

Light of Truth

AN EXPONENT OF THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, HERE AND HEREAFTER.

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(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

A TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

In an address "On the pioneers," given before the Friends Historical Society, at its annual meeting at Berlin Heights, O., at which there was an eminent gathering, Hudson Tuttle paid the following tribute to his mother. After an introduction on pioneer life, he gave brief sketches of the lives of several pioneers who had departed to the higher life within the year. He said:

"And last of those who have joined the great majority within the past year was our mother, Moriah Leland Tuttle. She had entered her ninety-third year, remarkably preserved, and we thought her years would reach the end of the century, at the beginning of which she was born. An accident cut short our expectations, and after great suffering, she passed away. As consonant with her expressed wish, I am pleased to speak of her, for I recall the time when I read to her a sketch I had written of Mr. Brewer, of Florence, she said she thought she deserved to have her life written up as much as he. I admitted, but the time had not come. It does not often come to have our praise sung and the bitter censure repressed until we are dead, and our ears are deaf to praise, or we care not in the greater joy of that life supernal.

"Oh, mother, you shall now have your wish, I will sketch the story of your life from the December day in 1800 you saw the light in the granite hills of New Hampshire until at the age of ninety-three years your eyes closed on the scenes of the home so long yours. She belonged to the Leland family, and well do I remember her stories of that quiet preacher, John Leland, who was an earlier Dow, and of Johnathan Edwards, a relative of the family. The meeting-house of those days, perched on some windy hill, was fireless, for it was thought a sin to care for physical pain, and the theology was not enough to make up for the temperature that went far below zero. The children dangled their feet through the four-hour long sermon, dealing with the knotty questions of foreordination, grace, and infant depravity, and went to their homes chilled by the frigidities of the wind, and awed into silence by the logic of the discourse. With deep interest she would tell the story of the marriage of Adoniram Judson and Miss Hazeltin, his first wife, and their departure as missionaries to Burmah. The lovely bride was her cousin, and across the wide interval of years she recollected her dress, manners, and speech, and the parting with friends who regarded the journey to the other side of the world as leading to the grave, and far Miss Hazeltin their foreboding proved true. Her sensitive nature succumbed to the effects of the climate, and perhaps the home sickness, which even to one filled with zeal to work in her Master's vineyard must have come from her complete isolation.

"At an early age her father removed to Sempronius, N. Y., a beautiful location on Skeneatele Lake, one of the most lovely bodies of water. School teachers were in demand, and the young girl seeing her opportunity, secured books and prepared herself, so that at the age of fourteen she came to preside over a district school.

"At the age of twenty years she met Nathan Tuttle, who had made the journey from Long Island, five hundred miles on foot, into what then was the Far West, for the purpose of securing a farm. They were married and began life on a tract of wild land on the hillsides. The scenery of that country is delightful, but the soil is thin and stony, the surface inclined like the roof of a house. They struggled for several years against adverse circumstances, and then hearing of the fabulous wealth of the western reserve, they sold their improvements, for the land was valueless, and started for the *El Dorado*. From Buffalo they came by the first steamboat to Huron. Late in an April afternoon they landed on the rude wharf jutting from the sandbar at the mouth of the Huron River. A few straggling cabins were surrounded by a wide waste of marsh, and when the steamer departed she said she felt like one lost on a desolate coast.

"Her husband went to Griffin's, (near Shimock) who had come a few years before from the same neighborhood, to get him to come with a team. Mother was restless and would not wait. Leading then her small children, she set out to walk the distance. When she came to the bend of the river it grew dark, and the path through the thickets was obscure. She saw a log house and rapped at the door. A woman, yellow with malaria, and scarcely recovered from the last chill, came to the door. To the request that was made for a night's lodging she refused. The children were crying from hunger. Would she not give them some bread? She replied that she had none, not even a crust of Johnny cake. Then give them a glass of milk. Her cow had died of murrain the day before. While mother was urging the morose woman to allow her the privilege of lying down on the cabin floor, Mr. Griffin came with a mud-bad and yoke of oxen for her. Such was her introduction to this modern Canaan as it was called in the East.

"After they had selected the farm, they ever afterwards owned, under the stress of sickness in her family she began tailoring, and without previous instructions, became the fashionable tailor, cutting and making not only the homespun cloth, but the expensive broadcloth, which a rare few indulged in. She determined to earn one hundred and fifty dollars a year with her needle, and for years even exceeded that amount. To understand how much labor that required we must take into account the low prices she was obliged to accept. Aside from this she spun the yarn and wove the cloth for use of her family.

"Seeing so much sickness around her, and need of skillful nursing, she obtained medical books and became so well informed that her services were widely sought. Well do I recall the cool touch of her magnetic hand when a child when I was battling with fever. Her presence was helpful and encouraging to the sick, and she was never weary in her efforts for their assistance.

"She was a voracious reader, history being her choice, and to her latest years she kept herself well versed in the news of the world by means of the papers. Until the year before her death her eye sight remained good, and she was able always to read amusement by reading. After the impairment of her sight, she became discontented, and for the first time the past became more prominent in her mind than the present. We read the news to her, but alas, she became deaf and could not understand.

"I know of nothing more sad than the obscurity of the senses by age. When a young person becomes weak, has

sight or hearing impaired, we may think that with returning health there may be restored. With the aged it is different, every step downward is final and there can be no return. If the eyes fail we know there is no hope of restoration. This is the most terrible! To see the dark curtain shutting out the fair light of day, which nevermore can illumine their eyes, nor sweet sounds of loved voices greet their ears. It is the approach of starless night, the black shadow of death, and not until restored by the angel of the resurrection will the senses be restored.

"May I tell you of the sadness, when one day she came into the parlor with a darning needle she had been using. She prided herself on the neatness of her work. 'Here, Emma,' she said, her eyes moist with tears, 'I want to give it to you, for I shall never use it again. I have tried and see what work! Really, her sensitive fingers had done better than most girls could do with her eyes, but it was to her unsatisfactory.

"Her memory to the last was tenacious. She said one morning at breakfast she had counted over five hundred names of those she had known in the early years of this country.

"Can you repeat them?' was asked.

"Surely," she replied, and what was astonishing she had them alphabetically arranged, all the names beginning with A being together, and so on.

"Why did you make this list?' I asked.

"To have something to think about when it is still at night and I can not sleep. I thought them over last night, and only six of all these remain alive with me, Mr. I. T. Reynolds, Mr. Judson, Mr. Horace, and Elihu Hill and their wives."

There was the loneliness of age. All the old friends dead, and the new ones not like the old. Thrust into a new generation with whose new ways there is at best not quite happy adoption. To my father, who retained his senses to the last moment, death had no terrors. He wished to go, and when the sun sank low in the west he turned his head as though he would revert to the weary labors past, and with a settling calmness he said, 'The weary day is over, I will rest.' As mother folded his hands she said with tears, 'I have always prayed that father might go first, that I might care for him, and my prayer has been answered.'

"They had walked the pleasant and rugged path of life sixty-nine years together. After his death she always persisted that he was with her in spirit, and her latest words were in recognition of this belief.

"Oh, mother, we would not recall thee from the land of the blessed, but we forget not the hands so ready to help in tireless activity, nor the quick sympathy which ever came as a balm to our weariness in the hour of failure and discouragement."

In closing, he said:

"They have almost all gone from the scene of their labor. The white shafts of marble in the silent field of the dead, mute tongues give their names and year of departure. They have gone and left us all the products of their labor. They received the wild, they give to us the fields yellow with harvest, vineyards purple with the grape; orchards bending with their fruitage; fields whereon sleek herds pasture; roads, bridges, schools, churches, towns, cities, and dotted the farms with homes. For all these gifts we can not feel too deep a sense of gratitude. In this life they received not their full reward, but in that other life, which is the sweet continuance of this under better conditions, and the advantages of angel friends they will find the perfect bliss of well-spent lives and the sorrows they met here will be as a dream."

(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

MRS. M. E. WILLIAMS.

The noted medium discourses on the tenets of her religion, truth and not dogma, must suppreve.

The trinity of Spiritualism, as embraced by Spiritualism, Theosophy, and Psychicism, seems at present to attract more than its share of attention through those interested in the fascinating study of occultism. It is not generally known that a scientific and plausible explanation for this tidal-wave of inquiry and research into the realms of the mysterious has been vouchsafed, but the intellectual lady whose name heads this article, assures me such is the fact. The modern astrologers have read the handwriting on the wall for some time, and if their science is reliable, we find the secret of this condition of thought in the comparatively recent discovery of that mystic wanderer, Uranus, a ponderous planet of a eighty-four-year orbit, whose satellites persist in reverting the celestial order of things by a contrary directional movement. Coincident with his recent entry into the equally mystic sign Scorpio, there has arisen a strange impetus to those philosophic sects which indulge in idiosyncratic beliefs. Peculiar, isn't it? It has not yet been asserted that he bears any relation to the original star of the East, whose advent heralded the coming of the Nazarene, the prince of mystics and miracle worker, though his eccentricities have been a matter for comment and observation alike to the astronomer as well as the astrologer. However his influence might be directed, it is not to be denied that spiritual matters have assumed decidedly an occult predilection; and the various societies of character hereabouts are materially increasing their membership every day. Chief among these is the New York Society of Spiritualists which has been accustomed to meet every Sunday afternoon in Carnegie Hall, where tests of spirit manifestation have been given all the publicity desirable for its satisfactory investigation. Mrs. M. E. Williams, the foremost materializing medium in New York, has conducted these public seances with a success gratifying to the devotees, while not failing to excite the conjectures of the incredulous. She has for years been prominently identified with the spiritualistic movement, not only in this country but abroad as well. A woman with cleverness to wield so broad an influence must truly be an interesting personality, and one whose views on the subject of her creed must be indeed authoritative. It was with this idea uppermost in his mind that the writer, with an eerie sensation and a feeling akin to misgiving invaded the sancton of this fair disciple of Modern Spiritualism. But a cheery "good afternoon" and a reassuring smile restored his equanimity, and he realized that he was in a well-conducted home establishment, and had not been transported to that ethereal domain where all good spirits abide. The room which he had entered was a cosy

study or library, richly carpeted, with book-cases on one side, handsome furniture and bric-a-brac tastefully arranged about the apartment, and on the opposite side, overlooking the street, were two spacious windows, in the embrasure of which stood vases of fragrant chrysanthemums. The atmosphere of the student prevailed all about, relieved only by the cheery face and the smiling presence of the devotee. Mrs. Williams is a handsome woman, I should judge not a day over forty, in whom the judgment of the keen observer is blended with the outgrowth of an exceptional intelligence gleaned from much reading and judicious assimilation. She is a charming hostess, combining those excellent domestic qualities with that rare executive ability which has made her a leader in her sect.

"We are but in the infancy of development," she smilingly observed. "The chrysalis has not yet become the butterfly, and the eddies of transition are yet beating against the rocks of doubt and skepticism. Is it not strange that the universality of the oldest belief in the world should have been so retarded by the fatuous logic of owlish fanatics?"

I looked incredulous.

