

Light of Truth

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MRS. JOSIE K. FOLSOM.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

HARPER ILL'S SYN COLSON

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

SOME OF MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

By Moses Hull.

(Continued.)

I had been educated to think that no really virtuous girl would ever go to a ball. And I knew I would marry no other. Aside from that I learned that this girl was even then engaged to be married. Then I knew that this "Holy Ghost" had falsified. I preached there a few weeks. The friends placed me at her father's house to board. I also hired out to a carpenter to work a few weeks, and continued to board in the same family. I decided from the first that this girl was beautiful, better educated than I was, well behaved and smart. But she was engaged to be married, and that to what I supposed was the meanest of all men, a "fiddler." Besides that, she went to balls nearly every week. That was enough; she could never be my wife, the "Holy Ghost" might say what it pleased.

Finally I received a call to go to northwestern Illinois, to what was then the "far west," to preach. I prayed over the matter, as I did over all important moves. I asked for a sign from heaven. I said to the Lord, If this girl goes to the ball next Friday night I will decide she is not to be my wife, and I will start to Illinois on Monday morning. If she does not, I will see whether the Lord intends her for my wife. But at the same time I said to myself that I knew she would go to the ball. Her intended husband was the "fiddler"; she would surely go.

When I came in to supper on Friday evening I found her mother in tears. She waited on the table and left the room. Her father, who was a merchant, swallowed a few bites hastily and rushed back to business, where customers were waiting. I then said to the young lady, "Your mother seems to be in trouble; what is the matter?" "Why," she said, "I never knew mother to take such a fit before. She never in her life objected to my going to a ball. If she had objected to this a day or two ago I could break the engagement, but now it is out of the question. I have no reasonable excuse to give my beau. She has cried about it nearly all day." I said within myself, "Lord, it is all right." I went to work after supper; when I returned her intended husband was on one side of the gate and she on the other. I got there just in time to hear him say, "I know it is all the work of that little preacher." She denied it vehemently, declaring that I neither knew nor cared anything about the matter. In a few moments he left and she came in. She mistrusted that I had heard what had been said: "I suppose I have everlastingly offended ——" she said. "Mother has cried herself sick over the ball, and I sent for him and told him that he had better try to get another girl; that I could not go. He thinks you had something to do about it." Inwardly I was like Paul when he came to the three taverns. "I thanked God and took courage."

I belonged to a village singing school that met that night. After I got ready to go I asked the young lady in the presence of her mother whether she would not go. She thought she would.

On the way I told her of the death of my beautiful wife; of my resolution; then of what seemed to me Divine guidance in my coming there; of the reason why she was not permitted to go to the ball. Before 10 o'clock that night we were engaged to be married; in ten days we were married and on our way to my western field of labor.

To this day I am satisfied that the hand of a providence was in this; it may have been only the hand of some of my departed friends, perhaps that of my wife. I am sure that some departed friend worked to bring that marriage about. I lived a comparatively happy life with that wife for over eighteen years, and as the fruits of that marriage we have four daughters, and a half-score of grandchildren of whom no one need be ashamed. At the end of eighteen years the woman did what few women have the good sense and courage to do; that is, without any quarreling or any public or private grievance, she left me for a better man. She lived with him while he lived, and now lives his honored widow, with, I hope, none but pleasant memories of the past.

MONEY LOST AND MONEY FOUND.

When we got ready to return from our long trip in the west—indeed, we had got back as far as the great city of Chicago, which at that time had 40,000 people in it; mostly pickpockets, as I then supposed. It was then a greater and more wicked city in my estimation than it is now. I was terribly afraid of robbers and pickpockets. We went to the Michigan Central depot and bought tickets for home. As I had an errand in the city I gave the tickets and all of my money except the few cents I would need, to my wife, and charged her to be very careful that no suspicious looking person got very near to her.

When I returned and we got in the cars and the conductor came along we found that our tickets and money had been stolen. We told our story to the conductor, who smiled an incredulous smile and told us that somebody was riding for nothing; we must pay or get off at the next station. A gentleman who listened to the conversation said to the conductor that he saw me purchase the tickets and give them, with the money, to "that young girl," and said he, "I wanted to say, 'Young man, you are very careless to trust that child with that; she will likely be robbed.'"

The conductor took pity on us and said we could ride as far as Michigan City; that was as far as his train went our way. When we got to Michigan City the other train had gone and we were compelled to stay all night. We told the landlord our story; he looked pityingly upon us, and told us we could stop and send him the money when we got it. He asked us how we proposed to get home. I told him I should try to sell my watch, and if I failed I should offer it to the conductor, and if that failed I should trust in the Lord.

Before we started home via Chicago a lady, after listening to my last sermon, asked me to lend her my Bible, as she wished to copy a few marks from it. Just as I was ready to start she handed me the Bible nicely wrapped up and I slipped it into my carpetsack.

At this hotel in Michigan City, in the morning, my wife and I concluded we would hold "family worship" in our room, as we generally did. I took the wrappings off my Bible for the purpose of reading a chapter, when lo! I found a dollar bill. I kept on opening that Bible until I had extracted twenty one-dollar bills. Our family worship that morning was in the nature of a thanksgiving offering.

When I offered to pay my bill my landlord expressed his surprise. I told him my story. He said, "Well, young man, you are the honestest feller I ever seed. I will charge you only half price."

The lady who borrowed the Bible was an agent for the church, and took that way to surprise me. For a week I quoted the text over and over, "He shall give his angels charge over thee and they shall bear thee up in all of thy ways." If that money had not been hidden from me at the time it was presented I could not have reached home. Today I look back upon such occurrences with gratitude.

A VOICE AND A RESCUE.

While in Illinois on this trip I was invited to Mill Grove, in Stephenson county, to deliver three or four lectures on the history of the Catholic church. This was done as proof that the Lord was soon coming.

I had delivered two of the lectures and was ready to deliver the third. I went into the grove to pray before going into the pulpit. While at prayer I heard a voice say, "Get out of this grove; the Catholics are after you." By the way, what is now the Northwestern railroad was then under construction and there were perhaps 200 Catholics at work there at that time. I sprang to my feet and started on a very fast walk to leave the grove. On second thought I said, "That is the devil; he spoke to me to scare me out of a blessing God was just about to bestow upon me. I will go back, confess my sin of cowardice, and obtain forgiveness and the blessing." I returned and kneeled down and began my confession, when I heard the voice again, "If you don't leave this grove the Catholics will have your life." I sprang to my feet and started on a run. In passing where the brush was the thickest I looked to one side, and saw more than a dozen men cutting shalalas. I went to the church as quickly as possible. Eighteen of those Catholics followed me into the church and took their seats at different points. I knew then they meant mischief. Candles were the only lights in those days. At a given signal every candle was put out and every one of those clubs hurled at my head. It was strange, but on account of the darkness not one of them hit me. Others were hit. I seemed possessed of a strange presence of mind. I could not be scared or excited. I had a match in my pocket, with which I immediately lighted the candles on the pulpit. I passed one of them to a friend and asked him to light the others.

There was a general rough-and-tumble fight in which my friends were victorious. These men were taken to Freeport the next day, and several of them were sentenced to the state prison. I relate this for the purpose of telling of the voices which I have heard many times.

(To be continued.)

"The faithful helm commands the keel,
From port to port fair breezes blow,
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
Nor may she straighter go.

So man to man; in fair accord,
On thought and will the winds may wait,
But the world will bend the passing word,
Though its shortest course be straight.

From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be;
The ship that holds the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea."

Spiritualism is as old as the human races, and yet in some phases it is ever new. Many think it too extravagant to be worthy of painstaking investigation. Others have attempted to investigate by going to the wrong place to find it. I know and sympathize with the grievance of those who have run up against some mountebank who advertised as a Spiritualist. We deprecate such pretenders, who neither know nor care more about the real spiritual phenomena than does the orthodox devil about holy water. We stand in the same relation to them that the churches do to black sheep, or the government to the coiners of queer money.

All the world agrees that true facts of evidence must settle every controversy. The only trouble is to agree on what evidence is reliable; just the same as a jury in a law court. But, given the same facts, different minds will form different deductions from them as to other facts not made plain. In all the arts and sciences people apply the same mode of observation, but they often come to different conclusions because each must see the phase of the subject which comes to his view point. We use the same microscopes in studying the microcosm, the same telescopes in studying the macrocosm, but we do not all seem to see the same things because we do not all occupy the same standpoint of observance. It is just so with all the facts of nature, and a word battle is always fought over everything new before it is accepted or rejected by the multitude; because of the different phases of observation which that new thing presents to the differently situated observers.

In the arts and sciences, a man stultifies himself who refuses to examine another's testimony, who may have had a better point of observation than himself or who may have had a clearer view than he had.

Spiritualists claim that we have constantly recurring new facts which prove to demonstration the truth of immortal life. From these new facts we also get broader conceptions of the statics and dynamics of life per se than the world ever more than dreamed of before. We also find the dreams of the past often realized in the present on the subject of the immortality of the soul. For Paul's cloud of witnesses, recognized only by a few in his day, we have thousands—yes millions of living witnesses today in all the nations of the world; that the world of mortals and the world of spirits may have, and do have, sweet communion in actual fact.

The mystical presence of the Christ wherever the faithful were gathered, through the centuries, is verified to us in the literal presence of our angel fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters and friends whom we have mourned as dead, but now know that they live and often minister to us; giving tests of memory that are absolutely not to be accounted for on any hypothesis other than their personal presence with us. We have honestly and thoroughly tested every theory which has yet been imagined by the most critical skeptics, and proven ours the last resort.

Slowly and cautiously the scientific world, after 51 years of jeering us and stultifying itself, is beginning to examine our facts, with the result that quite a number of the leading scientists of the world are avowed Spiritualists today. When the scientific world accepts our facts and patents our invention and makes it useful, we expect the theologians will cease their bitter warfare on us, as is their habit and promptly claim the whole business. Well, we want no monopoly on the laws of nature.

We want no patent right on the discovery of the soul's existence after the death of the physical body. We are ready to give the right hand of fellowship to all our theological brethren, who are beginning to find out that they always had a dim record of Spiritualism in the Bible. But we do ask them to examine the new evidence and see how beautifully it corroborates the old. We also ask them and the whole world to give honest ear to the new truth that is coming through Spiritualism to bless mankind through the harmony of the life mortal with the life immortal.

What does Spiritualism proper propose to do for the people?

To prove the immortal life and the existence of a spiritual universe.

To prove that death is only the birth of the spirit from the mortal body into a higher life.

It asks us to treasure up the good of the experiences of the human family in all ages and eliminate the evil thereof.

It bids us substitute knowledge for belief in all things possible to know.

It offers rules for right thinking and living, that will be conducive to health and happiness.

It offers the most perfect code of ethics in the world; not from any one source, but from all obtainable sources of good known to the human family, both in earth life and spirit life.

It accepts an Infinite God of Love, Will and Wisdom; the very antithesis of hatred and revenge.

It clearly shows the injustice and absurdity of relying on any act of God to suspend natural law and exempt any one from the just consequences of wrongdoing.

It finds no devil larger than a sadly perverted man who will have to work out his own salvation, as we all must, by overcoming evil with good.

J. MARION GALE.



MRS. N. M. HARDY.

A successful medium for apparitional materialization in Dallas, Texas, F. L. Tappan, writes that Mrs. Hardy has given proof to many of the truth of spirit return. One of the pleasing features of her mediumship is the little tots of babies who materialize and come out clear of the cabinet where all may see them. At a recent seance the guides ordered the curtains thrown back, showing the entranced medium in the chair and spirit forms gathered round her. It was his privilege recently to attend one of her seances, and he vouches for the genuineness of the manifestations.

PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH,

The Story of a Peaceful Revolution, by Frederick Upham Adams. Shows how the United States can guarantee every man the right to support his family in every comfort by his own labor. Cloth, 300 large pages, \$1; paper, 25 cents. For sale by Light of Truth Publishing Co.

OUR RELIGION.

It is not a branch religion like Presbyterianism, Methodism, Quakerism, Catholicism or any of the many forms of the old as well as modern religions. Nay, ours embraces them all, hence we should view all the religions the world has ever had as constituents that make up, or rather from which Modern Spiritualism has sprung. Then why not assume the name Cosmopolitan? Call our temples of learning and teaching Spiritualism as unfolded to us by the spirit world "Cosmopolitan." Call our temples of learning where all are to be given the privilege to meet on one common platform and express themselves in accordance with their understanding of the topics under treatment, so that by these different views compared, all may be benefited and the end in view gained, that is, to have all people come into the knowledge of their own rights and duties; their individual relations to the cosmos, as well as their obligations one to another.

"Man know thyself" has long been held up as a command to be obeyed. Let us try to win the prize by solving the problem of self. You say, "What is the prize offered?" It is to stand at the head of all known religious systems and lead, and let those who have long boasted but failed to solve this and similar problems bring up the rear. When man knows himself at least passably well, knows how he is related and conditioned, he can then see and understand clearly the truth and fallacy in other problems which have been both a puzzle and snare, such as man's fall and redemption. Much, very much, the human family has to learn on these lines, and shall we be the ones through whom the higher powers shall bring this knowledge to the understanding of earth's people, or must it wait for others to be reared for it? Why should we tarry in the shades of fear, prejudice or worst of all, egotism? Nay; let each one seek the greatest good for the greatest number by a genuine willingness to learn, as well as to teach, to make concessions as well as to contend for them. It is only thus that a union of forces is possible and harmony may be established.

