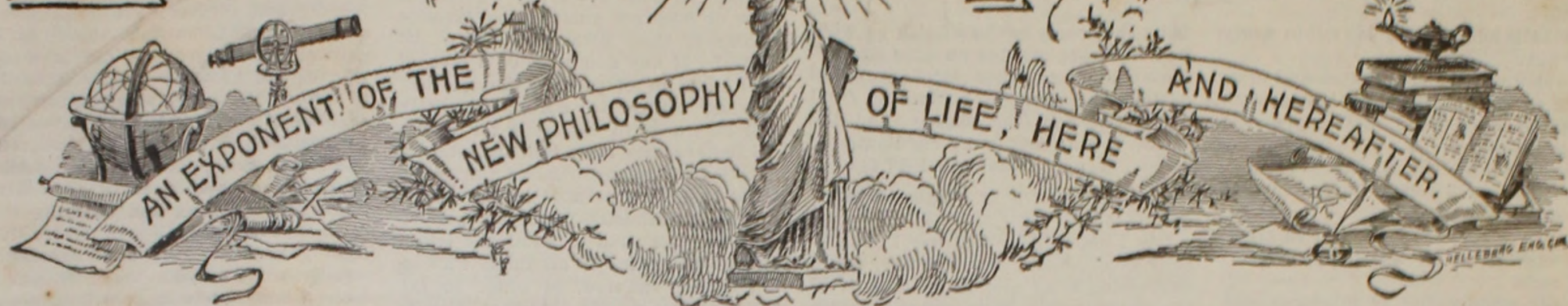


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COLUMBUS, O., OCTOBER 5, 1901.

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THE WHISTLE WAS SILENT.

I am requested by the Invisible to give to The Light of Truth the following poem, written at the death of Engineer Giddings at Burlington, Ia., July 3, 1896. His wife always listened for his whistle on the incoming train and put up a signal. I have expressed the thought in the words of poem:

She stood at the window watching,
It was almost time for the train,
As she hung up the well-known "signal"
That never would hang again;
Her eyes flashed forth their brightness,
Her face beamed full of love,
And her heart in fairy lightness,
Waited her trust to prove.

She listened for the whistle,
On, on, came the rushing train,
But the "toot" so often sounded,
Fell not on the air again;
The "signal" waved unheeded,
No fond glance met her own;
Love's message so much needed
Came not from the heart of stone.

Dead in the cab they found him,
Leaning stark and cold;
In with that rushing steam steed
He had sped to the "Gates of Gold."
No "signal" the angel had given
Of the "station" he was called to above,
Only the "road" to Heaven
Was left to the one he loved.

Oh! hearts so crushed in sorrow,
Though today the tears may fall,
Yet the "lines" wind up and unravel.
We soon shall know it all;
We shall heed no passing signal,
No whistle shall need to blow
In the land toward which we journey,
Which lies in the sunset glow.
—Abbie Walker Gould.

Moline, Ill.

ASTROLOGER MEYER WARNED THE PRESIDENT ON MAY 21 HE WAS IN DANGER OF ASSASSINATION.

On May 21, when Mrs. McKinley's life was despaired of, Astrologer Gustave Meyer, of Hoboken, N. J., sent the following telegram to the president:

Your wife will live, but you are in danger of assassination.

The receipt of the telegram was acknowledged by the president's secretary, G. B. Cortelyou.

Astrologer Meyer said, on the night Mr. McKinley was shot:

At this time Mars, the warlike or hostile planet, is in McKinley's ascendant, and the planet Neptune, denoting death or critical illness, is in the eighth house. Mars is in the twelfth house, denoting secret foes and assassination."

In a letter dated November 2 last, and published in the New York Sun, Astrologer Meyer predicted President McKinley's election.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted," say, not "shall be," but in that very moment is. The great conquest for every soul is the conquest of itself. We never find our real life until we give it, and give it freely, as Jesus said, and knew by experience whereof he spoke.—Frederick L. Hosmer.



EDWARD BELLAMY.

THOUGH "DEAD" HE YET SPEAK-ETH.

This portrait and letter from the great soul who wrought so imperishably for Industrial Righteousness, will, we feel sure, give our readers, at this time, a vivid sense of the obligations by which we are confronted, and possibly may help to animate us with a desire to carry forward the work to which he consecrated his life.

In this connection we print a portion of a letter just to hand from Rev. H. S. Geneva Lake of Olympia, Wash., enclosing an original note received by her from Mr. Bellamy in 1894.

"* * * I herewith mail you the much prized letter of Mr. Bellamy to

which I have previously alluded. I have thought its publication might serve to strengthen the tendency to take our place, as we ought, on the right side of this tremendous conflict. It was my pleasure to be present and to meet him on the occasion of his great initial address at Tremont Temple, when he appeared like a being from the skies."

Chicopee Falls, Mass., Jan. 28, 1894.
Rev. H. S. Lake:

Dear Madam: Many thanks for your kind and encouraging letter. I have been impressed, from the beginning of our Nationalist agitation, with the warm sympathy shown by Spiritualists, generally, with its purposes.

Believe me cordially yours,
EDWARD BELLAMY.

THE PASSIONS.

We say of a man who has no will mastery, "He is ruled by his passions." They govern him, not he them. Centuries ago an Arab wrote, "Passion is a tyrant which slays those whom it governs." It is like fire, which once thoroughly kindled can scarcely be quenched, or like the torrent, which when it is swollen can no longer be restrained within its banks. Call him not a prisoner who has been put in fetters by his enemy, but rather him whose passions overpower him to destruction.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be; and if we observe we shall find that all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.

There is no way out of the grasp of monopolies but intelligence, no method but voting. In the calm deliberation of parliament alone can the inharmonies of present conditions be remedied and harmony prevail.—Appeal to Reason.

HER POEM READ AT HER BURIAL.

Miss Lydia L. A. Very, the aged Salem (Mass.) authoress and member of a gifted family, has just been buried. The funeral was made remarkable by the reading of a poem written for the occasion by the late authoress, in which she bade her friends farewell.

The services were held at the residence, and were attended by many neighbors and friends and prominent people. They were conducted by the Rev. J. W. Hudson, formerly pastor of the Unitarian church in Peabody, and the Rev. S. C. Beane of Newburyport, formerly of Salem. Mr. Hudson read selections from Miss Very's writings. Mr. Beane paid a tribute to her life and character, and read the funeral poem. The burial was in the old Boston Street cemetery, where lie the remains of her famous brother, the Rev. Jones Very.

The poem was marked, "I leave this to be read at my funeral that those who loved me may be comforted by it." It was as follows:

Farewell, dear friends, who made my earth life pleasant
With friendly greetings and with cheering words;
Think of me now as past all pain and grieving—
As if my friendly voice once more you heard.

Parted—but as the friends we see to-morrow!
After a sleep you wake to sunshine bright,
So I have passed from pain, and care, and sorrow,
And entered into peace, and life, and light!

Where'er I go amid God's many mansions,
Amid His worlds with endless wonders fraught,
Amid the joy of loved ones' fond reunion—
I cannot reach a place where God is not!

And, thanks to Him who from this earth-life's shadow
Has lifted up the veil that I may see,
And seeing, hearing, learn full well the lesson,
Sent from earth's school to vast eternity.

Farewell! Yet not farewell! We meet to-morrow!
For what earth's fleeting years seem but a day—
That goes, how swiftly, with its pains and sorrows,
Lost in the light of grand eternity!

Death is an angel! Dread him not!
He comes the weary to relieve—
To bid the soul, its cares forgot,
Fly softly to a land of peace!

Man cannot be the only or the highest thing that loves in this vast universe. There is—there must be—in it some great, deep heart of sympathy, the infinite counterpart of our faint and feeble human love.—John James Taylor.

"Our Bible—Who Wrote It, When, Where, How"—Moses Hull's new and greatest work, is for sale at this office. Price, \$1.00; postage, 10 cents.

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALISM.

By John P. Cooke.

"God sends His teachers into every age,
To every clime and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race:
Therefore, each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, Reverence,
Enfolds some germs of goodness and of right." —J. R. Lowell.

REGARDING THE BIOGRAPHY OF JESUS.

It may assist the rational apprehension of the articles on 'Christian Spiritualism,' which have introduced scenes from the life of Jesus of Nazareth, if we note the history of the book from which the articles are for most part drawn.

