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SPIRITUALISM IN WESTERN AFRICA.

La Lumiere contains an interesting article on the Spiritualistic beliefs of the various tribes of western Africa, as described by recent travelers in those regions. Miss Mary Kingsley, for example, speaking of the typical African savage, remarks: "It is possible that his nervous system, certainly more sensitive, permits him to see things which the Englishman, with a more obtuse nervous system, does not see; or rather we may say, that the African's mind is a more perfect photographic plate, upon which the Spiritual world can impress itself." This expresses it exactly; and the more highly sensitised that plate, the more vivid are the impressions it receives, says the Harbinger of Light.

Another African traveler, Dr. J. Shepley Part, as we learn from our Paris contemporary, is an involuntary convert to a similar belief. He relates that on his departure for Africa he was a thorough specimen of an Englishman, without superstition, and entirely sceptical as regards clairvoyance, apparitions and all "supernatural" religion. He listened to the most stupid talk about all these things, and he attributed everything of the kind to the imagination, to excessive cerebral excitation, to suggestion, and so forth. But today he has changed his ideas. "I hope to prove, up to a certain point," he writes, "that inexplicable phenomena are sometimes produced by ordinary scientific methods; and that certain men may set in motion certain forces which are beyond the scope of the ordinary individual. It is certain that the first time I found myself en rapport with these things, I was incredulous, and, in consequence, I laid them aside for a very long time as unworthy of investigation; and now I regret it very much."

According to Dr. Part, among the more highly developed of the indigenous tribes of western Africa there are several persons who are capable of projecting their consciousness for a great distance; and those who exercise this power are specially trained for it in a secret society, which has many degrees of initiation, admission to which is only procurable by those who are prepared to undergo a strict discipline. Perhaps the nearest analogy to it is the secret brotherhood of Pythagoras, and the Echol of the Prophets (or mediums) among the Jews.

PRESIDENT JOHN SMITH.

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

STATE MASS MEETING AND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

The New York Association of Spiritualists, the First Spiritual church, the Buffalo Spiritualist church and other Spiritualist societies have determined to unite and hold a grand mass meeting in the Spiritualist Temple, corner Prospect avenue and Jersey street, March 30, 31 and April 1. There will be sessions each day at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30. A grand Lyceum session will be held Saturday at 2:30, under the direct auspices of Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Twing. Every Spiritualist in and out of the state is invited to be present and enjoy this "feast of fat things."

Among the talented speakers and mediums who will participate in the exercises are Mrs. C. E. S. Twing, president of the N. Y. S. A.; Mrs. Tillie U. Reynolds, F. Cordon White, the Campbell Brothers, Frank Walker, Mrs. Atcheson, First Spiritual church, Mrs. Chase, Buffalo Spiritualist church, Rev. A. J. Weaver, W. H. Bach, Moses and Mattie E. Hull and others.

Come one, come all. Come filled with harmony, and a disposition to work and sacrifice for the cause we love.

Per order of the committee.

MOSES HULL.

AWAITED THE COMING OF HER FIANCE'S SPIRIT.

Paris, Feb. 27.—A shadow is on the residence of Mme. Desmoulins, who lives in Rue de Chesev, in Neuilly. Her 22-year-old son, Frederic, and her 20-year-old niece, Marthe Froudin, who had known each other from childhood and had been inseparable, were to have been married this month, but death carried off the young man on Jan. 23.

Just before dying he said: "Don't weep, Marthe; we will be united. I'll come for you in a month's time. Wait for me in your room. At this same hour I will take you away."

At 11 p. m. Mme. Desmoulins went to her niece's room, and was horrified to see Marthe arrayed in bridal robes, with an engagement ring on her finger, seated in a chair with her eyes fixed staringly on the clock.

At 11:05 o'clock a violent gust of wind burst the window open and the lamp was put out. The aunt cried for help. When neighbors finally came with lights Marthe was stretched out on the floor, dead. The doctor, when called, could only say that the girl died from fright.

"Man, know thyself; presume not 'God' to scan—
The proper study of mankind is Man."

MRS. LEASE EXPLAINS TO THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

W. R. Hearst, Editor the Journal:—All you kindly correct an article which appeared in the Journal of Feb. 19 entitled "Two Philosophies Under One Roof," in which the intelligent reporter announces that "Mrs. Lease is now a Spiritualist," and that I lectured upon Spiritual philosophy last Sunday?

Permit me to say most emphatically that such announcement is utterly without foundation. I have been so persistently and widely misrepresented in my public work that I desire to state that while I am constantly employed by churches and organizations that differ as widely as that of Charles from Cromwell, my ethical convictions are unchanged, and are of moment only between myself and God.

MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

New York, Feb. 24.

HAD A VISION OF HIS FATE.

On the night of Feb. 12 William Graw, a fireman on the Pennsylvania railroad dreamed that he was killed on a bridge by being thrown from an engine. When his grandmother, with whom he lived at Renovo, Pa., called him for breakfast, she found Graw pacing the room. He declared that the vision was so realistic that he was afraid to go out on his run. He did go, however.

His train had not gone out 10 miles when Graw went out on the running board of the locomotive to inspect some part of the machinery. The engine was just then entering the Sterling Run bridge. Graw's coat was caught on a projection of the bridge, and he was jerked off the engine. He sustained internal injuries that resulted in death. The fulfillment of the strange vision has created a feeling of awe among the railroaders.

"EXPOSERS" OF SPIRIT MEDIUMS.

Epes Sargent had the following to say regarding the above class:

"The persons who without possessing medial power are able to produce phenomena of the same nature 'in the same way that they are produced in the presence of mediums' are as yet a wholly imaginary class. There have been charlatans and swindlers who have pretended to be exposers of medial phenomena, but in no one trifling instance have these imposters been able to explain, outside of the spiritual hypothesis, any one actual phenomenon in such a way that it could be produced by non-medial persons as it is through genuine mediums. I defy any man to prove the contrary."

Have you seen our Premiums?

A FINLAND CLAIRVOYANT.

M. Selling of Munich expected a letter of interest from Helsingfors, Finland, on the 1st of March. After waiting in vain for a fortnight, he decided to consult Mme. F—, a somnambulist, who was a friend of his wife. The somnambulist consented, fell into a semi-trance and said: "The letter is on a bark which will reach here within a few days." He told the somnambulist that a letter from Helsingfors, via St. Petersburg and Berlin, did not have to cross the sea, but Mme. F— persisted in what she had said. Three days afterward the letter arrived via Stockholm. The sender had preferred to send it by way of Sweden for the reason that it contained details of the political policy pursued by Russia in Finland, and he feared that it might be opened.—Uebersinnliche Welt, Berlin, Germany.

MRS. MAUDE L. VON FRIETAG.

The steamship Moana, by which Mrs. von Frietag is expected to arrive, is due at Auckland about the 14th inst. It is probable that she may stay there a week and come on by another vessel of the Union line. Unless, however, a letter reaches us by the Vancouver mail, due here Jan. 12, we shall not have definite information till the Moana reaches Auckland. It does not seem probable that anything was likely to occur to prevent Mrs. F. coming by this steamer. We may, therefore, expect her in Melbourne about the time our next issue is published.—The Harbinger of Light for February.

THEY BOTH THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT.

On one occasion when the late lord bishop of Litchfield had spoken of the importance of diligent, painstaking preparation for the pulpit, a verbose young clergyman said: "Why, my lord, I often go to the vestry even without knowing what text I shall preach upon; yet I go up and preach an extempore sermon and think nothing of it." The bishop replied: "Ah, well, that agrees with what I hear from your people, for they hear the sermon and they also think nothing of it."—Exchange.

WASHINGTON MEDIUMS RELIEVED.

The campaign inaugurated by the friends of the mediums in Washington, D. C., has resulted in the elimination of the obnoxious clause regarding them in the proposed revision of the tax laws for the District of Columbia.

Robbery is an effect of the unjust distribution of wealth.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

*A Discourse Delivered Before the Spiritual Fraternity at the
First Spiritual Temple Exeter St., Boston, Mass.,
Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 21, 1900 by*

SPIRIT EMANUEL SWEDENBORG,

Through the Trance Mediumship of

MRS. N. J. WILLIS.

[REPORTED BY IDA L. SPALDING.]

INVOCATION.

With the grandeur and glory of worlds innumerable, and the mighty army of advancing souls, through the great gateway of knowledge, may the divine vibrations that sweep from the hilltops of the immortal world touch and animate the lives of humanity everywhere. We pause to greet our kind and bestow upon those gathered here the soul's benediction. May the great pathway of Progress over which myriads of aspiring souls have passed be pointed out so clearly to those who shall listen to our words during this hour that it may never be mistaken in all the years to come. May they accept the teachings of those from realms beyond who meet here to minister unto their spiritual needs. May they recognize the beauty and grandeur of life that can not cease, the reality of that potency that signifies growth until, in the marvelous unfoldments of the soul, humanity stands forth in the glory of a perfect manhood and womanhood. O may the golden light of truth shed its beneficent rays abroad. May aspiring mortals seek in the great Temple of Wisdom that which shall guide them through the meandering pathways of earth and aid them as they clothe themselves in garments pure and white in order that when they pass through the portals of the other world they may be enabled to perceive more quickly the beauty, grandeur and glory of existence. May they all rejoice, as they comprehend, by the elevated consciousness of their beings, the possibilities that await them—the higher, broader, deeper, clearer manifestations from the spirit land. May every soul be aglow with its own holy aspirations and breathe out unto others because of their own nobility, the love that is divine. May all seek, O Life, at thy pure and sacred altar, thy best baptism. May they seek, O ye who return from the realms celestial, to learn that which ye can impart. May they welcome the presence and holy influence of little children who have passed on to spirit spheres, and may these innocent lives, flowers of beauty and fragrance, realize that they are still loved by those whom they have left upon the material plane.

May this hour be rendered sacred to each one present by the consciousness of the nearness of the so-called dead, by the consciousness of the fact that those who have passed beyond their mortal vision are ministering unto them day by day. To this end we aspire, to this end we labor; that the gateways to Ignorance be thrown wide open until Truth shall enter and find a habitation in every human mind.

DISCOURSE.

In expressing to you as best I may my opinions in relation to freedom of thought, I expect you to give me your kind attention, and I expect also that you will reserve for yourselves the privilege of your own judgment.

Freedom of thought is a theme that, perhaps, you have not pondered to any great extent. The question to be considered in this connection is, which were best, freedom or authority?

You listen to the expression of an individual's ideas, and you ask, "Who is your authority?" If the name given be that of one whose statement you deem worthy of being taken as a precedent, you accept those ideas; otherwise not. This has been, is, and is likely to be for quite a period to come the method of mankind, who, forgetful of the soul forces, neglect to cultivate the individual faculties.

When I speak of freedom of thought I mean that which enables one to bound out, as it were, into the realm of himself. At the present time nearly every individual is copying some

one else. I would not decry any knowledge that may be obtained from any outside source whatsoever, but these thoughts that come to you from without do not and cannot educate your own soul. You accept them; you gather them up as you would pebbles upon the sea shore, and for the time being and to a certain extent they do you good; but in this day when the light of spiritual truth is sufficient to illuminate every individual life, and at this stage of the advancement of the human soul there is a demand within your own being to search its depths and strive to see what you can evolve from your own soul's center; to bring to the surface thoughts that will be new to others. A great many books that you think are wonderfully clever are simply compilations of thoughts expressed by many individuals throughout different periods of the world's history, and you may read volume after volume and not discover a single sentence containing a wholly original idea. Originality is what I call soul expression, or a thought set free, and that individual who writes a poem, if it but embody one new sentiment from the very depths of his nature, has accomplished more and obtained more knowledge than he possibly could by the perusal of many books.

"Why, one sentence could not equal in value many volumes!" you might exclaim, and I would answer that one expression of the soul, the laying aside of authority and with it the fear of the opinion of others that has so long held the human mind in bondage, is such a stride in advance that its worth to the individual cannot be estimated. The majority of people are afraid to give expression to ideas for which they can give no authority, and, consequently, man smothers his own intuitive powers—his own nature. By simply going out into the open country where you may watch the clouds floating in the sky above, where you may pluck the fragrant blossoms in the dewy meadow, admire the sheen upon the waters of some broad stream or wander in the stillness of the forest's depths, you may gather unto your soul that which you cannot gain from many volumes of oft-repeated thoughts.

Do not misunderstand me and think that I object to reading as a means of obtaining much valuable information—far from it. But I would say to you, stand up like a man and dare to express your own thoughts; dare to draw them from the deep depths of your own nature, where they have hitherto lain dormant, and they will rise and continue to rise and permeate the heart and intellect, enriching your life and the lives of those with whom you come in contact. When you understand this you will realize the great fact that outside of yourself the knowledge you obtain must be limited. Whatever may be the experiences of others, they cannot be yours, and you know that experience is the soul's most precious treasure. While the experience of another may be of value

to you if you trust your friend and have absolute confidence or faith in him when he tells you that his experience has been thus and so, it can affect you only partially. It has not been your experience, hence you have no real knowledge of the fact. You can only say: "My friend told me so and so and I believe it is just as he states," and if that belief incites you to reach, not out to your friend for more knowledge, but down into your own being, his mission and ministry have been of great benefit to you.

A GLORIOUS AGE TO LIVE IN.

Permit me to say to you that you should be very grateful for living in this age of spiritual enlightenment, when the forces from the other side of life meet and mingle with your own, and when the soul powers are being so abundantly manifested upon the material plane. You are living in an age that permits you the freedom of thought that you require for your own unfoldment. If you will but let go of authority, of the opinion of others, only respecting their individual ideas as you respect their manhood or womanhood, and sink the plummet of truth deep in your own soul, you will evolve from out the depths of your being those truths that you require, for all this outside instruction is but surface education; it can be naught else.

Even as I was permitted to meet and mingle with those who had preceded me to spirit spheres, you likewise are permitted to do the same if you choose, friends. "Why, certainly!" you may exclaim. "I would choose to see the gateway to the other world thrown wide open that I might behold all the radiant realms that can be revealed to mortal vision." This is well, but it is a thought on the surface, an expression of the intellect, and not of the soul. The soul says: "I will so live, so strive to evolve from my inner self such true, pure thoughts, such holy aspirations as will make me worthy to receive so great a blessing." But, understand me, friends, and do not think when I speak of worthiness in this connection that I refer specially to my own experience or that of any one else. A certain plane of Spiritual unfoldment, to which all can attain, must be reached before certain revelations may be made to mortals.

I know even more fully than do you that you are hemmed in, as it were, by your environments. At the same time freedom of thought and action is yours if you dare accept and maintain it. How far you are slaves it is not for me to say, but I do affirm that you exercise your freedom to a very limited degree because of the fear that authority places upon you, the fear of the opinion of others, people like yourselves, which forbids your trusting the powers of your own soul. For instance: If you desire a thought with which to make a practical application you seek through volume after volume of written words for some hint that will lead you to an apprehension of the much-wished for knowledge, instead of sitting down in the quiet of your own home or office and there drawing upon your own soul resources for those thoughts that will come welling up, unfettered and unhampered by any outside influence, for the soul will answer more clearly and vividly than can the written words of another mind, however brilliant.

It is this great dormant knowledge that you all possess but are to a great extent ignorant of, that I wish to call your attention to, feeling, however, that you will not accept my statements in regard to it, yet, nevertheless, it remains just as true as the eternal law that gave you and me our existence; just as true and just as ap-

plicable to your life as any law of nature is applicable to that condition which brings forth the fruit from the flower.