Man in this age of the world's history has reached high altitudes of intellectual and spiritual attainments which enable him to dive to the depths and soar to the heights, thus to race the spirit and mind of God in their inductions and effects upon all things, but more especially upon man. By close research, analysis and comparisons, he has traced out the origin and propagators of the world's religions, and has learned that the foundations of the great typical temple for a universal religion has been well laid in legitimate order. Block after block has been added in accordance with the marks of matter and force in inter-active labors. Thus progress was compelled in the order of degrees. Each block added to this foundation has been stamped by the touch of Omnipotence from all eternity. Thus natural and religious progress stands a solid monument to the glory of the Creator, and man the agent of His will and word in conjunction with all the natural agents employed in evolutionary and progressive processes. As this foundation for a church universal is closely scanned, it is seen that the stratic divisions are well marked in the qualities of the blocks of rock which mark the religious codes of all nations and peoples of bygone ages. It is seen that a center or nucleus for each nation was formed and that all are linked together; that the moral and religious movements are propelled onward by reason of this reciprocity, which to mortal view presents diversity only. But the mists are clearing

away and the truth is beheld by man. He daily receives new supplies of inspiration and is enabled to solve the problem. He is enabled by reason of this higher knowledge granted him to conduct experiments by which he learns that all eternal truth has a scientific basis and can be demonstrated as soon as parts belonging to a problem can be grasped and rightly joined. Thus as one problem after another is solved, man learns something of providential care and economy in connection with this corporeal training and his admiration for his Creator is aroused as it never had been hitherto. He comprehends the meaning and necessity of religion; he realizes that great truths must be lived to make them great; he realizes what a boon life is and prizes his grand mental and spiritual endowments in his receptive, reflective and executive powers, and sees, too, that he is under moral obligations to his Creator, to his brother man and sister woman, to use these powers for good only; if otherwise, he is justly punished as a natural consequence, not as the act of an angry God. So all corresponding states of cause and effect become recognized. Man begins to understand how each one's web of life is woven and that each one is compelled to meet his own production and not that of another. So a knowledge of things in general enables man to practice what has long been meaningless precept, and to manifest good will towards all and malice toward none. In this practical religion of peace and good will there is no room for sectarianism. It is the people's religion grown out of all past religions and evolutionary processes, and will truly be a blessing to all people.

MRS. M. KLEIN.

Van Wert, O.

SHOCK FOR MINISTERS.

Albion W. Small, head professor in the sociology department of the University of Chicago, shocked a meeting of Methodist ministers here today with a lecture remarkable for its radical and pessimistic views in regard to the future of human society.

Professor Small said in part: "The social system in which we live and move and have our being is so bad that nobody can tell the full measure of its iniquity. In this age of so-called democracy we are getting into the thralls of the most relentless system of economic oligarchy that history records thus far. That capital, from which most of us directly or indirectly get our bread and butter, is becoming the most undemocratic, inhuman and atheistic of all heathen divinities. It breeds children only to devour the bodies of some and the souls of others and to put out the spiritual eyesight of the rest. In spite of the historic campaigns for liberty, in spite of the achievements of Christianity, there has never been a time since Adam was born when the individual counted for so little as today.

"The socialistic indictments against our civilization are essentially sound in exposing the ghastly inequalities and injustices which our present social order sanctifies. Our present economic system cries to heaven for rectification. It stultifies human nature. It stultifies the purpose of God. The men who denounce present society have profound reason for their complaints. We are in the midst of the most bewildering labyrinth of social entanglements in which the human race has wandered up to date.

"There are clouds on the social horizon already bigger than a man's hand, foretelling the changes of which no one is wise enough to predict the end. If the present tendencies continue, it will not be very long before the men,

whose business it is to communicate ideas will be gagged by those who publish ideas, and publishers will be shackled by the makers of paper, and paper manufacturers will be held up by the transportation lines, and transporters by producers of steel, and steel industries by coal operators and coal miners by oil producers, and oil magnates by stove makers, and cook-stove men by the sugar trust, and sugar interest by Wall street, and stock brokers by labor unions, and labor unions by farmers, and farmers — God help them—by everybody.

"I am not throwing in your face the dust of my library. But if you will heed the symptoms from the bank and office and factory and railroad headquarters and daily press, you have discovered that the very men who are making these combinations are beginning to be afraid of their own shadows. These very business men who claim to have a monopoly of the practical common sense, have involved themselves and all the rest of us in a grim tragedy of errors. They are already beginning to ask how it is all to end. Whether they realize it or not, our vision of freedom is passing into the eclipse of universal corporate compulsion in the interest of capital. The march of human progress is getting reducible to marking time in the lock-step of capital's chain gang.

"We have turned moral values upside down. We are making men the means of making capital, whereas capital is only tolerable when it is simply the means of making men. It would make infinitely more for human weal if every dollar of wealth should be cleaned from the earth, if we could have instead of it industry and honesty and justice and love and faith, than to be led much further into this devil's dance of capitalism."

Chicago, March 28, 1899.

TESTIMONIAL.

Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker:

Dear Doctor—My little girl, five years old, was sick two and one-half years with spinal and other troubles. We had her treated by some of the best doctors in the country. They kept her in a plaster paris vest, which only gave temporary relief. She laid in bed five months, could not walk or move, had to be carried around.

I heard of your wonderful medicine and sent for a treatment; she began to improve, and at the end of the second month she could walk some. After taking four months' treatment she is gaining in strength and health every day. I can freely and truthfully say you have saved our child's life, for which we are ever your grateful friends.

Sincerely,

Mr. S. Settrim.

Mrs. C. Settrim.

We take pleasure in saying that we believe Mrs. Dr. Dobson-Barker to be the greatest healing medium now before the public. She is always prompt and reliable and can be depended on at all times. See her advertisement in this paper. If in ill health it will be to your interest to consult her.—Dawning Light, San Antonio, Tex.—(Adv.)

 * THE VERDICT IS *
 * That the Light of Truth for *
 * 1899 and The Coming Age, *
 * offered together for two *
 * dollars, is the greatest com- *
 * bination of the day. *
 * YOU WANT THEM. *

CHRISTIANITY A FICTION—By Dr. J. H. Mendenhall. 50 cents.
 CONVENT OF THE SACRED HEART—Hudson Tuttle. 50 cents.

Spiritism

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHY.

F. N. FOSTER AND THE BOSTON GLOBE.

The Medium Stands the Most Rigorous Tests.

The Boston Globe "experts" have been investigating Mr. F. N. Foster. The following is from that paper's account of the proceedings and results and shows once more that true mediumship can be relied upon:

"Last Sunday The Globe published a long article giving the results of several test sittings made by expert photographers, and other members of its staff, in which they failed to detect fraud on the part of Mr. Foster, who was doing business in this city as a 'Spirit Photographer.'

"Marked plates from The Globe art department and from a wholesale house in this city were taken and never did Mr. Foster fail to produce what he called 'spirit effects.' Every theory suggested to The Globe was tested and exploded.

"After the final test Mr. Foster invited two of The Globe staff to spend an hour or two with him and talk the matter over, during the course of which it was suggested that had the exposure been made in the dark, without the light exposure, and results had been produced, it would have overcome all objections. No photographer has been able to produce such results and it would have covered all the ground gone over in the preceding tests. Mr. Foster immediately agreed to make the test, although he did not guarantee results.

"Marked plates from The Globe art department were brought, marked so that there was no possibility of tampering with them. The plates were kept in the possession of The Globe's representatives until, after about an hour's conversation, Mr. Foster announced that he was ready to make the experiment.

"With The Globe's representatives was a third gentleman who is interested in photography and who remained and witnessed the experiment. The Globe man took the marked plate, entered the 'dark room' and inserted it in the plate holder. Mr. Foster was unaware of the manner in which the plate was marked, and he asked no questions.

This point having been reached Mr. Foster remarked:

"Gentlemen, you must thoroughly understand that I do not guarantee success in this experiment—for an experiment it is—and although all conditions are very favorable tonight, I do not feel certain of success."

"All of you are welcome to remain in the room. This, you know, is against my custom, for at all tests I agree to no one but the sitter being in the room with me."

"I will proceed exactly as I would in the daytime. Draw the dark curtains over the window and door, and when the gas is turned out I think the room will be as dark as it possibly can be."

"The camera can stand just as it is, or in any way you may suggest, and now all there is to do is to place the holder in the camera and turn the light out, first setting the music box going, as I never attempt the dark seance without the music."

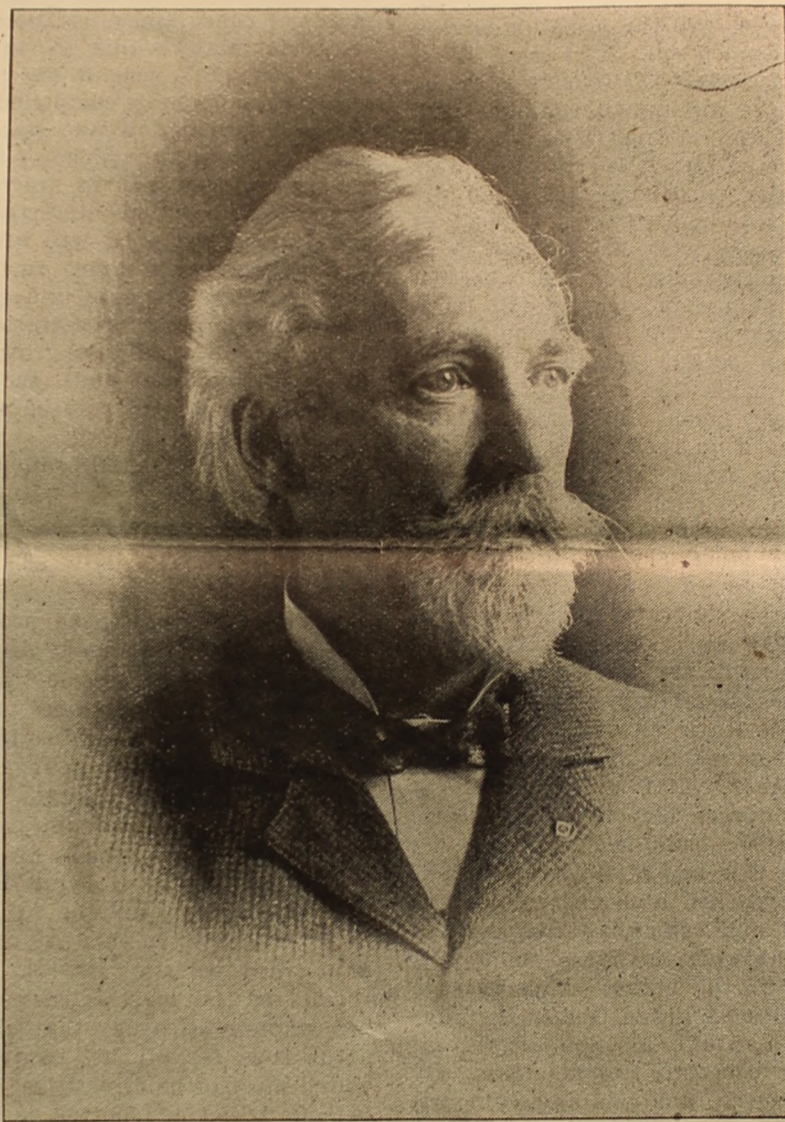
"All being ready the music box was started, one of The Globe representa-

tives turned off the gas, and the room became so dark that one could not see the hand when held before the eyes.

"Mr. Foster said that he had removed the cap from the lens, as he always did for the dark exposure, and for about three minutes all was silence. Then came the raps upon the camera, and Mr. Foster's usual query as to whether they were 'all through.' Raps again, and very distinct, and Foster called for the music to be stopped and the gas lighted.

"This was at once done and The Globe expert took from the camera the holder containing the marked plate.

"A short conversation ensued and all four entered the dark room, the



F. N. FOSTER.

gas being again extinguished.

"The Globe man at once took the plate from the holder and placed it in the bath for development and in a very short time a 'spirit' face appeared upon the plate. It was that of an elderly gentleman, and nothing but the head appeared.

"Mr. Foster himself was apparently much astonished at the result, and said he really did not feel confident of any face appearing, but was much pleased that he had been able to demonstrate the fact that his 'spirit' forms were produced in the dark.

"With the development of the face appeared the marks upon the plate made by The Globe expert, 'Boston Globe,' in two places, and an X mark in one corner, proving beyond any doubt that the plate furnished was the one with the face upon it.

"The Globe representatives had completely failed to detect any fraud on the part of Mr. Foster, he allowing them to have their own way during all the proceedings, and the visitors would like these questions answered:

"How was the face produced upon the plate?"

"Is it spirit photography?"

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

A dispatch from Cherokee, Iowa, gives the following details of a curious psychic phenomenon:

A similarity between his features and those shown in the veining of the marble slab over the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schultz at this place, has landed Oscar Nellis of Lodi, S. D., in the county jail here with a charge of murder hanging over him. The case is one of the most remarkable in the criminal history of the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Schultz were an aged couple living on a farm near Cherokee. They were supposed to have between \$2,000 and \$3,000 concealed in their house. Though frequently warned that it was unsafe to keep so large a sum by them, they persistently refused to bank it.

On the night of Aug. 16, 1893, both

at the head of their graves. At first no one saw anything remarkable about it. Subsequently superstitious people began to say that as the stone grew more and more stained and weather-beaten the features of a rough-looking man were appearing in the delicate tracery of the marble. The resemblance to a human face was not very striking. Hard-headed people declared they could not see it. Others said it was perfectly plain to them, and the opinion continued to gain ground that the face was that of the aged couple's assassin.

Ethan Hartnett, a young farmer in the neighborhood and one of the Schultzes' best friends, was one of those who believed this story. He made a rough sketch of the tombstone face in his notebook and carried it constantly with him, looking for a man whose features corresponded with those on the stone.

About a year after the murder he declared that he had found the criminal in the person of Oscar Nellis, then a resident of this county. He was anxious for the latter's arrest, but was laughed at by the authorities.

Nellis subsequently moved to Oklahoma, thence to Nebraska and finally settled at Lodi. In the meantime Hartnett had been industriously working up his case against him. He had discovered that the police were incredulous concerning the value of the evidence of the tombstone. So he determined to gather facts which must convince them.

On March 23, nearly six years after the date of the murder, he succeeded. Just what is the nature of the evidence secured the officers have declined to make public thus far. They profess to be sure of the conviction, however, and lost no time in arresting Nellis after Hartnett's latest conference with them.

OBITUARY.

At Wheeling, W. Va., on May the 9th, 1899, Mary Margaret Hartman, aged 5 months and 15 hours. She was the granddaughter of S. Hartman.

From his home, 85 Sherman street, Norwich, Conn., on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1899, after a long illness, Mr. Guilford Parker. He was born in Mansfield, Conn., 77 years ago, and resided in Norwich for many years. He was one of the founders of the First Spiritual Union of Norwich, Conn., its treasurer, and first trustee of the "Boardman fund." He was an earnest and loyal Spiritualist in every sense of the word, a good citizen, an honest man, noted for his sterling worth in every walk of life.

