

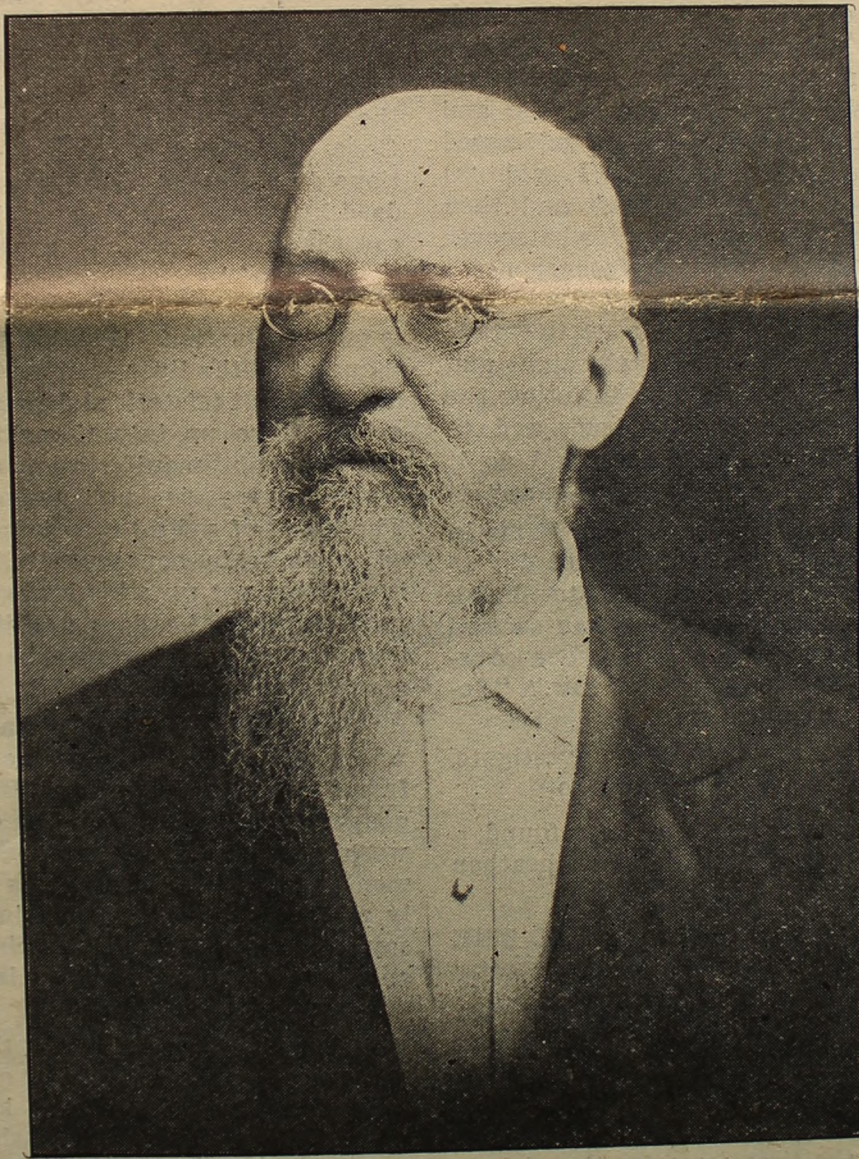
Light of Truth

Natl Spiritual Assn
600 Penna Av S E
1-23-98

VOL. XXV.

JULY 8, 1899.

NO. 14



DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

HARPER ILLS. SYN. COLS. O.C.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

SOME OF MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

(By Moses Hull.)

Be it remembered that while this argument was going through my mind I was trying to pray all the while. But my prayer would not stay by me, and in spite of myself I was listening to and trying to answer these new arguments suggested apparently from some outside source. I seemed to come to my other self enough to faintly realize what I was doing, and to see that if I continue on in that way of thinking I would soon find myself swamped in what I then believed was infidelity, and as a result would end in hell. I said to myself, "This is the devil." I summoned all my courage and will power and said to these thoughts, "Get thee behind me, Satan."

Then something suggested to me, "You pray for light, and when your prayer is answered, and light begins to come you call it the devil, and bid it depart. You are now going to your tent to ask your hearers to think and to take the consequences of their thoughts; you intend to tell them that there is nothing on earth so noble as the man who dares to think for himself and to act on his thoughts. How would you feel if your audience could look into your interior self and see that you dare not do the thing which you ask them to do? Now please face the thoughts or else instead of telling the people to think, tell them that thoughts are dangerous things and that you, yourself, dare not think."

This seemed cruel; something which I almost thought was my other self held me up before myself; I could see that it was a tussle between prejudice on the one hand and principle on the other. I was not long in resolving that I would face the thought, and I said to this intruder on my devotions, "Well, you have spoiled my prayer, now say on."

Then the question came up, where is the identity of man? How will the post mortem man recognize himself as having been the ante-mortem man? The identity cannot be in the body, for I could plainly see that in that case, every time I went into the barber shop and got a shave or a hair cut I lost a part of my essential self. Every time I pared my finger or toe nails I took away something which, perhaps, went into my mouth as beef steak or potatoes—that we were continually passing away—that there was probably not a particle of the same matter about me that there was when "once upon a time" I was converted and called to preach. Identity could not be in the body, I soon saw that. But if the mind is not an entity, how can it have identity?

I then saw for the moment, that if Adventism was right, it was wrong; and if it was not right, it was nearly as far wrong. It then seemed to me that man must be immortal here or he could by no possibility be taken over into the next world. As the light began to dawn I again said, "This won't do." If I follow this train of thought, no matter what its source, I shall be logically compelled to give up Adventism. Then the thought came to me, the Adventists are a good people; they are honest; they all love me with

a pure and devoted love; they have no doubt of the truth of their theories; what would they think of me if they knew I was doubting? No, I will not doubt. "To reason is to doubt," is a Catholic proverb; I will not reason. By this time I had got half way back to the tent and the audience was beginning to assemble; this silent voice again said: "You hypocrite, don't you dare to go into that tent and ask the people to reason—to think—until you become man enough to face a thought."

I then vowed I would think—I would follow my thought, let it lead me where it would; I would speak and act upon my highest thought. I said, "Now, Moses Hull, I've got you and I will fasten you." I went to our tent writing desk and took out some paper and wrote a heading: "A Covenant With Almighty God." When I had written it I looked at it, and said to myself, "Possibly there is no God; I have now planted my feet in the path of reason; I may reason God out of existence." So I scratched that heading out, and said, "There is something; I must make a covenant that will hit any power that is greater, better and purer than I am." I then addressed my covenant differently. I said, "O Lord, God, Allah, Brahm," and then added, "Whosoever or whatsoever thou art, and by whatsoever name thou art known among the children of men; I ask thee to show me the way; I ask thee to lead me to the light and the truth. I will promise to follow the truth wherever it may lead, and to preach and practice it though I do it with both knees and elbows bare."

To that pledge I signed my name in large, plain letters. From that day to this, whenever I have felt to shrink from my duty, something has seemed to say to me, "Remember your covenant." "Remember your vow." "Remember your pledge."

I now stood pledged to investigate, to read, to think; in short, to

"Search for truth wherever found, Whether on Christian or on heathen ground."

THE JAMIESON DEBATE AND THE VOICE.

Before holding the debate with Mr. Jones I had settled the preliminaries for a discussion to be held with W. F. Jamieson at Pawpaw, Mich, in October following.

When the time came for that debate I went to Pawpaw with many misgivings. I was not sure but that Mr. Jamieson was right and I was wrong; I went praying for light. On the way to the discussion I quoted to myself perhaps an hundred times, "If any man will do his will he shall know the doctrine." Over and over I said, "I accept that challenge; I will do his will; lead me to know the doctrine." I re-pledged myself to preach and practice whatever light was given me.

Jamieson is a born gentleman, I thought that as soon as we met. Nearly 40 years' acquaintance with him has served to confirm that opinion. I invited Mr. Jamieson to dine with me the next day after the debate began; after dinner we walked out into the woods; there I said to Mr. Jamieson, "I am now going to say to you what debaters often say in public, but seldom mean; that is, I am debating not

for victory, but for truth. When the preliminaries for this discussion were settled, early in the spring, I had not one doubt but that I was wholly in the right and you wholly in the wrong; but certain things have occurred since that time which makes me think that I may not be quite correct in my opinions — at least what was once positive truth to me is now at best only an opinion. I may be all in the wrong; if I am I want to know it; and I here pledge myself to do the best I can to sustain my side of this question, but if I find I am wrong, I am as fully pledged to drop my errors and take hold of the truth."

I think Mr. Jamieson appreciated what I said, and believed me; his spirit, his kindness and manifest fairness proved to me that he was honest; I fully believed in him as an honest and intelligent gentleman. I still believe him to be honest.

ANOTHER MANIFESTATION.

Here I was destined to meet another manifestation which I could not overcome; Jamieson quoted largely from Mrs. Crowe, William Howitt, Robert Dale Owen and others. He proved so positively the reality of the manifestations that I could not deny them and then ask him to accept my Christianity on the testimony of those who witnessed biblical miracles.

To this I replied that I could save my respondent the trouble of making further quotations in that direction by admitting it all; while some of the supposed facts he used might be somewhat exaggerated, there was enough truth in them to justify a belief that the world was full of such manifestations. But said I, these manifestations do not come from the dead. "The dead know not anything. Then how can they come back and produce these phenomena?"

"Mind," said I, "is not an entity; it is only a function. 'The brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile.' The brain takes beefsteak and potatoes and grinds them up into thought. There can be no manifestation of mind where there is no active brain. The blood of a dead man is not pumped to his brain, consequently his brain does not run; his brain does not run, therefore he does not think; he does not think, therefore he can not move tables, rap or write."

"The only question remaining is, where do these manifestations come from?" I will answer in Bible language: "They are the spirits of devils working miracles." I stopped a moment, when I heard a voice as distinctly as I ever heard anything in my life say, "If the dead can not think without brains how can devils think without brains?"

In more than one sense of the word this voice staggered me. I at once saw the logical trap I was in. I knew almost nothing about mediumship, and supposed that Jamieson being a medium heard that voice; he would state it to the audience. I would admit that I heard it.

(To Be Continued.)

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* 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 beautiful story by Helen H. Gardner, entitled "An Unofficial Patriot," has been dramatized by James A. Herne, the writer of "Shore Acres," and presented by him to the public at the Lafayette theater, Washington, D. C.

ECHOES FROM THE WORLD OF SONG
—By C. Payson Longley. \$1.

CONVINCING PSYCHIC FACTS.

By G. B. Stebbins.

In his noble poem, In Memoriam, sacred to his friend Hallam, Tennyson says:

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside,
And I shall know him when we
meet."

The true poet is a spiritual philosopher. The fragmentary ideas of reincarnation, souls flitting from person to person, he has no use for.

Years ago I met George Redman, a total stranger, in a city distant from my home. As I stepped into his room he looked up and said: "I saw a spirit form come in with you," and described my mother as perfectly as I could have done. I sat down opposite him at a table, giving no sign or response as to his description, and he took a sheet of paper and wrote, rapidly, a message of motherly affection, with correct allusions to family incidents, and signed her name. I still made no sign of response or denial, and messages, characteristic in thought and style, and marked by like private and family allusions, came with the signature of my father and sister. Some of these, too, were written each line from right to left, or backward.

I once told a friend of a spirit artist, and he mailed a letter three hundred miles, to a stranger, asking for a portrait of his son, whose age and time of departure he gave. Months after, at their home, his wife showed me the portrait, sent them by mail, a month after they wrote, and which was recognized by others of the family, who knew not of its coming or that it had been sent for. There was no other portrait, and never had been. This was a highly intelligent and spiritually gifted family. A daughter, twelve years old, a natural seer or clairvoyant, had told her mother, months before, of seeing a boy at her bedroom door, and described this brother, who passed away before she was born. When his picture came, and the family were looking at it, this guileless child came in, looked over her mother's shoulder and said, thoughtfully, "Mamma, that is the boy I saw at my door."

There came also to them a fine likeness, both in pencil, half life-size, of another son, whose portrait they had not asked for nor sent his name.

Possibly some may say these wondrous facts sometimes come of some mesmeric rapport or mind-reading. Even if it can, careful investigation will show, what I have found, personal intelligence distinct from that of any one present, cognizing facts of which no one had knowledge, and which were contrary to their views and thoughts.

In December, 1878, I visited Mrs. Simpson, a medium in Chicago, a Frenchwoman from New Orleans, whom I only met once, the night before, a few moments, in a large company, and who had no outward means of knowing my family or relatives. She held a slate under a small table, without drawers or moulding, by placing her open hand under the slate and so pressing it up against the lower side of the table, her other hand in full sight and a small bit of pencil on the slate—all in full daylight, and I sitting by her side. Sometimes I held the slate under the table, in the same way, she touching the end which projected out, so that both her hands were in my sight, yet I heard the pencil move over the slate, and the messages came all the same as when she held it, yet not so forcibly or rapidly.

My uncle, Calvin Stebbins, of Wihbraham, Mass., who passed away sev-

eral years since, had his name given and characteristic messages written out on the slate. One of these was: "He thought, when on earth, that spirits went but did not come again." I did not know his views, but supposed him to have been a Spiritualist, knowing he had paid some attention to the subject. The next week I saw his widow in Detroit, who said that he was not convinced of spirit intercourse, but had a firm faith in immortality. She had never been in Chicago, he had never seen the west, she spends most of her time in New England, and the message touching his views was correct, yet contrary to my thought and expectation. How could my mind have influenced it? One of these written messages was strikingly characteristic, full of vigor and clearness of my departed kinsman: "I find no hell or baby's skulls, as we used to talk of. I find over here common sense and justice. Each man makes his own destiny. God has not destined any one to heaven or hell. Ah! Giles, the abyss is bridged, and we are fortifying the arches under the bridge, daily, daily."

Mrs. Murdock, then Mrs. Blair, years ago, painted (blindfolded) a flower-piece for a friend of mine in this state, each flower typical of a member of his family, here or in the higher life. One pale rose, with a broken stem, she said, was for a grandson in Kansas, who was then ill, and would soon pass away. They supposed the child to be well, but heard the next week of his death, soon after the pale rose was painted by this susceptible medium.

A highly intelligent woman, of Quaker birth, near this city, whom I know well, told me how she heard raps under her pillow years ago—three soft and distinctly different sounds. She woke her husband, both heard them, and she said, "My grandchildren are sick, and I fear they are dying." Three nights they both heard these raps, and then came a letter telling of the sudden death of the three grandchildren the night and hour they were first heard. After this they ceased. This woman had a weight of character and experience that gave her testimony value. She was venerated and loved by those who knew her.

Here is another remarkable experience. I give it as heard from the lips of the lady, and condensed from her report of it in the Sunday Times of New Orleans. Mrs. E. L. Saxon is a woman of well known social standing, mental ability and personal character. Her fearless and devoted services among the sick in the dark days of yellow fever in New Orleans, her enlisting the aid and indorsement of leading men and women in Louisiana on behalf of woman suffrage, and addressing the constitutional convention on that reform, are known to many, and her frank acceptance of the facts of spirit presence shows her fidelity of soul. I quote from her article in the Times, and from my notes of her narration to me, both of which, as she says, are "literally true." Born in Tennessee, her married life spent in Alabama and New Orleans; she was her father's child, like him in mind and soul as well as person, and a close spiritual sympathy existed between them. He went to Arkansas in 1857. In the spring of 1861 she was in Mobile with her husband, and he left her at the Battle House while he was absent on business a few days. The civil war had just opened, and she was anxious for her absent father and two beloved half-brothers. They entered the Confederate army, and the father was a non-combatant, having little faith in the success of the south, yet all

were strongly attached to each other. One evening after a pleasant visit with friends she went to her room, slept from 11 until 2 o'clock, and then came a dream, or rather a vision, so vivid as to banish sleep, and of which she wrote down each detail and dated her writing that night.