A book called "The Historical Life of Jesus of Nazareth and Extracts from the Apostolic Age" was published in 1870. The medium for its writing or materialization was Mrs. Olive G. Pettis, an humble lady of Providence, R. I. I never saw that lady but have heard that she was a gifted healer. Her own introduction to the volume will be the best explanation we can offer:

"Dedicated to the humble man that died for Truth's sake.

"Providence, June 20, 1870.

"I am the humble instrument through which the holy Hebrew family has seen fit to give facts relative to themselves, and the faithful friends that followed the destiny of the family of Joseph and Mary. Humanity's demands were upon them, and they sought earth again in order to bestow upon them a legacy full of interest to every one that chooses facts instead of fiction. Candid minds shall decide for me whether or not I am worthy to become scribe for the humble Nazarene; but there is one thing, I did not choose my labor; it was brought before me and laid down in life lines ere I could inscribe one word. Sentence by sentence it has been printed before me in bright electric letters ere I consigned them to paper, and every expression was as new to me as to the reader, from the first to the last; now I am called upon to submit this manuscript to the press, and may all that read this work read it with an unprejudiced mind against one that has submitted days of toil to this work, in order that the human mind may be untrammelled by heathen devices that have been handed down through the Catholic church, and all of her offspring have partaken of their mother's errors. Friends of earth, I shall soon go from you, but when I am gone do not say I did not lay down my life for God's children to receive light. Life, what is it but a burden to me now? Yet there is a balm that causes me to be submissive to the higher powers, and say humanity's demand is upon me, and I will obey her will while I breathe this earthly air. Farewell, friends, that have known me in earth life; farewell, friends, that love light, and all that love truth be-reft of fiction, for such are friends to humanity. God alone shall decide between me and thee as to the holy gift of inspiration or no. Humble in birth, limited in education, I have desired to submit myself to the criticism of the refined and educated. Deal gently with the errors of this work, and receive the holy ideas from the holy

band that come back to finish up what had been begun ages on ages ago—to bless humanity when freedom would protect the humble, controlled from the battle axe, the flames and the cross. I am, your most obedient,
"OLIVE G. PETTIS."

Again she says in explanation on page 115:

"As I am held by a power I can not fully comprehend, I would say, every expression is as new to me as it is to the reader, until it is printed before me, in electric words, which seem to drop before me. But as fast as I catch the expression of them, they fade away and other words take their place. And now, humanity, I have dared to lay these pages before you, all uneducated as I am in the knowledge of these histories, previous to my inscribing this work, for all that are ready to receive humble truths, from humble people, through the humble servant of you all."

Thus we see that the volume has the advantage of not passing through the mind of the medium, to be colored with any ideas or prepossessions of hers on the subject. She transcribed the sentences she saw clairvoyantly. The rendering into English was assisted on the unseen side by Geo. Lip-pard, who translated from the foreign language in which the testimonies were given. He says in part:

"This work is to be free from fiction, and it is the first that has been given relative to the first-born of Joseph and Mary—Jesus of Nazareth. The influences are all from that age in which he lived and will give humble truths as they were. He is beside me, hoping to bless humanity, if they will be blessed by facts. * * * In this case, as well as in others, histories drawn from foreign tongues must be interpreted, ere it can be given to the revelator. And now, if the inhabitants of earth are desirous to comprehend the truth, as it was, they have it as we received it, and in no other way. And as we breathed it upon another, so it is breathed to you. * * * You that live in the twentieth century will comprehend every expression given here. Man may seek to smother the light drawn from Almighty God, but its divine rays will blend with every human being that has light enough within him to attract light."

The presence of the group of ancient spirits was witnessed to by such worthies as worked truly for humanity in the eighteenth century. Among them are George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson and others.

To my thinking, it would be a serious reproach to all Modern Spiritualists of any depth and sincerity, that Jesus and his followers should return to earth at the appointed time and give us the facts and details of his life and times, and that we should be either too shallow, too bigoted or too stupid to give this knowledge so much as a careful reading and study.

The movement known as "Modern Spiritualism" has surely some very serious significance, look at it how we will. There must be some grain where there is so much chaff.

My motive for writing has been a very simple one. To bring this gift of God to the attention of men. It has lain dormant for thirty years, waiting for willing hands—hands with hearts in them!

It is the old story. Everybody's business is nobody's business.

One of the aims of this journal is

to show that Theology is not Religion, Dogma is not Life. It makes an effort to break down party walls of sect; to ameliorate the "consecrated hatreds" of races. Its sympathies are as wide as humanity.

Those who wish to obtain candid information, without caring whether it does or does not sustain any favorite theory of their own, may here be helped. If any complain of a lack of profundity or of psychic theory, they may be willing to accept simplicity and clearness in exchange for depth.

I believe that most Spiritualists are heretics to the doctrine of the "mystified God, incarcerated in the flesh," but I as earnestly hope and believe that they all wish to know the truth, and to do justice to all those who labored and suffered, in order to lay the foundation for freeing human souls from darkness, malice, ignorance and bigotry. I am, respectfully yours,
J. P. COOKE.

THE ETERNAL RENEWING.

A writer in Light makes the following observations on a thought of Andrew Jackson Davis, the great seer:

While reading lately Andrew Jackson Davis's book, "Views of Our Heavenly Home," I came across a passage in which he rises to his highest level of prophetic intuition, and which suggests that here at last is the germ of the idea of that much vexed subject of reincarnation. One feels there must have been among the early Oriental mystics those who could rise to what Davis calls "the superior condition," and that they must have had the same prophetic intuitions of our future life in the heavenly home; but as the idea of this mystic law of progress, not in an unbroken line but like the ebb and flow of the tide, was a difficult idea to describe clearly, it was most likely only adumbrated under a symbolism which in the course of ages and in the transmission from one mind to another must, according to universal experience, have deteriorated and shrunk from its initial sublimity and from the almost unattainable clear conception of the idea, to what is now the Oriental belief attached to the word.

To those who think that in the lapse of eternal ages man must at last come to the attainment and end, and all wisdom and love, and therefore to a weariness of feeling that there was nothing more to be conquered, this intuition of Jackson Davis opens up an idea so wonderful as to the eternal renewing of youthful feeling; and in the pursuit and enjoyment of one range of our faculties, the eclipse of another range till its time of enjoyment emerges from the temporary oblivion, seems to me, fundamentally but much more sublimely, to suggest this doctrine of reincarnation.

This word, however, would need to be changed to respiritualisation (or some word less clumsy). The strong point lies in this, that it is in harmony with the law of the universe, action and reaction. The planet goes forth in its orbit in one direction till it reaches its aphelion, and then returns on its course, but in everchanging surroundings, because the solar center itself is perpetually moving; so, changing this into the analogy of thought, there can be no weariness attending a sense of perfect attainment, for a perpetual freshness shall always attend our spiral progression nearer and nearer to the central fountain of love and wisdom.

I subjoin the passages to which I refer:

"After this climax is attained in the progress of forms, then begins energetically, yet silently, the operation of the progressive law in essences, attributes, properties, combinations, powers, forces; and thus, henceforth, throughout all degrees and gradations

of individual and communal life, through all the phases of the adjoining summerland, and onward and inward, with endless ebbings and flowings, from the outer sphere to the inmost, and from the inmost back again through the new Heavenly Home of another reconstruction of the universe forever and forever; yet never altogether satisfied, because never altogether perfect, growing old in some things, and growing equally infantile in others; then reversing the use and exercise of your faculties, and thus becoming a child again in that wherein you had grown golden and distinguished, with the amplitude of your wisdom; and learning and enjoying the spontaneity of love where for ages your affections had seemingly vanished out of your heart, changing from a man or a woman with a thousand millions of years crystallised into your personal history, to a glad maiden youth or a joyous and graceful maiden; forgetting what is called 'time,' and unconscious of what is termed 'space,' oppressed by no weight in accumulative experiences, guided by no religious institutes of a prior universe; but once more in the aphelion of your orbit, which you cannot travel once around in less than what you would call 'one whole eternity.' Again in your youth, among the highest mysteries of your ever loving and wise mother and father, 'who are in harmony' with a memory filled with the indistinguishable dreams of the past eternities through which you have steadily traveled, in accordance with the principles of spiral progression; with new ambitions, new impulses, new aspirations, new hunger, new thirst, new appetites, new life, with 'a new heaven' loaded with stars over your youthful head, and beneath your feet a new summerland teeming with inexhaustible resources, surrounding you on every side like a boundless universe newly unfolded; with what was once to you only relative now become absolute, and esteeming what was once entirely familiar to you as the now altogether unapproachable and unknowable; looking with amazement and delight upon the new life, because not dwelling much in the dark depositories of memory, the same as a bright-minded child gazes wonderingly upon the horizon and the sunset, at the moon, and clouds, and stars in the evening sky; forming new associations among your peers and incidental neighbors; and thus you commence to perform another revolution in your immeasurable orbit, unconsciously tending every moment inwardly towards the inmost summerland nearest to the Deific Sun, which will be the perihelion of your orbital pilgrimage, involving a period beyond the powers of the highest angel to imagine, and developing an individual experience which only infinity is large enough to contain, but which, because it is obtained and appropriated in wholesome instalments, passes delightfully and beneficially through the faculties as days slip through the hours, and years through the weeks of our present rudimentary life, leaving behind them only a general impression of the thousands and millions of events, great, less, and little, which those days and weeks and years brought into your private consciousness and memory."—From "Views of Our Heavenly Home," chapter XII.