"I see you do not grasp my meaning," she continued. "Spiritualism is as old as the hills. Philosophers conceded the certainty of materialization long before the Bible itself proclaimed its truth. Deluded theorists have 'manufactured' creeds since time immemorial, most of them to order, but the generality of them are chiefly the delusions of morbid ingenuity. The Etruscan superstition taught that the ancestors became the household gods. The Chaldeans, the Gymnosopists, the Platonists, all fluctuated under pet theories. The Rosicrucians boasted a purity of doctrine which the others did not possess. Newschools of religious philosophy sprang from the teachings of a much-maligned Bible, yet—strange anomaly—imbuing their devotees with a charity which ridicules and holds up to scorn that most ancient doctrine which asserts the positiveness of spirit-return. But aside from the ample benevolence of some of these creeds, is the paradoxical assertion of the existence of a spirit world which manifests itself with manifestation! A transition into a superior state which is itself non-transitory! The algebraist tells us that a ∞ , and demonstrates his theorem; the religious mathematician propounds a problem in theoretic which admits of no solution. Is it not a strange world?"

And thus she ran on, keen satire mingling with argument and fact, while mild invective and meek anathema bore companionship with pleasant and logical deduction, until the writer's mind was a positive whirl of mysticism.

Asked her opinions as to the cause of the antagonism of the Church against Modern Spiritualism, she replied:

"When the foundation of an established belief begins to weaken, the disciples naturally regard with suspicion any innovation which threatens to deplete their followers. When John Calvin snapped his fingers at his royal monarch, and renounced the dogmas of the Church of England, antagonism was levelled at him from every side, and the Calvinistic doctrine was stigmatized with fully as much vigor, if not virulence, as has fallen to our portion. Catholicism, in its infancy, was chastised as the forsaker of a mother creed. The lot of the apostate is not a happy one, and the promoters of a true religion, which we demonstrate by facts, must anticipate revilings and opprobrium."

"Will you define Modern Spiritualism?"

"Spiritualism may be technically defined as that doctrine which maintains the existence of spiritual beings capable, under certain conditions, of manifesting their intelligence; or, in other words, that as everything which exists is spirit or soul, death, as regarded by the physicist, is merely a transition to a different plane of existence. Spiritualism, in its demonstrations, certifies the existence of the soul; and that is only what your clergy are endeavoring to teach through the circumlocutory logic of religious theories and sectarian cant; but for the proof they have to appeal to Modern Spiritualism."

"You are somewhat bitter against the Church," I ventured.

"Not at all. Although a few of the denominations have forsaken the doctrine of Christian charity, yet I feel that all creeds endeavor to pilot the wanderer to Rome, and to that extent we are co-workers. Our methods and ideas may differ, yet they all derive inspiration from the teachings of that Bible, which proclaims, in its multiple miracles, the truth of spirit phenomena, and in the exemplification of that truth, aside from another, will our religion continue to grow and expand."

"On what other condition do you base your future hopes for Spiritualism?"

"The dogmas of the Church are confusing to the seeker for comfort in a future life: visionary speculations are unsatisfactory. The necessity for a definite solution of the after problem of man has been adequately met and maintained in the tenets of Spiritualism, whose precepts and principles have realized that unfoldment so ardently sought by the doubter. I see nothing to retard its development."

In taking leave, the writer thanked this charming hostess for the moments allotted him at the sacrifice of her other duties, as evidenced by a mass of correspondence upon the escriptor.

"I am always pleased to accord interviews, although that courtesy has in two or three instances been abused by wanton misrepresentation."

I suggested, by way of mitigation, that the public who knew her were not misled by these revilings.

"And if led to more thoroughly understand the doctrine of Spiritualism," she concluded, "perhaps the balance would see light where only darkness now reigns. Although a majority of our fellow people are unknowingly disciples of Swedenborg, or nurture a secret belief in the phenomena of the unseen world, yet they must recognize the immutable fact that this same unseen world reveals itself only to those who conscientiously and ardently aspire to explore it; to the unbeliever it is a sealed book."

JOHN HAZELRIGG.

REV. M. J. SAVAGE

In his report at the Psychological Science Congress, among other things, said: "Until within a few years the world was divided between those who were afraid of ghosts and those who sneered at the idea of there being any ghosts. But, as a result of the scientific investigation carried on by the various societies for psychical research, the belief in ghosts is increasing while the fear of them is passing away. It is no longer a sign of superior intelligence to say

of psychical phenomena; it only betrays a lack of intelligence, or, at any rate, a lack of knowledge concerning this particular field."

"The genuineness of the spiritual phenomena is as scientifically settled as is the Copernican theory of the universe. The next step to be taken is not to settle the question of their fact, but to discover the significance of the facts."

"I should not even allude to its being the work of physical forces, did not some otherwise intelligent person every little while suggest that the explanation is to be found in electricity. If electricity can think and talk and write then it may be conceded as possible. But until then, a hint of this sort only shows that the person so hinting has allowed his tongue to get ahead of his intelligence."

"But, after eliminating all the fraud, the self-delusion, all that clairvoyance and telepathy can explain there seems to be a residuum of most remarkable phenomena that find their most natural explanation in supposing them to be (what they claim) the work of living beings who were once inhabitants of this earth."

If anybody thinks Mr. Savage is deluded or a dupe he had better acquaint himself with the personality of this gentleman. But, like other eminent scholars of this stamp, Mr. Savage knows truth when he sees it; nor did he stop at one science only to denounce what can not be understood by one glance into the mysteries of this cult. The *Christian World* of England says, 'The spiritual phenomena of to-day is one of trained minds only to deal with.' What can we therefore expect from untrained minds, or genuine ignorance, such as we often find among the leading raiders of mediums?"

More Light.

At the World's Congress Auxiliary of the Columbian Exposition the following well known gentlemen to Spiritualists will take an active part: B. F. Underwood, whose subjects are "The Progress of Evolutionary Thought" and "Psychology"; Dr. M. L. Ilobrook on "Evolution of Muscle Fibre"; Prof. E. D. Cope, Ph. D., "Origin of Variations"; Sara A. Underwood, "The Poets of Evolution"; Dr. John E. Purdin, "Constructive Forms of Intuition"; Prof. Elliott Cones, "Evolution and Evolution"; Wm. E. Coleman, "The Law of Evolution in the Spiritual Realm"; Rev. M. J. Savage, "Evolution on Ethical Sanctions"; and Rev. Howard MacQuay, "Evolution of Apostolic Christianity." On the Advisory Council we find also the well known names of B. B. Kingsbury, Prof. A. E. Dolbear, Richard Hodgson, Prof. Hudson, Rev. R. Heber Newton, Gen. M. M. Trumbull, A. R. Wallace, and several Hindoo pundits. The congress meets at the Memorial Art Palace, September 27th, 28th, and 29th. Its motto is, "Not things, but men. Not matter, but mind."

The Spiritual Educational and Protective Union.

The society bearing the title at the head of this article was organized at Cassadaga Camp, the latter part of August of this year. A movement in this direction was made during the season of 1892, but no permanent organization was then effected, yet an interest was awakened that culminated this season in a large flourishing society. This is an attempt, not to organize Spiritualism, for the higher powers have already organized it, but to organize Spiritualists for mutual protection, also to assist and defend their mediums and healers against illegal or unjust attacks of any nature. Quoting from the constitution of this society, its objects are as follows: To conduct religious or other meetings; to foster and maintain Spiritualist societies for the dissemination of the philosophy and teaching of Spiritualism; to own and hold property for religious and educational purposes, to endow and foster schools, colleges, hospitals, libraries, and other educational institutions; to exercise charity to the poor and needy; to raise for missionary purposes and for the defense and protection of Spiritualists their mediums and healers in their legal rights as citizens of this Republic.

Certainly the objects of this association ought to commend themselves to Spiritualists everywhere. In case a true medium is unjustly accused, he will not be compelled to stand alone, and whenever one of the households of faith "is persecuted for opinion's sake, he will be sustained by the moral strength of a large organization. The lack of an organization strong enough in a religious sense, to own and hold property, or to receive bequests, or donations, as do other religious sects, has long been felt by many intelligent Spiritualists. The Spiritual Educational and Protective Union now steps forward to supply this want. A charter has been applied for, and will soon be granted, which will give a sound legal basis to the new association. Missionary work, on the same principal that actuates the American Unitarian Association, is also a great need of Spiritualism. Our new organization, when once at work, can obviate this by sending into the field many competent workers who will minister to the small scattered societies by forming regular circuits, under the management of the union, and also carry the spirit of propaganda into communities where Spiritualism has not heretofore had a hearing.

To the writer, it seems as if these worthy purposes ought to meet with a hearty response from the Spiritualists of the United States, and Canada. In union there is strength, and it now seems as if the hour for co-operation was at hand. Spiritualists can make themselves a power in the land, if they will stand together in defense of their principles, and rights as set for in the spiritual educational and Protective Union. Some three hundred persons have already united in this work, and the membership is constantly increasing. All of the officers and members are enthusiastic in their support of the union, and are endeavoring, by every means in their power, to further its interests in their respective communities. Among the members we notice the names of some of our most prominent workers, such as Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Hon. O. P. Kellogg, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Hudson Tuttle, and others equally well known to the spiritualistic public. The officers are Spiritualists of many years, standing, and active workers in the cause. Professor H. D. Barrett, Lily Dale, N. Y., is President; Mrs. S. A. Walters, Auburn, N. Y., Vice President; Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Secretary; Frank Walker, Hamburg, N. Y., Corresponding Secretary; B. B. Hill, 1020 New Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa., Treasurer; E. W. Sprague, Jamestown, N. Y., Dr. W. S. Rowley, Glen Park Place, Cleveland, O., Mrs. C. H. Henderson, Erie, Pa., C. S. Hubbell, Salamanca, N. Y., Trustees.

It is earnestly hoped by all of the officers that there will be a general response from all friends of the cause throughout the country, in request to become members of this union. The membership fee is only fifty cents, which figure also represents the amount of the annual dues thereafter. Our society is open to all, and conflicts with none now organized, and we should stand together in defense of our common rights. "United, we stand; divided, we fall."

For further information address the president, secretary, or corresponding secretary as follows: Professor H. D. Barrett, President, Lily Dale, N. Y.; Mrs. M. E. Cadwallader, Secretary, 713 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Walker, Correspondent Secretary, Hamburg, N. Y. EVANGEL.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS AIMS AND TENDENCIES.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.) I enclose you a paper read at one of our conference meetings...

THE LETTERS.

There seems to be a number of very different and discordant ideas abroad as to what Spiritualism is and what it is calculated to do.

What is Spiritualism? Now please remember that any ideas presented from this platform carry no more weight with them than they can reasonably make for themselves in the mentality of those before whom they are presented.

We are not infallible. We claim not to speak, as does the Pope of Rome, the whole truth without admixture of error.

To my own mind true Spiritualism is contained in the belief and immortality of the proven immortality of the spirit and its ability to return to this earth, under proper conditions and make its existence realized and felt.

It is not a faith that we deal with, but a fact. True, we do exercise faith in the matter, but the faith is called into being by the fact, not the fact by the faith.

Spiritualism does not desire to rob a solitary one of such a blessed assurance, it confirms it, it demonstrates it. It realizes and teaches that those who have been good here, no matter by what name they call themselves, will be happy hereafter, and it proves that it can not be otherwise even if we desired it.