"I dreamed that I was with my father, who lay on an uncanopied bed, the low ceiling almost touching the bedposts. Near the head of the bed (which was in the corner) was a door, at its foot another. The fireplace was nearly opposite the bed. On the opposite side of the room, and drawn in front directly across it, was a huge bed, or couch, jet black, with square ends, stiff and upright. In the opposite corner was a bureau, and over it a white cloth. My father was dying a death of the most terrible agony, and I was utterly alone (with him) in a distress and sorrow near to frenzy. This distress, apparently, as the soul left the body, aroused me from my wretched sleep."

All this seemed so improbable that she tried to forget it, but could not. Her husband once met the brothers and learned of the father as still in Arkansas. She saw one of her brothers not long before he was killed in the battle of Chickamauga, and learned from him of his great desire to see his father, to whom he felt strongly drawn. In October, 1863, she had an intense and constant longing to see her father. Almost nightly, whether waking or sleeping she could not tell, she "saw a venerable head and long flowing white beard; the blue eyes, dim as dying stars before the gleam of daylight, looked into mine, and a voice, a whisper, or loud and distinct, would fill my ears: 'Go to him; he needs you; go at once.' Again and again I have roused my daughter, crying aloud, 'Who spoke to me? Who called me?'"

She had never seen her father wearing a beard or with white hair, and this strange vision turned her toward Arkansas. It was difficult to reach there amidst the perils of war, and at Memphis she decided to start for Cairo and New York, with her young son and daughter; went on to the steamboat for that purpose, but a voice ever said, "Return, return." Holding a child in her lap while its mother went to take her tea, she found the woman was going to B—, in Arkansas, where her father had lived. His name being spoken, this woman, a total stranger, cried out, "Leave this boat at once before it goes. He is here in the Irving Block; we heard today, sick—dying!" She found her way ashore, kindly helped by the captain of the boat, found her father, "with the white hair, the long beard, and the dim pleading eyes" of her vision, in the prison, got his release, found quarters for him, and he died in fearful agony just after daylight, none but herself with him, and she "knelt and watched beside the dead" in heart-stricken sorrow. When the day came she said:

"I rose to my feet, my eyes fell on the white cloth thrown over the mirror and the bureau in the corner. The bed clothing had been taken away; there stood the black couch, square, upright and huge. The bedposts within an inch of the ceiling. The bed in the corner, the doors. 'Like a revelation, I saw the literal fulfillment of my old prophetic dream.' That dream was on the night of March 17, 1861; this was December 11, 1863. Before this I had argued that my distress of mind caused that dream. . . . My brother's desire to see our dear old father was expressed to me with a deep soul's fervor a short time before his death. Why should I not believe

that his freed spirit sought that father, found him in his wretched condition and impressed my mind with it?"

People the invisible realm with our friends, ready to help and approach us, when it is well to do so and when we are in a mood to allow them, and in place of a special Providence answering prayer, the soul, strong by its desires and aspirations, attracts these spiritual beings, and help and light come with them. Thus naturally do they become the angels, or messengers of the Lord; and thus, and by the strength that spiritual uplifting brings is true prayer answered.

From all ranks and conditions of life; from scholars and nobles in Europe, from distant Asia and the far-off islands of the Southern ocean to the pioneers in their cabins on our western prairies and the dwellers on our Pacific coast.

"From farthest Ind to each blue crag
That beetles o'er our western sea,"

reaches the broad realm wherefrom we glean our proofs of spirit presence, tested and approved by thoughtful and critical witnesses.

SPIRIT SHOWS RICH MINE.

The discovery of gold in the San Fernando mountains by John Gregory Davis, an old prospector who has spent nearly a half century in seeking the golden fleece in the mountains of California, has led to a revival of the memory of old Buencamino, a character that 25 or 30 years ago was well known throughout the country between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, says the San Francisco Call.

Buencamino was commonly known as Indo Justo, and it was a quite general belief that he knew the secret of a rich deposit of gold in the mountains beyond Fernando, where he was believed to retire when his stores were running low and secretly replenish his bolsa, when he would descend on Los Angeles, or San Buenaventura, as the fancy struck him, and indulge in an old-time imbraguez, where aguardiente flowed as freely as the tides.

But if Buencamino held the key to a secret treasure, or had discovered a mine of fabulous richness, as the old story relates, his secret died with him. It is the discovery of Davis that has revived the story.

A few days ago the discovery of gold in the San Fernando mountains was made known by the discoverer, when he boarded a Southern Pacific train at Fernando, carrying a large carpet bag and a roll of blankets. He is of a striking figure and could not but attract attention. Throwing the roll of blankets into a corner of the smoking car, but clinging to the carpet bag with a firm grip, he took a seat among a number of gentlemen and to them related a tale more wonderful even than that told of Indo Justo.

Even after taking his seat Davis held on to the carpet bag and this naturally called attention to it, which, noticing, he remarked:

"Gentlemen, you may not be surprised when I tell you what this old bag contains, for all of you, I'll venture, have seen a prospector before and know that when he takes the care of his baggage that I'm giving mine he has found something worth keeping. Well, I have. That bag contains what I have spent the best part of my life in seeking. I have tramped the hills from Alaska to Mexico looking for gold, and now I've got it."

He spoke the last words with an air of assurance that was convincing.

"Yes, I have found gold at last," continued Davis. "You have heard the tales of prospectors before and I have told before of what I thought of dis-

coveries that would make me more a bonanza king than Colorado Stratton of today or 'Lucky' Baldwin of old. It is not what I have found that will interest you, but how I came to make the find, and it is that that gives me the confidence in it that I have.

"Three years ago my boy died. I thought then that I must follow him, for he was all that was left to me in this world and surely I must have died but for the faith I had that he would visit me somehow. I am in the common sense of the word a Spiritualist. I was sure that the boy would come back to me and he did. Night after night he visited me. The days seemed long. I was impatient for the night and my boy.

"One night, nearly two years ago, I knew from a strange feeling that something unusual was going to happen. I lay waiting my boy's arrival. Soon he came and at once told me of a new acquaintance he had made in the spirit world. It was an old Indian, he said, and the Indian told him of a rich gold deposit in the San Fernando mountains, instructing him to tell me and that I should go in search of the mine.

"Oh, I know how all this must sound to you," the old man interjected into his story; "but when you have learned what I have, even this part of my story will not seem strange to you.

"The boy told me as near as he could the situation of the mine and said that if I would go into the mountains and look for the lead to the mine the spirit of the Indian would make known to me just where to work by loosening a rock that would roll away and reveal the ledge of pay quartz.

"The next day, as directed, I went into the mountains. I was down at Los Angeles, but started at once. It was no easy matter to find the place by the description that had been given to me. Day after day I tramped about, until I was about to give it up. But each night the boy would come to cheer me on.

"One day, after I had been nearly a year and a half in the search, I came upon the spot indicated. There was a big pile of volcanic rock, or what resembled rock thrown up by volcanic action, and that was what I was told to look for. I was standing by this mound when, a few feet from me, without any apparent reason, a rock started and rolled down the side of the mountain.

"You cannot understand my feelings, I know. They were indescribable. But I fell upon the spot from where that rock started and worked like mad. I threw the dirt up until I had a hole about 18 inches deep but about six feet square. And there I found the ledge from which I have taken this quartz."

Davis opened his carpet bag and displayed a store of gold-bearing crystal quartz, some of it showing flakes of free gold. He had several of the pieces, besides a small pile of gold that he said he had panned from similar rock.

The San Fernando mountains, in which Davis made the strange discovery, are about ten miles south of Saugus, on the railroad from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. The mountains are penetrated by the great tunnel of the Southern Pacific railroad, at the south end of which is the town of Fernando. Davis' mine (or may it not be Indo Justo's mine?) is three miles from Fernando, in a desert spot where few men have visited in recent years, for though there is some mining done in these hills, because of the scarcity of water it is conducted on a small scale.



MRS. LEONORA A. PIPER.



PROF. JAMES H. HYSLOP

The above are portraits of Professor James H. Hyslop and the woman who has convinced him of immortality and spirit return, and changed him from Materialism to Spritualism as the philosophy of life. Professor Hyslop is connected with one of the leading universities of the United States, Columbia, as professor of psychology and

logic. Mrs. Piper is a middle-aged woman of ordinary feminine tastes and inclinations. She lives with her devoted husband at Arlington Heights, Boston.

Just now these two are marked personages in the thought world, as pertains to psychism and the spiritual philosophy.

PECULIAR SOCIETY IN NEW YORK

For "Scientific (?) Psychic Investigation;" Re Mr. Robinson, etc.

I have before me a prospectus of the "Psychic Study Club" of New York city, "the purpose of which is to investigate, under the strictest scientific precautions, all the alleged extra-normal faculties of the soul, which are evidenced in the phenomena said to be known as mesmerism, hypnotism, spiritism, etc. For the inspection and study of so-called psychics, or mediums, etc."

I have also before me a statement or account of a recent meeting held by the society at the Hotel Majestic in New York, in which I find that Mr. Robinson (a late assistant of some noted prestidigitators) was engaged to give an expose (?) of slate writing. This meeting was one of the first public ones held by the society. From other sources, I have learned that the society has as yet made no attempt to investigate the Spiritualistic phenomena; but its first effort was to try to denounce them, as evidenced by their initial performance, in engaging Mr. Robinson, the self-confessed trickster, or prestidigitator to show or expose (?) "spirit writing," etc.

Now, if this society were merely a club organized for the purpose of amusement, there would certainly be no harm in calling upon a sleight-of-hand performer to while away the time. But this society claims to have formed itself for the scientific investigation of occult and spiritual phenomena; and before it actually, as a society—sees any of these phenomena, it calls in, or engages, some one who openly states that he has no occult nor spiritual power, but is merely a sleight-of-hand performer—one ostensibly an enemy of occult subjects to "expose" the manifestations that they have not yet witnessed.

If this be scientific investigation, preserve me from it. It is said that it was the custom of the notorious Justice Jeffries, in the infamous "bloody assizes," to condemn the prisoner before hearing his or her defense. I hardly care to compare the methods of the New York Psychic club with those of Justice Jeffries; but, like the "coons," "they all look alike to me."

A few days after the society had given their first expose (?) of Spiritual

manifestation, several Spiritualists and investigators called upon me, expressing their disgust at the action of the society. They said that they had been led to join the Psychic club under the idea that experiments with those claiming to have psychic, or occult, powers were to be the features of the club; instead of wasting time witnessing a few imitations of cheap tricks, etc. They claim that the dues of the club were \$5.00 for ordinary membership, \$100.00 for life membership, and \$500.00 for charter members and founders of certain sections of the library, which will be named after them.

The trouble with these so-called psychic clubs is, that they are generally willing to pay sleight-of-hand performers to expose (?); and afterwards beg mediums to give their services free, to demonstrate to a prejudiced crowd those powers. I have failed to see any good accrue from such bodies. The men in power in most of these societies have their favorites, and their pet schemes; and order the food, so to speak, that the members shall eat. It becomes a silly fad with most members instead of a serious and important, investigation for a knowledge of a future life. Indeed, the writer has often been besieged by well dressed women and men, who thought that because they belonged to some psychical research club, or society, they were entitled to free seances or experiments; not thinking nor caring how the medium could pay his or her honest debts for food, clothes, rooms, advertising, etc.

Of course, Mr. Robinson must have felt honored at the society's engaging him to "expose" spirit manifestations for it evidently showed their appreciation of his tricks; and I suppose that after he got through with his performance, there was not enough left of Spiritualism to hang your hat on. So it really saved this Psychic Club from wasting a lot of time on mediums or psychics. But Mr. Robinson is now evidently getting a "swelled head." I notice in most of his articles that the Spiritual press have so very generously published that, to use his own words, he wants to "brush the cobwebs from the brains" of all those who do not believe that he, Robinson, can duplicate all Spiritual phenomena. It seems to me that all Mr. Robinson wishes is enough free advertising to enable him to sell his book. I can imagine

the satisfied smile on his face when he reads the controversies in the Spiritual press; and as he stands on the corner with a bundle of Spiritual journals in which three or four columns of space have been given to his letters denouncing phenomena, he whistles to himself that beautiful refrain, "He (the Spiritual press) certainly was good to me." Probably his diplomacy in stating that his father was a Spiritualist helped him to gain a foothold in the Spiritual press, and enabled him to get more free advertising for his book in the enemy's camp than any other man has succeeded in doing; but it is a well known fact that Mr. Robinson does not believe in any part of Spiritualism. However, neither this gentleman nor any other will succeed in using me as a tool to advertise his business, which, I am satisfied, is all the interest such have in this matter. And I would warn Spiritualists from falling into the traps thus set for them. A Spiritualist's article is generally ignored by anti-Spiritualistic papers of all kinds. Why should the Spiritualistic press open its arms to receive all the mud that is thrown at it, and admit every antagonistic article against Spiritual phenomena that has been presented to it for the last nine months?

I will only refer to the great exposé (?) once more and then I leave him "forever." He criticises the "Quaestor Vitae" article in the Light of Truth issue of June 10; and I agree with him to a certain extent, inasmuch as the article was carelessly written, and did not go carefully into the facts as they actually took place. I complained to "Quaestor Vitae" about this, and he admitted that he should have been more careful in describing the table, the cleaning of the slates, and the examination of the same; with the added fact that he suggested that his father's initial be written upon the slates, which was done, and the message then written over it, under his own hand.

However, we need not depend on the "Quaestor Vitae" article exclusively; but can refer to many persons known throughout the world who have followed all of the suggestions of Mr. R., brought their own slates and held them until writing appeared thereon. We will just recite one of many: The late Hon. J. J. Owen arranged a seance for the benefit of Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, his brother, John Wallace, and Dr. D. Wooster, M. A. This seance took place in a small, well lighted room, at 10 o'clock, one bright, sunny morning. Prof. Wallace's brother John was a stubborn, hard-headed skeptic, and brought with him a pair of cloth-bound, hinged slates 12x8½ inches in size; and on top of the table, in the presence of these four clever and educated gentlemen, we succeeded in obtaining messages for all present, between these closed slates, with the hands of the gentlemen named holding the slates. Over 500 words were written on these slates, with the names of the departed relatives of the sitters signed to the messages. Prof. Wallace and all present signed their endorsement to this fact. A recent case is quoted in the issue of the Light of Truth of June 3, it will be found that Dr. Skinner and Mr. Bradford (whose addresses were given to the editor) cleaned and examined the slates used; and that Dr. Skinner wrote his own name in full across the slates to be used.

And again on June 17, Mr. Bradford writes his own statement, in which he avers that he himself carefully examined, then glued a piece of paper across the slate, wrote his signature across the paper in ink, held the slate on top of the table with his own hand covering it—all in a brightly lighted

room, and found, on the completion of the seance, that the slate was filled with messages in answer to questions previously written. Also states that the paper previously pasted or glued on the slate was found written over with lead pencil, and the names of many of his friends signed thereon.

