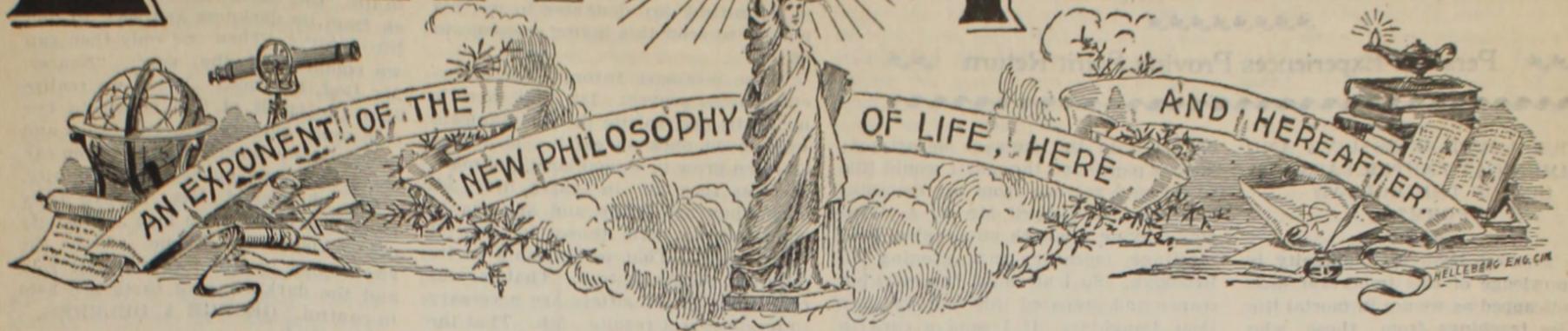


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LIGHT OF TRUTH



VOL. XXVI., No. 26.

COLUMBUS, O., JUNE 30, 1900.

PRICES: Single Copy, 5c., \$1.50 Per Annum.

MY HOME.

How little thought I,
In the days gone by,
How dear to my heart would be home;
Each day was the same;
A home but in name,
Till after I started to roam.

I loved the dear spring,
The beauty 'twould bring,
The fragrance and songs that were sweet,
But dearer by far
The same things now are,
While passing in dream-land retreat.

I bloomed with their bloom,
Am doomed with their doom,
And others will bloom evermore;
But never since birth
Has old Mother Earth
Seemed dearer or fairer before.

The dawning of peace
Gives constant increase
Of sweetness to me of this life,
As twilight creeps o'er
This shadowy shore,
And soothes me to sleep from my strife.

I dream as I pause,
And dream that the cause
Of being is calling me home,
And earth is more dear
Because it is here
I change from this wearisome roam.

Oh, home of my clay,
I linger today;
Tomorrow return to thy door;
A pillow of rest
Thy motherly breast
Shall be to my form evermore.

—Dr. T. Wilkins.

HYPNOTIZED HER DAUGHTER.

A dispatch from Tacoma to the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, contains the following:

"There was almost a riot at the Northern Pacific passenger station as the midnight train was ready to pull out for Portland, carrying the 'Shiloh' revival party, which had been holding services in the city for the past ten days and seeking recruits for the 'Shiloh' college in the state of Maine, of which the Rev. Sanford is the controlling spirit.

"At the Ecclesia mission, where the revivalists have been holding their meetings, a girl of about 18 years, who is about to come into a handsome fortune, fell under the religious spell of the Rev. Sanford, and was induced to enroll as one of the band of 'students' which the company was recruiting for its religious school in Maine. When the time came for the meeting to break up and good-byes were being said the girl's mother, a gentle-mannered lady with gray hair, was so overcome at the thought of losing her only daughter that she appealed to the girl not to leave her. The daughter was about to listen to the appeals of her mother, when the revivalists intervened, warning the girl that to listen to the cries of the flesh was to lose her immortal soul, and abjuring her to remain steadfast, deluging her with quotations from

Scripture and denouncing the pleadings of the mother, until the poor woman fell in a faint.

"The girl was then hurried away where she could not hear her mother's heart-rending cries, and the party went to the railway station, where the mother, who had escaped the crowd at the mission, again made a frantic attempt to regain her daughter. Again she was met by the revivalists, who warned her that she was seeking to cause the ruin of her daughter by turning her away from the religious work which God had marked out for her. Indignant citizens then took a hand and attempted to reason with the revivalists, who returned them Scripture quotations.

"A policeman was called, but upon finding the girl was over 18 years of age, said he could do nothing. The crowd then made a rush at the revivalists, but were met by them under the leadership of the Rev. Sanford, and with their umbrellas flourishing in a threatening way and they called down the wrath of God upon the Ungodly, putting them to flight. Not one of the gathered citizens cared to take the lead in a knock-down fight and rescue, and the girl was allowed to proceed, leaving her poor mother prostrated. She is said today to be in a critical condition."

We believe the whipping-post is a relic of barbarism, but we would not object seriously to having it used on this revivalist who took the only child of this aged mother. — Progressive Thinker.

Every soldier in the British army carries in his haversack what is known as the "Emergency Ration." This consists of a small tin cylinder, similar to a pocket spirit flask, divided into two compartments. One of these is filled with 4 ounces of cocoa paste; and the other contains a similar quantity of concentrated beef (pemmican). As its title implies the ration is not to be used except in the cases of direst necessity, and if consumed in small quantities it will maintain strength for 36 hours. The tin has to be produced at parades and daily inspections, and the soldier who does not display his ration is severely dealt with. The tin must not be opened on any account, except by order of an officer. The ingredients may be either spread upon a biscuit like butter, or boiled up as cocoa or soup. Each tin contains sufficient quantities of the foodstuffs to make four pints of each.

NOTICE.—If you want stock in King Solomon's Mining company at 20 cents a share, correspond with this office at once. Telegraph, if necessary, to secure this stock before it advances to 50 cents, July 1st.

MATERIALIZATION.

In a semi-tropical forest! Here are the stately, venerable live oaks, draped by nature's tunning fingers with the long, swinging, grey-green Spanish moss. Yonder stands the seeming monarch of all; the curious moss droops from every limb and branch, reminding one of a real patriarch. Almost hidden beneath and behind this unique drapery are other species of air plants clinging to the bark here and there.

Up yonder, just within reach of my rake, are great clusters of butterfly orchids. I selected and took to my cottage a fine specimen of these, with one of the long leaved, purple flowered plants. I fasten each by a cord to columns of the veranda.

Here they remain for six weeks, no roots have entered the substance of the columns, no commercial or other fertilizer has been applied; all their food and drink have been drawn by some occult process from the air.

Some latent power within the plants has attracted enough nutriment to themselves to cause the leaves of both plants to lengthen more than double their former extent. The orchid has put out seven lovely yellow and brown blossoms at the ends of stems from eight to fourteen inches long, the other plant, besides lavishly lengthening its leaves, has put out a flower stem fifteen inches long with a spike of reddish, purple blossoms at the end, eighteen inches in length; each separate blossom is a marvel of delicate beauty.

Now, please tell me, how did the leaves, stems and flowers materialize? If a power resident in these plants is subtle enough, wise enough and strong enough to so build and color from the elements of the atmosphere, who can say the human spirit may not clothe itself from the same source in tangible, radiant, familiar form?

Mrs. M. Houghton-Chapel, M. D.
Palmetto, Fla.

The following is a bit of mental tonic a reform paper feeds its juvenile readers through its "Children's Department." It is an extract from an imaginary yarn written by somebody, but the plastic minds of children will be more or less affected by it, not to say anything about the opaque ignorance of the writer which nothing could affect:

"The moon people are built to correspond to all these conditions. They are built more like the little spider we call 'grand-daddy longlegs' than anything I know of, only they are about nine feet tall. They have six long snaky arms like a devil-fish and six hands of various sizes. They have large spherical bodies about a yard in diameter. They can stand on one hand

with the other five in space, where air would be if they had any air up there, or, they can stand on all sixes.

"The moon people can't talk, for they have no lungs, but they can read each other's minds like an open book, which is much better. And they can send their minds or thoughts or spirits out to any other planet, or any part of the universe by going into a trance. Many of the ghosts which are seen on earth are the spirits of the moon people visting us."

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THE CLOCK WOKE UP.

"Do you remember the old-time song about grandfather's clock, that 'stopped short, never to go again, when the old man died'?" asked a man employed in the clock department of a Chestnut street jewelry store to a Philadelphia Record reporter. "Well, there's a family living on South Fifteenth street that has a rather mysterious clock. It used to be on the sitting room mantel, but some time ago it was moved downstairs to the parlor. It had never kept good time, and when changed to its new quarters it refused to go at all. For three months it has been purely ornamental, but one evening last week, while the master of the house was seated in the parlor, he was surprised to hear the clock strike 9. He pulled out his watch, and found that it was just exactly 9 o'clock, to the fraction of a minute. He got up and wound the clock, and it has been keeping good time ever since. Strange, isn't it, that when it did make up its mind to start, it should have started just exactly at the right time?"

Henry Van Dyke has lately given us this simple but comprehensive guide to peace;—a truly spiritual ideal!

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be satisfied with your possessions, but not contented with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies and often of your friends; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guide posts on the foot-path to peace.—Light, London.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.



Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

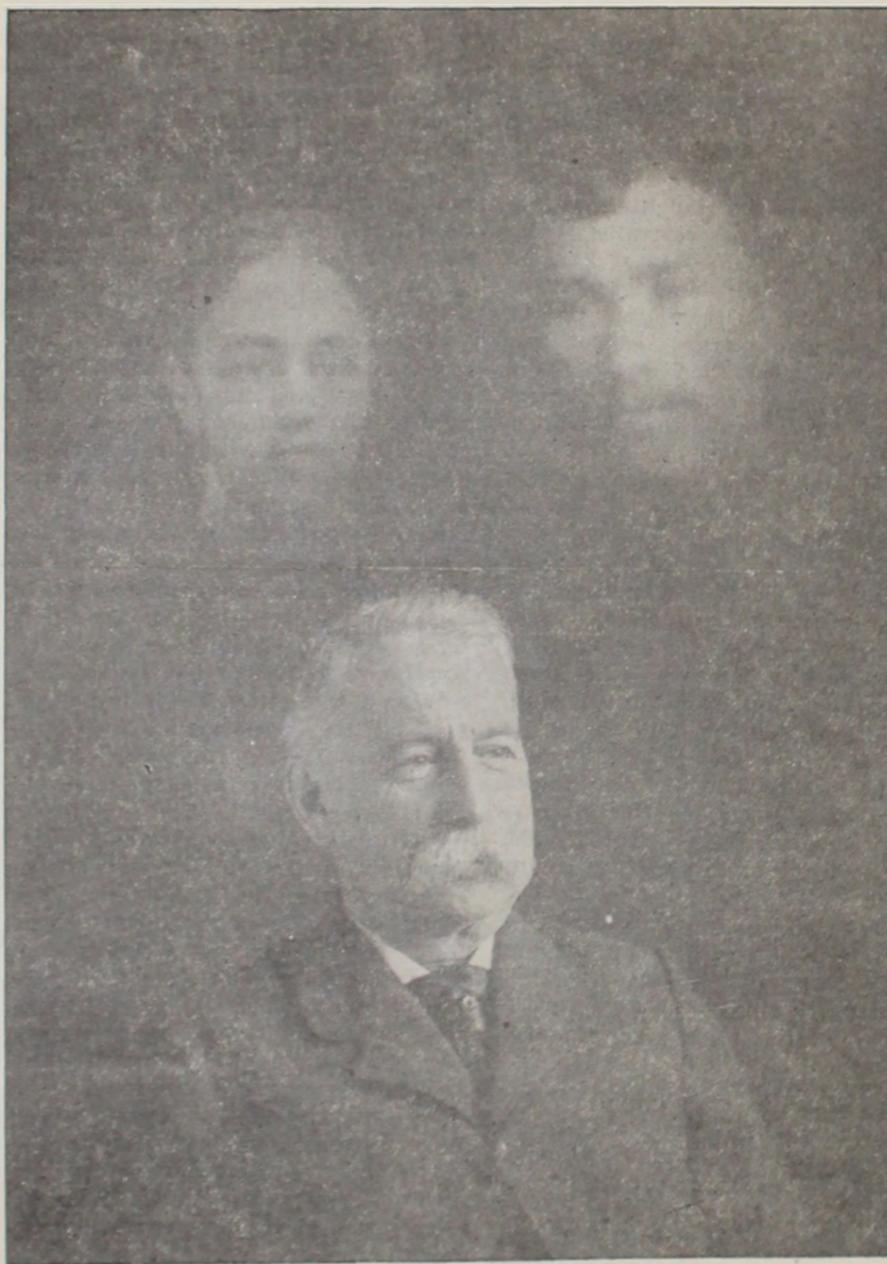
DO OUR LOVED ONES LIVE AND COMMUNICATE AFTER PASSING OUT OF THE MORTAL FORM?

The greatest boon to humanity is the knowledge of this important fact. Handicapped as we are in mortal life by false teachings from those who claim to be in touch with God. Humanity is drifting along the tide of ignorance, grasping at all kinds of theories; finally landing on the shore of agnosticism. Thinkers of today are learning the laws of nature. Naturalism is replacing creeds and dogmas. No longer is the question: If a man die shall he live again? a theme for consideration. The question now is: Does humanity die at all? Students of nature proclaim there is no death. Everything that lives will always live; only changing in life's evolution as progress becomes necessary.

How can this all be proven? Jesus, in whom the Christian world has great faith, said: "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it will be opened unto you." How many are followers of his advice?

