

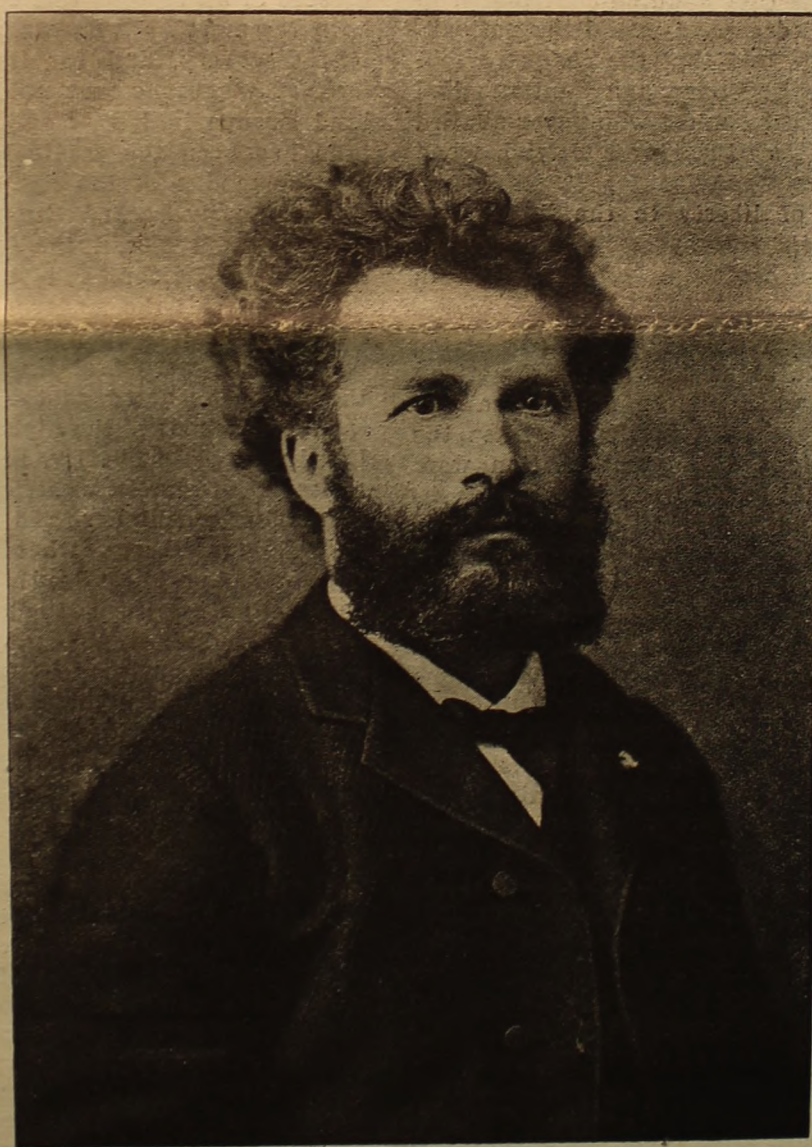
Light of Truth

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CAMILLE FLAMMARION.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

HARPER & SYN. CO'S



THE SCHOOL OF PSYCHIC PHILOSOPHY CELEBRATES THE 4TH OF JULY ON ITS IMMENSE GROUNDS IN NEW YORK CITY.

Opening of the patriotic services by the choir, conducted by Mrs. Catherine Whitehead, singing The Star-Spangled Banner, followed by the imposing ceremony of presenting to the school and unfurling the beautiful flag of our Union by the president, Mrs. M. E. Williams. After which the Declaration of Independence was read by Hon. Daniel J. Wyett, a direct descendant of one of the signers of that great instrument. The oration was delivered by Rev. John Milton Scott in a most acceptable manner. Judge Litrell Murphy read an original and grand poem. Mr. Henry Hanscomb gave a thrilling recitation from William Tell on liberty. An original poem eulogizing our president and school was read by Mr. Arthur Fancourt of London, England. Then came the paper of the day, by Mrs. M. E. Williams, enthusiastically applauded, and edifying all present, as follows:

Friends and Fellow Members of the School of Psychic Philosophy: We have assembled here today to celebrate, with simple but appropriate ceremonies the anniversary of the day that gave our country liberty and taught the world that freedom in the hands of an intelligent people is one of the greatest boons that God can bestow on man.

Did time permit and had I the qualifications for the task, I would like to trace our country's history from the Declaration of Independence down to our own time, but I see before me gentlemen learned in the law who can do more adequate justice to the subject than I can.

Looking around this beautiful island today I am reminded of what we owe our ancestors; the men who laid the foundation of our present greatness, and who in the face of almost inconceivable difficulties planted the seeds from which have sprung all the political and religious liberty we, their descendants, now enjoy. They sowed that we might reap, and on a day like this it is well to recall what they did for us, as we hope future generations will recall our services in behalf of the glorious truths they will enjoy through the efforts we are making to free the mind from religious blindness and its attendant dogmas.

Contrast our country today with the aspect it wore when the Pilgrim Fathers first set foot on Plymouth Rock on the bleak coast of Massachusetts bay, and then send up a prayer of thanksgiving to the noble men and women who braved almost every danger to enjoy the freedom they have transmitted to us. They may have been creed-bound and narrow in their religious views, but they held that men should be privileged to worship God as they saw fit, and that sentiment has so broadened since their time that it is possible for us to stand here today and tell the world that spirit re-

turn is a fact and that God can be as worthily worshiped under the shadow of these trees as He can be in the most magnificent temple that was ever reared by man.

To gain a subsistence from the harsh and unkindly soil and make some small provision for the future was not so easy a matter with the early settlers as it has become with many of their descendants; and if we who are so prone to bewail our hard fate and lack of fortune would occasionally remember what hardships the first settlers suffered we might be tempted to view our state with more equanimity and thank God for what we have rather than complain for what we have not. It is well to remember also that the sufferings and hardships they endured contributed in no small degree to mould the national character, and that the conquerors of Manila, El Caney and Santiago had for forebearers men who never quailed in the face of danger and who, when the time was ripe for it, flung the banner of liberty to the breeze and won their freedom from the haughtiest and most powerful nation in Europe.

These early days were the heroic and picturesque days of the American people, when all the nobler qualities of the race were developed; when the foundations of a great nation were being laid and a wilderness was fashioned and prepared to receive millions of people. A few attractive glimpses of these early days are afforded in the pages of Whittier, Longfellow and Hawthorne; but even these New England writers have not done full justice to the brave and self-denying people who first made it possible for a free race to inhabit this continent. Sickness and privation were the grim visitors who haunted their firesides by day and night, and for many a weary year existence continued to be one long struggle against nature and man. Those who escaped from the poisoned arrows of the Indians were too liable to fall under the destructive assaults of fever. We know that one of the hundred and one emigrants who landed from the Mayflower fifty-five died the first year, and ten years after the settlement was founded the colony only numbered three hundred souls. The people were obliged to bury their dead in secret, lest the Indians should find out how many they had lost, and thus discover how helpless they were to resist further attacks. Every man was armed to the teeth, even when he went to the house of prayer. These were the beginnings of the American nation, in New England, and without any desire to laud one section of the country at the expense of any other section, it must be admitted that from New England most of the ruling ideas of the people have sprung. It was there that resistance to the stamp act and to the tea tax was organized, although Patrick Henry had prepared the way in Virginia. It was there that the first steps were taken to make the colonies independent of England. In that group of states,

small and even insignificant as it is in area, compared with many other parts of the Union, the principles have ripened which now control the government of the nation.

Think not, my friends, that in eulogizing this section of the country I am unmindful of the south and west; they, too, have contributed their quota of great men, and Virginia, the mother of presidents, has done for the south and southwest what New England and New York state have done for the less fruitful portions of the country. My friends, what a heritage is ours! What a perfect form of government we should enjoy! What possibilities are open to the young man who was fortunate enough to be born here! And even if not born here, what other land offers such opportunities for the acquisition of wealth and fame? During the Napoleonic wars it was said that every young soldier carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack, but here in America every native born youth can aspire to the presidential chair, and while we have no order of nobility, the son of the humblest toiler in this land is heir-presumptive to the throne of the foremost nation in the world. Shall we stop to enumerate the blessings that American civilization have bestowed on humanity? Shall we state that in addition to giving homes to the oppressed of all nations this country has been foremost in every walk of scientific discovery, and for its age and lack of encouragement not much behind Europe in letters and art? Our land has been the cradle for the inventive genius of the age. Here it was tenderly rocked by Benjamin Franklin and Morse, the forerunners of Thomas Edison, and it was here that nearly all the modern inventions that have been of such practical value to our race were first thought of by the men who acted as the agents of the intelligences of the higher spheres. In education, in charity, in manufactures, in steam, in electricity, in labor-saving machinery, and above all, in religious liberty, what nation of the earth do we not lead? And now our destiny carries us to far-off Asia, where we do not go as conquerors, but as missionaries, to share with that people the enlightened liberty we won from the God of the Universe by our struggles in the search for Truth!

It is no uncommon thing to be told that our liberties are being encroached upon by capital and that while theoretically a republican form of government is almost perfect, it is capable of proof that in practice a great many evils creep into it. I admit it and at the same time recognize the divine purpose in permitting such a state of affairs. Every wrong that exists in the world exists for the purpose of spurring man to increased endeavor, and if that endeavor is not practiced then retrogression follows, and the race decays, as can be witnessed among the peoples of the old world. The law seems to be either advance or retrogression. We can not stand still, for there is nothing at rest in the universe. Backward or forward, and happy is the nation that realizes the illimitableness of progress and knows that the higher we ascend the larger and grander becomes the vista. In words of my beloved guide, Mr. Holland, continuous progress, eternal life. There is no going back for a people who know this truth, and when once it is generally understood the most backward nations of the old civilizations will be rejuvenated, and instead of standing still they will try to step forward in the march of progress, and ultimately join in the higher thought that will bring them nearer to the world of spirit.

If I should be asked to what I attribute the alleged superiority of the American people over that of other nations, I should answer, to the admixture of races, and I can't help thinking that there is a divine purpose in the Aryan race founding a new nation here after the countless ages of its dispersion through the various countries of Europe and Asia. No matter how we are called, Celt, Teuton, Latin, Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian, ethnologically we are brethren under different names, but here we have been reunited under one—American! And it is here the Aryan is destined to attain his highest possibilities, for it is here he is allowed the most perfect freedom of action and conscience.

No nation of ancient or modern days has been so keenly alive to the absolute truth of spirit control and return as has this, and it is in this favored land Spiritualism is destined to attain its fullest growth, as the admixture of races produces a form of mediumship unknown in any other country in the world. Understand me, I do not mean to say that this admixture of the Aryan race did not obtain before the discovery and settlement of this continent. Nothing of the sort. For from the dawn of history up to the present time that race has been in a state of never-ending movement.

At the commencement of my speech I stated that Freedom in the hands of an intelligent people is one of the greatest blessings that God can bestow on man, and I repeat that statement, with this addition that it should be possible for every man to make a living for himself and family untrammelled by capital and trusts. A short time ago I spoke approvingly of our wonderful scientific discoveries and of our labor-saving machinery, but it is well to remember that when first introduced these same scientific discoveries have often a disturbing effect on the labor market, throwing thousands of honest men and women out of employment. What to do with these people and how to make them sharers in the discoveries of the age is the problem of the hour, and another great problem is how to check and regulate the growth of trusts and monopolies. I am not one who believes that all men are equal, or that they can be made so by sumptuary laws, but I cannot close my eyes to the fact that a condition of affairs has sprung into existence that was never dreamed of by the framers of the Constitution, and that unless something is done to regulate and check it our forefathers died in vain for the cause of liberty, for as matters are at present we are becoming a nation of plutocrats and slaves, and though the latter wear no chains that are visible to the eye they are none the less bound by their necessities which are the whip that scourge them and drive them to do the work of their masters.

We have masters in some form or another, and the very concept of a God shows that there is no such thing as equality, nor should there be, for if all were equal there would be no incentive to exertion, and it is by exertion alone that we progress; but to me there is something abhorrent in the idea that one man should own millions he can never use while there are thousands of his fellow men dying for bread even in this prosperous country. Oh, that the knowledge we Spiritualists possess could be imparted to and accepted by the men who have no higher aim than the accumulation of needless wealth! If they could but know that here on earth they make their future lives in the life beyond. That good deeds performed here lie at the foundation of

their Spiritual happiness; that every wrong inflicted on their fellow-man in the wild pursuit of needless wealth must be remedied by good and unselfish deeds in the life beyond.

And if they would be truly happy, both in the present and in the future, they should realize in a practical manner that God is love as well as universal energy, and that to benefit their fellows is to benefit themselves, for good deeds are blazoned among the stars and bright as the latter are, they pale before the goodness that can and should emanate from the human soul. But in the mad race for wealth too many people lose sight of what is due to their less fortunate fellow beings, and when they leave earth they find themselves poor and alone in the immaterial and higher world where soul is everything and where material success bought with the impoverishment of spirit is the equivalent of the hell theologians teach.

Don't misunderstand me, friends—don't think I advocate universal poverty as a panacea for our present woes. No, no, I advocate a knowledge of the truth amongst men. A knowledge that life here is ephemeral, that in comparison with life eternal it is not that the May-fly which hardly lives long enough to feel the Kiss of the Sun that brought it into being. No, I am not an anarchist, nor a hater of wealth, but I am a hater of injustice. I advocate in its largest sense generosity to those who have less than we have. I desire to add to the sum of human happiness by every legitimate means. I would teach that in reality we own nothing but the soul which is made or marred according as we use it in its various and eternal environments. I believe that every man, woman and child needs sufficient material wealth to make life endurable on this plane of existence, but the immense fortunes that are being piled up nowadays—fortunes that can only be paralleled by Rome in her decadence—and which were unknown by the fathers of our country who grew spiritually rich by their services to humanity, the sacrifices they made and the hardships they endured that this land should become the cradle of liberty and the abiding place of the oppressed of all nations beyond the sea.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

The man who will lie naturally will also steal in like manner.

A new bonnet inspires to greater religious activity than an eloquent sermon.

He who refuses to have his faith proven to him is either a hypocrite or a coward.

As petit robbery is condemned and wholesale robbery attracts deference, it is natural that the ignorant should conclude the latter to be a virtue worth imitating.

Absolute honesty today stands for poverty and contentment, but it is sweet to hear—soul communion being the balm which makes the trials of life seem natural.

If we could realize the beneficial effects our little acts of kindness have on suffering souls we would increase them tenfold daily. It is the unknown sympathies, which do the greatest good. A.F.M.

A congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver a eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply. "It's customary."

FUNCTIONAL DISORDERS AND THEIR TREATMENT BY SUGGESTION.