On Friday evening, May 12th, at the residence of her parents, Minneapolis, passed to higher realms Margaret E., the lovely daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Dempsey, aged 18 years. She was the second daughter of this medium family and was herself a powerful clairvoyant medium. The disease which closed her mortal career attacked her last September, baffling the best medical treatment. Conscious of her approaching dissolution, she had no word of complaint, cheerfully bearing her sufferings with heroic patience. Conscious to the last, she requested to be raised to a sitting posture, and while thus clasped in the arms of the sorely grieved mother, with her head resting upon her mother's shoulder, the spirit, without a struggle, took its flight forever from the emaciated physical form. The obsequies were conducted by the veteran worker, Mrs. H. E. Lepper. This family having within the past five years emerged from the strong folds of Catholicism into the full acceptance of the grand truths of the spiritual philosophy, are entitled to the sympathies and consideration of Spiritualists in their severe affliction. A sad feature in connection with the demise of his daughter, is that Mr. Dempsey, while on a business trip to West Superior, met with an accident in that city which has confined him to his bed in a hospital for two weeks past, which made it impossible for his presence at his home on this trying occasion.

M. T. C. FLOWER.

St. Paul, May 15, 1899.

MISSING LINK IN MODERN SPIRITUALISM—By A Lenb Underhill of the Fox Family. A book of rare value. 479 pages.

When the Schultzes were buried a plain marble tombstone was erected

Department of Astrology

THE DAY AND HOUR OF BIRTH BEING GIVEN.

To Ascertain the Planet Under Which One Is Born, and the Zodiacal Sign Ruling.

To one unacquainted with the rudiments of astrology, the accompanying formula will give the desired information as to the ruling planet and sign. Explanation: Multiply the birthday by

4; add the sum to the degrees and minutes under the month of birth in the second row, from which subtract or add the hour and minute of birth, according as the time be before, or after noon. This will give the sidereal time of birth, approximating to the number in the fourth row which immediately precedes it in value. The rising sign will be found directly above it, and the governing planet below. For example: Under what zodi-

cal sign and planet was a person born whose natal hour is June 16, at 4 p. m.? 16x4 equals 64 minutes, or 1 hour and 4 minutes, which, added to 1.39, the degrees and minutes answering to June, gives 5.43; plus hour of birth, 4 p. m., equals 9.43. This corresponds to 8.33 in the fourth row, above which is the rising sign Scorpio, ruled by Mars, placed below. Again: To ascertain the governing sign and planet of a person born Sept 8, at 2:47 a. m.: 8x4 equals 32; plus 10.42, the degrees and minutes belonging to September, equals 11.14. From this we subtract the time before noon, which is the time between 2:47 a. m. and 12 o'clock, or 9.13, leaving quotient of 2.1. Referring to the table, this corresponds to Leo, governed by the sun.

HAZELRIGG.

1	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
2	0 18.44	0 20.46	0 22.37	0 0.39	0 2.37	0 4.39	0 6.38	0 8.40	0 10.42	0 12.40	0 14.43	0 16.41
3	♊	♋	♌	♍	♎	♏	♐	♑	♒	♓	♈	♉
4	15.26	16.50	18.0	19.0	20.17	22.14	0 45	3.30	6.0	8.33	11.8	13.28
5	♈	♉	♊	♋	♌	♍	♎	♏	♐	♑	♒	♓

FORETOLD BY A SPIRIT.

Edwin L. Prickett, a leather manufacturer in Mount Holly, N. J., upon his deathbed, declared that, had he obeyed the mandate of an angel that twice appeared to him in a vision he would not have been stricken with a fatal illness. Mr. Prickett attributed his success in business to the visit and advice of this angel. He jumped from poverty to prosperity within a year of its first visitation. The vision was thus described to his wife by Mr. Prickett:

"As I lay dying—as I thought—with you and others of the family around my bed, my eyes became fixed upon a beautiful angel that appeared at the foot of my bed. She had long, flowing hair, and a sweet sympathetic face. It was at midnight, and I had awakened suddenly. The room appeared radiant with a phosphorescent glow. For some minutes the angel gazed at me. Presently she said: 'You will recover from your malady, but you must have faith. You will gain great wealth, but you must expend it in charity, and remember obedience is the price of prosperity and health. You must take up the manufacture of leather articles.'"

From that day Mr. Prickett's health improved. He had been suffering with consumption, complicated with other ailments. The doctors had abandoned hope of his recovery. There was general surprise when Mr. Prickett was again seen upon the streets, active and industrious. He had been a salesman of fountain pens until that time. Obeying the behests of the angel, Mr. Prickett embarked in the manufacture of leather goods. During the war with Spain contracts worth thousands of dollars were awarded to him. Prosperity had come to him. Following the advice of the angel, he sent wagon loads of hams, potatoes and bread through the streets of Mount Holly for distribution. In the second vision the angel told Prickett he had been good and obedient. She bade him go to Bos-

ton on a business trip, but not before a certain date. Prickett started ahead of time, contracted a cold, which developed into pneumonia, and, while dying, declared this was his punishment for not obeying the angel.

ASTROLOGICAL.

To the Editor: I am much interested in astrology, and particularly in Prof. Hazelrigg's article in Light of Truth of April 15th last. He sets the date of the next critical period for our country as between 1942 and 1949. You will note that in the chronological ta-

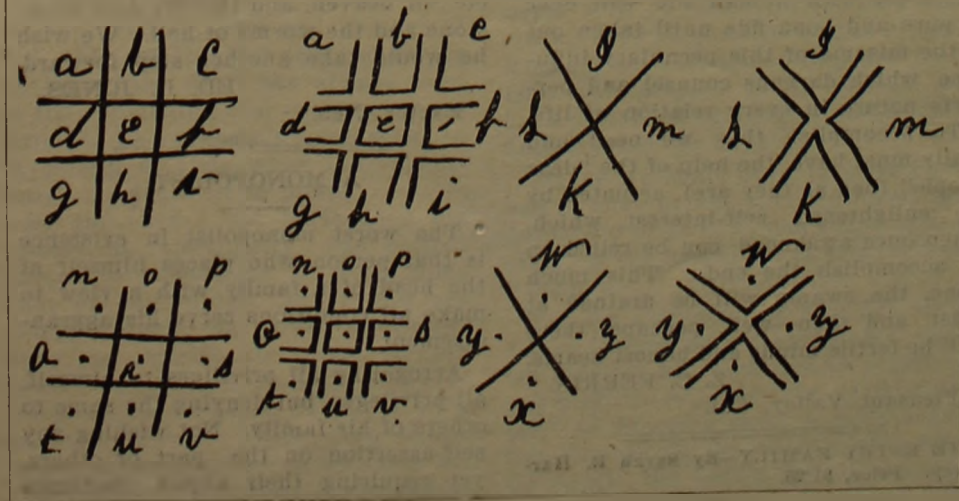
ble of "Marriage Supper of the Lamb" I place the reaping of the earth by the two angels as occurring between 1925 and 1975. Hazelrigg's medium date is 1946 and mine is 1950. This is great proof that my interpretations of the apocalypse are correct. If Hazelrigg would give a similar reading for the chief nations of Europe I think it would greatly interest your readers. All special Biblical prophecy is of astrological origin. It will be interesting to learn if our astrologers can see the same facts as did those of the apocalypse 1,800 years ago.

B. F. FRENCH.

IN RE HENRY UPSALL'S WRITING.

A large and varied assortment of explanations, criticisms, etc., are coming in on Mr. Henry Upsall's peculiar character writings published recently. One correspondent thinks it is a huge joke. Another wondered why Martin Luther's daughter, a German, should use a foreign language, then taking as his cue the words "My Dear Medium," he quickly made out a key of his own and says he takes it for granted that no one is obtuse enough to be unable to see that no spirit would write in disguised English—calling it the "characters I used on the earth

plane." He calls it disguised English. Regarding the "Moorish" Princess Hillah's" writing another correspondent, P. H. England, of Montreal, P. Q., calls it "Moorish" writing. Below is his key. Remarking upon it he says: "I show the way I used to write to my brother when we were boys. He wrote a letter with some in a few years ago, but I have been out of practice for some time. I did not know whose writing it was till I got last week's Light of Truth. It came as a surprise, but I was very glad to see it and understanding it. I thank you and the medium who gave it to you."



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ANENT THE ARISTOCRACY IDEA.

To the Editor: It is gratifying to see how many of the contributors to Light of Truth are lining up with you and upholding the idea of brotherhood in a rational and practical sense, thus redeeming the gospel of the Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of Man from the very palpable hypocrisy which envelops it like a shroud in most places.

There is so much that is evidently wise and valuable in the suggestions of A. K. Venning in the issue of April 8th that it seems like a sin to criticise his article. But the fallacy contained in part of it is such a dangerous one, in view of the fact that many have lost faith in popular government because pantomime democracy and pantomime religion appear barren of good results, and are thus playing into the hands of the oligarchy of wealth, which seeks its quietus, the fallacy ought certainly to be exposed. I refer to the aristocracy idea. The trouble with aristocracy is that it is always self-constituted and based upon egotism and selfishness in some form. A truly spiritual aristocracy or government by the competent few which would grow naturally out of a condition of equal opportunities by its own inherent superiority and worth is an entirely different matter.

The idea is a true one, but the method proposed for attaining it erroneous.

It is so easy for the would-be aristocrat to say to his comrade in life: "See, I am holier than thou. I am wiser than thou. Being more worthy than you I should be rewarded with a larger portion of the material accessories of life, and given legal ascendancy over you that I may direct and shape your life in harmony with my superior wisdom and will. Behold you are only a common, ordinary human, one of the rabble, but it is plain to be seen that I am something special and extraordinary. I feel that I have a destiny and in order to fulfill it I need the assistance of special material advantages and legal powers, without which my very evident superiority would be powerless to manifest itself, and my fellows would be deprived of the blessings which my special advantages would bring to them."

"Yes," I reply to the would-be aristocrat, "there is one way that your superiority should influence and control my life, and that is by the force of moral suasion. Since the aristocracy of heaven has been cited in this connection I may say that Spiritualists should not need reminding that such is the only authority that angels assume and employ. If experience counts for anything as a teacher I must recognize the fact that any other power vested in your personality would tend to corrupt you and enslave me."

One who is stronger spiritually than I is what the Confucians would call my "elder brother"—but still a brother, and equal. That is he would stand upon an equal footing with me, though his head rose ever so much higher. This kind of aristocracy that pleads that we must raise its feet onto higher ground in order that its head may overtop us, is ridiculous to think about.

We are cited to read Ruskin, the demi-god of the anarchists, and good

advice it is, too. To one who first abuses and misrepresents a school, and then afterwards finds out what that school teaches, it often brings an answer to Bobby Burns' prayer when he comes to recognize in it his own pet theories and favorite demi-gods. For one, I can say that if John Ruskin's writings advocate the idea of "getting on in life by 'getting on' the backs of others" in any pecuniary sense, political or spiritual; if the whole tenor of his philosophy is not to the effect that each individual human should stand flat-footed on his own ground and rear his head as high toward heaven as may be by his own inherent loftiness and the attractive influences of heaven, and in no other way, then I fear it will be useless for me to read Ruskin any more, as I evidently understand his language backwards.

And yet, as a result of popular government under healthy conditions Mr. Venning's ideal of a "government by the competent few" may reasonably be expected to obtain. If he will read Looking Backward, or, if he has read it as a novel, will read it again as a text-book of social science, he will find the social state depicted there as a government by the competent few; brought about not by rearing additional barriers against popular government, but as the national working out of popular government; and good, sound arguments to show why we may confidently expect such to be the result.

As to popular government, we have never had it yet in the true sense of government by the people, and so can not judge the future by the past; and it is wretched logic to argue that because class legislation results badly we should still further divorce the governmental authority from the people.

What we have had is government by agents absolutely irresponsible to the people during their term of office, selected at the caucuses of the two "great" parties by influences of a pecuniary nature; and when so selected they were in no sense the agents of the people, with a view to the commonweal, but the agents of the pecuniary interests involved, and with a view of earning their pay and promotion. At the best our alternative was between firing our ballot at one or other of two targets, neither of which we had any interest in hitting, and at the worst our alternative was between cutting our throats with a razor or throwing it away.

We may depend upon it that neither politics, government, courts, church, marriage, or any other sacred thing connected with human life will ever be pure and bona fide until taken out of the miasma of this pecuniary influence, which darkens counsel and perverts nature in every relation of life.

To accomplish this, we need and really must have, the help of the "dear people" (bad as they are), actuated by an enlightened self-interest, which, when once awakened, can be relied on to accomplish the end. This much done, the swamp will be drained at least, and then—well, perhaps, there will be fertile minds and honest hearts.

Z. C. FERRIS.

Pleasant Valley, Cal.

THE ESTEY FAMILY—By Sarah M. Harvey. Price, \$1.25.

CHRISTIANITY OR SPIRITUALISM?

To the Editor: My brother, who is an orthodox preacher, is using every means to convert me to his beliefs. He says if I will but accept their religion he and I will go out and wake people up and help them to be better. This is all very well and I would like very much to go with and help him, but as I must give up my religion (Spiritualism) and accept his, it will be quite impossible for me to do as he wishes. I have not the least doubt that he is honest and sincere in his belief; that he thinks I am lost and am doomed to everlasting hell if I do not change my way of thinking! I'm glad to say that I was once a Christian myself and know just where they stand, and thus I know that I've passed from death (orthodoxy) unto life (Spiritualism). I've tried both, and realize that Spiritualism is as far superior to orthodox Christianity as the glorious sunlight is superior to the dim and flickering light of a candle. He says that all that keeps me out of the "church" is the devil in the church! Well I do not agree with him there at all, as I do not believe the devil is anywhere but in the superstitious minds of orthodox believers. I do say though that I fail to see much (very little) in the church that I'd call common sense. I believe that the whole business of modern Christianity is a rank fraud. Its doctrines are most hellish in their nature. It is revolting to one who is freed from the ignorance and bigotry of the dark ages. I show him passages of Scripture in the Old Testament and ask him what it means, and his reply is, "I don't understand it; why don't you take the New Testament and find such 'stickers?' Why don't you pick out the good and let that which you don't understand alone and pray over it?" I must inform him that I pray very much, but these things still come flocking to my mind thick and fast. Can I accept the Bible as the infallible word of God? No! Never as long as it contains all it does now. For to me much of it is most devilish in its nature and the God who sanctions it is a most horrible monster and is far worse than any orthodox devil. Can I bow to such a being and praise him? Most emphatically no! I am sorry that he and I can not work together to uplift and upbuild humanity, but as long as he believes as he does we must forever work separately, for never again shall I preach or believe the doctrine of vicarious atonement, the infallibility of the holy (?) Bible, eternal hell, etc. May the day soon come when he and all the rest of Christians awake from the lethargy in which they have for so long a time been; when they shall preach the gospel of peace and love. Friends let us not take a step backward, but let us go onward and upward. We are not living in the dark ages but in the closing days of the nineteenth century.