This recital is not for the benefit of Mr. Robinson, because this gentleman can not be taught (unless there's dollars in it), for he claims to know it all; but is written for the benefit of Spiritualists and investigators who may fall into advertising traps laid for them by professionals, and by those seeking notoriety at the expense of others. The tangible psychical phenomena that these people are trying to knock down are the foundation of Spiritualism, and the proof of immortality. Take them away, and you have not so much evidence left as the orthodox, whose only argument is, "The Bible says so."

FRED P. EVANS,
New York City.

CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I.
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I.
But the poorer of the twain
Is Cleon, and not I.
Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I.
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money can not buy.
Cleon sees no charm in nature,
In a daisy I.
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky.
Nature sings to me forever,
Earnest listener I.
State for State, with all attendants,
Who would change? Not I.

—Charles Mackay.

Mankind have a great aversion to intellectual labor; but even supposing knowledge to be easily attainable, more people would be content to be ignorant than would take even a little trouble to acquire it.—Johnson.

MORTAR ONCE USED

Can Not Bind Brick and Stone a Second Time.

In a recent article by Dr. David H. Reeder, Professor of Hygiene and Dietetics of the College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, he states: "A chemist may steep lime shell in a quantity of pure water, so that a portion of the lime will be dissolved in the water. Let this water be taken into the stomach of the person to whom we desire to supply bone material. Will this lime now undergo a change such as will convert it into bone? No more than will mortar."

This is a good illustration of the reason for the failure to obtain results in rebuilding the body by administering certain minerals from the drug shop. Once the principles have been made into lime, potash, etc., they can not be re-arranged into the human economy readily, but these elements or minerals are needed in very delicate particles for the rebuilding of certain structure in the human body. We should obtain them from the grains, for in that way Nature presents them with the molecules so delicately divided that the human system takes them up.

This is true of Grape-Nuts, the famous food, made with the special intent of rebuilding the brain, solar plexus and nerve centers of the human body, by offering the phosphate of potash in a natural way, which combines with albumen and does the work intended.

Grape-Nuts are delicious to the taste, made up in the form of small granules glistening with grape sugar, and form an ideal breakfast dish. Sold by all grocers at 15 cents per package.—Adv.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE SCHOOL OF PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY.

The School of Psychic Philosophy of this city held its last weekly meeting for the season in the Borough of Manhattan, on the evening of the 21st ulto, at the home of its president, Mrs. M. E. Williams, where the school has held its sessions.

It has been my good fortune to attend the several sessions of the school since early in April, and while it has not yet entered upon a thoroughly systematic course of instruction, by taking up some special line for thorough and exhaustive study until all that can be learned of it, with the light now available, shall have been acquired and assimilated by the pupils, and then passing to another subject, and in the same thorough manner studying and mastering that, and thus onward and upward, step by step, into the more interior and higher realms of knowledge, which thorough and effective course I am assured by the officers of the school it is their purpose soon to pursue; but rather have made the several sessions an occasion for a sort of mutual exchange of views between the members of the school upon any and all subjects in anyway germane to its purpose, still, I think there has been much useful information garnered up by those who have been constant attendants, and that they feel that the time has been profitably employed, and that they are repaid by a perceptible growth in knowledge, love and wisdom.

While a diversity of views has developed at almost every session, still the spirit of harmony has prevailed, and each has learned that harmony does not mean sameness of thought or feeling, but rather that the proper blending of dissimilars produces the most beautiful harmony.

At the last session there were about 50 persons present, comfortably filling the large parlors of Mrs. Williams' home. Mr. Wilson McDonald, the sculptor, and a lifelong Spiritualist, read a paper entitled "Mind and Matter," which subject furnished the theme for the several speakers of the evening.

The session was an interesting one, and lasted until near midnight, developing the fact that there was quite a diversity of views among the members, thereby emphasizing the fact that careful study and investigation are what is required for the highest interests of the school, and not merely expression of opinions that have been formed as one might say on general principles, which is equivalent to saying without a process of close and careful reasoning, based upon ascertained and proven facts.

Unfortunately it is a common thing with the majority of us to assume our facts without taking the trouble to verify them, in all of which cases they are just as likely, and perhaps a little more so, to be fallacies instead of facts, and as a necessary consequence our conclusions are erroneous and misleading.

There seems to be some misunderstanding among the attendants as to the object, aim and purpose of the school. They think it is, or if not should be, to demonstrate to the world the fact of spirit return; that those called dead can and do continue to communicate intelligently with those still living here, and all else should be made subservient to this one object.

I do not so understand it. It is presumable that nearly every attendant is already thoroughly convinced that continuity of life and ability to return

and communicate after so-called death is a demonstrated fact, and those who do not possess that knowledge could not gain it experimentally from the school, but must seek it through the phenomena for themselves.

As I understand the purpose and object of the school it is to broaden, deepen and enlarge the lives of its members by the acquisition and assimilation of psychic knowledge, to enable each one to more fully comprehend the length and breadth, the height and depth of their own individualized being, to the end that they may consciously possess themselves of all their inherent powers and use them in the service of humanity.

It is to enable each to discover the divinity that is inherent in humanity, that lies static in each and every individualized soul, and having discovered it to bring it forth through the process of spiritual growth and unfoldment into an active, every-day life, to enthrone it and make it the ruler of our life, the judge, the councillor and director of all our acts, to the end that we may help to establish the kingdom of heaven throughout all the earth, wherein absolute Justice, Truth and Love shall reign supreme, and usher in the New Era, wherein the brotherhood and sisterhood of the race shall be clearly recognized and fraternal love bind all together in one great co-operative, peaceful, loving family, wherein each shall live for all, and all for each.

The president announced that the next meeting of the school would be on the grounds that the school had purchased on Richmond Hill, Staten Island, where an auditorium was being erected for its use during the summer. That lecturers were being engaged and all arrangements making for an instructive course of study.

In the meantime she united with Mrs. Schieffelin, one of the most active and earnest members of the school, in an invitation to all to come over to her (Mrs. Schieffelin's) home, which adjoins the lands owned by the school, on the Fourth of July, and join with them in a celebration of the day, adding that we need not bring any baskets, as she would provide the lunch, but she wished we would bring our friends, and show them what a delightful place the school had secured in fee for its future home, seventy-five acres in the limits of the city of New York, and one of the most slightly and charming locations in the borough of Richmond, and large enough to accommodate a university, to which noble proposition she hoped to see the School of Psychic Philosophy attain.

Stating that due notice would be given of the date on which the first meeting would be held at the auditorium, the session adjourned.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.

ACROSTIC.

There is a light now shining bright,
Heralded both far and near;
Early the Night it turns to light,
Love it brings instead of fear.
In every home it should abide,
Gathering fruits for young and old;
Healing the soul where sorrow hides,
Through touch of love's pure gold.
Oft its warm rays the mists dispel
From minds that long have been in doubt,
Triumphant o'er the churchman's hell
Rises truth's clear, immortal shout.
Unhindered let that shout arise,
Till ignorance awakes to see
Hull's Light of Truth light all humanity.

—J. W. Cowen.

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 Light of Truth Publishing Company.

A FEW STRAY SHOTS BY MAGGIE STEWART.

Piqua, O., June 23, '99.

Mr. Editor—Every week finds The Light of Truth in my letter box, and although it comes freighted with some of the best thought and most talented articles from the pens and brains of men and women who think and who have the capability of putting their thoughts on paper in such a manner as to make others think, yet I must confess that my paper is not carefully read by me, owing to many claims made on my time in other directions, but I have the consciousness that the existence of The Light of Truth is doing much to enlighten the masses, so I promise myself that there is a day ahead when I will be able to keep abreast with the current Spiritual news of the day, and be so situated that I will be able to read my papers and other periodicals without feeling that I must steal time to do it in.

Occasionally I hear persons say they get lonely and long for the companionship of friends who could entertain them, drive the blues away. When I hear people say they are lonely, I at once set such down as idlers. How any one can be lonely in this age of the world I cannot see. With the country flooded with the best literature the world has ever had, with the floodgates of science and art standing wide open, and with the sweet pleadings of nature, that even the uninitiated can hear if he will but stop to listen. It is only the listener that catches the sweet breath that is blown from the vaults of heaven earthward. The geologist puts his ear down to the rocks and listening he will hear a story that was not given to the world by the genius nor the pen of man. When the race is prepared for its first lesson in the silent language of nature, when it is understood that there are sermons in rocks, and books in the running brooks, and when the listening astronomer stands with uncovered head, and is silent, he hears the music of the spheres. Nature has no messages for heedless, inattentive hearers.

It is possible for one to go through life deaf to the sweetest music that ever fell over heaven's battlements, and blind to the beauty of landscape and mountain and sea and sky. The autumn winds bear no message to the heedless; the fragrance of the flower is lost to the one who has lost the sense of smell, and when the ear gate, the eye gate, the touch gate are closed, the senses gone trooping into the city eternal, then a new song, new sight shall come to the once heedless listener.

Owing to sickness and death in my family I was obliged to cancel my engagement with the Mantua Campmeeting. I would have been pleased to meet many friends there whom I had met years ago when serving the cause at Maringo, and afterwards at Mantua, the two first campmeetings held in this state, but circumstances have made alterations in my plans. I will do but little work outside of my home. I will continue to give readings by letter, but will not attend camp this season.

Will you kindly give this a place in The Light of Truth, and oblige,
Yours fraternally,
MRS. MAGGIE STEWART.
264 East Main street.

- * * * * *
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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Editor Light of Truth: I was pleas-

Editor Light of Truth: I was pleased to read Mr. Ferris' letter in your issue of the 27th ult. As any one writing to the public papers should feel that he has something to say that may be of use to his fellows and should say it truly and out of his heart, an honest and enlightened criticism is always welcome, as evidence that others are interested in the same line of thought, and still more so as encouragement when such criticism is commendatory.

I think Mr. Ferris must be endowed, however, with highly imaginative powers, for he has credited me with opinions I never held, and then proceeds to refute them. There is nothing in my article to encourage any one in climbing on the shoulders of another, and I am sure there is not in Ruskin's works. Witness also his statement that Ruskin is an anarchist. If I had been asked to pick out a man the very opposite of an anarchist I should probably have selected Ruskin.

As far as I can see there are two essential principles underlying all his writings; the first, that lasting good is the outgrowth only of intrinsic good; the second, that law, order and discipline of self in the service of others is fundamental to all healthy growth.

Can there be any teaching more diametrically opposed to anarchy than this? It would be interesting to learn the source of Mr. Ferris' misconception. I can not recall a line in all Ruskin's works that could be so construed.

The essence of my theory of government, which Mr. Ferris says is based on a dangerous fallacy, is that intellectually and morally developed persons should have more influence than the ignorant and the immoral. I referred to the spiritual spheres as the best example of this form of government. Ruskin's and Bellamy's schemes are both based on the same lines, and Mr. Ferris himself, acknowledges that such a government "may reasonably be expected to obtain." So that my dangerous fallacy seems after all to be a beneficent verity.

The statement that aristocracies are self-constituted will not bear investigation. They originate, I believe, in every instance, as recompense for service done the state; that the recipients of the honor are not always worthy and the service rendered not always meritorious in a moral sense, is only to say that we are dealing with human beings, and human beings in a low plane of evolution. The same remark applies to their being egotistical and selfish. But observe this, the only true and eternally righteous aristocracy, the spiritual one, is self-constituted; it is founded in self-effort and individual merit.

The "holier than thou" speech could never be uttered by a true, noble man. A true, noble man is, first of all, modest; but I can see no harm that he should be conscious to that effect. If people are of all grades, and I for one know that there are some below me intellectually and morally, as well as I know there are others above me, what is to be gained by disguising the fact? Quality in human beings is surely as worthy of recognition as in other things; far more so in my opinion. False humility is more harmful than an honest pride in genuine merit. The noble acts of self-sacrifice and deeds of heroism which are common enough, I am glad to say, in this world of ours, and which fire the blood of all generous hearts

in emulation, are impossible to the "miserable sinner" class. These deeds are done by those who think themselves gods, and thinking thus, act as if they were.

Popular government, or that in which every individual has equal voting power, can only be good where all are on the same intellectual and moral plane—which is impossible.

The scheme I advocate, on the contrary, is such that each individual, from the chief ruler downwards, is under the strict control and authority of those above him; and his voting power increases as he rises to a higher grade. In a popular government, even the ideal one which has not yet materialized on earth and in my opinion is never likely to—if it did it could not last—every individual is his own master, solely under control of his own will and desires, irresponsible and scorning all discipline. There can be no healthy progress along this road, believe me. Such a government is like a ship without any ballast.

There is a letter in same issue of your paper from M. E. Angel. I agree so generally with her opinions that I can not help calling her attention to an inconsistency in the same which I am sure she will pardon. In one place she says: "Why do not people talk less and vote?" and in another "But after all it is the individual that is wrong. When the hearts of men are right all else will be. . . . The reformation will not come through law and outside force, but through the hearts of the people." To which I say, hear! hear! but would ask if the individual is wrong what good can result from his vote?

This is exactly what I have been trying to impress upon your readers, that all these so-called political questions are in essence moral or ethical; and that the greatest need of the present day is the education and refinement of the people, not the bestowal of increased voting power upon them.

A. K. VENNING.

Los Angeles, June, 1899.

THE MESSAGE OF PEACE.

By Julia Ward Howe.

Reprinted by permission of the Sunday School Times.

Bid the din of battle cease!
Folded be the wings of fire!
Let your courage conquer peace—
Every gentle heart's desire.

Let the crimson flood retreat!
Blended in the arc of love
Let the flag of nations meet;
Blind the raven, loose the dove.

At the altar that we raise
King and kaiser may bow down;
Warrior-knights above their bays
Wear the sacred olive crown.

Blinding passion is subdued,
Men discern their common birth,
God hath made of kindred blood
All the peoples of the earth.

High and holy are the gifts
He has lavished on the race—
Hope that quickens, prayer that lifts,
Honor's meed and beauty's grace.

As in Heaven's bright face we look
Let our kindling souls expand;
Let us pledge, on Nature's book,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand.

For the glory that we saw
In the battleflag unfurled,
Let us read Christ's better law:
Fellowship for all the world!

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* and Light of Truth—both for *
* the price of one—is good for old *
* and new subscribers, and it is *
* good for those who are paid *
* ahead on our list and for those *
* who are in arrears. It is open *
* to all. *

STILL DISCUSSING IT.

To the Editor:

In the recent number for May 6th is another communication from Samuel Blodgett in the discussion of the social relations of the life we now live (and which is certainly connected with our spiritual welfare both here and in another future sphere of existence, though some may not see the relationship between the two). There are some good points in it and the writer is evidently a man of strong individuality and his temperament leads him away from collectivism and he points out the great things the "exceptionally successful" have done.

Since reading his letter there is great talk of what Mr. Carnegie has done, and is going to do, with his millions. And several of the English newspaper writers have twittingly reminded him of the Homestead affair. Now I have not singled out Mr. Carnegie alone, but what I wish to point out is this, that fortunately no one can take anything away from this world, and no matter whatever way they dispose of it, wisely or extravagantly, it goes back again into the labor market. He may spend it all in debauchery, but by so doing he only gives another person, say the wine merchant, the means of buying a better house to live in. The question then resolves itself into this: Whether, in the first instance, if the producers of millionaires' wealth had been equal participants in the share of what was produced, whether they or the world would have been the better for it? Mr. Blodgett says, No, it can't be made to work as crude humanity now exists. "He that is greatest among you let him be your servant," said Jesus. "Can't be done, it has been tried over and over again," I hear him say. Now, the problem to my mind is, how to give fair scope to a man's own individuality and yet go in for collectivism in some form or another.