Herbert A. Parkyn, M. D., in The Suggester and Thinker.

A physiological function is that mode of action or operation which is proper to any organ. In a human being are found a variety of functions which may be divided into three classes:

1. Functions of Nutrition, divisible into functions of absorption and metamorphosis, and comprising all those functions by which an organism is enabled to live, grow and maintain its existence as an individual.

2. Functions of Reproduction, comprising all those functions whereby the perpetuation of the species is secured.

3. Functions of Relation and Correlation, comprising all those functions (such as sensation and bodily motion) whereby the outer world is brought into relation with the organism, and the organism, in turn, is enabled to act upon the outer world.

Since the very existence of a human being is dependent upon nutrition, it is obvious that the second and third classes just named are greatly dependent upon the first class. In fact, excepting traumatic causes, it is found that nearly every disordered function of these last two named classes is produced or aggravated, directly or indirectly, by disorders of the functions of organs controlling nutrition. The organs of nutrition, again, may be controlled by the third class through the influence of the mind.

It will be the object of this paper to show that thoughts, through the medium of the brain, affect the organs of nutrition; that, since the brain is unable to operate without nutrition, the thoughts of an individual depend somewhat upon nutrition; and that the thoughts of an individual may be so directed as to influence the organs of nutrition when the functions of these organs are not being properly carried on.

The cause of almost every human disease may be directly traced to troubles of the organs of nutrition. These troubles invariably commence in functional disorders, which, if not relieved, lead to organic changes in the affected organs—permanent injury to their functions resulting. No known treatment will restore an organ to its normal condition after structural changes have taken place: it is, therefore, important that the functional troubles in an organ should be recognized and corrected before structural changes develop.

All normal functions should be performed unconsciously or carry pleasure with them as their psychological accompaniment. Therefore, should an individual become conscious of the operation of a function, which normally should be carried on unconsciously; or, should the action of a function which is normally associated with the sense of pleasure become unpleasant, it is a warning that some functional derangement is present, and that measures should be taken at once to rectify the difficulty. Every function has its purpose, and when there is a derangement of one function, it follows that other functions or organs become affected.

How many persons are there who can truthfully say they have no functional troubles? Thousands of individuals go for years complaining a little, now of one thing, again of another. They do not attach much importance to these little symptoms because they do not interfere with their duties. Sooner or later, however, serious troubles follow. The trouble may not develop for years, but it will

some time, and death before middle life generally results.

The organs of nutrition, the stomach, bowels, etc., are under the control of the sympathetic nerve system, and are connected by it, so that trouble in one of these organs is generally felt in the others.

The brain, through the spinal cord, has a great deal of control over the sympathetic nerve system, and we find that grief or worry interfere with digestion and assimilation. Should these conditions of grief and worry continue for an extended period, dyspepsia and constipation may result, and in this way nutrition may be greatly lowered.

Fright will sometimes almost instantaneously produce diarrhoea, or it may cause the face to blanch. Instances are not lacking where such a mental condition has caused death.

Nervousness, produced by a continual mental strain, may result in various forms of functional disorders, produce insomnia, loss of appetite, etc. Loss of appetite means indigestion of less food and, in consequence, interference with normal nutrition.

Functional disorders are also produced through improper eating and drinking, by neglect of hygiene, exposure to weather, etc.

I have had patients come to me with functional disorders, which they believed to be inherited, because their mothers or grandmothers had suffered similarly. The trouble complained of may have been dyspepsia, constipation, headache, painful menstruation, rheumatism, nervousness, insomnia, etc.—all functional troubles. Invariably I have had no trouble in removing them. The fact that these symptoms were removed proved that the trouble was not hereditary, and in every instance I have been able to trace the cause to habits of thought, or incorrect habits of living, and diet—sometimes both. Habits are sometimes handed down for generations, and the habits of eating and drinking may generally be traced to the mother's side, since she is the one who prepares the food. The members of families who are continually suffering from functional disorders generally die off before middle life. It is this fact which leads the members of such families to declare that they inherit an early death. They are invariably found to be suffering from malnutrition in some of its varied subtle forms. I notice that with the removal of the functional disorders all aches and pains leave them, and they grow strong and stout.

Every day operations are performed in our city for the removal of the whole or part of some of the internal organs of the body which have become diseased. What produced this condition of these organs? Does the operation remove the cause which produced the condition of disease in these organs? In every case the cause may be traced to the organs which generate and distribute nutrition; yet I have treated dozens of these sufferers after their operations, and invariably found that the prime cause—the functional disorders, had never been corrected. There are cases, however, where by good luck the patients pick up after their operations, and the reasons for this are given in an article entitled "Therapeutic Suggestion; What Is It?" published in the August, 1898, number of Suggestions.

Painful menstruation, unless due to obstruction, is a functional trouble, and we find it is only a symptom of other functional troubles, which have to be removed before it will disappear. Unless the causes which produce it are removed, the patient will have more serious troubles later in life. I refer to such troubles as lacerations and a difficult time at an early menopause. Obstructed dysmenorrhea, due

to displacements, is often produced by lack of nutrition to the uterine supports. With improved nutrition I have seen even this symptom disappear.

The imperfect nutrition which follows disordered functions of the organs of nutrition affects the functions of the brain. The centers situated in the brain suffer. Memory, concentration and reason are weakened, and in this state melancholia, delusions, manias, etc., frequently arise, and are not removed till proper nutrition is re-established.

A patient is not in perfect health while he has even a solitary functional disorder. Many patients say they never suffer from dyspepsia, but close questioning often reveals the fact that it is because they avoid certain articles of ordinary diet.

To correct a functional disorder one should possess a thorough knowledge of hygiene, physiology and psychology. Every functional disorder may be relieved by purely natural means. I don't consider a patient well so long as he requires even a drop of medicine to regulate a function.

I pointed out that the organs can be controlled adversely by certain lines of thought. By understanding the suggestibility and personality of a patient, it is possible in every instance to produce by suggestion thoughts that will stimulate a disordered function, and with proper hygienic measures this mode of treatment is sufficient in every case.

From many years of constant experimenting with suggestive therapeutics, a system of suggestive treatment has been evolved, whereby any function of the body may with certainty be stimulated. This system of functional stimulation has been reduced to an exact science; there is no guess work. Having found a function of the body requiring stimulation, we are able to bring about the desired result. We have experimented with an organ at a time, until we are now enabled to obtain a ready response from all of them.

The rapidity with which any function returns to its normal activity depends not only upon the organ affected, but upon the amount of trouble there. From some organs we are able to get an immediate response and positive evidence that stimulation did commence at once; whereas, in others it may take a few days for the change to become evident. In every instance, however, a few days will suffice to prove that the suggestive treatment has had its effect.

Many functional troubles are relieved daily by Christian Science. The Christian Scientists are curing cases which our physicians have been unable to relieve, and are performing these cures unconsciously and ignorantly by bringing about lines of thought which relieve the functional troubles. Some they are able to cure; others they are not able to cure. The reason for this is that a line of thought which will stimulate an organ in one person may not in the least affect another, or because the trouble lies in the neglect of hygiene.

The suggestionist with a knowledge of physiology, on the other hand, understanding the cause of the trouble, is able to place the proper line of thought or knowledge in the mind of every patient, and thus produce the desired result in every case.

A Baptist minister fishing near Cape Cod catches a strange fish, and asks the skipper: "What manner of fish is this, my good man? It has a curious appearance." "Yaas! Only been 'round here this year," "What do you call it?" "We calls 'em Baptists." "Why so?" "'Cause they spile so quick arter they come out of the water."

MISCELLANEOUS.

INGERSOLL.

Editor Light of Truth.

While writing letters this afternoon I was "given" the following message from Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, which I was later requested to have published, that it might reach all of his friends:

"There is beyond the silent night
An endless day;
Death is a door that leads to light—
Love leads the way.
Longing to know and do the right,
I sought the truth—I found the light!"
Aug. 6, 1899.

Two days subsequent to the receipt of the above lines the following message was received unexpectedly and unsolicited:

"Immortality is a fact in nature—the heritage of all. There is no arbitrary reward nor condemnation from which there is no appeal. Conscience is the judgment bar, and the wise man will so live that he may fearlessly have his life scanned by the noblest souls without blush. I have solved for myself the great mystery, and I more than ever reiterate, let reason be the guide; open the doors of the mind to the light of truth, and accept whatever is demonstrated only.

"ROBERT G. INGERSOLL."
Mrs. H. D. P., Toledo, O.

The twilight of this century will close over the death of its greatest apostle of free thought. Robert G. Ingersoll is dead. The sad news burst upon me as the waves of a mysterious fatality. The world is speculating to-night as to whither has flown the spirit of this champion, of love and home, the adorer of mother and child, the enemy of slavery and crime, the detester of shams and creeds, the persecutor of ignorance and superstition, the idealization of all that is manly in man. Oh, where has it gone? It is no longer in the castle of bone and sinew, so long its home, now wrapt in eternal sleep, lying empty at Dobbs Ferry ready for the tomb. It has crossed the night of death, beyond the dream and illusion of life, where time ceases and a new era dawns, where through the parting veil of mortality soul and spirit kiss in rapturous unison, and where the ocean of mind touches the shores of every star, of every planet and every mystery.

The worst his enemies may say of him is that he looked with scorn upon all that is bad in theology and superstition. The best his friends may say of him is that his life was the highest expression of all that is good in the ethics of religion. He had no faith in the wisdom of priest, or the inspiration of legend, no patience with so-called divine creeds and no apology for hypocrisy.

A SUBSCRIBER.

AS TOM MILLAR SEES HIM.

Robert G. Ingersoll of worldwide fame has taken up the other life, for which he expressed a hope.

Miscellaneous expressions of Ingersollism can be read in nearly every journal published. The diversified opinions are as varied as the journals themselves, ranging from hot, hotter, hottest, to "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Occasionally the criticisms and eulogies are vicissitudinous. Talmage expresses himself as grieved because he never mailed the letter he had written the great agnostic in regard to the nar-

row way, and as reciprocal, no doubt for the many truths Colonel Ingersoll taught, perchance the letter never sent, penned by the doctor, had a congratulatory vein, and he desired to express his felicitation on the fact the Colonel never experienced the humiliation of having the sounding boards or the acoustic properties of the buildings in which he spoke charred with fire sent by a jealous God. Be that as it may, as to the theological acrobat's missent missive, whatever the contents or design. The U. S. extends to all the right to express either written or oral their views on any or every subject, from socialistic ideas in politics, to the infant damnation dogma in religion.

Ingersoll's life was that of a teacher. Whatever his motive, while disobeying ecclesiastical law, he violated no mandate of the nation. May this sentiment continue for all time, regardless of the slimy ooze of 1899 politics now angling a censor universal. The press, too, catches a ray of inspiration from governmental free thought and free speech methods, and welcome correspondence from the feet washers and polygamist in religion, to imperialism, and trust factories in politics; but all harbor a waste basket, where they relegate communications not in touch with their subscribers' ethical and political opinions. More especially is this the fact with our metropolitan papers.

Ignoring this truth, and the probable destiny of this letter, I shall in conclusion briefly state an old farmer's views on Ingersoll. It looks to me as though Ingersoll deserved fame, the fashion of celebrity meeting with the greatest financial returns. He gave the bar a trial, was successful, but monetary returns were not sufficient to give the profession his entire thought. Then came politics, with the same results. Changing his political views did not have the desired effect. Then agnosticism was presented and given a moderate trial. In this field he had no competitors. He struck "pay dirt" and fame at once. He found the combination he was in search of. He became famous and his posterity will enjoy every luxury money can purchase. Was Ingersoll a philanthropist? Yes, this kind. He would engage to occupy and speak from a spiritualistic platform and expound the logic of Paine and Voltaire, interspersed with Ingersoll witticisms, for the small sum of \$800 and donate the organization all receipts above that amount. With this advertisement string attached all surplus monies, be it either \$100 or \$1,000, should be advertised as a donation from the great agnostic.

Was Ingersoll honest? Yes, this fashion of honesty: When officiating at the obsequies of a brother he said, in speaking of immortality: "I have a hope." Soon after a noted psychic asked him, would he like immortality demonstrated beyond cavil. His reply was: "One world at a time for me."

Ingersoll knows now what he undoubtedly knew before his "shuffle," but did not have the honesty to admit. He saw more money and fame in agnosticism than in the spiritualistic field.

TOM MILLAR.

SPECIAL AGENTS.

Special agents of the Light of Truth at the camps thus far appointed: Clinton, Ia., Prof. Leroy Berrier; Lake Brady, O., Mrs. Mary McCaslin; Lily Dale, N. Y., Asbel G. Smith; Onset Bay, Mass., J. B. Hatch, jr.; Lake Pleasant, C. R. Bennett; Chesterfield, Ind., Mrs. W. C. Jessup; Lake Sunapee, N. H., W. H. Wilkins; Lincoln, Neb., W. E. Bonney.

These persons are fully empowered to solicit and receive subscriptions and all other money due this company.

A PROBLEM IN PSYCHICS.

O. W. Humphrey.

Having been a contributor to the Light of Truth for many years, and directly connected with the formation of the N. S. A., I feel confident that its editor will tolerate an article from my pen, which, from its nature, ordinarily would be debarred.

I do not seek for controversy, having for the past 15 years been engaged in argument for the benefit of Spiritualism; nor do I wish to have my assertions construed as hostile to Spiritualism, and I request from Spiritualists the same liberality they have been seeking for themselves, and for which, as my history will show, I have given much thought and labor.

My interest was aroused by the article bearing the title "Experiments in Direct Spirit Writing," under date of Aug. 5, in the Light of Truth, giving the experience of Mr. Frederick J. Thomas with the independent slate-writing medium, Mr. Fred P. Evans.

For 15 years I have been a student of psychic phenomena, and my experiences have been embodied in a brochure. My determination to publish this work was resultant from a strange problem, constituting by the internal nature of the evidence offered an important test case as to the validity—not only of the objective phenomena of Spiritualism, but of the positive proof of personality behind the phenomena. This work has been spread far and wide. Eminent literary men, scientists and statesmen, have complimented its production, and it has circulated among the masses of the people. I do not say this as a matter of self-praise or for the sake of advertisement, but as a matter of fact, to illustrate the importance which this relation of personal experience will have toward the welfare of Spiritualism.

This problem has, as its central point, the assertion of an indorsed medium relating to a material matter. While, as a personal affair, I have shrunk from publicity, yet, as one prominently concerned with organized Spiritualism, I have felt it to be a conscientious duty to present to the public the story which cannot be read without deep concern by Spiritualists and all interested in Spiritualism.

Deducing from my experience, the question is, Can the assertions purporting to emanate from spirits relating to material affairs be verified?