P. S.—I am glad to say that my brother has done away with the golden streets and pearly gates, jasper walls, etc., of heaven, and the fire and brimstone and the worms of hell. We wish he would take another step forward.

ED. D. JONES.

Exeter, Neb.

A MONOPOLIST.

The worst monopolist in existence is that person who places himself at the head of a family with a view to make all conditions serve his aggrandizement.

Arrogating all privileges to himself, all privileges, but denying the same to others of his family. Not wishing any self-assertion on the part of others, yet requiring their abject obedience

in all cases even about their personal affairs. Although intensely avaricious, does not realize that his immediate family might possess that passion to even a limited degree.

To illustrate: During more than a quarter of a century that he has been the head of a family, was never known to offer his wife means for household expenses or personal use, although possessed of thousands by inheritance and successful acquisition. Had such the power no doubt he would limit the amount of air that those around him should breathe. As it is, he makes a practice of smoking in the living room, thus vitiating the air that is breathed by others. Presumes to question all parties who are found reading, and if their selections do not run in the same groove as his they are soundly rated. It is not his purpose that any of his household know as much as he presumes to. Not appreciating the fact that each succeeding generation needs to know more than the one just preceding it. No small charities by any of the family are looked upon by the "head" with the least toleration, yet he prides himself upon placing his name at the top of a subscription paper for building churches, parsonages or some public charity, with a big donation. Although this party made an alliance with a lady of decided literary tastes and attainments, he was never known to make her a present of a book or magazine; nor was he known to approve of any literary effort on her part.

Is it to be wondered at that a life thus dwarfed and stunted should fail to fill its destiny? YUMA.

FOR LYMAN HOWE, HISTORIAN.

Having seen in the Spiritual papers an article from Dr. J. M. Peebles, asking Mr. Lyman C. Howe to compile a history of modern Spiritualism, we, the undersigned, hereby heartily indorse him, knowing he is fully capable for this responsible position. No one in our ranks is more competent or can do the subject better justice, therefore we hope all his friends will send in their names and urge our veteran worker forward in this matter. No one that knows his true worth and ability can help but appreciate him as the man who can perfectly please all and leave a monument to Spiritualism and to his memory that will be a blessing for coming generations.

Mrs. N. P. Raleigh, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. D. N. Hinckley, J. D. Sherman, Mrs. J. D. Sherman, Cecelia Nelson, Dr. B. Odell, Mrs. M. L. O'Dell, Susie Hunter, E. L. Warner, Mrs. Lottie M. Warner, Lucy B. Bangs, F. A. Warner, W. R. Serrine, Mrs. W. R. Serrine, W. J. Post, A. B. Jones, Fred Rholan, Manley Bump, Mrs. Effie Post, D. A. Morse, Ira Ingalls, N. G. Worthington, E. A. Jones, Nettie Allen, Mrs. F. E. Odell, William Golden, C. L. Bentley, Augusta Ferris, Ellen A. Parker, M. H. Gordon, Isabel Gage, N. A. Clapp, Mrs. Abbie Herick, Katie Herick, C. M. Hovey, F. D. French, William Clark, Mrs. Minerva Holland, Mrs. J. B. Buckley, Mrs. R. Buckley, R. E. Farnum, D. P. Dewey, Henry McIntyre, J. F. Crofford, A. Jacox, Alvin Pratt, H. Odell, Mrs. Houser, Dr. W. J. Bennett, Morris Lane, W. E. French, Flora Kalahan, Mrs. W. E. French, M. E. Odell, Mrs. N. E. Beebe, George Griffith, Z. L. Arnet, John A. Weckerby, E. L. Bennett, George Goodrich, M. A. Wright.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

THE FALSE TEACHINGS OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH—By L. K. Washburn. 15 cents.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

BIBLICAL DELUSIONS.

Of all books ever published no one has ever done one-thousandth part as much to delude or disorder the human mind and produce insanity as the Roman Bible, prepared by Pagan priests in the second century, in which the terribly gloomy views of God, of man and of the universe are made seductive by pleasing religious sentiments.

Unable to separate the honey from the poison, both are swallowed by the young when given by their parents, and thus all national superstitions are propagated from age to age, as there are very few whose minds are sufficiently developed in early youth to reject theological superstitions; and even those who do recover in adult life seldom recover entirely, and this is especially true of clergymen. They try to blend the Bible and Spiritualism which contradicts it.

Thomas Cook, of Arkansas Hot Springs, at present is a fine illustration of the ruinous effects of Biblical credulity working upon an ill-balanced mind. Though quite sincere and honestly unselfish, he has so little reverence for anybody in comparison to his self-confidence that he has set about reforming the whole world according to his original theology, and scolding all who do not agree with him, especially Spiritualists.

His theory is that mankind do nothing from their own will and that God does everything. What he says or does is done by God alone, and what everybody else does is done by God—so that God is very busy in scolding himself all the time and editing Cook's little paper, while he impels other people to laugh at Cook and to persecute him or steal his little stock of fruit.

The absurdity of his abusing Spiritualists who are doing what God does (not being capable of acting themselves) never dawns on his disordered mind.

The singular type of his delusions, which is certainly quite original, may be seen in every copy of the little paper that he issues, denouncing everybody for what they are doing, though he believes God is the only actor. The reader may be amused by a few quotations. He pays his respects to the Light of Truth as follows:

"Spiritist Rot.—The Light of Truth in a late issue has the following bit of spiritistic rot about 'the war and the women.'"

He then quotes thirteen lines which he calls "twaddle" and adds, "in this squib, as all along, it cleverly shows its hypocritical cloven foot of selfish patriotism." But why a "hypocritical cloven foot," if God was the author of the "twaddle?"

He adds: "And spiritist curs vied with Christian hypocrites, dogs and devils in howling and baying at Spain."

"And spiritists drag their spirit friends and guides into their drunken orgies, miscalled seances, control them, and then quote them as in favor of war, and not a single editor of any of our so-called spiritual contemporaries is yet sober, honest and self-possessed enough to give any of these plain statements and open, honest strictures even a passing notice." But as God edits these papers, why scold the editors?

Of the California spiritual convention he says: "There convened in San Francisco on September 2 last a rabble styling itself the State Association of California Spiritualists. But it is safe to say that not a single true Spiritualist, according to Spirit Pierpont's standard, published in another column,

was in attendance upon that mere spiritistic, material, political conclave. "They bayed, barked and antagonized at each other and the National association just like any other rabble or conclave of political dogs.

"Ye are all but a pack of political hell-hounds, howling and gnashing at each other. Verily you are bringing a 'weeping and a wailing with gnashing of teeth,' such as never before was in this world—making a veritable hell of God's lovely, green earth. Avaunt! ye Christian and ye Spiritist dogs, ye sleuthhounds of hell, your places are needed by real and bona fide Spiritualists."

But as the poor man gets no encouragement from the "rabble" or "spiritist dogs" he writes letters of entire endorsement and praise from deceased Spiritualists.

Having restrained himself sufficiently to write a decent letter to the Light of Truth, he assails Dr. Buchanan as a great enemy to Spiritualism, as wicked as the Light of Truth. Of course his remarks are unworthy of notice, but as he claims a slate-written message from R. D. Owen, I think it not at all impossible that Mr. Owen felt some sympathy for him at the beginning of his delusion.

But Spiritualism is not responsible for the delusions of Cook and a dozen others who make it ridiculous; for his delusions originated from the Bible, of which he is a blind follower, as Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, a learned and eloquent gentleman, a champion of "the blood of Jesus" who wanted the army called out to shut up the world's fair on Sunday.

Seriously, are the theological crankeries of poor Thomas Cook any more absurd than the orthodox but Pagan story of God damning the world because one man ate an apple, and then in his vexation agreeing to be insulted and crucified to satisfy his own wrath, and to be bodily swallowed by all his admirers once a month after the old Pagan fashion?

For eighteen centuries the strong men of the Caucasian race and even so free a thinker as John Milton have carried on the Biblical dance of intellectual delusion, war and despotism from which we are trying to escape, when we were plunged into a piratical war against seven millions of freemen in the Philippine Islands.

JOS. RODES BUCHANAN.

POWER.

I often used to wonder why it was that social reformers had so much "spirituality" and so little power. That was in the days when the power of mind or spirit over matter was first generally conceded.

On the other hand, it was quite as great a source of wonder why persons of little supposed "spirituality" had so much power; and if that was the case thirty and forty years ago how much more so is it in these days of "commercialism" and gigantic "trusts?" One might account for this apparent absurdity by supposing that God went to sleep occasionally, leaving the devil to roam and plunder at will, only for the fact that, so far as we know, the devil has always been on top—admitting that evil is ever enthroned. There doesn't ever seem to have been a time when the "spiritually" minded were in power.

By the time I got baldheaded my opinion of "spirituality" had shifted enough to furnish me, at least, some light on the subject, and I now see clearly enough, that power is due entirely to spirituality; that lacking power we lack spirituality, however much we may coddle ourselves with contrary notions. There is no escape from the conclusion, else we must acknowledge the uncertainty and infer-

iority of God and the supremacy of evil.

There are two or three things about power that "spiritually" minded persons can consider to their advantage—if they will. I am not going too deeply into this subject, though one might write to the end of time on such an inexhaustible topic. Those who seek power can always find it, while those who don't, never will. To supply a demand that doesn't exist is impossible, but, given the demand, the supply is easy—and need not be tedious. All prayers are answered—in kind.

In the first place, then, there is no power whatever, except in service. There is universal demand and supply (service) going on at all times and in all places and in every department of life.

Service is always exerted through organisms, and that organism or organization which gives the most service for the least return governs (through service) all those below it in the scale of being—the less spiritual. The service may be good or evil, unselfish or selfish, impartial or partial, profitless or profitable, it makes no difference; those which give the most for the return dominate.

Complexity is the index to power and ability to serve—and govern.

Organisms are natural and unnatural. The unnatural are held together by repulsion, or physical force. Natural organisms and all natural growth are due solely to attraction—love. God doesn't rule by force of majority.

But, and I think it most important, complexity doesn't necessarily involve numbers, weight or material forces. Quite the contrary, for power is always concentrated within a small compass. We see this in all our enterprises, industrial, social, religious and political, notwithstanding our vain struggles to overcome it. The moment that power becomes generally dissipated it loses all special significance and force; a fact for which we may be extremely thankful; for it indicates that in the coming changes, involved in social progress, those changes will be effected by the power of truth, as manifested by a few endowed with true spirituality. Were we dependent on the masses for progress there would be no progress—save backward. That is rather Irish, but I think the reader knows what I mean. Life is not governed from the bottom up.

It is rather disturbing to one who entertains visions of a democracy (something that never existed and never will), I admit, for the only conclusion we can come to is that despots are natural, and so they are. Selfishness is despotic in its essence; we have demanded selfishness and selfishness is what we have got.

Either we shall have (always have had in more or less modified form) the despotism of Evil, in one shape or another, or the despotism of Good—"The Kingdom."

Yet the despotism of Evil has been due to inferior service, profitable, selfish service; has been due to negative, not positive evil, for "the devil is an ass," as Emerson says; a mere negation, indicating the absence of a better spirit; the Lord's first lieutenant,

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Some day the "spiritually" minded will drop their cults and their laws (their false gods), band together and give the world unselfish, profitless service, service at cost of service, find their long lost spirituality and power and rule the world "with a rod of iron."

JAS. T. R. GREENE.
Des Moines, Ia.

A FRIENDLY CRITIQUE.

Mr. Samuel Blodgett: Regarding your letter in the Light of Truth of March 4th, I would say that if you had read Henry George intelligently you would have seen that he proves conclusively that the non-owner or non-user of land—the coupon clipper, the club frequenter, the superlatively wealthy class—what may properly be called the "drones of our high civilization"—would as surely pay their share of the taxes as any farmer, land user, or other laborer.

The coupon clippers, to gather them under that term, frequent the most expensive places for living and recreation, that is, that land which, under just conditions of taxation, would pay the larger share because of its greater value, and the "single tax" would reach him because it is land values it would tax, not mere acreage, in which case the land upon which the Astor House stands would yield as much revenue as some whole counties.

The coupon clipper pays \$1 for a meal which does not originally cost 15 cents, but served on high priced land, he pays, accordingly.

Take my own case, for example, to prove that none escape taxation. I never pay any taxes in the sense of going to the tax collector's office, and paying over a stated sum, for I am a tenant, and my landlord pays for water and all other charges against the property I occupy. The same with nineteen other tenants he has, who in the aggregate pay him \$2,000 per annum. With part of this money he pays the taxes and water rates, amounting perhaps to \$350 or \$400 per year, leaving him \$1,600 for himself. Who pays the taxes? The man who is taxed, or the men who never see the tax collector?

The class you speak of as not being reached by the single tax will as surely pay taxes as I do. No one can escape taxes, directly or indirectly, if land values are taxed. Stocks and bonds are valuable in accordance with the stability of the source from which they spring and that source can easily be traced to land, factory sites, railroads, mines and oil wells, etc., etc.

The axioms of Henry George are Godlike aspirations, founded on principles of righteousness and justice.

No true Spiritualist can be at war or dissent from the doctrines he teaches. They are the fundamental principles from which the earnest Spiritualist draws his inspiration. Yours very truly,

JAMES A. DANDRIDGE.
Cadillac, Mich.

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There never was a good war or a
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Spiritualism is making great strides
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Liberty and love go together. The
 more you give of each the more you
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Let him whose soul has never risen
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 him.

The Ruskin Co-operative association
 is now the Ruskin Commonwealth, all
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A FORM OF PANTHEISM, PER- HAPS.

The hypothesis of evolution essays
 to answer the problems respecting the
 genesis of things. Of these the first
 and foremost is the problem of the in-
 cessant transformation which the
 world manifests. We do not accept
 the monistic conception attributable
 to certain thinkers—Spiritualists some
 of them, which assumes but one sub-
 stance, mind—and resolves the reality
 of the material universe into a spiri-
 tual principle alone. The universe is
 a unit dual in its expression. All life
 is a unit dual in its manifestation. All
 law is unitary, dual in its operation.
 Cause is eternal only in the order of
 time; it antedates effect. One can not
 be without the other. The search af-
 ter an uncaused cause has effected all
 of the crude ideas regarding God.
 Man's ignorance has always been rep-
 resented in his gods. Our contention
 is that the duality of energy and mat-
 ter; the correspondence between spirit
 and mind, should be maintained in or-
 der that an intelligible explanation of
 transformation and change can be
 made.