Let's see if his advice is followed. What will be the result? In the year 1873 I had a daughter of two weeks old pass to the spirit world. We called her Maud. We knew nothing then of Spiritualism, and like all parents, we believed her dead. Time rolled on and Spiritualism was brought to my notice. Upon investigation I found its truth. I received messages from my little Maud through many mediums. In December, 1895, my boy, Walter, passed on. He knew I was seeking for knowledge through Spiritualism. It was not long before he learned how to communicate through mediums. In the winter of 1898, Mr. Frank N. Foster, of Brooklyn—a spirit photographer—invited me to his rooms for a sitting. Mr. F. A. Wiggins, the ballot medium, was then speaking and giving communications every Sunday at the Woman's Progressive Union meetings. I thought I would through a ballot ask Walter if he could give us his likeness if I went to Foster. So I prepared a ballot thus: "Walter, if I go to Foster's can you give me your likeness on the photograph—Father." Mr. Wiggins said: "There comes a young man, he gives me the name of Walter and says something about a photograph. Does any one understand it?" I said "Yes, I do." Mr. Wiggins said, "Yes, as you spoke, the young man goes to you and says, 'Papa, go to Foster's, I will do my best to give you my likeness.'" A few days after I went to Foster's for a sitting. On the photograph, besides my likeness, was a young lady and a young man, resembling my son when in the mortal form. I did not know who the young lady was. So I prepared another ballot for Mr. Wiggins' seance, and the following Sunday presented it at the meeting. It read thus: "My Dear Daughter: Is that your likeness on the plate with me from Foster—Father." Mr. Wiggins, on taking up the ballot, said: "Here comes a beautiful spirit. She gives the name of Maud. She says: 'Yes, papa, Brother Walter and I were standing by your side when you had the likeness taken—the likenesses are he and I.—Maud.'" Some time ago I was reading from The Light

of Truth in the message department of that paper and thought I would like to try and get one from my daughter and son. Last April Mr. F. A. Wiggins, having a month unoccupied, held meetings, morning and evening, in Brooklyn. So I attended the morning seance and prepared this ballot: "My Dear Daughter: If I send a card to Chicago, will you and Walter send a message to mamma and papa?" Mr. Wiggins, on taking up the ballot, said:



"A beautiful influence comes with this paper and says: 'Yes; send the card by all means. We will all help to give the message required.'" The control said: "I would advise you to try this as a test. It will be all right." So complying with the requirements of your message department, I wrote on the card, this: "My Dear Daughter: Have you and Walter any message for mamma and papa? How is Walter getting along in his new conditions.—Father." About a week ago the card and hair sent to Chicago were returned to me in the same condition sent, having been unopened. In your paper of June 16 was printed this message: "To George A. Deleree, New York, N. Y.—A voice so clear and distinct says: 'Yes, I have. I am so glad of this opportunity to speak to you through this medium. How sweet it will be when you and mamma can join hands with us on this side of life. Then my hap-

piness will be complete. Walter sends best wishes to all. Your daughter,—Maud.'"

I here take this opportunity to send my thanks to the medium, C. Thomas H. Benton, of Chicago, for his kindness in permitting my daughter to use his powers to send this loving message to us.

These messages through the different sources proves: 1st, that there is no death and spirits do communicate with loved ones on earth. 2d. That children grow to womanhood and manhood as they do in earth life. 3d. That they are ready and anxious to communicate with those in mortal form. 4th. That mediumship in its different phases is true. That mental conditions in the sitters are necessary to produce best results. 5th. That the phenomena reported to have taken place in Bible history is founded on facts, and the law that permitted them

der of progression into the spirit land of beauty, where no trials of earth's environments can reach our unfolding souls.

There love in all its purity makes our soul growth the important factor in life. Oh, when will the world awaken from its darkness and seek to find life's truths. Then and only then can we comprehend the song: "Nearer, My God, to Thee." When we realize that the spirit of God is within our own souls, guiding us ever upward and onward toward perfection, we then can comprehend our oneness with divinity.

Oh, who would live always away from that home when love and beauty are whispering, "Come where the sweet joys in life forever shall roll, and the darkneses of earth are held in control." GEORGE A. DELEREE.

New York.

SOME OF THE LAWS GOVERNING THE SPIRIT GIVEN BY A SPIRIT.

Incidents Occurring In the Course of Investigation.

By Don Cramer.

Not long ago I was entertaining at my house Dr. A. M. G. Wheeler, and through his mediumship investigated the phenomena of the "evolved and ever evolving hosts," and asked Dr. Wheeler some questions, to which he replied, stating that his "familiar demon," Hillula, gave him the answer clairaudiently. We were sitting under an electric light, and the doors to the adjoining rooms, which were unlighted, were open. I thought: "It is strange I could not catch some whisper of that answer." In an instant a voice came from the deep shadows of an adjacent bedroom: "Well, you see it is this way, Mr. Cramer, I can step in here in the dark and materialize my voice, so you can hear it, but out there, in the light, I could only speak with force enough for my medium to hear clairaudiently." The facility with which she, the spirit Indian girl, fathomed my thought, and the means she adopted to prove clairaudience were convincing in an eminent degree.

The following messages were received on slates while I held them, in Dr. Wheeler's presence:

Sphere of Eternal Progression.

My Loyal Friend and Brother: I greet you. I find man is a dual being; a physical structure and a spirit. The spirit is an organized form, evolved by and out of the physical body; having corresponding form and development. This spiritual is immortal. Death is the separation of this duality, and does not affect the spirit, morally or intellectually. The spirit holds the same relation to the spiritual world that man holds to physical nature. The spirit there, as here, works out its own salvation; receiving the reward of well-doing and suffering wrongful actions. BYRON.

My Loyal Friend and Brother: I greet thee again. Spiritual beings are evolved by and eliminated from physical bodies. They differ in grade of morality and intelligence as men differ on earth. These departed spirits, retaining all their love and affection, can, and do return, and communicate with those in this life. Their capability of so doing does not depend on their intelligence or morality. Mediumship rests on sensitiveness, which is not dependent on culture or morals, though elevated and controlled thereby. Communications from spiritual beings are fallible, partaking of the qualities of their source, and may be for good or evil, according to their source, and the channel which trans-

to communicate permits it now. 6th. That nature progresses all life through law, humanity included.

How sweet to those yet under the limitations of this material body to know that death is life, a release from earthly care, sorrow and dread. To know is to live beyond material conditions. To aspire is to learn. To sympathize is to unfold. To unfold is to grasp eternal fitness for higher life. When will mankind know themselves? How beautiful nature's laws progress us, even in our ignorance of this fact. We grow as flowers grow if our surroundings are pure and harmonious, life's beauties unfold in us as in the flowers.

If unhealthy and inharmonious we, like the flowers, need transplanting. And though we do not reach it in our earth career, yet nature performs her work and we leave all that holds us to earth's limitations and ascend the lad-

mits, and those who receive them. The spiritual communications of all ages emanate from this one source, and must be alike tried by the test of reason.
BYRON.

In the following message the medium was entranced, and delivered it orally:

Dear Friend: All streams flow to the ocean. So it is with man, who is ever impelled by a grand law of his nature toward the sphere of immortal life.

Some pass along without thought, others with indifference, and some with dread approach the destiny that awaits them.

All people need transplanting. The old ground becomes impoverished. Memory must live. It is pleasant when one comes to spirit life to possess the remembrance of something good.

I have not rushed into this communication without thought. There are some spirits, like mortals, who will say or do anything to please. This class does great harm. But it cannot be helped. The same law that opens a pathway for one to return enables a million to do the same.

Many years have fled since I left my earth form to become a dweller in the realms of truth and love. Great changes have taken place since then in the affairs of men, but the laws governing matter remain without variability or shadow of turning.

How few there are among you who comprehend the grand truths that are wrapped up in your being, or the glorified destiny that awaits you.

Bound to earth by selfish passions, all your better nature lies asleep, and will, I fear, remain so until death transforms you with his loving touch, and opens to your soul's enraptured vision the flowery portals of the spirit world.

Out of the stupor you must be aroused. The purpose of being must be understood, if you would fulfill, intelligently, the great mission of existence.

The law of creation is motion;
Its manifestation, progress.

Labor disencumbers the soul and enables it to give forth higher expressions of its divine character. It is written on all things: work is progression. Friend, the progress you make on earth will aid you when you enter the spirit world.

Nature wastes nothing.

A force once created will live forever.

All knowledge gained by you in earth life will be profitable to you after the death of your physical body.

Back of the curtain of time there is great reward for you who do your duty well.
WYNONA.

Through the mediumship of Dr. Wheeler, even when as a clairvoyant and trance medium only, I have never failed to receive excellent manifestations of the mental power of those who have been transferred to terra incognita by the law of evolution.

Since then his development to an independent slate writing, independent voice and trumpet-speaking-in-the-light medium have greatly facilitated the disembodied in their marvelous and varied manifestations.

Avoca, Ia.

THE HERESY TRIAL OF REV. B. F. Austin, M. A., D. D. Giving a sketch of Dr. Austin's life, story of the heresy trial, copy of the charges, the heresy sermon, the scene at the conference, and Dr. Austin's full address defending his views on Spiritualism at the London Annual Conference at Windsor, Can., etc. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25, postpaid.

PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES.

By Professor R. Z. Mason.

Paper No. 1.

My experience in connection with an investigation of Spiritualism and other cognate subjects, made some forty-five years ago, I have been accustomed to value as furnishing a positive and scientific demonstration of the essential truth that there is for man a hereafter of conscious being, in other words, an immortal existence. This demonstration I derived from facts that could not be disputed, and the narrative of them I feel it a duty to make, as I am now approaching that period in life when I must expect soon to close my connection with this mundane existence.

Perhaps it would be proper here to say that at the time of this investigation I was professor of natural science in the Lawrence University of Wisconsin, or president of the institution. This was an institution of learning located at Appleton, and in charge and under the control of the Methodists of the Northwest, founded mainly by the liberality and philanthropic donations of Amos A. Lawrence of Boston more than fifty years ago.

At this time discussions were frequent in the literature of the day as to the genuineness of the Rochester knockings by the mediumship of the Fox girls, and of that of Andrew J. Davis in the mysterious revelations which he has given us; and men prominent in public life, like the chief justice of the supreme court of the state of New York, his name I have forgotten; Senator Sprague of Rhode Island, Horace Greeley, Robert Dale Owen, Henry Ward Beecher, in fact the whole Beecher family, were looking into the phenomena and confessing their inability to explain, except on the spiritual hypothesis. No one free to think for himself could fail to take an interest in so momentous a subject, not even if a manifestation of such interest brought upon his devoted head, as it did on mine, the popular ecclesiastical censure so universally applied to all investigators of the original facts in the case.

I had always had doubts, since I had reached mature age, in regard to the immortality of the soul, regarding it as an improved dogma of the church, and hence hailed with delight any phenomena that could throw light on so stupendous a subject. This mental condition I found to be quite prevalent among thinking men with whom I daily associated.

But to begin within my narrative. I will say that somewhere along in 1857 I began a correspondence with J. V. Mansfield of Boston. Mr. Mansfield as medium claimed to answer sealed letters addressed to our spiritual friends. Hence I sent him a carefully written letter addressed to Dr. Stephen Olin, President of Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn. Dr. Olin was in his denomination and day an eminent and orthodox minister, and as I had married among his relatives felt at liberty to address my letter to him. This letter was carefully sealed with sealing wax and was stamped with my metallic stamp on which were engraved my initials, R. Z. M.

The result was, the letter sealed with wax and addressed to Dr. Olin was duly returned to me, by Mr. Mansfield. It had not been opened, but it was correctly and fully answered, and some points referred to to which I had not alluded in my letter. For instance, he says: "My father Henry and your father Joshua are both present and your father will communicate with you." Now I had not written a word

about either of these men. I had not written their names or thought of them. Besides Dr. Olin was not acquainted with my father. He did not even know his name, Joshua. He was born and educate in Vermont, and my father was born and raised in Massachusetts. Dr. Olin's father's name was Henry and his history can be found among the pioneer governors of Vermont. Othe tests of a similar nature might be mentioned, but I think these are sufficient, as telepathy will not be able to explain them. Nor could they be accounted for as mere coincidences. But in order to accentuate with something that could not be gainsaid, I addressed another letter to Dr. Olin and sealed it as before, and sent it to Mr. Mansfield for him to answer. In this second letter to Dr. Olin I expressed a wish that he would give me such an answer, if he could, as would be incontrovertible proof that spirits, disembodied, could communicate with mortals. This letter was written somewhere in the first half of the month of August, 1857. I received soon after a line from Mr. Mansfield to the effect that he had submitted it to the usual trial but could get no reply, but he said he had pigeon-holed it and would give it another trial at a future day. Meanwhile reports came floating in the air from Oshkosh to the effect that an English servant girl employed in domestic duties in the house of Dr. Minor of that city was attracting large attention as a medium, especially among members of the secret order of Free and Accepted Masons, of which order I, at that time, was an acceptable member. To acquaint myself with the original facts in connection with the mediumship of this young woman I visited Oshkosh, and in company with Dr. A. B. Randall, the Methodist clergyman of the place, called at the house of Dr. Minor. This call occurred at about 2 p. m. After an introduction the medium, claiming to be under control of an Indian chief who had lived at Thunder Bay, Mich., turned to me and inquired if I was a master Mason. I said in reply: "Can't you tell?" Her reply was, "Yes, yes, you are." Then I said, "Is this man," pointing to Dr. Randall, "a Mason?" She says "No." This also was correct. Then says the medium, "do you wish to have me make myself known to you as a Master Mason?" I replied, "Yes, if you can." She then ordered all to leave the room except Master Masons. All left except Mr. Minor, one other gentleman and myself. She then gave me the "five points of fellowship" of a Master Mason's degree and gave them without any assistance from me and gave them more perfectly and correctly than I could have given them myself. Now to a Master Mason this is unaccountable and strange unless we accept the spiritual hypothesis for it is a cardinal doctrine of practice in all lodges "that no woman can ever be made a Master Mason."

This closed the interview for the present, but the sequel, which is of supreme importance as I view it, was yet to come, and this I shall reserve for a future paper.

Boulder, Colo.

SHORT TALKS ABOUT THE SPIRITS.

"I had heard of Maggie Gaule, a Baltimore seeress," writes Henry Ridgeley Evans, of the Bureau of Education, and author of "Hours With the Ghosts," "so decided to take a trip over there, prepared to subject her to a rigid test. Three years before, a relative of mine had died of cancer of the throat. He was a retired army officer who had reddish hair and beard. He was tall

and of military bearing. Miss Gaule sat in an armchair, and presently said:

"You wish messages from the dead. One moment—let me think."

"After passing her hand over her forehead, and remaining for a while in deep thought, she said:

"I see standing behind you a tall, large man, with reddish hair and beard. He is in the uniform of an officer—I don't know whether of the army or of the navy. He points to his throat, and says he died of throat trouble. He looks at you, saying, 'Mary—how is Mary?'"

"He was a great friend of my mother, whose name is Mary. He was in the habit of asking me 'How is Mary?' whenever I saw him. I had almost forgotten this particular habit."

Curator Watkins of the division of technology in the National museum, who is also secretary of the Philosophical Society of Washington, relates the following experiences:

"During a visit of a few weeks in New York city in 1883, I accompanied two friends, Mr. and Mrs. B—, to a seance being held by Maud Lord, then at the height of her fame. We were all unbelievers, absolutely unknown to the medium, especially myself, then living in the suburbs of Philadelphia. The usual circle having been formed by the hands of all present, including those of the medium, the lights having been lowered, and several 'manifestations' having created consternation among what we supposed were gullible 'sensitives,' there suddenly appeared, about two feet in front of me, a small luminous sphere.

"Gradually, as my eyes were being focused without my control, I saw the object transform into a small head, about the size of an orange. The face was that of a man with a very florid complexion and red side whiskers. I could see the change in his expression, even the blinking of his eyes, exactly as if he were alive. He opened his tiny mouth, distinctly exhibiting his teeth and tongue, and exclaimed in a shrill voice:

"Boys, whatever you do, for God's sake don't commit suicide."