MAN ALONE FAILS TO OBEY THE INNER FORCES.

Man, of all existences, has faltered in his pathway. "But," you will say, "flowers have no thought, they have no intelligence." This is not a question that I purpose discussing at the present time. To my mind, however, there is nothing that lifts its head above the earth, manifesting life in its lowest form, that is not impregnated with intelligence, and the flower that turns its face to the sun obeys the law of its own being as much as the greatest savant of any age. The sensitive plant that shrinks and quivers at the touch of the human hand has something of sensation, else it could not note the contact with a foreign substance. And up through all life the mighty chain of being glitters until it reaches the very thoughts and emotions of the human heart and spirit that has climbed the immortal hills of wisdom and knowledge.

What, then, will you do? Still seek to conform to custom and be bound by authority, or the opinions of others?

I do not ask one individual among you to accept a single thought I utter at this hour, unless it comes home to him as a truth. I simply ask you, as a friend and brother, even though you may scoff at my words, to sit by yourself and strive to see if you cannot succeed in developing this mighty power of the soul. Surely this is nothing very strange to those of you who are acquainted with the seeming marvels of telepathy, the soul force acting through the intellect, passing with all its potency, over hills and dales, over oceans and continents, and presenting to your friend, however distant, the living thought you have sent out. Did you send it from the mortal brain? Did you send it from the intellect? Or did it come welling up from the soul through the intellect, impregnating the infinitesimal atoms of the highly attenuated etheric current that, sweeping onward with inconceivable rapidity, reached and penetrated the brain, the intellect, the soul of your friend, and imparted your message? I think every one has had some experience at least with this power of the soul. Sitting in your home you suddenly think of some one; shortly afterward that very person presents himself before you, and you exclaim in pleased surprise: "I was just thinking of you!" The soul force of that individual who designed calling upon you preceded him and made you conscious of his approach, and yet you forget to study or analyze the process whereby thought travels.

THE POWER OF THOUGHT IN THE INDIVIDUAL.

Now, then, let us understand that thought is substance; that the power of the soul is not only matchless but illimitable. I believe this to be a fact; I know it. Consequently you cannot dream of that mount that you desire to climb and not have the strength and ability to ascend it. You may talk of imagination, but its powers pale before the glowing realities of soul force. And it is only when you learn the beauty and grandeur of the soul and its possibilities that you will realize what religion signifies. It does not consist in form; it does not consist in belief. What a man professes does not always prove that he is such.

It is not, then, what you profess to be, wish to be, hope to be, or shall be that is of vital moment to you, but it is what you are! What I am at the present time will not satisfy any aspirations for soul unfoldment in the

eternal round of that life upon which I and you have entered. My life, commencing far back, still bows and is outwardly bound in accord with the infinite grandeur of that law whereby I found an objective existence, and by which I am striving to make my way along the immortal shores of Truth by the evolution of my own thoughts, and not by copying those of any other individual. Yet, as I pass along, I rejoice to read that which others express, not in volumes, but by the aura that envelopes the spirit, for in the world where I have my home the thoughts of the soul emanate from the spirit in visible sparkling waves. We are seen and known as we are. We have no concealments there, but the thoughts from the deepest depths of one's being rise clearly yet only as freely as the growth and unfoldment of the individual permit.

If I am seeking to ascend a height I have not yet attained, and I behold the thoughts of those who have already scaled that eminence, their radiance may spur me on to greater effort. It matters not to me who those travelers are. The fact that I see them resting upon the high tableland of the soul's attainment inspires me with the desire to mount to the same altitude, and causes me to exclaim within the secret silence of my own soul: "I will that I rise," not, "Help me to rise;" it inspires me, not to reach out and beg some one to lift me, but to assist myself; it arouses the greatest powers and energies of my own being; it awakens my holiest aspirations and a great volume of knowledge from my own soul rises through the intellect to the outward senses, opening the way for that which my own individual self most needs.

This privilege is yours also, though, perhaps, not to the same degree at the present moment. Some of you are in daily contact with those gone before; some of you are in constant communion with those who return to bless and aid and guide you through the devious pathways of this life.

"What is their purpose and what is your purpose? What is their interest and what is your interest?" you may ask. Their purpose and interest are like my own at this hour, to touch you with the unction from on high with the fire of thought that shall so quicken your souls into activity that while here you may be sufficiently strong to dare to give utterance to your thoughts. "But," you may say, "if I express my best thoughts to others they will not accept them." Well, does that matter? Is that any reason why you should smother your soul's best forces? It is their misfortune if those you seek to address will not listen to you; but, friend, you have done your duty when you have thus expressed your deepest, sincerest convictions. Were I in the material form, even for the brief period I speak to you, and not a soul would accept one of my thoughts I should say, I have served them the best I could. I have done my duty as far as I was capable, and if they have turned away from the word and the good I would do them I am only sorry for them, but for myself I rejoice in the knowledge that a thought once taken into the mind cannot be dislodged therefrom or obliterated.

It is a fact that every thought which I have expressed here this afternoon cannot be cast out of the mind of any individual present as if it had never been spoken. You may discard my ideas as rapidly as I utter them, and yet they can never be separated from your life. Your soul has recorded them even though your mind repudiates them, and your intellect cries, "Away with them!" They are indelibly stamped upon the tablets of your

innermost being, and you cannot "away with them." And in the great hereafter you will say, "I repudiated your views, but I found that they remained with me as living things, and I rejoice that they were true!"

It is the same when you speak a word of truth to your friend, when you give him your best and holiest thoughts, and he replies, "I do not believe it; I do not care even to think of or discuss the matter to which you allude." You have, nevertheless, made your record; you have planted a seed in the soul of that individual that no power on earth or in heaven can dislodge, and sooner or later it will take root and grow. It may be like the seed that is cast on rocky ground, but wait patiently. In the course of time sufficient soil will accumulate in the crevices to nourish the seed, which will then spring forth and bear its fruitage.

If this be true, is it well, is it wise, is it just to yourselves to any longer be cowards when you may be noble, grand, pure and true, and dare to speak your best thoughts? I certainly would not ask anyone to give expression to an unkind thought, and if you harbor such let it remain in your own breasts unuttered. Let me say to you that when you commence to exercise these powers of the soul, when you dare exercise your freedom of thought, you will perceive from day to day a growth and development that will rejoice you, for the soul has been and is being smothered instead of being accorded conditions for its proper unfoldment.

Spiritualism, through its phenomena and messages, is demonstrating the sacred fact that, not only the spirit world is with you and can communicate with you, but the power of mind over matter. Whatever phenomenon you may witness is only a manifestation of this same power, and when you understand more of the chemistry of life you will understand more in regard to spirit phenomena of every nature than you do at the present time.

"YOUR WORLD IS YOURSELF."

I beg you to note: That the great world of activity is the world you do not behold; the great world of conscious, energetic, enthusiastic men and women is a world whose inhabitants are unseen by mortal eye. But your world—what is it? In what does it consist? In mountains and valleys, in continents and seas, in the great material universe? Ah, no! Your world is yourself; mine is the soul that I am unfolding, little by little—myself. These bodies that you wear are not yourselves. They are but the means by and through which the soul expresses itself as best it can upon this plane of being. Doubtless the majority of you would say, were you asked to give an answer in all sincerity: "I dare not speak the sacred thoughts that well up from my heart, for fear people will laugh at me." Let me say to you here and now, the soul in all its powers and properties is sufficient for all the attributes it possesses in the garments that it finds. Hence you wear these forms of clay to-day. When you shall no longer require them, you will lay them aside. But what of memory, love, genius, the holy aspirations, the divine inspirations that make up the ego? Are they confined to the body? Not at all. All that intellect signifies, all that heart can claim, all that makes life worth living will pass out of the mortal body with you. Then is it not well, while tarrying in the form, instead of subjecting yourselves to the authority of others, to assert your own soul's freedom? And when I say this I mean that freedom of thought, of expression, of activity, and that boundless free-

dom of love that shall lift you into the bright realm of spiritual unfoldment. LOVE, THE FOUNDATION OF ALL.

As I speak of love I see some yonder smile. Perhaps it is simply because they do not know what love signifies. I am not speaking of lust or any other surface thought, but of that love implanted in the human family—the foundation of life, genius, art, science and all that you and I are living for; that boundless love whose grandeur no mortal can apprehend, whose divinity no man can contaminate, and whose power in your own soul shall lift you by and by above all crudity, all selfishness; above all that is debasing, into the realm of soul-life, where you shall dare be true to yourself and utter your truest and best thoughts in perfect freedom, though all the world may decry you and them. It is for this love that I am pleading, for, mark you, it is through its power humanity shall be able to realize that above all forms, all creeds, all ceremonies, all that binds the human soul, stands the mighty Angel of Progression that shall lead you on and on as you climb to the summit of that mountain of intelligence whence you may look down and say: "I was a coward, but I have outlived that condition."

Remember, then, whatever your opinions may be as to whom and what I am, to weigh well the sentiments that have been uttered. If by heeding them, friends, your lives become less noble, discard them; if by living them you become contaminated by that which is dark and doubtful, discard them; but if by incorporating them into your daily lives you are enabled to draw knowledge from the boundless resources of your own souls—if you dare demand your own freedom and maintain it, then my coming will not have been in vain.

BENEDICTION.

O, Love, may thy richest blessing rest upon one and all; may thy white light illumine every soul until mankind shall walk beneath its guidance, even into the world where the sunlight never grows dim.

RECONSTRUCTIVE PRINCIPLES.

Samuel Toman, M. D.

I wish to inform the Light of Truth readers what to me has been a great source of pleasure—a knowledge of reconstructive principles of body and soul.

We have physical bodies, for we are conscious of contact with some irritating material, and for the same reason we have a soul, for we are conscious of psychical pain, "heart-ache," "feelings hurt," etc. Now for the healing of the various bodily injuries various nostrums have been invented by the medical profession. They come and stay but a short time only to be substituted by others, which in turn sink into oblivion similar to political opinions. But thanks to the ever unfolding light of truth, we today can see more clearly that the great cosmic energies have accompanied the organization of man with reconstructive principles, and the advanced medical fraternity now know that prevention of further invasion or lesion alone is all that is necessary, and the harmonizing principle will restore harmony. It is true we have anaesthetics and anodynes that will alleviate pain, and in many cases check invasions until the reconstructive principle does its work and harmony restored.

Now, as man is a dual organization, and his frail or physical body is supplied with reconstructive principles, would it not be folly to think that the



DR. SAMUEL TOMAN.

great All-Wise would construct a soul to unfold infinitely and to be plunged in among all the various environments and likely to be put out of harmony the same as the body, that he would neglect so important a part as the harmonizing principle of the soul?

Notwithstanding the various clerical nostrums of the thousands of sects, the most enlightened, like the M. D's, now know that the reconstructive or so-called Christ principle is within all human organizations, and all they have to do to get them to put on Christ is to prevent further agitation (sin), as the Nazarene said:

"Go thy way and sin no more," or in other words, stop roiling up the spring and it will by its own intrinsic nature clarify itself. Then for the physical body:

1. Prevent further lesion or irritation, and the physical reconstructive principle, with the aid of sunshine, air and invisible magnetic principles, will reinstate all that can be reinstated.

2. So you can assist the Christ principle with currents of love and kindness to unfold and harmonize all physical ailments or so-called sins. Keep both soul and body in harmony with the laws of the universe is my religion.

May the Light of Truth continue to send its searching rays far and near into the dark, unfathomed abyss of ignorance and superstition.

SAM'L TOMAN.

Dayton, O.

Golden Gleams From The Heavenly Light.

Late Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

119 pages. Price 30 cents; postage 3 cents.

This is the fifth book from the Spirit Samuel Bowles, written through the hand of Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing.

It shows the same vigorous descriptive powers which characterized Mr. Bowles as a reporter when on earth.

The scenes and life in the upper spheres are of intense interest, and the book will be eagerly sought by all admirers of Mr. Bowles' graphic pen pictures of spirit life.

Contents—A Visit to an Art Gallery in Heaven; Union Meeting of the Clergy; Reception Given to the Emancipators by the Emancipated; Reception Given to Harriet Beecher Stowe; Interview With Jay Gould; Obstacles to the Development of the Inhabitants of This Life of the Spirit; Interesting Scenes Witnessed at Spirit Birth; One of the Weights Which Menace Our Nation; The Roman Catholic Church; A Visit to Lincoln; A Visit to Leland Stanford; Two Ways of Understanding Prayer; My Wife's Transition; An Interview With Lucy Stone—Her Present Ideas of Woman Suffrage; The Spiritualistic Field as I See It N. & Mental Therapeutics; In the Realm Celestial (the Seventh Sphere); The Dedication of General Grant's Tomb as Seen by Spirits. For sale at this office.

The Spiritualists' Hymnal—25 cents, postpaid.

LIFE AND HEALING A SEGMENT OF SPIRITONOMY—By Holmes W. Merton, 25 cents.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BUFFALO COURIER INTER-VIEWS A GOOD PREACHER ON THE FULMINATIONS OF A POOR PREACHER.

"I am glad for such attacks, for they reveal to us the location of our enemies. Let any religion or philosophy which can not stand bombardment from such batteries, go down."

"The members of the First Spiritual church, feeling that some one was needed in this city not only to do pastoral work, but to defend our beloved religion from the attacks of its enemies, have retained me for that work, said Rev. Moses Hull, pastor of the First Spiritual church, last night.

"Judging from the church notices in the daily papers, I conclude that Methodism is numerically stronger here than any other Protestant denomination. It certainly has many able ministers, and is, I hope, doing a good work. Rev. Mr. Helms, feeling a kind of pugilistic religiosity, and not being able to find larger game upon which to display his surplus of energy, last Sunday night made a vicious attack upon Spiritualism.

"I am glad for all such attacks, for they reveal to us the location and the animus of our enemies. Besides that, the final result will prove whether Spiritualism is fit to survive. Let any religion or philosophy which can not stand bombardment from such batteries go down.

"The reverend gentleman starts by premising that Spiritualists think their religion only half a century old. In this he is, as on almost every other point, mistaken. Spiritualism is the one thread on which all the better religions have been strung. The Fox girls, and other media of the last half century, have called it into special notice, so that societies have been formed, and it has organized itself into a kind of missionary society to drive infidelity, saduceism and materialism out of the churches.

"Andrew Jackson Davis is compared to the 'Witch of Endor,' who was the noted 'witch' with which so many ministers seem to have formed so intimate an acquaintance. The Bible never mentioned her—knows nothing about her. I fear that the idea of the clergy is to slander the woman of Endor, whom Josephus supposed to be a perfect lady, by calling her a witch, and then to slander that great man, Dr. Andrew Jackson Davis, by comparing him to the bad character they imagine this woman possessed. Such arguments are cheap, though not logical. Be it remembered the Bible nowhere calls this woman a witch.

"We are informed in this discourse that Brahmins and others had physical manifestations as Spiritualists have them now. That is true; so the Jews and Christians had them. Does he remember how Jeroboam's altar was shaken and the ashes poured off by the presence of a man of God, or medium? He will find it in I Kings, xiii 22. Does he remember the prayer meeting in Acts 31, where the place was shaken? The jail in which Paul and Silas were confined was so shaken that the doors flew open and they imagined that it was an earthquake.

