, even turning from those he loves, and instead of loving and kind, often being a brute. Can you therefore expect to live in that state here and pass to the spirit side of life, and there in the twinkling of an eye become perfect? Hardly. So if you would have a perfect inheritance; and enjoy it, be pure here. Cast afar from you all that stains your spirit. Cast aside liquor, tobacco, and morphine, or anything that dulls the intellect, and endeavor to enter the spirit realm, high in spiritual development. Then you will go on and on, not having to return to earth to gratify unnatural appetites, but enjoy all of that which is spiritual. You will enjoy the fruits, the flowers, and the beautiful landscapes over there. You will then learn the higher truths, for you will see with clearer eye, you will understand all things better. Therefore, be pure, for, friends, whatever you do to destroy the body, leaves a mark upon the spirit.

Ques.—[By A. J., Port William, O.] In cases of suspended animation or of accident, when a person becomes unconscious and remains so for days, why is it upon return of consciousness that the mind, soul, or spirit has no remembrance of anything that has transpired? As Spiritualists believe that the mind or soul can act independently of the body, should not the spirit have just as much knowledge of surrounding circumstances, while the body is unconscious as when in the normal state?

Ans.—It should be noted at once that there is a difference between natural suspended animation and unconsciousness caused by accident. In the first instance the spirit's remembrance of transpiring events will depend upon its own advancement as a spiritual being. Sleep is a form of suspended animation, and releases the spirit to the extent that it is unfolded in spirituality and enabled to cognize its spiritual surroundings, which include the spiritual counterparts of material things and mortals as well. Dreams are the remembrances of this temporary release, if the brain is not too dense or uncultured to receive impressions as the released spirit cognizes them. Mediumship, not only makes these impressions very clear and vivid, but aids in their remembrance. Trance, somnambulism, and catalepsy are modes of sleep, sometimes natural and sometimes induced by spirits for purposes well known to Spiritualists. Unconsciousness produced by accidents temporarily deadens the brain and prevents impressions from being received, or felt when made, especially when the brain itself is the subject of the accident. Unconsciousness caused by loss of blood temporarily robs the brain of its supply and consequently its thinking powers. The answer to the second question is involved in the first. Much more could be said on the subject, but we would have to go into a long scientific dissertation. For this you have such mediums as Dr. J. R. Buchanan and Prof. J. Clegg Wright as the mouthpieces of the spirit world. Read their essays or listen to their lectures.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

B. Howard Rowell.

Chairman and friends: I am glad to be enabled to speak here this afternoon. The beautiful strains of music have filled my soul with joy, and although a stranger to each one of you, yet I will voice a few words from our realms that you may feel and know that not only those who are near and dear to you, but all on this side who have been liberal in thought whilst upon the earth plane can not help but feel an interest in the work that is going on in this city and through the Free Circle. I lived in the Past. I have many loved ones there and have endeavored to manifest to them, and I know that they do appreciate these manifestations, for I know my mother loves to hear from her boy, and I know that all of those who are near and dear to me by the tie of nature or kinship still love me, and I feel that the great influence, that great love-wave that is sent out from the All-father is growing stronger and stronger throughout the world. Men are realizing their near kinship one to another, and although I have not been very long on the spirit side of life, yet I have learned some beautiful lessons, and there is such grand and beautiful music that flows around and about us throughout the spirit world that even the air is filled with it. If your spiritual ears were open you would be charmed by it. But I will now stop to send a love message to the dear ones in Boston. I want them to know that B. Howard Rowell is here and that he is happy and satisfied.

Byron Tully.

I assure you, friends, it is a pleasure for me to come here, and the reason that I am here is because there is one that I love as my own life who has requested that we make ourselves known. There has been an attraction to this place on the part of certain friends who are with me, and I want the loved one of my life who has reached out in her loneliness and sadness to us in the spirit to ever feel that we are with her, watching and waiting and doing all we can to make her last days her best days. We have seen the mother and the wife filled with darkness and sadness, and she has been longing for some light to come to her. She has been anxious that some kind spirit would give her some consolation and knowledge. My loved one in earth life sees this paper, and it brings to her a light as well as truth, and I want her to feel the beauties of the new world as we experienced them. We are trying to throw some light in her pathway that she may realize that there is a nearness of spirit as well as the guardianship of angel loved ones. One, who a few months ago has passed to spirit life, is with me, and he whom I loved as I did her who is in earth life, sends a greeting this hour, and I want her to feel that the one who went away quite a while ago is as a watching spirit, is as a staff, and is reaching out to bring happiness, joy, and comfort in the hour of sadness, of affliction in her declining years. Tell her for me that we wait on the golden strand of the new life, and we will reach out and welcome her into the beautiful haven of immortal rest. I want my mother to be carefully guarded, and we will sustain and help her all we can, but she must do something for herself. I also wish to thank the guides for allowing me to speak here this afternoon. My name is Byron Tully, of Hannibal, Mo.