"Upon my questioning him, he said that he had committed suicide in Central Park. I received the most vivid impression of the little specter, one which I retain even to this day.

"After my friends had experienced other 'manifestations,' we returned to their house, disappointed, if anything, at our inability to fathom the mysteries, which we had expected to smack strongly of charlatany. I described my experience with the little head, when Miss B— asked me if I thought I might identify it from a photograph, she apparently having suspected whom it might be. I assured her that I could. Upon our return to her house she produced a large stock of old family photographs, and laid them before me. After examining many, I suddenly recognized my grim visitor, and exclaimed:

"There! that's the one!"

"The likeness was striking beyond mistake. Mr. B— and his sister looked at each other knowingly, and afterward confessed to me that the photograph was that of a near friend of the family who had committed suicide in Central Park some years ago—a man of whom I had never heard before."—The Mecca.

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.

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25, postpaid.

"TO THIS END WAS I BORN, AND FOR THIS CAUSE CAME I INTO THE WORLD, THAT I MIGHT BEAR WITNESS UNTO THE TRUTH."

A Lecture Delivered by Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown at the Temple, Fort Worth, Texas, Sunday, May 6, 1900.

The subject of the evening lecture is "To This End I Was Born and for This Cause Came I Into the World That I Might Bear Witness Unto the Truth." These were the words and statements perhaps the most emphatic ever given by Jesus of Nazareth in regard to why he was here and what work he had to accomplish.

In the work of Flammarton, "The Unknown," he commences with the simple statement, "I am a seeker after truth." He goes on to tell, in the first chapters of this new book of his, that to be a seeker after truth one must neither receive with prejudice nor condemnation; one must take the careful path between kindly intention and bitter criticism; that he must study the truth from his own standard and not from that of friend or foe. In the strong position that they take they must journey on searching for facts, and when they find them, receiving them as royal guests and rejecting all things else. This truth does not belong to this late book of the greatest astronomer of France any more than it belongs to all of us; it does not belong to the people of the nineteenth century who are standing on the borderland of the twentieth any more than it belongs to those who hundreds of years ago stood out in the broad highways of the world's journey and looking up, asked to know the truth; it does not belong to the time when Jesus of Nazareth made his declarations of the world's truth and its sorrow any more than it belongs to the vast periods of time that transpired before he came to give his utterances; it has been called from the high mountains of every land, from the low valleys of every country; it has been sounding from the far-off seas of the north and from the lands of the equator. The great question and the great demand for truth has ever been the triumph of the world and its blessing. "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." And the man who said this with the impressiveness of the time in which he lived, bore witness to the great fact of human weakness and of human strength, and made his declarations of the power of love and its ever essential growth and unfoldment. His notes of truth made him fearless in his approach to the misfortunes and sins of others, and gave him the power within his own nature to look up and beyond the little measurements of today into the vast and wondrous measurements of the tomorrows of eternity. His fearlessness for truth made him recognize that the most unfortunate of the children of this earth were still the sons and daughters of the same infinite and divine Father who had given him his place. His declaration of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God was an enunciation of an unchanging truth that goes on through the cycles of time. Jesus of Nazareth came into this world to give up that sacred and that holy thought of truth which, regardless of individuality or personality, made the elements of the divine expressed through

him as it has been through the world's benefactors of all time and all ages.

Do we dare to say in our poor groping through the blind shadows of our ignorance that we know of his life? Do we dare say when we are challenged in regard to this matter that this soul, touched with a broader hand of infinity than ours, had not been giving these truths in the eternal repetition in the design of infinite wisdom? "To this end was I born and for this cause came I into the world, that I might bear witness unto the truth." How do we know that the limitations of this world and the wide-ness here are sufficient? May we not sometimes stop and dream the dream of a possible existence journeying out and far away from this one little world into the limitless worlds of God? Have you ever thought how conceited it is to suppose that this little sphere of earth is the only place peopled by the inhabitants of God? Have you ever stopped to think possibly the far-off worlds beyond us have peoples who are far in advance of us and that they have their teachers, who possibly in the infinite journey of infinite love come and go away to other realms, as we who are here journey from this world into the worlds beyond death, only in a higher, broader and more perfect sense?

The character, the force and the beauty of the quality of the Christ can never be appreciated by us because we can only grasp that part of it which we are capable of understanding. The man whose broad and tender generosity makes him forgive the hatred of his enemy and help the person who would injure him, can more perfectly conceive of that part of Christ when he said, "Father, forgive, they know not what they do," than he who has never forgiven. The person who has been down through the shadows of the valley of death and felt the pangs of anguish and despair can realize what this great character suffered in his trials and temptations, and when he asks for a moment that the last cup might be turned from his lips, may know something of what he endured. The person who has been tempted and been strong enough to withstand temptation, strong enough to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan," can know something of the anguish and the triumph of the man upon the mountain top when he put the wiles of the evil one under his feet. He who has stood in the presence of those whom he counted as true friends, and has felt the cold blood surge back to his heart in the hour of betrayal and falsehood, can realize something of what this great nature felt when the betrayer's work was done. Jesus of Nazareth is one of the great characters who have stood in the line of the world's saviors, tasting the bitter fruit of the world's ingratitude, gathering the Dead Sea apples of a world's sneers, drinking the wormwood and the vinegar of disappointment. All of these who have been in the history of the world's temptations up to the present time came here with the same solemn declaration that they were born into the world that

they might bear witness to the truth.

Have you ever thought what it costs sometimes to stand the test of bearing witness to the truth? The white, fair flesh of women has been cut by the sharp knife, torn by the rude implements of torture, twisted and bent out of all semblance of grace because women have dared to bear witness to the truth and have not feared the fangs of passion and the greed of ignorant mobs. Men who are brave and noble, whose courage led them to some high and holy truth, when they stood out strong and firm and for its sake had been tortured, burned and despoiled, as far as these physical bodies are concerned, because they bore witness to the eternal truth of the infinite God. Here in our own land, back in my native state, there was a time when people daring to make their declarations of truth according to the way they saw the truth, grasping a fact and holding to it, were put to death because of their courage—physical death but immortal life. And all this has been in the same declaration as the words of the Man of Nazareth.

To bear witness to the truth means not simply to say I believe, means not simply to stand out and say, "I am offering a beautiful truth, take it and believe it," but it means, under the dark clouds that lie over the minds of men when fierce lightnings of oppression are darting across the sky and the low thunder of a displeased world sounds its solemn threat, to stand fearlessly and boldly forth and say, "I bear witness to the truth and I lift it on my hands to heaven above." To do this means to sacrifice personality, to risk life and happiness, to give all you have for the great purpose of sustaining and keeping, the blossoms of this eternal white flower for the world after we have gone away.

Those who have studied the great and important lessons of nature, our astronomers, who have come slowly merging out from the shadows that surrounded the path of the early astrologer; our students who have dared to study these physical bodies of ours until they have known them as we never would have thought possible, who have grasped the great question of the construction of the rock and stone of the earth; our mineralogists, who have dared to learn something of the process by which the rock, the ore, the metal are placed in the pockets of old mother earth's strange garments; all of these have received the bitter sarcasm, the crushing, cruel word of the world; and many a man, and some of the women of the world, have had for the sheaves they have given us the prison cell and the crust and fetid water as the beverage of their lives. And all of this has been, and in each of these instances they have been bearing witness to the eternal truth.

Through the long years of time man has seemed ever to love to battle against his higher self. He has recognized the amount of matter that makes up his physical existence; he has said, "I am so many pounds of flesh, blood and bone; I can destroy such an amount of that which I come into opposition to, and I can cultivate and elevate to certain heights." He has gone on satisfied with his own statements, not asking why he can do this, not questioning of that something which gives the impetus to his action. Raising his strong, muscular arm, he says, "Look at me; I am such an amount of muscular force and power." And when you say to him that his muscles are as helpless as the faded leaves of a dead rose until that strong subtle force of life and energy is behind them, he says, "I don't trouble myself about that; I just know that I have the physical force and am satisfied." Think a

moment if you will, and when you come to fully realize this great, invisible but forceful power, you have just a little knowledge of what truth is. It asks each one of us if we have recognized the most important of all truths, that we are simply tourists journeying through a fair and dreary world, among the flowers and thorns, under dark clouds of tempests and fair skies of prosperity, journeying on and on until at last we come to the ferry station where we take the boat and day by day row silently across to other shores. Some of us bear in our hands the great responsibilities of life; others go carelessly, but with each one is the important truth, the eternal stamp of individuality. If we compare ourselves to tourists, we might more properly say we are messengers sent from the past to the present and on into the future, each one bearing the sealed packet of the secrets of a human soul, the story of an immortal spirit, the history of a human existence. We can not open this strange book and bid our fellow travelers read it, but each one has had given him by the hand of Omnipotence a cipher key in which his book is written. His best friend can not read it correctly; he would misinterpret, and therefore, it becomes the solemn and sacred privilege to every man and woman journeying through this world with a message to bear it alone. Sometimes we open the pages and try to tell our friends; sometimes we try to guide them by our own existence, but the larger part we ever keep and can never reveal until we stand in the great cities of life and light beyond, and feel we need but one key to unlock the sacred packet, that key the everlasting truth of God, that key the very truth that Jesus of Nazareth gave us.

We look out upon the world's great panorama; we see the lights and the shadows, the morning and evening star, and yet we sense we stand alone. Our companions are close around us, their merry voices fill our ears with laughter or with pathos; we hear the song of the ambition and the sigh of despair, the whispers of hope and the drear utterances of desolation; we

OIL AND GOLD MINES.

Visitors Speak of the Food Used.

Major Desborough, writing from Fresno, Calif., says: "I found Grape-Nuts food 45 miles in the mountains in an old oil camp, where the whole crowd, 10 men, eat it for breakfast every day and every Sunday have it in a pudding for dinner."

General E. C. Machen, an old Confederate soldier, has just returned from an extended trip through the Southwest and along the Mexican border, investigating mining properties. He says: "No matter where I traveled, I always found it possible to get Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, of which I am very fond."

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is especially valued by campers and frontier people, as it is already cooked and ready for instant service, and being concentrated, furnishes unusual strength and nourishment, in a small quantity. It is believed that a man can travel farther and exercise more continuously, on a few teaspoons of Grape-Nuts than on like quantity of any other food known.

The reason for this is that there are selected elements in Grape-Nuts that furnish direct to the brain and nerve centers, the necessary particles to rebuild the delicate gray matter contained in these parts, therefore a man continuously fed on Grape-Nuts is absolutely certain of a good condition of the nervous system, which is really the controller of the entire body.

reach out to men and women and we clasp their hands and hold them closely, but they are gone, and we have gone, and the great journey of life is upon us, and underlying it all is the great consciousness that truth is and will be evermore. We catch a glimpse of its fair garments, and then it evades us and is gone, until at last in heart-pity comes the silent white angel of death and asks us if we are grown weary and if we long for a new place wherein to start anew, and most of us grow tender and solemn then and forget the light bickerings of life, and we put our hand in the hand of this angel who looks upon us as no other has, and we say, "Oh, thou silent majesty, lead us and let us find that joy the soul hath sought," and down the still avenue of peace we follow and into the realms of rest. Our hands are folded, our lips are still, and the touch of the majesty of silence is upon us, and we awake in a life we have not known and stand face to face with the eternal truth, and we know the Christ and that in him the image of divinity and life, the all and essence of the holy truth, has ever been a part of us, and in the feeble flutterings of our heart's desires, the prayers that we have uttered and the words our souls have spoken when our lips were dumb, we held communion with the holy one and sometimes kissed the lips of truth when agony or pain had filled our lives with tears until we saw her not. Eternal Truth, thou ecstasy of all divinity and light, thou vast eternal fountain from which all good shall flow, bring to us here tonight some glimpse of thy white holiness and bid us for the love of truth on earth to sacrifice our false selves for this, and in the white, pure light read the great revelation of Jesus and the reason of his birth. And when we can recognize kindredship to thee and thine, with the star of glory upon our foreheads turn our eyes up to the skies, where morning's sun shall gleam, and with our bended knee and eager, up-turned face await the dawn and know the everlasting truth.

Born to the world of shadow and of light, Sorrow-crowned souls form the great infinite, Reach out thy hands and grasp what is thine own. Feel that the truth within thee lives today, And though the world turns sick and moan, Go brave and steadfast on thine own true way, And thou shalt triumph, and the end shall bring, Truth's holy whiteness, its pure offering. The world's temptation and the Christ of right, The truth triumphant o'er poor error's night.

And falsehood's garments, dropping in decay, Shall leave eternal triumph in Truth's way. Then all may cease to bicker, quarrel, fight, And learn the path that leads to life and light. And the great joy celestial and divine, Shall make us know the peace in Truth's own time.

NOTICE.—If you want stock in King Solomon's Mining company at 20 cents a share, correspond with this office at once. Telegraph, if necessary, to secure this stock before it advances to 50 cents, July 1st.

OBITUARY.
Passed into rest, of quick consumption, at Toledo, O., June 10, 1900, Mrs. J. B. Jonson, wife of J. B. Jonson, the well-known trumpet medium. F. D. Dunakin presided at the funeral services. Mrs. Jonson was an exemplary Spiritualist for the last 25 years, a loving wife and tender mother. Many hearts sympathize with our brother and his little children, and yet there is one more in the spirit world to help our brother in his work for humanity and truth. C. H. FIGUERS.

LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF LIFE—Or the story of a Southern Home. A. K. Ralston; \$1.50.

VERIFICATION.

Rutland, Vt., June 18.

To the Editor and to Mr. Benton, the medium of the message department: I want to express my gratitude and appreciation for the message in the Light of Truth of June 16, as it is correct in detail and in names of my father and mother and guide, Oecola, who first materialized two years ago. May all who receive a message through this avenue send out their best thoughts, to both the editor and the medium, that they may feel more encouraged to go on in their labor of love to humanity. MRS. A. CARTER.

When "Bob" Burdette started out to lecture he struck the same town as Henry Ward Beecher, who sent for him.

"Well, young man, how do you like it?"

"Mr. Beecher," he replied, "it is awful. I nearly die every night from nervousness."

"Let me console you, then. The longer you lecture the more nervous you'll get." And "Bob" declares it is true.

HARD TO STAY GREAT.

Forces in Nature Intended to Level Those Who Push Ahead of the Mass.

By brains, hard work, and self-denial a man reaches a position of wealth and greatness.

Right then, by a natural law, the contrary forces set to work to tear him down, to prevent his getting too far ahead of the regular evolutionary development.

Think it over and you will remember your own and your friend's experience.