"Nine-tenths of the phenomena he tells us can be explained without admitting spirits. Very well; be it so. I build my Spiritualism on the other tenth; will he examine it and take it away from Spiritualists? If one phenomenon out of many millions can be found to have come from the other world, that is enough to prove that the door is open and the dead can re-

turn. A medium told Louis Napoleon to go to war with Germany; he went and was conquered. Perhaps spirits are sometimes mistaken, and sometimes they falsify. God, once upon a time, sent lying spirits out on purpose to deceive a man with these words: 'Goup, for the Lord shall deliver it into the hand of the King.' The poor fellow believed the four hundred liars which God sent out, and as a result, lost not only his own kingdom, but his life. You will find the story in I Kings, xxii 5-22. Isaiah went to King Ahaz and fooled him into a battle by promising him a victory. He went and lost all. See Isaiah vii. Croesus of the Greeks was fooled by the oracle of Delphos in the same way.

"Next, we let wicked people into bliss, with Garfield and Guiteau as companions. Ladies and gentlemen, this is not true of Spiritualism, but it is true of Christianity, which has swung hundreds of murderers from the gallows to glory. I heard Mr. Moody say that the wicked thief and malefactor of a few hours before, was before night walking the streets of the New Jerusalem, arm in arm with Jesus Christ—Christ was introducing him to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and all the good and great of all ages. It is not Spiritualists, but Methodists, who sing:

"While the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return."

"Of course that discourse would not be complete without slandering Thomas Paine and Ingersoll. Paine was not a drunkard. Such stories originated with the tory Methodist preacher, James Cheatham, who was fined for it. As for Robert G. Ingersoll, he never blasphemed as much in all his life, nor made as many misquotations of Bible and Spiritualism as did Mr. Helms in his one hour's talk. Without one exception, every quotation he made from the Bible or from Spiritualism that night was false, either in words, or in the place where it was to be found, or both.

"The Bible says, 'He that uttereth slander is a fool,' yet this Mr. Helms utters the old slanders which were told about Spiritualism thirty or forty years ago, and which have been refuted many times. How odious I could make Methodism look were I to stand here tonight and repeat all the slanders which were put in circulation about its founder. The same spirit which in the name of religion told these stories, now abuses Spiritualism. As Methodism survived this theological odium, so will Spiritualism survive the odium now cast upon it by a Methodist minister. That this opposition may drive us into more perfect harmony with the spirit world is my prayer."

"THE COMING AGE" FOR MARCH.

There are several notable papers which will appeal to thoughtful people in The Coming Age for March. The following call for special mention: "Some Psychological Aspects of Experimental Science," by Professor Lyman C. Newell, Ph. D.; "The Relation of Religious Classes to Social Regeneration," by the Rev. Gustavus Tuckerman; "Victor Hugo's Great Poem on God, or the Search of the Soul for the Infinite," by Kenneth Guthrie, A. M., Ph. D.; "Applied Psychology, or Hypno-Suggestive Therapeutics," by Henrik G. Petersen, M. D.; "Race and Religion in Swiss Referendum Voting," by Eltweed Pomeroy; "The Employments of the World to Come," a social study by the Rev. Charles R. Brown; "Professor James Mason Hopkin," a study by William Ordway Partridge; "Some Little Known Facts in the Life of Charlotte Cushman," by Rev. J. Henry Wiggin. There are several other papers of general interest in this number, and the regular departments are well sustained.

No more dangerous snare is set by the fiends for human frailty than the belief that our own enemies are also enemies of God.—Ruskin.

CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISM.

The following is a synopsis of a lecture by Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie in the First Unitarian church of Oakland, Cal., on Sunday evening, Feb. 18, 1900. This was the first lecture of the second series of a congress of religions, being held under the auspices of the Young People's Union, auxiliary of the First Unitarian Society. Mrs. Lillie was introduced by the president of the union, and said:

My subject for the evening's discourse has been announced as "The Claims of Spiritualism on the Modern World." The first claim which we make is that Spiritualism is to the modern world as a beacon light to a ship tossed upon the waves without a compass.

It is true that humanity has always maintained a belief in the continuity of life; in some state where man shall live and progress; but modern Spiritualism may be likened unto a ship which has made port, and its passengers can testify of a personal knowledge and can speak from experience of the events of the voyage. Having seen and heard and held intelligent communication with those who have passed through the change called death, we claim to know of the evidences which warrant an affirmative answer to the question: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Modern Spiritualism is but a child as yet, but there is an older form of the same truth; and if it is true today, it has always been true; and Spiritualism is therefore but a new correlation of facts and events.

As an evidence that Spiritualism has claims upon the world today, we point to the fact that the idea of spirit presence and communion has permeated the literature of the world, and its influence is being felt in the social, industrial and economic realms. A few years ago we would not have been invited to speak from this platform; and the fact that we do stand here tonight is an evidence that Spiritualism has some claims which are being recognized.

It is a religion organized as such. We have a belief; but we also have knowledge, and have settled the question of the continuity of life. This is a miraculous age; and through the telephone we can hear the voices of our friends, although separated by long distances. Messages come by wireless telegraphy, annihilating time and space. Why not hear mother's voice from the spirit land? Are any mechanical contrivances superior to the human brain? We appeal to your reason, and remind you that all the popular religions of the world have been founded upon strange experiences sometimes called miracles. Spiritualism came about 50 years ago, heralded by strange experiences, declaring that God is spirit; that man is spirit; and affirming the divine origin and destiny of humanity. We were first called Spiritualists in derision; but we are proud of the name, for it means that we have been in the company of angels, and are glad that we have been deemed worthy to carry a message from them to humanity.

We claim that Spiritualism is a science; that it is founded upon knowledge. We insist upon conditions; so does the photographer, and so did the prophets of old; and this is one of the claims which Spiritualism has upon the world for careful research and investigation. Eminent scientists like Crookes, Wallace and Zollner have found that all phenomena are under law, and many of the conditions of their production are yet unknown. We say to you, if you want to know the truth, investigate in your own homes, for in their sacred pre-

cincts the friends gone before can best touch the Borderland.

The great teacher of Nazareth said: "The things which I do, you shall do also." And I say unto you that if you can do them, you are not very far from being a Spiritualist. Peter fell into trances, and Paul saw visions; but that was Christianity, and must not be spoken of in connection with Spiritualism. The Wesley family had spiritual manifestations, and the Methodist of 200 years ago was very different from the Methodist of today.

The fires have in a measure gone out upon the altars of the popular religions of our day, and the mission of Spiritualism is to rekindle the spiritual fires upon the altar of humanity. When science discovers the real truth of the occult, it will be found that the despised Spiritualists have been teaching the truth for lo! these many years, and they heard them not. If there is a condition of conscious existence after death, then the claim of intelligent communication is not foolish. We bring to the world a scientific, philosophical religion of love, and send it forth as a blessing to mankind.

At the close of the lecture, Rev. B. Fay Mills, pastor of the church, thanked Mrs. Lillie for her splendid address and paid a high tribute to the claims of Spiritualism on the modern world.—R. P. Journal.

SUDDEN.

Kind Lady—Your husband is dead, then?

Mrs. O'Keefe—Yes; he wint off most sudden', mum.

Kind Lady—Poor man! Heart failure?

Mrs. O'Keefe—Not th' loikes o' thot, mum. It wor loike this: Pat wor eatin' his dinner on a powder bar'l whin one av his friends set it off in a joke. It wor most suddin', mum.—Ohio State Journal.

The Rev. Moses Hull, pastor of the First Spiritual Society Temple, last night made a forceful reply to the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Helms on Spiritualism. So firmly convinced is Mr. Hull of the demonstrable truth of his faith that he invites, on behalf of his society, Mr. Helms to meet its representative in debate, and if this arrangement is not accepted, he asks the ministers of the city to choose a representative of the opposition to Spiritualism.—Buffalo Express.

SAVED BY GOOD FOOD.

A Doctor's Words About Grape-Nuts.

"A short time ago I was called to a patient who had been given up by his physician, his stomach would not bear food and consequently he got no nourishment and was slowly dying from exhaustion. He was reduced to skin and bones. I immediately put him on Grape-Nuts food and Postum Cereal Food Coffee, he could keep both articles on his stomach and neither caused him any pain. He has been using both the food and the cereal coffee and has gained so rapidly that I feel he will be out of bed in about a week." Dr. C. Leutwein.

The reason a delicate stomach can take Grape-Nuts food is that it is predigested by natural means during its preparation, and even a small babe can handle it as it causes no heavy work by the stomach and digestive apparatus, on the contrary, being predigested, it is quickly assimilated into blood and tissue.

The food as well as the Postum Food Coffee contains elements selected from the grains of the field that are of first importance to the human body in nourishing and rebuilding it.

All grocers keep Grape-Nuts and Postum.—adv.

ORGANIZATION

DEPARTMENT OF OHIO

C. B. GOULD, Secretary,
Suite 406, Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.

MASS MEETINGS IN OHIO.

The first of the series of meetings which I have advertised for this state under the auspices of the State Association was held last Saturday and Sunday in New Philadelphia. This is a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, on the C. L. & W. R. R., in the central part of the state. It is the home of C. H. Mathews, the well known writer for our papers, who, although a man of 80, has the vigor of body and mind of a man of 60.

When we reached the town on Saturday a. m. we found J. P. Marple of Wheeling holding a series of meetings. Mr. Marple is editor of "Search Light," a Spiritualist publication which is scattering its luminous rays into the Spiritual darkness of West Virginia. Mr. Marple was for many years a minister of a sect called "The Church of God," and he traveled about breathing out death and defiance against Spiritualists, as Saul did against the Christians. He belonged to the same religious order as did the notorious Covert, whom Moses Hull crushed in a discussion at Anderson, Ind., two years ago. He finally became converted and found that both he and his wife were mediums. He is now doing his utmost to undo the wrong he did and to redeem his character from the infamy which his attacks upon the truth brought upon it. He is a magnetic healer, speaker and editor. He gladly joined us in our work and added much to the success of the meetings.

Besides him our force consisted of D. A. Herrick, vice president of the association, who was entranced at the Sunday afternoon meeting and gave a magnificent address on skepticism, showing the stagnation which always prevails, especially in religion, where it does not exist. C. H. Figuers being at home, under the doctor's care, was unable to be present, but his place was well filled by that noble woman and excellent medium, Mrs. E. C. Sprague, who came over from Alliance to help us. A. J. Weaver of Maine, a teacher in the Spiritualist Training School, which is to open at Lily Dale May 14th, was with us and did good service in all the meetings. Mr. Weaver is in this section awakening an interest in education among our workers.

We had four meetings, one on Saturday evening and three on Sunday, all of which were well attended, notwithstanding the rain which fell on Sunday afternoon and evening. The next meeting will be held at Akron next Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th. On Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th, meetings will be held at Geneva. At both these places Mr. C. H. Figuers of Cleveland, test medium, will be present at every meeting. Mrs. Zetta L. Eise of Galion is expected to be present to sing both at Akron and Geneva.

The writer desires to emphasize the fact that no one is expected to become responsible for any liability on account of the expenses incident to holding these mass meetings.

All we ask the workers in any town to do is to raise money enough to pay the hall rent and to open their homes for the entertainment of our workers

during the meeting, and the state society takes whatever it can realize out of the meeting with which to meet its expenses.

No admission fee is charged to the day services, but collections are taken up, while in the evening an admission fee of fifteen cents is charged.

The writer has moved his business offices to suite No. 406, Electric Bldg., on Prospect street, where he has very much better facilities for handling the work.

C. B. GOULD,
Secretary O. S. A.
Cleveland, O., March 8, 1900.

Special Announcement.

To secure additional office room, on account of increasing business, C. Walter Lynn, the eminent mental healer of Oakland, Cal., has been compelled to change his location. His address in the future is 1017 Castro street.

The cures he is performing, through absent treatments and magnetic appliances, are simply marvelous.

DISTANCE IS, APPARENTLY, NO BAR WHATEVER TO SUCCESS.

The testimonial below is only one out of the many that shows the remarkable healing power that he possesses. Many apparently hopeless cases of disease have yielded readily to his system of treatment. He is indorsed by some of the most prominent men of the age as worthy of confidence in every respect, and gifted with remarkable psychic power.

CURED OF TUMOR.

Harrisonville, Mo., Sept. 25, 1899.

Dr. Walter C. Lynn:

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in testifying to the power that you possess in healing diseases by absent treatments. I had a tumor on my breast, caused by an accident. After trying all other means to have it removed without resorting to an operation, and having failed, I wrote to you. After wearing the magnetic flannel appliances that you sent me, and following the simple directions that you advised, the tumor disappeared entirely. Not only that, my health, which was seriously impaired, was regained. I am glad to recommend you to all who need help. You certainly possess wonderful power as a healer.

Truly yours, PETER HELFRICH.

"OH, HOW HAPPY I AM!"

"HOW HAPPY I AM to be able to say that I am free from pain after five years of severe suffering from neuralgia," writes Mrs. Archie Young, 1817 Oaks avenue, West Superior, Wis. "I am so thankful to be able to say that your '5 Drops' is the best medicine I ever got in my life. When I received it from you last November, I used some of it right away. The first dose helped me. It is impossible to explain how I was suffering from neuralgia. I thought no one could get worse and that death would soon come. I was very weak, and I hardly thought I could live to see my husband come back from his daily labor. Now I can say that I am free from pain, my cheeks are red, my appetite is good and I sleep well all night. Many of my friends are surprised, and say they will send for some '5 Drops.' Sample bottles of this wonderful remedy 25c, large bottles, containing 300 doses, \$1.00. For information write Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 164 E. Lake street, Chicago.

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

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THE COMING AGE for one year, \$2.00
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH " " " 1.50

Total, - - - - - \$3.50

All For the Price of \$2.50 Per Year.

Our readers are too well acquainted with the Light of Truth to need any descriptive word in regard to the favorite weekly. But for our friends who are not yet acquainted with The Coming Age we give the following:

THE COMING AGE,

Though only a year old, this review has forced its way to the very fore front of the great magazines of progressive and constructive thought in the English-speaking world. It employs the greatest thinkers of the age, but it is in no sense dry, heavy or pedantic. On the contrary, from cover to cover it is bright, inspiring, constructive and entertaining.

POPULAR FEATURES.

The Coming Age for this year will contain a strong serial story by Mrs. C. K. Relfsnyder, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It began in the January number and will continue through the year. The time of the story is during our great civil war. It is a romance of life and love, very strong and quite dramatic.

Short stories and sketches of the lives of the earth's great men and women and studies of great books will also be monthly features of The Coming Age. The department of Authentic Dreams and Visions will receive special attention, as also will the department of Health Through Rational Living. Conversations with leading thinkers, preceded by popular editorial sketches, portraits of leading men and women. The department of Books of the Day and editorials will go to make this magazine in the best sense of the word popular, and with the great original essays appearing each month will contribute to the broad culture of its readers and render it indispensable to all thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the time.

In their prospectus for the ensuing year the publishers state that it is their purpose to make The Coming Age brighter, stronger and better than it has been during the past year, and this, to our readers, who are acquainted with the magazine, is promising much. They say that they propose to make this magazine a library of bright interest and virile thought, which shall appeal to every member of the home circle and prove indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast with the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

LIGHT OF TRUTH PUBLISHING CO., Columbus, O.

The Spiritualists' Hymnal No. 2.

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LYCEUMS, SEANCES,
AND THE HOME CIRCLE

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

Rev. Dr. Talkwell,

BY C. S. CARR, M. D., Columbus, Ohio,

"HOW CAN YE BELIEVE, WHICH
RECEIVE HONOR ONE OF AN-
OTHER, AND SEEK NOT
THE HONOR THAT COM-
ETH FROM GOD
ONLY?"