Spiritualism aims to lead men upward from materialism and to enkindle in them that spark of desire for the continuity of life which in thousands seems to be dead.

Let me for a moment glance at some of the objections to it. It is urged that the power possessed by the sensitive, the mediums, is often prostituted, that they use their gifts for selfish ends and purposes.

The prize-fighter abuses his splendid physical development and forgers prostitute the useful art of penmanship for purposes of robbery.

Yes, the world is full of fraud and some of it, we are sorry to say, has found its way into spiritualistic camps. Doubtless there have been people who have sat in circles and been deceived.

It does not savor of American ideas or 19th century civilization to say that it is not safe to enlighten men. Only a most erroneous view of what Spiritualism teaches would lead any man to conclude that because there was no avenging God and no burning pit awaiting him that therefore he is at liberty to do just what he likes.

And even if they were not, I would rather trust to the deterrent power of the facts of the case, plainly stated, than to all the denunciations and threats that ever fell from the lips of man.

you do has its effect upon yourself, any injury you inflict upon another, hurts you. Your very thoughts help or injure you.

Such a teaching as this is far more rational and likely to do good than an appeal to man's fears and superstitions which never has worked a genuine case of reform since the world began.

Spiritualism is large enough and broad enough in its philosophy to embrace men alike of high and low degree, mentally. It says to the man of poor intellectual attainments and dull discernment you can at least understand this fact: Your happiness here and hereafter depends not upon what you believe but upon what you are.

It says to the intellectually great, the mental noblemen of the nation, whose genius far outshines that of their fellows, there are heights of knowledge connected with me which you have not yet scaled, and as you climb higher and higher into the realms of knowledge you will still find problems unsolved problems connected with life and destiny far beyond your utmost grasp.

Not only this, but Spiritualism gives encouragement to men of all moral conditions, for while recognizing and teaching that all men must and do meet with a recompense for their actions, good or evil, it says to the one who has wandered away from Nature's law, there is help for you, there is yet hope.

It did as directed, and took the precaution to put my initials on the sheet which I had torn from my notebook. But no sooner was the table-cover dropped, when I heard writing under it. I looked all around the table for hands, thinking there might be some coming through the floor to perform the "trick" of direct writing—pneumatography.

No fraud, however, was discoverable. The carpeted floor was intact. The table was too small to hold even an infant concealed. Beside that I had placed it to suit myself, and this was in the centre of the room, surrounded by the best light the windows afforded—it being now about half past ten in the forenoon.

I would not lift the table cover during the writing, as I knew enough of conditions not to disturb them, but I looked under the table, and could see through to the other side. Still the writing continued, until suddenly it ceased, but followed by raps innumerable, both over and under the table cover. At this point the medium called out: "Take out the paper—spirit finished writing."

I therefore lifted the table-cover, and saw the sheet of paper lying as I had placed it. Taking it up I saw it was filled with lead pencil writing. To make sure, however, before even looking at the spirit's signature, that it was the original, I turned the sheet over. My initials were in my own handwriting. It was the same piece of paper, as I fitted it into my notebook as a test. But behold, the message was signed by R. D. Owen, answering my question of the night before on the train.

The only hypothesis left, therefore, is that R. D. Owen was there in person, or some other spirit personated him to give me the test that spirits can communicate with mortals through mediums under proper conditions, and that such communications are not the effects of mind reading. If anybody can put another construction on this phenomenon he is welcome to do so. The facts will remain the same. But a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.

Phenomena at Cassadaga Camp.

Frequently seeing reports in our spiritualistic journals of unusual mediumistic power and remarkable manifestations of various phases, I feel constrained to ask the use of the Cassadaga columns that I may tell its readers of a most wonderful experience that came to me while at camp last season, through the mediumship of Mr. Campbell, of Pittsburg, Pa., then located on Cleveland Avenue, Cassadaga camp.

In a social way I had met the gentleman several times, and as a result entertained for him an honest respect, based upon his sterling qualities and many integrity.

Hearing of his wonderful mediumistic gifts and the marvelous manifestations produced at his private sittings, also witnessing the constant army of anxious investigators that daily stormed his citadel, I asked the privilege of being present on some of these occasions, which was kindly granted. In company with one of the association's officials—a lady of Meadville—whose engagement it was, I went in the afternoon to Mr. Campbell's parlors. Shortly after arriving I was asked by the medium to remove my hat, which I declined doing. By the way it was a hat I had not worn before during the season, consequently not a familiar article. It was of a most peculiar shape of heliotope, with fore and aft feathers like the smokestacks seen on some steamers.

Teachers and scholars of this great universe, I come back to you all to give you a lesson from my own experience, having traveled through your earth at one time it was my privilege to teach the human race, both black and white, what would be their destiny if they should die unconverted. It is now my privilege to travel through space and find out what I am, where I am going, and when I will stop. When will I stop learning, for something new comes before me at every turn. What a wonderful lesson I am learning; could I call all of earth's children together, could they congregate in one large temple, and I could return and give them instruction like I used to give, it would be very different from the lesson I once taught while on earth. My oh, my! I see the mistakes now with a clear eye. That old Bible, that old book; why was it ever printed to do an injustice to the human family? I have the power to write a book from this side of life, but can not at present make the conditions. When that time arrives we will send our Bible fresh from the shores of eternity, fresh from spirit hands, unadulterated, true in every respect; not like misty minds of ages ago from old prophets, some of whom never had an existence to my mind. I can not find any Job's, or Lot's, or Aaron's or John's. I do not know where they are gone to; I would like to meet them and ask them what they think of their teachings. They had better get together, write another, then stop, and say no more. Right here is where we get the reality and the truth, and nothing more. It would have been better if I had passed to this side of life twenty years before I did. I would have saved many minds from harboring the old orthodox theory that I instilled in them. I have to undo all the work I did in earth life; commence at the beginning, not where I left off my work, but where I started. Good night, children of earth, will write again at a convenient time. I find now I'm in the same cause you are engaged in. PHILIPPS BROOKS.

A Cherokee Indian wants to say something. I loved fire-water while on the earth; hated pale-face. Now I know no fire-water and love pale-face when he is just to my people. The Indian as a child of nature loves all that nature teaches him. The peaceful pale-face meets with a good welcome and is made happy in our wigwams, but the one with a lying-tongue we know right off, and watch him with an eagle-eye when he comes with his knives to hurt our people. I once lived at a trading post in the far West, and know what had pale-faces do; the blankets we got from them were poor and went into holes, though we gave many skins for them. A CHEROKEE.

WAS IT A SPIRIT-TEST OR WHAT?

BY THE EDITOR.

On my way from Boston to New York one night in the month of April, I was somewhat meditative on passing events, when suddenly the name of Robert Dale Owen came into my mind. Having been to see a number of mediums in Boston, with the intention of winding up in New York with a few more sittings, it occurred to me that I would like to hear from the spirit of this well known character just mentioned. With that desire or notion I fell asleep. But before presenting the denouement of this momentary reflection, I wish to state that never before that time had I thought of this spirit, or had any desire to hear from him, nor did I mention the fact to a mortal soul from that moment on to the time that I received a communication from him later. Furthermore, I would state that upon my awakening in the morning I had forgotten the circumstance, and never thought of it again until after the communication was received.

I arrived in New York at daylight, proceeded to my brother's home, and in time was on my way hunting up a medium on Eighth Avenue, Mrs. Hindley, whose card I had seen somewhere. It was about 10 o'clock when I found myself seated at a small table with an underlay half-way from top to bottom, and the medium going off into a trance some six or seven feet away from the table. She soon began describing spirits for me, and from which I recognized two or three. But her mediumship was not confined to this alone. After about fifteen or twenty minutes of telling what my spirit friends had to say, the medium suddenly leaned forward and said: "There is a spirit here for you who desires to communicate on paper. Have you any in your pocket?"

I answered in the affirmative and took out my note book, then asked: "Where shall I place it?" "On the under-lid of the table, and drop the cover around it to exclude the light," replied the medium, still apparently in a trance.

I did as directed, and took the precaution to put my initials on the sheet which I had torn from my notebook. But no sooner was the table-cover dropped, when I heard writing under it. I looked all around the table for hands, thinking there might be some coming through the floor to perform the "trick" of direct writing—pneumatography.

No fraud, however, was discoverable. The carpeted floor was intact. The table was too small to hold even an infant concealed. Beside that I had placed it to suit myself, and this was in the centre of the room, surrounded by the best light the windows afforded—it being now about half past ten in the forenoon.

I would not lift the table cover during the writing, as I knew enough of conditions not to disturb them, but I looked under the table, and could see through to the other side. Still the writing continued, until suddenly it ceased, but followed by raps innumerable, both over and under the table cover. At this point the medium called out: "Take out the paper—spirit finished writing."

I therefore lifted the table-cover, and saw the sheet of paper lying as I had placed it. Taking it up I saw it was filled with lead pencil writing. To make sure, however, before even looking at the spirit's signature, that it was the original, I turned the sheet over. My initials were in my own handwriting. It was the same piece of paper, as I fitted it into my notebook as a test. But behold, the message was signed by R. D. Owen, answering my question of the night before on the train.

The question now is, who or what wrote the message? It was no mortal being, for I had everything in my favor for detection had there been one. It was not done by the medium, as she sat about seven feet away from the table. I did not do it, as I would not deceive myself; nor was I hypnotized, for I was there alone with the medium, and she did not come near me during the entire seance. It could not have been mind-reading on her part, and then by some hocus pocus conveyed to the paper; for I never once thought of that spirit while there. In fact had not thought of him since going to sleep over it the night before.

The only hypothesis left, therefore, is that R. D. Owen was there in person, or some other spirit personated him to give me the test that spirits can communicate with mortals through mediums under proper conditions, and that such communications are not the effects of mind reading. If anybody can put another construction on this phenomenon he is welcome to do so. The facts will remain the same. But a rose by any other name will smell as sweet.

Phenomena at Cassadaga Camp.

Frequently seeing reports in our spiritualistic journals of unusual mediumistic power and remarkable manifestations of various phases, I feel constrained to ask the use of the Cassadaga columns that I may tell its readers of a most wonderful experience that came to me while at camp last season, through the mediumship of Mr. Campbell, of Pittsburg, Pa., then located on Cleveland Avenue, Cassadaga camp.

In a social way I had met the gentleman several times, and as a result entertained for him an honest respect, based upon his sterling qualities and many integrity.

Hearing of his wonderful mediumistic gifts and the marvelous manifestations produced at his private sittings, also witnessing the constant army of anxious investigators that daily stormed his citadel, I asked the privilege of being present on some of these occasions, which was kindly granted. In company with one of the association's officials—a lady of Meadville—whose engagement it was, I went in the afternoon to Mr. Campbell's parlors. Shortly after arriving I was asked by the medium to remove my hat, which I declined doing. By the way it was a hat I had not worn before during the season, consequently not a familiar article. It was of a most peculiar shape of heliotope, with fore and aft feathers like the smokestacks seen on some steamers.