The common question, "What is mo-
 tion and how does it arise?" is an-
 swered by the intelligence which
 molds atomic substance—intelligence
 being the act of knowing, or the exer-
 cise of understanding. Chance and
 coincidence can never answer the
 problem of transformation. And if
 thought—and by thought we mean the
 consciousness of being—if this be eter-
 nal, then no such thing as a void ex-
 ists anywhere in the universe, because
 thought is inseparable from that upon
 and within which it is projected. This

places us directly opposite the Descar-
 tian doctrine and the school of me-
 chanical evolutionists. Descartes' con-
 ception was that the physical universe,
 whether living or not living, is a mech-
 anism, and as such, is explicable on
 physical principles—such as the laws
 of mechanics, etc. To this we say:
 the association of atoms can not be
 explained by the doctrine of blind
 force. Physical principles can not ex-
 plain why certain atoms assume the
 form of a rose, certain other atoms the
 insensible rock and other atoms the
 brain of man.

The process of transformation can
 be explained only on the ground that
 consciousness of being, which involves
 a formative purpose, is behind mo-
 tion. The school of Descartes declares
 that "matter is potentially alive, and
 has within itself the tendency to as-
 sume a definite living form." Appar-
 ently this is true, and it meets the re-
 quirements of materialism. It does
 not meet the requirements of Spiritu-
 alism.

The dualistic hypothesis of evolu-
 tion recognizes a vital principle or
 spirit which pervades all matter the
 essential nature of which is forma-
 tive, overcoming crude forms in the
 struggle for higher species, and which
 fashions inert matter into various
 shapes, be it in the structure of a sun
 or a blade of grass.

This spirit principle is not only a
 formative force but is the source of
 consciousness, the life of all being.

We are aware that this hypothesis
 is pantheistic, and indeed we might
 take, in this respect, the inductive side
 of Pantheism, which merges all nature
 in God, as contradictory to the Athe-
 istic idea of denial of God. "It is a
 fine observation," says Fleming, of
 Plato and his laws, "that Atheism is
 a disease of the soul before it becomes
 an error of the understanding." Spi-
 noza and Schilling were Pantheists,
 who, "instead of denying God, absorb
 everything into Him." It is the only
 view that accords with the largest
 volume of phenomena. If it is pan-
 theistic, then Spiritualism, in this re-
 spect, is a form of Pantheism.

And this view of formation has
 no bearing upon the visibility of
 matter. Matter has two states of
 expression, visible and invisible, mo-
 lecularized and demolecularized, body
 and counterpart of body. It is sus-
 ceptible of myriads of forms, but can
 not move without energy, and energy
 can not create without conscious in-
 telligence. Energy can whirl a cyclone
 and devastate a whole township. It
 can not build a temple, write a poem,
 nor produce the mind of man. These
 belong to intelligence which is super-
 ior to physical organization and its
 transformations.

A man's own mind is a man's own
 church, and he ought ever to hold the
 right of changing its creed. Nor
 should he deny to another the right
 to his opinion, for to do so is to deny
 himself the right to change his own.
 Opinions and beliefs change with
 physical and intellectual environment.
 A new train of thought, a new life,
 means a new environment. The
 church, or any form of allegiance to
 which a man is bound, is subject to
 the mutations of time. Principles and
 ideas eternal and truthful at last reach
 the consciousness through and by
 these changes.

Gen. Greely has made a thorough
 test of the Marconi system of space
 telegraphy and pronounces it imprac-
 ticable and visionary so far as cities
 are concerned, but that it will be of
 benefit to vessels at sea. And so bye-
 bye, Mr. Marconi, but remember that
 all genius suffers under the same ban.
 Did not great men pronounce Morse a
 visionary fool?

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Carnegie's assertion that a man
 who dies rich dies disgraced will prob-
 ably not be agreed to by a large number
 of people in this age of rapacity, but
 certainly there can be no question
 about the enormous amount of good
 a man can do with one hundred mil-
 lions of dollars. The responses to the
 query propounded by the editor of
 Light of Truth, "What would you do
 with \$5,000,000 if you had it to
 spend?" show the pulse of public senti-
 ment, at least among the Spiritualists,
 regarding the disposal of vast riches.
 Mr. Carnegie is not to be sneered at
 because he fully satisfies himself re-
 garding the claims of a cause before
 he gives to it. We really think that
 he will rear his most lasting monu-
 ment and carry with him into the life
 of the spirit the best recollections if
 he will pursue to the logical end the
 assertion he has made, although he
 would not be disgraced if he failed and
 died rich. These matters belong to
 personal opinion, but if he really feels
 that if he dies rich he will die dis-
 graced, he now possesses a most excel-
 lent opportunity of warding off the
 disgrace by placing his enormous
 wealth where it will benefit mankind
 and not a few idlers in the guise of
 heirs, who wait only for the final
 scene in the drama of his life, to pos-
 sess themselves of his money. And
 what will Mr. Carnegie give anyway
 that does not of right belong to the
 social mass whence it was abstracted?

* * *

The present members of the historic
 Old South church of Boston, it is said,
 had for the most part no knowledge of
 the old creed which the church has just
 relegated to the museum of religious
 antiquities. It is a good sign or a sign
 of good progress when a church burns
 behind it such a bridge as "The Con-
 fession of Faith of the Old South
 Church, adopted in 1680." Here are
 a few selections from it.

By the decree of God for the manifes-
 tation of His glory, some men and angels are
 predestined unto everlasting life and others
 foreordained to everlasting death.

These angels and men thus predestined
 and foreordained are particularly and un-
 changeably designed and their number is
 so certain and definite that it can not be
 either increased or diminished.

Neither are any other redeemed by
 Christ or effectually called, justified, adopt-
 ed, sanctified and saved, but the elect only.

The rest of mankind God was pleased,
 according to the unsearchable counsel of
 His own will, whereby He extendeth or
 withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth for the
 glory of His sovereign power over his crea-
 tures, to pass by, and to ordain them to
 dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the
 praise of His glorious justice.

* * *

The spectacle of a suspended heretic
 of the Presbyterian church being or-
 dained with all the pomp of sacerdo-
 talism into the priesthood of the Epis-
 copal church was held up to the view
 of the world last week when Rev. C.
 A. Briggs donned the garb and habit
 of that ultra orthodox denomination.
 Think of such a thing happening fifty
 years ago! But it can occur now and
 no great fuss made about it either.
 Verily the mills of the gods are grind-
 ing.

* * *

Leo XIII has been left out of the
 peace conference at The Hague. By
 way of a protest the papal nuncio at
 The Hague has left his post and gone
 to Luxembourg to ruminate on affairs
 mundane while the conference lasts.

* * *

In the debate on Sabbath resolutions
 in the Presbyterian assembly at Min-
 neapolis last week nearly every speak-
 er seemed imbued with the feeling ex-
 pressed in the words of the commit-
 tee, "the American Christian Sabbath
 is in imminent peril; in fact, in many

of our large cities and in other parts
 of our land it is already nearly lost.
 This means that American liberty
 and American institutions are in peril,
 for of these the American Sabbath has
 been both the foundation and the pro-
 tection."

We do not see that the inference
 necessarily correlates with the fact.
 The Puritans had the choicest kind of
 a Christian Sabbath, but liberty and
 American institutions somehow or
 other have withstood the passing of
 both.

"Concerning spiritual gifts, breth-
 ren, I would not have you ignorant.
 . . . For to one is given by the spirit
 the word of wisdom; to another, the
 word of knowledge by the same spirit;
 to another, faith by the same spirit; to
 another, the gifts of healing by the
 same spirit; to another, the working
 of miracles; to another, prophecy; to
 another, divers kinds of tongues; but
 all these worketh that one and self-
 same spirit, dividing to every man
 severally as he will. . . . For by one
 spirit are we all baptized into one
 body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles,
 whether we be bond or free; and have
 been all made to drink unto one spir-
 it." If we judge by the their works
 few readers of the New Testament, and
 fewer believers in the great Christian
 Hierophant, Paul, have ever caught
 and became imbued with the promise
 above quoted, and so munificently ful-
 filled in these days by those whom the
 Christian scorns. What wonder that
 an indifferent skepticism, or a more
 cruel uncertainty in faith, should
 everywhere abound, when to those
 who vaingloriously take unto them-
 selves the cause of Christ, are to be
 ascribed the greatest shortcomings and
 the most brutal repudiation of his
 gospel.

No argument, however subtle, can
 ever convince the materialist of the su-
 periority and independence of intelli-
 gence. He is thoroughly at home with
 all the disquisitions which philosophy
 has made upon a mooted immortality.
 He throws back unerringly the mani-
 fest phenomena incident upon the dis-
 appearance of intelligence with the
 changes in the combination of matter
 and energy—the two principles of his
 philosophy. He shows that a simple
 cerebral lesion will make driveling
 idiocy of the loftiest intellect. He
 shows that in proportion to physical
 health intelligence remains unaffected.
 Material proofs of the existence
 of intelligence apart from matter are
 the indispensable instruments in the
 settlement of these differences. The
 material proofs the Spiritualist pos-
 sesses. To matter and energy must
 be added the third principle, intelli-
 gence. This is the work of scientific
 Spiritualism.

It is told of Henry W. Sage, the re-
 vered benefactor of Cornell university,
 that "he regarded the things of the
 spirit as the only worthy end of hu-
 man existence." In this lay the secret
 of his work for humanity. He saw
 little good in the making or accumu-
 lating of money except for the higher
 ends for which it may be used, and
 which in the next life he might regard
 with satisfaction and approval. The
 number of such men to whom the
 "things of the spirit" are very real is
 growing. The other and real life is
 not so far off nor so dim and unsub-
 stantial as it used to be. God is nearer
 because He is seen as a father-mother
 rather than as a judge; while the im-
 manence of the spiritual kingdom
 grows perceptibly upon the opening
 eyes and hearts of men. The only
 true and abiding wealth is the harvest
 of thoughts and deeds prompted by
 love.

TRUTH.

The Sphinx of the desert has been the enigma of 3,000 years. The civilization and art of a dead and forgotten race are buried in its vast proportions and portrayed in the lineaments of its time-scarred, imperious face; while about its breast the simoons of centuries have piled high the sands of old Sahara. There it stands, the grim guardian of its own silence and mystery, a mute offering of the genius of the past, a challenge to the intrepidity of modern research which is fast uncovering its long locked secret.

In like manner a fairer, living, eternal presence—immortal truth, has for ages until the present wide diffusion of knowledge, buffeted the pygmy efforts of ignorant man. Her feet touched earth when the marriage of spirit to matter consummated the duality of life. She was hoary with age when the Phoenician looked out upon the eternal stars, when the Chaldean built his walls and the Assyrian fought his battles. The sands of mighty epochs had blown about her feet when Isis veiled was Egypt's light and Moses talked with Jehovah. When Bhramm and Vishnu and Buddha breathed their divine inspiration she stood out clear against the background of light supernal. Her graceful outlines were discerned through the fogs when Homer sang his Iliad and the Halls of Athens vied with the Forum of Rome. Her outstretched hands and veiled face were seen when Plato and Jesus wiped the mists from the eyes of men. But it has remained for the wisdom, the development, the needs of this modern era, this sunset of the nineteenth century, in which all the glory of the past has been brought within the focus of man's penetration, to remove from her feet the rubbish of ages, climb the heights of her divine proportions, tear away the veil which since time began has hidden her smiling face, and thus reveal to posterity the grandest achievement of enlightened effort. There she stands, the beacon light of unborn generations, the august herald of progress, the unveiled shrine where Peace is the high priestess and common humanity in bonds of love shall worship evermore.

MRS. JOSIE K. FOLSOM.

The Light of Truth presents to its readers this week the portrait of one of the best message mediums now before the public. Mrs. Folsom's two-months' stay in this city as the speaker and medium for the First Spiritualist church has effected much good to that society. In scores of instances she has been instrumental in imparting comfort and consolation to the mourner and awakening thought in the earnest inquirer. Mrs. Folsom is of a deeply sympathetic, sensitive nature, and while she has suffered from the lack of that warm and tender appreciation and sympathy so essential to her, and which lack is characteristic of so-called Spiritualists in some sections of the country, she will carry with her, we trust, many pleasing remembrances of her stay here. Her home is in Springfield, Mo., whither she and her husband expect to return early in June.

Faith, as James Freeman Clarke well says, is the mighty steam engine in the basement which supplies all the power for all the machinery in the upper stories. The world gets its life, not out of the bread that perisheth, but from the intercourse it has with the unseen and the eternal.

"In heavenly love abiding" and "The heavens are telling"—have you thrilled to these great hymns of Mendelssohn and Beethoven?

HUGO ON IMMORTALITY.

On February 27, 1881, the French nation held a celebration in honor of Victor Hugo at which was read something written on the great man by every contemporary author. M. Hous-saye wrote an article entitled "When Victor Hugo is a Hundred Years Old." In it occurred the following striking and eloquent words uttered by Hugo in answer to an argument against immortality. It is a paragraph well worth remembering for its commanding force and beauty of diction:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say that the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, songs. I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to my grave I can say, like so many others, 'I have finished my day's work;' but I can not say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour, because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I shall be glad to see it mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity."

All that saves the modern world from the labyrinth into which ancient philosophers fell when speculating upon the obscure subjects of life, is the marvelous advance in scientific discovery and experiment. It is no new phase of human frailty which permits men to agree only upon subjects which fall within the purview of their senses. Philosophers of all ages have observed the same thing. The discussion of subjects beyond the limitations of the physical senses has always created the most prodigious incongruities because each mind judges them according to its limitation, i. e., its inclination or sentiment. The certainty of experimental science now permits men to make investigations which the ancients, whose genius was in no way inferior to that of men today, nevertheless could not, excepting a few rare cases, approach.

In this vital respect progress has achieved its most wonderful purpose. History, so far as psychism is concerned, is not repeating itself. The flood mark of the tide of evolution has reached a higher point and the universal settlement of the enigma of death and futurity is now immanent above all else.

Of all the pitiable objects this earth affords the human being with nothing to do takes the palm. We do not refer to the idler who can not find work, but to the idler who don't have to work, the gilded tramp, the spawn of enervated munificence, the social wart. God help him.