As Dr. Talkwell rose to begin one of his regular weekly reports last Sunday morning, he said:

"I have received many questions lately asking my opinion as to the proper attitude of a Christian minister towards politics. I shall not undertake to answer these questions in detail, but will endeavor to dispose of them by making a few general remarks.

"The Christian minister ought to be interested in everything that touches the life of the people in his particular locality. The work of the true Christian minister is always local. Local work well done will, or at least may, have a world-wide influence. But it remains true, just the same, that the work of a Christian minister is a local work. Success at home is the only road to success at all. The work of Jesus was local. He worked in Palestine, lived in Palestine, sought in no way to exceed the boundaries of his own little province, but in doing this he was preparing a work that should finally be carried to every part of the earth. He instructed his disciples by daily object lessons.

"He that exalteth himself by seeking to become famous throughout the earth, discontent with local problems and duties, shall be debased and his work come to naught. But he that

humbleth himself by losing his ambitions and aspirations in the griefs and joys of his own people will be exalted by finding his work grow into world-wide influence. The work of Christian ministry is a vital work. It is a hand-to-hand work, a man-to-man work, and consequently a local work. Real religion can not be sent around in books or tracts, or by paid emissaries, but every item of such work requires the personal presence of the minister himself. There are no superintendents in real Christian work. It must always remain single-hand work. It can not be organized into theological syndicates or ecclesiastical monopolies. Here, at least, is a domain into which trusts and combines can not successfully enter, although this is precisely what the church has been trying to do for the last fifteen hundred years.

"As for myself, my work is in Columbus. Without going outside of this city, I find a hundred times as much work as I can do. Anything that affects Columbus affects my work. While of course the whole nation and other nations are bound together in mutual interests, yet it is of vastly more importance to me in my particular work who is to be the next mayor of Columbus than who will be the next president of the United States. The cabinet in the city hall is of far more consequence to me than the cabinet at the White House. I am more vitally related to the men who serve as policemen on our streets than I am to the governors of the several states. Who shall direct public safety in this city? Who shall superintend the poor?

Who shall act as chief of police, turnkeys and detectives? Who shall serve as city poor doctors, as workhouse directors, as market inspectors, as directors on public improvements?

"These things interest me vastly more in my work as a Christian minister than national politics or international policy. First, because the work of a Christian minister is limited to personal contact. Second, because no man is wise enough to predict what any national or international policy will or ought to be. Those things settle themselves in a business way as they come along. If each locality would make its life what it ought to be, then would the nation be what it ought to be. All growth depends upon the vitality of the units. Make the units what they ought to be and organization will take care of itself. Until the units are what they ought to be, no organization can effect any good.

"Yes, I think every minister of the gospel in this city must inevitably be interested in the city government. If he is indeed a minister to the people, he can not fail to have a keen interest as to who is to be invested with authority to manage city affairs. Since the government of this city is on the federal plan, the chief interest centers in the mayor. A man calling himself a minister of the gospel who has no interest in what kind of a man is to be our next mayor is either an intellectual freak or a downright fraud.

"Now there are some things in which all decent men agree. For instance, that a mayor ought to be an honest man, a man who holds the interests of the city above personal interest, above party interest, above his own popularity; a man who can not be bribed; a man who has no favorites to reward, no enemies to punish; a man of good social and domestic habits; a man who has some sort of interest in social problems, a taxpayer, a property holder and a representative citizen. There can be no argument but that a mayor should possess these attributes at least.

But about some other things, there can be and is a wide difference of opinion. There are those who believe that the mayor ought to execute each and every law found on the statute

books or in the ordinances, without regard to the consequences. Then there are those who believe that the mayor ought to use discretion in the execution of laws. Here we have two distinct classes of people, who are divided without reference to party, social standing or moral integrity. Just as good men are on one side of this discussion as on the other. The particular bone of contention between these two classes is the enforcement of the liquor laws, especially Sunday laws. Which of these contending classes is right, or which is the strongest, or which ought to prevail, I shall not at present undertake to say.

"But I do wish to say this much about the matter—that there ought to be no further jugglery with this subject. One of the mayors nominated next spring ought to stand squarely and unambiguously on an open-city platform. The other one ought to stand explicitly and unmistakably on the platform of a closed city. There ought to be no dodging, no empty generalities, no posing, no hypocrisy. This city ought to be given a chance after all the fuss and feathers of the past to vote squarely on this question. Both men ought to be equal in other respects, but frankly committed, one to the open city, the other to the closed city. It is a shame, it is a sin, it is a silly spectacle to see this beautiful city aroused from center to circumference over the election of a mayor without exactly knowing which side either candidate occupies on this all-important, all-absorbing question.

"For shame! Whatever else we have let us have no more of this. Let some man stand up and say: 'If I am elected mayor, I will try to run the city government as it has been run the last two years.' Then let the other candidate say: 'If I am elected mayor, I will execute every liquor law, every Sunday law, good, bad or indifferent, and I will make this city known in Ohio as a city closed up tight.' Let the people vote for these two men, without help or hindrance. Let them know exactly what they are doing once. A man is not fit to be mayor of this city who is not willing to be entirely frank in such a matter as this. The slightest hesitation on this point alone ought to defeat him."

THE GHOST OF COON HOLLER.

By John Hazelrigg.

Coon Holler was haunted; there was no gainsaying that fact. Cy Jimson's son had lumbered lazily homeward one winter's night from a spelling bee, exercising his limited faculties over the remembrance of a bluish which had mantled the cheeks of Samantha Perkins as he bade her good night, when he came face to face with a white something which seemed to rise right up in front of him. Cy Jimson's son didn't dally for an age in that neighborhood. Samantha slipped from his mind in an instant, and with a yell he cleared the rail fence at one bound and disappeared into the silence of the woods.

Possibly this incident might have gone the way of all sensations of a day, had not Joel Kiser happened near the same spot a week later, at that hour of night "when graveyards yawn" and the creaking of frozen branches suggests the rattling of dead men's bones. Joel had openly boasted on more than one occasion that no "sperrit" could hope to frighten him with any degree of success. Perhaps it was the remembrance of these boasts which had started him to singing so lustily as he came swaggering along on this occasion with the boldness of a troubadour of the olden time. Though he

had heard that whistling was good for the nerves, he concluded that a little vocal music might have a stronger effect in that direction, and had just struck the fourth bar of the "Blue Alsation Mountains" when a sight met his eyes which drove all the harmony from out of his soul. He never succeeded in giving an intelligible account of this portion of his narrative. It was clear, however, from the scratches on his bleeding face when he arrived home that he had wasted no time in going around briar patches, but had taken the shortest cut.

Though at first the wise ones were disposed to ascribe the experience of Cy Jimson's son to an abnormal sensibility of the nervous system directly traceable to the wiles of Samantha Perkins, none had been so reckless as to suspect stolid Joel Kiser of a similar weakness. Besides, not many days had slipped by before the country round about was regaled with additional testimony of a like nature from others whose veracity was beyond question.

So, unlike an oft-told tale that waxeth stale by too frequent telling, the ghost of Coon Holler became not only an accredited fact, but a source of consuming interest as well.

Haunted houses, in which clanking chains and shadowy forms and ghouliah groans were wont to make the midnight rave with unseemly revelry, be-

came topics of fireside gatherings. Ghostly traditions which had slumbered amidst the must and murk of forgotten ages were dragged forth to add gressiveness to the recitals. Superstition was rampant in the community, and it became evident if the mystery was not speedily cleared up the swains of the neighborhood would remain bachelors all their lives rather than render allegiance to that hour when "one" thoughts lightly turn to love."

Already Samantha Perkins was pinning 'neath the blight of this neglect, for Cy Jimson's son hadn't once ventured out under cover of darkness since the night he came through the Holler.

Dames with marriageable daughters were not slow to observe this recreant tendency in the hearts of desirable partis, and it was chiefly due to their urgency that active steps were finally taken to investigate the matter; otherwise the ghost of Coon Holler might have remained a puzzle to this day—and the young men bachelors as well.

Thus it was that Squire Upham—than whom none possessed a more exalted idea of the dignity attaching to his position as head of the school board—was prevailed upon after much solicitation to advise just what should be done.

"Personally," said the Squire, "I don't b'lieve in ghosts nohow. The

only sort o' sperrits liable to run amuck of sich ijiots es Cy Jimson's son—beggin' the pardon of Cy Jimson's son's father—air uv the hard cider and applejack brand."

"But heow about Joel Kiser?" asked one.

"An' Abe Hawkins?" queried another.

"An' Seth Jacobs, who swars the specter looked like Hezekiah Jenkins' wife es died a year ago, even to the wart on her nose?" propounded a third.

"Wa'al, es fer Joel Kiser, I reckon thet a man who hain't got sense enuf to go 'reound a briar patch is in no state to be relied on. Abe Hawkins is still in bed sufferin' from shock, an' Seth Jacobs—neow, considerin' thet Seth left my house thet night at thirteen minits arter 'leven, an' got home a distance uv three miles an' a quarter at 'zactly nine minits tew twelve, don't show that he loitered long enuf in the vicinity to tell whether the object hed a wart on its nose or wore specs."

Seth, who was present, would have ventured something in extenuation, but a scowl from the Squire so bewildered him that he stopped short before commencing, and edged his way behind Joel Kiser.

"But, Squire," ventured Cy Jimson, breaking into the gap, "what be your opinyun consarnin' this matter?"

"My eegayus be that ye all lack nerve—good old Puritan nerve, the kind yer forefathers showed at Bunker Hill—that's what ye all lack!"

"Jist es I wuz a-tellin' Joel," put in a loose jointed individual by the name of Hank Chambers.

"But ye didn't tell Joel ye backed deliberately down when Deekin Rodgers offered to bet ye his yearlin' colt that a four-ox team couldn't drag ye through Coon Holler alone at twelve o'clock at night, did ye?" asked the Squire, fixing his steel-gray eye on the unfortunate Hank.

"The Deekin's yearlin' colt ain't wuth a grist o' corn, an' he knows it, tew!" retorted Hank.

"No doubt that's jist why he backed it agin yer courage," suggested the Squire. "But that's nuther here nor there. I'm a-goin' to lead ye deown into the Holler tonight, jist to prove to ye what darned fools ye be; an' all I've got to say is, the fust one among ye thet tries the sprintin' game hed better not stop inside nor return to the jurisdiction o' this skule dees-trick!"

Now a ghost hunt which might have been exhilarating to read about, even with the light turned low, was robbed of all its fascination under the dreadful alternative the Squire thus saw fit to impose. Not one among them was conscious of sufficient natural courage to willingly walk into the presence of a real, healthy ghost, much less to stand his ground after having ventured so far.

But the fiat had gone forth, and that night as the clock chimed the hour but one of midnight, they ventured out in grim array and much trepidation, their "withers unwrung," to lay the ghost.

The Squire led the way. His meek and lowly cohorts straggled in his wake, strangely conscious of an impending mystery which might at any moment prove calamitous to the entire party.

The uncertain chattering of their teeth as they passed down by the deserted sugar camp was not altogether due to a frosty atmosphere. Had such been the fact it would not have been necessary for Hank Chambers to mop his brow when the occasional north wind crept up behind and about him; nor Seth Jacobs to doff his cap repeatedly, then to don it again in a nervous, jerky manner as the squeaking of the branches sent creeping chills adown his spinal column.

Seth's ears were not attuned to such lugubrious sounds, and they grated harshly on his sensibilities. Once he gave a convulsive start as he caught sight of an object flying about his feet, and was on the point of making a home stretch, regardless of what after generations might say as to the quality of his personal valor—when he discovered it was only the dead leaves falling from the heel of his boot as he lifted it out of the snow.

The night was a veritable depth of darkness. No moon in pale splendor shone down upon them to light the gloom or give silent approval to the weird business in hand. And so, with a silence in sympathy with souls strained by strange meditations and secret forebodings, they wended their unwilling way through the wintry-laden woods, and in due time entered into the ghost-ridden haunts of Coon Holler.

Here the Squire, for some unknown reason, called a halt.

Joel Kiser suggested a conference of some sort, he didn't know for what, merely hinting that there were times when a little procrastination was advisable in the interest of valor. Cy Jimson, on his part, thought that as nothing of a startling nature had confronted them thus far, their quest was a blank failure, and he for one was

willing to forego any further pleasure which their investigations might stir up.

"Suppose we go home an' talk the matter over," said Seth, in a weak effort to make a wise suggestion; while Hank muttered something about not being anxious to oppose the will of the majority.

The Squire regarded them with a glare of contempt, which fortunately the darkness prevented them from observing, else in their present state of threatened collapse it might have fared ill with the head of the school board.

"It's my opinyun," he said, "thet ye're all a set uv milk-livered cowards! D'ye think I'm a-goin' fer to 'low ye to beat a pusillanimous retreat afore we even reach the rendezvoo uv this so-called somethin' thet has made babes outen ye all? No! In the name uv Anthony Wayne es fout at Bunker Hill—"

"Who-hoo—wha-ha—who!" came through the night air with the clearness of an interrogation point.

"In the name uv the Lord, what—wuz—that?" he ejaculated.

"The ghost!" cried Seth.

"We're done fer! I feel it in my j'intz!" shrieked Cy, sinking to the ground in a paroxysm of fright.

"Who-hoo—ha-ha—who!" came again through the sombre gloom.

The Squire broke into a peal of laughter so demoniacal it was hard to tell whether it was genuine mirth or an effort at ridicule.

"Ye're skeered, thet's what ye be—"

But he got no further in his tirade, for at that moment there arose immediately in front of the incensed admirer of Anthony Wayne a loose figure that flapped its boneless arms in weird grotesquerie directly in his face, caressing his bloodless cheeks with stinging familiarity as it wound its graceless shape about his head and shoulders.

The Squire gave one leap, and with a despairing yell that aroused a saturation of hideous echoes in its train, he flew through the woods pell-mell, lickety-split, nor halted short of a quarter of a mile up the Holler.

Perchance he would have been going yet, but the equally terror-stricken Hank overtook him at this point. Hank had always a fondness for the society of the Squire, but never so much of a deep-seated, healthy craving in that direction as at the present moment.

"Don't leave me—don't leave me!" he pleaded, clinging tightly to the shanks of the trembling dignitary, his molars playing a tattoo to the quaking of his nether limbs.

"Leave ye!" shouted the Squire; "how in thunder kin I leave ye with yer arms a-holdin' me back es if ye were afeard I'd run away! Why don't ye close yer measly mouth an' let loose uv my legs?"

"Ye won't leave me, will you, Squire? Say thet ye won't leave me an' I'll lose my hold!"

"What dodgasted impudence brought ye here anyway?" hissed the Squire, gazing anxiously in the direction they had come, and making a vain effort to free himself. "I've no patience with sich 'tarnal fool critters, an' by the shade uv Antony Wayne—"

He was interrupted by shouts of laughter echoing up through the Holler.

Hank tightened his grip on the attenuated official leg, while both now listened in breathless amaze.

Again came a waft of merriment on the frost-laden air, intoned with a mocking devilry that made the goose-flesh rise up in great welts all over the Squire's body.

"Mad es March hares!" he whispered, "skeered clean outen their wits!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho!"

"I knowed it!" the Squire continued, indignantly. "The fool critters wouldn't foiler my lead to safety, an' new they're jabberin' jibts!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Ho! ho! ho!" This time much nearer.

A pause followed, in which Hank rose to his feet; then came the breaking of twigs and the crunching of snow, and the gaunt figures of Seth Jacobs, Joel Kiser and Cy Jimson strode into view. Cy carried something white crumpled up in his arms.