Teachers and scholars of this great universe, I come back to you all to give you a lesson from my own experience, having traveled through your earth at one time it was my privilege to teach the human race, both black and white, what would be their destiny if they should die unconverted. It is now my privilege to travel through space and find out what I am, where I am going, and when I will stop. When will I stop learning, for something new comes before me at every turn. What a wonderful lesson I am learning; could I call all of earth's children together, could they congregate in one large temple, and I could return and give them instruction like I used to give, it would be very different from the lesson I once taught while on earth. My oh, my! I see the mistakes now with a clear eye. That old Bible, that old book; why was it ever printed to do an injustice to the human family? I have the power to write a book from this side of life, but can not at present make the conditions. When that time arrives we will send our Bible fresh from the shores of eternity, fresh from spirit hands, unadulterated, true in every respect; not like misty minds of ages ago from old prophets, some of whom never had an existence to my mind. I can not find any Job's, or Lot's, or Aaron's or John's. I do not know where they are gone to; I would like to meet them and ask them what they think of their teachings. They had better get together, write another, then stop, and say no more. Right here is where we get the reality and the truth, and nothing more. It would have been better if I had passed to this side of life twenty years before I did. I would have saved many minds from harboring the old orthodox theory that I instilled in them. I have to undo all the work I did in earth life; commence at the beginning, not where I left off my work, but where I started. Good night, children of earth, will write again at a convenient time. I find now I'm in the same cause you are engaged in. PHILIPPS BROOKS.

arranged among three rich green leaves that looked as though the early dews of morning had just bathed their faces. The lilies and leaves were in color and shading true to nature, seemingly the production of a practical hand. On the margin, surrounding this cluster of nature's lovely children, were several faces, seven in number, some of which were readily recognized, especially the well remembered one of O. R. Chase, one of Cassadaga's early trustees. Down at the right-hand corner was a portrait of the finest specimen of a square I ever saw. Her raven hair was fantastically arranged, with here and there bright dashes of color, and in the center above the forehead—did our eyes deceive us? no, wonder of wonder—there was a face simile, true to color, shade and style, of the heliotope feathers that so gracefully nod on the front of my hat, there reposing near the couch.

Robert Ingersoll may scoff, and from his elevation (?) say he "knows it's all a fraud." Talmage may, with virulent pen, nasal twang, and dramatic stride, denounce it all as trickery; diabolical. Old mother earth may totter on her foundations, yet would I know of a truth beyond all dispute that I have witnessed one of the most remarkable Spiritualistic phenomena of the present age, and through the God given mediumship of one who values the gift so sacredly that the revenue it affords him is expended in charity—thus doubly blessing his fellow men.—Cassadaga.

DO SPIRITS RETURN?

In her later years Phoebe Cary said: "I know that the dead come back just as I know I think, or see, or know anything else. It is no more wonderful to me that I should see and perceive with my soul than I am able to discern objects through my eyeballs." On one occasion when Alice was fifty years old, writes O. B. Flower in the February Forum, speaking of her favorite little sister Rhoda, who passed from life when she was only fourteen years old, she said: "I have never to this day lost consciousness of the presence of that child." Both the sisters beheld at intervals the apparition of their sister. I can not forbear citing here one of the most extraordinary objective apparitions on record, which Alice Cary was wont to give when describing the wonderful experience which came into their lives. The story is valuable because it was witnessed by a number of persons, and can not therefore be dismissed as a subjective hallucination. It is also interesting to note that in this case the vision, which in broad daylight was so real as to deceive all members of the family who witnessed it, occurred before the children died. This is the story as related by Alice:

"The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house and the door open. Upon this all the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said: 'She must have come from the sugar camp and taken shelter there with Lucy from the rain.' Upon this another called out 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw in the full blaze of the sun the form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next Autumn, November 11th; Lucy a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track could be seen. Lucy," continued Alice Cary in her narrative, "has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in saying that he had seen a little girl up stairs in a red dress."

It is not strange that the belief grounded on these repeated visitors and the intuitive perception of these unusually fine and highly spiritual natures frequently found expression in verses reflecting the convictions of their souls. Space prevents my pursuing this subject further. Enough has been said, however, to indicate a fascinating line of study for those interested in occult subjects.

More Truth-Seekers.

Among the members of the American Psychical Society, whose mission it is to investigate the spiritual phenomena, we find the following prominent church ministers: Reverends R. Heber Newton, of 781 Madison Avenue, New York; E. A. Horton, of 855 Boylston Street, Boston; Minor J. Savage, of Boston; T. E. Allen, of Grafton, Mass.; Henry Blanchard, D. D., of Portland, Me.; S. B. Craft, of Boston; J. C. F. Graubien, Genesee, Ill.; J. H. Holden, Amherst, Mass.; Geo. W. Kent, Worcester, Mass.; D. L. R. Libby, Watertown, N. Y.; Joel H. Metcalf, Roslindale, Mass.; H. H. Mott, Providence, R. I.; J. S. Moulton, Westford, Mass.; E. J. Prescott, Kennebunk, Me.; Jas. M. Pullman, Lynn, Mass.; J. A. Savage, Medford, Mass.; J. A. Seitz, West Concord, Vt.; D. M. Wilson, Quincy, Mass.; S. H. Winkley, Boston; Chas. D. Trusdell, D. D., Chicago; A. R. Kieffer, Colorado Springs, Colo.; W. Reed, Denver, Colo.; A. Kent, Washington, D. C., and Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston.

Also the following prominent men and women: Dr. B. O. Flower, of Boston; Prof. Dolbear, of Tufts College; Dr. L. A. Phillips, of Boston; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mr. Hamilton Garland, Prof. Comey, of Tufts College; Camille Flammarion, of the Astronomical Society of Paris, France; Dr. D. A. Smith, of Chicago; Paul Carus, Ph. D. and editor Open Court, of Chicago; Lucinda B. Chandler, Geo. Horton, of the Chicago Herald; Prof. F. Cajori, of Colorado Springs, Colo.; Charles Kerr, publisher, Chicago; and Judge W. A. Cheney, of Los Angeles, Cal.

We publish these names by way of comparison to the smaller lights who only look into psychical matters to find fraud, or presume to judge of the same without having investigated beyond a single seance or a single medium, and expect intelligent men and women to accept their dictum volens volens.

CONCERNING BEQUESTS.

There are, no doubt, many who would be willing to help the cause by bequests if a way could be pointed out which would be held as binding in the courts. At request we have had the subject thoroughly examined by eminent counsel in this State, and herewith print a form which, we are assured, will stand and afford the giver an opportunity to help in some degree the great work.

Form: "I give and bequeath to the owner or owners of a newspaper now published in the city of Cincinnati, the State of Ohio, known as the LIGHT OF TRUTH (Here insert full description of property to be given.)

"Which bequest is to be used in the publication of said newspaper and books that may be printed from time to time in the printing establishment of said LIGHT OF TRUTH."

In drafting such a bequest the testator should be careful to see that the signing or witnessing of will is done in accordance with the laws of the State in which he or she resides.

Spirit

We have a number of articles at stated intervals and take the mediums, and are verified by the questions to contain one inquisitorial article by lives.

All communications addressed to Light

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Spirit Message Department

We have a number of mediums employed for this department... All communications concerning this department must be addressed to Light of Truth, Room 7, 216 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

REPORT OF SEANCE. QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[E. F. C.] Our climatic conditions are all out of joint; this makes us selfish and wicked. Must we or God answer for this sin we are said to commit?

Ans.—How do you know but that it is not the world's selfishness and wickedness that deranged your climatic conditions, instead of the reverse. There are instances—seen from our standpoint—where local disturbances have been generated by strong adverse mental conditions. Mind is force, and a magnetic force at that. All atmospheric disturbances, earthquakes and epidemics take their rise in electrical derangement. We may call it a molecular disunion. Electricity is magnetism in the rough, but sufficiently allied to commingle. Disturbed mental conditions affect one's immediate surroundings as every sensitive can testify. The molecular disunion is diffuse in comparison to its antipodal opposite. Selfishness or hatred is the antithesis of love or harmony. Harmony is the nature of law. Disturb this and you have disintegration until neutralized by passivity. A cyclone or an epidemic often unites people who are previously in disharmony. The allied mental condition, or the soothed malice often proves the best remedy for a cure, individually and collectively. Earthquakes often find centers where selfishness or pride is stored. The selfishness or pride with which the mind force is tainted, creates a negativity in the magnetic or electric atmosphere—a condition of disintegration, and, consequently, molecular derangement—which attracts the terrestrial derangement on the principle of like attracting like. History shows that the most selfish or proud communities have been the greatest sufferers from fatal calamities. It is but the effect of a natural cause. A spirit, through Daniel, prophesied the destruction of Babylon on this principle, though the latter believed it a revelation from God. If you exercise your intuitive judgment a little, you might prophecy similar results. Wars are the results of mental agitation for a negative, or inharmonious effect. Love has the reverse effect, whether in individuals, homes, or communities. It is a force akin to the law of life, and harmonizing with this it has the reverse effect on those exercising it, leading to peace and prosperity. Many think they are exercising it, but they are not. Partnership, prejudice, and pretension are such subtle evils that they control the best men and women unwittingly; and it might be said unconsciously. Troubles still haunt such, and they can not conceive any reason therefor. Self-study is their only salvation. The climate will modify in comparison to the allaying of the angry forces in human nature, but it must be general. The few can not accomplish desired results. And with this condition spirits will materialize more readily and bring more convincing proofs. But Spiritualists should make the start and set the example to the world. It will be better for both. It will bring the conditions needed to convince the world. The rest we leave for your own deduction.

Ques.—[F. F. L.] Will our teacher kindly give his name and residence while on earth?

Ans.—This would be difficult to do, as hardly one spirit answers two questions in this department. There is one control, but he is only a medium himself for higher spirits. Remember the spirits who organized this movement are a host, and in accord with each other like harp-strings tuned to one pitch. They send out emissaries to attend lecture halls, circles, editorial sanctums, and individuals. These go out by the hundreds, but leave a mental connection behind, which keeps them in vibrating accord with the higher hosts. A dozen sometimes turn up at one hall where a medium is working, and establish a rapport with the same for whatever is on the tapis. While the control acts as an amicus for this delegation, the latter often are the mediums for the higher hosts. Questions that one can not answer another can perhaps. So it is taken up by the one who knows how. If none can answer it, the hosts reply, or some one in that sphere whom the question touches will respond, making the whole delegation the medium, and this in return pouring it through the control into the mortal medium, who finally gives it to the public. So, it may not be the same delegation each time—it changing a little nearly every seance, with the exception of those who take an especial interest in the medium or audience. But even this undergoes periodical changes, and hardly one of the same spirits is in the band to day that was in it six months ago. Occasionally an old one returns and remains for weeks or months. But it is impossible to say who your teacher is, or who they are, as the number is large, and many of them, spirits unknown, unsung, and unhonored in earth life, though now exalted and wise. Names are nothing here. Nor should you place any value in names. They are merely needed for identification in family matters, but in public affairs like this the cream of the work lies in what they say or do. Accustom yourself to this manner of judging spirits, and you will be a step in advance of those who do not, when you reach the immortal shores.

Ques.—[Maggie E.] I would like to have a test. Will you hand this paper to your medium?