John H. Maxwell.

Chairman and friends: I desire to send a love message to my loved ones in Marshall, Texas. I want them to know that John H. Maxwell was here this afternoon, and that he is well satisfied with the conditions which surround him on the spirit side of life. Yes, I have a home and I have loved ones to care for me, not as they care for you here upon the earth plane, but through their kind thoughts we receive happiness.

How strange that will seem to you. I have overcome many things since I passed from the earth plane. Do I love all that is beautiful to-day as I did in the long ago? This message will be understood.

Cecilia B. Whitten.

I desire to send a love message to dear ones in Pittsburg, Mo. Oh, how happy I am to-day, for I see the light shining brightly over their way and feel assured that they will have a proof of the truth. I expressed them to attend the seance, and although they did not understand all that transpired there, yet if they will go again all will be well. This is sent to my mother and brother.

Reuben H. Jackson.

Desires to send love to his wife Julia. I have the child with me. I am contented. Satisfied with that which you have done. All things will come out right for you. Remember that I know and see all. I send you my spirit love.

Charles Ruder.

I feel very happy to-day that I can come and send a message to my dear wife and children. I am glad they are going to build such a nice house, and know they will enjoy it. I am thankful that Emma is progressing so well, she will get a fine development. It is a source of great comfort to me to know that my children have been so kind to their mother, although they do not believe as she does. They will in time. They will receive through Emma undoubted proofs of Spiritualism. Please send my love to my dear wife Helena and to my children Emma, Amelia, Rose, Lena, Ernst, and Otto. They are in Hamilton, Ohio. Charles Atinsworth sends love to Emma.

Dr. Crider.

I am a strong spirit, and desire to communicate to my dear friend and medium, Mrs. Annette Krekler, of Dayton, O. I am accompanied by loved friends—Annette DeArmo, sister Lizzie, Dr. David C. Kuller, and other bright, guardian spirits. We are all at the home circles, and see a decided improvement in the conditions. We are well pleased with the interest Charlie has taken in the work, and are very certain he will not have cause to regret it. Follow the instructions the guides have given you, and you will be amply rewarded.

Carl Gegner.

Now comes a little boy who gives me the name of Carl Gegner. He wants to send love to his parents who live at Terrace Park, O.

Frank Davis.

This spirit comes to a gentleman in the audience. He tells me "John Morris wants to know how you enjoyed your trip to Florida." Medium asks: "Is he a relative of yours?" A nephew. Medium: "Was he a musician?" No, but I am. Medium: "This accounts for the music that I hear in connection with this spirit."

James R. Humphrey.

I am glad to be here this afternoon. I want everybody to know that I am satisfied. I want them to know that I earned a happy inheritance on the spirit side of life, although some thought that I did not know what I was doing. Men who think they know it all are the ones who need to learn the lessons. Tell Nathan I am glad he has had just a little peep into the reality of spirit life, and that the manifestations that have come to him will grow stronger and stronger until he will have to acknowledge them. Tell Helen she need not fear that that which comes to her is not for her own good. I am from Troy, O.

Louella Latta.

She says, "I want my mamma to know that I was here this afternoon. I want her to know that I am well contented and happy, and all of us send love to you. I passed out in Ludlow, Ky."

Willie and Georgie Greenwood.

My friends and chairman, Willie and I desire to send a communication to our papa and mama, as we see mama is so anxious to come and not understanding why she can not come and do as she desires. Oh, how often we enter into the home life, and how often we try to communicate at home. I want my papa and mama to know that Willie and Georgie stand close beside them all the time. They desire this message to be sent to Weldon, Ill. They say they are grown up men in the spirit world.

Sarah Elkhart.

The next spirit that comes to me is a lady who seems to have passed out by fire. She does not tell this, but I feel the condition. She says "I desire to send my love to the many who know and love me upon the earth plane. It seemed terrible to you I know, but the suffering was not as great to me as you suppose. I am free to-day and happy on the spirit side of life. I have endeavored to impress upon your minds to investigate and learn of Spiritualism." This spirit sends this message to Elizabeth and Mary and Frank who are her sisters and brother, and she says her name is Sarah Elkhart, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Henry H. Patterson.