Mr. B. has a slap at Mr. George and his land question. I have not read his "Progress and Poverty," but I have long ago arrived at the conclusion in my own mind, that individuals ought not to own land any more than they ought to own air or sunlight. He can't make either one or the other, he can by his labor make bricks and build a house. He can dig and mine in the bowels of the earth and bring forth coal and iron, and manufacture steel plate, if you will, or machinery or anything else you like; but if the land belonged to the state or community and could only be extracted by its consent or worked for its benefit, you would not, I think, have Homestead rioters or the need of armed Pinkertons. Mr. B. speaks of the good done by machinery, but what also about the evil. What about all the abandoned N. H. farms? Can eastern farming on a small scale compete with the gigantic western farms with all its machinery and what then are we going to do with the idle men displaced by that machinery? Here, within this shoe city of Haverhill, only within the last few years there has been introduced, say, a lasting machine. It does the work of three or four men, and the man who runs the machine gets less pay than his brother did who did hand work. The newspaper proprietor puts in composing machines, result just the same. What are we going to do with all this body of idle men and women. Mr. B. may congratulate himself that he can command \$4 per day as a plasterer and that machinery has not yet displaced his handicraft. And he may be able to purchase his tools cheaper, now that they are made by machinery, (at least, I presume so) than he did years ago. They may be bought in

the five and ten-cent stores for aught I know, but this can't go on forever, without a solution. Oh, yes, Mr. B., clothing has become much cheaper by the aid of machinery and sweatshops—very nice for the purchaser—if he happens to be industrious and earns \$4.00 a day, but what about the poor creatures that contribute to his wardrobe? Now, in this city of boots and shoes, the employes do not get in many instances more than half the wages they could a few years ago, their spending power is not so great, and the city is full of five and ten-cent stores and pawn brokers' establishments, and they turn out cheaper shoes. And I will admit there is more wealthy residences in the city, but there is also more poverty, more children going about barefooted, more idle labor, more crime. What is going to be done about it? It applies to all cities more or less. I do not belong to the Socialist party, or any political party. I am and have been a Spiritualist for a quarter of a century, and I rejoice to see a Spiritualist paper deal with the question of man's welfare in this world, for if Spiritualism is any good at all it will endeavor to send men and women out of this world better fitted for the future than many who are at present dying of starvation and suiciding from despondency and insanity.

W. R. RHODES,

Haverhill, Mass.

MIND AND MATTER.

From Light.

Can matter think? Does the brain know? Is life a function of matter? Is matter a "condition" of life? What constitutes sensation? Are not ideas as "real" as atoms? Professor Tyndall wrote: "The passage from the psychics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable."

It cannot be too frequently stated that materialism affords us no satisfactory solution to the problems of consciousness and personal identity. Edward Berdoe, M. R. C. S., etc., ably enforced this fact in "The Echo" for May 31st, in reply to a correspondent in a previous issue. He said:

Materialism can never account for the consciousness of personal identity. All the elements and atoms of the brain are in perpetual change and circulation, yet the man, the ego, remains the same. The soul feels itself to be distinct from the external world, and no materialistic theory accounts for the self-activity and spontaneity which is characteristic of mind. Whether the soul exists after death is a question which can not be settled off-hand from reading a chapter or two in a manual of physiology. That in brain disease or mutilation of the organ of mind the intellectual faculties suffer change or even partial extinction proves no more than the fact that a damaged musical instrument can not efficiently express the effort of a great composer to delight an audience with his music.

In the same issue of "The Echo" F. S. Ross (B. A. Cantab.) denied that our "inner life" is a function of the grey matter of our cerebral convolutions. He quoted Professor Allman's declaration that, "Between thought and the phenomena of matter there is not only no connection, but no conceivable connection," and also Buchner's admission that "Before you can get mind out of matter and force you want an unknown X." Mr. Ross shrewdly asked: "Will your correspondent kindly explain to me how a substance like the human brain can think? If brain substance can think why not my penholder?"

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.

HOW THE FIELD WIDENS.

A New York Journal representative had the following detailed interview with Professor Richard Hodgson, the American representative of the English Society for Psysical Research, at the rooms of the society, No. 5 Boylston place, Boston:

"For a period ranging over twelve years," said Professor Hodgson, "I have had communication with the spirits of those long dead through the mediumship of Mrs. Piper. When I began, and, indeed, for the past few years, I was a confirmed disbeliever in Mrs. Piper's powers. It was my business to uncover trickery and fraud, and I had had plenty of experience with Madame Blavatsky, and with the crowd that gathered around her when she was alive.

"To be frank, I first went to Mrs. Piper's house with Professor James for the purpose of unmasking her. That was 12 years ago. Today I am prepared to say that I am a believer in the possibility of messages being received from what people are pleased to call 'the spirit land.' I went to that house a materialist, who did not believe in an existence after death. Today, I simply say, I believe. It has been proven to me beyond the possibility of a doubt.

"At the present time there are hundreds upon hundreds of persons waiting for an opportunity of a sitting with Mrs. Piper, but that has now gone beyond our own wishes or even powers. The powers now controlling her have given notice that, in the future, her agency must be directed to lessening the distance between the conditions before and after death. In the month of January, 1897, occurred the change. Her previous communicators, Phinuit, Pelham and the rest, have practically passed out of her circle of influence, and their places have been taken by two individualities in particular, who now direct the communications received from her. The first, who now controls her voice, is known to us as 'Imperator'; the second, who now controls her writing, is known to us as 'Rector.' From the former I have received numberless communications, chiefly relating to the relations existing between man and the Infinite. They are of such tremendous import that they thrill me with their infinite possibilities. Will I give the Journal some of them?

"First of all, I wish you to understand that 'Imperator' is not the spirit of a mortal, but an infinitely higher being. I have this on his own and Pelham's authority.

"I have questioned him concerning the Creator. He replied that there was no such thing as an individual or personal God—that He was infinite, without personalty or presence; that his love and charity were all-enduring, always present; men, the earth, the universe were Him and part of Him. I questioned him further concerning the Christ. He replied that the chosen one was not literally the son of God, but a missionary from God (he used that name for the creator); the divinity of Christ appeared to be repugnant to him.

"Another matter about which I questioned him was on the subject of reincarnation, for which, I will confess, I had always had a lingering fondness. 'Imperator' flatly denied this. He said there was no such thing as an 'individuality under different personalities living down through the ages,' but that the average man worked out his own future in one life time; that sin and crime while on earth worked out their own punishment after death in intense mental suffering, wherein the ego was forced to start once again at the beginning and work up.

"The idea of a personal hell, or place of torment, was sneered at. Charity—a wonderful, loving, all-enduring, long-suffering charity—was the chief qualification of the Deity. And prayer—earnest, old-fashioned prayer—was as efficacious now as in the history of religion. But I will publish my revelations along these lines later, and their publication will cause another cataclysm of religious thought."

THANKFULNESS, CHEERFULNESS AND LOVE.

Cultivate thankfulness and cheerfulness. An ounce of good cheer is worth a ton of melancholy. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but a broken spirit drieth the bones." Cultivate to the last the ability to love, realize to the fullest that the greatest thing in the world is love. Be like the curate of Olney, who said of himself, "he could live no longer than he could love." Without love there is no joy in life. Let us as we grow older realize the need not only of work, a proper physical and mental occupation, but of play, recreation and study. Let the work be as far as may be in the direction of helping others to help themselves. Nothing keeps one young like thinking of and having a sympathy for others. Canon Farrar was quite right when he said: "We often do more good by our sympathies than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever hope to accomplish by the straining efforts of personal ambition. In the cultivation of a sympathetic heart we do ourselves more good than those we serve. As we grow old, let us cultivate a sympathy for the world at large, for its weaknesses, for the young, and the returns will come to us a hundred fold. The world ever gives us freely that which we give to it. As Shakespeare puts it, let us consider the capacities of those that are young and not measure the heat of their livers with the bitterness of our own galls"

No sweeter epitaph was ever written for an aged one on marble shaft than one noted, I think by Oliver Wendell Holmes, a tribute of an aged husband to his life companion, viz.: "She was so pleasant." Yes, let us, like the author of the first epistle to the Corinthians (which, by the way, is the sweetest love-letter ever written by mortal man or woman), determine to grow old gracefully along the lines of love. It will be remembered (says Drummond) that in the beginning love was not the strongest point of Paul, indeed his hand was stained with blood; but the observing student can detect a beautiful tenderness growing and ripening all through his character as he gets old, inspiring that same hand to write, "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." As we grow old let us not forget that "we shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that we can do, or any kindness that we can show to any human being, let us do it now. Let us not defer it or neglect it, for we shall not pass this way again."—Dr. I. N. Love.

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 * and this book. *

PSYCHOMETRIC DICTIONARY—A definition of the influences perceived by sensitives, by the author of "Higher Realms." 25 cents.

MRS. PIPER RELATES A LITTLE OF HER EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Piper was seen last week at her home at Arlington Heights by a representative of the New York Journal, but with the exception of a few answers, she could not be induced to talk of her peculiar gifts. This much she did say, however:

"My first experience of being in a trance was on the 29th of June, 1884. I was married October 6, 1881. My first child was born May 16, 1884, and my second on October 7, 1885. I remember the date of my first trance so distinctly because it was two days after my first birthday after the birth of my first child.

"I went to consult J. R. Cocke, a blind medium, for medical advice on a Saturday, and during the interview I was partly unconscious for a few moments. On the next Sunday I went into a trance. The first time I saw the name of my control, Dr. Phinuit, written down was in October, 1895. It was in the evening soon after I had retired and before I had fallen asleep. The room was quite dark, when suddenly I saw light. I said to Mr. Piper:

"Do you see a light?"

"He answered:

"Why no. What is the matter? Are you going into a trance?"

"I replied no, that I was my natural self, but that the room was full of light. He said that he saw nothing. I said to him:

"Now wait a minute. I see something."

"Just then I saw on the wall beside my bed the letters 'Dr., a capital D and small r, and a period,' just as the abbreviation is usually written. Then I saw the letters P-H-I-N, but could see nothing more.

"I arose, got a light and placed it so it would shine on the same spot on the wall to see what effect it would produce, but there was nothing like what I had just seen."

"At the request of some noted scientists I went to England in November of 1889, and my powers were tested. I have for a long time been under contract to sit for the Society of Psychical Research.

Of what occurs after I enter the trance period I know nothing whatever. Neither do I remember afterward what I said or what was said to me. I am simply a passive agent in the hands of the mighty ones controlling me. I can give no account of what becomes of my body or intelligence during the trance. The wisdom and inspired eloquence, which of late have been conveyed to Dr. Hodgson through my mediumship, is entirely beyond my understanding. I do not pretend to understand it. It is beyond me. I can give you no explanation. I simply know I have the power of going into a trance when I wish."

A NEW MEDIUM.

Editor Light of Truth:

Understanding as I do that you dislike to open your columns to the advertising of mediums by any lengthy descriptions of seances, yet I feel it my duty to ask your indulgence in this direction and allow me to speak of a medium who has developed in our midst within the last few months. His name is Mr. Almeran Winans of Olivet, Michigan.

One year ago last August Mr. Winans was investigating Spiritualism at Grand Ledge camp meetings and on his return home commenced a developing circle and in about six months began to show his mediumship as a trumpet medium. His achievement has been rapidly increasing until today his se-

ances are among the best of the many that the writer has ever attended.

It was my good fortune to attend one of his seances on Wednesday night, April 11, at the residence of Mr. Chas. Montague, in Olivet, Mich.

The circle consisted of about 14 in number and was of a harmonious character.

After being seated and the usual test conditions observed, the Lord's prayer was repeated in concert and before we had cleared our throats to sing the demonstration began.

The music box also the guitar floated in mid air and two trumpets were in use at the same time.

While some of the spirit friends were weak and unable to talk as loud as desirable, the most of them spoke plainly and distinctly giving us positive evidence of our continued existence, which God designed we should have by virtue of his psychic law, but which has been for nearly two thousand years muzzled by priestcraft.

The idea that spirit communications were confined to the limits of a certain period and that the curtains were dropped and that all we could know of the spirit-world must be accepted by faith reiterated once a week by the clergy at a salary of \$1,500 a year is fast being exploded by the mediumship of my friend, Mr. Winans.

He is a well-to-do farmer and a faithful student of archaeology, an honest man, also a gentleman, and is doing good work in this vicinity, and anything of a fraudulent nature would be distasteful to his mind and character.

I could cheerfully recommend Mr. Winans to those in search of spiritual phenomena which forms the cornerstone of our beautiful philosophy.

DR. C. HOOKER MEAD,
 Olivet, Mich.

PSYCHOGRAPHY.

To those interested in the much-mooted phase of mediumship—"independent slate writing,"—so-called, the work of Fred P. Evans on Psychography will prove invaluable. It is a remarkable book. It contains the life and experiences of Mr. Evans—we may say thrilling and strange because true. Fiction writers would envy the facts therein related. Mr. Evans is yet young, having been born in 1862, and for this prosaic age has undergone as much as Captain Maryatt's sailors; for a mariner he was before mediumship led him out of his course. His slate-writings are truly marvelous, and this book contains illustrations of the phenomena—one slate having messages in twelve languages on it, while the medium is conversant with one. This book should have a wide circulation, as it is calculated to become a standard testimony in favor of Spiritualism.

We have the book on sale. Price, \$2, postage 20 cents.

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Light of Truth

IS ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY
The Light of Truth Publishing Co
305 & 307 North Front St., Columbus, Ohio

WILLARD J. HULL. - - - EDITOR.

Vol. XXV. July 8, 1899. No. 1.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year\$1.00
(Club of ten (a copy to the one getting
up the club)..... 7.50
Single copies..... .05
England or Europe... 1.52
India or Australia..... 2.04
Obituary notices of five lines inserted
free; 10 cts. per line over that number.

Advertising Department, — Morrison &
Sommermann, New York City, 500 Temple
Court; Chicago, Boyce Building.

The Light of Truth can be found on sale
at the following news dealers: Boston,
Banner of Light; New York City, Brentano
Bros., 31 Union Square, and F. P. Evans,
103 W. Forty-second street; Cincinnati,
The Cincinnati News Co., 127-9 Shillito
Place; Chicago, Chas. McDonald & Co., 55
Washington street.

(Entered at the Postoffice at Columbus, O.
as Second-Class Matter.)

Reforms come from those who suffer.

God never damned anybody or anything. Men do that.

One half our troubles are bubbles of our own blowing. Worry kills more people than physic does.

If you wish to make friends, listen. Don't allow the tongue to advertise the spleen. Talk makes enemies.

Edwin Markham has made himself famous by his poem "The Man With the Hoe." We suggest that his muse add to those laurels by grinding out one on "The Woman With the Man—of the Hoe."

One poor, simple woman like Mrs. Piper, or Mrs. Waite, or Miss Gaule, for instance, unknown to fame which sages covet, staggers and confounds them all. The disclosures of Professor Hyslop, as a case in point, illustrates the disruptive and revulsive nature to which learned minds are subject when brought within the purview of truths to which they have turned up their noses. What he now says will act like a can of dynamite after a stone has been thrown upon it. It will assist in clearing up some of the antagonism existing between learned authorities, provided any of them are left. It will show the great whereof the leaven rests and is composed.