When fortune's face begins to smile, misfortune's iron hand appears, for the man yields to some or many of the "tearing down" forces, anxiety, worry, whisky, tobacco, lust, coffee, etc., etc. Health begins to leave and the man is unable to hold his lofty position.

Only the grim, determined fellows, who recognize the devils that would rob and slay him, and who sturdily and steadily refuse to allow them to work on him, are able to "stay great."

Is it worth while? You are your own master and judge. You can kill them or you can yield, and they will down you.

A man says, "I can't quit." There is but one answer, "Get down then to the lower place that the big crowd of 'commons' occupy."

It is only the "masters" who can remain masters.

Coffee is one of the most dangerous sluggers in the list, for it is veiled and seemingly harmless, but its mission is to weaken heart, kidneys and digestion, then slowly follows weakness of purpose and inability, and the victim all unconscious of the reason, steps backward and downward from his hard-earned place among the great ones.

It is easy to shift the coffee habit by taking on Postum Food Coffee, a distinct and scientific "anti" for coffee.

Postum (well made) satisfies the coffee taste, and instead of breaking down the heart and nerve centers builds them up in a remarkable manner as the result of the action of the ingredients carefully and expertly selected from nature's storehouse of sustaining and rebuilding food elements.

You can be great and stay great if you have sturdy determination and make use of the discoveries of modern science and research. Postum Food Coffee is made at the famous pure food factories of the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich.

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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. Reifsnider, 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.

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LIGHT OF TRUTH PUBLISHING CO., COLUMBUS, O.



SAYINGS AND DOINGS

OF

Rev. Dr. Talkwell,

OF

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

"AND WHY CALL YE ME LORD,
LORD, AND DO NOT THE THINGS
WHICH I SAY?"

At Dr. Talkwell's service last Sunday morning the most of the time was occupied in answering written questions from the people who attend these services. For want of space only a few of these questions can be given. To get any adequate notion of the interest that has been aroused on all the vital questions of Christianity, a person must attend these services. No report can do such a service justice. He said in part:

Some of the questions before me are better answered in a general way, while others require specific answer. I have selected this morning a few of the latter kind to each of which I will try to make specific though brief answer.

First: Are we to infer that Dr. Talkwell is opposed to the church?

No, I am not opposed to the churches. I am simply ascribing to the churches a different function in society than the one commonly ascribed. They are doing, in some cases, at least, a good work, but in so far as they are doing anything it is a social and educational work, and not the work of Christian ministry.

Second: Do you consider the work of the church superfluous?

No, I believe the majority of the churches are still doing a necessary work. But I fear that a rapidly increasing number of them are not only superfluous, but a serious drag on the energies of the people for no real purpose.

Third: Do you think that the church in the past was of more use to society than at present?

Yes. This, however, is not saying that the church used to be better, or that it is becoming senile. But the ed-

ucational facilities of the present, the abundant supply of cheap and wholesome literature, the many social privileges of this generation have robbed the church of much of its former field of work. The time was when the church was the center of the social and educational activities of society. The preacher was an oracle, and often the educated man in the neighborhood. This has all passed. Except in a few progressive cases the theological function of the church is nearly a thing of the past.

Fourth: What, exactly, is the church doing today?

It aims to teach the law of God as found in the Bible and in some cases it is trying to apply its teachings to the social relations of its members.

Fifth: Do you think the church is losing its hold on the masses of the people?

In the matter of teaching the law of God there is a fatal and a rapidly progressing skepticism among the masses as to the authority of the church to decide what the law of God is. Each man is deciding such matters for himself more today than ever before in the history of the world.

As to the function of the church as a social factor in society, its importance is growing at a rapid pace. He has made a great mistake who prophesies the decline of the church. It is growing, and undoubtedly will continue to grow, but not in the direction that many churchmen would like to have it. As an oracle of God's law or an expositor of Bible texts the church has, at least, seen its best days, but as a factor in the development of sociological problems and social experiments the church is just entering upon a new era of growth. Happy is that church that is able to lay down the old function and take up the new instead of trying to obstruct progress

with obsolete customs and worthless theology.

Sixth: Do you regard the function of the church as an important one?

Certainly I do. The fact that the church has an existence is the evidence that it has a right to exist. No institution as virile and active as the church could have come into being except it had in some degree ministered to the wants of the people. Nothing can long continue after it has ceased to supply some human want. The people will turn away from anything that does not feed them. Success is today the best certificate anything can present to vindicate its right to be. In the evolution of society nothing comes into the field of activity that does not in some way meet a human want.

I do not wish to belittle or arraign the work of the modern church. But why the church should claim to be doing the work that Jesus did, or the work he called his followers to do, is one of the curiosities of history. Why they should try to quote Jesus to explain or justify their function in society is passing strange. I shall try some time to explain how this came about. But whatever may be the explanation of it, this unwarranted assumption on the part of the churches that they are doing the work that Jesus called his disciples to do, is what I deny. This is all the criticism I have to make on the work of the church. I have undertaken to say that they should either quit making any claim that they are doing the work of the Master, or else begin to do the work of the Master. For myself, I have quit making any such claim.

Before I understood what the Master expected his disciples to do I had taken upon me domestic obligations incompatible with discipleship. Therefore, I have withdrawn all pretense of the sort. But while I have withdrawn all pretenses to being a Christian minister I am seriously trying, both in my home life and public life, to discover how far a person may follow Jesus, who either cannot or will not renounce all domestic relations.

Seventh: Did Jesus and his disciples, after their ministry had begun, maintain any domestic relations?

No, they did not. No man can follow Jesus in the work of a Christian minister and recognize any other obligation, whatsoever. If anyone doubts this let him read Matthew XII chapter from the 46th verse to the end of the chapter:

"While He yet talked to the people, behold his mother and his brethren stood without, desiring to speak with Him.

"Then one said unto Him, 'Behold Thy mother and Thy brethren stand without, desiring to speak with Thee.'

"But He answered and said unto him that told Him, 'Who is my mother? and who are my brethren?'

"And He stretched forth His hand toward His disciples and said, 'Behold My mother and My brethren!'

"For whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

In fact, this same thought appears many places in the gospel.

Eighth: What would you advise a pastor to do who wishes to follow Jesus without giving up his pastorate?

I have serious doubts whether this could be done at all, but as a step in this direction he might make his home a place where Christian hospitality is possible; he might locate his home in that part of the city where he is most needed; and if, in addition to this, his church would excuse him from sermon-making, social calls and all the other superfluities of pastoral duties, he would have a great deal of time to devote to work that at present nobody is doing, and work that nobody will do, except by someone literally following the footsteps of Jesus. He should be an example of frugality, economy and helpfulness to all who know him.

Such a man might still continue to speak to a regular congregation for which, of course, if he had a family, he would be obliged to accept a small salary. If he had the courage to tell what he actually saw and to point out the only possible remedy, he would soon find himself surrounded by the people that he cannot now reach, and deserted by the people that now support him. But his work would be vastly nearer like the work that Jesus did.

What such a course on the part of a pastor would lead to, I cannot say. Whether any semblance of church organization could be maintained where the whole truth and nothing but the truth is proclaimed from the pulpit every Sunday, I am not quite sure. I am inclined to the opinion that it could be. If the spirit of love should actuate and control such a work I believe it would succeed. It is barely possible that in time this might develop a church which would assist rather than prevent, the work of a real gospel minister.

DR. PAUL GIBIER.

This eminent scholar and distinguished scientist has taken leave of earth. He has fallen when the world seemingly had the greatest need for his services, even though he had not reached the zenith of his fame, nor unfolded in full his splendid mental powers. His work will live after him, but cannot be carried on with the same degree of excellence as it has been under his most excellent leadership. Dr. Gibier was born in the Department of Andre, France, in 1851, and graduated from the University of Paris at an early age. He held high rank as a student, and received honors at his graduation.

For some time he was assistant professor of comparative medicine in the Paris museum, and was resident physician to several of the most prominent Paris hospitals. His skill was generally recognized, and he advanced rapidly to the foremost rank among the men of medicine in his native country. In 1885 he was commissioned by the French government to study the cholera plague then raging in Spain. His work was so well done as

to win for him a medal from his government in recognition of his distinguished services. In 1886 he was made a member of the Legion of Honor, on account of his services in the south of France in connection with the cholera scourge of that year. In 1888 the government sent him to study the yellow fever conditions in Cuba and Florida. In all of these public services his great ability as a physician was everywhere recognized, and he soon came to be looked upon as authority in biology and bacteriology. He took great pride in his profession, and was never satisfied with mediocre attainments. He must investigate all things and hold fast that which science proved true.

His scientific studies led him away from emotionalism in philosophy, and caused him to take sides with the materialistic school. Among the followers of materialism Dr. Gibier ranked high as a scholar, and his views were eagerly sought by his associates. About 1885 he became interested in psychic research, and pursued his investigations with the same fearless zeal that had ever characterized him in connection with other subjects. He felt that it was the duty of the true

scientist to analyze in the most thorough and painstaking manner every question that could possibly arise in the human mind, in order that the plain truth might be revealed to the world. His investigations gave him such strong evidence of fact as to cause him to admit that consciousness existed after the change called death.

This admission cost him much. He published an interesting account of his experiences and scientific deductions in the French language, but his views found little favor with many who had hitherto looked upon him as their oracle in matters of scientific thought. He was treated with great coolness by his fellow scientists, and was led to take an independent course from that time forward. He felt that sooner or later his opponents would be obliged to traverse the very ground he had so carefully surveyed, hence he could afford to wait. He determined to emigrate, and in 1890 took up his residence in New York city as the official head of the American branch of the Pasteur Institute, which position he has since held. Under his efficient management the Institute advanced rapidly in public favor, and Dr. Gibier was looked

upon as a public benefactor, as well as a thorough master of his profession. His hands were ever busy, he interested himself anew in psychic science, and continued to keep in touch with the important subjects that he had made special objects of study in former years.

Dr. Gibier firmly believed in Spiritualism as a science, and bent his splendid energies toward the establishment of the same. He wrote a very scholarly work, "Psychism," which has been translated and published in the English language, in which he set forth his demonstrations in a most logical and convincing manner. He became identified with the movement for the establishment of the Higher Spiritualism, and took a deep interest in everything that pertained to the cause. He was a member of the Woman's Progressive Union, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and was one of the delegates from that society to the National Spiritualists' convention in Washington, D. C., in October, 1898. He took a deep interest in the proceedings of that body, and sought to acquaint his brethren with the purpose of his work.

He offered the free use of his labor-

atory, containing apparatus valued at \$15,000, to the Spiritualists of the nation for the purpose of establishing Spiritualism as a science. He offered also to board all mediums sent to him free of cost, and stated that the results of every seance held would be faithfully reported by two expert stenographers and ultimately published for the benefit of the world at large. The experiments with the different psychics were to be conducted upon honor by him and two or three conscientious, enlightened Spiritualists, and all mediums were to be given a guarantee of good faith, kind and considerate treatment, as well as a comfortable home during the time they were with him. At the conclusion of the experiments a certificate signed by Dr. Gibier, setting forth that under certain well-defined conditions, psychic phenomena were produced by the bearer, was to be given to each medium. Despite his impartial spirit and his most generous proposition, not more than two mediums were willing to unite with him in this great work.

In the transition of Dr. Gibier, Spiritualism has lost one of its truest friends, in fact, one of its main props. Science loses one of its leading lights, and the literary world one of its brightest minds. He has done a noble work during his 49 years of earth-life, and has left a shining mark upon the pages of history. The world has need of such men as he, for a teacher and leader of equal power are seldom united in one person as they were in him. He has gone from us at a time when his work was beginning to bear fruit—when his long night of social and scientific ostracism was being dispelled by the sunlight of knowledge, foregleams of which he had given the world years before. He was the victim of a runaway horse, whose fright was due to fireworks in the hands of some careless boys. Dr. Gibier leaves a widow, to whom the sympathy of his thousands of friends goes out in this hour of sorrow. His sanitarium for consumptives in Suffern, N. Y., was opened only one year ago, but was already in high favor, so widely was his fame spread, and so great was the confidence of the people in his skill. He has left the world better for his having lived in it, yet it does seem as if he should have been spared to carry on his noble work for the benefit of humanity for many years to come. A great and good man has gone home. Peace to his memory, and may his noble hearted, sorrowing wife be given such consolation as will enable her to realize his spiritual presence as a staff of support to her in her remaining years of earth life.—Banner of Light.

CONTRASTS IN SPIRIT LIFE, ETC.

Recent experiences of Samuel Bowles, late editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Written through the hand of Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y. Price 30 cents; postage 3 cents.

Samples of Contents: Mr. Bowles Interviews a Number of Noted Clergymen, etc. Rev. Wm. B. O. Peabody (Unitarian), late of Springfield, Mass.; Mr. Bowles' former pastor; Dr. William E. Channing; Jonathan Edwards; Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism; Hosea Ballou; John Wesley, the founder of Methodism; Rev. Michael O'Connor, a Catholic priest; Bishop William Heathcote Delancy; Rev. William Miller, the founder of Second Adventism; the Buddhist Heaven; the English language extending among the Spheres. Mr. Bowles visits Achaia W. Sprague's home in the Fifth Sphere, and pays another visit to Professor Faraday.

And a Little Child Shall Lead Them. Robert Dale Owen graduates a class of Twelve Teachers to go to the First Sphere. How Spirits from the Seventh Sphere visit Mr. Bowles and encourage him in his work. For sale by Light of Truth Pub. Co.

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

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25, postpaid.

WHAT WE KNOW, AND HOW WE KNOW.

It is well to dwell somewhat on the fundamental fact that man's relation to the external world is an altogether arbitrary one. The things that touch his consciousness through his physical organism are seldom, nay, never, what they seem; while an infinitude of activities and objects remain immanifest beyond the limits of sensory apprehension. The sense of hearing does not respond to all sound; the deep thundering of old mother earth, for example, in her annual pilgrimage and her daily gyration. What a rumbling noise the bustling old lady must make! Let us be thankful that it is too deafening to be heard. And how significantly the microscope has disclosed not only the limitations and fallibility of the organ of sight, but its utter blindness to an illimitable variety of objects having a most important influence upon bodily conditions. If the testimony of the industrious microscopists is to be accepted, we are incessantly assailed by a countless army of lilliputians "potentially alive and having the tendency to assume definite living form" somewhere within the domain of our body coporate; yet our fine sense guardians are placidly ignorant of the very existence of the threatening invaders and give us not the slightest warning of their ominous presence.

But we are circumscribed not alone by the limitations of the senses. The mind, also, has its distinct limits. It receives the transmissions of the senses not without error, and its interpretations of the impressions made upon it are sometimes grievously at fault.