The next spirit that comes to me calls himself Henry H. Patterson of Columbus, Ohio. I passed to spirit world many years ago, and I have come here this afternoon to send a message to my son who is W. H. Patterson. I want him to know that his father is with him, and that which seems to trouble him to-day will pass over better than he thinks it will, and had it not been for the few experiences he has had during the last few years of his life, he would never have turned his attention to anything pertaining to the spirit world, and I, his father, desire him to know that I am helping him all these years. Tell him that Jane and Nancy are with me and Louisa is all right and he will hear from her before long.

Col. George B. Hunt.

Chairman: Well this is strange indeed, but I hear a soft voice calling, and I answer back and say I am here. Across the Jasper sea I come again, my loved one, to thee, and remember Helen, child, that although father left you in the long ago and you felt so lonely as you reached out your tiny hands and called again and again, yet father was never far off and with the angel mother who delivered up her life that you might live, we live just over the way together. Ah, what a beautiful thought is this, and how glad I am that through the earnest desire of my child I am enabled to present myself here to-day. Say that Col. George B. Hunt sends his love to his child in Whitewater, Kansas, and desires her to rest easy, and know that all is well with the dear ones, and they rejoice because she has learned the true way.

Harriet Clawson.

A lady comes now and says: "I would send a message to my dear ones, and tell them, although my death seemed sudden and the shock was hard for them to bear, yet it is 'Well With My Soul.' As I was a Church-woman, and that was my favorite hymn, I would have them understand that it is well with my soul and that my love flows on in endless stream as the days go by in the spiritual home. I am from Ravens, O."

Maudie Isley. My dear mamma wants me to come this way, so she will know it is her little Maudie. I come and talked to her in a circle, she thought I talked like a very little baby. But I am growing big, I love my dear mamma and papa and want to say so many things to them. I go with papa on the cars and shall keep him from harm if I can. I have a little brother, too; my mamma has to whip him sometimes, he is so naughty. My name is Maudie Isley. I send a kiss to mamma and papa, they live in Andrews, Ind.

VERIFICATIONS.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.] I recognize a spirit message, printed in the edition of the 15th of April, last month, from Isaac Vedder, my uncle and another's brother. Oh, how pleased we were to hear from uncle Isaac Vedder, who passed to the spirit side of life many years ago. I want you to say, that Isaac Vedder was here from New York State, and that my brother Albert is with me, and sends his love to me in Arcus, Wis. I and my eldest son Edwin are all the relatives here. ALBERT HUYER, Sr. Arcus, Wis., April 18, 1893.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.] I got a letter from Capt. S. E. Moys, of Peru, Fla., who says he can verify the message that appeared some time ago in reference to Maj. Robert Wheat, of the C. S. A., and as he read the account in one of the papers I sent him, it is likely, he may look to me to make the acknowledgment, which I cheerfully do, even at this late date. Yours Fraternally, M. I. TOMPKINS. Jolly, Clay County, Texas.

[The writer also asks if any of his spirit friends are present, and if so, to beg them to communicate. This question is asked by many, and to all we must say that we have no control over these matters in any way whatever. The medium is held by forces on the other side, and as they rule, the spirits present are permitted to take control. It is not a matter of favoritism, but of conditions or law.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.] The message given by Mary E. Kail [not Kell] in your issue of April 5th, I recognize as Jan old friend and poetess. She wrote words for music, both sacred and secular. Her home was Leesville, O., but she spent a number of years in Washington engaged in one of the departments of the government. During Cleveland's first term she was dismissed for writing Republican campaign songs. The message from John Doyle, of Jacksonville, Fla., which was in one of your issues a few weeks ago, I found to be true, as I was in Jacksonville at the time I took the trouble to verify it. I was not personally acquainted with the person, but it was an easy matter to find many who were, and they all testified to the truthfulness of the message. F. M. DAVIS. Cincinnati, O.