On one part of Mr. Thomas' slate I read: "As soon as your friend (Van Jewitt) comes closer in touch with you I will be able to give you the advice that you need to carry you to a successful issue. JAMES FLOOD."

"My Dear Son Fred—I feel confident that your work of the past four months will shortly be satisfactory, but don't use it too much for (mutual?) help. Your father (James?) Thomas."

Now, it is a remarkable fact to have a slate written on as described and sworn to by Mr. Thomas. He depends on this remarkability for his conviction that his spirit father, relative or friend has written a message or caused to have one written to him. I do not speak in a spirit of criticism, as my only desire is to arrive at the truth, whatever it may be.

As I have stated, the central point in the problem involved in my research is an assertion. This assertion relates to property, and the statement is that a certain locket containing the likeness of my spirit mother would one day be my only proof that this property was mine by right. The matter finally arrived at a point where a brother by half blood was asserted to have in his possession a paper or document which

was the title to this property. My brother sent me his sworn affidavit that he had no such paper, nor had he any knowledge of any property belonging to me.

Now this matter was followed up through reputable mediums. What I question is how they were able to tell me the many remarkable facts, facts which I have related literally in detail, even to the identical words of conversations, and yet have the main issue disproved. Admitting that my brother has sworn to the truth, which, as the matter is hidden in mystery, I do not doubt, is past my comprehension.

I have the love of Spiritualism above anything on earth, but it must go through the fire of rigid practical test. The masses of the people today are waiting in expectancy for the verdict.

While I, like the Light of Truth, have felt critically disposed toward the Psychical Research society, and in days gone by have openly scoffed at it, and while I thoroughly indorse Light of Truth's utterances as to the methods of conducting psychic research, yet if the prestige of the names of the eminent scholars and scientists of England and America lend weight to the statements of its officers I am willing that my experience should pass into its hands as a means of throwing light on the phenomena with which we are acquainted but do not understand. The day for deriding the phenomena of Spiritualism has gone by. The time has come for an intelligent interpretation of its beauties and its mysteries. The field is ripe for the harvest. Let us stretch forth our hands and pluck its fruits, and trust that they do not, like the apples of Sodom, turn to ashes.

THE INQUEST.

Not labor kills us, no, nor
The incredulity and frown,
The interference and annoy,
The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,
The hurdy-gurdies of the street,
The common curses of the will—
These wrap the ceremonies round our feet.

And, more than all, the look askance
Of loving souls that cannot gauge
The numbing touch of circumstance,
The heavy toil of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life, that slays;
The night less mountainously lies
Upon our lids than foolish day's
Important futilities.

—F. B. Money-Counts.

WELL FED, WELL BRED.

Proper Food Makes Brainy Men and Beautiful Women.

To know just what to eat is a problem for many people who find their strength and health not keeping up to a proper stage. From food we must expect our bodily nourishment and not from drugs. True, a physician's care is required at times, but the true physician will always seek to put his patient on properly selected food and drink.

A food expert has discovered Grape-Nuts by experimenting on the treatment of grains to artificially pre-digest the starches (the principal part), Grape-Nuts as now made by the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., of Battle Creek, Mich., and sold by grocers generally, is a delicious dainty, suitable particularly for the brain worker, as it quickly supplies the parts of food the body needs to supply the daily loss produced by brain work. Unless the right food be furnished and properly digested, the individual discovers a gradual failing and some form of disease sets up.

Users of Grape-Nuts discover that they assist in the digestion of cream and other food, and that a "well-fed feeling" follows their use.—Adv.

SOCIALISM FOR WOMAN.

By Z. C. Ferris.

Now I am accustomed to looking upon the dark side of life. It is not the pleasant side to look upon, and people are blamed for not looking upon the bright side. But there are many of us to whose point of view the bright side of life does not well present itself, so how are we to blame if we do not look upon it? We can not see the other side of the moon.

There is a contributor to this paper with the nom de plume of "Yuma," who draws the curtain upon one of the dismal, harrowing views of life; and to one whose eyes are accustomed to the gloom, she exhibits a dreary prison, a brutal chain and fetter, where should be the abode of light, freedom and joy. There is a surprising amount of dank, dark shadow about the habitat of human souls, considering that the universe floats in a limitless ocean of light! And we are urged to look upon the bright side. There is a certain amount of shallow wisdom about it, but a deeper wisdom looks upon the darkness, and carries light into the gloom.

"Yuma" tells of a tyranny, a yoke of oppression that is hard to bear. Why is that yoke not thrown off? I do not ask the question flippantly, but because it is the pertinent question, the answer to which leads to the solution of the difficulty. I observe that among those women who are in business for themselves and making an independent living on their own hook, there is a very large percentage of grass widows. Why is that so? I explain it to myself that a woman who is thus self-supporting and independent in an economic way is enabled to throw off a galling yoke which, if she were not prepared to make her own living, she would be compelled to "grin and bear." And I do not see but that they hold up their heads. The holding up of heads seems to depend mostly upon the bonnet that crowns the head, as to whether or not it is in style, so there is no difficulty on that score, as far as I can see.

Far be it from me to advocate free love, in the sense that marriage is, per se, a failure, and promiscuity the proper thing. But I see clearly enough that the only possible way to be safe from tyranny is to be prepared to rebel. The maxim that "the way to maintain peace is to be prepared for war" applies here with special significance.

Woman, to be free, must be on an independent footing. The antidote of tyranny is independence. But the renunciation of marriage as an institution would certainly not attain this. We men have found by bitter experience that the mere privilege of changing masters is no escape from slavery; and even if it were, it would, in this case, be bought at too dear a price. The world can not afford to lose the ideal and fact of true love. If marriage is a failure in that sense, then life is. No, the renunciation of marriage would not be the liberation of woman. Neither the franchise except as a means to the end.

I declare this as an incontrovertible truism; the economic independence of the individual, the right and privilege of each to earn his living, is the only ground upon which man or woman can enforce the recognition of any right whatever.

It would be an interesting theme to enumerate the various causes that render marriage so frequently a failure, and trace them all back to the parent source, the hell principle of competitive strife, but space forbids. Marriage per se is not a failure. It is the "struggle for (the other fellow's means of) existence" that is a failure. That is what balks and contaminates

every fair purpose of life. Why should not marriage be a failure when it is contracted for every other reason on earth but love? Marriage contracted simply to "jine clearings," consolidate estates, swell bank accounts and the rest of the sordid considerations that govern the matrimonial market, is a failure for the good and simple reason that it is seeking a purpose foreign to itself, and going astray from its course.

That "low matrimonial ambition" which the common herd of girls are accused of would probably not be so much in evidence if life did not depend upon it. Neither would the rising young saloon keeper and the successful card sharp be considered such a catch. I hear matrons saying: "Why don't the young men marry? What has become of the home makers?" My friends, the days of home-making, after the good old-fashioned way, have gone down into past history. These are the days of home-losing. During the last quarter of the nineteenth century two homes were lost to every one that was made. In these our times the home depends upon the job. Jobs are failing, consequently homes.

I am accustomed to look upon the dark side of life, and the more I look upon it the more I wonder that there can be so much dank, dark, shadow in a universe flooded with light. One of the most painful sights that I see is that of a lovely young woman, the crowning glory of all the long ages of evolution, a soul magnet of the highest power well fit to challenge the chivalry of any prince—gone begging for a true lover and finding none! There is only one picture that I see that is more depressing, and this one a dissolving view. A newly wedded pair, poor but ambitious and hopeful, full of energy and eagerness in the race for "fortune." I see their faces blanch and an anxious, haunted look came into their eyes. A shadow of doubt and anxiety falls over them, which deepens and darkens into a settled gloom—deepens and darkens into blank, hopeless despair—as the job fails.

I cannot blame good people for disliking the dark side. As a matter of aesthetics it is not the thing. I am but a rough man, well inured to the asperities of the underneath side of life, but these things are as the sting of a scorpion. I can readily understand that the shock and pain might be even more severe to hearts that have been mellowed and softened by refinement and piety to that dolce for niente condition that fits them for the harp and crown. But the terrible fact remains that these dark pictures are to be seen anywhere and everywhere in the land, by those who have courage to open their eyes and look.

And yet I hear one say "keep thy heart in peace, as much as in thee lieth." Why cry you peace, peace, when there is no peace? Why are ye as fretful children, who bawl loudly at their ills, and bawl still louder at the remedy? Nay, nay, there is, indeed, no peace; for peace can only reign with justice, and as for me, my sword is drawn, and he who whispers peace is as an enemy in the camp.

We shall break down those prison walls. We shall rend the dark curtain asunder. We shall move forward onto that high ground, where the sun can shine for all. But we shall have to unload a lot of prejudice, and other old trumpery in climbing the ascent.

Z. C. FERRIS.

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.

THE VOICE OF GOD CALLING US TO A HIGHER SOCIAL ORDER.

The recent tragedy on Lake Erie affords another illustration of the divinity inherent in human nature.

Men have been so long accustomed to think themselves worms of the dust, and have acted so much in accordance with their conceptions that it takes nothing less than a great shock of danger to waken them out of their Rip Van Winkle sleep and surprise them into true relations with their fellow-men. The men of the Cascade and the Sacramento stand transfigured in the light of their unselfish heroism, and teach us what life would be—what it is, indeed, when the new wine of the spirit has burst through the old wineskins of conservatism and selfish respectability, when the angel has rolled away the stone from the door of the sepulchre.

To make life all of one piece, and not be godlike once in ten years or so, some great stress of danger, and mean and low and selfish all the rest of the time—this would solve our worst problems, problems that never can be solved by academic methods, though we pile up mountains of endowments.

Humanity is the body of Christ, a body throbbing with life in every member and striving after the consciousness of the higher self, the ego.

The slow method of the evolution of what is involved has been the divine method heretofore, the evolution of the universal and unselfish from the personal and selfish.

Jesus saw a brother or sister in every human being, and that not at one point of life, but at every point. But evolution is cumulative. The glory of what is involved is becoming more and more apparent, and her processes are growing less and less slow, and finally swifter and more swift, as she nears the top of the spiral.

The powers behind evolution will give her a mighty upward lift, in the twentieth century. The earth is shaking with the sound of the oncoming tide of democracy.

The air is aquiver with the voice of God, calling us to a higher social order; to preach glad tidings to the poor; to bind up the broken-hearted and give deliverance to the captives, and if we would obey the divine voice like the man of Nazareth we might say like him, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in your ears."

When the conflict before us is over and the higher uplands reached, it will be no more possible for part of the world to live in useless and burdensome luxury, while others are starving, than it would be now for a pleasure boat on Lake Erie to sail coldly past drowning men and refuse to give them aid. FLORENCE M. MCGRAUGH.

YOU CAN WINK THE OTHER EYE ON THIS.

The University of Chicago has declared for free speech among the members of its faculty. Recent speeches of Dr. von Holst and Professor Laughlin against the policy of expansion brought the subject up for discussion at the congregation of the university. It was determined by vote that the principle of complete freedom of speech on all subjects was the fundamental principle on which the university was founded, and that while the professors are at liberty to speak their minds on all public questions, their utterances are to be regarded as representing their own opinions only.

A CLERGYMAN'S VICTIMS—By Mrs. J. V. Ball. 25 cents.

SPECIAL

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This Company has made some premium offers heretofore in the way of books and pamphlets, but it has remained for this time and place to make an offer which partakes of the nature of an irresistible inducement.

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A compendium of Scientific Research and Experiences by prominent writers. Illustrated. 112 pp.

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SERMON ON

SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. Marion F. Ham.

AND

Testimonial to Mediumship,

By Rev. Dr. Jos. Duryea.

THE USES OF

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By Miles M. Dawson.

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One of Willard J. Hull's greatest speeches.

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 * "Samantha at Saratoga" and *
 * the Light of Truth one year, \$1. *

TO LOCAL SOCIETIES.

Kindly read the following, our declaration of principles, and submit your choice to the N. S. A. convention at Chicago, to be held in October, from the 17th to the 20th inclusive:

MARY T LONGLEY, Sec.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Presented at the N. S. A. Convention of 1898, in Washington, D. C.

1. By Hon. H. D. Barrett, president of the N. S. A.—I respectfully recommend the following for your consideration: Spiritualism stands for (a) a universal principle of life; (b) truth, the revelator of that life and the gleaner of wisdom; (c) immortality, the divine inheritance of the race; (d) eternal progression, the sublime destiny of man; (e) spirit-return, a demonstrated fact in nature; (f) sympathy, the principle that unifies the race on earth; (g) love, the lever by which men are lifted out of sin and ignorance and higher and holier conditions brought in among men. This is the declaration I once made in an important case in this city some years ago. It stood the test then, and I see no reason why it should not do so again.

2. D. of P., presented by the committee on resolutions, E. W. Bond, chairman.—We, as Spiritualists, do not believe in a creed to be used as a test of fellowship, but the following is a declaration of principles most commonly accepted by us:

Resolved, That Spiritualism rests on science, and that it has scientifically demonstrated the following facts, viz.:

1. That there is an objective spirit-world of varying grades enveloping the earth, which is as real and tangible to those living in that world as the earth is to us.

2. That it is peopled with men, women and children who previously were inhabitants of this world.

3. That there are laws of nature which, when understood, enable those people to hold communion with those still in the flesh.

4. That so-called death marks no change whatever upon individual character, but that one enters the spirit-world in the spirit-body as absolutely the same person in all respects that he was here.

5. That the full and most important consequences of earth-life are not and cannot be experienced on earth, hence without knowledge revealed from the future world one knows not and cannot know fully how he ought to live, nor the truths he ought to teach while here.

6. That in the spirit-world the way is open for each one to advance in the scale of life in proportion as he discovers and obeys the laws of soul-growth.

7. Spirits uniformly testify that their future condition would have been greatly improved had they investigated and understood before leaving earth the fact and principles of spirit-return.

8. That on the question of who, what or where God is, Spiritualism gives us no absolute, final and demonstrated knowledge, but leaves it for each one to determine by the light of his own understanding. It is no part of Spiritualism to dogmatize or state theories, but simply to state demonstrated facts.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES AS ADOPTED AT THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

1. We acknowledge an unlimited

intelligence in the universe, in which we are all partakers.

2. The highest expression of this unlimited intelligence we recognize is the reason and intuitions of the human soul.

3. We recognize nature as one infinite whole, and her phenomena as the expression of life, energy and intelligence imminent in the constitution of things.

4. Spiritual phenomena through the ages have demonstrated that man is a spirit, and the change called death is one of the evolutionary steps in his progressive development.

5. We maintain the truth of spirit communion and seek to aid in all possible ways its practical demonstration.

6. Intercourse between the living and the so-called dead is the natural sequence of human relations on earth. It proves that death does not change the nature of man, but reveals to him new aspects of life and further opportunities for the unfoldment and exercise of the intellectual and moral faculties inherent in every human being.