CUI BONO.

Spiritualism is a redivivus; its principles are not new, not contemporary with the nineteenth century necessarily. They are and have been contemporary with the intellectual and spiritual needs and the most urgent demands of man in all ages. Their decay was due to the causes which have overthrown all nations, all civilizations, viz., selfishness and the despotism born thereof. Drooping and stagnant civilization let go the sheet anchor of spirituality just as they do any other tie or decree which binds them to their decline. Wherever in history we find cringing servility in the people there we mark the receding path of progress. We are in touch with manifest facts and tendencies in the assumption that our civilization is on the decline and nothing can save it from the fate of its predecessors.

But their fate is foreign to and not concerned with the principles upon

which civilization ought to be founded. What is passing are the labor pains of a new birth.

It is sufficient for the purpose now in view to point out that the ever living truths of an immortal confraternity should come out of the soil and seed of those institutions, whence the republic was drawn. In this they are identical, because they have a common parentage, a common stock. Wise and far-seeing men both in and out of the physical form foresaw Spiritualism, when they launched the ship of civil liberty upon the sea of Western experience and progress.

Spiritualism teaches a progressive development. This is in direct conflict with every political and religious creed, and yet every javelin aimed at institutional authority by the infidels of Germany and France as far back as Luther's protest, together with the snap and vigor of the early American colonists was a precursor of the Modern Spiritualism. The church, always aggressive when its tenets are assailed, had become honey-combed with infidelity. The pews began to think, a most sacrilegious effrontery. Men even presumed to question the parson. A few had dared to peep behind the throne and tell the world what they saw there. Jefferson and his colleagues paved the way for the equality of all men before the law, and Washington finished the work at Yorktown. Swedenborg had been visiting the inner world. The Wesleys had been there also. John Murray, the elder Channing, Theodore Parker and others were hurling the denunciations of high heaven upon the myrmidons of superstition and tyranny. Thomas Paine, inspired as no man of his generation was inspired, had given the weaklings his masterpieces. Dogmatism was doomed. Hovering above every tiara the symbol of rust crouched like a bird of prey.

In Europe the foundations of monarchical institutions were disturbed. Starting in Paris in the most significant year of modern times—1848—Louis Philippe was cut off and a republic proclaimed. It then swept over Germany and Austria to the land of Kossuth. That was the spring tide of the modern spirit of democracy. That revolution which made an everlasting impress on Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Buda-Pesth, was a feeler of the Spiritual era.

Andrew Jackson Davis had come. The great seer caught up and sealed for all time to come the whence and whither of ologies, isms and schisms. He gave the world the first rational philosophy it ever had.

Gold had been discovered in California early in 1848 and this gave a new impetus to the processes of national development. All along the line prophecies buried in the oblivion of the dark ages were to be seen resurrected and their provisions the daily enactments on the stage of life.

Thus it came, and thus it stays. No more can the tide of progress be turned by the edicts of pulling men. The most glorious of all liberties is the liberty of thought, of conscience. And never before has this liberty been so universal. It is the salt and leaven of the coming civilization, and Spiritualism alone, or by any other name chosen to designate the destroyer of tyranny and superstition, has performed this mighty mission in the world since 1848.

Nearly all schools of thought that have expressed an opinion regarding the cause of liberalization and effectiveness of present day philosophy have disagreed on every hypothesis except the right one, and that they all agree is wrong. So much for the culture which makes ignorance profound and attractive.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Rt. Rev. William H. Moreland, bishop of Sacramento, Cal., has been sermonizing on Spiritualism. Among the good things uttered is this:

"As a Christian and a spiritual being I believe that communications with the spiritual world are reasonable and to be expected; indeed that our whole religion reveals it and requires it, and that as a matter of fact we practice intercourse with the spiritual world every day of our lives."

But the reverend gentleman appears to have grasped a half truth for he imputes the whole system of spirit communion to what he calls the uneasy spirits of devils, roaming the earth and luring souls from Christ.

However, having admitted the fact of intercourse between the two worlds it matters very little what his opinion may be regarding the character of the communicators.

* * *

Here is a bit of the inspiration that floats around the New York World's editorial department:

Supposing Prof. Hyslop, Dr. Minot J. Savage and other believers in the possibility of establishing regular communication with the dead are right.

Is it desirable?

Emanuel Swedenborg was just as positive and far more circumstantial about it. John and Charles Wesley, founders of Methodism, heard often from the other world. Lord Chancellor Brougham left a written record of his interview with the shade of a dead friend. Editor William T. Stead, of London, is as satisfied as Dr. Savage that the dead come back and talk with the living.

And yet—is it desirable?

Possibly we ought not dispute the assertion of a recent writer that the modern newspaper is a great educator.

* * *

Ella Wheeler Wilcox in her recent essay on the divorce epidemic said: "Yet were people left to be guided by the law of love without legal restrictions, society would go to pieces." This does not harmonize with the law: "I bid ye love one another," uttered by Christ, but Mrs. Wilcox is liable to be reactionary at times.

* * *

A noted evangelist, says the Outlook, is fond of telling of his experiences in preaching to the negroes in the south.

At the close of one of his meetings a very large old colored woman came up to him and shook his hand warmly while she said:

"God bless you, Brudder Jones! You's evahbody's preacher, an' evahbody loves ter heah you preach, an' evah niggah love to heah you; an', Brudder Jones, you preaches mo' like a niggah than any white man that evah lived; an', Brudder Jones, you've got a white skin, but t'ank de Lawd, you've got a black heart!"

* * *

Sometimes dreams are practical and furnish food for thought. Here are the facts concerning one of this kind: An Akron (O.) grocer, J. B. Keyser by name, was robbed one night some two weeks ago of \$65 dollars, the money being taken from his coat, which he had left hanging in his store. The following day he laid down for a nap and dreamed. In his dream a picture of Norman K. Ross, an 18-year-old boy, appeared on the wall, and information was conveyed in the dream that Ross was the one who had stolen the money. When Mr. Keyser awoke he told his wife of the dream. He at once instituted a search for Ross. He succeeded in a day or two in locating the boy. At first he denied having taken the money. Later he confessed and told where all but \$10 of it was hidden in the cellar of a certain house.

* * *

In a recent sermon on "Will the

Coming Man Go to Church?" Rev. Dr. Crowe of the Universalist Church of the Eternal Hope, of New York city, bewailed the tendency in people to cut loose from religion altogether when casting off superstition. He said that this reaction was due to the education which men and women had grown up in, and which taught that the whole of a creed must be accepted. He said that if the rational study of the Bible leads to the rejection of religion he will cease to preach. "I do not care enough about the truth to secure it at the expense of hope," said Rev. Crowe. In other words he prefers a world filled with superstition to a world filled with rationalism and no hope.

Now, if some Spiritualist would talk like that it would be just simply awful. Wonder if Rev. Crowe represents anybody or anything?

* * *

The Missouri State university has given instructions along the lines familiar in summer schools during the vacation season for a good while past, and it now adds new courses, in horticulture and agriculture. President Jesse holds that some attention should be given in the public schools of an agricultural state to studies of soil, climate, birds, insects and plant-life; and he points out that the fields, forests and highways in the country, and the lawns and public squares in the cities and towns, furnish all the laboratory facilities which are needed for such studies.

* * *

Values in poor mortality are shrinking, but we do not hear of lowering prices in fancy horses and prize dogs. Young Thurman Mullane was drowned in Lake Michigan the other day. The father of the boy, a lawyer, and retired capitalist of Cincinnati, offers \$100 for the recovery of the body.

* * *

Professor John McKean Cattell, who conducts some of the courses in psychology at Columbia university, is very skeptical about his colleague's views. In an interview he is quoted as saying: "Of course Professor Hyslop is thoroughly in earnest about this matter. I think, however, that his is the frequent case of the scientific man so wrapped up in his investigations that he is the most gullible person imaginable along the lines of his own subject. A man studying phenomena with a preconceived idea of the result to be obtained will naturally let everything tend toward that end. Professor Hyslop, I think, has, as a scientific man, been deceived in this matter of Mrs. Piper. Furthermore, granting the genuineness of the medium, the phenomena he experienced are, as I see them, entirely explainable on grounds not abnormal or supernatural. What these grounds are I do not care to say now."

It is singular how the rotation in thought continues. This is precisely the attitude Professor Hyslop himself held down to a few months ago. Professor Cattell errs, however, in imputing to Hyslop a preconceived idea of the result to be obtained, for this is just what he did not possess.

There was a well planned and terrific explosion some fifty-one years ago. A fuse had been quietly laid from the world's superstition magazine to a little hut in Wayne county, N. Y., and a couple of children got to playing with it and finally they set a match to it. The world is yet listening to the explosion.

Have you slandered, have you vilified, have you borne false witness against your neighbor during the past week? Have you done your level best?

"I AM BETTER THAN THOU."

Let it be remembered that our mediums are the salt of our salvation. They are ours. As the mother views her children, so should every Spiritualist regard the instrumentalities through whom alone have come to him the consolations he enjoys.

Let it be remembered that mediumship is the bedrock of Spiritualism, ever and always. Who is there that is now wielding any power and influence in this movement, either in the scientific or religious world, that has not come into the work through some medium? Name him.

Look about you, ye purveyors of pharisaic nosegays, ye whited sepulchers, with bones jangling to the crooning of debauched souls, the while ye sit in judgment upon others!

Such have covertly accused this paper of defending "frauds." The Light of Truth pleads guilty. Some are to be loved for the enemies they make. However, the defense, if such it can be termed, has never extended to the "frauds" who make the charge. But we are defending mediums, and there is yet a mote in the eye of this defense. There is a beam in the eye of him who sits in judgment upon them.

When we say this paper defends mediums it means mediums whom it knows to be such. If they have slipped and fell, which is by no means assured, what of it? Who is without reproach? Certainly their vilifiers are not saints.

Good or bad, as against the world of Mammon and its unrighteousness, its slander and its greed, we are for our mediums.

We don't like bad things, but who is good? Not one.

As well essay to stop the ocean tide as to turn back human perfidy upon itself.

Learn to understand.

Diaaka! Yes. We know their strongholds on earth. The sanctums of the "brethren"; the fumigators, who pull characters and reputations to pieces to make a smudge in which to hide their own odor.

When mediums fail or resort to fraud the chances are one hundred to one that the human scurfs who visit them are alone responsible.

Try the spirits. All are not of God. Above all, try thyself, O hypocrite!

A poor soul tortured with grief visits a medium. What is given proves to be a lie. Too bad? Of course it is. But then Judas hanged himself. Where is the rose without a thorn? Ahab slept with his fathers, because at a godly seance Jehovah sent a lying spirit to deceive his mediums. As against the world, we are for our mediums. Good or bad, they are ours. They are what society and its golden calf makes them. They are human.

But however they may err, let it be remembered that what glimmers the world has of the light beyond the tomb have come through them.

Was not Jesus Christ a "fraud?" Was not Socrates a "fraud?" Has not every identical medium since the dawn of modern Spiritualism who has accomplished anything been pronounced a "fraud?"

Get together, brethren, and exorcise.

CAMP MEETING AGENTS WANTED

We want a live representative and agent at every camp meeting this summer. None but the right parties need apply, and unless we know them personally, proper and responsible references must accompany the application. A wide-awake agent can earn good pay. We want hustlers for the Light of Truth. For full information address at once Light of Truth Publishing Co., Columbus, O.

DR. LOUIS SCHLESINGER.

Dr. Schlesinger has perhaps been instrumental in converting as many skeptics as any medium of modern times. This is his special work. His powers as a man are so arranged and his psychic gifts so developed that he is enabled to meet the unbeliever on his own ground, and by force of incontrovertible facts break down all opposition and open the way for the new light of understanding.

Dr. Schlesinger was born in Liverpool, England, April 17, 1832, of Jewish parentage, and he was reared in the Jewish faith, although he has been familiar with spirit return ever since he was five years old.

When about 16 years of age he came to America and engaged in business. He amassed wealth and spent it freely among the poor and needy. During his investigations with Charles H. Foster his own psychic powers were developed, and he at once entered upon the great work of his life.

There is probably not another medium living who has done more to further the truths of Spiritualism than Dr. Schlesinger. His time and talents were for years given freely. For ten years he gave his entire time to sittings, free to all subscribers of the Carrier Dove, thus practically maintaining that publication. When The Pacific Coast Spiritualist was started Dr. Schlesinger entered heartily into its support, bending his energies to the task of supplying the funds necessary to sustain it, and he staid with it until it was discontinued. He has traveled extensively, his latest tour having been begun in California more than a year ago and extending through Texas and some of the other southern states. He is now located at Chattanooga, Tenn., where scores of the leading people in the professional and business walks of life have had sittings with him. He is what is known as a test medium and healer. As a healer he has been remarkably successful, and hundreds of testimonials from grateful people all over the land, whom he has treated in his travels, attest his worth in this field. An indefatigable worker, never allowing his right hand to know what his left hand is doing, he veritably fulfills the admonitions of the great Teacher, and goes about doing good. Like all others who are chosen for this work, this venerable medium and gentle-hearted man, now in his eightieth year, has met with calumny and abuse where he might of right have looked for appreciation and gratitude. But he has remained true. He has fought the good fight, and the thousands to whom he has given the bread of life rise up and call him blessed.

This brief sketch is all too poor and imperfect to set forth the salient features of a life such as Dr. Schlesinger's is and has been.

A volume would not suffice to tell the story. Our frontispiece is an excellent portrait of the distinguished medium, of whom it is a pleasure thus to speak.

A NEW MAGAZINE.

Rev. Dr. B. F. Austin proposes to start a small magazine the coming autumn to teach the new theology and promote psychical research. It will be called "The Sermon" and will be published at Toronto monthly at an annual subscription of 25 cents. All this is to be done with the co-operation of friends of the spiritual philosophy. A circulation at least of 1,500 such as he wishes ought to be guaranteed at the above price.

The work is designed principally for Canada, but numerous friends of Dr. Austin in this country will be glad to co-operate with him in enlightening the masses on the essential things of life.

A BEAUTIFUL SOUL GONE HOME.

The funeral of Mrs. Margaret Dell-Vonderheide took place at Chesterfield camp grounds on Sunday, June 25, in the presence of a large concourse of people. She owned and occupied during the summer months one of the most charming cottages on the grounds, and had expressed the wish that when the change came her remains be buried near her summer home.

Margaret Dell was born in Germany March 30, 1834. She came to America with her parents when she was two years of age. Her parents settled in Cincinnati where she has lived the greater part of her life. In 1853 she married Count Herman Vonderheide, a young military officer in the German army, who had been compelled on account of his radical views to fly from his native land. He settled in Cincinnati, and prior to the civil war built up a large fortune in river traffic between Cincinnati and New Orleans. Much of his fortune was lost during the war and he died in 1888.

Eight children were born to this couple. Mrs. Vonderheide was an ardent Spiritualist and a woman of lofty ideas and good works. At the time of her death, May 29, her family was widely scattered and the only daughter with her, Mrs. Elizabeth Hedrick, had the remains embalmed and encased in a hermetically sealed casket and taken to the summer home at Chesterfield, she and her daughters remaining with the remains until her brother John from Italy, Harry from California, and a sister from Oregon could get there. Willard J. Hull gave the funeral address, the remains being interred in the Bronnenberg cemetery, about a mile from the camp grounds.

POINTS.