RATIONAL MEMORY TRAINING

A New and Improved Edition of this Celebrated Work by B. F. Austin, B. A., B. D., Ex-Principal of Alma College—164 pages—30 cents.

The book is an admirable classification and analysis of the views of Bain, Ribot, Carpenter, Wundt, Spencer, Delboeuf, Maudsley, Hamilton, Leibnitz and others. The author proceeds to explain the laws which govern memory, and the processes which strengthen it. For sale by Light of Truth Pub. Co.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

By J. R. Tallmadge.

Quoting from a former communication: "Truth never gets into the world full-fledged at once; completeness and accuracy should not be expected in the first announcement of a discovered truth, while beneath its first apprehension may be an immortal principle."

The critics of Christian Science and the advocates have shown the usual extremes, with the former as possessing no truth, and with the latter a complete statement of truth. No one of the several schools of healing—Christian Science, Mental Science, Mind Cure, Dowieism even—can claim greater success in healing over the others. Each apply identically the same energy or mind power, the same psychic force, which has been named "suggestion."

There seems to be a latent power of mind or soul of late coming into recognition and use. Like other great discoveries that have changed the whole face of civilization, it gives new aspects in the life of man.

This discovery of mind power or soul force gives some explanation of the inspired words, "Ye are gods."

Hypnotic suggestion, auto-suggestion, self-suggestion, seems to be an opening into this new or larger field of the scope of mind or soul powers. The fact that each enters into deep concentration, holding the mind in the lofty thought of harmony, suggests the utilization of a common force or application.

Each concedes greater power for the end sought in the highest spiritual altitude of the mind. Each reaches corresponding results whether it be named power of "divine mind" or the force of so-called "mortal mind." The theory of "suggestion" explains. The theory of "divine mind" is like repeating the worn-out phrase "God does it," which has never been an explanation.

Whenever any phenomenon has come to be understood we have found the operation of a natural law within and about us. The phrase "God does it" is the quick, vague rendering, without investigation, of superstition.

The Bible says ye are gods; which means a being arisen to a greater height of the understanding of law. The understanding of the wholeness of law is the work of eternity. One by one we are conquering its differentiations.

The "divine mind," so far as we know, is law. "God is a God of law" says the Scriptures. The discovered law in this instance seems to be that which has been named "suggestion," hypnotic and auto, by self or another.

Scientists experimenting on this line have brought out most astonishing results. Among many of even more surprising results one will illustrate. The subject being in complete hypnosis—unconscious—the suggestion was made that on the morrow at 10 o'clock a blister would appear on her back between her shoulders, the subject having no knowledge as an external fact of this suggestion—and it came.

It seems without question that this theory of suggestion is the potent force made available in all the schools of healing. The ratio of cures is about the same in each and the line upon which each is approaching the realization of vastly wider powers of the soul than heretofore apprehended can but be commended. This power of suggestion can be applied not only to the healing of bodily ailments, but is destined to be applied to the healing of discordant or criminal class of minds. The full scope of this psychic force is scarcely apprehended.

Dr. Osgood Mason, in a lengthy paper in one of our leading magazines, under the heading "The New Therapeutics," says "suggestion is the great principle by which psychic cures of every kind and degree are effected. Suggestion must be recognized as a dominant factor in the new therapeutics, whether absent or present, audible or silent, in normal state or complete hypnosis."

Mrs. Eddy put forth a book named "Science and Health." It was conceived from a deeply religious, conscientious awakening, but ambition to form a new cult and the dominant spirit of the age, commercialism, took possession. Consequently pure spiritual truth could not flow through such darkened motives, easily, gracefully, naturally, and we have a book of repetition, illogical statements and largely void of consecutive thought.

The cost of publication of "Science and Health" can not exceed 50 cents per copy, probably not half that amount. \$3.50, its established price, is 600 per cent, having no parallel in profit, speculation, in the history of bookmaking. This as an outcome of the modest (?) claim, "Key to the Scriptures," or Bible, is an illustration of antipodes beyond any possible reconciliation. The Christ power is a free gift, not the exclusive of Christian Science or the churches, but of every person who conceives this lofty greatness, this sweetness of spirit, this conception of the universal life and lives it.

Under the head of mind power, and "The New Thought," the country is being flooded with literature, Christian Science rightly taking its place in this new awakening or recognition, but to claim everything in sight, colors its advocacy with the shadow of egotism and bigotry.

A prominent lecturer, formerly in the Christian Science field—now with drawn, Judge Clarkson, says: "I believe religious opinions which may be fairly comprehended in the general term 'New Thought' are in advance of beliefs generally entertained in Christian Science ranks, because I believe I recognize in the 'New Thought' a tolerance of other views, a humanity and a reasonableness which distinctive Christian methods have not developed, and which all organization has a tendency to stifle." It is the unreasonableness, starting with Mrs. Eddy and on down, that brings not only Christian Science into question, but the possible good to be realized in the exploration and realization of the power residing in this newly discovered realm, this capacity in the soul to encompass more of God, or better understood, more of law, to realize that nothing out of infinite power is withheld; that the words "ye are gods" contain all the meaning the words possibly imply.

Each is reaching out for this deeper meaning of life. Each is benefited, comforted, gladdened in this larger outlook, though fortunate it is for all if they set no stakes, but keep an open mind and aspiring aspect for the larger volume of truth of which this present concept is only the outer court. The responsiveness of deep humility is the only attitude through which the great truths of being, of love can flow into the mind.

The ones who say in their hearts "I have it" are surely the ones who have it not. The former is stationary, the other ever becoming. The one the avenue from God closed, the other always open.

No book contains all the truth. As

I have mentioned, Mrs. Eddy's inspiration was from a lofty awakening. This was the attitude of her spirit, and had she possessed a logical mind, with greater power of intellect to translate this spirit into intelligible construction of thought, she would have had what some one will make of the book some time, a volume of about 150 pages, treating of principles and the phrase Christian Science—the dogma—that would now, if placed together, occupy pages, will perhaps never appear at all.

Great teachers have no isms. For instance, Emerson had grown out of isms into the perception of principles, which immortalized him. Isms, that from the very fact of progress are always passing, never immortalize any one. Mrs. Eddy felt the uplifting of the spirit, and like many another made the mistake of thinking "I am the only chosen of the Lord" to bring into the world a great truth, while it was flowing into humble and receptive minds from hamlet to palace.

It is a fact that Christian Scientists and all others who have caught this idea of mind over the body are not as liable to disease.

In Christian Science Mrs. Eddy seems to think she has found more of God, which is doubtless true. "We have all of God we can handle," said a philosopher. All knowledge, all power, is simply knowledge and power of God expressed through material forms, for God is all and in all. Every fact is a direct message from the Infinite, though it be a fact of moral obligation, spiritual law or physical phenomena. Let it be understood that out of the cosmic realm of mind, that is, the universal intelligence, we grasp handle and utilize just to the extent of our capacity to receive and understand. Spiritualize our being and the higher facts of or from God flow in.

Said Prof. Faraday, "Give us abundance of theories." So the theory that most completely covers the facts is the one to adopt.

The explanation of the facts in all this psychic mind or divine healing is more readily accounted for by the theory of "suggestion," and the various able investigators from their individual standpoints coincide with this decision. If a "demonstrator," either present or absent, takes his patient in mind and silently suggests to the subconscious self, "you are not sick; there is no such thing in divine reality as sickness," etc., it has much the appearance of suggestion; is suggestion pure and simple.