We indorse the objects expressed in all noble reforms, as illustrated in the following:

1. In the efforts to secure equal justice for all races and classes and both sexes.

2. To protect innocent and helpless childhood by educating parents in the laws and duties of life and love, by which the home may become the centre of purity, fidelity and mutual devotion and helpfulness.

3. By treating all sin and crime as a disease, and establishing schools and asylums for their proper treatment and permanent cure.

4. By encouraging temperance in all things, and relying on moral and social education as the remedy for all forms of abuses.

5. By co-operation and fraternization as the remedy for political and industrial evils.

6. By recognition of the brotherhood of man and loving toleration of all differences of faith and practice in religion.

7. By teaching and cultivating reverence for truth and a sacred regard for the interests, rights and well being of every child of nature.

8. By persistent, orderly efforts to improve ourselves, and especially by cultivating a closer relation with the spiritual universe, and obtaining a practical knowledge of the higher life by unfolding our own spiritual natures and seeking the helpful co-operation of the spiritual world.

9. By inspiring all men with faith in themselves and confidence in the eternal order of nature, as a perpetual incentive to courageous effort and success in well doing.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

As Adopted By the State Association of California, September, 1898.

STATEMENT OF PRINCIPLES.

Whereas, Spiritualists believe in liberty and will not be bound by dogmatic creeds, which enslave the mind and destroy the spiritual nature;

Therefore, We present to the world instead a simple Statement of Principles, which are susceptible of differ-

entiation and growth until they satisfy the minds of all reasonable thinkers. This statement is a consensus of opinion and an expression of the collective mind of the Spiritualists of America; and the purpose of its adoption and publication is to serve as a basis for organization and propaganda; and for investigation to propagators and Spiritualists, and is subject to change and revision by the people—or their representatives—assembled in an orderly manner for that purpose.

1. Definition.—Spiritualism is a scientific, philosophical religion, and embraces the science of life, the philosophy of existence and the religion of humanity.

2. Life.—Life is universal and eternal. Organic life manifests itself as intellect, sensibilities and will. The unity of life involves that common sympathy among men which creates the desire for communion with our fellows, and enables decarnate spirits to communicate with those in the flesh.

3. Mission.—The mission of Spiritualism in the world is, primarily, to establish a rational religion in the minds of men, founded upon the operation of Nature's laws; to wage an educational warfare upon Ignorance, Superstition and all forms of Supernaturalism; and, in consonance with Universal Brotherhood, to establish the solidarity of the human race through the dissemination of a knowledge of man's relation to his fellow man—to this end, being in active sympathy with all genuine reforms looking to the betterment of the social conditions of humanity, including the elevation of woman.

4. Deity. — Alexander Pope, the poet, gave expression to the most comprehensive definition of deity and man's relation thereto, in these words:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

5. Creation.—There are two fundamental elements in Nature which are immortal and indestructible. They are called "matter" and "spirit." The various phenomena of the universe are differentiations of these primary elements. Change, adaptation and evolution are the three great factors in the progressive economy of nature.

6. Progression.—The watchword of Spiritualism is "Eternal Progression." This is a progressive universe; this is a progressive world, and man is a progressive being. Speculation, opinions and theories, in regard to methods, are of secondary importance.

7. Continuity of Life.—Human experience affirms, the operation of Nature's laws confirms, and intelligent communication from those who have passed through the change called death proves, that man has a continued, intelligent existence after the dissolution of the physical body.

8. Man's Individuality.—The paramount tendency of evolutionary development is to the individualization of the human spirit, as an immortal entity, and this individuality being attained, the soul must assume the responsibilities of eternal existence, and by taking advantage of opportunities will be enabled to rise to heights of great mental and spiritual unfoldment.

9. Death.—The physical body is the house in which man lives while passing through the experience of earth life. When this is no longer habitable, he passes into another sphere of existence. This change—or transition—is called death, and the condition in which man finds himself after this change is called the spirit world.

10. Spirit World.—The spirit world is a natural state of existence, orig-

inated and sustained by natural law; including many varied conditions or spheres corresponding to the variant intellectual, moral and spiritual planes of its inhabitants. At physical death each human soul passes into a condition in correspondence with its degree of unfoldment, ethical and spiritual; and, under the law of eternal progression, through continued aspiration and effort, it is destined to outgrow its imperfections, and ever increase in goodness, knowledge, wisdom and happiness as the endless ages roll.

11. Mediums.—The agents through whom the spirit world communicates are called mediums, and may be classified as follows: inspirational speakers and writers; test mediums, or those through whom direct personal messages come; mediums to heal the sick through spirit aid; physical mediums for the production of objective phenomena; and various other classes of mediums through whom are produced many other manifestations on the physical and mental planes.

12. Ethics, or the Science of Right-Living.—Man shall live right and do right because it is right, without hope of reward or fear of punishment. Temperance should be observed in all things, including speech and conduct.

13. Organization.—Spiritual societies should be formed upon a spiritual basis. Character and usefulness should be the qualifications for membership, and financial considerations should be secondary.

MATRIMONIAL BOOMERS.

Rivalry in the matrimonial business, says the Detroit Free Press, runs high in Dakota, as one must infer from the following justice of the peace advertisement copied from a Dakota paper:

"GIT ON TO THIS.

"Ladies and gents contemplating matrimony should see me, as I now throw in with every marriage service a free ride all around the city and a dandy wedding certificate. Or, if preferred, an order for a dozen photographs or a lifesize crayon of the bride made by my wife, who is away up in the crayon business. Come one, come all, if you desire your marrying done reasonably and properly.

"P. J. KOBB, J. P."

"LOVERS, TAKE NOTICE.

"On and after this date I will present an elegant chromo, a parlor lamp or a glass water set to all bridal couples married by me. All marrying done in the most artistic way, either in private or public.

"Runaway couples married at any hour of the day or night, and pursuers thrown off the scent.

"Reduced rates to those I have married before. A red lantern hangs in front of my door on Prairie street at night. No dog kept. Night bell directly under the lantern.

"MOSES DODD, J. P."

Some time ago it was announced that a manuscript of the "Agricola" of Tacitus had recently been found. The philologists rejoiced at the new enrichment of the critical material at their command. The possessor of the treasure, however, the Bishop of Toledo, in Spain, has given them pause, for he will not even allow them to see the manuscript, on the ground that any publication of its contents would diminish its value.

The latest thing is a school of chiropody. In the natural order of things the post of honor should be at the foot of the class.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

SOME OF MY PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

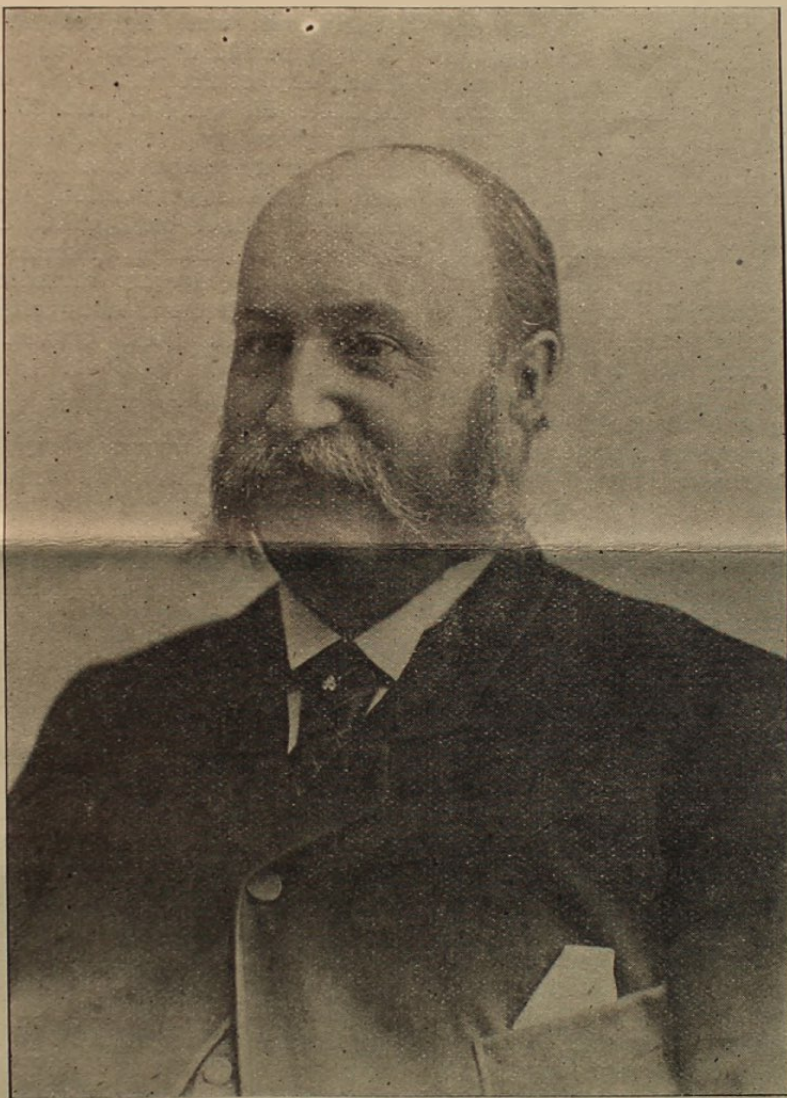
By Moses Hull.

My friends had various hypotheses by which they undertook to explain these apparently wicked phenomena, and they persuaded me to sit once more, and to abjure the spirits in the name of Jesus Christ to tell the truth as to who they were and what they wanted. So with the open Bible before me and my hands spread out over its pages, I demanded of them in the name of Jesus Christ to cease to play their pranks, and to tell me who they were. My hand instantaneously picked up the pencil and wrote in plainer chirography than I ever wrote of my own accord, "H. P. Devil." I knew then I was under the influence of the devil. I arose and vehemently declared I never would have anything more to do with mediumship. I heard spirits laugh, and some one say, "Yes you will." The fact is, I felt myself held as in an iron grasp. I seemingly could not get rid of the influence.

My Adventist friends had deserted me, or rather I had deserted them, and they were most bitterly persecuting me. Among them was an elderly lady—a widow by the name of Balou, who believed that I was honest, and that whatever I did, if it was wrong, was the result of insanity; so she would, under any circumstances, stand by me. She knew that I was poor, and that my four children must cry for bread unless I got employment. She handed me ten dollars and said: "Make me the best trunk you can for that." I was thankful for that, and determined to give her her money's worth, so I went to work at her trunk. I felt and heard the influences around me all the time. When I had the trunk about done, and was sawing down to put in a fine lock I had picked out for it. Just as I got to the place marked for me to stop sawing my hand and arm were influenced as when I had hold of the pen the night before, and as they have been many times since when holding the polls of a battery, the result was the saw started, and the result was I could neither let go nor stop it. I spoiled the trunk. I could have cried, but when I heard a score of spirits laughing at me I became almost insane with anger. After looking at the wreck of a trunk I decided that I could put in a new front. I got a board and went to measuring and marking off a piece to supply the place of the spoiled one, when the pencil, entirely unexpected by me, wrote: "If you will get out of this trunk shop all this will cease."

I called my father-in-law, who was my partner, and showed the message to him. He was convinced that the manifestations, whatever they were, were not made by me. He expressed the wish that I could get out of it, as well as the fear that if something was not soon done I would be in a lunatic asylum. In a few moments old Dr. Beech came in, and as he saw me trying to take the front off the trunk he spoke about some one badly spoiling an otherwise nice trunk. I did not know, but I had long suspected that he was a Spiritualist. I ventured to explain the catastrophe to him; he threw his head back and laughed as heartily as I ever heard any one laugh in the world. It seemed to me that

I heard myriads of spirit voices joining with him in that laugh. I felt insulted. I had my hatchet in my hand and fully determined to throw it through his brain; but alas, I was powerless; I had no more control of my hand and arm than if it had belonged to some other person. My father-in-law then showed him the writing on the board, and said: "Upon my word, I expect to see that fellow in the lunatic asylum within a month; if I had the money I would buy him out and let him go." The Dr. asked "how much it would take?" When he was answered he said: "Come to my



JOHN R. LORD.

office, Mr. Lightner, I will let you have the money." He went and got the money and paid it over to me. I gathered up a basket of such tools as I had reserved, and started home. The influence left me as soon as I started out of the shop, and never returned.

I went home by the postoffice; when I got there I found a letter from Dr. Gardner of Boston, saying that he had heard that I had become a Spiritualist; his speaker for the next six weeks was sick, would I come and take her place, beginning next Sunday? I telegraphed that I would, and at 11 o'clock that night I was on the road to Boston, where I spoke the next six Sundays.

I now believe that the beautiful communications which carried me so near to heaven, and the supposed evil communications, all came from the same source. I think it was all done to show me how completely I was in their power, and to place me where I could never again doubt the phenomena, or think that I myself produced them; at least, it has had that effect.

I said the peculiar phenomena described left me. At my request other phenomena remained with me for some time. I made it a point to sit entirely alone in my bedroom every night while I was gone on this trip; for a long time I was influenced, or imagined I was influenced by some one who called himself Powhattan. One day as I was going out to dine with Dr. Uriah Clark we found a couple of ladies in the street cars to whom the Dr. introduced me, informing me that one of them was a speaker now lecturing for the Charlestown society. They each expressed a strong desire to have me call upon them, which I promised that I would do.

That night when in my room alone, sitting or rather lying on my bed to see what would come, I saw Powhattan; the next thing I knew I felt myself rising in the air, whether "in the body or out of the body," like Paul, I could not tell. I soon saw my body apparently fast asleep; the next thing I knew I was in a room with a gentleman and one of these ladies. The

the only answer I got was a command to go and see the lady. This I did the next morning. I found her in the room I had seen before. The coal grate was where I had seen it, and the furniture was as I had seen it arranged.

After a moment's conversation I asked her what she was doing last night about half past 10 o'clock. She blushed and said she was crying. One of her old friends, a Mr. Hosford, was there from Pottsdam, N. Y., that they had got to talking over some troubles she had while there, and she never talked it over without having a cry. "But," she added, "Mr. H. left to go west on the 11 o'clock train, and the good spirits came and comforted her." Said she: "They called me by my pet name; my name is Sophia, but my husband always called me Phide. The spirits told me they understood me, and knowing that, I must be willing to be misunderstood by ignorant persons in this world. I said, 'what would you think if I were to say that I was the spirit that came and comforted you.'" She answered that she would not think strange of it, as such things had often occurred in her history.

(To Be Continued.)

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

Prone upon the ground there lay
A man whose hair was streaked with gray,
His body pierced with darts of pain,
From which relief was sought in vain.