A Regular Opposes the Monopoly Bill.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

I saw one or two paragraphs in the last issue of your paper in relation to some laws contemplated at Columbus. As near as I am able to ascertain the alopathy portion of the profession claim that the law is for the protection of the afflicted. I should like to make a few suggestions. First, our modern doctors must learn how to remove the cause of suffering instead of striving to palliate by treating the symptoms. I have practiced my profession nearly fifty years, and I never was guilty of treating symptoms, and calling them diseases. When the causes of the symptoms are removed the patient soon recovers. The law they contemplate would be a failure more ways than one. It would be unconstitutional and could not be enforced. The afflicted need protection from quack-men, who claim to heal the sick and have not the ability to do so. If the legislature would pass a law prohibiting the indiscriminate use of the following poisonous drugs they would confer a great blessing upon humanity, viz: Calomel, quinine, opium, morphia, chloral, cocaine, digitalis, aconite, arsenic, belladonna, iodine, and tincture of iron. All the above are death-dealing drugs and ought not to be of the used, internally or externally. I am satisfied that one-half the deaths are caused by the use of the above drugs in the hands of inexperienced quacks, who have never learned the effects these drugs produce.

Again, if they would pass a law prohibiting the writing of prescriptions in Latin and abbreviating they would confer another great benefit upon humanity, as hundreds of men and women and children lose their lives by prescriptions written in Latin. It is alarming how many mistakes are made by drug-clerks, and a great many by doctors. I never use any of the above drugs in my practice; never write a prescription in Latin; and I have had cases off the hands of the very best physicians in the United States.

The above suggestions, if embodied into laws, would protect the people from quackery and save hundreds of lives every year. I have known mediums who have never studied medicine take patients off the hands of some of the best men in the practice of homeopathy and alopathy that these schools could not reach and cure. But I will not take up any more space, although I might open the eyes of your readers very much wider by telling just what I know. Yours, I. D. SEELY, M. D. Franklin, O.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

A stubborn boy, like a nail, can not be coaxed; therefore he must be driven.

The meal unshared is food unblest, Thou board'st in vain what love should spend: Self ease is pain, thy only rest Is labor for a noble end. —Whittier.

A thing becomes "unlawful" as soon as it offends others, though it be a truth.

NO CHILDREN WANTED. There was a model man, And he went a model mile To see a model house Built in a model style, He saw the model house, But came away again, For his family wasn't built Upon the model plan. —New York Herald.

Those who wish to have the golden opinion of others must be good in heart—not merely in sentiment or belief. The world may judge by appearances, but not without mental reservation. The true inwardness of things is kept for the heart alone to express; and though silent, it is more potent than the wind in disturbing the soul's peace.

The Behring Sea case is not yet settled and promises not to be in this century. The whole question hangs on the right or non-right of the United States to claim the open sea as territorial waters. It appears that Russia held it by the right of might, and Great Britain is reluctant to have Uncle Sam inherit the same evil. The protecting of the fur-seal is not admitted by John Bull as irrelevant to the main subject; this only to come in after the first has been decided. In the mean time the seals may be exterminated, and smaller issues, as claims for damages on both sides, will keep the commission from becoming worn-out with waiting for the "clouds to roll by."





THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA E. VAUGHAN. SHE WHO IS TO COME. A woman—in so far as she beholds...

Baby Bumped His Head. What is the matter, my dear? And why this noise to make one deaf?

MRS. MARTIN ENTERTAINS THE CLUB.

Amusing and Encouraging Experiences. DEAR LADIES:—Since you have kindly followed me through some of the woes besetting the suffrage cause here...

What I Thought About Christmas. No matter how the individual may celebrate Christmas, the fact remains that the day is based on the ideas of Christianity.

Development of Mediumship. We are all to be a dumb show and not one word spoken to interested outsiders, there would yet be such a psychic wave come forth from the five million brains and five million warmly pulsating hearts throbbing with gratitude to the spirit world as would set the whole earth to thinking.

Miss Judson's Books. WHY SHE BECAME A SPIRITUALIST. Contents: Portrait and life of author; her method of going under spirit influence; twelve lectures; communications from her missionary parents.

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Mrs. A. E. Kibby is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc. Mrs. J. H. Stowell is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc.

Mrs. Josephine Ropp is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc. Mrs. A. E. Kibby is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc.

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Mrs. K. M. Hill is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc. Mrs. J. H. Stowell is ready to take lectures, engagements, etc.

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Mrs. Josephine Ropp. 534 Powers St., Cumminsville, Cincinnati. Will hold circles on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at 8 o'clock p. m.

D. S. Johnson. 25 W. Eighth St., Cincinnati, O. Circles daily at 8 o'clock p. m., Saturdays excepted.

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W. E. Cole. 6 Harper Place, Gilbert Ave., Cincinnati, O. Will hold circles on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday at 8 o'clock p. m.

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Miscellaneous Articles.

AN ALLEGORICAL TALE. SATIRE. It may be said, at times becomes a virtue. We desired to point out the path of error or folly.

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