Read the Light of Truth.

Socrates said "Ignorance is the only sin."

The power of superstition to terrify has forever passed.

An empty stomach never yet produced a wise head.

Reputation is measured by great things, character by little things.

There are some things that can't be imparted to others. Self-reliance is one of them.

Everyone carries about with him that which makes murk or sunshine for his associates.

A Spiritualist is first of all a gentleman and a gentleman is all that is noble and divine in human kind.

Sample ad. suggested to the "brethren": "Wanted—Some specimens of the charity that thinketh no evil."

What is the greatest sorrow? To love what is great and beautiful, and strive as we may to reach them, fail.

The United States army, strictly for benevolent and assimilative purposes, is to be increased to 40,000 men in the Philippine islands.

We can no more stop the progress of democracy where it now is than we can take the race back to the garden of Eden.—Herron.

Mrs. Piper, the medium who has convinced trenchant science that there is a spirit world, is of excellent and irreproachable character.

The Campbell Bros. have issued an attractive art souvenir containing views of their Lily Dale home and specimens of their psychical art work.

What between the deadly feuds of families and the disgraceful scenes at the recent political convention in Louisville, the Kentuckian who can exclaim, "My country, right or wrong!" must have his nerve with him.

Mr. Fred P. Evans will close his New York business and take a needed vacation until September, when his general work and valuable contributions to Light of Truth will be resumed. His myriads of friends will wish him pleasure and good rest during the heated term.

The Brotherhood of the Eternal Covenant affords to all who are willing to consecrate themselves to God the help and knowledge necessary to become divine and immortal before death, without fee or dogma. Send for a sample copy of its monthly magazine, the Prophet, Oaklyn, N. J.

When you go away for the summer or on your vacation for a week or so, do not forget to have The Light of Truth ordered to your address before you leave the city. The address will be changed as frequently as desired without extra cost. The Light of Truth is a summer vacation necessity.

The garnerings of the soul are composed of service. Our brother is in the beggar and millionaire whom we jostle on the streets. One needs help as much as the other, for both are poor indeed. There is no such thing as an abiding heaven. As long as memory and sympathy remain, man's service to his fellows will be demanded of him. "Am I my brother's keeper?" can be answered in the affirmative only.

THE COMING AGE FOR JULY.

The July COMING AGE opens the second volume of this vigorous and able Boston review. The frontispiece is an admirable full-page portrait of the Rev. Heber Newton, and the eminent Episcopalian divine contributes a conversation of exceptional interest on "The Progress of the Past Fifty Years." The second conversation is by Viola Allen on "Glory Quayle and 'The Christian.'" It is preceded by an extended critical review of Hall Caine's play of "The Christian," written by Mr. B. O. Flower. The Original Essays are bright, strong and thoughtful. Professor Osmer Abbot, Ph. D., of Lahainaluna Seminary, Hawaii, writes most delightfully on "The Mental Characteristics and Peculiarities of the Native Hawaiian." Mr. Charles Malloy, president of the Emerson society of Boston, continues his masterly interpretations of the poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson. Dr. John Thomas Codman, the scholarly author, contributes a delightful reminiscent paper on "The Brook Farm Association;" but perhaps no contribution in this issue will be more enjoyed by the general reader than E. P. Powell's essay on "Harriet Martineau in America." Mr. Powell is always interesting, instructive and suggestive, and this paper is unquestionably one of the best things from his pen. Professor Jean du Buy, Ph. D., discusses "The Mystical Teachings of Jesus" in a deeply reverent spirit. Henry Wood writes on "The Unfulfilled Ideal of Unitarianism." Rev. W. G. Todd appears in one of the most masterly philosophical papers of recent months, entitled "A Theory of Immortality." It is a discussion that thinking men and women everywhere should carefully read. Dr. B. Sherwood Dunn, an eminent Boston physician who has spent many years in Paris, contributes a paper of special interest entitled "The Sociological Aspects of the Dreyfus Case." In the famous "Why I Am" series of contributions by leading clergymen, the Rev. De Witt S. Clark, D. D., writes on "Why I am a Congregationalist." Dr. R. E. Bisbee appears in a critical study of Laurence Gronlund's "The New Economy." Clara Kathleen Rogers, well known in England and America as the author of "The Philosophy of Singing," appears in a remarkable story entitled "Dreaming True; a Dream of Science." This bit of work is quite unique in literature, and will undoubtedly occasion much comment. The departments of Authentic Dreams and Visions, Health Through Rational Living, The Passing Day, Editorials and Book of the Day, are unusually rich in thoughtful and timely matter. THE COMING AGE has taken a front rank among the able reviews of present-day thought. It is optimistic and constructive in character, and aims to educate and stimulate the moral as well as intellectual side of life. The department devoted to Health Through Rational Living is a feature of real value and very essential to those who appreciate the fact that the body, brain and soul each require consideration.

Remember, the Coming Age and the Light of Truth together one year for two dollars.

Bachelor Ratiocinate and Widow Dot Intuite.

BY LISLE E. SAXTON.

CHAPTER X.

"Dot, you and Grace have promised us some of your experiences in the study and practice of psychology, as a continuation of the subject of suggestion we were considering yesterday. If you are ready to take it up now Ralph and I will be appreciative and attentive auditors, and as you are the hostess, Dot, we will ask you to open the entertainment."

"Very well. When I commenced this study and practice I often found myself holding some person or object in mind, as a mental picture, I could not erase without difficulty. I would set it aside only to have it suddenly appear again in startling distinction. I soon discovered that something always followed. From childhood I have tried to become master of two leading tendencies. At times I would succeed for days, and then in some way I did not understand, they would gain the ascendancy. After much experiment and practice, with the help, consciously exercised mediumship may give, I discovered that when, after these periods of success, failure followed, it was due in some way to these mental pictures; so when one possessed my mind, I centered my power instantly to remove it. Then for a long time I had more of the old trouble, until I traced the cause a second time to deep sleep; then after breaking that up, by arising when I felt its symptoms and engaging in active mental work, I had no more trouble. I could fill a volume with my experiences before this was accomplished; but I assure you that it has taught me charity for all who are slaves of tendencies, of whatever nature. Returning to those mental pictures, I will state that they were usually of some person, and often a stranger I had met somewhere, but invariably the dominancy of one of those tendencies would follow, I discovered in various instances of acquaintances that he or she was a victim of the same tendencies, and by investigation in several connections I found the same to be true of the strangers."

"How do you account for it, Dot?"

"By the laws governing psychometry. In each instance there was something that especially attracted my attention to them at the time, and as I continued to hold them in thought I soon vibrated to their leading characteristics, this being more easy for me to do because my own, also, and that really was the bond of attraction. From this I also learned that if enslaved by tendencies, one's attractions frequently are of that kind, hence a wise ignoring is advisable in their connection. It has been proved to you that some psychometrists can give as good description, or character reading, through mental contact with a person's name, as through physical contact with his watch."

"I have read recently that psychics have a severe time in developing and exercising their gifts, and Dot's experiences corroborate the statement."

"If that is so, Ralph, you and I had better do our part in some other way, and let Grace and Dot perform that mission in connection with the Temple work."

"Do not be needlessly alarmed, gen-

tlemen. You can go on unfolding your spiritual perceptions, to know for yourselves; and practice to improve your condition, which is one invaluable mission of mediumship; else you can ignore and run after M. D.'s and D. D.'s, who will fill you with pills and apprehension until your last state is worse than the first."

"But, Dot, this involves so much study and constant vigilance."

"Yes, it does require untiring effort to always hold the thought of good in mind; so you would go through the world blind because you do not want to see some pretty bugs (and as much a God's work as you are), that may bite you; and would be deaf, because sometimes it thunders; when the probabilities are that you will not often be a tidbit for the former, or be struck by the latter. I have often been amazed to see how frightened some persons are when caressed by a spirit friend, because they have been too diligent students of patent medicine almanacs, hence think all sensations a little out of the ordinary are indicative of disease. I think, sometimes, the mission largely of some M. D.'s and D. D.'s is to influence folks into sickness, and the beelzebub state, through constant suggestions. All are sensitive, and when one realizes it and sits for development, it is merely putting oneself in charge of special spirit helpers, or acknowledging their care, that there may be choice and wisdom manifested in the service rendered as a medium; and the unfoldment of the person will determine the excellency of the service in that capacity."

"I think I will proceed, but Grace, does your experience correspond with Dot's?"

"No, Rate. Dot's father was an infidel, while her mother was an orthodox of the old original kind, and you know at times this difference manifested in inharmony. Dot inherited so-called tendencies from both. When circumstances favored the prevalence of the infidel class, then the other was set aside; then when surroundings favored, the other warred for supremacy, and because of this strife she lived in a pandemonium of physical and mental torture, at times. Her husband was born of liberal parentage, who harmonized, so he had no such trouble, hence was a strong influence in harmonizing and establishing her in a philosophical and practical sphere. But this drill was indispensable in developing will power, to concentrate and wisely employ the vital or life forces; for she was naturally what we term a negative character. When this was accomplished Tom could render better service to Dot, to humanity and himself, as her spirit assistant; so his sphere of action was changed, both appreciating the purpose. My parents were Spiritualists, and students of its philosophy, and congenial, so I, their only child, was blessed with harmonious parental influences, which a judicious home education improved. My disciplines came through the death of my parents before I was twenty-four, and the subsequent loss of my property, which compelled me to earn my living."

"I have been overshadowed with dense, ominous clouds many times;

yet I have seen the light of angel presence ever glinting through them, and I knew it was educational, though then I knew not how; but later on, it has always been revealed clearly, and I rejoiced over what I had gained. I did not need the drill Dot had for harmonizing forces, or for the development of will; for I was naturally positive and practical; but I needed strong discipline to teach me how to concentrate and wisely direct the will, to employ the vital or life forces for the best results. I accomplished this in a way suited to my needs, through the exercise of the intellectual powers largely, while Dot cultivated, or rather developed the will, and accomplished the same in the manner peculiar to herself, and today we count our soul wealth equal, though acquired through such different methods. And who can say which has quaffed the most bitterness or sweetness from life's cup?"

"I have envied you and Dot your mediumistic gifts, as well as your clear comprehension of what to me has seemed so unreal and vapory; though as a Spiritualist, consistent philosophy is fast fixing me upon a base of certainty. I shall do so no more, but congratulate you on your attainments, for I consider them well earned."

"Another illustration, Rate, of the unwisdom in desiring anything that another may have, before estimating the price paid for the possession, that you and I will do well to consider carefully. But is there any way by which we can estimate the power of soul to express on the spiritual plane, if freed from the material body?"

"When Grace visited Tom and me several years ago, one of her spirit teachers gave us this in respect to expression, that may give you a clue which will lead you to a satisfactory solution. He said: 'Whatever you express in matter (so-called), it matters not how insignificant, as you judge, study and practice to do it well. Then do not be satisfied with the material expression, but drill yourselves to do it in detail in the mind, whenever you decide to do so; in this way, making it also a thought and spiritual accomplishment, to an extent apart from matter.'

"Sometimes we would find ourselves unable to do so without going to the details in matter as a prompter, but perseverance is always rewarded with a measure of success, and we were benefitted immeasurably. A spirit informed me at the time that those who lacked this acquirement and depended upon matter to suggest have to return to acquire this power of expression in connection with mortals; that the skill to do this requires a certain power of mind concentration imposed by will directly, and not by material objects, to hold the attention. We were informed that repetition is to develop consciousness in the soul, also power, that will enable one to gain the skill to direct this power to produce desired results, through an instrument. In other words, be able to connect with chosen centers instantly and continuously in spite of distracting influences around, and draw from them what we need as inspiration. First we do this unconscious of the purpose, and later on and usually not until we are on the other side, we do so conscious of the same. Power of concentration is the requisite to be attained, and those who can the most nearly produce in mind the details of material accomplishments, may find themselves prepared to more successfully apply spiritual methods 'over there,' and one could form some idea of one's state by experimenting in that way."

"Perhaps then a washerwoman may acquire the power, through the repetition of mind concentration on the

purpose to remove dirt, to apply the spirit method for perpetual cleanliness."

"Not only that, Ralph, but the power of will concentration she has gained may be easily applied in other directions. We were informed that repetition in any connection is developing the same power in the person; though in some it is more manifest than in others, because of what we will term natural power. If we comprehend this we can be more easily resigned to uncongenial occupations because when removed from earth environments; if while here we have been ready to take up new occupations, or those long deferred, if circumstances permit; estimating the enforced in every particular as an aid, or preparer for the excellent accomplishment in the new, we will be ready on the next plane to apply this power to whatever seems best for us to do."

"Simply consider a course, a method for generating and conserving power that may be applied to many purposes when the details of application are learned."

"Thank you, Grace, for putting it in a nutshell, for now my small intellect can retain it. But I fell as if a lunch would assist me in generating and conserving power."

"A timely suggestion, Rate, and now permit me to impress upon you and Ralph, the wisdom of blessing food."

(To Be Continued.)

WHAT A MEDIUM SAW.

Having a rare bit of intelligence to impart on the theme we love so well, I venture to send you the substance of a "test communication" received at the meeting of the *Divine Fraternity of Communion*, on Sunday evening, May 7, through our justly celebrated medium, Ira Moore Courlis.

In the recent terrible catastrophe, the burning of the Windsor hotel in New York, by which so many lives were destroyed, I lost a dear friend of many years, a well known lawyer of that city, a class mate in college of my own boy (now an inmate of the spirit land), in whose progress and prosperity I had a life-long interest, who was, with his wife, utterly destroyed, so that it was impossible to find a trace of them.

After a lapse of time keys bearing his mark were found in the debris among the ashes and taken to his partner, which were the first positive assurance of his complete destruction.

Turning naturally to the testimony of reliable spirits and waiting a reasonable time after so terrible an exit from the body. I went early to church on this evening, carrying a flower which I placed on the table, and waited until Mr. Courlis went through his tests, one by one.

At last, taking up my own in his hand, he experienced the terrible realization of great suffering, and by fire. Saw the husband and wife folded in each other's arms standing with the flames surging and sweeping around them, and heard the cries of anguish, "Save me! O help me!"

Then taking a bunch of keys from his pocket he shook them over his head, saying, "By them were the facts identified."

Every evening some one is made glad by his psychic powers.

He needs no commendation from me, but, believing this startling narrative to be productive of great good if made known wherever your valuable paper shall circulate, I presume to send it just as it occurred.

K. BOYD MEURLING.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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DEDICATION OF A NEW TEMPLE AT FT. WORTH, TEX.

The first spiritual temple of Ft. Worth was dedicated June 4th by impressive ceremonies. The following morning program was carried out:

MusicChoir
 Invocation.....Mr. Ring
 Vocal solo.....Mrs. Wilson
 Short addresses by state speakers.
 Reading congratulatory letters.
 Music.
 Benediction.

The dedication service proper was conducted at 3 p. m. yesterday with the following program:

Music.
 Invocation..Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond
 Vocal solo.....Mrs. Ducker
 Accompanied by Prof. Allgyer.
 The Temple Builder...John W. Wray
 MusicMrs. Ducker
 Accompanied by Prof. Allgyer.
 Dedicatory address

.....Mrs. Jennie Hagan Jackson
 Responded to by.....
Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond
 Followed by Mrs. Mary Arnold Wilson
 Violin solo.....Lucy Ault
 Accompanied by Master Cline Ault,
 pupils of the Lyceum.