Ans.—In reply we would say that psychometrizing a letter, and receiving spontaneous spirit messages or questions to answer, requires specially prepared conditions—often distinct phases of mediumship. But being the first paper touched we will endeavor to analyze its aura, or penetrate the same and see what is behind it. The first scene that presents itself to our mental vision is an open field on which the sun is shining brightly. Across the field is a hill, about half way from the top of which is a pretty cottage. From the same two figures emerge. The first a lady of middle age, of earnest demeanor, with dark hair, parted in the middle and combed down over the ears. She says one hand over the other and meditates. On the cottage porch is a little girl apparently about eight years old. This child seems to be under the lady's care, but not a very close relative. It may be distant, but by some strange connection. The child is neither blonde nor brunette, but a medium between the two. She has an olive complexion, straight nose, and somewhat attractive, but self-willed and independent. The lady seems to be anxiously looking for some one, but apparently unable to leave her home to meet that one or go to her. Now, we get an impression that if the questioner of this were to sit for automatic or mechanical writing, or open a circle herself, this spirit would give all further information desired. As we say this, the spirit referred to nods her head in acquiescence to this and walks into the house. The curtain drops over the scene.

Ques.—[E. J. Orr, El Paso, Tex.] Why is it that clairvoyant and magnetic healers need all the points mentioned, in order to give you a full diagnosis, or get at the inside particulars of your troubles. Often they need but one by which to guide, but they ask for all to have others at hand in case of a failure to "read" you by one or the other. To many the name conveys a rash of inspiration that reveals more than you would like to know of your heart's feelings towards certain persons. Often the touch of the healer brings news that you would not like to see published in your local paper concerning some of your business methods. But this is not what you want, though it helps the mediums to get at the rest—the disease, for all ailments of the body are based on the acts of the spirit. Age of body is needed to be able to prescribe to suit the blood and nerve tissues. A young person often requires more powerful treatment or drugs than an older one; and what would cure a youth might kill an aged person. Sex is to be known because of the percentage in the mixtures, as also the ingredients to be used in the prescription. The lock of hair brings the healer in closest rapport with the patient, and gives him an opportunity of locating the disease exactly, either by seeing it clairvoyantly, or feeling it psychometrically, or clair-sentiently. Some can diagnose on one of the above named, but they seldom profess to heal, being amateurs. When one undertakes to heal professionally he or she wants to be on the sure road to success. But do you think a simple knowledge of this could aid an M. D. to locate a disease exactly; give a whole history of one's character in the bargain; tell how you do business on the sly; whether you are on the road to happiness or perdition; and without feeling your pulse, getting a glimpse of your physiognomy, testing your respiration, seeing your tongue, examining your person generally? Healing mediums are guided by spirits, and follow their injunctions simply. But if you send for one to visit you when ill you will find that your case will not only be diagnosed more readily than by a regular, but without experimenting on you to find out what ails you, and at the risk of your life. Healing mediums go direct to the cause, and either prescribe for you correctly at once, or relieve you by their presence. Did you ever hear of a regular doing this, unless he was a magnetic healer, unknown to himself? But the time will come when you will need the services of a magnetic healer, and by experience will learn that they do amount to a great deal, your letter indicating this.

Ques.—[Meg., St. Elmo, Tex.] Why is it that one medium is more difficult to develop for trance than another? Ans.—Why is it that one person develops a musical talent more readily than another? may be asked in return as serving for a reply. It is due to a more active presence of the gift or talent. Trance mediumship is a qualification that some have strong, others weak, the former naturally developing faster than the latter when once the start is made. The same principle may be applied to all phases of mediumship. Never try to develop any special phase to the detriment of another. Let nature have its way, and mediumship will be a blessing. Forced mediumship is like a hot-house plant. It lacks flavor and zest, and soon dies out—very often carrying the medium's health with it. Sit quietly at a table in home circles. It is the safest method yet. It is the spirit's developing class. Then take what comes naturally.

Ques.—[H. L. Bright, Grand Rapids, Mich.] Will the control aid in finding a treasure which mysteriously disappeared from a Magi-member, causing serious anxiety?

Ans.—It is not within the province of this circle to hunt lost treasures. We are here to instruct simply. You would not apply to a school teacher in earth life to do detective work, would you? And to find a spirit of this order you must convert some mortal detective, who has such spirits around him. Then, perhaps, you might obtain a cue to your lost treasure. But why not apply to the magi-lodge, of which the gentleman is a member? It is claimed that secrets are known there not possessed by the common world. Perhaps one of the experts may be able to touch upon a force that will telegraph immediately the location of the lost article, or reveal in a magic mirror the person holding it for the loser.

Ques.—[Earnest Investigator.] How do people ascertain beyond a doubt if they are mediumistic enough for development?

Ans.—First, by an uncontrollable desire to become a medium. This may arise in some as a fad or a passing notion. But if it returns against one's inclinations or wishes, there is no further doubt that sufficient mediumship is present for development. Secondly, it may be experimented with at a table, or by trying mechanical or automatic writing. Either one will soon indicate the degree of mediumship in the siter. Another method is by forming a circle of eight to a dozen for regular sessions, twice or thrice a week. Lock hands and keep quiet for twenty minutes or half an hour. In this manner trance-mediumship is developed, if there is any in the one feeling the desire to become a medium.

Ques.—[J. M. A., Michigan.] In a recent message an intelligence spoke of "my spirit;" do spirits have spirits, or is it a mistake?

Ans.—Spirits often use the term figuratively, just as you use it, even when not referring to your spirit at all. Sometimes they express mind by the term; often soul. Or a spirit may speak of "my spirit" as its inner self—its ego—looking upon its outer covering as a material entity, which it is in part. Had you accompanied your question by a sentence in which the words occur, we might have given you a fuller explanation. But this will suffice.

SPRIT MESSAGES. Phebe Gillmore.

I am here this afternoon and desire to send a message to the loved ones in Rome, N. Y. This paper is received in that city by one who will forward it to those I love. I am glad to be able to voice my spirit greetings in this way. I have been gone a long time according to earth account, but to me it is but a day. I am glad that Robert is doing so nicely in his profession. Anna, dear, do not be discouraged, but Herbert has not done as you desired him to do. We see a bright shining light just ahead and we will guard and guide him, and by and by he will surpass all of your expectations. Your loving sister, daughter of Capt. George H. Gillmore, Syracuse, N. Y.

Dr. Joseph De Young.

I desire to send a message to my son at Ravenna, Ohio. I am sorry that his health is so poor and that he has passed through so many different conditions in the past few months, but he must remember that he is growing old and that his days are really numbered upon the earth side of life, and that he will soon join the loved ones who have gone before. Eustice is with me and also sends love. Your father.

Capt. John Hall.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I was a kind of rough and tumble sort of fellow when here, though I never did any one any harm, I tried to do all the good that lay in my power, both upon land and sea, and I am glad now that I did, for it opened the way for me to enter into a city of life and progression, where they have no use for steamboats. All things are navigated by love. My beautiful daughter, Nellie, is with me, hoping this will reach my wife, Fanny, and she will know we are both happy. I remain her loving husband, Captain John Hall, of Chelsea, Mass.

Mary Hardy. Good afternoon. I am so grateful that once more I have the privilege to send love's cheering words unto one and all, my brother and sister mediums. You may suffer and be pierced with thorns, but thanks to the angel loved ones we shall meet by and by in that fair city of life and liberty. I am Mary Hardy, of Boston, Mass.

Sarah Ring.

A lady approaches wishing to send a message to the dear ones she left. My husband was a great Spiritualist. I can not say I was, though I knew something of it, have met my dear father and mother. We are all together, my name is Sarah Ring, wife of John Ring, of Vireland, N. J.

Harvey Newell.

Well, I am here this afternoon as much of a surprise to me as it will be to those who receive this message, for I knew nothing of Spiritualism, never had taken any interest in it while upon earth, but now that I am on the spirit side of life, I feel anxious that all of those who are near and dear to me should understand more about that which awaits them. I lived a long time in your city and was well known here. I am still interested in the city of Cincinnati and I am also interested in the progression of Spiritualism. This may sound strange to you, and will, I know, sound strange to those who belong to me through the tie of nature, but I want them to know that their father is ever near, trying to impress upon their minds the knowledge of right. I want them to feel that I am still protecting them. I lived in your city and was well known. This is to my wife.

Dr. Morrell.

After many years spent in spirit life I return to-day to show all the friends of earth who knew me when in the body that I do live yet, and glad to say to the loved ones of earth that there is no death. Shall be remembered as Dr. Morrell, of Washington, D. C.

Bessie Bigdon.

I am ever so happy and just feel as if I must meet my mamma and papa and grandma as the days go by. They say at home they miss me very much and wonder if we all will be together once again. Oh, I hear what they say, and it some times makes me sad to hear them and see them cry. But I feel so glad to see them all together. I want this message read and seen in Chicago. My papa has dear friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Andrew W. Jones.

I am from New Albany, Ind. I was in the coal business at one time and I am very much interested to-day in the spiritual condition of the earth plane. I was not a Spiritualist when upon the earth plane. They called me old Captain Jones, and I was not much of anything according to the religious ideas of the day. I had my own way of thinking. I did what I thought was right, tried to be true to myself and others, but had very little credit for what I did, because I did not associate with those who called themselves Christians, that is, I did not attend their services. I had good friends in the Church, I think, but they had very little respect for my ideas, and I am glad to-day that people are coming out of the old idea into the new and realize that there is something besides total depravity upon the face of the earth. Well, they make you all depraved, but men realize that there is salvation through good deeds without the words. Isabel is all right, I know, and Maggie should not trouble so much about her. Distance does not separate souls, so in thought they are often together, although the ocean waves roll between them. Good bye, from your father.

Susie H. Frost.

Here comes a spirit bringing a basket of beautiful white flowers with her from the spirit world, saying, Oh! how thankful I am that I can come and breathe out words of love and sympathy. How glad I am to have the opportunity to send my love and greetings home as Susie Hubbard Frost, of Chelsea, Mass. My husband was mayor of that city.

Wm. C. Turnbull.

I am so glad to return to earth once again and mingle with those who are working for the cause. Even though a true Spiritualist, I never sought to come into a circle like this, but seeing the door open and all from our side invited in, I take the liberty of sending a greeting to all through the good paper the LIGHT OF TRUTH. I will be remembered as Wm. C. Turnbull, of Baltimore, Md.

Ira R. Wilson.

Well, friends, I am glad to be with you here this afternoon. I was a Spiritualist in earth life, and I had a great deal of opposition from those who were near and dear to me, for my family were all Episcopalians, but I was convinced during the war by that which came to me through my own senses. I knew that a spirit could return and converse with you after so called death, and although I had much opposition by those who were near and dear to me through the tie of nature, yet I never for one moment lost faith in the truth, in fact, I could not, for it was knowledge to me and no man can cast knowledge to one side. I return to greet my loved ones, Eugenia, Alice, and Millie and also my good and kind mother who still lives, although very aged. I would not take from her her prop in her day, for I know she loves her own way of thinking, and she feels she will enter in and sit down very close indeed to her G-d. I watch over her every day and desire that she knows that her child is ever near her. Good-bye.

Chas. Wilshire.

Good afternoon, friends. I am very glad to be able to send a message this afternoon to my dear companion, Mary. Do not grieve. Think of me as living and ever near you. If George can not understand you, do not trouble, he will in the by and by, and all things will go better in the near future. Money is power, I know, but that which is right we will see that you have, so distress not yourself. Be satisfied. Canton Ohio.