Though he'd received most tender care
He scarce could breathe the stifling air;
Though 'twas by others freely breathed
By him in anguish 'twas received.

His tide of life seemed ebbing fast,
And each faint breath seemed but the last.
While in the west declined the sun,
The race 'gainst life by death seemed won.

While his kind watcher holds his hand,
(A new found friend in a strange land),
Who sorrows that none are now near
Of kindred, who to him are dear.

His eyes are fixed with eager glance—
The pain has gone—lost in a trance
In which is held his weakened frame,
As his freed spirit bursts in flame.

For now there dawns upon his sight
Angelic forms, all robed in white.
With joy he sees these angels fair,
While sweetest music fills the air.

For as he views each shining form,
Which radiant glory does adorn,
He sees, as they to him draw near,
Faces of those on earth once dear.

And while death's knocking at the door
His loved ones stand upon the shore
Of earth life, and assurance give
That disembodied souls still live.

His loving wife among the throng
Joining in the angelic song
Is beckoning him to join the choir,
That he may higher life acquire.

But intuition bids him wait
Without the portals of this gate,
For other ties upon this plane
Are calling him to earth again.

Happy he to whom is given
Just one glimpse of the true heaven;
To know that when from earth set free,
Man's sure of immortality.

The above poem is a statement of facts, the persons described being known to the writer, who can vouch for the truthfulness of the statements.

—Edward N. Beecher.

SHE FOUND RELIEF.

The conversation at a dinner-table turned on Spiritualism. Said one of the guests. "I heard the other day of a seance at which a woman appeared to her husband.

"Is that you, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, it's me," ungrammatically replied the deceased.

"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, very 'appy."

"'Applier than you were with me, 'Arriet?"

"Yes, much 'applier."

"Where are you, 'Arriet?"

"In 'ell!"—Freethinker.

gentleman, who was a stranger to me, was talking to the lady, and she was crying. In a few minutes he said he must catch the train for northern New York, and left her still crying. After a minute or so I saw some one in her room whom I had not observed before. This person now spoke to me and said "Mr. Hull, we have brought you here to comfort this lady." It seemed then that I had glided up behind her called her Fide, or Fides; as I did this I thought this a symbolic term and signifies her faithfulness; I had used the Latin for faithful.

I told her that this world had not yet become acquainted with her—that the angels saw her as she was—in the spiritual world she was reckoned at her full value. She began to smile, and drew up to the fire in the coal grate, and took off her shoes and began to warm her feet. I soon found myself back in my room. I felt influences about me and was thoroughly rested, as a result of this vision. I wondered what it could mean. Like Daniel of old, I failed to understand my own vision. I prayed for light, but

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The skeletons in other people's closets would not bother us so much if we had sense enough to keep our eyes away from the keyholes.

Crops in the United States are in some respects unprecedented. The whole people ought to be happy in abundance of God's blessings, yet observe the misery and deprivation everywhere abounding.

The real heroes of life are nameless. There is infinitely more heroism in overcoming one's self than in overcoming a nation's enemies, and these moral heroes are never exploited. The parade is not for them. In fact they would be passed by were their deeds to become known.

MORE LIGHT.

Editor Light of Truth: On the editorial page of last week's L. of T. I read the following: "The man who is so absorbed in contemplating the glories of the after-life that he is disturbed by allusions to and discussion upon the cruelties of this life, isn't much of a Spiritualist."

This is to me astonishing and alarming. More than 80 years of life lead me naturally to contemplate and in anticipation enjoy the glories of the after-life, and also to be disturbed by allusions to and discussion of the deplorable and unnecessary cruelties of this life, and if the writer's deduction is correct my careful reading for many years of the L. of T. and its predecessors has been of no benefit to me, as I am then still far from being the true Spiritualist for which I gave myself credit. But as it is possible that I lack the intelligence to fathom the meaning of the article, I beg you to have it more clearly defined and elucidated in one of the coming issues.

A vast majority of the readers of the L. of T. are not as learned as its editor, and its mission being educational, the language should, in my humble opinion, be so plain and explicit that we of common intellect and learning may feel reasonably certain of correctly understanding its lessons and theories, a matter which I think is occasionally overlooked. I am not unaware of the risk I run of being publicly denounced an ignoramus for hinting at criticism, but I am willing to pay even that price for learning a, to me, most important truth. Very truly yours,
 E. LINDNER.
 Clay Center, Kan.

Brother Lindner's understanding of the editorial in question is quite to the point. The statement is admissible of two interpretations, although it was not expected that it would strike anybody as it has him. We can readily see how one grown old in the philosophy and consolation of Spiritualism might contemplate the glories of heaven, toward which he is moving, and be deeply touched by the cruelties and sorrows of earth as they are brought about by the greed and selfishness of men. In fact this is precisely the attitude all Spiritualists should take.

The criticism was by no means aimed at souls such as he, and were it not for a large class of Spiritualists who do not thus contemplate the subject there would be nothing of the kind Mr. Lindner takes umbrage at admissible in these columns or in the work this paper advocates.

The paragraph in question was aimed at these people, and the Light of Truth welcomes this opportunity to make plain to Mr. Lindner and to them, if they do not understand it, just what was meant.

A certain well defined class allied to Spiritualism is thoroughly opposed to the discussion of social, industrial and politico-economic questions in what it calls a Spiritualist paper. These people tell us that topics pertaining strictly to psychic phenomena, religion and good morals are the field of the journalist and the platform speaker; that their political reading they can get from other sources; that the rostrum and the press are out of their proper sphere in dragging in, as they call it, these secular matters.

This opposition was so strong at one time that the editor of this paper was driven from the rostrum of two of our leading camp meeting associations and was tabooed by those associations for four years because he chose to discuss in a rational way the vital questions which lie at the base of all human advancement. Other camp grounds and societies, knowing his attitude, never have and probably never will invite him to their rostrums.

And yet we are told that we have a "free platform." The Light of Truth denies the statement, in part at least. We have a free platform for the presentation of topics and the discussion of questions agreeable to the views of the managers and the people to whom they look for support. We do not possess a platform free to the discussion of questions that run counter to those views and to that support. We affirm that these people are not Spiritualists in the broad meaning of the term. We say that no topic of interest to the human family is too holy or too inopportune to be discussed on the Spiritualist platform and in the Spiritualist press. We say that the social and political systems under which we live are subjects for the most earnest and profound consideration of every man, woman and child in this nation. And in our opinion the person who is disturbed because they are broached in a Spiritualist paper or spoken of on the Spiritualist rostrum is not much of a Spiritualist.

These persons will tell us all about matters concerning the spirit world so far as they are able to understand them, which is perfectly proper and commendable, but when they draw themselves into their shells with a snap and a taunt when their narrow political prejudices are assailed, they destroy their power and become the laughing stock of all thinking people. The editor of this paper is neither Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist or any other of the numerous forms or styles by which men are designated politically. He does not believe in partisan parties. He believes in the whole people. The Light of Truth stands for the whole people. Spiritualism is for the whole people, and government is for, by, and of the whole people. When it is otherwise it is not government by the consent of the governed. It is despotism. We are living under a form of despotism more merciless than any that has ever come out of the crudity, ignorance and rapacity of human kind. The man or woman who does not know this ought to be taught it. The Light of Truth is here for that purpose, and it is growing in power and station day by day. It wants Spiritualists to be broad and generous, alert and vigilant. It wants to see humanity lowered from the cross. It wants to implant dimples on

cheeks now serried with the scars of care and want. It wants to promote the welfare of all the people. When this is accomplished the mission of Spiritualism in this lower world will be accomplished.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

John R. Lord, director and ex-president of the Onieda community, limited, was born in the town of Putney, Vt., Apr. 20, 1833, died Aug. 4, 1899. He was the son of Samuel Lord and Philura Parker, members of the Onieda community. He was educated in the public schools of his birthplace, coming to Onieda, N. Y., at the age of 17. In his early years he was identified with commercial industries in connection with the community, and was associated with it in various capacities up to the time he was appointed president in 1888. He has been a resident of Canada since 1882, and has had much to do with the interest of his company at Niagara Falls. The company manufacture all kinds of silver plate ware, including a large assortment of chains and snaps.

Mr. Lord was married to Miss Georgianna J., daughter of Freeman Sears, esq., of Prescott, Mass., on Feb. 14, 1880. He was a Spiritualist for 25 years preceding his demise and did much for the cause. His family consists of one daughter, residing with the widowed mother on Victoria avenue, Niagara Falls Center, Ontario.

His funeral, largely attended, was held at the home Sunday afternoon, Aug. 6, Willard J. Hull delivering the address.

IT IS BEING TAKEN CARE OF.

We are often asked, How shall Spiritualists deal with the churches? The answer comes readily enough. By letting them alone. The more we vent spleen against them the greater hindrance do we place upon the work of incarnate church people. It is they, not we, who have to do with the churches. Let's give them their own work. They are taking care of the churches. Nearly every one belonging to a church, upon passing out of the body, becomes arrayed against the church. With death church membership becomes a thing of the past. These people are opening their eyes daily, hourly, momentarily upon the realities of life. They look back upon their earthly teachings at least with suspicion, and in myriads of cases, with disgust. Those teachings do not carry into the other world. They are not true and the spirits know they are not true. It takes death itself to teach them the error of their ways. And they are turning in swarms to correct those teachings. They are mellowing the harsh, cruel dogmas. They are inspiring those they left here with the rational view of things, things as they are, not as they appear through perverted perception.

Here, then, is the proposition. It is not our proposition; it is theirs. We had nothing to do with the state they find themselves in and we are not responsible for them. The churches are responsible and they are taking care of the churches. Let's give them a chance for their lives. They can correct the church easier than we can. It is their business, not ours. Spiritualists and other thinking people need not worry about the churches. Let these people so shape their conduct that when the time comes for the churches to be turned over to them they will be ready for their occupation.

There is one street in Paris on which, it is said, horse-driven vehicles rarely appear. It is pretty much given over to use of cycles, motor cycles and motor cars.

"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Under the above heading a series of editorials will be given in these columns during the ensuing few weeks. The various articles will bear upon the purposes of life as they are and as they ought to be. As I wish to speak directly to my readers in this instance, I shall drop the conventional we and address you in the first person.
 WILLARD J. HULL.

Well might Emerson ask: Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin or Washington or Bacon or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you can not hope too much or dare too much."

This is the parallel of Socrates' thought, and it is grand. All the heroes and philosophers of history have come upon the stage of life in obedience to the impulses of their interior and natural egos. But, as before indicated, why need there be isolated peaks in the mountain chain of human experience? Shall mediocrity always be the portion of the mass in order that a few in their genius may be contrasted with it? We contend for larger opportunity. The great ships of life will sail out with more force where there is less fog, not before. Resistance to obstacles is glorious, but genius sometimes inhabits a weak body. Shall there be no chance for this? Shakespeare and Bacon were no more men for being Shakespeare and Bacon. There is genius in nearly all men, but so long as they are taught by precept and example that selfishness is the master motive genius will be sporadic. It will crop out in prodigies and masquerade in fools. True genius is never bound by material limitations. All the philosophers and inventors and mechanics and literati of the day are such because they have forged ahead of material acquisitions. The pity is that the road they have gone over is filled with those who have the same and better endowments and CAN'T forge ahead.

Instead of building charitable institutions for reclaiming the unfortunate charity should be exercised in preventing misfortune. It is an old adage that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Why, then, if a man ought to be a sculptor, should he not be a sculptor? Why, if a woman ought to be a painter, a musician or a governor, should she not be a painter, a musician or a governor? For such as these there is at this moment an utterance brave and grand as that of the chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the symphonies of Beethoven or Wagner, but poverty and misfortune smother their genius.

The same energy employed in making a bad preacher out of a good stonemason, if applied along lines of natural adaptability, will make a statesman or an inventor out of a hodcarrier.

The waste of energy is prodigious. Men with fat pocket books and empty heads propagate fools. Then as a revenge on Nature they try to make scholars of them by sending them to college. Thus it is that fortunes of birth outweigh the claims of genius. It is not decrying the occupation of the hodcarrier to say that more and better chances to rise would make more and better statesmen, philosophers and mechanics. There will remain a vast mass who can not rise above mediocrity, who will exist in conformity to their surroundings instead of improving their surroundings. There will be hodcarriers, there will be scavengers, butchers, scandal mongers and priests. The law of affinity will govern these matters, and when the race outgrows the need of them

they will disappear, but the law of affinity does not compel a Wheatstone or an Edison to waste away in adversity. It is man's inhumanity to man that creates this condition. This can be corrected now. If the teachings that come to us from the spirit life are of any value they must have some weight in extricating man from the complexities with which he is bound up. I do not think that a state where all shall live as nature intended is Utopian or that it should be placed in the after life. It is this conception of heaven that makes hell on earth.

It is the sorrow born of selfishness that causes the heart to turn to heaven for relief, and we are told to be content. Aye, poets treat us with the picture of future recompense and we are asked:

"Why fret and murmur o'er thy life?
'Tis passing short, this earthly strife.
Then note each swiftly flying year.
Not here thy rest; it doth appear
Beyond the hills."

The sum of enjoyment has always been pictured "Beyond the Hills." Why can not we look for its analysis here?

Shall poverty forever squeeze the winepress while greed and avarice drink the wine in golden goblets?

Shall affluence forever have its foundation on bended backs and furrowed cheeks? Shall one build and another inhabit? Shall genius always beg and folly wear the purple? Shall love forever waste its wealth upon the ashes of life? These are our questions.

It is our duty to see to it that posterity shall not always read upon our monuments the success of knavery and the failure of justice.

It was Wendell Phillips who said, "Injustice in the statute book is gunpowder under the capitol." The most appalling commentary on our civilization is the fact that justice does not always prevail. Every obstruction to the natural inclinations of man to use nature's bestowments is born of that despotism which has ever built castles by plundering the populace. The cry of "Lord! Lord! How long?" will not effect a remedy.

Only as we become enlightened and learn to view life in its true meaning shall we become shorn of the evils now besetting us and to that end let every tide be turned and every aspiration uplifted.

CAMILE FLAMMARION.

Our frontispiece this week is Camile Flammarion, who is for the present, perhaps, the most talked of man on two continents on account of his reported repudiation of Spiritualism. Reported creditable denials of this are now on the rounds of the press. Flammarion is the foremost astronomer of France and a veteran in psychical research. He pointedly denies the report of his recantation, and time, we believe, will reveal that these denials represent his true position. Meantime let us wait. Flammarion's position, either way, can have no bearing on the truth of spirit communion.