The fact is, man exists in a world of his own, a mystic realm lying somewhere, or somewhat, between Physics and Metaphysics. His pursuit of Truth, therefore, cannot advance into the region of the Absolute, but must be conducted within the bounds definitely marked out by the restrictions of his means of cognition.

We are wont to talk of Truth very prettily and with great enthusiasm; but "jesting Pilate's" famous question is no less pertinent today than it was two thousand years ago.

In an article entitled "The Scientific Method in Theology," appearing in the April number of the North American Review, Prof. Hoffman of Union college discusses in an exceedingly lucid and instructive manner the method whereby the human mind arrives at what men are pleased to call knowledge. "The truth is," says the Professor, "that man is so constituted by nature that he can never be absolutely certain of anything outside of the facts of his own consciousness and the simple intuitions necessarily involved therein; and when he makes an assertion transcending this realm, he passes at once into the sphere of the probable." Hence it is, that the great body of our knowledge really does not extend beyond the region of probability, and is in fact merely belief, which is "imperfect knowledge." "I intuitively know a thing to be true when I am absolutely certain of it. I believe a thing to be true when I fall short, however little, of such certainty." Moreover, "what we know with absolute certainty is never a matter of inference. It is never the result of a process of reasoning."

The products of modern scientific research are gained by a mental process entailing the application of both induction and deduction. By observation and experimentation the particulars are acquired upon which is based an hypothesis; for "the great and distinctive element in all induction is the formation of the hypothesis; and there

can be no inductive science formed of any sort where this is not the chief feature." What, then, is an hypothesis? "An hypothesis is a supposition, a guess, or conjecture as to what the general fact is which includes the given particular facts, or what the cause is which has brought about given effects."

Once the mind makes its guess, forms its hypothesis, the next step is to verify it. This is done by "making the hypothesis, the major premise of a deductive syllogism and noting the results. If the conclusions obtained coincide with the observed facts with which we started, the hypothesis is probably a correct one, and, other things being equal, may be accepted as an established truth."

Prof. Hoffman might have pointed to the discovery of Uranus as a perfect illustration of the mental process he so clearly describes; i. e. making a body of facts the basis of a conjecture and noting the results, which in this case established the character of a heavenly body.

It was precisely in this way that the little Fox girl brought to light the presence of an invisible intelligence in the mysterious manifestations that so disturbed the peace of her humble home. She made the "spiritistic hypothesis" the major premise of a syllogism—and the great modern spiritual movement is the result. During the intervening half century, wiser observers have applied other hypothesis—telepathy, animism, fraud, for example—but none save little Cathie's can be made to coincide with all the observed facts. Even Dr. Hodgson and Prof. Hyslop now say that the child's guess is the most probable one, and they ought to know.

Prof. Hoffman makes a very important distinction between the mere fact gatherer—the man with the microscope, or the scalpel and the crucible—and the true scientist. Though a "large supply of carefully ascertained facts" is the essential basis of every science, "the mere ascertainment of facts does not make a scientist. There are a thousand workers of science to one scientist. The most exact observers and the most skillful experimenters are not, by any means, the best scientists. Quite the opposite is probably the rule. Many of the world's greatest scientists have been notoriously defective in this respect."

The true scientist is the man who conceives the hypothesis; he, therefore, must be a man of genius, endowed with the creative faculty no less than the poet or the artist, for "every hypothesis, however formed, is always a product of the constructive imagination." Men of science have always been men of "powerful imagination," and the Greeks were the first great scientists because they were endowed with great imaginative powers.

Thus the imagination not only paints our pictures, writes our poetry, makes our music, and gives form to our buildings, but, acting as the interpreter of facts and phenomena, is an essential agent in the construction of our science. In the after-life, where the soul's environment is inconceivably more refined and fluxile, and the mind infinitely more active, this power becomes an almighty agent for weal or woe. H. FORBES KIDDLE. New York, N. Y.

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LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF LIFE—Or the Story of a Southern Home. A. K. Ralston. \$1.50.

THE RECOMPENSE.

For The Light of Truth.

Many times we see in life's journey,
And oft profit, by the way,
Scenes that never fade from out our minds,
But remain with us alway.
Upon a beautiful summer day,
When nature's garb was brightest,
When happy birds sang their sweetest lay,
And my heart felt the lightest.

With the dear companion of my youth,
I rode through all this beauty,
Thinking how good the Father of all,
To mingle joy with duty.
Far away in the distance, I saw
Scene I do not regret,
For it taught me a lesson in life,
That I shall never forget.

I saw a poor horse slowly walking
In a circle round and round,
Though he seemed scarcely able to stand,
He still went over the ground;
And I wondered what he was doing,
And why he should always go,
That ceaseless interminable round,
So wearily and so slow.

While watching him I gained the hill-top,
When lo, I wondered no more,
For then I knew why that poor horse
walked

His ceaseless round, o'er and o'er;
For I saw a heavy granite rock,
Going slowly on its way,
Up to its place in the abutment,
Of a mighty bridge to stay.

Wearily the horse struggled on,
Seeing not what he had done,
How I longed to stop and tell him,
That steadily one by one,
The granite rocks he was lifting,
Were rearing a bridge so grand,
Over which some day would pass the
The mighty traffic of our land.

Oh workers in the fields of life,
You who toil on day by day,
No matter where your lot is cast,
To you I've a word to say:
So tired carrying burdens
Up the thorny steeps of life,
So discouraged 'mid the conflict,
With sin and heart-rending strife;

With contention and oppression,
That speak on every hand
Of the terrible upheaval,
That threatens our native land;
Of the wrongs that must be made right,
'Ere peace can reign supreme,
And freedom to shackled mortals,
Be but a fickle dream.

Oh ye toilers be not weary
With struggles fierce and long,
For day by day you are rearing
A structure grand and strong;
Over which will pass the traffic
Of noble thoughts and deeds,
Long after your work is done, and
Life's earthly battle recedes;

Then no longer will darkness and gloom,
Seem your sad souls to surround,
For far away on the hill-top, you
Will behold with joy profound,
The results of your toil and labor,
Your struggles, heart-aches and fears,
And the sight will be to you,
A recompense for all your tears.
—Mrs. E. Gertrude Lepper Smith, Hamline,
St. Paul, Minn.

MAN MAKES HIS BODY.

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. Some of the limitations to his power for building his body, caused by heredity and environment, are noted.

The importance of right gestation and healthy inheritance are also emphasized. Among the topics treated are:

Brain Building; Atrophy of Organs; Abnormal Limitations Produced by Tobacco, Alcohol and Gluttony, Sex Excesses, etc.; the Tainted Monad Transmitted by the Debauched Father in Impregnation; Building of the Spirit Body Within the Physical Body; Withdrawal of the Spirit Body, Called Death; Defects in the Spirit Body—How to Overcome Transition; Origin of the Ego; Thinking in Heaven.

This book contains much to instruct the rational thinker, and to open the mind to the study of man on the lines of evolution which are accepted by the ablest scientists of this age. Price 10 cents; postage 1 cent.

Have you seen a Light of Truth Album? \$1.25 post paid.

Light of Truth

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

WILLARD J. HULL, - - - EDITOR.

Vol. xxvi. June 30, 1900. No. 26.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year	\$1.50
Six months75
Three months35
Single copies05
England or Europe	2.00
India or Australia	2.50

Obituary notices of five lines inserted free; 10 cts. per line over that number.

Advertising Department—H. G. Sommerman, New York City, 500 Temple Court; Chicago, Boyce Building.

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

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

I HONOR ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO IN THE CONSCIENTIOUS DISCHARGE OF THEIR DUTY DARES TO STAND ALONE. THE WORLD, WITH IGNORANT, INTOLERANT JUDGMENT, MAY CONDEMN, THE COUNTENANCES OF RELATIVES MAY BE AVERTED AND THE HEARTS OF FRIENDS GROW COLD, BUT THE SENSE OF DUTY DONE WILL BE SWEETER THAN THE APPLAUSE OF THE WORLD, THE COUNTENANCES OF RELATIVES OR THE HEARTS OF FRIENDS.—CHARLES SUMMER.

A CASE IN POINT.

In company with friends last week the conversation turned, as is quite usual among Spiritualists, upon the many and varied experiences one has in coming in contact with those who inquire into spirit return, as a question, and a circumstance was related by a private medium which was very interesting. A New York gentleman, who, in his own estimation, knew a great deal about most folk and things, was importuned by a friend of the medium and Spiritualist to call on the lady medium referred to and see how far his preconceived notions of Spiritualism would really carry him, he having loftily pooh-pooed the whole proposition in a characteristic style, which will be recognized by many who read this bit of writing as fairly illustrating their own posture at one time.

The New Yorker concluded to take his friend's advice and he did call on the lady for a sitting, bearing with him letters of introduction from the mutual acquaintance. The man felt that he was going to a show, but was courteous enough, as all learned men are, and really conducted himself quite acceptably. The medium began on him in a quiet, dignified manner and within half an hour told him more about himself and his surroundings, antecedents, friends in spirit life, etc., than he could have written out with the aid of a stenographer in four days. All the while the seance was in progress the same reverent, prayerful spirit dominated the medium and her controls, and to such an extent was the man impressed that he finally asked, in course of the conversation following the seance, if that was her, the medium's religion. "Do you look upon all this as being anything like sacred, and do you call it your religion?" asked he. The medium replied quietly and firmly, "I do consider this my religion. Is not what you have listened

to and been a part of its nature divine and all pervading in its effect upon your inner life?" He replied that it certainly was, and that he was without words to express his astonishment at what he had heard. He concluded by asking the privilege to call again and that in the meantime he had enough to think about and try to square himself with himself. Quite an admission, say you. Yes, indeed, but 99 per cent of investigators make the same admission. Fortunately he met a good medium and a good woman, great helps along this line. The 1 per cent who do not make the above admissions is composed of those who meet for the first time mediums that are unsatisfactory in various ways, and for various reasons. But there is no failure to arouse genuine interest, if not thorough conviction, where parties meet good mediums and good people. What a glad surprise it surely must be to feel the scales of prejudice and doubt falling from one's eyes under circumstances like these! Here are riches which, to the fair-minded man or woman, surpass all the baubles of earthly wealth, pride and pomp. The medium told him among other things that he had four children. "No," said he. "I have only three children." She said he had lost a child. "You have a child, or had a child, who died, did you not?" "Yes." "Well, isn't the child yours even though it be dead, as you say? If one of your children should go to South America and you failed to hear from him for many years and somebody should ask you how many children you have, you would include that child in the number, wouldn't you?" "Yes, I would, and that now looks to me like common sense. I never thought of it in that light before." The medium told him that he was an Adventist in belief. "Yes, God help me, I am, or was." This explains much.

But here we are at the core of the consolatory mission of Spiritualism. It is of all precious things on earth the most comforting and consoling to know that those we love are not dead nor far away from us, that indeed they are closer to us in all that makes for our good than they ever could have been here. Show us the man who does not love some body and we will show you the man who turns up his nose and asks for what good Spiritualism is to the world, admitting it to be true. A loveless heart and a cold intellect can ask such questions, none other. But wherever there is buried love there is a welcome for the fresh, warm and eternal blessings which this mighty gospel brings. Babylon and Sodom, and the Jerusalems everywhere that turn away from this light may go on with the masquerade of a fleeting, rapid existence, but the real heart-hunger of the world is being appeased by angel ministrants in myriads of ways through the silent forces of the soul, aided by the sensitive beings who stand between their mission and the world's hunger.

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To the Editor: How do you reconcile the statements "I came not to bring peace but a sword," and "I bid ye love one another," uttered by Christ?

We do not reconcile them because it is impossible to do so. Moreover, one or the other of them is false and never could have been uttered in connection with the other by the same person provided he possessed a sane mind, and we choose to think that the first statement quoted is the false one.

A JUGGERNAUT ROUNDUP.

There was a big time at Philadelphia last week, where two men were put in nomination for the presidency by one of the leading political party managers. There was a din of noise, confusion and hurrah, and a fine display of Greek fire and some other things. But how many of the throngs who assisted at the convention and looked on really knew what they were doing! This is the question. Probably not to exceed two per cent knew what that convention stood for, while not over one-half of one per cent knew who were pulling the wires to which the politicians were attached and to whose music they danced. And yet millions of voters became by the action thereof pledged to support the nominees at the polls next November.

Be it said with absolute certainty that not a word was uttered nor a thought prompted on behalf of the really living issues and principles of the day and of the future. Heart throbs were not considered in the deliberations of the convention. The wailing and gnashing of teeth incident upon man's rapacity were unconsidered, albeit the rapacity which adds fury to the flames of human hate and scorn was magnified. In fact the nominees of that convention stand for the hyena in human nature, and millions of men, women and children will go down in the vortex of that monstrous passion before their terms of service expire in 1905. And yet, personally, both men are what the world, and doubtless their own consciences, term good men. Personally they would scorn to rob even the meanest of their kind. Personally they deplore the hard and unjust plight of millions of their fellow citizens, citizens foolish enough and dependent enough to add to their own hardships by electing them to the highest office in the gift of the people.

Still these men stand sponsors for rapacity in its worst form. Plunder, under the garb of respectability and in consonance with legal forms, is going on all the while. It was Wendell Phillips who said, "Injustice in the statute books is gunpowder under the capital." It is idle, perhaps, to comment on the appalling fact that injustice can and does prevail, but the fact remains. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon," that is, a man can not be true to his better nature and bend all of his energies to the getting and hoarding of gold. Here lies the pitfall of civilization. The conventions of both the leading parties will emphasize the rapacity which is undermining civilization. One of them has passed into history with no word upon or for the higher betterments of human weal, the principles of service and sacrifice. The one to come will as surely neglect that word because there is but little variation in methods and pursuits in any party. One and all are after the spoils. While hurrah and bluster fill the air sorrow and misery fill the homes, or apologies for such, of millions of people. They ask bread and are given stones. In the dead sea calm of their ignorance and faith they beseech for justice and are laughed to scorn. They have sown to the wind and are reaping the whirlwind. And yet, out from all this waste of treasure and ashes of despair is rising grandly the phoenix, HOPE. The higher thought in many ways is painting a brighter tinge upon the canvas. Prophets and knights of valor are pointing to the Coming Camp Ground. All about us is a fleeting, dying regime. There is nothing real in it but it is serving a purpose by the way of contrast, the only way men and women ever learn anything.

The Spiritualists' Hymnal—25 cents, postpaid.

NOT IN GOOD TASTE.