The love of truth is man's integral aspiration. This is the idea of the ages. The masters of old were imbued generally with a single idea or prime motive force. The modern thinker is imbued with many ideas. He is the embodiment of physical and spiritual eclecticism. Whatever is of interest to the environment by which he is surrounded is of interest to him. Spiritually interpreted he is functionally differentiated from his kind; organically he is coeval with the age of man. His thoughts are his own, his principles are common property—the heritage of all. His lexicon contains no such word as finality, infallibility or miracle. He is forever a student, therefore he is not a bigot. He recognizes his immortal birthright, therefore he is independent. He knows that bodily dissolution is the gateway to spiritual activity and progress, therefore he is charitable, because the masses have not this knowledge. He stands before the bar of public opinion just as every thinker of the past has stood before the tribunals of men, to give reason for the faith within.

In a sermon on "Immortal Life" Rev. Edward Everett Hale said: "The life we live today is not just for the day. A mother dandles her child upon her knee, watches over it in its sickness, attends to its wants, sacrifices herself in a hundred petty ways for the child. And the child feels all her love, though not fully conscious of it; it means. But there passes from the mother to the child an inspiration, not of love only, but of infinite life. I do not say merely of larger life; but of infinite life, of life which is immortal. And this life the child will never lose. It has unconsciously passed from mother to child, and it is his forever. The first few years of this life carry with them the inspiration for all the future: a life which all the difficulties, the despairing thoughts, the evil of the world, the allurements of society, the chance situation and trial, can never entirely put out, for it is an infinite, an immortal life."

We can not, except by practice, estimate the value of quiet reflection. There comes a time in the careers of all earnest men when the doubts and perplexities of life well nigh overpower the activities. 'Tis then that the questioning soul is seeking its own in the silences of personal reflection. The mood pervades the inner chambers. Sometimes a poem, a piece of music or a familiar scriptural passage brings it to us. At other times we seek the solitudes of nature in its awful solemnity, and, gazing upon the grandeur and majesty of towering, rock-ribbed mountain or the fastnesses of gorge and canyon, feel the spirit. It never intrudes. It must be invited, albeit the changeless order of its watchful care is ever with us.

"Molecularization" and "demolecularization" are better terms than "materialization" and "dematerialization." The latter are non-expressive. Matter is self-existent. It is never "materialized" nor "dematerialized." Transformation due to varying degrees of vibration produces molecular changes in matter, and these changes under the terms molecularization and demolecularization have a meaning.

Every great man is a unique. Some times he is called a crank, but cranks are indispensable. Oliver Wendell Holmes tells about the first fool who ever saw the cranks on a locomotive and he wondered what they were for. He found out when the wheels began turning. The cranks and the great turn the wheels of progress.

POINTS.

The universe leans toward absolute rest.

Be eager to understand rather than to believe.

Are you reading "Between Caesar and Jesus?"

See our premium offer and renew your subscription NOW.

Andrew Carnegie evidently sees some kind of handwriting on the wall.

Many a brave man is afraid of the woman who trembles at the sight of a bug.

When subscribers desire premiums offered with this paper they should so state at the time of subscription.

Life is large. To think about it in a circumscribed manner is folly. It demands a broad way of thinking.

When you treat a subject it is not necessary to exhaust it; it is enough if you cause thought.—Montisquieu.

J. J. Morse, 26 Osnaburgh street, Euston Road, London, N. W., is agent in England for the Light of Truth and the publications of the Light of Truth Pub. Co.

The Napoleonic order denying the use of the mails to Pamphleteer Atkinson is like a twelve-inch gun fired at an ant hill.

Eugene V. Debs has been called to address the students at Harvard, the University of Michigan and at other colleges. Do you see any sign in this?

It is just possible that the Yankee tailors are behind the order of Havana's mayor that residents of that city must not appear on the streets in undershirts only.

"Between Caesar and Jesus," Prof. Geo. D. Herron's great series of lectures, ought to be on the reading table of every thinker. We have this book and all others of this apostle's works. See advt. in another column.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus had a horror of ever becoming like some of his predecessors, and so he charged his followers to take care not to be Caesarized. Were he living today he would say, "Take care not to be Christianized!"

There is a philosophy in humor some times for which the most sober disquisitions are no match. The man who can not laugh has a blunted and blurred spirit. Humor is the efflorescence of life, albeit it arises oftentimes from temperaments the reverse of humorous.

Verdade e Luz (Truth and Light)—a Spiritualist paper published every fortnight at San Paulo, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, and the capital of a province of Brazil, has increased its circulation in one year from 10,000 to 24,000 copies every issue.

"The Sunflower," W. H. Bach and Eva Bach, publishers and editors, is a sprightly monthly 16-page paper whose home is Lily Dale, N. Y. Brother Bach is building up a journal that is an ornament to Spiritualism. The May number is a gem.

PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH,

The Story of a Peaceful Revolution, by Frederick Upham Adams. Shows how the United States can guarantee every man the right to support his family in every comfort by his own labor. Cloth, 300 large pages, \$1; paper, 25 cents. For sale by the Light of Truth Publishing Co.

THE PEOPLE OR THE POLITICIAN?

By R. L. Taylor. A book on Direct Legislation. Explains the Initiative, the Referendum and the Imperative Mandate, with reasons for their adoption. Paper, 60 pages, 10 cents.

For sale by the Light of Truth Publishing Company.

BABYLON UNVEILED, or THE TREASURER OF HUMAN LIFE—By James K. Moore. 50 cents.

Bachelor Ratiocinate and Widow Dot Intuite.

BY LISLE E. SAXTON.

CHAPTER V.

"I wonder if Leyton, M. D., has had an experience similar to mine in verification of Dot's prophecy? Though I saw my mother, instead of my grandfather. We conversed as naturally as when she was alive, so to speak, and now heaven seems right here. I asked her why I had not seen her before, and her answer made me just a little uncomfortable. She said: "You have blinded your eyes and muffled your ears, because you feared that you would see or hear something that would be unwelcome; but when you were persuaded to remove these, and look fearlessly around, then you saw me. Heretofore your religious belief permanently located me in a far-off heaven, and permitted only evil spirits to return. As you believed they could masquerade as angels of light, how could I consistently manifest to you, my presence, even though possible? Dot has been instrumental in changing the old state, and when your comprehension of truth, of love, has considerably enlarged, then through altered associations you will express in concord with them. But try not to yield to discouragement, if some unrest and vexation attend you, for a time; for they, too, must be agents of preparation for this state of improved comprehension and living. When you study your life from this side, and that too, to some extent you will discover that your past religious experience had its uses, and that beliefs, after all, are indices to development; hence one believes as mental organization and consequent states make imperative. Now that you no longer fear us, we will manifest to you at times, as now; though not always, if at all, when you most desire it, for we, too, must conform to law. I can not explain to you why, but if you practice psychometry and note how physical and mental states influence the aura around you, you will partially understand. Good-bye!" Well I will wait until that unrest and vexation of spirit has materialized to my consciousness before I make a confidant of Dot. I feel as if I had just discovered that I live in a world of beauty and light; that I have heretofore stayed underground, because ignoramus-like, I have believed the childish bugaboo stories, told to me of hobgoblins that roamed on the surface above. But perhaps when I get accustomed to the light and freedom I may note what others would not who have not had such an experience."

CHAPTER VI.

"Leyton, M. D., came into my office today, and laughingly stated: 'Mrs. Intuite is a prophet! but my grandfather gave my father the first opportunity.' So of course we exchanged confidences. He is in a dilemma, however, for after this revelation he can not conscientiously preach old time orthodoxy. Ha! how these three words seem like the mocking echoes of an empty past. When the witch, Dot, made me acknowledge that I had seen mother; when I avowed myself convinced, and added that I was thoroughly disgusted with my old belief, Miss Starr warned me to be guarded, that I did not rush off to the other extreme and

ignore everything connected with the orthodox religion, because it seems, through it I have been defrauded of so much. But remember, she said, "Beliefs are an expression of varying stages of evolution, and as states improve through experiences, then beliefs—individual comprehension of truth—change also, and when we are wise we will study to see how each condition, with its attendant and consequent experiences, prepared the way for the improved, and appreciate accordingly." I note the tendency, and perhaps mother's words were intended to help me to guard against it. Well, I will try to learn appreciation, and commence a diligent study of Dot's Bible—Immensity. Thanks to Leyton's business father he is independent financially, and can start a society here of small pretensions and not suffer because of a diminished salary. He has members in his church that heretofore I have considered too independent in their interpretation of the Scriptures, who may rejoice over such a change. I intimated as much to Dot and she smilingly said: 'As a Spiritualist I have discovered many kindred souls there. These, with the liberals he can pick up, will make quite a society, that undoubtedly will install him as permanent speaker. But he will have some disciplines; yet they will be good for him.'

"I have had so many lessons revealing defects in character since Dot came that I shrink from having them extended. My self-conceit is sort of upside down, and I fear to attempt to right it, lest it assume a worse position; and even though extremely anxious to shine brightly just now, I will make no special effort to effect a change. One of Dot's assertions is very comforting to me in my present mental state, namely: that egotism is the negative pole of a state of which wise egoism is the positive, and that both are expressed in the order of evolution."

(To Be Continued.)

MY HEART'S CONTROL.

Dear prompting angel of my heart,
Has her sweet presence left my soul?
Didst thou in bitterness depart—
Say! Have I lost my heart's control?
Oft when in life's contending field,
Tempted to err, to reach the goal,
She whispered softly, "Do not yield."
Courage! was spoken to my soul.

Chorus—

Sweet spirit, leave me not alone
Be thou again queen of my soul,
Pity and my offense condone,
Be thou again my heart's control.

Sadly I list when water's flow,
Hearken when ocean billows roll,
Linger when evening zephyrs blow,
No whispered message to my soul.
Say! Will my prompter come again?
Helpless, in doubt, I wander on,
Whispering ever this refrain,
"Lo! Thy guardian spirit gone."

—J. M. Pilcher.

Everywhere and at all times it is in thy power to piously acquiesce in thy present condition, and to behave justly to those who are about thee, and exert thy skill upon thy present thoughts, that nothing shall steal into them without being well examined.—
Marcus Aurelius.

A TABLE FOR HERESY HUNTERS.

Once upon a time a traveler was passing along the highway with a basket of seeds upon his arm. He wore a certain livery and evidently held some official position in the service of the king along whose domain he was journeying. As he passed along, ever and anon he stopped to examine the plants and flowers that grew by the wayside, and whenever he found any plants or seeds that suited his fancy he took note of them and where he could secure some of the seed. Once in a while he opened his basket and gazed admiringly upon his assortment, and whenever a favorable wind sprang up he took a handful of the seeds and cast them upon whatever wind was blowing.

Soon he met another traveler, also wearing the king's livery, and asked him which way he was journeying, what he had in his basket and what he intended doing. The first traveler answered: "These are choice seeds of plants and flowers which I have found. Is it not a fine collection?" And he showed his questioner all his store and seemed very proud of what he had found. "What kind of seeds are they, anyway?" said the second traveler. "Why," said the first traveler, "If I am any judge they are very choice varieties. I have devoted much care and pains to their selection. Some I got in the king's gardens. Some I found in the highway. Some were down in the hedges, overgrown with weeds and brambles. But all of them I have selected for their beauty and fragrance. There is not one that I can not recommend." "But," said the second traveler, "Do you not know that a person wearing the king's livery has not, according to an ancient ordinance of the king's court, any right to gather plants or seeds, or propagate any plants or seeds, outside of the king's gardens? It is an act of great disrespect to his majesty, and I doubt not this act of yours will get you into trouble. Do you not know that such a law exists prohibiting all the king's officials from collecting or propagating seeds not duly catalogued in the book of directions given by the king's commandment?"

"Truly, I know there is such an ancient law," said the first traveler, "but I think I am still in harmony with the spirit of it, for it is a long time since it was given, and I am somewhat afraid errors have been made in transcribing or printing the catalogue, and even if there were not, I am fully convinced that some of the varieties of plants and flowers that formerly were found in the king's gardens are not there now, and I am persuaded also that some undesirable plants and even weeds have got into the garden—perhaps by the carelessness of the gardeners, perhaps by the wind, who knows?—and so I am really in doubt as to which are and which are not the king's flowering plants. So I take for my motto, 'Every choice plant and every fragrant flower belongs to the king, whether in the garden or in the hedges.' So I use my judgment, select carefully, plant the seeds in my own garden, and I tell you, fellow traveler, the plants are fine, very fine, and the flowers are fragrant, very fragrant. Does not this prove they belong to the king?"

"But did I not see you, but a moment ago, scattering some of these wayside seeds on the wind?" said his interrogator. "Truly you did," said the first traveler, "and why not? They are all choice seeds and why should I not wish the whole country to have them?"

"Why, this is rank sedition," said the second traveler. "You are a rebel against the king's commandment. You

deserve summary punishment, and as an officer of the king I will confiscate your basket of seeds. I arrest you in the king's name." And with that he seized him by the throat. "But," said the first traveler, "this is the king's highway, and I will submit to no indignity. I am a free man and no man shall restrain my freedom." By this time they had reached an eminence and a great crowd of spectators, attracted by the altercation, had gathered around them, and in the fracas that ensued, a high wind having meantime sprung up, the basket of seeds was upset and the wind carried them all over the king's gardens and the surrounding country.

And the following season these wayside plants and flowers were found everywhere throughout that country and were much esteemed for their beauty and fragrance. Then did that overzealous official of the king regret his folly and rashness.

(Written by a Methodist minister accused of heresy.)

NO "USANS," "YOU-UNS" OF "WE-UNS" FOR US.

An English correspondent says that it takes too much time, exertion and ink to speak and write the "citizens of the United States," and he proposes that the people of this country be called "Usans." It is customary, he remarks, for the sake of brevity, to print the three letters "U. S. A.," for the "United States of America." He thinks that this republic should be called "Usa," and its inhabitants "Usans." There are, he says, as many separate nations or governments as there are in Europe, and he does not see the propriety of calling citizens of the United States exclusively American. As well might the word "Europeans" be applied solely to Spaniards. He suggests that if one or two of the daily papers would make use of the word "Usa" when alluding to that part of America which is comprised in the United States, the word 'Usa' would be found so convenient that it would very quickly be generally adopted."

Many times has the suggestion been made that the inhabitants of the United States be given some other name than Americans. The proposition to call us Columbians has met with some favor, but the word "Americans" seems to stick, and it is not likely to be exchanged for any other. Custom has established it, and it answers all practical purposes.