"Here's yer ghost, Squire."

"Eh! What?"

"The ghost uv Coon Holler!" and he deposited a large oblong piece of wagon canvas on the ground.

"Wa'al, I swar!" said the Squire. "I told ye it wuz all a humbug, didn't I?"

"Yaas, but ye didn't wait to find out thet it wuz only a bit o' canvas with a rock a-holdin' deown one eend uv it, did ye Squire?"

The Squire meditated.

"See here, boys; I make a motion."

"I second it," said Hank; "what is it?"

"I propose the hull lot uv us write ourselves deown on the records uv the skule board es the blankest set uv jibts in fourteen deestricks!"

And as they turned homeward Joel took up the "Blue Alsatian Mountains" at the fourth bar, while the Squire silently pondered on the mutability of human courage in general, and of his own in particular.

MATERIALIZATION.

Portland, Oregon, has been favored during the past month with the gifted materializing medium, Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, and a short sketch of some of the manifestations will not be amiss. The seances were well attended, some of them being under strict test conditions, and the manifestations being the same, whether under test conditions or not. The seances were held in the dining room of the private residence of Mr. R. Mendenhall, a well-known and respected citizen of Portland. The cabinet consisted of two curtains stretched in a solid corner of the room so as to form a square of about four and one-half feet each way, the curtains lapping together at the outer angles, and being tacked to the wall on each side, the materialized spirits parting the curtains at the angle and stepping out where every one present could see them and hear them. My "Personal Experiences" in Light of Truth of Oct. 28, 1899, gave a description of the regular seances, so I will confine this article to the description of a private seance given to Mr. E. W. Allen, Mr. R. Mendenhall, Miss May Jones and myself on Feb. 22, at 1 p. m.

There were eight chairs arranged in a semi-circle, midway of the room, leaving a space between them and the cabinet and quite a space back of them. We were seated so as to leave a vacant chair beside each of us, the medium entranced and taken into the cabinet and the seance began. As high as five or six spirits were materialized at one time. Once Mr. Allen had a sister on each knee and his father standing in front of him, holding his hands, while other manifestations were going on. I held two sisters in my arms while others in the circle were holding sweet converse with loved ones. While we were singing and some conversing, a beautiful lady materialized back of us and began floating around the room and up to the ceiling, singing with us with all her might, and finally stopping in front of the cabinet, dematerialized in sight of us all. We were afterwards

all taken into the cabinet and magnetized by materialized Indians and other spirits, who came up right in front of us, while the same lady materialized again and floated around the room, singing as before. At times there were four large Indians out on the floor at once, singing and calling us up one at a time and magnetizing us. It was one of the most remarkable seances we ever attended, and, to be fully understood, must be experienced. But it only gives one of the glimpses of the wonderful possibilities of spirit manifestations through our materializing mediums. And yet we find some so blinded by prejudice and preconceived ideas that they call it all a fraud, and shut up their hearts to all manifestations of their loved ones, living on the husks of superstition and bigotry.

J. C. FERRELL.

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An apendicitis club has been formed in Cleveland. No person is eligible to membership unless his vermiform appendix has been monkeyed with by a surgeon. This, of course, keeps the membership small and select.

President Remsburg of the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation, in a recent number of the Truth Seeker, says: "The suppression of a Spiritualist meeting which was to have been held in Mount Vernon, N. Y., on a recent Sunday, is a foretaste of what may be expected in every town in the United States if the clergy gain the ascendancy. These repeated outrages ought to arouse to a sense of duty every Liberal and Spiritualist in the land."

THE LATE TALMAGIAN EXPLOSION.

Spiritualists should not be alarmed over Rev. Talmage's late philippic against Spiritualism. It is merely the rehash of a sermon he delivered away back in 1884, line for line and word for word, not even revamped to suit the presumed progress of thought of his Washington audience.

At the time of its delivery in Brooklyn, in 1884, one of our mediums, Mrs. M. E. Williams, sent him a letter which was read before the Spiritualist Alliance of New York city, and it got into the daily papers, causing thereby considerable annoyance to Talmage. Reporters called upon him to answer Mrs. Williams. Of course the acrobatic buffoon did not do so and the papers gave him fits for his cowardice.

The Light of Truth for Feb. 17, 1894, contained a reprint of Mrs. Williams' letter of June, 1884, calling upon Talmage to investigate the facts he spat upon.

If there ever was a more contemptible fakir among so-called mediums than Talmage is we have not heard of the case, and it is time that Spiritualists at least treat him with the worst they can do, that is, silence. He is a poor, old, churchless reprobate, and will soon depart for some out-of-the-way corner in spirit life, where he will have to be hunted for a thousand years with a microscope, provided anybody ever wishes to find him.

Those who deny freedom to others have no claim upon it themselves. The blackest crimes that have ever been perpetrated have had religion and liberty as their watchwords.

THE EVIDENCE OF SUCCESS.

When King Solomon's Mining company was organized and the plan of operations presented to the public, it was expected, as a matter of course, that an interest in it would be aroused especially among Spiritualists, inasmuch as the prime movers are all Spiritualists and men of uncommon business sagacity. But the immense impetus given to the work and the enormous number of shares already placed with our people and the public generally, is a gratifying surprise, and in advancing the price of stock in the special series "A" to 20 cents a share, it is but just, in passing, to note these facts, and on behalf of the company thank those who have so generously taken hold and invested their money, the while assuring them that their own best interests are really subserved by these transactions.

With this week's issue of the Light of Truth the announcement is made that no more stock can be furnished at 7 cents, and this announcement is the best evidence of success so far attained that can be made, for with the price at 20 cents a share an immediate value has accrued to the investors holding this stock. Not only are they protected in their investment at a rate of interest higher than they can secure in most any other investment, but they have the benefit of the increased value of the stock, while the company will be in receipt of quicker and increased revenue whereby practical operations may be commenced at the mines.

Knowing, too, that the stock will advance before the end of April to 50 cents a share we have secured an option on 100,000 shares at 20 cents, which we are now offering our readers, and will continue to handle the negotiations for them in the same way as has been done with the 7 cent deals.

Parties at a distance, as for instance, in California, Oregon, Colorado and Washington, with whom negotiations are pending, will be taken care of on the 7 cent basis, and all others who subscribe on that basis before this issue of the Light of Truth reaches its remotest readers will, of course, have to be supplied.

THOUGHTS.

Truth is young and new, never requires defense, and can wait for a hearing. Error alone requires a defender. Had the cross been true the sword had never been made. In Hoc Signo Vinces stands for every appalling crime that scars history since the third century.

The discoverer brings to light new forms of truth, and for his pains is rewarded with irons, or quotations from the Psalms. Ignorance educated and wisdom the flunkey of the foolish! This is the world's estimate of truth.

Mind is like that upon which it feeds; snakes crawl and eagles soar. Thus philosophy sits on the crags alone while vanity struts to the applause of the insipid.

Love laughs at locksmiths, they tell us, but love has beaten in vain against the mausoleums reared to the potency of death.

Death feeds the memory and man at last learns of himself.

The earth is a vast cemetery. We tread upon skulls every day. The majority is silent; the peopled earth a fleeting stage—a moving point in eternity. Compared with the hosts slumbering in her bosom, the living,

fretful, speeding humanity are as rain drops caught in the hollow of a hand.

Trace to its finest and remotest end, any defect in man's mental or physical organization and you will find ignorance the virus upon which the defect feeds.

A few men have risen high enough in the grand scale of intellect to grasp the stupendous plan of the solar system, resolve the Via Lactea into millions of whirling suns and teeming worlds, and yet the masses of men grovel low enough to worship a myth that served as a god for their savage ancestors.

If man had been taught to regard death as a gateway instead of a cell, the world had never had a Caligula, a Torquemada, a John Calvin.

Man's thought has been directed ever to graveyards, and the graves are as unreplying as the sky that receives his grief and mocks his prayers. He has been taught that from beyond the closed portals there comes no voice. Upon lips that erstwhile framed words of love rests the dew of eternal night. Upon the mounds the mourner cries out: "These have risen with the dawn and have gone down with the sun; just a little space, a mere speck upon the ocean of infinity, they have played their part, and where are they? Earth lore is richer or poorer for the lives here spent. It matters little which it is. Oncoming hosts will take their turn upon the stage and face the frowning cliff, impenetrable, inexorable. What lies beyond none may know. Does love, as they say, gild a new chamber and wait for love yet knotted to weak flesh? The sea licks the quarter deck with as little regard as it does the fore-castle! So we cherish fond delusions which death sweeps away just as unconcernedly! May we not yet catch the chords of a symphony which will assure us all is not lost?"

Here we have the dearth of recompense which myriads are hugging today. This aching cry of the heart is an echo, a mere echo. This mixture of despair and hope is the world's tribute to and requiem of the dead. Men accept the stern decree but rebel. Why should they rebel? Because there is something in them better than their creeds, something which neither a promiseless materialism nor a monstrous Theism can touch.

Is not there a supreme need of something which can successfully offset the negations of materialism and the affirmations of ecclesiasticism?

In Spiritualism the world is finding the answer to this need, this cry of the heart. It is the one crowning glory of all the myriads of glories of the nineteenth century.

PEN POINTS.

The ladies' tailor is the only reformer that doesn't make mistakes.

Look out for the man who busys himself looking for things nobody wishes to find.

When Christians stop fighting each other there will be some show for universal brotherhood.

Beauty being only skin deep, it is safe enough to say that some women are worse than they appear.

The powers that control men's bread control the men. The barricading of opportunity to get a living lies at the base of the social and industrial warfare.

WHAT WE SEE.

We see that a Philadelphia jury has found a German bookseller "guilty" of selling copies of Daudet's novel, "Sapho," together with some photographs, and Judge Finletter sentenced the man to one year's imprisonment. Will somebody please start the old familiar song, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee, Sweet Land of Liberty."

That one David B. Hill says that the American people are governed too much. It would be difficult at least to walk around very much without breaking some law.

That a Georgia evangelist has opened up in Brooklyn and makes a specialty of attacking the morality of female stenographers. A man who will thus use a class of women who work for their subsistence to foist himself into notoriety will bear watching.

That the proposed heresy trial of Rev. A. C. McGiffert, D. D., has been averted by the resignation of the accused man from the Presbyterian church.

That "binage," which means the right of priests to say mass twice a day, has been forbidden the Paris priests by a decree from Rome. Nothing has yet been said about forbidding them concubinage.

That the New York World, having crowded "Sapho" off the stage, uses space in its columns to the extent of a half a page to produce the nastiest parts of the play on paper. The World is a great moralizer. Another "great metropolitan daily" of the yellow order gives us long-winded editorial homilies on good morals, and on its sporting page announces in scare letters big enough to frighten the office cat, that two bruisers have "met in the Journal office" and fixed up the papers for a prize fight.

That the American Secular Union and Free Thought Federation offers a reward of \$1,000 for the discovery of a true Christian, dead or alive.

That the subscription price of the Topeka Capital is raised from 12 to 25 cents for the week of Rev. Sheldon's editorship of that paper. Whether this is what Jesus would do Mr. Sheldon does not say. Perhaps he doesn't know. At this distance it looks like a money-grabbing scheme.

That congress has passed a bill imposing 15 per cent duty upon goods imported from Porto Rico. This is probably a little easier on the Porto Ricans than the tax imposed by Spain—which is encouraging. In view of the fact that free trade was promised the Porto Ricans, it is as near the fulfillment of the promise as could reasonably be expected.

That the Rev. Minot J. Savage says: "The doctrine of the fall of man in Adam and his condemnation to eternal death on that account is one of the most immoral, unjust abominations that ever entered into the brain of man, and for those who love the Nazarene as I do it is worth while to note that Jesus never said anything about it, and did not seem to know it."

That Pope Leo wants Cardinal Jerome Maria Gotti to be his successor. Cardinal Gotti is a great orator, goes barefooted, lives on the coarsest food and emulates Jesus as near as he can.

That the Methodist clergy of Milwaukee have been "resolving" against President McKinley's drinking habits. The president should be careful about disturbing the saints in this manner.

HON. JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

A Brief Sketch of the Life of a Young Man Who is Now Attracting Much Attention and Being Talked About a Great Deal.

James B. Townsend was born in Jackson township, Allen county, Ohio, July 14, 1851. He was the eldest son of Dr. Charles M. Townsend, and with the family moved to Bluffton in 1859. In 1862 Mr. Townsend's family settled in Lima, O., and at the public schools of that city he received his education.

He was a member of the class that graduated in 1869, but leaving school in the spring of that year, he did not graduate. When he left school he became a member of Townsend's Medical Band, and in company with J. Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, and others, he traveled for a year or more. In the year 1870 he commenced the study of the law with Irvine & Brice and was admitted to the bar in 1874.

That year he was elected justice of the peace for Ottawa township, and the same year was appointed mayor of the city of Lima to fill a vacancy, and was afterwards elected and served two full terms as mayor of the city, holding the office and performing the duties of justice of the peace at the same time.

In 1879 and 1880, in company with J. Condit Smith and others, he assisted in promoting the building of the Chicago & Atlantic railway, and laid out the town of Harrod, and was placed upon the board of directors of that road in 1882.

In November, 1880, he was married to Miss Ida Rumble, one of the charming young women of Lima, and to them an interesting family of five children has been born. Their home, on West Market street, in that city, is an ideal place, and all who come within its bounds find a hearty welcome and leave it with regret.

In 1884, he, with Judge Charles M. Hughes, B. C. Faurot, George P. Waldorf, Farmer Dean, and others, organized the Trenton Rock Oil company, which was the initial company in developing what is now the oil fields of northwestern Ohio.

This company developed the Mercer county gas fields, and Mr. Townsend got possession of 8,000 acres of gas territory, and organized the companies that supplied Sidney, Troy, Piqua, Dayton and other towns in southern Ohio with fuel gas. In these enterprises he was associated with the late Senator Brice, General Samuel Thomas and others.

He also organized the company that supplied Huntington, Ind., with fuel gas, and was for some time the manager of that company.

When George W. Saul was the president of the Ohio Southern railway, Mr. Townsend acted as attorney for the company, and was the head of the legal force.

When that company went into the hands of a receiver he was one of the counsel for the receivers in the east, and held that position until the road was disposed of by order of the courts.

In 1895 he assisted in promoting the building of the Detroit & Lima Northern railway, and when that road went into the hands of a receiver he was selected for that position, and now has charge of its affairs.

He has been, since early manhood, one of the leading spirits in all the enterprises that have had a tendency to build up the city of his home, and a few years ago, in connection with C. W. Risley, organized a company for the manufacture of the celebrated self-lifting elevators, which are having an

extensive sale in all parts of the country.

Mr. Townsend has been identified with many large business enterprises, and his connection with the Ohio Southern railway called his attention to the importance of the immense coal fields in southern Ohio, and with others he acquired large interests there.

A few years ago he commenced investigating the mining properties of British Columbia, and becoming satisfied that they were rich and extensive he secured options on many of the best properties, and securing the assistance of men of large experience and great wealth in the east, they became the owners of many mining properties, which they have consolidated under the title of King Solomon's mines, and which give every promise of being among the most valuable mining lands in that country, now so famous for the immense wealth of its mineral deposits.