Emma H. Otis.

A lady approaches now, saying: "How beautiful is spirit life, oh, that I had the power to convey all the love I feel, my loved ones would then know that I am happy. I have met my dear sisters, and Albert, my brother, and I know my daughter's fate; for Addie has told me all, but if Redford is happy, all right; and little Emma my baby. Emma Hayes Otis, of Kittery, Maine.

Charles R. Morrison.

I am glad to greet you, dear friends, this afternoon. I am thankful for the privilege of coming and voicing a few words to the loved ones at home. I passed from this earth plane very unexpectedly, but I want them to know that I did not suffer as they think I did. I found myself in a very happy and pleasant condition after I realized the change. All that distressed me was the grief of the loved ones who still lingered upon the earth plane. But do not grieve: your father and brother is happy on the spirit side of life. I find that God is love, justice, and truth. I remain ever your loved father and brother. Norwich, Vermont.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Our Powers.

"The woman, whom thou gavest, tempted me," Thus runs the legend of the olden time, And men, unreasoning, fall to see That 'tis but part of poet's rhyme. That in ourselves lies every germ Of love or hate, of good or evil, And that the seeds when quickened turn To light or darkness, God or devil. Within ourselves the dormant seeds, And circumstance the motive power, Which bring them forth to words or deeds, From seed to bud, from bud to flower, And quickened they can never be Give as they're fed by warm desire, Our friends, our foes, alike we see Can kindle that to hottest fire. And in ourselves the power lies That counteracts the seeds of wrong Until our worse nature dies; That bids our better self, "Be strong," 'Tis from within and not without, We find the tempter, and from there We'll find the strength to banish doubt. To bravely think, and all things dare, For sweet love's sake or duty's call, For truth and justice; and the light Of angel's vision on us fall. As on we struggle toward the heights Of wisdom, then with joy supreme We'll know that duties nobly done, Bring peace of which we had not dreamed When life is past and heaven won.

THE SPIRIT REALMS.

I have shown in "Principles of Light and Color" that all earthly substances contain finer as well as coarser atoms, the finer of which are more volatile, and float far above the surface of the earth, just as the coarser atoms form into solids or float near the surface. I have shown that there are almost infinite gradations of the same substance, and a finer and more glorious universe in and around that which is visible to the external eye. We know, for instance, that water is formed by the chemical union of hydrogen and oxygen. Can not the reader understand that there is a far more exquisite and volatile grade of hydrogen and oxygen than is so light as to float even higher than the forty-five miles of atmosphere that scientists speak of as surrounding the earth, and there constituting a more celestial kind of water? Is it not reasonable to suppose that if lime, silica, sodium, carbon, hydrogen oxygen, etc., constitute the soil by means of which trees, flowers, and fruit are produced on earth, the same elements in their more exquisite ethereal form may become segregated through chemical affinity, and aggregated into large masses in these same higher realms and produce a celestial growth of foliage, luscious fruits, flowers, and plants, beautiful beyond our earthly conception? But does not the reader say that realms so far from the earth would be too cold for vegetable growth, or too cold to constitute a genial summerland home for the spirits? Then he should understand that the refined spiritual body that grade of cold which effects us here produces almost no effect upon the higher spiritual realms, while there an exquisite grade of heat, which is too refined to be measured by any earthly thermometers, exists. This refined heat may be felt by sensitive and psychometers in the body. An ordinary thermometer can not distinguish between the poles of a magnet, the two ends of a crystal or the two sides of a human body, but one who is a sensitive and clairvoyant can at once feel the difference between the two, the one side presenting to the interior nature, the red, orange, and yellow colors in predominance, together with greater warmth, while the other pole presents more of the blue, indigo and violet, and gives sensations of cold.

The spirit realms extend around the earth in several belts or zones, one above the other, the higher belts or spirit spheres being more ethereal and divine than the lower, and are occupied by spirits, who, by becoming progressed and refined, have graduated from the spheres below. While a vast number of undeveloped spirits dwell on or near the earth, the first regular spirit zone around the earth has been estimated to be less than a hundred miles from the earth's surface, and extending about sixty and more degrees each side of the earth's equator. This is sufficiently high to be beyond all the coarse elements of the earth's atmosphere, although a very exquisite atmosphere, composed of all ethereal grades of matter, of which refined hydrogen is a prominent fact, is said by spirits, and favored by some important facts of earthly science, to extend through all the interstellar spaces and forming when polarized by the light of the sun and stars, the celestial bridgework over which all fine forces travel. Baron Reichenbach found that his sensitives perceived far greater beauty and freedom of the odic lights and colors when the atmosphere was removed, and this fact will show the importance of having the spirit realms above the main atmosphere of earth, in order to gain the glorious manifestations of lights, colors, forms, and motions that have been described in rapturous words by spirits and clairvoyants.

Not only are there regular belts, but intermediate islands, islands. These rest in a greater or smaller altitude from the earth in proportion as they are light or heavy. All spiritual substance has weight; so have spiritual bodies, but those persons who have lived a pure and unselfish life, possess an exquisite spirit body, which is so fine that it can be easily buoyed up to high and beautiful abodes by the weight of the ethereal atmosphere itself.

This chapter, from Dr. E. D. Babbitt's interesting work on "Religion," continues with a description of the spiritual zones, the clothing of spirits, children in spirit life, the wealthy, the politician, the religionist, etc. See seventh page in book list for particulars concerning it.

Mutual Appreciation.

[To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

Mr. J. K. Hurd, Albuquerque, N. M., writes: "Permit an old newspaper man and a very young Spiritualist (my conversion to belief in the new philosophy dating only from July last, to express his admiration for the beautiful make-up and elevated tone of your magnificent paper and for the uniform intelligence, dignity, and ability with which it is edited. The perusal of its columns has gone far to complete the work which an investigation of spiritual phenomena had commenced, its editorial page being especially efficacious to this end. Such utterances as find a place on the fourth page of the LIGHT OF TRUTH testify to the truth of one of the most conspicuous of spiritualistic theories—the bona fide existence and operation of modern inspiration. Your treatment even of ordinary social and political matters being high above that of the metropolitan secular press. Eminent the clearest, wisest, and most complete elucidation of the financial situation that has come from the pen of an American editor appeared in a recent issue of your paper, and that in an editorial of less than two hundred words. Since my change of religious views I have been a constant reader of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I enclose a few verses, which, if deemed worthy a place in your columns, I would be glad to have you publish. If not available I commend them to a great resting place in your waste basket."

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

WRITERS FOR THE LIGHT OF TRUTH. SCIENCE OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. H. HANDRICH.

R. S. In Planchette says: "A writer in Human Nature, under the signature of 'Honestas,' is of the opinion that death, though carrying with it vast change, does not so completely alter our nature as to render mundane intercommunication impossible. The laws governing the physical conditions of the next sphere must be in harmony with those which rule this; these laws being only an outgrowth from those of our present condition and correlatives of them." Concerning the restriction of spirit communication to limited bounds of a medium's presence, the writer says: "Within our coarser earth body dwells an ether body, which derives its elementary sustenance from the ether or odic element, from which this world has grown with its plastic, centralizing tendency. On ether body manifests its presence in the nerve aura, or odic element (first noticed by Baron von Reichenbach) in the streaming forth of organically centralized ether element, which sustains this ether body in the same manner that the food and earth elements, which the organism assimilates support our bodily condition."

A double action is thus carried on in the animal organism, namely a drawing of supply from the centralized ether element, simultaneously with that of the primary ether or odic element. In the mesmeric fluid which passes from the mesmerizer to his subject, the odic force is transmitted; and a connection is established between the two, sufficiently primary to mediate a physical correspondence between them. Here is the key to the solution of the problem of spiritual manifestations.

These are divisible into psychical and physical. The psychical effects are produced by an action akin to the mesmeric action, that is, the mind of the operating agent, by an action of the will, throws a current of the odic power of its nerve aura on the nerve aura of the terrestrial being, and an effect similar to that of the mesmerizer upon his subject results a phenomenon too well known to need explanation.

The second, or physical, effects arise from an action upon the free nerve aura of the body of the medium, which aura enables the spirit to create an organism or mechanism, rendering action upon our ponderable matter possible and allowing of the production of the physical phenomena.

This centralization can only, however, take place by means of the nerve aura, enabling a condensation into ponderable matter to be effected. The invisible world, is in reality, the permanent and lasting state, from which the soul brings its immortal principle of life. It also has the power of mediating the coarser elements of its earthly condition. But the terrestrial mediation can only be effected by the aid of an organism fitted for that special object and use. This mechanism our earth body furnishes. The spirit soul does not possess this; its organism is finer. By the transition called death the soul parts with this material organism. But to enable a spirit to operate upon material things, an organism has to be formed or adopted for that purpose; this embodying can not, however, take place unless aided by the organic nerve aura of a living being. In the embryonic evolution the mediating element is the material one, and here, too, in obedience to laws of development, the embryo being, once having attained its growth, takes its place on earth with an independent central self existence. The spirit soul, when incarnating itself in a material envelop can only do so by the aid of the nerve aura of a living being, upon which it only momentarily acts, which action is rendered possible by the accident of an affinity, enabling a temporary use to be effected, this use being restricted, however, within the narrow limits prescribed by the supply which the organism of the medium furnishes, and farther, subject to endless interruptions from external causes; as, for instance, over excitement, or alarm, or atmospheric changes.

The uncertainty of spiritual phenomena; the difficulty of prolonging their duration beyond a few minutes, and more especially the difficulty of giving a continuity to the more developed forms of spirit appearances, confirms this view of the dependence of visible, tangible, spiritual manifestations upon our organism, and the necessity of an agreement of our natures with the spirit operating upon the nerve aura of the medium. Consequently the phosphorescent ball, which is often seen, this consisting of the luminous odic element emanating from the manifesting intelligence and combining itself with the nerve aura of the medium.

Just a few days ago one of our dear orthodox friends, who has been very solicitous about the salvation of our soul, called our attention to an article in the Commercial Gazette, purporting to be an exposition of the fraudulent methods practiced by a well known Cincinnati medium. This clever friend, so kind, so just, and so true (?) with his great philanthropic nature beaming with radiance and with his countenance aglow with an "I told you so" expression, said, "There, now, is your Spiritualism, rotten and rank to the core, and it is only a question of time until the 'dupes' will waken up to the fact that the entire rank and file of Spiritualists are victims of some heartless wretches, perfiding, and the 'phantoms' will fade away as the mists before the morning sun."

That there are unscrupulous and dishonest people sailing under the sacred garment of mediumship, we do not deny, but that Mr. Willis belongs to this class, no fair minded and honest man dare say.