Ruled by the spirit of ambition to be the leader of a new cult, Mrs. Eddy found it necessary to discard all other theories and substitute the "divine mind." But the consensus of opinion of those delving into this discovery of more extended powers of the soul, agrees on the theory of suggestion as applied in healing. It has been the ready explanation of phenomena not understood to say, "God does it," which is really no explanation.

The Indian exclaims when he hears the rolling thunder, "God is angry." Science sees in it the beneficent operation of a natural law.

"The world inquires because it thinks," said Bishop Potter. The demand of the hour is for larger grasp of law; for "insight instead of dogmas," says Lillian Whiting. We all think God is back of or within all phenomena, but how is the question that engages our lives.

Christian Science teaches "there is no evil." In the abstract or absolute sense, there could be no evil logically; but the relative evil is in the misapplication of law, physical and moral. The law is good but we misapply it through ignorance; and all the ills of man flow from such misapplication. And yet this experimentation we call evil is the great educator of man, saying to

him, "go not this way." It seems to be the way Infinite Wisdom has chosen through which man gains his understanding.

How many experiments, evils, by Edison, have been failures, in his tracing the laws of electric energy? How many of man's experiments have failed as he learns the law, the law that is good, having in it no evil? Thus there can be no such evil in the abstract as sickness or warring with each other. The law, physical, obeyed brings health; the law, moral, regarded brings brotherhood. How long, how discouragingly long, seems the experimentation of mankind to find or know this fact.

Investigators who are searching for the truth, and not to sustain any ism, say suggestion is sufficient to account for the cures effected, without assuming to touch the innermost of the divine mind. We are constantly discovering laws, wholesome, useful, which constitute the occupation of eternity.

The allness of God we do not know. Indeed, Spencer says: "In all imaginable ways we find thrust upon us the truth that we are not permitted to know, nay, are not even permitted to conceive that reality which is behind the veil of appearances."

Realizing quite fully the truth that "God is past finding out," that we can not get behind the veil of appearances, it is quite useless to try to formulate much of this "reality." We are compelled to come back to ourselves and observe law, to which, we see at once, we are related. Thus, as far as we know, "God is a God of law," and we are eternal discoverers in this unending realm of law. We say God wills, but we must do the willing, the doing. He is the measureless supply, being utilized from the narrowest limits of understanding up to Edison, and still on and on. It is becoming an accepted theory that "thoughts are things," a vibration; that they can be made to affect the "unconscious processes of life."

Sitting on my piazza by the shore of Lake Elkhart, with its surface as smooth as a mirror, to reflect the surrounding foliage, I observe a breeze arise and the ripples form. As the breeze strengthens into a high wind, I see tens of thousands of tons of water lifted above the level by the law of momentum. Just the slight force pushing each wave a little lower and then rising correspondingly higher, illustrates the wonderful law in nature of wave motion, or vibration, that is operative throughout the universe, from the lowest forms of life up to man. As thought is a vibration, by continued concentration, like the steady blowing of the wind, causing the moving of the water, molecular vibrations in discord, disease can be turned into accord, health; can affect "the unconscious processes of life."

The "demonstrator" may say, "I will hold you in the truth, the Divine. This is suggestion. Mrs. Eddy will not admit of any such scientific explanation. Forty years ago the writer was familiar with experiments in 'absent treatment.' The more spiritualized we become, the higher, the more potent the energies we manipulate, use, illustrated in its largeness by Jesus.

If this opportunity is found in the churches it is well. If in Christian Science or the "New Thought" under which the depths of the meaning of life is being stirred, let all avail themselves of their royal privilege. I say royal for no aspiration can exceed the desire for the gifts of spiritual understanding.

BIBLE PROOFS OF SPIRITUALISM

with notes and comments; also a sketch of the ANCIENT CRUCIFIED SAVIORS and the ORTHODOX VIEW OF FUTURE PUNISHMENT, by D. L. Carpenter, Fort Wayne, Ind.; price, cloth, 75c; paper covers, 50c. For sale at this office.



SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT.

WILLIAM E. HART,
MEDIUM.

NOTICE.

The messages published in this department are entirely unsolicited. The medium sits once a week for them and they are under the manipulation of his guide in spirit life.

Persons desiring messages through Mr. Hart's mediumship should address him personally and messages for them if possible to be obtained, will be given to them privately.

MESSAGES.

DORA WAGONER.

To My Dear Mother, Mrs. Kate Lanore, of Erie, Pa.: Dear mother, I know you are anxious to hear from us, so I took the first opportunity afforded me to reach you. I know you feel worried about the way things are going at home, but never mind, it will come around as we told you it should. We are keeping our promise and intend to fulfill it. You form your circle of three as we told you to do, and we shall be on hand to help. Orator is here now and says to tell you that he wishes you to have the parties he named. We all send love to those at home and in the earth life. Your loving daughter—Dora Wagoner.

MAUD DAVIS.

My Dear Mother, Electa Davis, of Ada, O.: I know you understand a very little about this religion called Spiritualism, but still you have had enough told you of it to know that I can return and communicate with you. I don't want you to grieve after me and think I am gone from you, though seemingly such is the case; still I am just as near to you as ever, and nearer if anything, for realizing this fact. I wish to help you to realize the same, and, mother, dear, I will return to you whenever I find the conditions to do so. Your loving daughter—Maud.

DR. AND MRS. E. WOODRUFF.

For Asel Woodruff, of Homer, Mich., and Mrs. Eva Watterman, of Englewood, Ill.: Here comes two spirits who wish to be recognized and send you a message. They are happy and contented here in their eternal home, and want you to fully realize that fact. They send a loving greeting to all their loved ones still in the earth life, and want you to feel that they are often near you and wish to help you with their kind influences. They say they have found many pleasant things and occupations here to make them happy, and to say that death hath no sting, or the grave no victory. They give me the names of Mrs. E. Woodruff and Dr. E. Woodruff.—The Guide.

GEORGE DUFFIELD AND DAVID MACGARVEY.

Our Dear Wife, Mrs. M. Duffield-MacGarvey, of Hamilton, Ont.: We both come with greetings of love, your first husband, George Duffield, and your second husband, David MacGarvey. We find much pleasure in sending you this message together, and hope to often reach you with messages demonstrating our ever presence. Many changes have taken place since our leaving you, but they have

all been for the best. Work for the good of the cause you know to be true, and you shall receive your reward here.—Your Loving Husbands.

ELI CLARK.

To My Dear Sister, Mrs. John Long, of Dayton, O.: I am so glad to be able to reach you in this way, and I know that you will appreciate it. We have Watson with us and are bringing him up in spirit as you would have desired him brought up if he had remained with you in earth form. It is so beautiful here and we have many advantages that you who are still in earth life do not have to progress, we did not have there. There is no land-grabbing or fighting for the almighty dollar here; we have no use for them. While we have a country which is just as real to us as yours is to you, but we all hold possession of it in common. Your brother—Eli Clark.

IDA CLOSTERMAN.

I wish to reach my brothers, Al. and Joe Closterman, of Staples, Minn. I know, dear brothers, you will be glad to hear from me in this way. It has been a long time since I left the earth plane, 26 years last March 7. I was but a little girl then of 8 years, and I have grown to womanhood here in spirit land. I wish I could tell you of the beauties of this home, but time and space forbid. Enough to say that the rewards are many for those who earnestly seek them, and the first lessons of progression should be taken while still in the life you are now in. Your loving sister—Ida.

Here is a small man who had small burnside and a thin, pale face. He says he was a judge and wishes to reach his wife and son in Cohoes, N. Y., and let them know that he does still live on, and finds much to occupy his time here, as he did when with them. He says to tell you that Smith and Tommy are with him and send their love also. I cannot get his communication just clear, as there seems to be something about some business matters he wishes to speak of, but he will have to wait until another time, as the forces are getting so that I cannot hold them much longer.—The Guide.

William E. Hart can be addressed for private readings in person or by letter at 288 East Town street, Columbus, O. Enclose two cent stamp for terms.

IMPORTANT.

Amendment to N. S. A. constitution, offered by G. W. Kates at convention of 1900:

Article VI, Section 1, amend by adding before the words "Spiritualist societies," the words state national or provincial.

Also strike out the second paragraph of section 1, article 7, all words in the third paragraph after the words "Societies chartered" or all words in conflict with this amendment.

An unhappy wife asks me to write on the old, old subject of the mother-in-law.

"Write," she says, "of the mother who tells her son's wife that she would rather have buried her sons than have lived to see them marry; that they were made for her happiness—not for other women's lovers; and who hypnotizes and bullies and weeps her sons into such servitude that they dare not defend or properly support the wife they have chosen for a life companion."