Having put up the money to acquire these properties, it became necessary to create a fund for the purpose of paying the expense of equipping the mines with the necessary machinery for operating them and putting the product on the market. To accomplish these ends the owners have given Mr. Townsend the power to dispose of a limited portion of the stock, the par value of the whole being \$30,000,000, and he has given the people the opportunity to purchase this stock at a very low figure. The proceeds of these sales will be devoted exclusively to developing and operating the mines, and the profits resulting therefrom will be paid back to the parties subscribing, until the whole amount of their subscription has been returned, with 4 per cent interest, before the original purchasers derive any dividends.

In consolidating these properties Mr. Townsend had to deal largely with strangers, living thousands of miles from his home. He found it necessary to establish a good character and show a reputation for handling large enterprises. At this juncture he called on his many friends for letters of personal indorsement. These letters he prizes very highly, and well he should, as they are sterling good letters from some of the ablest financiers of the country, among them being General Samuel Thomas, so many years the partner of the late Senator Brice in his business operations; W. P. Orr of Piqua, the president of the W. P. Orr Linseed Oil company; Samuel A. Baxter, now the president of the Commercial bank of Lima; John D. Archibald, the able financier of 26 Broadway, New York; John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil company; J. H. Leshner & Co., importers, of Chicago; William McKinley, now the president of the United States; ex-Governor Asa S. Bushnell of Springfield, O.; Senator J. B. Foraker, Congressman R. B. Gordon, who represents the Lima (O.) district in the lower house of congress; Judge Theodore D. Robb, president of the First National bank of Lima; T. T. Mitchell, president, and E. B. Mitchell, cashier of the City bank of Lima; Gus Kalb, president of the Bank of Lima; J. C. Thompson, president, and L. H. Kibby, cashier of the Ohio National bank of Lima; W. H. Duffield, cashier of the Metropolitan bank of Lima; Judges James L. Price, James H. Day and C. H. Norris of the circuit court; Judge M. Donnelly of Napoleon, common pleas judge; Judge S. A. Armstrong of Celina and Judge W. H. Cunningham of Lima; also judges of the common pleas court.

Mr. Townsend began investigating Spiritualism some 12 years ago, and became thoroughly satisfied of its beautiful truths. No more worthy rep-

resentative of this great movement lives, and he has proven his devotion to it many times and in various ways with his purse and his influence.

As a further index to the character and standing of the man, several letters are appended, written by distinguished men above named. The letter from President McKinley was written about the time Mr. Townsend began his investigations into the properties now comprising King Solomon's mines.

"Dec. 29, 1899.

"To whom it may concern: I have known Mr. James B. Townsend for the past 25 years. He has occupied political positions of trust and importance, at one time filling the office of chairman of the Democratic state committee of Ohio. He has been connected with large enterprises. He has been the associate and companion of a large number of the wealthiest and most influential business men of the country, such as former Senator Brice and Mr. John D. Rockefeller of New York. He is a man of high character and great moral worth, sober, industrious, capable, loyal and devoted. He has organized and developed a number of successful business projects, and is deserving of the confidence and support of those whom he may seek to join or assist in his work.

"It gives me great pleasure to pay this tribute to an able, sincere and devoted friend.—Samuel Thomas."

"State of Ohio, Executive Department, Office of the Governor.

"Columbus, April 27, 1893.

"To whom it may concern: Being advised that Mr. James B. Townsend

of Lima, Ohio, is about to engage in business in the west, I take pleasure in commending him as a gentleman of enterprise and character. Mr. Townsend is one of the best known young men in this state and, although differing from him in politics, I take a friendly interest in his success. Very truly, etc., Wm. McKinley, Jr."

"State of Ohio, Executive Department, Office of the Governor.

"Columbus, Dec. 27, 1899.

Dear Sir: This will introduce Mr. James B. Townsend of Lima, Ohio, a man of good standing and large business experience. I have known him for a number of years and during that time he has been engaged in various important transactions, which have been managed satisfactorily to his associates. I can commend him as a gentleman worthy of confidence and consideration. Very truly and respectfully, Asa S. Bushnell, governor of Ohio."

"Bucyrus, O., Jan. 26, 1900.

To whom it may concern: I have known Hon. James B. Townsend of Lima, Ohio, for many years, as citizen as lawyer and as a friend. I have found him in all respects and in every exigency as true as the 'needle to the pole.'

"I would not hesitate to trust him in any important affair, and however his interest might conflict with mine, from what I know of him, I feel assured that I would be treated by him with integrity and justice. I have the utmost confidence in his honesty and ability. Very respectfully, C. H. Norris, circuit judge, 3d circuit."

WHAT SPIRITUALIST EDITORS ARE SAYING.

Our venerable friend, Dr. J. M. Peebles, seems to have been considerably stirred up recently over the question of what to do with the tramp mediums, who go from town to town, changing their names with each move and always fleeing the unwary. To expose such cattle advertise them; to ignore them and all other fakirs of mediumship has been and is the policy of the Journal. Gradually our contemporaries are arriving at the same conclusion.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Several years ago a minister in Ohio began a series of lectures on the evils of the stage. He pictured the condition of the theater and actors in particular. About the time his lectures were getting interesting a report came from the penitentiary that while there was but one actor confined therein, there were a number of clergymen. The actor was in under a combination of circumstances, but was soon to be pardoned. There was no such notation against the name of any clergyman.—The Sun-downer.

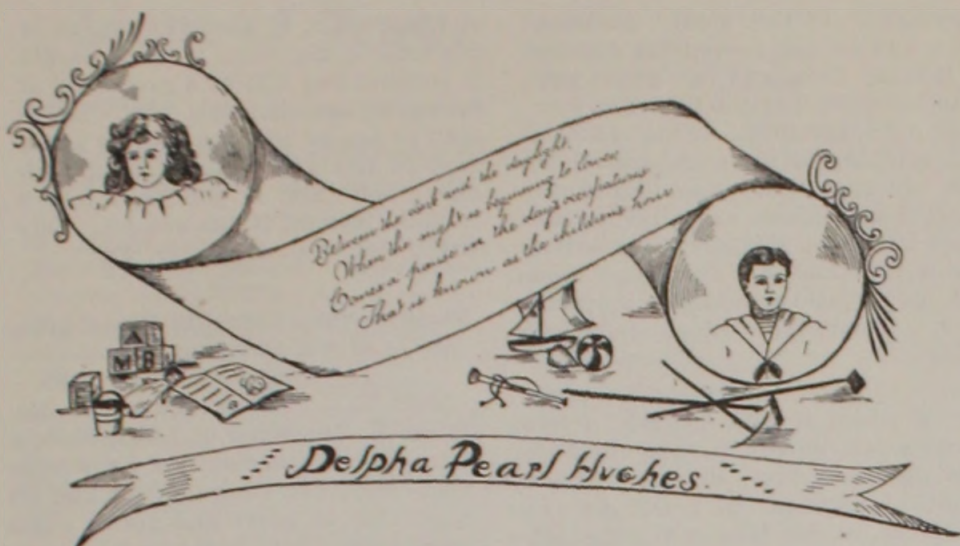
Notwithstanding the brilliant service Dr. Savage has done to our cause, he has more than once been taunted with a disinclination to face the odium of it. He has chosen his own line of conduct, he has dealt as he pleased with labels, he has kept himself free from pledges and organizations, and has, by some, been misunderstood. We are sorry for it. No organization ought to expect to include all who are interested in that for which it stands. The spirit world is not the freehold of any association. Is it not better, indeed, that the truth should be sought and set forth in many ways?—Light, London, Eng.

As to the popularity and consequent "rush" for some speakers, that is easily understood, and no amount of law or regulation will see every speaker put upon any kind of common basis. The societies choose the men and women they like best, and as a result, seeing there are more workers than societies, there are a certain number left. This will always be the case, and although it is to be deplored that a man with ready tongue, whether he be sincere or not, will obtain engagements, while his brother, more slow of speech, but with a good worker, will lack employment, the society which pays for its speaker will choose the most able exponent.—The Two Worlds, Manchester, Eng.

Public sentiment has become so opposed to the death penalty that it is difficult to

empanel a jury in such cases, and the officers whose disagreeable duty it is to execute the sentence are socially ostracized. The only argument that can be brought in favor of the death penalty is that it produces greater fear and thus deters from crime. This has been disputed, and even the reverse held to be true, that the more fearful the punishment, the more numerous the crimes. Statistics would easily decide, as Colorado, Rhode Island, Maine, Michigan and Wisconsin have taken capital punishment from their statute books, and a sufficient length of time has intervened to fairly test the matter. If homicide has not increased in these states, there would be no reason why the barbarous laws should be retained in others.—The Progressive Thinker.

A good psychographic medium will usually obtain writing between closed slates, which may be brought by the investigator, who can insist upon their not leaving his sight, and, as in Mr. Richmond's experiment, described in our last issue, not leaving his hand. We have obtained writing on paper that we had previously marked, which was then covered by our own and a friend's hand, and was untouched by the medium. On another occasion, a slate which we had personally cleaned was laid on the floor (fully six feet from the medium) with a small piece of pencil under it (in broad daylight), and on taking it up shortly after, was found written on the under side a long message of a private nature from a deceased friend, of whom we were not thinking. Such phenomena as these are still good and impressive, they can not be counterfeited under like conditions, and even when no proof of identity is given in connection with the writings, they point so distinctly to the action of a discrete disembodied intelligence as to compel the recognition of their spiritual origin. The evident utility of physical phenomena lies in their being inimitable by fraud; colorable imitations can of course be made which might satisfy the credulous and glib, but the conditions for testing the two classes of phenomena we have specially referred to are so simple that no rational investigator need be deceived. First: to be sure that the slate, paper or panel to be used is perfectly blank. Second: that it does not leave their hand, or, if it does, that it is marked in such a way that there can be no doubt of its identification when it returns to them, and thirdly, (with the paintings), to observe if the paint be wet, and note the time occupied in their production.—The Hatching of Light, Melbourne, Australia.



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

A LAUGHING CHORUS.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground,
When March called, "Ho! there! Ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro.
And "Are you ready?" the snowdrop asked,
"Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the scilla replied,
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
Of laughter soft and low,
From millions of flowers under the ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the crocus
said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing;"
And straight thereafter narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And, ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The hyacinth bells shall ring,"
And the violet only murmured "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came,
Of laughter soft and low,
From millions of flowers under the ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the
coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast
shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down.
But patiently each wrought her beautiful
dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the
world,
Still shadowed by winter's frown,
And well may they cheerily laugh "Ha ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the
ground,
Yes, millions, beginning to grow.

—Selected.

Bowie, Maryland, Feb. 22, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: This makes the second
time I have commenced writing to you,
this time I am going to finish it. I have
read all the letters in the Light of Truth.
I have never seen any from where I live.
We haven't many Spiritualists in Bowie.

Mamma has been taking the Light of
Truth since papa died, that was five years
ago in December. Mamma said she could
not be without the paper. I read it too,
when she finishes.

I was very glad to know that Charles
Wolfgram arrived safely at Mrs. Shafer's.
I live in a brick house with a pretty
flower garden and plenty of fruits and
grapes.

I have two sisters and two brothers in
earth life. Papa and his two boys, our
brothers, are in the spirit land. I some-
times hear from them. Mamma received a
message through Mr. Benton in the Light
of Truth. It was from papa.

I would like to get acquainted with the
Spiritualists. I will write you again. Your
niece,
GERTRUDE STRAINING.

We should like very much to see
your home, Gertrude, with its fruit
and flowers. We northerners are just
beginning to think about and plan our
summer gardens. I trust all my boys
and girls love the beautiful flowers,
and have their plots to tend, and
watch the tiny buds develop, expand
and finally burst forth in all the glory
of the perfect bloom.

How grand it is that you may
some times hear from the dear papa
and other friends beyond the veil and
know that life and love are eternal,
and that death—so called—is but the
doorway to a broader, freer life. Please

tell us more about your southern
home.

Osseo, Minn., Feb. 25, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: I like the poems in
every Light of Truth better than any
other poems. I am nine years old and my
brother is eleven years old, and I have got
three sisters. One is six years old and one
is four years old, and the other is two years
old. I am in the fourth reader now. I
like to go to school. I have been to school
three years.

LEON HENRY.

P. S.—My grandma takes the Light of
Truth, and that is how I come to read the
poems that are in the Light of Truth.

We are very glad to make your ac-
quaintance, Leon, and now we shall
want to know all about you and the
others of your household band. What
jolly times you must enjoy with your
brother and sisters. Of course, the lit-
tle one is just beginning to lisp baby
phrases and you must tell us more
about her and her cunning ways.

Aunt Rose is much pleased that you
appreciate the poetry so much, and
shall hope to hear from you again.

THE LITTLE COOK.

I am playing my mamma is sick,
And I'm getting her something to eat;
And I think, when she tastes it, she'll say,
"Dear Elsie, it's such a fine treat!"

I am putting in oatmeal and flour,
And sugar and butter and rice,
And cornmeal and soda and milk,
And pepper and jelly and spice.

I don't know yet just what 'twill be;
But I'll call it gruel, I guess,
Though I'm quite sure, if Bridget were here
She'd call it a very bad mess.

But Bridget is out for a walk,
And mamma is sleeping up stairs,
Everybody can rest but poor me,
And I am just burdened with cares!

There! I think my nice gruel is done;
I do wonder how it will taste.
I'll try—oh, it's spilled on the floor—
It's all one discouraging waste!

I wonder if Bridget will scold?
I wonder if mamma will, too?
If every one scolds, I can't think
What poor little Elsie will do!

E. W. M.

AN AFTERNOON FROLIC.

"Let's play keep store," said Dottie,
as she ushered her little playmates
into the great big attic which mamma
had flitted up for a playroom. Mollie
and Freddie Wheeler had come over to
spend the afternoon with her and lit-
tle Robbie, and they were all jubilant
in their expectations of a merry time.
"Et's p'ay keep 'tore," echoed Rob-
bie, who always thought whatever
Dottie said was law.

Mollie and Freddie were soon en-
thusiased with the idea, and the attic be-
gan to assume quite a commercial as-
pect. Chests were with difficulty
trundled forth in a row to serve as
counters, while behind them were ar-
rayed such a motley array as would
have turned Dicken's Curiosity Shop
green with envy.

"Who shall be clerk?" inquired Mol-
lie, and a chorus of voices answered,
but just at this opportune moment
Dottie's 10-year-old brother, Glenn,
arrived, and, after a merry laugh at
their arrangements, was elected,
through his superior knowledge, to
the honorary position of merchant,
and, boy-like, of course, he assumed
commandership of the whole affair.

"Now, Dottie, you tear some paper
for money, and remember each piece
is just \$1. I don't run no 'cheap John'
store; people must understand this is
patronized only by the 'upper ten,'" he
said, loftily. "Gordon & Co., don't
cater to cheap trade." Of course this
announcement was received with due
respect, the money was equally dis-
tributed, and all but Glenn took their
departure to the hallway to formulate
their most pressing needs.

Mollie was allowed the first trip. Of
course she forgot, and knocked at the
door, which disgusted Glenn very
much, for he said he was afraid his
other customers (although seemingly
invisible) would imagine he dealt with
country bumpkins. "I forgot we wasn't
playing 'keep house,'" Mollie demure-
ly explained, and was immediately
forgiven, and asked, in Glenn's most
winning tones: "What can I sell you
today, Miss Wheeler?" which nearly
convulsed her with laughter, but,
fearing to offend again, she soon re-
covered herself and answered:

"I thought of buying a new dress."

"Oh, yes; all the spring styles have
just arrived," and exhibiting a dis-
carded teagown of mama's, "this is
one of the loveliest dresses we have
ever had in stock. How do you like
it?" "I think it will do very well. What
is the price? Only \$10?"