This is truly a day of exposes, and in justice to the cause of truth we wish to chronicle the fact that two "mediums" have been caught "dead to rights" in Van Wert County, Ohio, within the past six months. The mediums in question are both members of the M. E. Church and stand between the living and the so called dead, heralding the glad tidings of joy, proclaiming the unspeakable mercy of a loving and just father above, standing upon the brink of time and dangling the sinner and ungodly over the sulphurous flames of hell, using the general manager of the eternal fire-works as the chief "scarecrow" to force the unrepentant into the "narrow path" that leads straight to the pearly gates of endless felicity. One of these mediums, Rev. John R. Hill, Jr., a smoothed tongued rascal, clothed in sacerdotal robes, came here a few years ago to break the bread of life to the morally corrupt and to brighten the prospects of the redeemed. He succeeded amazingly well saving souls, and many were the prodigals who came flocking home to their father's house. He devoted his spare time to horse-racing and wringing money from "dearly beloved" parishioners. In this he even succeeded better than in his pastoral work. His victims who paid dearly for his prayers and palm singing, finally grew tired of paying his debts, which had run up into the hundreds, and accordingly sought redress for their grievances by instituting legal proceedings against him for dishonesty in general and fraud in particular. Just what the result will be we cannot tell, but it is not unlikely that he will continue in his "God-called" profession in saving the ungodly, victimiz-

ing the unsuspecting and doing odd jobs in general for his dear Lord and Master.

The next one is that of the Rev. I. R. Henderson, of Lima, Ohio. This old misery of human creation has been at the head of the Church in this district as presiding elder for years. Some of his members became satisfied some time ago that the reverend had at divers times done violence to the truth, but as it was done in the name of Jesus little or no attention was paid to it. Truly this last Spring some out side parties caught the old vampire and libertine "dead to rights" in his clandestine, love-making, libertine "dead to rights" visits to some of his female members who were just entering the bloom of womanhood. What a beautiful soul inspiring spectacle! An ambassador of the holy child Jesus, with his head whitened by the storms of nearly seventy years sinking himself in the cesspools of sensuality, and trying to take the advantage of innocent girlhood! He confessed, he "owled," and prayed, was forgiven. Enough to make the fallen angels blush. But to day the old reprobate stands at the head of the columns of whitewashed sinners, proclaiming the unsearchable and unutterable riches of a smiling providence and it all goes down to the glory of God the salvation of the world. Let a few mediums be caught in similar positions, and where will it end? Don't cry for "wheat charity," that has been the wail for ten years, and the more charity that is extended the more crimes are committed in its name. Let charity come when needed, but for the present truth will subserve the purpose.

"ANTIQUITY UNVEILED."

Innocent III, once Pope of Rome, writes a communication, of which the following is an extract, followed by the editor's comment:

"I am desired further to state that psychology is the main instrument used by spirits to lead those astray who seek to give the truth of spirit intercourse with mortals to the world. By our psychological power exerted upon them, we confuse their senses, and thus cause them to act in ways that will lessen or destroy their influence. The fact is that as spirits we are adepts in the use of this power, and we use it for the purpose of propagating our ideas, wherever we think it will serve our purposes. We often carry this power to the extent of obsessing and possessing those whom we feel can obstruct the propagation of our views."

The editor of "Antiquity Unveiled" comments as follows on the same:

This spirit utterance comes from one of the most powerful and successful psychologists that ever swayed the thoughts and actions of mankind by the mastery exercise of that mysterious power. As a spirit he continued, as he testifies, to exercise that power upon spirits and mortals, as an adept in the knowledge of its use. Who can doubt that that every step, stage, and condition of the movement known as Modern Spiritualism has been beset and interfered with by this terrible opposing power. In view of this undoubted fact, what is the lesson it teaches and the duties it points out to the friends of truth? Is it not that they should be ever on guard against the operation of this subtle hostile power, and in every possible way studiously avoid contributing to its successful exercise, by the most rigid observance of rectitude on their part, and the avoidance of condemning mediumistic sensitivities for thoughts, words, and actions which are less their own than those of their spiritual enemies, who besiege them and seek to degrade them by the exertion of their infernal influence over them. If Spiritualists generally would pursue this most reasonable course, in the very nature of things, the fell influence of these spirit enemies of human welfare would soon be rendered impotent to do further harm, and they would themselves be relieved from a spirit condition that at least must be misery itself. So long as Spiritualists continue to cling to the creeds, dogmas, doctrines, tenets, ceremonies, observances, and practices to which these spirit beings devoted their mortal lives, just so long are they contributing to the continuance of a power in spirit life which is descending with crushing force upon us, and staying the march of human progress as nothing else could or would do. It is right at this point where the final battle is to be fought, which is to give a final triumph of truth over error; and this seems to be the very point which so many half-hearted friends of truth in the spiritual ranks seem so much to dread and desire to avoid. Truth and error can not exist together. Error must yield her power. The truth this spirit discloses showed how incapable he was of profiting by his experience. He was conscious that his power to effect further deception was gone. He was however a wiser spirit when he left, and may we not hope a better one?

Other such interesting passages may be found in this book, which is for sale at this office. See price-list, seventh page.

If Not Spirits, What?

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

The True Life says: "If spirits can be photographed, as mediums say they can be, it proves at once that they are not spirits. The spirit of God is a pure, divine essence that can not be put on paper or anything else that is material. Spirit is that refined substance that no material individual can comprehend, any more than he can comprehend what the air is. You know that the air is a force; you may theorize about it, but you can not tell what it is. It is impossible for the pictures of spirits to be put on paper or anything else."

"If spirits" "are not spirits" what then are they? It is not claimed by the profession that these apparitions appearing on the negative plate with the mortal photographed are divine, but very mortal like ourselves, consequently partly material, and not simply an "essence." Nor are level-headed Spiritualists or mediums desirous of being reduced to the "divine essence" referred to. It would be too much like losing one's individuality on the orthodox resurrection plan, viz that of the ego lying in the grave and "the soul returning to God who gave it."

It is the soul which makes the ego conscious, but without the magnetic or spiritual body—developed in conjunction with a material body—the spirit, so-called, could not exist as an individualized entity. This "spirit" is the intelligent principle or fact materialized at seances; moves the hand of mediums automatically and writes messages; moves objects around a room under proper conditions; shows itself to clairvoyants by photographing itself correctly on the retina of the sensitive eye; whispers to clairaudients words of consolation and hope; impresses words and thoughts on the brain of the intuitive individual; and delineates itself on the photographer's plate when the operator is mediumistic. If these objects are not spirits, what are they? "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Two women in New York State have asked Governor Flower for permission to wear trousers while doing their farm work. Without permission they would be subject to arrest and fine, or both, just as if they were real criminals. But such cattle as hoodlums, heelers, bribers, gamblers, procurers, baby-farmers, etc., stand in no fear of being molested while engaged in their respective professions—trousers or no trousers. Such is the consistency of law. When will the people take a hand in the elections and reverse some of the existing laws that are only a detriment to honest labor?

SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

For sale at the Office of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of Spiritualism and kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Ready by postoffice money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Send all orders to the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Concept of the Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle. This book is written for an object, and has been pronounced equal in its capacity to enlighten the mind of a Catholicism to "Cicero Tom's Cabin." It should be read by every man, woman, and child who love their country, their religion and their God. Price, in paper, 25 cents; in cloth, 50 cents, postage paid. For postage address Hudson Tuttle, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Life in Two Spheres, by Hudson Tuttle. In this story the scenes are laid on earth and in the portions of presenting the spiritual world in a manner which is so plain and so simple as to be understood by all. All the questions which arise in the mind are answered. The Spiritualist will be delighted, the incredulous will be convinced, and the Church member gain a full and perfect idea of the teachings of spiritualism. 24 pages, postpaid, 25 cents. For sale, wholesale and retail, by C. C. Stowell, or Hudson Tuttle, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Mediums in the Outlying Fields of Modern Spiritualism, by Hudson Tuttle. This is a treatise on the occult and explains the vast array of facts in a field of research, which hitherto have had no coherent connection, by referring them to a common cause and from them arise the laws and conditions of matter and spirit. Price, in paper, 50 cents, postage paid. For sale, wholesale and retail, by C. C. Stowell, or Hudson Tuttle, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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NEWS FROM CORRESPONDENTS, Continued.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

As an educator the LIGHT OF TRUTH takes the palm, said a gentleman, as he renewed his subscription for another year.

Frank T. Ripley may be engaged for November and December to lecture and give tests. Address 101 Camp street, New Orleans, La., during October. After that address 2720 Broadway, Cleveland, O., during October.

Miss Scery-Hibbets will be in Chicago by the 24th inst. She will make her home during her stay there at Mrs. Keats 320 Columbus avenue. We can recommend this medium as trustworthy and lady like in every respect.

Mr. Edgar W. Emerson, the seer and test medium, will lecture and give tests of spirit identity at Lodge Hall, 11 North La Salle street, Chicago, at 7 p. m. sharp, on Sunday, September 24th. All are invited.—A. W. Weldon, Chairman.

Friends sending us poetical contributions must not expect to see them in print too soon; for we have in the neighborhood of two hundred poems composing for us, and can not but use or two of these offerings weekly. The shortest have the precedence always.

Harlow Davis, the platform test medium, has returned from England, and intends to return to California for the winter. Has open time after October 1st. Societies located as possible to the general delivery, Brooklyn.

This week winds up the series of camp notes and society notes so that our "Woman's Column," upon which we were so much depended, will be discontinued. With Mrs. Tuttle in charge, after her usual able manner.

Mr. Harry Archer is located at 400 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, where he will hold sittings for materialization. On the 24th inst. Mr. Archer he will not attempt to give public sittings, but only to his friends and those whom they can reach for being honest seekers after truth.

Prof. J. Edgar Wright, who is in the city the greater part of last week, having been called to St. Louis to attend his school. We are sorry to hear that. Mr. Wright has been sick during almost the entire summer season. His recuperation of a healthier season, as it is now before us, give desired relief and strength.

There is a humorous whisper making the rounds that those "Spirits" who have banished themselves together for the purpose of making mediums, are church-walkers in disguise, endeavoring to break up opposition to orthodox religious views of a future life. They are not yet ready for the new revelation, but are satisfied with the old resurrection plan of going to heaven. Let her go, Gallagher.

Miss Abby Jadaou honored our office with a visit last week. She will remain in the city for a term, we are informed, to adjust her sympathies accordingly, give Miss Jadaou a welcome, and make her stay in the city an agreeable one, for she is a lady of refinement and culture, and highly instructive as a teacher of Spiritualism. She may be addressed at this office for the present.

Miss Mary Gault will open the season at G. A. R. Hall the first Sunday of October, the Union Society having secured her services for that month. Miss Gault is the well-known and very popular test medium from Baltimore, Md., and has been in constant requisition during the last two years in New York, Washington, Chicago, Cassadaga Camp, points in this State, and elsewhere, giving general satisfaction, both on account of her mediumship and personal attractions.

Why is it that the Spiritualists are not represented at the Chicago Parliament of Religions, asked a Freethinker of one of our people. Because, said he, we are not like them in search of truth. We have it already. We do not play attendant to religion so called. It must come to us if it desires to live. The soul of religion is in the proof of immortality. That we alone possess. Therefore, why should we take a step backward by attending a dead issue?

Our heartfelt sympathies go to the Mr. and Mrs. Willard J. Hull, who mourn the earthly loss of their daughter. But their consolation is of the right kind. They know she is not dead; but like a lily in fairest bloom, enjoying the sunshine of a May morn, her immortal self's beyond earthly influence and suffering, though ever near in spirit to whisper hope of a future reunion and prove that love can never die.