Music, vocal solo Mrs. Wilson

The president of the Spiritual society, Mr. J. W. Wray, delivered the first address on "The Temple Builders," alluding for the most part to persons having to do with the project. The address was an able one.

The dedicatory address was made by Mrs. J. H. Jackson. Addresses were also made by Mrs. C. L. V. Richmond and Mrs. Wilson, the latter being especially interesting as a review of the work in Texas and Ft. Worth covering 19 years.

The Spiritualists of Fort Worth, Texas, have recently dedicated their new temple. We have a band of ladies, the Temple Workers, auxiliary to the general society, which was organized December 7, 1898, and has been busy ever since raising funds to furnish the new temple. They worked during the winter and spring for a bazaar which was held the first week in May.

From the money thus raised and otherwise solicited, we have been enabled under the leadership of our speaker, Jennie Hagan Jackson, to put down in the auditorium a fine brussels carpet and seat it with opera chairs, also furnish a kitchen and dining room. So we were ready to receive the visitors and dedicate our new temple June 4.

We had a piano and as an attraction during the bazaar and since we have had presented a large picture by Edward Hills, a woodland scene, placed as a background on the platform. But our work is not done. We still have the bulk of money to raise on the carpet and chairs.

We expect to meet every week through the summer and give entertainments often. Last month Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, is with us as speaker and is assisting us.

Our regular speaker, Mrs. Jackson, and our president, Mrs. Wilson, are in the north and expect to raise funds to help on the debt. Anything our friends can do to aid us either by money or article, for the bazaar next winter will be gratefully received.

EVA W. BROWNSON,
 Secretary Temple Workers, Ft. Worth,
 Tex., 707 1/2 Main street.

A little girl of Chicago concluded her evening prayer as follows: "And, please, O Lord, take good care of yourself, too. If anything should happen to you, we couldn't have anybody but McKinley to depend on, and he isn't doing as well as papa expected."

ALWAYS FOR TRUTH.

To the Spiritualists and other Liberals of America.

Always for Truth! though dark the way;
 Always for Truth! though cloudy our day;
 Always for Truth! at our side she stands,
 And we catch a glimpse when we lend a hand

To our brother who stoops 'neath a weary load—
 In helping him we are helped on the road.

Ah, Truth! We have sought thee in distant climes;
 Have hurried away at some church bell's chimes;
 Climbed rugged mountains, crossed bleak plains;
 Clothed us in sackcloth and revelled in pains,
 Thinking that Truth in her beauty fair
 Could be won by us if sought afar.

Alas! at our feet lay the slave in chains!
 We passed him by—close hugging our gains!
 Oh, if we had known that to break that chain,

Relieving the slave to freedom again,
 One ray of light from Truth's bright star
 Would have crossed our path and been ours that hour!

To have known that Truth would have been close by

If upon that slave we had turned an eye
 Of pity, and love, and a kindly smile,
 To brighten his day and cheer him the while!

If only the lesson could come to all,
 That to stoop in our path at Sorrow's call
 Is to bring to our side, on the darkest day,
 The white Star of Truth to lighten our way!

No glass that searches the starry sky
 Hath such a lens as the pitying eye!
 No chisel that pierces the flinty stone
 Discloses the Truth like the pitying tone
 Of a friendly voice, which finds its way
 To a sorrowing heart on a cloudy day.

Always for Truth! but we stoop to rise!
 Always for Truth! but our path to the skies

Is carved by the help we give on the way
 And the sins of selfishness killed each day.

—Nettle E. Puffer-McGrath.

Fulton, Ill.

It must be admitted that the religion of the future will so changed from the ideas found at present of what religion must be, that it will be so absolutely distinct that the name will become inappropriate.

It will accept and embody the truths of all systems. In so doing it will not inquire of the source, for truth bears the impress of no man's ownership or personality. To it Jesus in his manger, Mohammed on his camel in the desert, or wisest monarch on his throne, are the same. This religion will be the science of life here and hereafter; and as man is bound to the universe as an integral part, his understanding of the laws of the world will be its basis. It will teach the infinite possibilities of man and his duty to cultivate these to the utmost.

The man who professes the religion of the future will accept nature as his Bible, and regard all books as valuable only for the truth they express. He will have no fear of offending God, but will fear to become out of harmony with the laws of his own constitution. His theology will be anthropology, the study of himself; the only devil will be ignorance; his faith will become ripened knowledge, and he will repose implicit confidence in the laws of the world.—Hudson Tuttle.


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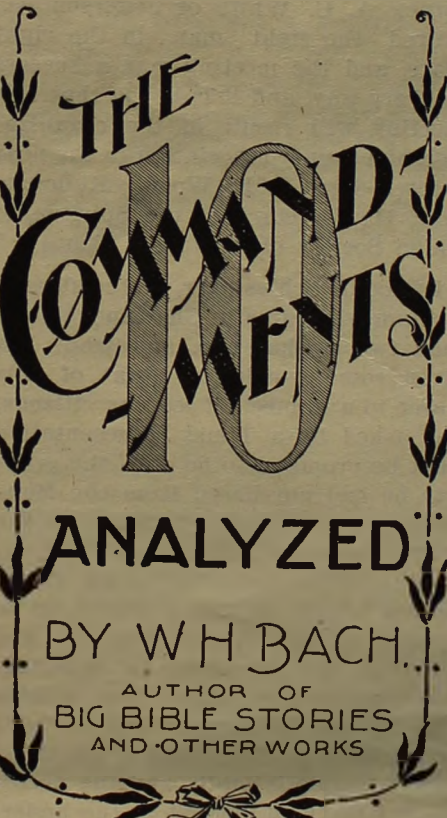
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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE

The State Spiritualist Association of Nebraska will hold a camp meeting at Lincoln July 14 to 25.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield Pettibone remain in St. Louis, Mo., until the 8th inst., when they leave for Lily Dale for the season. Their work in St. Louis has been marked with the best of success.

Dr. Dean Clarke will go to Onset Bay about the middle of July. He is now open for engagements at very reasonable rates, and his thirty-three years' services as an inspirational speaker in thirty-five states are a guarantee of ample ability to satisfy any society or church.

Mrs. Lora Holton will take a vacation of two weeks at Elgin, Ills., and give parlor lectures and spirit messages at the residence of Mrs. Congdon, Fairview avenue. Mr. McWilliams and Mrs. Allingham will supply her place for the Englewood society in her absence. The meetings will be continued all summer, as the attendance and interest are good.

The home address of Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt is No. 11 Madison street, Chicago, Ills. The members of the First Spiritualist church of Columbus very heartily recommend him to the managers of Spiritualist camp meetings who may desire his services for the months of July and August. His inspirational lectures are of a very high order, combined with ministerial dignity and forcefulness, which can not fail to inspire and uplift those who listen.

The third term of the Spiritualist Training School is now in session at Maple Dell, Mantua Station, O. The attendance is much larger than it was last season. The students are in love with the school and express their determination to attend another season. The Sunday meetings, held in the auditorium under the auspices of the school, are largely attended. For particulars concerning the school's future prospects, etc., address Mattie E. Hull, secretary.

The picnic season here opened June first, and so far has been well patronized. Quite a number of people are here to rest and fish and have a good time generally. Many of the cottage owners have shut up their city homes and are here now for the season. Preparations for the meetings to begin July 2 are being pushed forward rapidly. Improvements are being made, cottages repaired and new ones erected. Several meetings and social gatherings have been held, and the mediums here prophesy a prosperous session.—Mrs. M. McCaslin, Lake Brady, O.

The second meeting of the First Spiritualistic society was held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. G. F. Dougherty Friday, Saturday and Sunday, at Neogo, Ill. Mediums Ralph Smith and Edward Bailey were present. Great interest was taken and a great and lasting good has been had. The manifestations were fine. In the dark seance guitars floated near the ceiling and played. Harp and bells followed. Hands were materialized in the light seance and fine lectures were given by the guides. The Metcalf mediums are a power and perfectly honest. They are far behind on engagements, but may be had at reasonable terms soon. Since they left here the woods seem full of Spiritualists, and Neogo is all agog.—Cor.

I have just returned from the great city of Chicago, and am proud to say I visited the Bangs Sisters and received beautiful messages from my loved ones. We made our home at the Spiritual and Mediums' home, and found Dr. and Mrs. Benton and Mrs. Jeanette Hanson very estimable people. We had a lecture, which was grand, delivered by Mrs. Vaughn, and many tests, which were all recognized; also had many good tests and readings from Mrs. Jeanette Hanson, the matron of the home. I can recommend those dear people to all Spiritualists everywhere, and safely say that they are all honest and hard workers for our cause.—James R. Smith, Stone Bluff, Ind.

A few months ago the only public Spiritualist meeting of which Battle Creek could boast was the little Thought Circle, which met each Tuesday afternoon at the homes of its members. It has grown slowly, but steadily, into a society, the First Spiritualist church. The following are its officers: Miss Addie R. Burt, president; Mrs. Mary Beach, vice president; Miss Loella Brooks, secretary; Mrs. Annetta Blakely, treasurer; Mr. A. A. Beach, Mr. Harvey Talmage and Miss Addie Burt, trustees. The church rooms, No. 8 E. Main street, will be dedicated Sunday, July 2, Dr. J. M. Peebles officiating. Services at 10:30 a. m., dedicatory services at 7:30 p. m.—L. Brooks, Secretary.

The grove meeting of June 24th and 25th at Ashtabula, O., proved a season of great rejoicing to the Spiritualists of the county, many of whose townships were represented in the audiences which gathered to listen to Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing and Mrs. Anna Robinson Gillespie. The tests given by Mrs. Gillespie were fine and were all recognized. Brother H. M. French also gave some tests. The chairman, Attorney A. C. White of Jefferson, O., proved the right man in the right place, and the meeting was a success in every way, and it is hoped that this meeting will result in the organization of a county association in the near future.—Mrs. L. E. Wood, Kelloggsville, O., Secretary of the Spiritualist Union Society of Ashtabula County.

Dr. Louis Schlesinger, the celebrated medium who came to Chattanooga less than two weeks ago, and who has given some wonderful tests of his power to a number of leading citizens, was asked by a Times representative what he proposed to do with the property he had purchased from the Mandre estate on Cherry street. "As the spirits guide me I always act," he replied. "They have instructed me to build a temple on this property, to be devoted to the religion and to the spread of the knowledge of Spiritualism, and unless other instructions shall follow the temple will be built and devoted to the purposes directed." If this temple is built—and the doctor is very much in earnest in the undertaking—it will be the only one of its kind in the south, and will be solely used for the worship and teaching of the religion of Spiritualism.—The Chattanooga (Tenn.) Daily Times.

Mrs. Loe Prior has been the regular pastor for the Society of Spiritual Science of Atlanta, Ga., the past three years, each one of which has been more successful than the previous one, and put Spiritualism on a higher plane, in the opinion of the general public here. We have a hall with parlor of our own, and the Sunday and week day meetings are well attended by an appreciative audience. During the past year many who came as sceptics and curiosity seekers are now either members or regular attendants.

During the past year Mrs. Prior has organized a Sunday morning lyceum, a Spiritual Library and a Woman's Progressive club, all of which are in a flourishing condition and doing much good. The Harmonial club gave a picnic to the members last Tuesday, which was an enjoyable affair, and propose giving a debate next Monday on, "Resolved, That the Reform Tax Movement is Preferable to the Present Systems;" Mrs. Prior the affirmative, Miss Dickinson the negative. After the debate ice cream and cake will be served, and I have no doubt they will fully sustain their reputation for doing well what they take in hand.—R. E. Webster, Rec. Sec.

How blessed the truths we get from Spiritualism, there is nothing so elevating. It is far ahead of any church work that I ever experienced, and I have had some chance to know after trying 25 years to live a Christian. I never found anything that was one-half so inspiring, or that would prompt one to do good with such earnestness. The conversations which I am getting daily with my friends are undisputable and grand. They may not be convincing to others, but to me they are entirely beyond any doubt as to their genuineness. I do not have to rely upon any one but myself. I have had communications from friends who were members of the same church I was who have expressed themselves as being very much pleased that I had left the old dogmas and come out a full fledged Spiritualist. They tell me that a person who is not a church member is better off than one who is, if they live as good a life here on earth, for it does not take them so long to realize the position they find themselves in when they pass over, for they have not got their minds made up to meet a personal God upon a throne ready to judge them and send them to their respective places. They are ready to accept what comes and begin to rise and do good to themselves and others. It is strange that people are so unwilling to accept the truth when it will do them so much good if they would, and it is such a comfort to know that our friends who have passed away are not lost or gone away, but are nearer than they were before.—Garrison C. Thayer, Point Chautauqua, N. Y.

OBITUARY.

Passed to the spirit life June the 8th, from the home of Wm. and Mary E. Peek, Burney, Ind., Levi Lawrence, aged 46 years, 6 months. He was a Spiritualist for 13 years. Funeral conducted by Mrs. Dr. Hillgoss of Anderson, Ind.

June 13, Mrs. Nettie Bert Baker, wife of George Baker of Chicago. Funeral held at home of R. Baker, Vicksburg, Mich., June 16th. Deceased was 39 years of age. Beside her husband she leaves two sons and many other relatives. Mrs. Lucy Williams delivered the address.—B. B.

From Blair, Neb., June 19th, Mr. Nelson Tremaine, at the age of 70 years. Mr. Tremaine has enjoyed the consolation of Spiritualism for several years. He was a member of the Blair Spiritual society. Funeral services conducted by the writer, assisted by Mrs. Bonney and Mrs. Alford.—W. E. Bonney.

From Spring Arbor township, June 7th, 1899, Mrs. Lavina Thomas, aged 41 years, 8 months and 17 days. Leaving a beloved husband, two sons and one daughter, father, mother and two sisters to mourn her loss. Funeral held at the M. E. church at Spring Arbor village, Mrs. Emily P. Beebe of Jackson officiating.—B.

John Mendenhall, one of the earliest settlers of Sedgwick county, and until recently a citizen of Wichita, Neb., and for many years an ardent Spiritualist, died at his home at Alert, Okla., Monday, the 19th ult. Perhaps no man in the city of Wichita ever enjoyed the blessing of a larger circle of sincere friends, who will be pained to learn of his demise. He was in his 60th year.

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FRED P. EVANS.

THE SLATE WRITING PSYCHIC,

Has taken a vacation until September. Due notice will be given in these columns of his return to New York City.

College of Fine Forces.

(Formerly New York College of Magnetism). The students of this college represent four continents, and half of them are physicians, medical professors, or clergymen. Hudson Tuttle, the well-known author, calls this college "An institute of refined therapeutics, which is fast becoming of world-wide fame, and attracting students from many countries. It builds on exact science, and includes the magnetic, electric, chemical, solar and spiritual forces which underlie every thing. Its course can be taken at home, and a diploma conferring the title of D. M. (Doctor of Magnetism) granted. Dr. Babbitt is author of several books on the subject. The college is chartered, and confers the title of D. M. on a handsome diploma. Send stamp for circular to E. D. BABBITT, M. D., LL. D., Dean, 255 South Broadway, Los Angeles California.

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BY sending us a lock of hair, age, and sex with 25 cts., in stamps we will diagnose any case and treat according Abbott & Boyd, 1010 Elm St., Cincinnati, Ohio. 2

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, 25 years a public medium. Life reading \$1.00, six questions 50 cts. Send date of birth. Disease a specialty. Address 127 Oak St., Lewiston, Maine.