For the first time since the Dr. Talkwell papers began running in the Light of Truth we see something to criticize in the paper printed elsewhere this week, and we do so in a friendly spirit, calling the genial Dr. Talkwell's attention to what must prove to him an oversight in bringing forward a mendacious forgery, sentiments attributed to Jesus which put to blush the whole tenor and manliness of his life. The passage occurs where Dr. Talkwell quotes Jesus' repudiation of his mother. If this be true, no man with a spark of human love and filial duty left in him can ever be a follower of Jesus. It acts like a wedge and severs love and fidelity, placing mawkish fanaticism in their stead. And that is what was intended by the framers of the gospel when the words were put there. The purpose was to crush out home, love, duty to kindred, the state and everything else, and render: humanity grovelingly subservient to priestly rule and dominion. Jesus told the young man who asked him what he should do to inherit eternal life, first of all honor thy father and thy mother and love thy neighbor as thyself. This was the test of fellowship and the sign of followship. We are sorry that the learned Dr. Talkwell took this forgery to help along his movement in explanation of the essentials for distinguishment as a follower of Jesus.

If Jesus was anything he was a man, the noblest work of God; and to attribute such cold-blooded cruelty and insult to him is like throwing mud at the statue of Apollo.

In Prof. Buchanan's "Primitive Christianity," second volume, will be found an expurgated "Sermon on the Mount," together with other matters relating to the real character of Jesus which, if the world knew it, would rid the fair name and life of the humble carpenter of all the nonsense and mendacity heaped upon them throughout the ages. Prof. Buchanan was a tireless champion of the rights of man, hence nobody need feel surprise that he should turn his great powers to the rescue of the good name of Jesus from the smirch of intolerant and ignorant priestcraft. This he has done in the great work above named. The manliness of Christ was pre-eminently his distinguishing characteristic. It is not alone a shame and reproach to humanity that libels of this nature have been attributed to him, but it is a worse disgrace that mankind in this day and age should be told that the renunciation of the most sacred ties in the world must be a prime requisite in order that we may follow him, or do his work.

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Miss Susan B. Anthony must arouse the admiration of all who are moved by pluck and persistence in discouraging circumstances. Miss Anthony retains her remarkable vigor of body and mind, and urges as enthusiastically as ever the social changes which she has so much at heart. We are interested to note that Chautauqua again extends a welcome to Miss Anthony, who is to speak next summer in company with two of her lieutenants, Rev. Anna H. Shaw and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Our contemporary, The Sunflower, devotes its latest issue to many fine illustrations of Lily Dale camp grounds and persons connected therewith.

King Solomon's Mining Co. Stock Advances to 50 Cents July 1st.

WHEN SLEEP IS NOT BENEFICIAL.

"Thomas A. Edison has a theory that sleep is largely a matter of habit," says W. R. C. Latson in "Health Culture," "and that many people sleep more than is necessary or right. He does not mention that many more than those are suffering from lack of proper sleep. He does not, perhaps, know that the amount of sleep obtained is a most important consideration in the treatment of all nervous and wasting diseases; and that insomnia is usually the first symptom of a nervous breakdown.

"Normal sleep is a condition of mental and physical repose. The heart beats slowly, the breathing is light, the stomach, liver and other organs are practically inactive. The blood flows away from the brain; and the mental images are confused and shadowy. Body and mind rest. He who sleeps restfully neither turns nor dreams. In this sleep there is little loss of tissue. Repair exceeds waste; and after a few hours the sleeper awakens refreshed and strengthened.

"But sleep is not always restful. The man who retires just after a hearty meal may at once fall into a heavy sleep, lasting ten hours. This sleep is, however, quite a different state from that just described. Here the entire system is in a state of great activity. Digestion, assimilation, absorption, excretion are going on at high pressure. The blood, instead of being withdrawn from the brain is there in excess, so that the unconsciousness is practically a narcosis, even though no drugs have been employed. The heart stroke is quick and heavy, the breathing irregular and the extremities cold. The dreams are vivid, reflecting in their unpleasant character the general discomfort of the sleeper, who sighs, groans and mutters as he twists and tosses from side to side. Every turn on the bed means muscular work enough to walk across a room. To toss about all night is equal to a day of hard manual work. Ten hours of this sleep is ten hours of work. There is a heavy loss of energy, and the sleeper awakens nerveless and exhausted.

"It will be readily seen, then, that how much sleep a man requires depends very largely upon how he sleeps. He who sleeps normally may be well and strong on six, five, perhaps even fewer, hours of sleep. He who sleeps as do the majority of people will be apt to find even eight or ten hours inadequate."

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HON. JAMES B. TOWNSEND.

Mr. Townsend, president of King Solomon's Mining company, together with its chemist, electrician and mining engineers, passed through Chicago on their way to the mines and stopped long enough to say, "Brother Francis, please mention in your next issue that the Spiritualists still have one week in which to write to the office of the company in Lima, O., for the 20-cent stock, and that as sure as the first of July comes, the price will advance to 50 cents."—Progressive Thinker.

SHAMS IN SCIENCE.

The proof that vivisection under the pretence of seeking relief for human suffering is a colossal sham, stares us in the face, says the London Abolitionist. We now know from evidence beyond doubt or cavil that when these men, who tell us (with their tongues in their cheeks), that they would "sacrifice a hecatomb of brutes to save the pain of a man," have it in their power to "save the pain of a man"—by foregoing to try at his expense some operation or inoculation which is to advance science—they do not spare him. He is not to them (as they fain would have us think), a sacred being divided by fathomless depths from the humbler brutes; the "man and brother" in whose pangs they suffer vicariously and for whose relief they are willing to spend their days in fetid laboratories bending over mangled and agonized creatures. All this is sheer and crass hypocrisy to which that of the Pharisees of old who "devoured widows' houses, and for pretence made long prayers" was almost pardonable falsehood. We have the public admission of the German government in Parliament of the truth of the very heaviest of the charges of "human vivisection" ever made (or conceivably to be made by the imagination of man) against these vivisectors. These "enthusiasts of humanity" stand convicted of having done to men, women and children wrongs so cruel, so barbarous, that the bitterest misanthrope, the most brutal ruffian, would turn away in disgust if asked to repeat them. No disease is so permanently and hopelessly destructive, but they will convey it to innocent babes to poison their whole existence. No penalty of sin so foul but they will pass it on to pure and innocent girls. From their own confessions in both France and Germany we know that they plant cancers in the breasts of women when lying insensible under chloroform, and introduce leprosy into the veins of orphan boys.

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Christianity is the name given to a system of power and emolument under the guise of religion. There is much of good in it, as there is in all systematized thought, but Christianity as a system should not be confounded with the teachings of its reputed founder. The civilization in which is woven the Christian system could not possibly maintain itself if the teachings of Jesus Christ were to be adopted. Every thinker knows this. The law of the Golden Rule, the idea of service and the principal of mutual sacrifice cannot be applied to the civic and religious customs of our time. And yet these laws and rules of right are inherent in the growing forces of evolution. They are safe and are working out their part in the progress of the world. Christianity is a hindrance upon them and will in time be sloughed off.

The thirst for gold is rapidly debauching society.

THE PITH OF EDITORIAL WRITINGS THIS WEEK.

Our esteemed contemporaries, the Progressive Thinker and Light of Truth, have ceased to throw intellectual stones, and have clasped hands for constructive work. The Religio-Philosophical Journal joins with all Spiritualists in expressions of gratification at the good feeling existing among the spiritual editors, and in an endorsement of the following sentiment from The Light of Truth:

It is one of the evidences of a growing mind that it changes spheres of thought. There is happily no longer a need or a place for the iconoclast in the spiritualistic field. The rubbish of effete orthodoxy has been removed, and the constructive period is upon us all.—R. P. Journal.

Again the criminal injustice of capital punishment has been most remarkably illustrated. All will remember the case of Theodore Durrant, who was hung in California for killing Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams. At the time there was a great diversity of opinion and many leading men and women doubted his guilt. This doubt has now been corroborated by the death-bed confession of the "Reverend" who was in charge of Emmanuel church at the time the girls' bodies were found.

On his death-bed, Rev. Gibson confessed that he had killed both of the girls and another link was added to the chain of evidence that must some day awaken the minds of the people to the great crime that is being committed through capital punishment.

Theodore Durrant's name had had the stain of murder removed from it, but who is responsible for his murder? for it is none the less murder even though it was done under the name of "the law." Who is responsible for his death?

It has been truly said that "the greatest crimes are those committed against criminals."—The Sunflower.

Attorney General Knowlton, of Massachusetts, gave utterance to the following expressive words at the recent banquet of the Massachusetts Medical society: "It has not been according to the policy of the commonwealth to interfere with the right of every man to think, talk and act as he pleases till he interferes with the rights of others. It is by this tolerance that the state has grown powerful, and it cannot yield to the wishes of any class of citizens to prevent any man or woman from employing, when sick, any means of cure he or she sees fit." Mr. Knowlton, in the last sentence quoted, has simply stated the position of the opponents of class medical legislation. Secretary Harvey, of the board of registration in medicine, heard these words of Mr. Knowlton, and they must have been very unpalatable to him. He and his associates are demanding a license from the state that will place the art of healing wholly in their hands. The attor-

ney general has stated the only logical position a true republic can take with respect to the rights of its citizens. A copy of these words of the attorney general should be sent to every "regular" physician in the state. Mr. Knowlton's strictures upon Christian Science may have been warranted from his point of view, but they certainly lacked the spirit of tolerance upon which he laid so much stress.—Banner of Light.

Rev. Dr. McGiffert, whose head is still level, in the Madison Square Presbyterian pulpit on the 3d inst., is reported by the Associated Press to have said:

"In these days, when so much is said about creeds—old creeds, new creeds, creed revision, creeds as conditions of church membership or of ministerial standing; creeds as denominational platforms or as bases of church union—it is important that we should remind ourselves that not creed, but character, is the supreme aim of Christianity—that not in doctrine, but in life, the Christian ideal finds its full realization.

"Creeds are well enough in their place; doctrines are good so far as they go; but the best of creeds and the truest of doctrines become an impertinence when they thrust themselves into the forefront and so engage the attention of any church or of any man that the supreme emphasis is even temporarily removed from the supreme duty of following Christ."

It is doubtless true that Dr. McGiffert would make character the standing of church life, but, practically, are not a score expelled from the church for defective belief where one is dismissed for unworthy conduct? Belief is the very essence of Christian life, as was shown in these columns last week; and the church has acted in harmony with that idea through all its existence. It is questionable if there has been a Christian martyr during the history of the church who has died because of his immoral life; but millions have suffered, and thousands have been burned at the stake, for lack of faith in the "Lord Jesus." Dr. McGiffert would make good conduct the test of Christian life; but this was not the plan with Jesus, neither was it with Paul. "All that believe are justified from all things." Acts 13:39. "Whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." Acts 10:43.

That great error of the church, the making of belief its corner-stone, has filled our penitentiaries with convicts, and on this account Spiritualists have made war on its creeds. Let them eliminate that pestiferous plank from their Bible, and their faith, and the corresponding obnoxious feature, vicarious atonement,—the idea that the junior God died in their place, a substitute for the sins of others,—then there will be hope of a speedy reformation of the world from the ill Christianity has engendered.—Progressive Thinker.

Our friend Frank of the Independent Thinker is always an independent thinker, a close observer and a fair critic. Here is a bit of his late summarizing on Spiritualism. It is good reading:

"There is doubtless much truth in Spiritualism and I am inclined to believe that, after all the chaff and dirt has been winnowed out of it, it will present the data for the science of the future. But the Spiritualism that at present disports itself before the world, I regret to say, is so saturated with fraud and filth that it can but disgust the wise and delight the groundlings. Christian Science (under which generic term I include all the variations of the common idea), doubtless rests on a law in nature of which a few at present have a clear glimpse and which some can, even now, satisfactorily utilize, but which has been so steeped in passive servility to a single personage as to spawn with brainless bigots and hypocritical pretenders who, like Sampson, will some day, when ordered

from the temple, pull the structure down over their heads and those of their innocent associates. I do not here refer to those who honestly and conscientiously use their spiritual powers and mental forces for the bettering of their friends. But I refer to those who, in the surplice of the priest and the gown of the student, assume to peddle jargon for science and lunacy for religion."

China has become the war center of the world. There the world faces unutterable possibilities, which day by day more and more assume the aspect of probabilities. The most populous empire in the world is on the verge of commingled revolution and collapse, while half a dozen of the foremost powers crowd about it to coerce it, to partition it or to fight with each other about the disposition of it. Not for many a year has there been an outlook more ominous.

Have you seen our Premiums?



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

Yes, doubtless any of the cousins would be pleased to hear from you.

Carland, Mich., June 2, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: I am 13 years old and I go to school and am in the fourth grade. This is my first letter I have written to you and if I see it in the next Light of Truth I will write again. My papa takes The Light of Truth, and he thinks it is very nice. I like to read in the Children's Hour.

I have three brothers and four sisters. I live on a farm with a nice big red barn on it.

Well, I guess I will close, with my best love and wishes to you all. I remain as ever,
Your loving niece,
LEAH MEYERS.

Our little people must not expect to see their letters in the "next" Light of Truth, as that is quite impossible, much as Aunt Rose would be pleased to oblige them.

How much pleasure you must take in the big red barn, which doubtless will soon be filled with the sweet-smelling new mown hay. Please tell us more about it; what games you play there, where you find the nests "old speckle" thinks safely concealed from prying eyes, and if the swallows and pigeons also enjoy its commodious quarters with you?

Carland, Mich., May 20, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: As I was reading The Light of Truth I noticed such nice little letters that I thought I would write one too.

I have five sisters and three brothers, and the baby two years old. She will say almost anything you want her to. I have a sister in spirit life. She has been gone now 15 years, and her name was Lily. She was a little over two years old when she went. I would have liked very much to have had her to live, but no one knows why she was taken.

My father takes The Light of Truth and he likes it very much. I like to read the Children's Hour and the messages. I will send my love and best wishes. Your dear, loving niece,
NANCY MEYERS.

We are much pleased to thus make your acquaintance, Nancy, and should like very well to see that dear little sister with her cunning speech. I suppose you hear sometimes from the sweet Lily that so early in life left your home to bloom in the fairer gardens above, and that she thus has her mission in teaching her loved ones of earth, of that life, and have to so live that they will find happiness there as well as here.

MISS FRET AND MISS LAUGH.

Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
"I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan;
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
"Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sling through the hours
And cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen in the sweet-smelling hay."
—M. E. Sangster.

WHERE TEN DINE ON ONE EGG.

One egg for ten guests, says a traveler, is the custom at the California ostrich farms.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said the farmer, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with him. "I guess that one egg will be enough."

Having given utterance to this expression he went to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich's egg.

For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there were then some misgivings as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for curiosity could no

longer be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg was laid upon the plate.

But, apart from its size, there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tinge seen in the duck's egg, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked—like a duck's egg, and had no flavor peculiar to itself.

As it takes twenty-eight hen's eggs to equal in weight the ostrich's egg which was cooked, it was evident the host knew what he was about in cooking only one. There was enough to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that an ostrich egg is good fare.—Selected.

THE SWEETEST THINGS.