So the purchase was made and Mollie
with many giggles took her departure.

But the others were all impatient
to be next, so the three returned, with
Mollie behind, who couldn't be per-
suaded to remain alone, much to
Glenn's annoyance. Robbie could hard-
ly wait to make his wants known
with "Robbie wants 'tandy." Glenn,
remembering a piece of maple sugar
he had hidden away in his pocket,
soon exchanged it for many dollars.
Freddie purchased a whip, and Dottie,
who was quite practical, had baking
to do, and wanted sugar, raisins and
eggs. Glenn was at a loss to know
just what to offer her, and tried very
hard to preserve his dignity in the
face of her mischievous glances. But
just then in came mama, quite dis-
mayed at the merchant's collection
from as many receptacles. But confi-
dence was soon restored when she in-
vited them all down to the little
"spread" she had prepared for their
pleasure.

"It was fun, anyway," whispered
Dottie to Mollie; "wasn't it?"

"Yes," Glenn answered, overhearing,
"it would have been if you hadn't all
giggled so, and acted like babies."

But even he couldn't quite dampen
the remembrance of the afternoon's
frolic.

AUNT CARRIE.

WHO WAS IT?

Once there was a maiden who wouldn't be
polite;
Wouldn't say "Good morning," and wouldn't
say "Good night;"
Felt it too much trouble to think of saying
"please;"
Slammed the door behind her as if she'd
been a breeze;
Wouldn't ask her mother if she could take
a run;
Ran away and lost herself, because it was
"such fun."

Merry little maiden! Isn't it too bad
That, with all her laughter, sometimes she
was sad?
But the reason for it isn't hard to find,
For this little maiden don't like to mind;
Wouldn't do things she knew she really
ought to do.
Who was she? Oh, never mind; I hope it
wasn't you.

—Outlook.

TO BRIGHT EYES.

By Noble C. Ralph.

The Spirit Circle—Evermore.

Though like a mist in dreamy darkness
seen,

Thy shadowy raiment a spectral wonder,
Not to eye alone, but to thought and mental
sheen,

We scan thy shore, while billows thunder
And await new tidings from life evermore.

Like a garland at thy portal hanging,
In semi-circle, round thy mystic door,
Watching, longing, where bright souls are
slaking,

As from magic springs beneath thy dam-
asked floor,
Bringing tokens from yonder valley ever-
more.

Like dewey roses, entwining fragrant white
lilies,

That float in ethereal joy and heaven's
delight,

Upon Eden's lake, we fancy psychic fairies,
Whose whispering love speaks from out
the night,

While we dream and awaken in peace once
more.

Who gave to mortal this sacred emblem,
That grew from earth and heaven's gar-
den soil?

Toiling aeons hath lit the sky above them,
While none can scorn, but greater riches
fold;

For life is born self-consciously to die no
more.

Could we but see beyond the phantom
shadow,

And vie with angels through the mazy
night,

'Twould guide our footsteps and change
our sorrow,

And burnish our souls with love's astral
light;

Whose crownless joy becomes a diadem for
evermore.

Love be with you, bright lights are watch-
ing;

They gird thy earth, like Saturn's mystic
ring;

In silent impression, each secret an echo,
undying,

And from star to star, your joy they
sing;

Listen to the anthem within life, evermore.

THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.

All disease is caused by the refusal
of the functions to act. All functions
are set in motion by the will. If the
will is perverted or weakened by sel-
fishness or arrogance (injustice) it
cannot act on the functions for the de-
sired or needed effect, and they lan-
guish or suffer. Disease is the result.
Thus, all disease is originally an ef-
fect of injustice.—A. F. M.

SLEEPS NOW.

Quit Dug Coffee and Uses Postum Food
Coffee.

"While on a visit to a relative in
New Hampshire, who runs a fruit
farm, I found on the supper table what
appeared to be a strong cup of coffee.
I usually drank tea at night and they
knew it, but asked me to try the coffee,
saying it was Postum Food Coffee, and
the reason they served it, was that
they found when they got up early in
the summer mornings and drank a cup
of coffee to brace up on, they gener-
ally had a headache or sick stomach
along about noon, and that their gro-
cer persuaded them some time before
my visit to try Postum Food Coffee.
After a week's trial they adopted it
for the family, and had never returned
to the ordinary coffee, saying that it
had worked a wonderful change in all
of them—no more sick headaches, no
more sick stomachs.

"For two weeks I used Postum, and
when I returned to Boston, I banished
tea and coffee from the table forever.
My complexion has made a decided
change for the better, and it goes
without saying that I feel greatly ben-
efited. My nights are not sleepless
now, as they were when I was a coffee
drinker."—M. E. Curtis, Canterbury
St., Boston, Mass.—adv.

IMMORTALITY.

(Buckle — Hon. L. R. Marsh — G. B. Stebbins.)

We may be quite familiar with facts that familiarize and deepen the meaning of a word, but yet that word may be so vast in its scope that some new application may give us a new surprise, a new illumination — make us feel possessed and strengthened by an idea which is without any limit and which no library can bound or define.

Such a word is Eternity—as applied to a human being, immortality.

We witness a real manifestation of spirit presence. Blessed indeed it is; but we have not taken it all in—the fact is great; how much greater and more lasting is the idea in us and around us; in the stars and suns and filling the space from whence they have long since gone. We are here today, but there tomorrow. So says a voice within, an intuition that can never die.

No better way to get nearer this idea—so mystical, so illusive, so lasting, yet so natural; like a dewdrop or a roseleaf—than to see and feel how great souls realize its power.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE

was a great English scholar, a fearless thinker, no slave to dogmas, but no agnostic, practicing self-banishment in a fog. He began a History of the World's Civilization. Its introduction, complete in two large volumes, after years of studious toil in his father's house, and near a mother he deeply loved, he took his manuscript out into a world that knew little of him—far less than he knew of it.

A London bookseller issued it and it was soon widely read, and the world (willing or not) put the name of a new great writer on its list.

He needed rest to finish the work. Time enough in this or a better world. But his body died, and he "went up to glory," using the old phrase applied to worthy emigrants to the "many mansions" above.

What more natural than that he should be finishing his great work—with notes and comments, in such light as "never was on land or sea" here below, save in illuminated gleams. Whatever he left, "Life Essays," etc., is valuable, for he had deep interest in human progress.

At present a single sentence, one of the most comprehensive in the world, strong to awaken and convince, is our main concern. I have read it repeatedly. Waking nights I repeat it. It takes hold of my life and illuminates it. May the readers of this wonderful sentence be blessed by it in like way!

The article on Immortality, by a gifted man, who chose Buckle's great words as his heading, must also be read, and will bring its blessing.

THE GREAT SENTENCE.

"If Immortality is not true, it matters little whether anything else is true or not."—Henry Thomas Buckle.

EXPLANATORY.

Luther R. Marsh is now a retired lawyer, his home in Middletown, N. Y.; 88 years of age, remarkably well preserved, of fine social faculties, occasionally taking part in public exercises. In his professional days in New York he was, for a time, law partner of Daniel Webster, which marks his high rank. In youth a friend of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and a visitor at Judge Cady's home. In early manhood a friend of Gerrit Smith and the anti-slavery pioneers, his wife a daughter of Alvin Stewart of Utica, a leading spirit.

He became a Spiritualist. I first heard him give (81 years of age) an address of marked ability and eloquence, holding the close interest of a

full audience in which were many lawyers who had opposed his course as a Spiritualist, but came to be conquered by his eloquence at Carnegie hall a fine Sunday afternoon in New York.

A short time ago wife and I received from Mr. Marsh a neat little booklet of 75 pages, a chapter for each month, of varied matter, original mostly, a limited edition for friends, out of which matter is copied—"A Souvenir Kalendar." Following this are extracts from Mr. Marsh's valuable article.

ETERNAL LIFE.

By Luther R. Marsh.

"Whether, at what is called 'death'—an event which no one can hope to evade, a mortal is to cease existence—to go into non-entity, become nothing—or is to continue in another conscious form of life, without 'the doublet of the flesh,' and that shall outlast all material worlds—is the question of questions, beside which all others, however important they may seem, are overshadowed and dwindle out of sight.

"Can any one be so blind, so deaf, so dull as not to thrill with interest at whatever may tend to solve, or cast light, on this mighty theme? . . . But in the long range, can man boast more than the flying ephemera, unless he lives beyond the tomb? How evanescent all his acts! In the unmeasured eternity his life on earth is but a spot, an invisible point. He can not build anything that will stand the cuffs of time. Old Cheops (Kufa) made the most successful attempt, but his outside granite is peeling, the height of his pyramid diminishing. The columns of the Thothmes and Rameses are prostrate; Chaldean Babel a ruin. Nine thousand years, not a second on time's chronometer, have covered in oblivion the ancient Nippur; only spade and pick could reveal to the world that such a city, with its thronging multitudes, lived on the earth three thousand years before Adam trod the grasses of Eden.

"And now, yet more recently, down, down through strata of buried cities, come forth evidences of an unknown capital—a stranger even to suspicion—whose rock inscriptions double the long-accepted age of the world, even then advanced to a high state of civilization—pushing back to twelve thousand years the palatial streets and rushing population deep down under the ruins of ancient Susa. . . .

"Before Immortality was brought to light, how gloomy the prospect. Even Plato and Socrates, the greatest sages of the old world, had but a vague and shadowy hope. It was Paul who first declared that "the mortal must put on immortality."

"Moschus, a Greek poet about 270 B. C., gave tongue to the thought of his time; mourning the superiority of the resurrective power of the vegetable over the human world:

"The mallows in the garden lying dead, Or parsley green, or anise crisp and sweet, They have another life, and in the coming year Spring forth. But we, the great, the vallant and the wise, Of men, when once we die, within the hollow ground We sleep the still, the endless, unawakening sleep."

"But how changed. The sad eclipse and melancholy fear retreat before the effulgence of the future life. The chant of the modern poet irradiates the present and the future:

"See Truth, Love and Mercy in triumph descending, And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom; On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending, And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

"How few try to realize what immortality—eternity of life—means. They

An Ohioan's Remarkable Achievement

Invents a Device That Brings Happiness and Health to Every User and Cures Without Drugs the Most Obstinate Diseases by Nature's Method of Steaming the Poisons Out of the Blood.

"JUST WHAT ALL OUR READERS NEED."

A genius of Cincinnati has placed on the market a new Bath Cabinet, whereby any one resting on a chair within enjoys the famous Turkish, hot vapor or medicated baths at home for 3 cents each, heretofore enjoyed only by the rich at public bath-rooms, health resorts, hot springs and sanitariums. These baths are celebrated for their marvelous cleansing, curative, purifying and invigorating effects upon the human system, and this invention brings them within the reach of the poorest person in the country.

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Astonishing is the improvement in health, feelings and complexion by the use of this Cabinet, and it seems to us that the long-sought-for natural method of curing and preventing disease without medicine has certainly been found.

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Hay Fever, and writes: "Have sold hundreds of these Cabinets. Every one was delighted." Rev. H. C. Roernaes, Everett, Kan., says: "It's a blessing; made me full of life and vigor. Should be in use in every family." Rev. Baker Smith, D. D., of Fairmont, says: "Your Cabinet rids the body of aches and pains, and, as cleanliness is next to Godliness, it merits high recommendation."

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"In the evolution of Providence have now come the indisputable evidences of the eternity of our life—proofs of spirit return and real presence which multiply and converge to an absolute demonstration.

"Unless this demonstration is accepted all testimony is useless; we can have no proof that we are alive; that the serene blue of the day and the spangled dome of night are realities; that the sun shines or the moon pales her light; that anything is anything, or anybody anybody; the earth a myth and the sky a fancy.

"It is not enough merely to know the fact of immortality. It asserts its value only when it so enters into and controls the life as to make the spirit worthy this immortal and inestimable boon.

"The spirits in bliss would be pained

if they thought their lives could end even in a far distant age. But endless life is asured beyond doubt—that is the supreme satisfaction.

"But my faith is firm as the everlasting stars, that as the human soul—emanating from Deity—has in Him existed through time which had no beginning, so it will live, co-existent with Deity, an individualized and differentiated spirit entity—through time which will have no end."

COMMENT.

The great value which a student like Henry T. Buckle, while diligent and dutiful here, attached to personal immortality, packing his thought in one comprehensive sentence; and the strength and beauty of argument and illustration to the same end and to Modern Spiritual research of an eminent lawyer like Luther R. Marsh make this article important—its reading a rare privilege. G. B. STEBBINS

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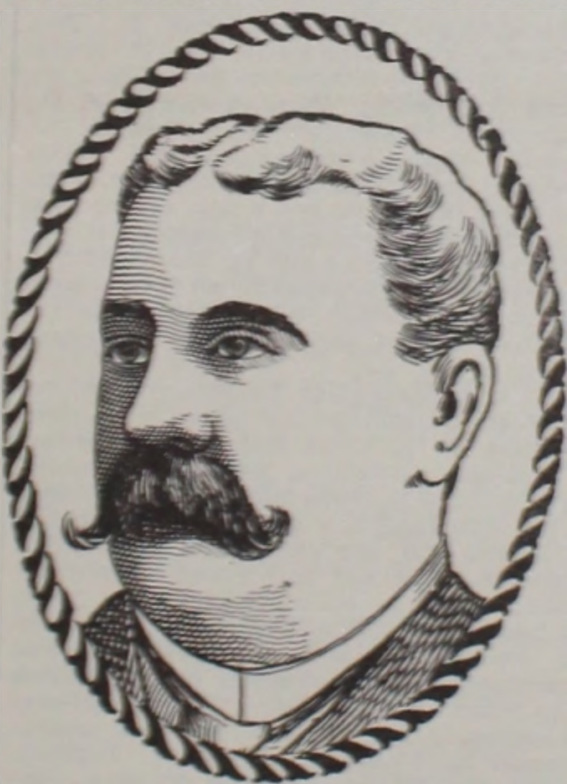
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the members of the association. Edgar W. Emerson served the society for the months of January and February and will be with us during the celebration of the coming anniversary, March 24 and 25. At these annual meetings the society aims to give a choice and select entertainment, consisting of a musical and literary program. These yearly celebrations are always well attended, and everybody seem to enjoy themselves very much.—Cortland Ball.

Grand Rapids, Mich.—February was a month of success with the G. R. S. A. The blind medium, A. E. Tisdale, has given strong meat for intellectual digestion in a way that all have relished, though surprised and amazed at the depth and originality of his thought. What is it women can not do? The Ladies' Aid have taken charge of Brother Tisdale for the month of March, and the result is that we have from him an afternoon lecture each Sunday. For the evening service we have the ministrations of Mrs. Josephine Ropp of Indianapolis, unconscious medium for descriptions that are real tests, with Bright Star, who is truly named, as conductor. With the anniversary, which we hold the 25th, we are having a feast this month.—Sec.

Watertown, N. Y. — Mrs. Myra F. Paine of Syracuse, N. Y., has just returned home after leaving a great many new thoughts with the people of Watertown, N. Y., as the result of a two months' engagement with the First Progressive Spiritual society of that city. As an inspirational lecturer she did her work well, but a great deal was added to the services when two young mediums—residents of Watertown—Mrs. R. E. Jackson and Mr. Curtis A. Gould, through their various well-unfolded phases of mediumship, gave such startling evidences of a life beyond the grave. Through their combined and faithful efforts a great deal has been accomplished during the last few months, and none will forget the many ways in which they have been comforted and cheered by these workers.—M. L. E. R.