A correspondence in Spiritualistic Blotter says a fresh-laid egg is a magnet, the small point being positive and its opposite negative, and has sufficient virtue to soothe sensitivities to sleep by placing the positive pole against the forehead where the hair line begins. We suppose bald heads must imagine a hair line or boundary. Furthermore, caution might be exercised to provide for the downfall of the egg after sleep comes on, unless one likes a ready-made omelet on awakening.

The People's Philosophical Spiritual meeting at Hamilton, Ohio, last Sunday evening was of interest. A very interesting lecture. Mrs. E. Dee gave a large number of tests, which were all recognized. Services will be held at tea same place (Temple Hall), corner of Third and Court street, at 7:30 o'clock. Next Sunday evening. Spiritualists and their friends are cordially invited.

Father Abern was fined five dollars in the Police Court yesterday for drunkenness. So reads an item in a daily Saturday last. We do not publish this to expose the priest, or to lay the blame on Christianity, but to remind those ministers of the gospel who preach charity on one hand and denounce Spiritualism on the other that this is a game that two can play at, much in our favor every time. If one fallen medium makes Spiritualism an abomination, how much of an abomination does ten fallen preachers make of Christianity?

If these raiders only had sense enough to confine their opposition to fraudulent mediums, said a prominent Spiritualist, we would be very thankful to them for the scavenger's work they are doing for us, but when they carry their enmity into the rank and file of the body religious, they are treading on dangerous ground and coming into conflict with United States citizens who claim the right to believe what they choose, and according to rights guaranteed them by the Constitution. Take notice, please, and paste this in your hat.

The Commercial Gazette of the 17th inst. says a "man giving the name of Rev. Father O'Neil was found in a state of intoxication. A hack was called and the reverend 'gentleman' removed to the Germania Hotel." Why not denounce the whole Catholic religion and drag all the respectable Catholics, whose names they can secure as going to confession, into public print, as it did of respectable Spiritualists, because one medium has gone astray? Consistency thou art a jewel, indeed. Is Spiritualism any more responsible for fraudulent mediums than Christianity for fraudulent priests?

Attorney Stevens, referring recently to the frequent changes in the school books at our public schools, said: "I believe these changes are made, not so much to improve the schools as to please certain teachers and book-firms." There was a town once in another State where these changes were made by certain of the school officials, because book firms gave them ten per cent. on the sales. It was a profitable business all around, but aggravating and expensive to parents and guardians of children attending these schools. But Cincinnati is too honest for such a deal.

Ironclad Age says: "George Watts, of Gallon, Ohio, has, for many years, been looked upon as an exemplary citizen, and was a zealous member of the United Brethren Church. He is now in durance vile for forgery and has admitted his guilt. For fifteen years he has been floating forged paper on which he realized some \$7,000.—This is not a fraud medium, but a fraud Christian. Now, for the names of all the good Christians who patronized him, or were taken in by him, to be dragged into public print, as the fraud of the Commercial Gazette, when a fraud medium has been discovered and his patrons found out. Will the C. G. publish the names of his communicants next time a fraud priest or minister has been shown up?"

Another Church medium has gone astray. Says the Enquirer of the 16th inst.: "The Rev. J. H. Threlkeld, of Madison, Ind., an itinerant minister, was arrested and spent a night in the Columbus (Ind.) jail, having been arrested for assaulting and attempting to rob a woman in an alley. A policeman who happened to be near the scene heard the cry of the woman and took after the preacher as he ran from the alley."—Ten preachers to one medium every time, and yet Spiritualism is called an abomination, because it contains black sheep, as Christianity does. Is the Church jealous of

this? If so, how much more jealous must it be of the holy spiritualistic, where but one Spiritualist is convicted of crime against several thousands of believers in Christianity. "People living in glass houses should not throw stones."

The Ladies' Aid of the Union Society met in Mrs. McCracken's parlors, 803 Freeman avenue, on Wednesday afternoon, 17th inst., and thirty faithful souls braved this very inclement weather, and felt amply paid for so doing. A number of our best mediums being present with Mrs. Chapin and Miss Shannon in charge of the music. Now, imagine yourself in a harmonious circle with these conditions—the most gratifying results must follow.—The Union Society will open its lecture season October 1st, with Miss Maggie Gault of Baltimore, as the first item. Hoping a large audience will greet Miss Gault on her first appearance in Cincinnati.—The Ladies' Aid will meet in two weeks, at 803 Freeman avenue, September 27th, at 3 p. m. You are invited.

There is a hand of beauty
A violet hair I see,
There is a line of beauty
Marked out for you and me
Let us press forward, hand in hand,
To fight for truth and right;
On freedom's platform take our stand,
We hail the morning light.

We thank our many friends to-day,
Invite all who stand aloof,
On freedom's platform take our stand,
Read well the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Letter from Abby Jadaou.

The last Sunday in August I held a meeting in Chicago in little Ada Street Hall, the subject being "How to develop the soul." As it was advertised late the little audience numbered but forty six. But those who were of the meeting, and who were attracted by this subject brought a force that proved helpful, and we were thankful to have made this one little effort in the big city of Chicago.

As I feel that my readers the LIGHT OF TRUTH are my personal friends I will tell them my plans. All my books, so far, have been published in Minneapolis; but as it is evident that I can not live again in its climate, it was decided to move my business further south, and I had thought somewhat of Chicago. But a little taste of the wind and damp seemed to make a residence there undesirable, and so it is most likely that I shall make a little home for this winter in southern Ohio. Cincinnati is a good publishing center, and my books can reach the general public to better advantage from that city than from Minneapolis. My postoffice address will, however, remain at Minneapolis until notice be given of a change.

I have alluded to the character of the Chicago climate, I will add that before leaving there I took a cold, I have no notion how, that reduced my voice to a whisper before I had run its course, and made my visit to Brady Camp less useful than it might have been.

By the pleasure of visiting this beautiful resort the last three days of the camp. Some persons who admire the Progressive thinker speak of that paper as a wonderful baby and big for its age. The same claim may be made for Brady Camp, for this is the second year of its existence. On the contrary, the foundations of this effort in the cause of Spiritualism are laid with judgment, taste, and a kindly feeling; and we congratulate Cleveland Spiritualists who have secured this attractive spot so near their own fair city, where they can count on our best speakers during two months of the year.

Kent is on the Erie Railroad, some forty miles west of Cleveland, and a drive of two miles carries one to the camp. The spot has been known as a pleasant resort for a number of years, and has been purchased by the association. The terms of its situation, the charming lake, one hundred acres in extent, and one hundred and seven acres of wooded and pasture land. The hotel, the fine dancing pavilion, and many other improvements were included in the sale. Many cottages have been built, among which is the pretty home of Mrs. H. S. Lyke, and a great many little ones. Those who make a picture in your mind, its features are a deep blue lake lighted by the sun, and dotted by little boats; convenient and tasteful Summer buildings nestled amid tall trees; then a grassy and undulating plain; then a semi-circle of cottages and tents; and then the great hill, thickly covered with lofty oaks. Going a few rods up this wooded slope, a great white awning shows that we are near the place of meeting. Those who make a picture in your mind, its features are a deep blue lake lighted by the sun, and dotted by little boats; convenient and tasteful Summer buildings nestled amid tall trees; then a grassy and undulating plain; then a semi-circle of cottages and tents; and then the great hill, thickly covered with lofty oaks.

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some grand truth. They were thinking of some individual, and of the bearing of what was stated on the reputation of the business success of the individual. Let us take broad views. Let us think of the principles more than of men. Principles will unite all in time; but personal dissimilarity and forces into seeming antagonism those who are really one at heart.

As to Mr. Wright and Mr. Colville, I delight in the great truths that are promulgated by each man in his own way. I like them both, and I would not be proud by bristlers they stand shoulder to shoulder in favor of a pure Spiritualism.

I can not close without alluding to the pleasure of attending this much-maligned medium has genuine power, as was evidenced last Sunday evening. Of what has taken place here I have nothing to say because I was not there. But genuine materialized spirits certainly manifested when I was present, in a remarkable way. For instance, I held the hand of a spirit while Mr. Archer held my other hand, he being outside the subject. It was a spirit and the medium stood by its side.

My next will be from Woolley Camp, Ashley, O. J. DUNSON.

Jottings of Haslett Park.

Though late I would like to say a few words of Haslett Park Camp in this. The whole thing I stayed, nearly two weeks, was filled with interest and pleasure. The animating genius is broad philosophy, spiritual aspirations, and fraternal love. G. H. Brooks is a successful organizer and efficient chairman.

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OBITUARY.

In loving remembrance of J. N. Kramer who passed to the higher life September 16th.

In memory father dear, to day
Our thoughts do turn to you,
Whose form we gently laid away
Who's spirit, here, is free.

I free to visit us we know
Can share our joys and pain,
As years of less than years ago
Are brought to us again.

We feel thy presence here to-day,
Thy love in accents low,
Seems to our conscious self to say
"I'm 'round in short years ago."

DAUGHTER.

Our Lillie has gone home—to the eternal home of the spirit. A sweet bud too frail for this wrangling earth. So the angels took her Lillie May Hull left this life at 8:30 past two Friday afternoon, September 15th, aged fifteen years, eight months, and 23 days. Her body was cremated on Sunday, E. W. Sprague officiated. Lillie has already been taken in strong and active as a spirit. Blessed indeed is Spiritualism, which now, more than ever, is comfort supreme.

THIR PARENTS.

Explains Itself.

Editor Post, Cincinnati, O. At the request of a number of Spiritualists of this city, which are regular readers of the Post, I am prompted to state to you whether in your opinion the jury before whom Aaron Willis gave a test seance at the Grand Hotel based their verdict upon "supposition." It was stated that the trumpet was connected by a rubber tube. Did the jury see the rubber tube, or was that merely supposition. It was also stated that Bright Star was no other than Miss Williams. By what means did they know that it was Miss Williams? Was her chair vacant or was she absent during Bright Star's appearance? I have investigated Spiritualism, and am acquainted with Willis; if he is a fraud I want to know it. Very truly, "Investigator."

Mr. Willis: The above is an exact copy of a letter I sent to the Post after the published statement of the test seance you gave them. I had hoped to receive a reply, but the editor has so far ignored my letter, and concluding that the only recourse to the "other side" was through you, I have written, hoping you will find time to write me an account of the seance. Your friend,
Dunkirk, Ind. W. G. TRIGGLE.

Lowell, Mass.

During the months of July and August we have held a series of very successful grove-meetings in the "Harris Grove," near this city, the last of which was held on the third day of September where Oscar A. E. Edgarly, of Newburyport, was the speaker of the day. Subjects were sent up by the audience which were handled in a very eloquent and logical manner. Round after round of applause greeted each peroration which conclusively proved that he had touched a cord in the hearts of his hearers that readily responded and that their minds were in close sympathy with the ideas he gave forth.

After the lecture a "quaint" and somewhat "unique" control of Mr. Edgarly's (spirit John McCarthy) spoke through Mr. E. Edgarly in his own inimitable manner. For wit and humor we never heard so much of a man, and the rich brogue of Mr. McCarthy once heard is never forgotten, while his speeches invariably embody the quintessence of Spiritualism, his earnestness of purpose and whole-souled manner of expressing himself stamps him as a thorough Irish gentleman who