A smile is just the sweetest thing
This sad old earth has ever known;
'Twill often back true gladness bring
To hearts from whence it long had flown,
And never leaves a sting.

A laugh is just the gladdest thing
That ever graced the sad old earth;
There's music in its gladsome ring,
And inspiration in its mirth;
It never leaves a sting.

True love is just the dearest thing
This sad old earth has ever known;
Pure pleasure from the heart doth spring
Where love's true flower once has grown;
It peaceful joy doth bring.
—Ella Marth.

KITTY KNEW.

"Seven sheep were standing
By the pasture wall,
Tell me," said the teacher,
To her scholars small,
"One poor sheep was frightened,
Jumped and ran away,
One from seven—how many
Woolly sheep would stay?"

Up went Kitty's fingers—
A farmer's daughter she,
Not so bright at figures
As she ought to be.
"Please, ma'am"—"Well then, Kitty,
Tell us, if you know."
"Please, if one jumped over,
All the rest would go!"

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LAWRENCE BARRETT HUGHES.

A SONG OF GLADNESS.

Sing a song of gladness,
Sing a song of glee,
Banish care and sadness
With sweet melody.

Sing about the flow'rets,
Flecking all the lea;
Sing about the wavelets
Dancing on the sea.

Sing about the dewdrops,
Gemming all the grass;
Sing about the breezes,
Laughing as they pass.

Sing about the streamlets
Rushing gayly by;
Sing about the starlets,
Lantering the sky.

Sing about the sunbeams,
Flashing rays of light;
Sing about the moonbeams,
Gleaming silver white.

Thus with joy and gladness,
Jollity and mirth,
Banish care and sadness
From the face of earth.

—Jennie Vickery.

Sensen, Mich., June 10, 1900.

Dear Cousins: I am a little boy that likes to see your pictures in the Children's Hour, and hear about you, although you have never heard of me.

I have no brother or sister to play with, but my papa has built a tight fence around our yard that he says is "baby proof," and so lets me play out there in the sunshine. The railroad runs near our house and the trains go by every few minutes with their toot, toot, and I like to watch them. I also have an engine and train of cars of my own and can make almost as much noise with them as the larger ones do.

I have never been to school but I can tell the big letters in my alphabet book, can count some and recite a little poem that mamma learned me—when I don't forget. I could also tell you about the little temple in which I live if you would like, where my heart and lungs and muscles and bones and other organs are, and some day I will learn what they are for and how to take good care of them.

I am very busy this spring for there is garden to make and wells to dig, and a horse to help tend, and oh so many cares.

I have no pets but a kitten, and she is just the cutest kittle, only she is sure to run off when I want her just the "most-est." Can any one tell me why she will be so naughty?

I came as a Christmas present in 1897, so you see I am almost two and one-half years old, and still have to have some one read and write for me, but one of these days I will write to you all by myself.

Your Aunt Rose is my real auntie, and when I go to her house she tells me I am the dearest, sweetest boy in the whole world—but there, I wasn't to tell any of our secrets.

She named me Barrett, after President Barrett, and when I grow up I mean to be just such a good, true Spiritualist, even though I cannot be so talented and brilliant. My picture is taken in my first boy's suit, and I think it is awfully nice, don't you?

LAWRENCE BARRETT HUGHES.

Green Meadows, Los Angeles County, Cal.,
May 30, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: My papa takes The Light of Truth and I like to read the letters from the children. I am a little girl 10 years old the 25th of May. My Grandma Keenan sent me a nice handkerchief with lace around it. She made it herself, and I got some other nice presents from mamma and papa. I am going to school and I am in the third grade. Our school will be out in two weeks, then we are going up to Santa Barbara to visit grandma and grandpa. We live near Los Angeles on a little place and raise fruit and alfalfa. I have got 12 Belgian rabbits, and the little ones are so cute.

I have two little brothers in spirit life—Willie and Ernest. I have no brothers and sisters here and I get lonesome sometimes. I will write again some time. Your loving niece,
MAUDIE KEENAN.

How nice it was of grandma to remember your birthday with some of her needlework. Of course you will have a delightful time visiting during your vacation, and we hope you will enjoy every moment of it.

Yes, you must come again and tell us more about your home; what kinds of fruit you raise, and those cute rabbits—what color are they?

Are your brothers younger than you, and how long have they been in spirit life? Do you hear from them often, and what do they tell you of their home and life over there? Come often, Maudie.

Adeline, Ogle County, Ills., June 3, 1900.

Dear Aunt Rose: I have been putting off writing to you for some time, but will try to write to you now.

I like to read the Children's Hour very well, and I like to read most any paper or books. The book you sent me, "Whither the Wind Bloweth," I like very much.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins. I suppose all of them would like to hear from each other.

I go to school in the country nearly every day, and am in the seventh grade. I live in the country, although it is not so lonesome as it might be. Your affectionate niece,
CLARA MACATEE.

We are glad to know you are fond of reading, Clara, for much knowledge may be so gained as well as pleasure. Please give us the titles of some of your favorite books, when you come again? Has your school a good library from which to select choice reading?

LILY DALE ITEMS.

CORRESPONDENCE. THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Maggie Waite's present address is Lily Dale, N. Y.

Will Mrs. Laura Coleman please send her address to this office?

Jay Chaapel will deliver an address at Palmetto, Fla., at their celebration July 4.

Mrs. Anna L. Gillespie is lecturing for the Harmonial society of Los Angeles, Cal.

All mediums for the camp meeting at Chesterfield, Ind., this season will be selected and their presence solicited by the executive board, and no others will be permitted to do business on the grounds.

Moses Hull's appointments have been so rearranged that he has from August 20 to October 1 on his hands. September has been reserved for a great debate which may or may not come off. Those wishing any of that vacant time should write him soon.

Indianapolis, Ind. — The Central School of Science, 34, 35, 36 Talbott building, with the Rev. Charles L. Ainsworth as president and Prof. C. A. Mitchell as secretary, is now open. Teaching occult science, healing and a general spiritual work. Mr. Ainsworth is also establishing a society and will hold public meetings each Sunday evening and will do away entirely with the door collections.

Lowell, Mass.—Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, of Providence, R. I., has occupied the platform of the First Spiritualists Society eleven Sundays since Christmas, and she is a speaker well up to date. One of her best lectures was on June 9th, when her subject was "The Coming Man, or the New Man," and was not only full of good thoughts but good lessons for man to reform. I would that all speakers would endeavor to advance our thoughts more towards the theory of Spiritualism—John S. Jackson, president.

Wheling, W. Va.—Mrs. Alice Baker, trance and inspirational lecturer, of Cleveland, O., has been with us during the month of June, doing missionary work. Although we have no organization here we have many that understand the beautiful philosophy of Spiritualism. Mrs. Baker has been untiring in her efforts with us. She is a good worker, a lady of culture and refinement; her lectures are instructive, inspiring and entertaining. She is a psychic of rare ability, a good and honest medium, showing in her every action that she is surrounded and inspired by the higher spiritual influences. Her home address is 261 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.—Wm. H. Selory.

Owosso, Mich.—Mrs. A. E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, Mich., was with us three weeks and spoke to delighted audiences May 2, June 3 and 10. She left us to go Sturgis, Mich., for their annual convention. The 12th of June we made the acquaintance of Mr. Ernest Lincoln, who stopped on his way from Lansing to his home in Pinconning and stayed with us till the 18th, giving us three able lectures. Mr. Lincoln is a trance speaker of unusual ability for one so young, and teaches Spiritualism from a practical standpoint which won the hearts of his hearers in Owosso, who will be glad to welcome him again when camp season is over.—Mrs. E. S. Parker, secretary.

We have the largest and finest Spiritualist Album ever published. Over 200 half-tones; elegantly bound in cloth. Only \$1.25, postpaid.

Receptions were given to the Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull on the evening of Tuesday, May 29. Mr. Thomas Grimshaw of St. Louis, Mo., Tuesday evening June 5, and Mr. J. Clegg Wright on Tuesday, June 12, at the home of the Campbell Brothers, Lily Dale, N. Y.

At each reception there has been a great variety of talent. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Moses and Mattie Hull, Mr. J. Clegg Wright and Mr. Thos. Grimshaw of St. Louis, F. Corden White, W. H. Bach, Pundit Lallan, Mr. A. J. Weaver, A. B. Thompson, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Cowan and others.

Original poems by Mrs. Keen, Mrs. Hull and Mrs. Seymour. Banjo solo and songs by Mr. Niver. Recitations by Mrs. Alfarrata Jahnke, Mrs. Byrnes and others. Vocal selections by Mrs. Addie Gage, Mrs. Byrne, Mrs. J. Clegg Wright and Friend, and last but not least, Miss Phelps. Instrumental music on piano and pianola, and many other pleasing numbers were rendered. In fact, these meetings have been a great success, fully attended and enjoyed by everyone.

Never has there been such an array of talent at any time at this season of the year as at present. This is owing to the fact of the two spiritual training schools being in session. Moses and Mattie Hull, assisted by A. J. Weaver and Mrs. Jahnke in one school, and J. Clegg Wright and wife in the other. Both schools are teaching what is needed in our ranks, namely, to prepare platform and other workers to fill in an acceptable manner their positions. Both schools are highly appreciated, well attended and great interest manifested; in fact, a great and good work is being done here.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Ocatarrh. Hall's Ocatarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Ocatarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Ocatarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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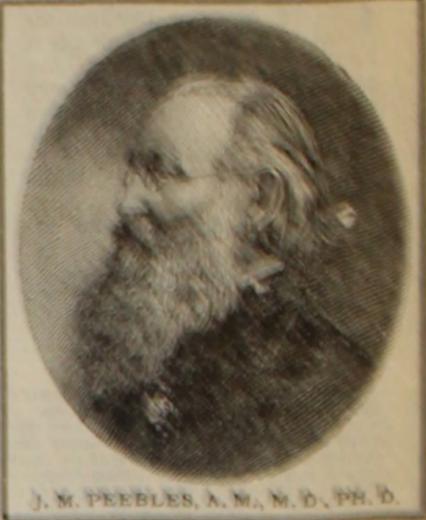
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DR. PEEBLES, noted the world over as a physician and scientist is performing some of the most remarkable cures the world has ever seen. His fame has become world-wide on account of these marvelous cures. He has patients in every State of the Union and in many foreign lands who stand ready to testify to the wonderful cures he has made of cases that had been treated by many of the most eminent physicians without success. Many of the Doctor's patients are those who had traveled all over the world, visiting all the great health resorts and sanitariums, in a futile search for health and strength. They returned home in despair, thinking there was no hope for them, when they were persuaded to write Dr. Peebles for a diagnosis. This was so clear and complete, showing a thorough understanding of the case—that it inspired enough hope to induce them to try, as a last resort, a course of his treatment. Many cases show wonderful improvement from this. A few months is sufficient in almost all cases to complete a perfect cure. Mrs. J. A. Humble, of Long Pine, Neb., who was given up with dropsy and kidney disease by the best physicians in the country, says: "I am very grateful for what you have done for me as I am in better health than I have been for five years. I have gained fifteen pounds, and am getting stronger every day. Last month I visited my aged mother in Iowa. She was greatly rejoiced as she never expected to see me alive again. For five years I traveled and doctored with the best physicians; finally gave up in despair and went home to my sister, as I thought, to die. I can never express how thankful I am for what you have done for me."

Remember that Dr. Peebles does not cure by Christian Science, Mesmerism, or any other "ism," but employs mild but potent remedies in connection with his wonderful Psychic Treatments. These Psychic Treatments, say his patients, "seem as a breath of higher life." If you do not fully understand the PSYCHIC SCIENCE and these PSYCHIC TREATMENTS which are such a wonderful aid in the treatment of chronic and obscure cases, the Doctor will send you his essay "The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease," which will explain to you fully Psychic Diagnosing and Psychic Treatment, with other valuable information for the sick. There is no one so capable of writing on this subject as Dr. Peebles, for he has investigated it for over half a century and is a recognized authority on the various occult sciences in Europe as well as in this country.

All of Dr. Peebles' diagnosing is done by the aid of his psychic gifts. He can read the diseased conditions of the body as accurately as if each organ and tissue were open to his view. Out of many thousands of cases he has diagnosed during the past few years, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of each thousand are willing to testify to the marvelous accuracy of the diagnosis. Do you know your exact condition? Have you suffered for years without getting permanent help? Did the physician who treated you fully understand your case? Why will you be experimented upon by those who do not really understand your case when Dr. Peebles can diagnose your case perfectly and thus administer treatment upon scientific basis? Why will you take patent medicines which are prepared for a "text-book" case, and which at best, give only TEMPORARY RELIEF, WHEN YOU CAN SECURE TREATMENT FROM THIS EMINENT HEALER THAT IS ESPECIALLY PRESCRIBED AND SUITED TO YOUR CASE, AT A VERY LITTLE MORE COST? These are the questions that interest all those suffering from chronic and obscure troubles. Think them over carefully. If you are sick and discouraged don't delay one moment in writing the Doctor for a diagnosis of your case. There is nothing of more importance to you than the condition of your health. It will cost you nothing to learn this. The Doctor will send FREE OF COST a complete diagnosis of your case and also his essay "The Psychic Science in the Cure of Disease" and valuable literature on chronic diseases and testimonials from some of his cured patients, showing the long list of so-called incurable cases which he has cured. No disease is really incurable if perfectly understood. Every effect or diseased condition has its cause, and if these are understood they can, in almost every case, be removed. When this is done permanent recovery is the result. DO NOT DESPAIR if you have failed to get permanent help, but write at once. Remember that DR. PEEBLES HAS CURED HUNDREDS WHERE ALL OTHERS HAD FAILED. Write him an honest letter, giving your full name, age, sex and leading symptom in your own handwriting and he will give you a complete and full diagnosis, and will also send the literature as mentioned above.

Write today. Address:

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THE STURGIS ANNUAL MEETING.

It gave me great pleasure last week to attend the annual anniversary meeting, held in Sturgis, Mich., the 16th and 17th of the month. Forty-two years ago I delivered the dedicatory address at the opening of this magnificent church edifice. That occasion was one long to be remembered. There were present such distinguished men as Judge Coffinberry, Joel Tiffany jurist, Selden J. Finney, Frank L. Wadsworth, Giles B. Stebbins, a most valiant defender of the truth now residing in Detroit, and other speakers.