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Are you a lodge man? Do you go among the people? Are you desirous of doing something to spread the Light of Truth? You, mister, with money, it is you we are talking to! Do you admire this paper? You say you do. Then here is your chance to bundle it off to your friends on the fence, in the air or in the mud. You have much, much, therefore, is expected of you.



Death does not end all. On the contrary it is the beginning of the real life. You can, if you will, come into communication with that real life. You can in various ways be made to realize its eternal sway and consolation. Do not scoff nor speak lightly of this proposition. Read what great men say of it. Read the Light of Truth, which stands, as it were, like an open door between your muddy intellect and the full answer to all its questionings. Procure books and enlighten your understanding. Glance over the list of books this paper offers at prices within the reach of nearly every one. Draw near at the hearthstone and let prayerful sentiments and requests for help be sent forth, and as sure as sunlight follows night help will be sent to you. There are times when the soul looks Godward. Be quick to take advantage of these demands of the soul and seek ways whereby light may penetrate the understanding. The spirits of the dead are ever waiting. They stand tapping at the doors of mortal habitations. They are rapping upon the domes of man's intellect. They are filled with the message and mission of God to man. Let them come in. This subject of the soul's survival of death is the one grand master interest of all human speculation. The Light of Truth stands as the avenue through which the world is coming into knowledge of that survival. Men by the thousands everywhere attest the truth.

POINTS.

"Mystery and innocence are not akin."—Hosea Ballou.

Confucius said: "Faithfulness and sincerity are the highest things."

Miss Lillian Whiting says that Mr. Stead's "Julia" is "Miss Julia A. Ames, who was closely associated with the late Miss Frances E. Willard."

"Pain walks in darkness over souls that bleed,

And shapes each as it goes
To something different. It drops the seed

Whence grapes or thistles grow."

The district commissioners of Washington, D. C., have caused the following police regulation to be put into force: "No cycle shall be ridden upon the streets within the city limits with the lower end of the handle-bar on a plane lower than four inches below top of saddle at its center, and the rider shall at all times keep his head in such a position as to command a view of not less than 200 feet ahead."

The Berlin correspondent of the London Standard telegraphs that the sultan has long had a passion for the cinematograph, and has now determined to put it to a practical test. He wishes to see with his own eyes, but without the trouble entailed by traveling, the working of the Anatolian railway, and has given orders to a cinematograph specialist to prepare, regardless of cost, a series of pictures covering 1,100 kilometers of the line. They will be shown him in the Imperial theater. Here is a suggestion for the next massacre by the sultan's cohorts order among the Armenians.

LAST WORDS OF POETS.

The dying speak better than the living; for their souls, presaging "a somewhere else," often attain a nobler speech—prophetic, hopeful, inquiring—divining the other life upon which they are entering. Tender and solemn are the last words of Shelley's great poem, "The Triumph of Death," written as he drifted in his boat over the blue waters of the bay in which he was to die. Their unfinished condition adds to the pathos of the lines, for they close abruptly with the inquiry:

"Then what is life?" I cried—

He received his answer almost immediately in the halls of death; yet the whole thing remains a commentary on the poor fellow's troubled life and premature death.

Shortly before Tennyson died he called for a copy of Shakespeare, and passed away with the volume in his hands, his fingers upon the dirge in Cymbeline:

"Fear no more the heat of the sun,
Nor the winter's icy rages;
Thou thy earthly task hath done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Joyous boys and girls all must,
Like chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

In some persons this action would have been presumptuously dramatic, but in the author of "Crossing the Bar" it was merely another illustration of the ruling passion being strong in death. Not long before he had given the world his own undying death song:

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark;
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

The last poem of Whittier was written to Oliver Wendell Holmes as the author was standing at the very gate of eternity:

"The hour draws near, how'er delayed or late,
When at the Eternal Gate
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him whom all things give,
And live—because He lives."

Byron wrote his last poem on his last birthday at fever-haunted Missolonghi, where he had gone to take part in the struggle of Greece for liberty. He was haunted by the presentiment that he would never return, and characteristic melancholy breathed in his last lines:

"Thy days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone."

Arthur Hugh Clough, a remarkable man, whose whole life was a struggle with doubt, in his noble death poem at last spoke hopefully:

"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain.
The enemy fainteth not nor felleth;
And as things were they remain."

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward look! the land is bright."

Compare this verse with a verse from Longfellow's last poem, "The Bells of San Blas:"

"Oh bells of San Blas! in vain
Ye call back the past again;
The past is a leaf to your prayer;
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into sight;
It is daybreak everywhere."

Browning breathed the same lofty spirit in his last words, spoken to a friend at his deathbed: "Never say of me that I am dead."

"One who never turned his back, but
marched breast forward;
Never doubted clouds would break;

Never dreamed, though right was worsted,
wrong would triumph;
Held, we fall to rise again; are baffled, to
fight better;
Sleep to wake.
No, at noonday, in the bustle of men's
work time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back, as
either should be;
Strive and thrive; cry 'Speed, fight on, for-
ever.
There as here.' "

"Never say of me that I am dead" were, in effect, the last words of Charles Kingsley, and he expressed them in the epitaph he selected as his final message to the world: "Amavimus, amamus, amabimus"—we have loved, we do love, we shall love. A grand expression, not only of past condition and present condition, but of undying destiny.

We often read, or hear read, one grandly exalted deathbed expression; but its familiarity has a tendency to detract from its sublimity. It is charged like a river full to the brim with tender thought and feeling—the hymn of a soul who knew his labor was ended, his storms gone by, his victory sure and final. In the litany of the dying it stands unexcelled:

"For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith. Henceforward there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me."

In all deathbed literature there is nothing like this. It is a hymn of victory in the most delicate prose—a song of joy beside which the beautiful utterances of Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning and Whittier almost pale into second-hand sentiments.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Don't stake too much on names. The grass widow isn't as green as she looks.

China still has the old-fashioned system of private letter carrying, and letter shops are to be found in every town.

Queer how the clergymen rail against the divorce courts. If there were no clergymen there would be no divorce courts.

"Anthony Comstock," says the Boston Globe, "is altogether too modest for any use. It must make him blush whenever he thinks that he came into the world without a stitch of clothing on."

The official records of Kansas show that there are 61 counties in that state where there is not a single bicycle. It follows without saying that in 61 of the 105 counties of Kansas the roads are practically unfit for travel.

The management of the Hutchinson (Kan.) Reformatory has determined to henceforth designate the 221 inmates of that institution as "students." The Kansas City Journal observes that this terminology will probably "induce the gentlemen down at the state penitentiary to speak of themselves as alumni."

A. B. Slawson, who is to have charge of the Congressional Library's reading room, where 600 newspapers are kept on file, is probably the greatest authority on American newspapers. He knows the history of nearly every one, and can at a glance tell from which any loose clipping he may want to classify has been taken.

When J. R. Francis of Chicago, says the Philadelphia Times, made returns on the value of his property subject to taxation, he appended to the document a bitter attack on the "codfish aristocracy" and millionaires of Chicago who were not assessed as fully as he, and followed it with a sworn statement that if the injustice is not remedied he will leave the town and spend the remainder of his life "among a more civilized people."

SPIRITUAL ESSAYS

MYTHS, NOT VOID OF FACTS, OR
PHILOSOPHY.

By J. M. Peebles, M. D.

Myths have foundations. Myths, parables and fables have been current among all mankind in all ages and under all skies. It is physically impossible to make something from nothing. Effects have their causes, religions their founders, thoughts their thinkers.

It is absolutely impossible, I repeat, to make something from nothing—substance from non-existence. No people could make a myth unless they had something like a corner-stone to make it from. You cannot tell a secret that you do not know. If the myth be about a towering mountain it must have been made by some one who had climbed a hill or gazed up to some mountain's dizzy heights. It may be easy enough to say that the ascent of Apollo in his chariot was a myth—that it signified nothing more than the rising of the sun—but the rising of the sun implied the fact of form and motion—implied reality.

Myths, usually, if not universally, embody three important considerations: the root, the form, and the diverging branches. The root is a substantial reality: then follow the incarnations and imaginations connected with it; and lastly, the moral significance. There is an under-current of consciousness in nearly all minds that under the images and behind the symbol—behind the legendary adjuncts, handed down from posterity, there was a living personality.

PYTHAGORAS.

Little is known of this Samian sage, living as he did before the time of accredited history. And yet neither his name nor his teachings were wholly lost to the world. The good persists. It is the evil, the transitory, that perishes. It is believed that Pythagoras traveled in the Orient and into Egypt; and as this was about the time of the dispersion of the Israelites, it has been surmised that he gathered some of his morals from the Torah. This may have been so, but the direct proofs in my estimation are wanting.

The Pythagoreans, a band of some six hundred, were socially conjoined together, constituting a sympathizing club brotherhood, with religious observances. They engaged in the pursuits of science, especially mathematics and music. They worshipped with their faces to the sunrise. They ate no animal flesh. They dressed in white linen. Their sandals were made from the bark of trees. Like our modern Shakers, they had all things in common. Rising from their morning meal they sang a hymn. They tilled the soil. They sought to restrain their passions, to avoid anger and to endure all sorts of sufferings with patience, believing that such restraints would bring them nearer the gods, which gods were their ascended ancestors and warrior heroes. With these they held converse. They were Spiritualists. And I am not aware that any present-day Spiritualist has denied the existence of Pythagoras, as a little handful of spiritists have denied the existence of

the mediumistic Nazarene. If challenged I should not know where, nor just how, to commence to prove the existence of the great Pythagorean sage; and yet belief among scholars in his existence is universal. His transmigration or re-embodiment doctrine was acquired during his travel in India. This continues to be a Hindoo dogma. Pythagoras is still in touch sympathetically with our world, as are many of the sages of antiquity.

PYTHAGOREAN FRIENDSHIP.

In the fourth century before the Christian era there lived in Syracuse, a Greek city in Sicily, a center of learning, two noted Pythagoreans. Dionysius, a tyrant, was the ruling genius of the city, and yet is reported to have been fond of poetry and philosophy. He was immensely rich, yet unhappy. Over his head was ever suspended a Damoclesian sword, the point nearly touching his forehead. Out of fear, born of jealousy, he imprisoned many of the noblest Syracuseans. Among those who came under his wrath was Pythias, a Pythagorean. Without due trial by his peers he was condemned and sentenced to death.

Pythias having lands and wealthy relatives in Greece begged to return there to arrange his finances before his execution, promising to return at the appointed time and suffer death. Dionysius laughed the request to scorn. "But I am a Pythagorean," said Pythias, with emphasis, "I have a friend who will be security for my return. He is a friend, sir, to be trusted." Dionysius had no faith in men. He trusted nobody. He scoffed at Pythias' returning from Greece, considering the scheme a cunning trick for escape.

At this crisis, Damon, a friend of Pythias, and a Pythagorean also, stepped forward and said, "I will be security for my friend's return. If he does not come back according to the promise, I will suffer death in his stead. Trust me, sire!"

This confiding manly statement of Damon so astonished this Syracusan ruler that, half-doubting, he consented to Pythias' departure. Time rolled on, and Pythias did not appear. The time was near for the execution, and no Pythias came to meet his fate—and yet Damon was calm and trustful. "A Pythagorean keeps his word," he would often say.

The people, some of them, sneeringly expressed doubts if Pythias would return. But Damon said, "He was sure of his friend's trust and honor;" and yet if any accident from wind or waves had caused the delay, he should rejoice, he said, in dying to save the life of a friend so true and so dear to him.

At length the day, the very hour had come. The instruments of death had been prepared. The decree was being read, when Pythias hurriedly presenting himself, rushed forward, embraced his friend and then stood up, brave, resolute, and calm, to hear read the last words of the death sentence—rejoicing that he was on time. Here were two friends—pagans, so-called—brave enough, true enough, honorable

enough to die, if needs be, for each other—die for a friend!

Dionysius looked on, astonished, awe-struck. "And these are Pythagoreans, are they? They truly are friends, such men must not die," said he. And reversing the sentence of Pythias, and calling these two men to his judgment seat, he begged to be admitted as a third into their fold of fellowship.

There may be those who will pronounce this unhistorical. Be it so. I have only to say what Mrs. Yonge neglected to say—that if not true—that if such men never lived, they certainly ought to have lived, as a sample to prove the moral grandeur of a pure, brave, abiding friendship. Aye, not only two such men, but 2,000,000 and millions more should have lived and ought to be living today.

Quite likely a few "smart" people will doubt the existence of Pythagoras, of Dionysius, of Damon, of Pythias. These may yet transform themselves into myths, mists or "polarized co-relations"—whatever these things may be. Who knows what a cynical skepticism may not do?

History gives us other cases similar to that of these old Pythagoreans. David was fond of the harp. It was when Saul was hunting David as he would a wild beast, when the Philistines, too, were in hot pursuit, that David sent his aged parents to the land of Moab for refuge. It was a thoughtful filial act. Still pursued by enemies under those burning Syrian skies, he exclaimed, "Oh, that one would give me to drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem that is by the gate." Three brave men bearing these words dashed through the host of the Philistines and procured the water—but David refused to drink, saying, "It is water from the well of my childhood. It is sacred. It was gotten at the price of blood—here drink of it yourselves." And they quenched their thirst.

None can forget the friendship existing between David and Jonathan. These are the words, "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul." And Jonathan, stripping himself of his robes and garments, "made a covenant because he loved David as his own soul."

CYRUS THE SOLDIER.

An account of like characters may be found in the history of Semiramis and Cyrus, in those dismal regions, where each lost an army. And Alexander, who dragged his Greek host through marshes and over mountain, parched with thirst, be it said to his praise, if praise can be awarded a warrior, that he shared his soldiers' privations. When a gourd full of water was brought him, he refused to drink, saying, "It is too precious to be applied for my own refreshment—pass it on to your dying comrades."

A similar account is recorded of Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the greatness of Austria, and a kind, open-hearted man, when his army was suffering from thirst and a flagon of water was brought him, "I cannot drink alone," he said, "nor can all share so small a quantity. I do not drink for myself, but for my whole army."

An English writer tells us of a still greater renunciation. Our own Philip Sidney riding back, he informs us, with a mortal wound in his thigh from the fight at Zutphen, took the cooling, refreshing draught from his own fevered lips and gave it to one thirstier than himself. How noble!

THE BURGER AND THE SWEDE.

A generous act of somewhat the the

same character is recorded of the Sleisvig family. It happened between the wars of Frederick III of Denmark and Charles Gustavus of Sweden. Just after the battle, in which the victory remained with the Danes, a stout Burgher of Flemsborg was about to refresh himself from a wooden bottle before having his wounds dressed, when an imploring cry came from a wounded Swede lying on the battle field made him turn, and with the reputed words of Sidney, said: "Thy need is greater than mine." He then stepped down by the fallen enemy to pour the refreshing liquid into his mouth, when the treacherous Swede shot him with a revolver in the shoulder. "Rascal," cried the burgher, "I would have befriended you and you would murder me in return. Now will I punish you. I would have given you the whole bottle, but now you shall have only half." And drinking half himself he gave the rest to the ungrateful Swede. The king, hearing of the account, and finding it verifiable, sent for the burgher and asked him how he came to spare the life of such a villain.