Watseka, Ills.—The Spiritual Research society of Watseka gave a supper and held a fair on Feb. 27 at the home of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Alten. Many useful and beautiful articles were disposed of at a good price, the supper and fair combined netting the society \$100. A beautiful sunflower quilt was chanced off, Mr. Ruff being the fortunate winner. This noble man immediately put it up at auction, where it brought a good price, Mrs. Myron Smith being the purchaser. Too much can not be said of the members of this society. In their meetings and sociables they endeavor to so conduct them, that all must know they have the knowledge that belongs to our beautiful philosophy. The Watseka band volunteered their services for the occasion, and throughout the evening discoursed sweet music. Mrs. Emma Nutt-Moore of Danville, Ills., served the society for the past week, giving three lectures and two seances. She, together with Mrs. Skeels, their regular speaker, displayed their ability as salesladies at the fair.—Cor.

An Old Nurse for Children.

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

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LAKE BRADY.

Lake Brady camp will hold a continuous session of nine weeks, good, solid, stirring educational meetings, opening July 1st, closing Sept. 2d (although we purpose holding Sunday meetings in June and September). Only the best talent that can be procured will be employed; together with the other attractions contemplated, will make Lake Brady camp the banner camp of the season. Everything points to a prosperous season, and Lake Brady camp will be in the lead. Doing business on business principles, under the management of the Lake Brady Spiritualist Camp Association, a new society organized last August and chartered under the laws of the state of Ohio. The article published in a former issue in regard to Lake Brady was sent in before arrangements were completed. We find that Brother Dell Herick's time for the present is taken up for the O. S. A. So all communications relative to engagements, etc., should be addressed to Geo. N. Abbott, 745 High street, Alliance, Ohio. Watch for programs.

HE WHO WINS.

He only wins life's race who sets the goal
Of his ideal so high,
That, though he ever strive with all his
soul,
He needs must live and die
And find his aim in life still unattained.
Noblest of victors he
Whose race leads to the goal that's only
gained
In all eternity!

—Wallace Battles.

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The honors with which he graduated from his medical studies some years ago were indeed a good beginning, and since that time he has achieved eminence in his profession, as the public well knows, so you see by placing yourself under Dr. Fellows' care you secure the services of a learned and distinguished physician.—L. of T.

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Read carefully what Mr. L. R. Smith, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., writes us under date of Nov. 27, 1899, also Martan Bowers, of Caraghar, Ohio, under date of Dec. 16th, 1899:

NEURALGIA

I do not know how to express how wonderful I think your "5 DROPS" medicine is. I was suffering intensely with NEURALGIA and thought for a month that I would have to die. One day a lady called to see me and brought me an advertisement of your "5 DROPS." I resolved to try it and sent for a sample bottle. Have been taking it for three weeks and have not had an attack of suffering since I took the first dose. I believe it has saved my life. This statement is positively true. I shall also take pleasure in recommending your "5 DROPS" for the cure of NEURALGIA.

L. R. SMITH.

El Dorado Springs, Mo., Nov. 27, 1899.

RHEUMATISM Your "5 DROPS" came to hand on the 11th of last month and was glad to receive it for I was suffering at the time with untold agonies. The first dose helped me out of my pain on short notice. Bless the name of God for it. It will do all you say it will, and more too. I had severe pains all over my body, when night came I could not sleep. The worst pain was in my left leg. I could not put my foot to the floor without suffering great pain. Have used four different kinds of medicine for RHEUMATISM and got no relief until I got your "5 DROPS," which gave me immediate relief as above stated. MARTAN BOWERS, Box 83, Caraghar, Ohio, Dec. 16, 1899.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a sample bottle, prepaid by mail for \$2.50. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (300 doses) \$10.00, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. Don't wait! Write now! SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Every person possesses more or less latent magnetic or hypnotic power which, when properly developed, enables one to not only control his own destiny, but the minds, health and actions of others can be influenced, frequently to a remarkable and astounding degree. All successful persons, no matter of what vocation, are hypnotists. Some are unconsciously so, while others acquire the science through study and development of brain power.



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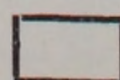
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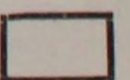
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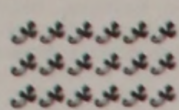
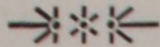


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NOTE.—These Messages are received Automatically and Clairvoyantly from my Guide, Dr John Williams, and should there occur any mistakes in spelling or otherwise, I trust the friends will give us the benefit of their charity and patience.

C. THOMAS H. BENTON,
Medium.

MESSAGES.

Fred S. Guest, Ellsworth, Wis.—
"Yes, my brother, we are all here. Father, mother, Henry and Frank, and all send love to you. Go on, your business will prosper and we will help you. Sally says Frank was a school-teacher."

O. H., Fort Wayne, Ind.—Many spirits are here so anxious to send communications; Harvey, Willie, Jennie, so many that are not asked for, but they say they are sure they are welcome; so many school friends, but space is limited and cannot mention all. Aunt Mary now comes and wants to send love to all.

Julia Cox, Exeter, Neb.: Here comes a beautiful spirit by the name of Elizabeth Allen, and wants to be remembered by Julia as one who loves her and longs to see better times on earth for her. Grant and Mamie are here also. Don't worry. Sit for development. A man by the name of William Cox sends love to Charlie.

I. S. Sparks, Blodgett, Mo.: As I hold this letter I find a strong will power, and a spirit comes by name of Henry Sparks. He tells me he often comes to John, and that you must be careful of your health. A spirit lady now comes and gives the name of Augusta. She brings a child by name of Fritz. All send love to the folks at home. Sit for development. Anna and Carl send love to their father.

G. Wurster, Lafayette, Ind.—A spirit lady is here, and as she floats into my presence such soothing influence she brings, and says: "Dear brother, I am so glad to reach you through this valuable paper, and the kindness of Dr. John Williams and his medium, I am with you every day. Go on in your good and noble work, and great shall be your reward. Ever your loving sister, Christine W. Jacob."

W. E. Geer, Owego, N. Y.: A spirit of a tall, finely built man comes, by name Philip, Hannah Geer and Eliza Whitcome, William and Sarah, and a little child by name of Nellie are all here. In regard to business affairs, your father says be careful of making any investments at this time, as you surely will lose by it if you do. We are glad we can advise you in this matter in your declining years.

Lawrence Wolf, St. Paul, Minn.: A spirit by the name of Jacob Wolf comes, very much advanced in Spirituality, and says: "Dear Lawrence, my own son, I love to come to you and I

feel to thank this kind paper for this privilege." Maurice is also here and sends love and says: "Cheer up, dear brother, you will succeed in your mediumship and enjoy communion with us daily, as there is only a thin veil between us." I now sense a wedding ring, for what purpose I know not.

I. W. Ney, Bracebridge, Ont.: As I take up this letter I feel sure of a warm, loving friendship. A spirit gives the name R. L. Benam. It sounds like that. This spirit tells me he has much to say, and will help you in your business. I am very sorry we did not meet before I passed over. I thought of you when I was so tired, but never mind, it is all well with me now. Jennie and Belle send love to you. George and Emma send best wishes to Sadie. Charlie Ney is also here and says: "Good bye, dear brother."

Mrs. L. A. Benedict, Corning, Cal.: Henry is present and says: "You did the best you could." Nellie, Jane and Mollie are here. Also Ida and Minerva. We are with you often and try to advise you for the best, but you do not always sense our presence. Your kindness to others is building for you a home that we often hear of. In heaven there are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. That means our loved ones are there, seeing the sacrifices we make for others, build our spirit homes.—Henry E. Benedict.

Myrtie Kilmer, Yorkshire, Ia.: A spirit is with us this morning who calls for Myrtie and says her letter brought her mother, Hannah Bridgeford, here, to send a communication through the Light of Truth, and says: "Myrtie, you must send in a letter to this good paper a verification of this message. Father and I both send love to you, and would like to write a long letter, but as space is limited will say we are very happy in our spirit home and often visit you, my daughter." Dr. W. says make conditions and we will be there to strengthen and help you.

Adeline A. Stanger, Fort Wayne, Ind.—An old gentleman, a spirit, comes and says: "My dear granddaughter, our spirit home is beyond any language I can find to describe. Suffice to say, we have every possible comfort and luxury we wish for. Life is one continued pleasure here. We are always learning something new. Knowledge is not all gained in earth life, and I have not met a spirit here but is anxious to learn more and more. Theodore says: "My dear sister, I know you will be rejoiced when you read this message in Light of Truth." Uncle John sends love.

Fried Onions.

Indirectly Caused the Death of the
World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of the stomach it is claimed also was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack peptone, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful, but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

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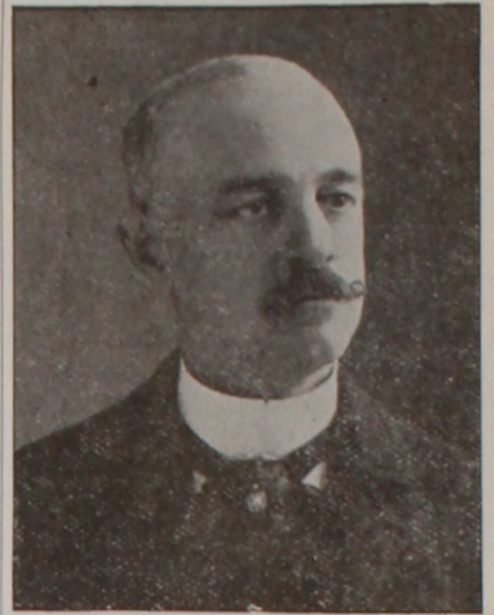
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Minnie Hony, Moro Bay, Ark.: I take Minnie's letter in my hand and, holding it, I am carried back into the past some five or 10 years, and there comes a spirit by the name of William Hatch, and he is so anxious to reach his brother Frank, he tells me Minnie will know him. The spirit guides are going to bring everything out all right. Sister Mary is with us to-day. Keep on with your work, dear child. We will help you in good time.

Perry, O. T.—For Mrs. H. S. D. I see the spirit of a man very large and dark complexioned; is very strong in his love for Hattie, and gives the name of Will Davidson, and tells me to say he is happy, and often comes from his plane of life and tries hard to reach the loved ones. Eddie is with us and Elvira Eliza Wheeler. And, dear one, do not forget to do as we have told you in forming a circle that we may converse with you often. Your health with care will improve. Next September I see a change for you. God bless you, dear one.—John W.

A. Maluky, Reading, Pa.: A spirit comes and is calling the name of Clara. She tells me the spirit friends have been trying so long to tell you something of her home in spirit life. You must open the way by sitting at home once a week, and Peter, Henry and Aunt Anna and little Mill all will come near to you. Don't make a change yet. Try once more to find out where the papers are. I hear Maggie say: "We are all so happy in spirit life. Nellie is also here," and Fanny says: "I could not." The time will come when you will know the truth of spirit return.

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BY AN ORIENTAL SPIRIT.

Presentation scene given through clairvoyant poems of the occult world—the Buddha Star; the Coming of Buddha; the Coming of Brahma; the Coming of Osiris; the Light Eternal.

This pamphlet treats of that form of re-embodiment which begins with crystal and ends with man.

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BY H. A. BUDINGTON.

This pamphlet aims to show how the different parts of the body are evolved from protoplasm.

Beginning with the spermatozoon and ovum, it describes the method by which the human body is builded.

The evolution of the five senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch are treated.

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Work relieves us from all suffering—mentally and physically.

Our opinions are too often based upon our wishes.

A. F. M.

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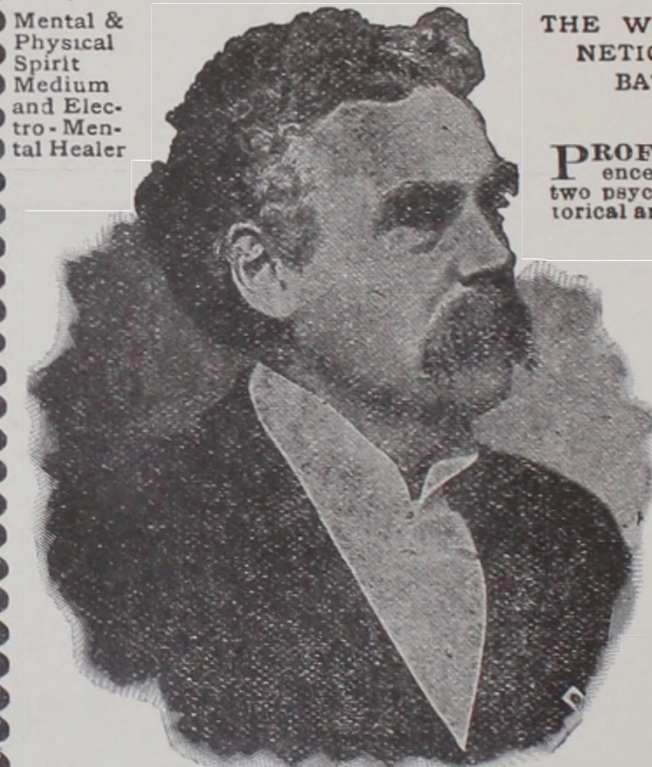


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NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Porto Rican tariff bill is a reminder of George III.

Boston has an electric cab station with over 100 automobiles.

President McKinley says there is no such thing as imperialism.

Lead, S. D., was practically destroyed by fire. Loss \$10,000,000.

Gen. Cronje and his companions go to St. Helena as prisoners of war.

The Populist national convention will meet at Sioux Falls, S. D., on the 9th day of May.

It is reported from Italy that successful experiments have been made there with wireless telephones.

A general strike of all manufacturing establishments in Chicago, as a result of the machinists' strike, is threatened.

A man named Whitacre has been arrested and bound over for trial charged with the murder of Senator Goebel of Kentucky.

Helen Gould has given \$100,000 to New York university for a "Hall of Fame for Great Americans," her father to be among them.

A golden wedding, with both parents of the bride as guests, was the remarkable event celebrated by Captain Isaac Williams and his wife in Philadelphia, March 4.

Creelman, the celebrated newspaper correspondent, writing of the Kentucky gubernatorial tragedy, asserts without equivocation that the assassination of Mr. Goebel was the work of the L. & N. R. R. and other corporate influences.

Fresh troops are needed in the Philippines. Reports are so alarming that the president may ask congress for new volunteers. The men are broken down and the natives are showing more activity and are preparing for a vigorous guerilla campaign.

The Typographical union of Boston has taken preliminary steps to have a state printing plant established and has had a resolution presented to the legislature to have a joint committee appointed to investigate the relative merits of "private vs. state ownership."

Emile Guarini Foresio, an Italian electrician, in a recent lecture before the Belgian Electric association on wireless telegraphy, exhibited a repeater which is a combination of a receiver and a transmitter. The project is to establish a line of floating buoys at sea, for instance, from the Bermuda islands and the Azores, and upon buoys along the coast of Portugal, Spain and France, each with its spire, on the top of which would be placed the repeater. By this means any vessel finding itself within working distance could communicate with any one on any subject it chooses.

OBITUARY.

On the evening of Feb. 7th, Ansel Durant Edwards, with a smile on his countenance, passed from this to a higher life. Miss E. Anna Hinman conducted services with an eloquent and impressive discourse, followed by the writer with a few eulogistic remarks. As per request of the departed, his body was cremated at Buffalo, N. Y. Thus saying "Oh Death, where is thy sting? Oh Grave, where is thy victory?" Cleveland has lost an upright citizen and consistent Spiritualist.—Thos. H. Black.

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