It is true that there are other Americans outside of the United States, but they are sufficiently distinguished by such names as "Central Americans," "South Americans" and by other names which are fixed by usage, such as "Canadians," "Mexicans," etc. The United States is the principal nation of this hemisphere, and the name which has been applied to its inhabitants, from the time this government was founded and long before, is not likely to be given up for any such miserable, meaningless designation as "Usans."

No "Usans" nor "You-uns" nor "We-uns" for us! The beautiful name "Americans" suits us very well, and we will keep it.

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Dr. Sven Hedin will start for Thibet early next spring. He engaged in a remarkably journey across Asia from west to east a few years ago, and made some striking discoveries, among which were the ruins, in one of the deserts of Chinese Turkestan, of some Buddhist cities antedating the Mohammedan invasion.

THE LIVING TEMPLE OR THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN—By Dr. C. H. T. Bentou. 10 cents.

STILL DISCUSSING IT.

Who lives in a glass house? And who has been throwing stones? Neither one applies to me, although I see some one says he thinks so, and I did not say I read the socialists' opinions in any book.

The article by a Mr. Rathkopf was what I considered rude and uncalled for, so I paid no attention to it, until a friend sent me the clipping marked, and on the margin wrote, "Yes, what books?" I will refer the question to Mr. Rathkopf. Perhaps he knows to what he refers. Certainly I spoke of no book.

What I asked was this: why there was so much talk, ranting, and so little voting. I might have condensed my whole article into the quotation, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" and have saved space.

I believe in government ownership of railroads, express, and telegraph. I asked why the voters did not talk less in that pessimist's fashion that sours the very heart of all who do it, and organize, concentrate on first one reform and then another, and vote.

I say I believe in government ownership. I imagine that it would be well now—not a hundred years ago, or fifty even, but now, for the government to own all these. "What is every one's business is no one's work" would have been true of government ownership of railroads a hundred years ago. Only the consolidation of great capital by the individual would have pushed the building of railroads to the extent they have now reached.

I believe in municipal ownership of street car lines, water supply and lighting. Why does not every agitator stop grumbling—it is the peevish, pessimistic, faultfinding spirit that I object to, it ruins those who harbor it—and go cheerily at work to get his city to buy up the street car lines?

But after all it is the individual that is wrong. When the hearts of men are right, all else will be. When we have fully accepted the law of the Brotherhood of man, we will need no statutory laws. And until we do, we could not live up to any ideal of socialism or communism. Take Crocker for a shining example. How many of us are willing to work hard and faithfully, as we do work, and then be one of a community of such characters? It is true that all mankind; that all people, are progressing. It is quite as true that we have not yet arrived at perfection, and the reformation will not come through law and outside force, but in the hearts of the people.

I have never favored trusts or monopolies, but I will honestly give even "the devil his due." I said that these very monopolies laid down the articles of consumption at the door of the consumer at a much lower price than individual concerns would. That is true, and should be admitted. And I have yet to find the first socialist who refuses to buy goods at a department store, or oil of the Standard Oil company. There could be no monopolies if the people were not all eager, one as much as the other, to buy at the lowest price.

I believe Mr. R. very politely says I, "rant senselessly." Personalities are always rude, Mr. R., but I do not rant. I watch the eager socialist as he hurries to the counter of the greatest monopoly in town. But I say nothing. It would seem fair and honest to buy at the lowest market price.

And then I see the head of a great monopoly make "thank offerings" to God, for health, and make great gifts—widely advertised—to colleges and public institutions, while I know his workmen's wages are cut down to the lowest possible notch. Still I have nothing to say. I wonder if God may

not "look in the mouth" of that "gift horse," the thank offering.

But to myself I say, "In the onward march of progress for the race, old mistakes must be outgrown, and new ideas must be tried. The struggle for improvement must forever be kept up, only in that way can we improve; but Lord of the eternal years, help us to purge our hearts of bickerings, of all unkindness, of pessimism and of grumbling, of envy, covetousness and selfishness, one with another."

This is where the trouble lies, in the hearts of men. Ye, the hearts of men are wrong not because they wish to be, but because they do not perceive the truth. They know no better.

ROSE EVANGELINE ANGEL.

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The officers are: Mrs. M. E. Williams of New York city, president; Richard Fuller Woodward, vice president; Edward A. Spring, secretary; Judge D. D. McKoon, treasurer.

Correspondence is invited from those who would like to spend a season at the nation's metropolis and from lecturers, speakers and psychics whose time is not filled. Address all communications to

RICHARD FULLER WOODWARD, Vice President, Richmond P. O., New York City, U. S. A.

The senses minister to a mind. They do not know. At a moment in our history the mind's eye opens, and we become aware of spiritual facts, of rights, of duties, of thoughts—a thousand faces of one essence. We call the essence Truth; the particular aspects of it we call thoughts. These facts, this essence, are not new; they are old and eternal, but our seeing them is new. Having seen them, we are no longer brute lumps whirled by Fate, but we pass into the council chamber and government of nature. In so far as we see them we show their life and sovereignty.—Emerson.

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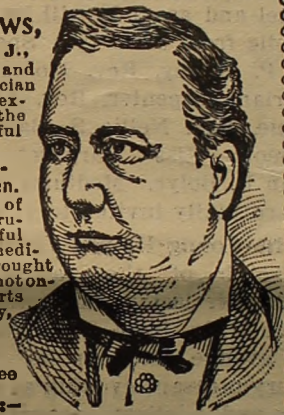
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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE:

During the month of May Prof. W. F. Peck is lecturing in Quincy, Ill.

The Coming Light, San Francisco, has been absorbed by The Arena, Boston.

The dedication of the Spiritual Temple at Fort Worth, Tex., will take place June 4.

F. Cordon White and wife have located for the season in their elegant home at Lily Dale.

Mrs. Olive Louise Grassie, known to the literary world as "Lewise Oliver," passed away at Lily Dale, April 24th.

Mr. E. J. Chase and wife are making a good success of the Buffalo Spiritual society, cor. Cedar and Eagle streets.

The Spiritualist Training school will open its third session on May 30 and continue until July 14 at Maple Dell Park, Mantua, O.

Rev. Mrs. H. S. Lake has aroused much interest in Olympia, Wash., where she is speaking, each Sunday, in the Unitarian church.

The tenth annual meeting of the National Spiritual and Religious Camp association of Ashley, O., will commence August 6 and close August 27.

Lyman C. Howe will speak at the annual June picnic at Lily Dale, June 9, 10 and 11; also at the new camp in Michigan near Old Mission, July 10 to 25.

The second annual convention of the New York State Association of Spiritualists is in session this week—Friday, Saturday and Sunday—at Saratoga, N. Y.

Mrs. Dr. W. Von Kanzler, lecturer and clairvoyant, is now located at Fulton, N. Y. She will lecture for societies and officiate at funerals, and asks for correspondence.

Rev. Harry J. Moore, 1707 S. Madison street, Muncie, Ind., writes that he is open for engagements for October and November, and would like to correspond with societies.

There will be a Spiritualist grove meeting at East Trumbull, O., near Hon. O. P. Kellogg's home, on Sunday, May 28. The speakers engaged are Hon. O. P. Kellogg, Dr. D. M. King and others.

The Queen City society, cor. Court and Main streets, Buffalo, N. Y., are doing as well as the other two societies, and have good audiences. Miss Gussie Taylor, lecturer; Mrs. Chamberlain, medium.

E. R. Kidd writes: I am now hustling up the picnic business for Lake Brady. Have some large picnics booked and will book quite a number of others before June 1st for June, July and August.

The Erie Railroad company will sell tickets from Cleveland to Mantua, O., and return on account of the National Spiritual and Religious Camp association at the rate of 90 cents for adults and 45 cents for children.

Rev. E. W. Sprague and wife closed their engagement with the F. S. S. T. C., New Philadelphia, O., giving entire satisfaction to the society. Mr. G. W. Way, trance medium, of Wheeling, W. Va., is expected there in the near future.

The Vicksburg (Mich.) camp will open Aug. 5, 1899, and continue to the 23th. Speakers and mediums for the camp are as follows: O. A. Edgerly, A. E. Tisdale, Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, W. J. Colville, Mrs. Marion Carpenter, D. P. Dewey.

The Leolyn Hotel, Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., announcement has been issued.

It comprises a neat booklet of sixteen pages and cover and has some exceedingly handsome views of the hotel and its surroundings, as well as a description of the immediate vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Storrs were appointed delegates by the recent Connecticut state convention to the National Spiritualists' association convention to be held in Chicago next October, with Mrs. Flavia Thrall and Mr. G. W. Burnham as alternates.

The Woman's Congress at Onset Bay will be held Aug. 10, 11 and 12, at which Mrs. Carrie Pratt of Boston will preside and the National Young People's Spiritualists' Union will hold a convention Aug. 25 and 26. I. C. I. Evans of Washington, D. C., presiding.

The First Church of Spiritual Unity of St. Louis, Mo., closed regular meetings the last Sunday in April and will resume the first Sunday in October. The society has voted the plan of a settled speaker a success, and Prof. W. F. Peck will continue as their speaker.

J. C. F. Grumbine has opened permanent services in Syracuse, N. Y., in rooms 430-432 University block, Sundays at 7:30 p. m. and 10:30 a. m., where he will lecture through May, June and July. He lectures under the auspices of the Order of the White Rose, who pay all of his expenses.

The Island Lake camp at Island Lake, Mich., will commence Sunday, July 16th, and close July 31st. The hotel and grounds will be open to the public from June 1st. Speakers: Rev. D. P. Dewey, Rev. Moses Hull, Rev. Marian Carpenter, Rev. Annie L. Gillespie, Rev. Nellie S. Baade, Mary C. Lincoln, Miss Margaret Gaule, Mr. John D. Bolye. Mediums of all phases are cordially invited to visit the camp.

The Young People's Progressive Social club of the Washington Union held their last weekly meeting at the home of Dr. Jacob Swanson, 1728 Clinton avenue, Minneapolis. They spent a very pleasant evening at cards, dancing, and a short program was rendered. Dr. N. F. Ravlin, pastor of the society, and wife, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Pruden and sixty of the younger members were present. The next meeting will be held at the home of Miss H. Lundmark, 905 Fifth avenue north, on Tuesday, May 23d.

H. F. Coates writes: I beg to announce that I have discontinued my Sunday evening circles on account of Dr. S. P. Cady and myself taking Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove avenue, Chicago, but would be pleased to have you present and hear the lectures on Bible Spiritualism. Meetings will be held in the hall each Sunday at 3 and 8 p. m. sharp. Tests and good music; all seats free. Mediums invited to come and take part. Circles at 2541 Indiana avenue, every evening except Saturday and Sunday. Private sittings each day from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

The Zoo Park Spiritual camp will hold their annual meeting at their park near Springfield, Mo., July 15th to 31st. The officers are: F. J. Underwood, president; Capt. S. C. Mills, vice president; O. H. McMurray, financial secretary; J. M. Mitchell, corresponding secretary; Ida Mills, assistant secretary; E. R. Huxley, treasurer. The following speakers and mediums have been secured: Cora L. V. Richmond, Josie K. Folsom, D. W. Hull, C. W. Stewart, C. M. Folsom. Mediums of different phases are invited to correspond with J. M. Mitchell, Sec., 1132 Roberson ave., Springfield, Mo.

C. H. T. Benton, Cor. Sec., writes as follows of the Mediums' Home, 3310½ Rhodes Ave., Chicago: Here is a haven of rest where all is love and harmony, and also a home where Spiritualists can come and pay their way at a minimum cost and be in the congenial

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The Editor of the "Nonconformist," Mr. C. Vincent, is one of the "Vincent Boys" who made the first hot fight for reform in Kansas in the latter eighties and early nineties. His face was included in the group of earnest reformers pictured in "Imperiled Republic" that appeared in these columns in the early winter. The "Nonconformist" has a circulation in forty-five States and Territories. Price \$1 a year. Send for sample copy.

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atmosphere of the spiritual forces. We also welcome transients and strangers, for if any such only come for a few days they will be sure to be in attendance on some of our seances. With the united efforts of our coworkers we shall soon get donations to build a home that shall redound to the glory of Spiritualism, and we have already rented another house in connection with this, our first and present home, to accommodate our many applicants for moderate, pleasant home accommodations. Correspondence solicited with all interested (enclose stamp).

The Onset Bay season will open July 9 and close Aug. 27. Onset is located 50 miles from Boston on the Cape Cod division of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Street cars connect with trains at Onset Junction for the camp grounds. The steamers make regular trips to Gay Head, Cottage City, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, affording a delightful sail on the waters. The shell roads are magnificent for driving and bicycle riding. The speakers engaged are: Dr. George A. Fuller, Juliette Yeaw, Kate R. Stiles, C. Fannie Allyn, A. P. Blinn, Rev. T. E. Allen, A. E. Tisdale, Sarah E. Byrnes, W. F. Peck, Carrie Twing, J. C. F. Grumbine, Mrs. Ressegue, F. A. Wiggin, W. W. Hicks, Mrs. Lease, Susie C. Clark, H. D. Barrett, W. J. Colville and others. J. Homer Altemus, Mr. Wiggin and Mrs. Loring will be the message mediums, while A. J. Maxham will have charge of the vocal music.

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DEMATERIALIZATION OF A MEDIUM.

A Parisian newspaper (The Gaulois) of the 7th of January contains a communication by M. Charles Lonon descriptive of phenomena similar to that observed by Count Aksakof in his new work on Partial Dematerialization of a Medium's Body. The narrative is to the following effect:

"This is what one of our collaborators, in the presence of Col. de Rochas, obtained the other day, not in his own laboratory, but in the salon of one of our most noted Parisians. The only object of the assemblage was to show how a subject, suitably hypnotized, could translate, by her countenance and her gestures, the sentiments conveyed by music. It was intended on this evening to photograph the expressive gestures of Lina; and the plates destined for publication in the Sunday edition of The Gaulois, were meant to serve simply as examples of attitudes and posing. But two instantaneous impressions taken during the experiment disclosed a most curious thing.

"In the first, Lina, thrown into trance by Col. de Rochas, is dancing, attired in white. The lower part of the robe on the right is very distinct; while the front portion is confused, and seems to be veiled by some visible fluid of a spectral aspect, which appears to melt, in some way, into the surrounding atmosphere. Across this etherealized body, and almost for the entire length of the image, are distinctly apparent the varnished framework and arabesque ornaments of a door in the wall, that is to say, the wall itself is photographed through the body of the medium, which has become fluidic.