"Sire," said the honest, kind-hearted burgher, "I could never kill a wounded enemy. No, no." "Thou deservest to be a noble," the king said, and created him one immediately, giving him as armorial bearings a wooden bottle pierced with an arrow. This family only recently became extinct in the person of a venerable maiden lady. It does my soul good to record such friendships, such self-sacrificing deeds.

These facts show, after all, the innate goodness, the deep sympathy and fraternity that lie like diamonds half hidden all too often down deep in the human soul. Tell us not of Adam's fall, nor of our animal inheritance. The soul, which constitutes the man, is from God. It is a potential part of God himself, and God is goodness, God is love. And myths, relating to men and gods however ancient, have as originals a basic foundation in truth.

Battle Creek, Mich.

A POEM STUDY.

"I wonder did you ever count the value
of one human fate,
Or sum the infinite amount of one
heart's treasure and the weight
Of life's one venture, and the whole
concentrate purpose of a soul!"

—Adelaide A. Proctor.

Do we really grasp the thought, in all its mighty consequences, of what one human soul can do to bless or curse the world? Do we truly gauge the wonderful divergence a purpose for good or evil may make upon the destiny of ourselves and perhaps millions? It does not require genius to help or hinder others. The religious fathers of early Christianity threw the pall of the dark ages upon Europe just as the nations were striving to rear a new civilization upon the ruins of the old. The fathers determined that the masses should be kept down in ignorance—unthinking slaves would serve them best. Whatever would enlighten or elevate mankind, if possible, they locked up in the monasteries, destroyed or incorporated under a new name into the new religion, they were forcing upon the world. Manuscripts, books, libraries, all the scientific and spiritual wealth of ancient sages, works of art (models for all time) temples, obelisks and sculptured tombs if not utterly destroyed were overthrown and mutilated. They allowed no freedom of speech, made independent thinking a crime, and kept the fires for religious martyrs forever kindled.

They chained the people to the thrones of tyranny anointed kings allowing them to reign by the grace of God so long as they bowed to their spiritual doctrine and excommunicating them when they rebelled. They demanded supreme control. Money and power were their object, religion but a mask; and by art, craft and inconceivable baseness they rose to almost universal power. Kings could curse or bless in this life, but they for all eternity. The pope was God's viceroy, all the titles, power and wisdom of the Almighty being delegated to him from Jesus through Peter. He and his priests held the keys to the gates of heaven and could pass into the ever-burning fires of hell all who opposed their will. "The Man With the Hoe" and "The Woman Who Is Under the Heel of the Man of the Hoe" were brutalized and oppressed beyond conception. To procure food and fight for their masters was the sole object of their existence. From them "The bread was taken but the plow was left." Poverty was their universal lot as a compensation, but the priests preached "That the rich could not inherit the kingdom of heaven," and there all things they had missed here would be theirs. These heavenly possessions were safely promised, no one could disprove them.

Can we have any conception of the glory of human life today if these same Christian fathers had been good, true, wise men who lived and taught the real life and words of Jesus?

If they and their priestly followers had given their lives pure and unselfishly to humanity without money and without price through these past 1,800 years of what an infinitude of distance between Christ and Torquemada! The physical and spiritual chains that have fettered humanity cannot always retard our advance. Progress is the law of nature. Life and progress are one. We, each one of us, stand on the cross roads of destiny and the right path is the shortest, for all lead to the same ultimate point.

We are all leaves on the tree of life and each one must do his best work to make the perfect tree. The idea that we are not good, cannot be good, by our own efforts, cannot be saved by good deeds and good thoughts is one of the strongest chains by which the church has fettered mankind. I listened to the sermon of a college professor, a minister, in the chapel, addressing the students. He said to them: "It does not matter how bad a man is if he only loves Jesus with his whole heart—he is safe." Think of that license to indulgence for headstrong, eager, untrained youth! Well is it for the world that Free Thinkers, Spiritualists, Theosophists and Mental Scientists have come, "a Daniel to the judgment." All of these teach that the spirit of man is of the infinite, universal life, therefore it is pure and divine. The thought that there is divinity within ourselves will hold us back from many a temptation and sin. We must be like the ermine that when pursued might save itself in the miry morass—it can die, but it can not smirch its white purity. . . .

"Or sum the infinite amount of one heart's treasure. That treasure is the spirit breath of immortal life, that has, perchance, been growing millions of years through all the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdom until it walks erect, the masterpiece of the physical world. The dearest soul, perhaps, downtrodden by the world masters, or the prison's vilest wretch hath yet the Universal Creator's seal upon his brow, the breath of immortality within his lips, as well as the anointed saint. The most blighted, seared soul will yet see the light and

grow into beauty sometime, somewhere. O give hope and joy to the benighted ones of earth, cursed by present conditions and 'pushed by hands that long ago were dust.' The most degraded soul is beyond all price—it is God's living thought in form—"the weight of life's one venture."

What unending consequences hang on this little earthly life, so short, and no return to old conditions. What we do that is against our best good is for all time, or until we and all we have injured have passed out of the conditions of evil. Our deeds are like our yesterdays—they come not back, but consequences are tomorrows, and we must meet them. Seek not to hinder but to help each one on to the rich fullness of his destiny.

"And the whole concentrate purpose of a soul."

Concentration is greatness, self-illumination, enthusiasm; and enthusiasm and Greek, says De Stael, "God in us." Every thought of a self-centered, inspired life that works for humanity is singled purposed to do the will of the 'still small voice' within. Every invention, art discovery, industry, science or religion has had its leader who thought "the long, long thoughts" that bring success. Moses led his followers through the wilderness to the promised land. Buddha, Christna, Confucius, Mahomet, each gave a religion to millions of worshippers. Cadmus, father of the phonetic alphabet, enabled man to keep the record of the ages. Plato, who ruled Grecian thought during the nation's grandeur, an unflinching spring from which all modern thinkers still drink. Luther nailed his thesis to the church door and defied the United Catholic power, and gave Protestantism to Europe. Napoleon's determination to make France dominate Europe destroyed the belief in the "divine right of kings." The wondering people saw an unanointed son of the people make and unmake kings, who they believed were rulers by the "grace of God," and even this man could dictate terms to the pope, "the God upon earth," even imprison him, showing that he was amenable to the conditions of a common man. This was the most overwhelming blow the Catholic church ever received. Then it was that the peasants awoke to the knowledge of their individual rights, to the thought that all men were equally endowed with the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Washington's purpose was accomplished—he made us a nation. Garrison created a race. Whittier sang for it. John Brown died for it; and Lincoln gave to it a legal nationality. All these men show what one human soul can do to benefit his brethren.

Such men are like the mountains, whose snowy peaks are above the clouds of storm or change—an everlasting presence against the changing growth of the valleys.

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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.

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THE FIELD AT A GLANCE

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Folsom are at Clinton, Ia., camp.

Judge Daily was tendered a monster reception at Lake Pleasant on July 31.

Owen Z. Meridith can be addressed at Lily Dale during the present season.

Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford closed her engagement at Lake Brady last week.

The new play written by Mrs. McCaslin was produced at Lake Brady Aug. 5. It was pronounced a success.

Mt. Pleasant park, Clinton, Ia., opened Sunday, July 30, with the largest attendance in the history of the camp.

An association was formed Aug. 6 at Lake Brady to buy and control the camp grounds. A. A. Butler of Brecksville was elected president.

Captain E. W. Gould, now in his 88th year, has been at Lake Pleasant speaking in the interests of the National Spiritualists' association.

Lyman C. Howe was called to Madison, O., Aug. 10 for the funeral of Mrs. I. W. Pope. He was at Lockport, N. Y., on the 6th to serve at the funeral of Mrs. E. A. Doty.

E. J. Bowtell lectures on the Sunday evenings of August at 29 Home avenue, Mt. Pleasant, Providence, R. I. Can accept engagements for fall and winter. Address as above.

The Haslett Park, Mich., camp opened in fine style Aug. 5, O. P. Kellogg, chairman; Mrs. Haslett, the president, and Dr. Julia M. Walton were the speakers for the day.

Any person having a copy of "Tidings From Over the River," by William Barron, desirous of selling the same will find a purchaser in A. J. Weaver, 359 Normal avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

The New York Spiritual camp, located at Freeville, N. Y., is enjoying a prosperous season. The speakers and mediums are G. V. Cordingly, W. J. Colville and Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong.

B. F. Spencer writes from Versailles, Ind.: This town is a small one, though the county seat. A few of us would like to have some good lecturer and medium to give tests, so as to reach the thoughtful skeptics.

The Ashley (O.) camp opened auspiciously Sunday, Aug. 6, with Moses Hull and Mrs. Nellie Mosier as the spiritual battery. A large congregation listened to these teachers. The day was perfect and all went well.

At Island Lake camp Sunday, Aug. 6, Annie L. Gillespie delivered a fine address upon the subject, "What Would You Do?" suggested by a duet given, entitled "If You Had But a Thousand a Year, Gaffer Green." Her audience was the largest of the season.—Mrs. Brown.

Dr. Dean Clarke, one of the most experienced, thoroughly equipped and popular of our inspirational lecturers, is open to engagements for the season in any of the eastern or middle states, on terms satisfactory to any society. Address him care of the Banner of Light, 9 Bosworth street, Boston, Mass.

The State Spiritualists' association of Minnesota will hold their annual convention on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of September next. All Spiritualists, mediums and speakers are cordially invited to attend. A special invitation is extended to those residing

at a distance and en route for the west. We shall be only too glad to extend the hand of welcome to our brothers and sisters and strangers, who visit us.—C. M. E. Ridge, Secretary.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Lease lectures before the Society Spiritual Science, Indianapolis, Ind., morning and evening, Sunday, Oct. 15th; Mrs. Loe F. Prior, medium. This is a new society recently organized and chartered under the N. S. A. Other talent engaged are: Prof. W. M. Lockwood, Mrs. Maggie Waite, Mrs. Marion Carpenter and Mrs. Amanda Coffman. Meetings open Sept. 3d with Mrs. Prior on the rostrum.—Byron W. Borge, Indianapolis.

Mrs. Mary C. Von Kanzler, formerly Mrs. Lyman, closed an engagement with the First Spiritual society of Hannibal, Oswego county, N. Y. Mrs. Von Kanzler is a fine inspirational speaker, a good medium and has won many friends during her visits here. She goes next to Rochester, and later to Washington, D. C. Her husband is Dr. Von Kanzler, who heartily cooperates with her in her work. Hannibal society hold meetings regularly every other Sunday.—Ida F. Gifford, Secretary.

H. W. Booser writes: "I inclose with this \$1 for continuation of Light of Truth. Its position on mediums is correct beyond dispute, and so different from the other two papers that it must commend itself to thinkers and to people who are truly spiritual. Self-praise of honesty is useless. Those who want dishonesty are not of us. To rave about deceit is like the artist's label, 'This is a horse,' or like the culprit who clears in safety by shouting 'Stop, thief!' It took the 'sand' of 'the medium' to declare that the fraud cry was the stock of trade for journalists, as the devil was of the theologians."

G. W. Kates says of that sterling woman and most remarkable medium, Mrs. Isa Wilson Kaynor: "Her fire-test gave excellent satisfaction at the Briggs park camp meeting. She is also a good descriptive medium. As a woman and friend she is esteemed by all who meet her. It is a pleasure to speak a good word for a co-worker who honestly toils for truth and has no small or great envy for others' talents. It is a great need that mediums shall in love prefer one another. The spirit of envy will destroy. Mrs. Kaynor is seeking truth, and gladly welcomes and fraternally assists all who earnestly devote their talents and are called by the spirits. Suffering as she does at public hands—for the people always doubt a medium—she should have the good will of co-workers, even as she freely bestows; and for one I hail her as true and devoted."

CASSADAGA.

The camp is a decided success in every way—intellectually and financially—and the attendance so far is much in excess of other seasons. Mediums abound and many astounding things are reported—seemingly beyond manifestations heretofore. All meetings are fully attended, and it is noticed that many young people take a deep interest in what is uttered from the rostrum. There is no more hopeful sign. ASHBEL Y. SMITH.

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FROM THE OFFICE OF THE N. S. A.

Dear Mr. Editor: Will you kindly state in your valuable columns that the reports of the proceedings at the N. S. A. convention of '98 are in print and for sale at this office for 25 cents a copy? I trust that societies, as well as private individuals, will send in their orders for these important reports, and aid the N. S. A. in paying for the publication, by its disposal of the entire edition before long.

We also have a number of that good and useful little work of D. W. Hull's, "Christianity as it Was Before the Apostasy," which we are to sell for the benefit of the N. S. A. at the low rate of 15 cents per copy. Will the friends please purchase a copy, and show their appreciation of Brother Hull's generous donation of these books to the N. S. A., and at the same time secure for themselves reading matter that is worth twice its cost?

The next convention of the N. S. A. will open in Chicago, Oct. 17th, and continue four days in succession. A grand time is expected, and a great deal of good and needed work is to be done on that occasion. We hope that all who possibly can will be in attendance from the opening to the closing session.

We have the promise of the presence and the help of several of the most prominent and valuable of the intellectual and mediumistic lights of the platform, whose names will be announced in due time. In seeming to make a distinction between the "Intellectual and mediumistic lights," as above, it is not because one may be any the less intellectual than the other, but in the broad sense of distinguishing between the lights of the philosophy and those of the phenomena of Spiritualism. I feel that when the program of the evening meetings of the convention is announced there will be a good deal of surprise felt and a great desire manifested on the part of Spiritualists at large to be present and partake of the mental and spiritual feast prepared for them.

The summer is upon us here in Washington, although up to date it has been a very comfortable one for stay-at-homes. We have had a little very hot weather, but only a few days, and we can as yet find no fault with Dame Nature for her treatment of Washingtonians. Most of the mediums are out of town, and there is very little doing here. We keep the headquarters of the N. S. A. open, and visitors are welcome. Quite frequently we receive calls from Spiritualists who wish to see the home of the National Association and talk to its secretary.

We hear good reports of the work to be done at the camps this summer, and the prospect is that the subject of organization will receive due attention.

The sincere thanks of this association are extended to the managers of Light of Truth and to the spiritual press generally for continued courtesies shown to it—this organization—and its officers.

The societies chartered with the N. S. A. are requested to send the correct postoffice address of their presidents and secretaries to this office. It sometimes happens that matter sent from here to some of our societies returns to us marked "uncalled for," or "unknown."