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PSYCHOMETRY. Send 25 cts., a page of own handwriting with full name, and receive a reading. Address ANGIE B. LATHROP, 123 High St., Belfast, Me.

HOW to Become a Medium in Your Own Home. Will send a pamphlet giving instructions, delineate your phases of mediumship and give a spiritual song book. All for 25 cents in stamps. Address Mrs. Jas. A. Bliss, San Diego, Cal.

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REMARKABLE FASTING.

Mr. Milton Rathbun of New York city has completed a twenty-eight day fast. The striking feature of it is the fact that he kept steadily and hard at work every day. Mr. Rathbun entered upon this remarkable fast in order to reduce his weight and stave off threatened apoplexy. His weight when he stopped eating was 210 pounds, and when he began again it was 168 pounds. He has demonstrated the fact that eating is a good thing to let alone—under certain circumstances. He suffered no inconvenience after the first twenty-four hours and did not crave food again until the twenty-eighth day of his fast. He says he never felt so well in his life.

Mr. Rathbun is a Spiritualist and a wide-awake merchant, handling a big business in grain and hay on Fourth avenue. Of course the regular doctors are astounded, and the probability is that they will prosecute the intrepid faster for curling himself in spite of the medical laws of New York.—Editorial in Light of Truth, June 24.

I would consider it negligence of duty were I to neglect telling the many readers of the Light of Truth how Mr. Rathbun received his information that a fast cure would bring about normal activity of his bodily functions. I am fully able to testify to the efficacy of this wonderful physiological discovery, and one which I think will be final, because nothing but nature's own laws are involved in the treatment. In other words, it is the scientific discovery of nature's laws for the conduct of man to attain and maintain perfect health. This discovery was given to the world after 20 years of study and application in the practice of the author. It is now being earnestly discussed by some of the world's progressive medical men, especially in England, where it is being successfully tried.

There is no cost connected with it and medicine is relegated to the barbarities of the past. It is simply the rest or fast cure and its discoverer is Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey, of Meadville, Pa.

His works are "The True Science of Living," "A New Era for Woman," and "The Radical Cure of Alcoholism." Mr. Rathbun is familiar with Dr. Dewey's discovery and was perfectly able to undertake the fast knowing the scientific principles underlying the cure. I know personally of many cases where the fast brought about a regeneration in the person undergoing it.

My wife underwent two fasts, one of 21 days and one of 14 days, and I think in each instance her life was saved and good health the result. I myself was an incurable dyspeptic with its accompanying ailments, including a sluggish mind and sour disposition. After adhering to the Dewey system for two years, which is to go without breakfast, I find myself perfectly well, full of vitality and activity. Dr. Dewey's logic is unanswerable, his style is conversational in simple language, his works bristle with spirituality and their tone is novel in the extreme.

I quote from his books as follows:

1. "The brain is the center of every mind, soul, and muscle energy.
2. The brain is a self-charging dynamo with the stomach, lungs, heart, liver, every muscle, only as so many machines, to be run by it.
3. The brain recovers its exhausted power, or the strength of the body is regained not by eating of food but by rest and sleep.
4. The brain has the wonderful power of feeding itself on the less important structures of the body during sickness or in the absence of food until the body is reduced to the merest skeleton, and without any loss of its own structures. In time of sickness or in the absence of food the body itself becomes a storehouse of pre-digested food to nourish the brain and therefore to support vital power, and the body is the only source of supply that the brain can make use of during sickness.

5. The digestion of food is a tax on vital power, a tax nature always avoids in time of sickness by aversion to all eating.

6. The taking of food in time of sickness to "support the strength," to "keep up the system" is not only wholly unnecessary, but an actual tax on curative energy that is dangerous in proportion to the gravity of the disease.

7. The only use of food is to maintain the weight of the body, and as it does not do this in any case of acute sickness, it is not digested, and as not even a grain of food can be digested under the most healthful, vigorous condition of the body without a relative tax on the strength, or brain force, feeding the sick is nothing less than a physiological crime. It is a sin of ignorance against every curative effort, in that it only adds indigestion to disease and therefore aggravation to symptoms and duration to its course.

J. LEONARD KRAMER,
Bradford, Pa.

MEETING OF MEDIUMS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

On June 16, 17 and 18 a regular semi-annual meeting of the Mediums' Protective association was held in the parlors of the Hotel Arnold at Richmond, Ind. Members were present from Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Iowa and Massachusetts.

The session was harmonious and a great deal of interest was shown by Spiritualists of this state. Frank T. Ripley of Boston gave public addresses and tests to appreciative audiences. Mrs. Mary Garrett of Cincinnati, Alice Gehring and Hazel Biddee of Indianapolis also gave tests.

The following officers were elected: Wilson C. Jessup, president, Richmond; Alice Gehring, vice president, Indianapolis; Hazel Biddee, secretary and treasurer, Indianapolis; Willie E. Hart, assistant secretary, Richmond; Dr. E. E. Parker, attorney, Richmond. A committee was appointed to make application for a national charter.

The secretaries were instructed to obtain the names of the officers of the Spiritual societies as far as possible, and to ask co-operation of phenomenal mediums throughout America. Such mediums are respectfully invited to correspond with the secretary.

The following address was reported by the committee appointed for that purpose:

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS.

We, mediums for physical manifestation of spirit power and intelligence, have concluded to form a society to be known as "The Mediums' Protective Association." We have taken this step after due consideration, frequent communion with our guides, and with unfeigned reluctance. We know our motives will be misunderstood and that our association will be assailed with calumny and abuse. But our opponents have organized a secret crusade against us and must be met, not only for our sake, but for that of Spiritualism.

Our purpose is not to protect ourselves and our calling alone, but to protect the public from mercenary and untrustworthy mediums. Our membership is composed of mediums who have triumphed over crucial tests and given evidence of most conclusive character of the power exercised through them.

We intend to invoke the strong arm of the law against slanderers and libelers and teach them that we have not forfeited our rights as American citizens by developing our mediumship.

We hereby cordially invite all genuine, upright mediums for any sort,

CHOICE LITERATURE.

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- WILL THE COMING MAN WORSHIP GODS—By B. F. Underwood 10 cents.

or kind of spirit phenomena to unite with us and become members of our association. All needful information can be obtained by addressing the president or secretary.

HAZEL BIDDEE, Secretary.
522 Cap. Ave., N. Indianapolis, Ind.

AT FAIR SUNAPEE.

Editor Light of Truth—The officers of the Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Campmeeting association now have arrangements all completed for their twenty-second annual convocation which opens at Blodgett's Landing, N. H., Sunday, July 30, at 10 a. m. The outlook is most flattering for a successful session. Since the notice which appeared in these columns a short time since, the management have secured the services of that most wonderful materializing medium, Mr. William Eddy, of Pittsford, Vt.

The Woodsum Steamboat company are now running the "Armenia White," capacity 650 passengers, the "Kearsarge," 350 and the favorite "Lady Woodsum," 125. These boats connect with all passenger and excursion trains, and are officered by thoroughly competent men. No matter what part of the lake you desire to visit, you can save money by calling for campmeeting tickets on railroad and boats. The fishing in the waters of Sunapee is excellent. The waters contain our varieties of trout, bass, pickerel, salmon and pout. Boats to rent on reasonable terms. A few cottages yet to rent. The undersigned will furnish information in regard to same. A building devoted to the sale of ice cream and bakers' goods opposite hotel. Goods fresh every day. Board at the Forest house \$7.00 per week and up, including room. Write for circulars.
W. H. WILKINS,
Polchville, Vt., Box 63. Secretary.

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.

JULY 4TH, '99.

Hurrah for frolic! Hurrah for fun!
Of all the days since the world begun
The Fourth of July, with its racket and
noise,
Is the merriest day to this land's small
boys!

With cannon cracker, toy pistol and gun,
Out in the dust 'neath the broiling sun,
Burning fingers and soiling clothes;
But what matters it—if the cracker
"goes?"

Treading on this one and that one's toes;
Following the band wherever it goes;
Seeing "racers" 'are given fair play.
What can not be done in one whole day?

Then hurrah for frolic! Hurrah for fun!
The jolliest day since the world begun
Is July 4th, with its bustle and noise
To Uncle Sam's '99 small boys.

Yuba City, Cal., June 14, 1899.

Dear Aunt Rose: I got your letter all
right. As I said I would tell you in my
next letter how I became a clairvoyant, I
will let you know.

For two years I had earache in the win-
ter time. One day some mediums came to
the town of Marysville, where I then
lived. I went with my parnts to see if
they could cure me. We went almost
every evening to hear him lecture. One
evening he told me to go into the cabinet
with him. I sat by a table and then he put
his fingers in my ears. While he was stand-
ing behind me I saw some men, which
frightened me. He cured me of my earache,
and I have not had earache since. My sis-
ter and I both sat, so that I became a
clairvoyant, and my sister developed auto-
matic writing. I have three sisters and
three brothers, but one of my little broth-
ers, who is next to my youngest sister,
passed away soon after he was born. I
did not see my brother on this side because
I was not at home then.

My grandfather Kolb, who is on the
other side, told us to name him Leo. I
see Leo whenever we have circles.

Our spirit friends tell us that we will
get a home, and I can see it every time
we sit.

My oldest brother, whose name is Louis,
sat and became a clairvoyant also. But
when the mediums went away he went
with them. He stayed away for six
months. When he came home he said he
would not sit because they were frauds,
and he lost his power. He is a cripple
and they said he would get cured if he
went with them. They did not heal him
or make him any better, so he gave up.

I wish some good mediums would come
around here. My papa got some nice slate
writing from the Brockway family when
they were in Marysville, but I did not see
them.

Now Aunt Rose I had better stop writing
for this letter is getting too long, I think.
But I want to try and describe as I see
you clairvoyantly. You have light brown
eyes, dark hair and you curl it in front;
you are medium size, with a fleshy, round
face. When you wrote you sat by a desk
in the corner of a room that has a great
many books in it. You had a lamp that
had a shade over it. The shade was a
white glass one. Am I right? With love
from all, yours truly,
ANNIE MARIE STREHLE.

The mediums you speak of must
have had some power to have effect-
ed a cure in your case even though
they disappointed your brother.

We can imagine how very discour-
aged he felt and almost as though ev-
eryone were frauds and the whole
world against him, which so built up
a wall about him of distrust and gloom
that spirit friends found it impossible
to penetrate.

Tell him the light surrounds him
will he but let it in, and by its rays
many dark places will be lighted up
and their mission made plain to him.

The "ministering angels," will he
but ask their aid and guidance, will
lighten his burdens and through their
teaching he will learn that to be a
cripple is not the worst fate accorded
mortals. Far more pitiable is it to see
souls darkened, dwarfed and distorted
by evil thoughts and actions, yea, far
more sad than any physical weakness,
for the latter will be discarded a few
years, the former we must carry with
us.

There is a law of compensation in
the wise beneficence of nature and if
we seek we shall discover it.

"For everything you have missed
you have gained something else."

"The good are befriended even by
weakness and defect."

"As no man had ever a point of
pride that was not injurious to him,
so no man had ever a defect that was
not somewhere made useful to him.
The stag in the fable admired his
horns and blamed his feet, but when
the hunter came his feet saved him,
and afterwards, caught in the thicket,
his horns destroyed him."

Your description was only partially
correct, but do not let that discourage
you, as perfection only comes to those
who "try, try again."

Aunt Rose has a dear little sister in
spirit life named by those who wel-
comed her, as she also passed out, be-
fore learning anything of earth and
its people.

Your letters are always welcome,
Annie, and we should like also to hear
from others of your household group.

LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My brother Will, he used to be
The nicest kind of girl,
He wore a little dress like me
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all these good old times are gone—
Will turned into a boy.

Mamma made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts.
And Will, he was so pleased, I believe,
He almost jumped with joy,
But I must own I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit nor win.
And leapfrog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charlie, Frank or Roy.
Oh, no one knows how bad I feel
Since Will has turned a boy!

I have to wear frocks just the same
And now they're mostly white.
I have to sit and just be good
While Will can climb and fight,
But I must keep my dresses nice
And wear my hair in curl;
And, worse—oh, worstest thing of all—
I have to stay a girl! —Selected.

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You can hear the little Katydid
Crying out among the leaves—
Katy did, Katy did,
She didn't, she didn't;
Katy did, she did,
No she didn't; Katy didn't.
How I wonder what they mean
In the leaves so thick and green:
What the mischief is that's hid
Which little Katy did?

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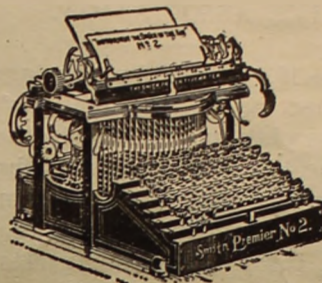
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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Mrs. McKinley's condition is improving.

No rush of troops for the Philippines will be made during the rainy season.

The coffin trust met in Columbus and advanced the price of caskets 20 per cent.

The Mayor of Muskegon, Mich., was assassinated by a disappointed office-seeker.

The steamer Margaret Olwill, stone laden, went down during a storm, with nine lives, in Lake Erie off Lorain, O.

Frank Winn of Worcester, Mass., has invented a typewriter that prints the music, the lines of the staff, notes and all, and makes as clear a copy as if it came from a lithographic stone.

The complete returns in the Rome municipal council elections show that 20 clerical candidates were successful, some moderate liberals, but no socialists. The pope is overjoyed at the result by which Rome is still Catholic.

Mrs. James Platt of Union Mills, Indiana, gave birth to four daughters on June 26. Three have since died, but the fourth will probably live. The occurrence is made more interesting by the fact that the mother is only 18 years old and weighs 110 pounds. The father is a laborer, about 30 years old, and weighs but little more than his wife.

Colonel Gross Von Schwatthoff of the German delegation made a speech against the disarmament scheme which is the sensation of the conference so far. In reply to the czar's plea for disarmament on the ground that a maintenance of large armaments is crushing the nations, he said that Germany was not being ruined, and her wealth, contentedness and standard of life were daily increasing. He concluded by saying with amazing frankness that to only consider the non-increase of armaments and leave out all other factors might seem a plausible scheme for peace to an outsider, but to a military expert it was so manifestly absurd that he wondered it could ever have been put forward in earnest.

LIGHT BREAKING IN.

To the Editor—I want to tell you of a strange experience I, with some friends, had a short time ago. I received a pamphlet telling us how to hold a seance at home by placing our hands, palms down, on a table and sitting from an hour to an hour and a half. We did not believe in Spiritualism and laughed, but we thought we would try it and so we placed a slate on the table and followed the directions. In a short time we were startled by hearing three raps from the middle of the table. We thought at first it was one of the boys using his foot, but soon raps came from all parts of the room. We tried it several times and always got raps until about two weeks ago when we received some writing on the slate.

On one slate was three different languages, Italian, Norwegian and Hebrew.

We took the slates to persons in the town who understood the different languages and they translated it for us. The meaning of all three in English was practically the same, the essence of the thought being the following words, "There is no death." The two young men and we two young ladies believe firmly that we have received messages from the dead.

There are no Spiritualists in Cumberland and we heartily wish some

good mediums who can show the people of our city the true religion, would come and form a society. I wish you would put this entire letter in the Light of Truth, as it might result in the leading to the light of many people.

Cumberland is a city of 2,000 inhabitants and if this article strikes upon the notice of any medium who travels to different places, he or she can see the advantage of coming to our city in more ways than one.

MISS ESTHER MARKGREN,
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