Among the many anniversaries that I have attended in this southern Michigan city, never was I present at a more earnest, enthusiastic and harmonious meeting than the one just held. The church edifice was packed and Mrs. Sheets was at her best. Her trance addresses, under the controlling influence of Ormond, the ancient giver of flowers, were simply magnificent. The singing was very fine and the conference meetings were enthusiastic. The Baptist preacher of the city being present, I made the occasion one of giving facts, proofs and the doctrines of Spiritualists. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

A most excellent letter was read from Brother R. Spaulding, of Chicago, who was for many years a resident of Sturgis and a singer in the choir. His soul is still afire with the glories of Spiritualism—and with the living reforms of this present time. Here is a quotation from his letter:

"It is about fifty years since Dr. J. M. Peebles, Giles Stebbins, Warren Chase and Joel Tiffany first stepped one by one, on to the Spiritualist platform in Sturgis. Tiffany was logical, Finney was eloquent, Chase was sarcastic, Stebbins good and true, but Dr. Peebles was theological, loving and pathetic, and how we used to linger after an address for a hand shake. I doubt if other speakers could be found who have done so much for the cause as these workers. Some of them long ago garnered their sheaves, but Dr. Peebles still remains and we understand, speaks in your convention. Long may this venerable worker be spared to reap the harvest of his toil. Truly he has journeyed a long and dusty road, and many years ago earned the title of "Pilgrim." We propose to add another prefix and call him the "White Pilgrim." He has seen the result of his early labors, in honest sturdy Spiritualism all over the world, so rapid has been its growth. It has woven its tendrils around every church except perhaps the Catholic, and changed the complexion of their creeds. And even the moss-grown old Roman, venerable with age, must crumble before this all-consuming electric fire kindled the hearts of earth's dwellers. If we are faithful to the sacred trust given us by the spirit world, for they cannot work alone, we on earth's plane have our part to perform. We have something more to do than to fold our hands and sing "The Sweet Bye and Bye." We must work now and now. Long ago Spiritualists gave to the world the message of "Reform" and the world has been watching for some of the results of their profession, and asks: "Where are your churches, schools and charitable institutions?" We must confess there is a lack in our ranks in this direction. Spiritualists ought to be doing something to aid in establishing a spiritual republic on earth, as it is in the realms beyond. It rests with us to evolve some plan for the amelioration of the toiling masses and render charity unnecessary by releasing for the people those natural

opportunities given to man by Almighty God, by which to procure the necessities and comforts of life."

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Battle Creek, Mich.

NOTICE.—If you want stock in King Solomon's Mining company at 20 cents a share, correspond with this office at once. Telegraph, if necessary, to secure this stock before it advances to 50 cents, July 1st.

Editor of Light of Truth:—The time is fast approaching when we will be called once more to the polls to decide whom we will serve, God or Baal. Would ye waver, oh mortal man, with sorrow, misery, want and inebriation in one side of the balance and your vaunted partisanship in the other? I tell you, if you falter your own case will need, perhaps, pity and commiseration, as well as the other in the great reckoning.

You can without sacrifice forego other cares of political strife, as there is plenty left in other and perhaps lower spheres than yours who may be intrusted with party interests or political dominion, which is nothing more nor less than a fad.

For mercy's sake let the heart throb once in sympathy with the downtrodden victims of intemperance and depravity. Throw off this incubus of indifference. Give up this strife for the upper dogship and strive instead for the possession of a sweet peace of mind and a more beautiful unfoldment of the glory of a well-earned immortality in store for you.

Behold poor depravity, crouching at your feet. See those gaunt, outstretched arms, in pitiful supplication, extended toward you, with sorrowful countenance and streaming eyes. See her group of squalid babes around her, all on their knees, weeping and wailing through want!

Oh, obdurate man! How long, how long must this scene last? Ye can, with one fell stroke, tear down this harrowing drop curtain in the play of life if ye will.

Oh, how easy is the road to an illustrious immortality if ye could estimate the powers of our best manhood put to use.

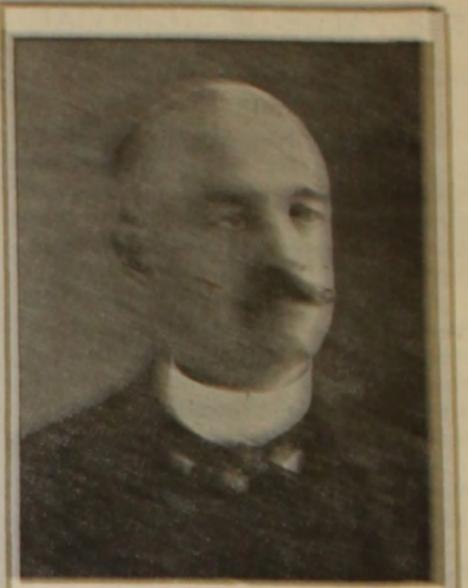
May God reconcile man to his divine nature and open his heart to pity.

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Northport, N. Y.

A VETERAN SPIRITUALIST.

Edwin Brown, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., the well-known piano manufacturer and one of the first to investigate Spiritualism after the "Rochester knockings," celebrated his ninety-fifth birthday Tuesday, June 19, in the best of health. Mr. Brown is as devoted to the sunny truths of Spiritualism as he was fifty years ago, and takes an active interest in everything that pertains to its welfare. He was for a brief period associated with the famous Davenport Brothers as their manager, and was intimately acquainted with the majority of the platform workers in the early days of the spiritualistic movement. His memory is exceptionally clear with regard to the events of that stirring period of our nation's history, and it is a pleasure to listen to his accounts of the psychical manifestations of that memorable epoch. We wish our venerable friend many happy returns of his natal day with good health and unimpaired mental powers, far beyond the century mark.—Banner of Light.

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CORRELATIVE THOUGHT IN THE MONKEY AND THE ELEPHANT.

James Weir, Jr., M. D., in Scientific American.

It is true that the lower animals very frequently, so it seems to us, find themselves in difficulties which could be easily overcome by a slight amount of logical ratiocination, which effort of reason they seemingly fail to employ; yet in this respect are we really superior to them? Does our own ideation differ so very materially when we are placed amid kindred or like environments? I think not.

Place man amid unknown and unfamiliar surroundings, and he at once, to a certain extent, becomes lost. Many things appear to us abstruse, occult, and beyond the powers of the human mind; many situations seem difficult, inexplicable, unavoidable. And yet, when these things are explained to us and we come to understand them, we wonder at our own stupidity, so simple do they become. It is a lack of understanding, and not an absence of ideation, in animals which makes them appear to us to be, on certain occasions, without ratiocinative power.

Ideation, to some extent, is present in all of the lower animals, and correlative, interdependent, commutual thought is unquestionably present in the mental operations both of the monkey and of the elephant, as I will now endeavor to show.

Several years ago, a capuchin monkey at the fair grounds in St. Louis, Mo., received an injury to one of his forepaws and I was asked to dress it. While convalescing, this little creature learned to know me intimately, and would always cry out with pleasure whenever he saw me. His attendant would let him out, whereupon he would caress my face with his paws, uttering meanwhile many low-voiced ejaculations of endearment.

One day, in order to see what he would do, the keeper refused to take him from the cage. The monkey appeared completely nonplussed and sat down, seemingly in deep thought. Suddenly he uttered a loud shriek, as though in great pain, and began to pace up and down his cage. He held the hand which had been injured, but which had now been well for several weeks, in his other hand, and appeared to be examining it with great solicitude. His object was at once apparent both to the keeper and to myself; he was feigning an injury in order to be let out!

This monkey remembered that when he had hurt his hand I was called and dressed the wounded member. He thought that if he made it appear that he was again injured, he would be placed in my hands at once. The cunning little malingerer ceased to moan as soon as he was placed in my arms, and at once began to search my pockets for the dainties which he knew were there. Beyond question of doubt in this instance there was true correlative ideation. Thought followed thought in orderly and logical sequence until the full concept was formulated.

In the same monkey house there lived an ateles which also gave unmistakable evidences of being able to think correlatively. This monkey became the proud and jealous owner of a small, round, metal-backed mirror, which she kept securely grasped in one of her hands. She seemed to regard it as a great treasure, and was immensely afraid that the other monkeys would steal it from her. Wishing to see how she would dispose of it during feeding time, I suggested to the

keeper that he prepare a basin of milk and bread and place it in the cage. (The ateles conveys its food to its mouth with its hands; consequently, the monkey was handicapped by having one hand already occupied.) She made a dash for the basin, but immediately recognized the fact that with only one hand free she was no match for the other monkeys. She ran about the cage for a moment or two, then, pausing, seemed to think over the matter. Suddenly she darted to the front of the cage, thrust her hand through the bars, and pressed the precious mirror into one of the keeper's hands! Then, free and untrammelled, she rushed to the bread basin, and began to shovel food into her pouches with both hands.

In a recent issue of La Nature M. Paul Megnin has an interesting article on the intelligence of monkeys. The following excerpt is taken from a paraphrase of the above mentioned paper:

"At Hagenbeck's establishment, in Hamburg, where 200 monkeys enjoy complete liberty at play in the great rotunda, they are given multitudes of children's toys, balls, hoops, wheelbarrows, joiner's benches, etc., and learn to manage them all without anyone showing them how. In the center of the rotunda is an immense grain-hopper, from which the seeds, corn, walnuts, chestnuts, apple-quarters, etc., run into a trough when a wheel at the top is turned. The management of this hopper did not have to be explained to our friends the monkeys. While one of them turns the wheel, the others, sitting around the trough, enjoy the delicacies as they come down. till the one at the wheel, thinking his turn has come, stops, gives the signal for some one to take his place, and comes down to get his share."

Here is an instance of complex ideation. These animals know that their food is procurable only by turning a certain wheel, a mechanism wholly unknown to their ancestors, hence completely outside the realm of instinctive or inherited knowledge. They know also that unless some one is self-denying for the time being and will turn the wheel, they will get no food. Therefore, that unselfish individual always presents himself. Furthermore, this individual, after he has labored some time for the good of the community, has only to make known his wishes to be relieved, when another will take his place. Here there is a knowledge of cause and effect in which complex correlative ideation is clearly evinced. Moreover, the factor of unselfishness which is present points to an ethical element as well.

An elephant's skin is exceedingly sensitive, notwithstanding its great thickness. Flies, gnats, mosquitos, etc., cause it considerable annoyance, especially when it is confined to a house and cannot procure dust to sprinkle over its body as a protection against their attacks.

In 1882, while standing in the carnivora house at the St. Louis fair grounds, I saw an elephant which was there stabled seize a mop broom with its trunk and skillfully brush away some flies which were biting its back at a place not to be reached by its tail or proboscis. It used the broom with as much dexterity as a man would evince under like circumstances.

Romanes gives an account of an elephant which was seen to break a bamboo picket from a fence. Then, manipulating the bamboo with its trunk, it splintered it beneath one of its fore feet. Apparently not satisfied, it again broke a bamboo picket from the fence and splintered it as before. Then, holding the splinter in its proboscis, it scraped with its point between one of its forelegs and its belly. In a few

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moments it dislodged a large elephant leech, which fell to the ground and which was immediately crushed into a shapeless mass beneath the horny toes of the elephant! The animal deliberately manufactured an instrument through whose agency it was enabled to rid itself of an annoying parasite. Moreover, it was not satisfied with its first scraper, but threw it away and made another, thus showing interdependent, correlative thought as well as discriminating judgment.

One winter, at St. Louis, two elephants were stabled in an outhouse near my rooms. One warm, bright day early in the spring one of these creatures was brought out into the alley behind the stable, in order that it might be given a bath. A horse attached to a loaded coal cart became frightened and ran at full speed down the alley toward the elephant. The latter heard the noise and saw the horse rushing toward him. He seemed to take in the situation at once; for, dropping to his knees, he drew in his trunk beneath his body, drew in his legs, and bowed his head. The horse, in his mad rush, ran completely over the elephant, dragging the heavy cart with him. Beyond a few slight scratches and bruises, the elephant was uninjured. Had it not been for his wise foresight and his quick formulation and adoption of his efficient method of self-protection, he might have been severely injured, perhaps killed, by impact of the maddened horse and heavy cart. In this instance there was an undoubted manifestation of correlative ideation. The immediate adoption of the only efficient means of avoiding injury clearly demonstrates the truthfulness of this assertion, especially so since there was nothing instinctive in the action of the elephant. In a state of nature, elephants are not confined in narrow alleys, neither are they charged by runaway horses.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Empress Dowager of China is reported dead.

James Clark Ridpath, the historian, is critically ill.

The Ninth regiment of American troops has been ordered from Manila to China.

Russia is taking steps to increase her Baltic, Black Sea, Mediterranean and Asiatic fleets.

The feeling against the immigration of Japanese is becoming stronger on the Pacific coast.

William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt were nominated by acclamation at Philadelphia.

The famous Congress mine near Phoenix, A. T., sold to a New York syndicate for \$1,500,000.

General MacArthur formally announced President McKinley's order of amnesty to the Filipinos.

Secret service officers are after the makers of a spurious \$10 silver certificate in circulation in the east.

The most popular of recent novels, published at \$1.50, is advertised for a New York dry goods firm at copy.

Business has followed the organization of a body of emigrants to engage boys who

are coming increasingly to the crematorium of Pere Lachaise found to be

considering

the advisability of calling an extra session of congress to provide ways and means of raising a new army for Chinese service.

Chinese forts at Taku fired on Europe's warships, thus opening war. They were silenced by the warships' guns with a loss to the fleet of 21 killed and 57 wounded.

The boycott has been inaugurated at St. Louis in the street railroad strike. President Gompers announces that the whole power of the Federation of Labor will be thrown into the strike.

Mrs. Catherine Glynne Gladstone, widow of William Ewart Gladstone, died on June 14 at the age of 88 years. She married Mr. Gladstone in 1839 and brought him the Hawarden property.

The American Association for the Advancement of Science holds its convention this year in New York. The first meeting was held at the Hotel Majestic, at noon, on Saturday, June 23.

Department stores in St. Paul and Minneapolis provide bicycle stands, with a boy in attendance, who checks wheels free, whether the rider intends to visit that particular store or not. Indeed a bicycle may be so housed all day.

The Charles Bradlaugh Memorial Fund raised by the Reformer, the magazine conducted by Mr. Bradlaugh's daughter Hypatia, for the relief of the starving people of India has reached upwards of \$600. There are 5,617,000 people on relief in India.

A mob of what the dispatches euphemistically call "clericals," but who in fact were Catholics, mobbed the Methodist church in Rome on June 14, and prevented the holding of a meeting at which a converted priest was announced to speak. The powers will not

interfere.

Admiral Dewey has withdrawn as a candidate for the presidency. He says he has now become convinced that the people do not want him for president, and that it would be all the same if they did, since presidents are not chosen by the people but by a few political leaders.

Robert Lockhart, of Covington, Ky., and Katherine Kline, of Patoka, Ind., (the two towns 300 miles apart) were married by telephone, the ceremony being performed by a minister who stood with the bride at the Patoka hotel. Owing to business matters the groom could not leave home and the marriage having been announced for a certain day he arranged a telephone marriage. The bride went on later to Covington.

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