"The second instantaneous plate is more remarkable still. Here the head of the subject disappears as if volatilized, under perfectly clear and luminous curving undulations, almost parallel to and springing from her shoulders to the ceiling. The hands fused in the circuits of the emanation, seem both of them to feed the mysterious source and to confound themselves in its outflow. A blackish form appears to occupy the place of the head, and of the upper opening of a window of a Moorish pattern. The fluidic head of the subject is therefore a species of transparent wave, through which the lower part of the wall is completely visible."

A reproduction of the second photograph verifies the accuracy of the foregoing description in every particular. The body of the medium, seen in profile, and the folds of the drapery, are clearly defined; but the figure looks exactly as if it had been decapitated; while the arms, which are uplifted, terminate above the elbow, and nothing more of them is visible. They seem, like the witches in Macbeth, to have "made themselves in air." Three ribands of light fell, like a garland, on to her left shoulder; and while the background, on one side of her, is perfectly dark, on the other you can see the mouldings and the up-spring of the horse-shoe arch of a Moorish window.

Commenting upon this remarkable phenomenon, the editor of the Rivista di Studi Psichici remarks: "If it may be admitted that photography reproduces an object invisible to the human eye (which it does in the case of numberless stars), and if it may be conceded that the body of a medium dematerializes, wholly or in part, and disappears—as we have seen examples of its so doing in previous numbers—or if it is so subtilized as to become transparent; and if there is no illusion with respect to the head of the medium, on the part of the spectators,

may that not be, in reality, hidden by the luminous ribands, which are revealed by the photographic apparatus?"

In the meanwhile we must look forward to fuller and more scientific details, when Col. de Rochas publishes his report on the subject.

AFFAIRS IN LOUISVILLE, KY.

Since our return here Dr. Wheeler has opened the church of Spirit Communion, at Liberty Hall, on Walnut street, between Second and Third, where we are holding services every Sunday night. We are now located in our little home at 815 Jackson street, where we will be pleased to have all mediums and strangers visiting this city call upon us.

Mrs. Mary Garratt has closed the Independent Mutual church and gone home to Cincinnati, O., to rest during the hot season. Her many friends were pleased with her work here and wish her abundant success wherever she goes. Dr. McAbey's church is meeting with success, and the People's church, under the auspices and good management of Val Speed and W. C. Mann. They have purchased a church on Clay street, which will be dedicated Sunday afternoon, May 21st. Dr. Wheeler's church, also Dr. McAbey's, will join in union at the dedication, after which each church will take its particular work again at their respective places. The people of Louisville are alive to the great truths of spirit return.

MRS. K. M. WHEELER.

JUST OUT.

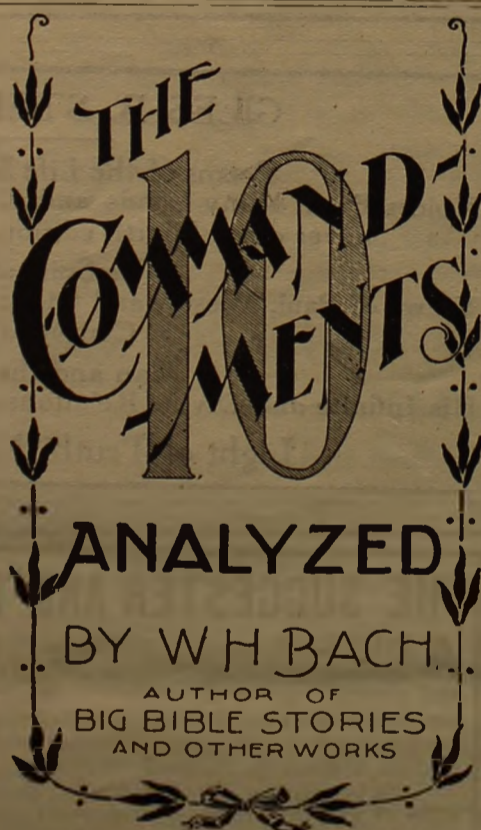
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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR DELPHA PEARL HUGHES

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour"

Address all Communications for this Department to its Editress, "Aunt Rose,"
Box 65, Rollin, Michigan.

THE CEDAR TREE.

One day I was cutting
My little Joe's hair—
The locks in the fire
I threw from my chair.
"O mother! don't burn them!
Don't burn them!" said he;
'I'll throw them out under
The green cedar tree."

And then when the springtime
And flowers have come,
And our dear little Chippies
Fly back to their home,
They won't have to hunt
For a lining, you see,
To their snug little nests
In the green cedar tree.

So I cut off the hair
From his roguish young head,
And dropped it all into
His kerchief of red;
And when I was done,
With a light laugh of glee,
He shook it out under
The green cedar tree.

I forgot all about it,
Till, one pleasant day,
I sat with my knitting
A-watching the play
Of Joe with his ball,
And old Ponto, in glee,
On the grass just below,
'Neath the green cedar tree.

All at once came a chirping—
I looked up, and there
Were our birdies, just building
Their wee house with care;
With the bright golden locks
They were making quite free.
As they lay 'mong the grass
Near the green cedar tree.

Soon the work was all finished
And there, mid the green,
Was the prettiest bird's nest
I ever had seen.
Lined with Joe's golden hair,
As "cute as could be"—
And the old ones looked proud
In the green cedar tree.

Mrs. Chip laid four eggs
In the soft little nest;
And while she sat o'er them
Mr. Chip chipped his best—
Till four little birdies
Set both of them free,
And sent them seed-hunting
Around the green tree.

Now girlie, the moral
That I would impart,
Is, always be careful
And kindly of heart.
Think of little Joe's hair,
And be saving as he,
For the good of the birds
In the green cedar tree.

For kindness and goodness
Are better than curls
Or beautiful dresses
For bright little girls.
And, summer or winter,
I'm sure they will be
As lively and fresh
As our green cedar tree.

—Aunt Fanny.

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

It is very gratifying to Aunt Rose to know that you have all taken so much interest in her humble efforts to entertain you, and while circumstances have sometimes seemed to conspire to delay the appearance of your welcome letters, the delay has always been unintentional and unavoidable. Hereafter, I promise that your letters shall take precedence over anything else that may be seeking the light, and I shall hope to have them appear more promptly.

I also take this opportunity to thank the many uncles and aunts who have manifested an interest in us, and we

shall be pleased to receive contributions from them at any time.

It is almost camp season again. Of course many of you are looking forward with happy anticipations to a pleasant sojourn in some sylvan retreat. Perhaps you will meet some of your children's Hour cousins while there. We shall expect you to repeat your experiences quite fully.

A few days since I had occasion to call at a physician's office, and not finding him at home, concluded to await his return. I had hardly seated myself and taken up a magazine that lay near, when the doctor's little "sun-beam" came toddling in to make friends with the stranger, and I am sure some of her funny questions and sayings will interest you.

Having informed me that she would be just "free years old nex' munfth," she anxiously inquired:

"Is 'ur wife sick?" And when informed to the contrary she must ask in the same manner of every relation she could call to mind, evidently satisfied that some of my people must be ill, or I would not wish to see her father.

"Has 'ou any 'ittle boys? Has 'ou any 'ittle girls? Would 'ou like me?" To the last, of course, I assured her I would like just such a little girl. But she soon dispelled the golden hopes she had aroused by enquiring, "Has 'ou dot a high-chair?" and when I had to reply in the negative she "dessed" she'd stay where there was a high-chair."

Soon espying an opened letter on the window sill she exclaimed: "Why! I'd fordot that letter from dramma, I dess I'll read it to 'ou." Then, perching herself in her papa's big chair, she spread the sheet on the table before her and commenced very slowly to read, "I'se fixed a box full of fried takes and tandy for Dretchen and are turning to bring it," then, turning the paper first one way and then another as though she could not see the words, she finally looked up with the most roguish expression imaginable and remarked confidentially, "I tant seem to make up anyfing more."

Seeing a little powder on the table, she gravely tore up pieces of paper and divided it very carefully upon them, and was just telling me "'Ou must take one every night," when her papa walked in and interrupted her farther directions.

Knowing something of the history of the little maid, and that she was a waif of unknown parentage, whom these kind people had rescued in infancy, I could not help but notice the proud and happy expression on the father's face as his eyes rested on the sunny curls of his darling, and was sure he did not regret the kind act, for truly the bread cast upon the waters was already returning an hundred fold.

Hoping, amid the manifold pleasures of the gladsome summer time, the Children's Hour will still retain its place in your thoughts, and that we shall hear from the cousins far and near, I remain,

Yours, lovingly,
AUNT ROSE.

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Write for sample copy, mentioning this journal. Address

SUGGESTER AND THINKER PUB. CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

A VAIN REGRET.

On rainy days I often wish
That I were a little fish,
For then my mother would not fret,
About my getting somewhat wet.

"A bit of sunshine warmed by spring.

A heart of song, a fluff of feather,
A wing put here, and there a wing,
A breath blown in—all kitted together
With sweet low croon of half-heard words—
This was the way Love made his birds!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Convention of the American Unitarian association, Boston, Mass., May 30th.

The dock situation at Buffalo is worse than at any time since the trouble began.

Princeton students and Pawnee Bill's wild west show engaged in a fight on the streets of Princeton.

General Gomez has declined to further co-operate with General Brooke in disarming and paying the Cubans. Quarreling among the Cuban "generals" threatens to deprive the Cubans of the \$3,000,000 sent there to pay the army off.

A bill in the house of commons to discipline the ritualists of the Church of England for Romish practices was voted down.

Baron Hey zu Herrnshein, the National Liberal member of the German reichstag, has donated three million marks toward the tuberculosis asylum movement.

The complete skeleton of a mastodon has been exhumed near Roxbury, Virginia, and the authorities of William and Mary College have taken steps to secure it.

The losses by fire in the United States and Canada during the first four months of the present year exceed those of the same period of last year by \$12,000,000.

The Paris Figaro has printed at length the evidence given before the court of cassation in the Dreyfus revision proceedings, and now sums it up and reaches the conclusion that Dreyfus is innocent.

Mr. Ogden Mills, the son of Mr. D. O. Mills, of "Mills House" fame, together with Mr. Ernest Flagg, the architect of the Mills houses, is to erect a group of fireproof model tenement houses in New York.

Whatever may be said of the Salvation Army since it began business in the United States, evidence abounds to the amount of \$275,000 worth of property which it controls—that it has not lost sight of the main chance.

The Filipino junta at London has received the following message from Aguinaldo, cabled from Hong Kong under date of May 12: "The Filipino government, in accordance with the general feeling of the country, has decided to continue the war at all costs until independence is secured."

The congressional finance committee is preparing a bill that will fasten the gold standard still more firmly upon the United States. It also provides for the retirement of "greenbacks," and their destruction, and also for chartering national banks in small towns with a capital of \$25,000. All national banks will be allowed to issue notes to the full value of their bonds.

Notwithstanding that he believes it to be full of errors, Dr. Briggs knelt before Bishop Potter, May 14, and accepted from him a copy of the Bible while the latter said, "Receive the Holy Ghost," etc. All the High Church priests who objected to Briggs' ordination absented themselves, so that the presence of the large squad of police which had been called out was not needed.

CUT THIS OUT
and send with it \$2.00 and we will send you Light of Truth and The Coming Age for a year.

THE WAY TO PEACE.

If Mr. W. T. Stead will show his friend, the czar, the following paragraph from Dr. William Sharp's great poem, "The Conqueror's Dream," he will confer a favor on the Light of Truth. It is also respectfully dedicated as the Light of Truth offering to the Peace conference at The Hague.

Lessen somewhat, if that indeed thou canst
The sum inordinate or human woe;
The groaning millions succor and restrain;
Protect man 'gainst himself, his greatest foe.

Nor grieve too much where imperfections reign.
That things are not as perfect as they ought;

For evils necessarily will abound,
Do what thou wilt; thy office is the proof,
The proof that knavery and liberty
Are by their nature incompatible.

But further, too, and more important far
Thou hast the power, impossible till now,
But rendered feasible in this, our age,
To benefit humanity at large,

And that no transient but a lasting boon,
If thou wouldst seize the opportunity,
No longer needed on the battlefield,
A greater army thou art called to lead—
The wealth-producing army of the state.

Be master of the labor of the realm;
Conserve its energy, long gone to waste;
Compel men to serve within its ranks
Until promoted to some special grade,
As choice of each and aptitude shall fix.

Teach all thy people that the rudest serf,
Who daily at his mental office toils,
Is greater far, a nobler man in truth,
Than he, the Count, who lives in idleness,
or million-hair, who steals by "law" and grows

Still richer by his grinding of the poor.
Ennobel labor as its chief and head,
Its organizer on a grander scale
Conducive to that social brotherhood,
Long deemed a dream but tangible at last,
If it be made compulsory a time

Till men, by higher education taught,
Find that their weal lies in their unity,
Concerted action on the labor field.
Then will the struggle for existence cease,
With all its ills—its vile chicanery,
Fierce competition and the greed of gain;
The fear of want, strife, selfishness and force.

Class hatreds and barbarity that make
A hell of earth where happiness should reign.

Then will at once a higher culture raise
Beyond all hopes the standard of our race:
For love shall conquer enmity and hate,
And seal the bonds of equal brotherhood.
Then may the office of the Autocrat,
To thee so burdensome, be laid aside.

When thou shalt merge into the citizen,
A private man, yet greater than the king,
The potentate to whom the people bowed,
So shalt thou earn the gratitude of men,
And future ages will thy praises sing!

Class hatreds and barbarity that make
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THE HEARTH-SONGSTER.

Sitting in a lonely chamber,
All without was dark and dreary
Not a sound or stir within—
Sleep was naught, yet feeling weary,
I began to long and pine
For a sound of any kind.

Then, as if my wish was answered
By a song, familiar, old—
One that all have heard so often;
One that many a tale has told—
Tales of love, of pleasure, pain,
Tales of profit and of gain—

A song that has to wondrous power
Led the world, and gave to man
His greatest aid to living progress—
His master, yet his helping hand,
The singer, though a man of metal,
Is called by all the world: Tea kettle!

—Arthur F. Milton.

It is not enough that the conditions for work are concentrated in a mass, in the shape of capital, at the one pole of society, while at the other are grouped masses of men who have nothing to sell but their labor-power. Neither is it enough that these are compelled to sell it voluntarily. The advance of capitalist production develops a working class which, by education, tradition, habit, looks upon the conditions of that mode of production as self-evident laws of nature.—Carl Marx.

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