The mother-in-law has been so thoroughly discussed from the beginning of civilization to the present day that little remains to be said either for or against her.

Nevertheless a repetition of some old truths may be a benefit to the mothers-in-law who read this column.

How came any woman to be a mother-in-law? First by becoming a wife and marrying some other woman's son.

Yet I have never found one jealous mother-in-law who stopped to realize this fact.

An hysterical woman came to see me one day and walked the room in agitation before she found composure enough to tell me her tale of sorrow.

When the tale was told, it proved to be that her worshiped son had married a good girl and was happy without his mother's society.

It was a tragedy, she thought. "After all our years of companionship," she said, "to think he is happy without me! How could any woman be so heartless as to take him from me?"

"You took some woman's son," I suggested.

"Oh, no—I married an orphan," she replied with a righteous air.

"I suppose you would have refused to be his wife if his mother had not been in her grave." But she declined to answer, and went on with her selfish wail.

"I loved him so—and we were so happy till she came between us."

Loved him so! Loved herself so—not her child. Such love is the merest animal instinct—without one ennobling or worthy impulse. It is a savage, selfish desire for possession, for absolute ownership.

"I sacrificed every pleasure in life to devote myself to my son, and now he has left me."

Well, who was responsible for bringing your son into existence? He never asked to be born. It was your duty, madam, to be a devoted mother, to give him such care and advantages as lay in your power, and to rear him to be a good husband and a good father when that phase of life appealed to him.

It is always sad when the children leave home for school, and when they go out into the world to establish themselves in business and when they form new ties and found new homes. All these experiences are a part of human life and development, however, and should be met as natural events, and the children should be cheered upon their way—not hindered or saddened by selfish and inconsiderate parents.

I knew a woman who so loved her son that she refused to give away one of a dozen photographs he had taken home to her for her approval. She wanted all of them. When he married she loved him so she made his life a hell for him.

It is a mistaken idea when any son caters to such a mother. The only right way is to say very kindly, but very firmly:

"Mother, I have done just what you did before me—I have taken a life partner."

"My love for my wife in no way interferes with my love for you, unless you make yourself so disagreeable that you kill my love. I shall always be dutiful toward you, but I can not love

what is unlovable. I mean to be a good son and a good husband.

"If in order to be a good son in your sight I have to be an unkind or neglectful husband, then I shall follow the Bible injunction and leave father and mother and cleave unto my wife."

If more men took this stand there would be fewer intolerable mothers-in-law in the world. For the woman bully is always a coward at heart, and when a man shows himself master she always yields the point.

No mother has a right to interfere between husband and wife when they are satisfied with each other. No husband is a good husband, no wife a good wife, who allows such interference.

The mother who really loves her son does all in her power to make his wife love her, and to act as a conciliator if any slight misunderstanding arises between the two.

I have known two or three such mothers-in-law—women who were adored by both sides of the family, women whose hearts were such love-centers that all were warmed who came within the radius.

But since the really good mother who loves her children unselfishly and wisely is as rare as a white blackbird, it is not to be wondered at that the good mother-in-law is not found every day.

There is no love worthy of the name which does not rejoice in the happiness of its object.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BOXES OF GOLD.

Sent For Letters About Grape-Nuts.

336 boxes of gold and greenbacks will be sent to persons writing interesting and truthful letters about the good that has been done them by the use of Grape-Nuts food.

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26 boxes each containing a \$5 gold piece to the 26 next most interesting writers, and a \$1 greenback will go to each of the 260 next best. A committee of three not members of the Postum Co. will make decision between Dec. 1st and 10th, 1901.

Write plain, sensible letters, giving detailed facts of ill health caused from improper food and explain the improvement, the gain in strength, in weight, or in brain power after using Grape-Nuts food.

It is a profound fact that most ills of humanity come from improper and non-nourishing food, such as white bread, hot biscuit, starchy and uncooked cereals, etc.

A change to perfectly cooked, predigested food like Grape-Nuts, scientifically made and containing exactly the elements nature requires for building the delicate and wonderful cells of brain and body, will quickly change a half sick person to a well person. Food, good food, is Nature's strongest weapon of defense.

Include in the letter the true names and addresses, carefully written, of 26 persons not very well, to whom we can write regarding the food by Grape-Nuts.

Almost everyone interested in pure food is willing to have his or her name appear in the papers for such help as they may offer the human race. A request, however, to omit the name will be respected. Try for one of the 336 prizes. Every one has an equal show. Don't write poetry, but just honest and interesting facts about the good you have obtained from the pure food Grape-Nuts. If a man or woman has found a true way to get well and keep well, it should be a pleasure to stretch a helping hand to humanity by telling the facts.

Write your name and address plainly on letter and mail promptly to the Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

THE SOUL

Rev. George H. Hepworth says of it: As to what the soul is, of what elements it is composed, neither you nor I dare make any dogmatic assertion. Perhaps in some future age, when science shall have penetrated into the radiant centre of this problem, and the invisible becomes visible, men may be able to see each other's souls as they now see each other's bodies. The genius of research has wrought so many miracles that such a consummation would add but little to the astonishment we have already enjoyed. Psychology is a new domain, as yet practically unexplored, with many a surprise in store for us. It is easy, therefore, to imagine that at some future time science will be able to demonstrate the difference between matter and spirit, and prove beyond a doubt that the latter does not cease to exist when the former is resolved into dust.

Whether the soul consists of some sublimated material substance, like the ether which fills interplanetary spaces, or is essentially different from anything we call matter, is a question which at present puzzles the thoughtful world. Investigation is making long strides, and it would be rash to limit its possibilities.

The Christ very evidently saw more than we can see, and when he called the spirit of Lazarus back to re-inhabit his body he must have known where that spirit was and must have been in communication with it. The miracle worker and the unseen Lazarus must have been within hearing distance of each other. What he saw we may some time see, and certainly will see when we are in the same relation to God and the universe that he occupied.

I am satisfied at this moment with the fact that the real man is behind the eye that looks, behind the lips which speak, and that when the lips are dumb and the eyes are closed this real man will step out of the wornout house which has served his earthly purpose and enter another house which shall better fit his new environment. He will be the same man in another home, but with a larger prospect and a wider outlook. Whatever changes occur in his character and his motives will be the natural result of his clearer vision and his better knowledge of the relative value of the things to be desired, just as a man who travels from his narrow life in the village to the broad life of a great city drops his prejudices and his small views and gradually becomes a part of the grander projects which tempt his energy and rouse his ambition.

The other world is simply another and more favorable opportunity. If a boy should be suddenly transferred from his home on the farm, with its slender routine of drudgery, to the competition of a large business circle, he would, by slow degrees, see everything in a different light. Many of his old opinions would drop like dead leaves in autumn, and fresh and larger ideas would take their places. He would be precisely the same creature, but he would be enlarged, ripened, developed. Just so with the soul after death. It will be the same soul that it was in the body, but it will be larger; it will expand, grow, and all the changes of outlook and inlook which are induced will simply be the result of this growth.

As a man does not lose sight of the old home or the dear ones far away when he achieves the successes of wealth. On the contrary, some of the sweetest memories are those which carry him back to earlier days, and there is always a tender spot in his heart for those he has left behind. Much more will this be true when he passes from time to eternity. Affection is not checked by death. It

seems to me that it must be increased. With larger sight and clearer observation he will become, under God, a sort of providence over those for whom his soul yearns with unabated love, and in many ways which we know little about he will find happiness in being of service to them.

Thus are the two worlds in juxtaposition. They overlap each other. Eternity and time are so mingled that we cannot tell where the one ends and the other begins. God Himself is here, and under His wings we live and move. Christ is here in our very midst, ever turning our hopes upward and pouring into our poor lives the divine influence of his thoughts, even as the sun floods the earth and warms it until it smiles with crops and flowers. The angels are also here, their unseen hands leading us, their good cheer chasing away our depression and filling us with a larger faith.

This is religion, good, solid, inexhaustible and everlastingly true; the only religion which can light our way through the darkness of today into the beauty and glory of immortality.

It is just when the storm winds blow and the clouds lower and the horizon is at its blackest that the ideal should shine with divinest radiance, bidding men trust the inspiration of the poet rather than the mutterings of the politician.—Fabian Es-says.

Men need religion as never in the world before—need it as the premises of logic the conclusion they involve. The religious attitude is the supreme necessity to which all knowledge, science, and experience run as rivers to the sea.—John W. Chadwick.