Fraternal greetings and expressions of good will go out to all friends of truth from this home.

MARY T. LONGLEY.

Sec. N. S. A., 600 Penna. Ave. S. E., Washington, D. C. July 6, '99.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINGLOW'S SLEEPING 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.



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GOVERNMENT BY SNAP OF FINGER.

A few days ago a cigarmaker walked into the office of William Strange of Paterson, N. J., who employs 1,200 persons in his large silk mills, and demanded that he sign an order which would revolutionize the dyeing shop. Mr. Strange declined to do so, whereupon the cigarmaker at once went out, and, as he passed the dyeing shop, snapped his fingers, at which signal all the operatives in the shop dropped their work and left the premises. They subsequently admitted that they had no grievance, and that they were indignant at being ordered to stop work, but they claimed that under the laws of their labor organization they had no option.

Mr. S., who seems to have acted coolly and fairly, told his people that he could not do business on that plan. If it had come to this, that a stranger and an outsider could walk along the corridors of his mill and stop all the work he had on hand, by the snap of his finger, he would shut up his manufactory and employ his capital in other ways, and he should do this, not in passion or out of spite, but because he could not afford to do business under such conditions. He would not feel justified in assuming the responsibility of contracts, in making investments in real estate and machinery and the like, if his whole business could be paralyzed at any moment at the whim of a dictator.

The love of power is an instinct with all, and it is not surprising that the labor element, now that it sees the strength to be derived from association, should like to use that strength more or less wantonly. But ignorance and passion will ruin any cause. Labor can only be really strong by being right. And the labor cause will break down unless it studies the principles of human society, and obeys them. In the case just cited these fundamental principles of liberty and order were ignored, and the result can only be confusion and ruin. Whatever the remedy for labor troubles may be, certainly it is not the snap of the finger. Whenever there is a surplus of anything that thing is cheap, whether it be money, labor or produce. As thousands of foreigners are dumped on our shores every day, all seeking work at any price, we think it would be more sensible in our labor leaders if they turn

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their attention and efforts to the restriction or total suspension of foreign immigration, for a period of years at least, than to be fomenting strikes, lockouts, etc., resulting in disaster and misery to their dupes.

EMANUEL.

IT TAKES A WOMAN TO DAMN A WOMAN.

To the Editor: Will you please stop my paper? We have taken the Light of Truth ever since it started, and long before it was the Light of Truth. But when the editor of one of the leading spiritual papers will persistently, after all that has been proven against Mrs. Aber, put her picture on the front page of his paper, I think it time to call a halt.

I for one am done with such an editor. You talk about her being abused. My great God, what do you think of the thousands of people that she has deceived, and defrauded out of their money, weeping hearts that were striving to get something from their dear departed, trying to find out through such a fraud if the dear ones live after death? I have attended her seances and know what I am talking

about, and I hope she will get her just punishment. The very reason that Spiritualism has no better standing in the world is because men with such bulldog tenacity as you are upholding mediums that have been proven frauds. I admire a man that stands for truth and right.

I have not the power of language to express my contempt of all such mediums as she is, and all that uphold them. I am a medium, but thank God I am not a fraud, never have deceived poor-breaking hearts; don't send me another paper.

I send you the amount that I think is due since my subscription expired last March. If not correct you can notify me.

FRANCES M. BREESE.

Pine City, Chemung Co., N. Y.

CHILD WIVES IN INDIA.

The latest government census in India showed 6,016,759 girls between five and nine years of age who were already married, of whom 170,000 had become widows.

Joy, temperance and repose slam the door in the doctor's nose.—Longfellow.

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, Rolla, Michigan.

A LESSON OF MERCY.

A boy named Peter
Found once, in the road,
All harmless and helpless
A poor little toad.

And ran to his playmate,
And all out of breath
Cried, "John, come and help
And we'll stone him to death!"

And picking up stones,
They went on the run,
Saying one to the other,
"Oh, won't we have fun!"

Thus primed and all ready,
They'd hardly got back,
When a donkey came
Dragging a cart on the track.

Now the cart was as much
As the donkey could draw,
And he came with his head
Hanging down; so he saw.

All harmless and helpless,
The poor little toad
A-taking his morning nap
Right in the road.

He shivered at first,
Then he drew back his leg
And set up his ears,
Never moving a peg.

Then he gave the poor toad
With his warm nose a dump,
And he woke and got off
With a hop and a jump.

And then, with an eye
Turned on Peter and John,
And hanging his homely head
Down, he went on.

"We can't kill him now, John,"
Said Peter, "that's flat,
In the face of an eye and
An action like that!"

"For my part, I haven't
The heart to," says John;
"But the load is too heavy
That donkey has on."

"Let's help him;" so both lads
Set off with a will
And came up with the cart
At the foot of a hill,

And when each a shoulder
Had put to the wheel,
They helped the poor donkey
A wonderful deal.

When they got to the top
Back again they both run,
Agreeing they never
Had had better fun.

—Alice Cary.

My little friends: The following short but true story will show you what true heroism and a sense of duty is. The surface of Holland is marshy, and in many places lies below the level of the sea, from whose encroachments it is protected by dunes and dykes, while canals intersect and drain it in every direction. The Harlem lake, which was banked and pumped out, has been converted into productive land and now supports a population of 12,750 persons.

The boy at the dyke saw his duty and faithfully performed it. Let us all be as faithful to do our duty in all things. Kindly,

UNCLE EMANUEL.

THE BOY AT THE DYKE.

A little boy in Holland was returning one night from a village to which he had been sent on an errand, when

he noticed the water trickling through a narrow opening in the dyke. He stopped in alarm, for he had often heard his father tell of the sad disasters which happened from such small beginnings, how, in a few hours, the opening would become larger, letting in the mighty mass of water pressing the dyke, until the whole defense being swept away, the rolling, dashing, angry waters would sweep on to the next village, destroying life and property, and turning the smiling landscape into a sea of horrors. He knew that he had not the time to run home and alarm the villagers, as it would be some time before they could arrive, and the hole might even then be so large as to defy all attempts to close it. Prompted by these thoughts, he seated himself on the bank of the canal, stopped the opening with his hand, and patiently awaited the approach of some villager, but no one came. Hour after hour rolled by, yet there sat the heroic boy, in cold and darkness, shivering, wet, tired, but stoutly pressing his hand against the dangerous breach. At last the morning broke. A clergyman walking up the canal heard a groan, and after a short search found the crouching, half unconscious, heroic little martyr. "What are you doing here, my child?" he asked in surprise. "I am keeping back the water, sir, and saving the village from being drowned," answered the child, with lips so benumbed with cold that he could scarcely speak. The astonished minister relieved the boy, the dyke was closed, and the danger, which threatened hundreds of lives and valuable property, was prevented.

WHEN PAPA WAS A BOY.

"When papa was a little boy
You really couldn't find
In all the state of Washington
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

"He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.

"He always rose at 6 o'clock
And went to bed at 8,
And never lay abed till noon
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was 10 years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

"He never grumbled when he had
To do all the evening chores,
And ne'er in all his life forgot
To shut the stable doors.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done;
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.

"He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly I could never see,"
Said little Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy."

—Selected.

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STORY OF O-TUKI-SAN.

A Japanese Little Girl and Her Beautiful Doll.

The Japanese children have a curious and touching belief that their dolls, after a certain length of time, become possessed of souls. They think that their little paper or cloth playmate knows them, can understand them, feels sorrow for their misfortunes and can also speak to them in dreams. A doll in Japan, you must understand, is not cast away after it has been in the hands of the children for two or three years. It is given by mother to daughter, and when the daughter is a mother, to her daughter. And the longer a doll is in the family, say these gentle people of Japan, the more soul it gains and the more it feels for the little ones to whom it belongs.

A little Japanese girl, therefore, treats her doll with all the respect that she feels is due to another person. She shares her joys and her sorrows with it and keeps it carefully, knowing that so long as the doll lasts so long will its soul continue to grow. And when a little Japanese girl dies her doll is always put in the temple, where the spirits of the children are supposed to come and play, so that the plaything she loved most in this life will also be in the other to delight her.

O-Tuki-San was a little girl in Tokio and she had a most beautiful doll. It was all dressed in shimmering colored silks, and had real black hair stuck full of butterflies and dragonflies. And this doll had been with the family for over 100 years. O-Tuki-San would sit and talk with it for hours, and the little smiling doll would smile at her and seemed to nod its little black head as though it understood. But one day O-Tuki-San wandered off away from her little house into the great dark woods near by, carrying with her the doll.

That night there were parties searching all over for the little girl, but no one could find her, and the searchers returned. But O-Tuki-San's mother had been weeping so long that she fell asleep out of sheer weariness. In her sleep she saw a little doll come through the door, all dressed in shimmering, highly-colored silks. It was O-Tuki-San's doll. It turned, and the mother seemed to follow. Straight into the forest they went, the doll turning now and then to smile upon the trembling mother. At last, in a hollow of the rocks, in the depth of the forest, the doll ran suddenly forward and leaped into the arms of little O-Tuki-San, sleeping peacefully.

The mother awoke.

A party immediately set out with her to the place of her dream. They went along the road shown her by the doll until they came to a hollow in the rocks, and there, sure enough, was O-Tuki-San, with the smiling little doll clasped tightly in her arms. You may be sure there were no honors too great after that for the little doll. The family of O-Tuki-San adopted it as their daughter, and even now it is called O-Tuki-Okara-San, which means The Honorable Little Sister of Tuki. Such is the story of the dolls that live in Japan.—Boston Herald.

Who likes the rain?

"I," said the duck, "I call it fun, For I have my little rubbers on; They make a cunning three-toed track In the soft, cool mud; quack! quack!"

"I hope 'twill pour, I hope 'twill pour," Croaked the tree toad from his gray bark door.

"For with a broad leaf for a roof, I'm perfectly waterproof."

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MRS. LAKE WRITES RADICALLY FROM THE NORTHWEST.

There are very many questions of vital interest which now engross the public mind, chief of which, without reasonable doubt, is the one denominated the economic problem, which Socialists are pushing to the front with commendable zeal.

While the movement which so many of us have, for so long a time, zealously espoused: i. e., Spiritualism, still holds its own in certain localities, it can not be denied that generally its merits are overshadowed by the consideration of how to maintain and prolong present physical expression.

Who, indeed, can lay any claim to the possession of an "awakened conscience," and yet cheerfully consent to the plundering process which has been so long in vogue?

Who can willingly expend his energies in philosophic disquisition upon the reality and duration of another state of being, without coupling this consideration with that of the just attainment of present individual needs?

Consequently the attitude of the Light of Truth upon the industrial situation is exceedingly gratifying to a large number of its readers, who, I opine, are rapidly increasing.

The general situation is forcing those who were hitherto hostile to Socialism to look and listen, lest perchance they also become one of the disinherited.

Well! So far so good; but does it occur to the usual mind that, until we are content to be without the tawdry and overwhelming absurdities of modern existence—until we set ourselves resolutely against the custom of creating and using things which, in themselves, are not only needless but harmful, we are doomed to psychic damnation which enspheres the product?

I need not say more, perhaps, except to point clearly to this part of the perplexing problem which now overhangs the world, like some mighty mass of impenetrable blackness, discerned by eyes which are wont to gaze into the mysteries of mundane and supermundane being.

In conclusion, permit me to say to the friends throughout the country, the communications from whom—which find me at intervals—indicate that my present work and location are not quite certain to them, that I am now upon the Pacific coast, the climate of which has proven beneficial to an overtaxed organism. In consequence of this fact I am not likely, soon, to return to the east, and hence desire to find a purchaser for a new and well constructed dwelling, charmingly situated in Camp Cassadaga. I am sure it would please any one who enjoys a beautiful view, reasonable seclusion, and wishes to dwell among a genial and progressive people.

It will be my pleasure to contribute to the Socialistic propaganda fund of the Light of Truth, a liberal per cent of the purchase price of said dwelling, and I trust these lines may chance to meet the eyes of some one who requires that of which I desire to dispose—so that the law of mutual good may be measurably served. Address me in care of the Light of Truth. Fraternaly,
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NEWS OF THE WEEK

St. Louis, Mo., boasts of an automobile street sweeper.

The courtmartial of Captain Dreyfus opened at Rennes, France, Aug. 7.

The Yaqui Indian revolt in Mexico is the most formidable in years.

Another general suspension of mining operators in Illinois is threatened.

Aguinaldo has appealed to the powers for "recognition of the Filipino independence."

The first case of yellow fever reported among the soldiers at Havana was announced.

The last company of militia left Cleveland. The boycott is said to be losing its effectiveness.

Secretary of War Root says that the campaign in the Philippines will be prosecuted with vigor.

Admiral Dewey says that he does not want fetes and demonstrations in his honor on his arrival home.

Mr. Oliver M. Evans was appointed Director of Public Safety of Columbus in place of W. J. Dusenbury, removed.

An automobile trip from Kokomo, Ind., to New York city, a distance of 1,050 miles, was successfully completed.

The late President H. B. Plant of the Plant System is reported to have bequeathed to General Maximo Gomez \$50,000.

Politicians are making a big imaginary quarrel between Sir Wilfred Laurier and other officials as carriers of shoulders chips and a few men of straw in the United States over the Alaskan boundary line.

Compared with the enormous capital of some of the English banks the largest banking institutions dwindle into insignificance. The National Provincial Bank of England has \$79,000,000; Bank of England, \$73,000,000; London and Westminster Bank, \$70,000,000; London Joint Stock and Lloyds, each \$60,000,000; Union Bank of London, \$55,000,000; London and County Banking company and Bank of Liverpool, each \$40,000,000, yet the salaries of American bank presidents range from \$15,000 to \$50,000, while the president of the Bank of England receives but \$10,000.

Lottie Fowler, who is believed to be the once famous medium of that name, died recently at the Manhattan State hospital on Ward's Island. Lottie Fowler was born in Boston in 1846. Her real name was Charlotte Connolly. She made her first famous prediction in Bridgeport, Conn., when she foretold the explosion of a cartridge company's mills and the death of one employe. Within six days her prophecy came true, the citizens mobbed her for a witch, she was arrested and her money taken from her. Her dealings after that were with great people. In 1874 she prophesied that the Prince of Wales would meet with an accident while out driving and that his coachman would be killed, which came true. In 1880, in St. Petersburg, she prophesied the assassination of Alexander II on March 1, 1881. The crime was committed six days later. The truthfulness of her prophecy caused her expulsion from Russia as a Nihilist.

Some writers have so confounded society with government as to leave little or no distinction between them; whereas they are not only different, but have different origins. Society is produced by our wants; government by our wickedness.—Thomas Paine.

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