Dr. Talkwell is one of the best known men in the city of Columbus and Central Ohio. His sermons, now in book form, by the Light of Truth Pub. Co. contain the ripe fruit of a ripe mind. They are helpful to the struggling and weary hearted.

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DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

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"HOW SPIRITS MATERIALIZE."

From Dr. Bland's New Book, "In the World Celestial."

When You and I Were Young.

It was some years after my experience with Dr. S. before I again saw Pearl. But being invited to a materializing seance in New York in 18—, I again had that pleasure. She came to the door of the cabinet and called for me. I went forward and asked, "Who is it?"

"I am your Pearl. Don't you know me?"

The light was not strong enough to enable me to distinguish hazel eyes from blue, or to fully analyze her features, but her manner of greeting and the words she whispered in my ear left no room to doubt her identity, and I folded her in my arms and for the first time I pressed my lips to hers.

"I have waited many years for that kiss," she whispered. Then, addressing a lady who presided at the organ, Pearl asked: "Can you play the accompaniment to the song, entitled, 'When You and I Were Young,' Maggie?"

"Yes," responded the lady.

"Please do so and I will sing it for my friend."

With her hand clasped in mine she sang that song in good voice, and with appropriate action not only, but she changed the words of the poet so as to make it personal to me. As the last note died away she whispered "Good-bye," and instantly sank down and disappeared from mortal sight.

I have met her in such seances many times since that memorable evening. Sometimes she would not be able to do more than whisper, and perhaps but a word or two. Again she could talk in full voice for some minutes. At some seances the light was not strong enough for me to distinguish her features clearly, sometimes the seances would be held in a darkened room, and sometimes the light was sufficient to enable me to recognize her perfectly, but in very light seances she was not able to talk much or to hold her materialized form for more than a few seconds. The totally dark seances were usually more satisfactory than either the half light or the fuller lighted, for in the totally dark seance she would appear in brilliantly illuminated robes and talk with me for some minutes. On one such occasion she materialized in the center of the room in the presence of 15 persons. We were sitting in a circle engaged in singing a familiar hymn, when in the center of the room, near the floor, a ball of light appeared. It was at first not larger than a teacup, but it grew in size quite rapidly till it was perhaps a foot in diameter, when it rose from the floor and instantly changed into the form of a woman of medium height, whose robe was literally sown with what seemed to be the most brilliant diamonds I ever saw. They were about half an inch in diameter, and there were apparently thousands of them. Those diamond points flashed and scintillated as the purest diamonds do in the dark, and their combined light produced a most brilliant effect, illuminating the form of our celestial visitor till she stood revealed in a halo of heavenly radiance. The witnesses of this vision were spell-

bound. No language of earth could voice their admiration of the more than queenly woman who had so suddenly and mysteriously come into their midst. For a few seconds she stood in elegant pose, as if on exhibition, and then she came directly to me, and folding her arms about me, she whispered:

"I am your Pearl, and, dear Paul, I love you, I love you, I love you." Then, pressing her lips to my forehead, she returned to the center of the room and dematerialized. Then the tongues of all were loosed, all save mine. My joy was too deep for words, but the other members of the circle, including the medium, pronounced this demonstration the grandest they had ever seen. A moment later my lovely friend sprang into visible being a second time, and, standing there in the middle of the room, she said:

"Dear friends, I greet you all as brothers and sisters. You are all spirits, but you are clothed in robes of flesh, while I am clothed with celestial robes, having arisen out of my earthly body, which has long since mouldered into dust. In my celestial body only, I am visible to you, but through the aid of great scientists who have also dropped their earthly bodies, but who did not leave the knowledge gained on earth behind them, but instead began their investigations in the spirit world where they left off on earth, by the aid of some of these wise men I am able to temporarily clothe myself in a body, and robes composed of earthly material, and thus demonstrate the science of continued life. I cannot explain the modus operandi of materialization further than to say that we spirits use the law of chemical attraction in collecting aural emanations of mediumistic persons from the atmosphere and in molding them into form, and the same law enables us to form the garments we wear from elements of cloth, etc. You may ask where I get my diamonds, and I would answer that diamonds are almost pure carbon, and carbon is an element of the air you breathe, and we know how to make diamonds, but we, like mortals, sometimes wear false, or imitation diamonds. My diamonds are electric light points. It is not generally known to your scientists, but our scientists know that electricity is unformed matter. The sun is a vast reservoir of electricity, and the sun's rays, which are not luminous until they strike the atmosphere of a planet, hold in solution, or, rather, they are composed of various elements of which the planets are formed. The doctrine of correlation of forces is true. Matter and force are one and the same. The phenomena of light, of heat, of electricity are results of different rates of vibration, or different modes of motion, of the one universal element. Spirit is matter in its highest form of organization, and the celestial bodies we wear in the supermundane spheres differ from your earthly bodies in no essential particular; they are finer simply and solely because they are formed of matter which is subject to a higher rate of vibration. You are all familiar with the scientific fact that different colors are produced by different rates of vibration of the universal element called ether, and that when a certain limit in the vibratory scale is passed the invisible color is produced. It may interest you to know that earthly vibrations seem to cease where

celestial phenomena begin. I say, seem to cease, for it is only seeming. The reason why you cannot see your friends after they arise out of their earthly bodies is because their celestial bodies are formed and controlled by a rate of vibration so high that they cannot make an impression upon your optic nerve filaments, which are adapted to receive impressions from things formed by a lower rate of vibration.

"You may wonder that I, who abandoned my earthly body so long ago, should know anything about recent discoveries made by your scientists. The explanation is that all discoveries originate in the spirit spheres, and besides, we who live in those spheres can, if we will, keep ourselves informed on all important events which occur on earth, and we take great interest in your affairs, and rejoice at the progress you are making on all lines. I must now bid you all adieu, for the power by which I have been enabled to talk to you at such length is waning. Hoping to meet you all on some future occasion, I will say good-bye."

In less than 30 seconds the lovely vision had vanished.

"That was the most wonderful thing that ever happened since time began," said a lady member of the circle.

"I think it very wonderful," replied a gentleman, "but not more so than the formation of our own earthly bodies out of the food we eat. Indeed, after the lucid explanation to which we have listened, it seems to me that we know more about how spirits materialize temporary bodies than we know about how we materialize our bodies, or how a tree, or even a spear of grass, is materialized. The spirits form bodies from elements which exist in the atmosphere, through a knowledge of the laws of chemistry, while we materialize our bodies from the food we eat, without knowing very much about the laws of physiology, and the tree and plant materialize their bodies from earth, water and air without knowing anything about how they do it. In fact, nothing which occurs in this world, or any other, is more marvelous than anything else. Spirit materialization is marvelous, simply because it is new to us. Were it a common occurrence the novelty would soon wear off. Should the time ever come when those who have arisen to the higher spheres of being shall be able to walk and talk with their earthly friends at will, people will cease to marvel at such visits, but while angels' visits are rare occurrences they will excite our organs of marvelousness."

"That is very true," said another member of the circle. "The first time that I witnessed a materialization I was filled with wonder and awe. But now I have no feeling of that sort, but view such manifestations without any special emotion."

"I have long regarded the story of the resurrection of Jesus as a myth," said still another, "but now I regard it as probably true. Spiritual phenomena are destined to furnish a scientific basis for a belief in immortality, and thus stop the spread of materialism."

"A consummation devoutly to be wished." It was a young girl of perhaps 16 summers who spoke, but the voice was a deep bass, not at all like the voice of the girl.

"She is under control," said her mother, "but the voice is strange to me, not like that of anyone who has ever controlled her before."

"No, my dear madam, I have not been privileged to speak through the lips of this dear child till now."

"Pardon me if I ask your name?" said the mother.

"Certainly, you have a right to know. I was known on earth as Bishop H. I knew something of Spiritual-

ism before I passed to the higher life, but I did not understand its full significance and great mission then. I tried to beat back the tide of materialism that was rising, but my efforts seemed almost vain. The scientific skepticism demanded facts, demonstrable facts, while I had naught but historic facts to present. I now see that the demand was a reasonable demand. Thank God, the facts demanded are being presented. They are substantially the same that Jesus the Christ and his apostles presented to the world 19 centuries ago, and which were sufficient to convince those who witnessed them, but as the manna which fed the Israelites in the wilderness must needs be fresh each day, so facts which feed the faith of the world must be fresh from heaven daily. Those who kept the manna which they gathered one day for use as food the day following found it mouldy and full of worms, so the theology, which has been attempted to be preserved in historic creeds, is stale and dry, and incapable of sustaining a vital and vigorous life in those who feed upon it. This is heretical I know; but the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the succeeding age. Jesus was a heretic, hence I think I am in excellent company."

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THE ARENA.

Under the Editorial Management of Charles Brodie Patterson, B. O. Flower and John Emery McLean.

The COMING AGE has been merged into the ARENA, and B. O. Flower, who founded and built up the ARENA, has returned to its editorial department, in which work he is associated with Mr. Charles Brodie Patterson, President of the Alliance School of Applied Metaphysics, author of a number of leading works devoted to New Thought, and one of the most advanced philosophical thinkers of the times, and Mr. John Emery McLean, who for the past year has been the working editor of the ARENA, and prior to that time the editor of MIND. This able editorial staff will be assisted by the strongest and most authoritative thinkers in the New World, who will from month to month contribute their best thoughts to the review which for many years has occupied a foremost position in the very vanguard of the great authoritative magazines of the English speaking world. It is the determination of the present management to restore the ARENA to its old prestige and make it absolutely indispensable to all wide-awake and progressive people. Here is a list of a few contributors to early issues. They are sufficient to indicate the authoritative character of the ARENA under its new editorial management:

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Prof. James H. Hyslop, Ph. D.
Prof. Frank Parsons.
Justice Walter Clark, LL. D.
Hamlin Garland.
Prof. George D. Herron.
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2. "Laying the Foundations for a Better Civilization," a Survey of the Nineteenth Century with special reference to its influence on Twentieth Century Civilization, by B. O. Flower. These papers will deal with The Material Progress of the Past Hundred Years, the Nineteenth Century as a Utilitarian Age, the Rise and Onward March of Physical Science, Progress in Other Departments of Research, How the Nineteenth Century has Laid the Foundations for a Higher Civilization.

While all thoughtful men and women will want to read these papers, they will prove of special value to young men and women, and parents would do well to see that the ARENA for 1901 is placed within the reach of the young folks, even though they make some sacrifice in other directions to secure it. The ARENA, even taken separately, is the cheapest of the great original authoritative reviews published in America. In combination with the LIGHT OF TRUTH its actual cost is but \$1.50.

A WORD ABOUT MIND.

The magazine, MIND, is a large and handsome monthly review, now edited by John Emery McLean and Charles Brodie Patterson (with whom Mr. Flower is associated in the editorship of THE ARENA), and devoted to the New Thought, embracing Practical Metaphysics, Psychical Science, the New Psychology, Occultism, etc. Among its contributors are such writers of international reputation as the Rev. R. Heber Newton, the Hon. Boyd Winchester, LL.D., and Prof. George D. Herron. During the ensuing year Mr. Flower will contribute a series of papers to MIND, it being the only magazine, excepting THE ARENA, to which he will contribute.

Address all orders to THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, Columbus, O.

SPIRIT CURES.

Editor: A wonderful evidence of spirit power in curing and diagnosing disease, without medicine, instruments or any M. D. titles, is seen in a case recently treated by the spirit chemists at 218 Columbus avenue, Boston, in the home of the medium, Mrs. A. C. Littlefield. A lady who had failed to find any relief with the aid of some first-class doctors, came to the medium for advice and treatment, saying that her doctor wanted her to go through a surgical operation and have a large tumor, or similar growth, cut out of her stomach, as they were unable to do anything else to save her life. She told him that she did not feel as if she could survive such an operation, and did not dare to risk it, etc. He said that nothing could be done to help her then. The medium's control examined the lady, described her condition, etc., and said they could cure her without any surgical operation, or even medicines. They gave her to date four treatments in their spirit methods, and the tumor has been reduced so that the lady now measures eleven inches less than when the doctors would give her up to the surgeon. The spirit of Joan of Arc, speaking to me through this medium, said that "the spirit chemists dissolved or dematerialized this tumor, and thus reduced the swelling, while the magnetism and aura, or healthy atoms of the medium, aided in building up and harmonizing the sick one. In some cases cures are impossible, but wherever the diseased is not too far gone and the tissues retain the power to grow healthy atoms of flesh, the chemists can cure often the most difficult cases, especially if the people will follow spirit advice in their food, exercise, methods of life, etc."

This case is a wonderful instance of spirit power, as the medium knows nothing about medicine, chemicals, diseases, etc., having been an artist and society lady, interested formerly in her art, singing, church and society labors, and knowing little if anything about spirits and their abilities to perform such miraculous work. I have known other similar cases to be so treated by spirit forces without the use of any modern medicines, etc. It is now generally admitted by experts that Christ and the Apostles cured by these same spirit forces used by our mediums. The laws against the spirit powers will have to be repealed, as people won't stand for exiling the godly powers which thus cure the sick.

G. E. LOTHROP, JR.

A great soul has passed to the Angel World.

And what a great soul was William McKinley! Here on the earth plane he was an ideal American citizen, an ideal ruler, a Christian gentleman—a God-loving soul.

His last utterances clearly show what a pure and lofty soul was this.

After chanting the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," his last audible conscious words, as taken down by Dr Mann at the bedside, were:

"Good-bye, all; Good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

This last utterance marked the calm, beautiful way of a great soul passing on to its God, and it has thrilled millions of souls with love and reverence for the great God, as no other utterance could have done.

He passed on as all God-loving souls leave the body at the transition called "death." He left us as he had always lived, in sublime love for and faith in God. He has taught the true way to go to our Heavenly Home.

Tongue and pen are impotent to picture the glory of such a passing to the Angel World.

At the close of his earth-life the tender love of God thrilled this mighty

soul, and serenely and majestically it soared out into the heavenly realms to eternal joy and bliss—with the Angels.

As this magazine always tells man that he is an eternal soul—the child of an All-Loving Father—we see in Mr. McKinley's passing on one of the most beautiful pictures of how serenely a God-loving soul leaves its body to join the Angels.

We know that this great soul still lives; we know that out of the physical body, in its heavenly home with other great souls who have gone on before, our blessed President will continue to love and serve mankind. "Death" is not the end—it is a new birth into a higher and brighter world than this—a mere transition to a much higher plane of consciousness, where the soul does not cease its activity in behalf of mortals here on the earth plane.

God and the Angels are ever with us.

Our beloved president will continue to live in our hearts and souls, and the grave has only robbed us of the body.

God's way is the right way.—Magazine of Mysteries.

ASPIRATION OF THE SOUL.

There is a prayer which no words can utter, there is a sermon no lips can preach, a service which never assumed a form. It is the aspiration of the soul, the power of a dedicated life, the presence of quickening love. When that power speaks, there is no question in regard to the effect of one's doctrine, no doubt whether one shall be provided with daily bread. Obstacles vanish, persecution ceases, critics are silenced, all the world gives ear. For, when that power speaks, the Spirit speaks, too.

My friends, the spirit really lives. It is here. It knows our needs. It can conquer all things. Only seek it. Only dedicate your souls to its spontaneous revelation.

We must live a simple life if we would be thus quickened. There must be ample time for unpremeditated listening. There must be measureless unselfishness.—Horatio W. Dresser.

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It is one of the finest things for nursing mothers that I have ever seen. It keeps up the mother's strength and increases the supply of nourishment for the child if partaken of freely. I drank it between meals instead of water and found it most beneficial.

Our five year old boy has been very delicate since birth and has developed slowly. He was white and bloodless. I began to give him Postum freely and you would be surprised at the change. When any person remarks about the great improvement, we never fail to tell them that we attribute his gain in strength and general health to the free use of Postum Food Coffee, and this has led many friends to use it for themselves and children.

I have always cautioned friends to whom I have spoken about Postum, to follow directions in making it, for unless it is boiled fifteen or twenty minutes, it is quite tasteless. On the other hand, when properly made, it is very delicious. I want to thank you for the benefits we have derived from the use of your Postum Coffee." Mrs. W. W. Earnest, 727 9th Ave., Helena, Mont.

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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 SUMNER.

NOTICE.

Spiritualists of America, don't forget the National convention of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., Oct. 15, 16, 17, 18.

DEDICATION OF

The First Spiritualist Church of Columbus.

Next Sunday, October 6th, will mark an important turn, a higher uplift, a more abundant awakening of the spirit of Spiritualism in this city, the capital of Ohio's great commonwealth. We feel that our readers the wide world over will appreciate the space allowed in these columns to lay before them something of the weight and influence which the cause of the high spiritual world bears upon the public mind in the home of the Light of Truth. Furthermore we feel that our space will be honored in this connection by giving it over to the expression of the views of an outsider, a calm, fair and wholly dispassionate statement of facts without prejudice for or against the subject. This view is contained in an article which with fine half-tone illustrations appears over the signature of Lida Rose McCabe, a staff correspondent of the Ohio State Journal, in the Sunday issue of that paper for September 29. These illustrations we shall reproduce next week. The purpose now is to give this review of Spiritualism and the First Spiritualist church to our readers as a more significant ut-

terance than anything we can say. When it is said that a whole page of the State Journal is given over to the article and illustrations, our readers may infer that the cause of true Spiritualism is recognized in Ohio. This article will have great weight in removing senseless prejudices from the minds of thousands whom the Light of Truth cannot by reason of those prejudices, reach. Miss McCabe evidences close acquaintance with the subject and we know that she is a close friend of Lillian Whiting, which bespeaks for her a sympathetic spot in the souls of all true Spiritualists and true Christians.

FOLLOWING IS THE ARTICLE:

The First Spiritualist church of Columbus will be formally dedicated next Sunday. The future home of this newly-incorporated religious body is the old Westminster church, southwest corner of State and Sixth streets—Westminster enshrined in the memory of so many orthodox Columbus families—Westminster from whose pulpit has gone forth so many a decade unadulterated Calvinism! Few events in modern Spiritualism is attracting wider attention among adherents of the belief than the establishment of the Columbus church. The National Spiritual association will send delegates, and every Spiritualistic periodical in the United States is giving large editorial and pictorial space to the pending ceremonies. Many able speakers and mediums will be present, while the new resident rector, Dr. Edgar W. Emerson, will be formally installed. Professor Herman Ebeling presides at the organ and a special song program will be rendered. Seats in the new church are free and the public is cordially invited. Regular Sunday services will be confined to an exposition of the philosophy of Spiritualism, and from time to time authoritative speakers will be brought here from the East.

Wednesday evenings—"prayer meeting night" of orthodox churches will be reserved at the Spiritualists for "test seances." It is not improbable that a small admission will be charged at the Wednesday sessions, as the support of the church at present depends wholly upon voluntary contribution. It is the hope of the incorporators that the congregation will now wax so rapidly in numbers and enthusiasm that all exercises will soon be on the same basis as that of other religious denominations. The new body has some 400 avowed members, while it is confidently claimed that there are not less than 6,000 Spiritualists in Franklin county.

Prejudice against going to public halls or secret lodges—the former site of spiritualistic gatherings—it is asserted, has kept many believers from openly declaring the faith that is in them. Now that Spiritualism has a conventional home and takes its place among the city's incorporated religious bodies, with one of the most celebrated trance mediums of the United States in its pulpit, it would seem that the accepted time has arrived for hundreds of Columbus residents, identified with various orthodox denominations, but who have been for years frequent attendants at seances and regular patrons of mediums and secret financial supporters of the movement, to "stand up in meeting."

The Spiritualists are indebted for their new home to the liberality and faith of Mr. Ebenezer Barcus, one of Columbus' most substantial business men and highly respected citizens. Mr. Barcus purchased Westminster church last spring at a cost of \$8,000. With characteristic thoroughness he had the interior redecorated at a considerable additional cost, making it one of the most cosy and attractive houses of worship in the city. The organ of Westminster, an instrument of exceptional fine tone, was included in the

sale. With the completion of the renovation, Mr. Barcus turned the property over to the executive board, incorporated for the purpose, and henceforth the affairs of the church will be under its control.

The officers of the board are Mr. John D. Arras, president; Charles Engelke, first vice president; William Semler, treasurer, and Charles Parsons, secretary. Mr. Arras is proprietor of the Columbus Tent and Awning company, while Mr. Engelke was for 16 years superintendent of the city police.

MR. BARCUS' CONVERSION.

It's more than ten years since Mr. Barcus, to the surprise of his old business associates, became a believer in Spiritualism. It followed the death of his brother, James, between whom there was the closest bond of sympathy and business interest. The brother's spirit, so goes the story, appeared at a seance attended by several well-known citizens and requested the latter to bring his brother, Ebenezer, as he wished to speak with him. This request was repeated from time to time, and knowing the integrity of his informants, Mr. Barcus at length concluded to go to the medium through whom his brother had made known his desire. Hard-headed man of affairs, he resolved to probe the matter to the bottom, and if there was fraud to expose it. To his consternation, his brother not only communicated with him, but directed him how to dispose of business affairs in which they were interested at the time of his death and which had greatly perplexed the survivor. Mr. Barcus grew in time to depend upon his departed brother for guidance in financial transactions. As no one living knew of their business deals at the time of his death Mr. Barcus had no hesitancy in asserting that fraud in this instance was impossible.

The crown of his belief in the power of departed spirits to communicate with living men—a belief that dates back many centuries—came about several years later, when through the mediumship of Mrs. John Arras of this city, for years reputed one of the best trumpet mediums of the country, he had communications with the late Robert Garrett, president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Mr. Barcus had bought heavily of Baltimore and Ohio stock, and when depreciation came, he was importuned by the stockholders to sell at 20 per cent. on the dollar. The medium controlled, it was asserted by the former president of the road, advised Mr. Barcus to hold on to his stock; that there would be a rise. Subsequently, on the receipt of a telegram from Baltimore stating that the Garrett heirs had agreed to accept 20 per cent, Mr. Barcus consulted the medium, to be told by the late president that no such proposition had been made to the heirs.

"You will shortly be offered 40 per cent," said the spirit, all of which came to pass, and selling at that figure, Mr. Barcus is said to have realized \$160,000.

"Forty-five per cent would have been offered," concluded the spirit, "but when they came to examine the books it was discovered that 40 per cent was all that you originally paid for the stock." This fact, Mr. Barcus affirms, was unknown at the time to a single human being.

Surprising are the numbers and caliber of the business men in this vicinity who are said to consult mediums for advice in money transactions, likewise physicians in doubt as to the diagnosis of a complicated case. And all this in the face of modern science! BEGINNINGS OF SPIRITUALISM IN COLUMBUS.

Early in the fifties modern Spiritualism made its first appearance in this community. It was brought hither by the famous Fox sisters, whose "rap-

pings" ("Rochester knocks") roused the country. The newspapers of the day teemed with their supposed uncanny doings, and Columbus was fully awake to their coming. The Fox sisters held their seances in broad daylight in the parlors of the American house to audiences that tested the capacity and was thoroughly representative. Their heralded reputation was fully sustained at the first seance by a test so thrilling, so dramatic, so convincing that it resulted in making converts of an entire neighborhood, many of whom are still living and form the bone and sinew of the cult.

Shortly before the advent of the Fox sisters, Columbus had been shocked by a double murder. On the banks of Alum creek, six miles from the Capitol, in the vicinity of St. Mary's of the Springs, were three prosperous farms owned by the Patterson, Meyer and Jackson families. Between the Pattersons' beautiful daughter, Lizzie, a girl of 16, and Edmund, the only son of the widow Meyer, there had sprung up an attachment which the neighborhood thought might some day ripen into a romance. Upon this schoolboy and girl infatuation the Jackson boys, who owned the farm adjoining Meyers' looked with envious eyes, likewise did they covet the Meyers' broad acres, which Edmund had inherited from his father, and which the Jacksons had been told would revert in case of his death, to his father's relatives in Pennsylvania. If the distant heirs would sell, this land, added to their small farm, would make the Jacksons wealthy. The widow Meyers had never informed the neighbors that it was arranged that the farm should revert to her in case of her son's death. The Jacksons were surly youths of 20 and 22, and very unpopular.

On the evening of February 13, 1849, the young folk were much interested in the opening of a writing school in the schoolhouse on the opposite bank of the creek. After the manner of the time, the itinerate writing master was the guest of the Patterson farm, to which he was expected to return to spend the night. Before sundown that night, Lizzie Patterson set out in her father's skiff, intent upon attending the writing school and spending the night with a friend near the schoolhouse. The creek was swollen from the recent storms and the current strong. When darkness fell, the Jackson boys put off alone in their skiff, while later followed the writing master in Edmund Meyers' boat. Long after the Patterson farm was wrapped in sleep, the mother, looking out across the white silence of the winter night, was startled by the muffled voice of the daughter she thought safe for the night on the opposite shore.

"Oh, Peter, don't! Don't!" cried Lizzie Patterson. There came a splash—not that of an oar striking water—then, silence.

Rushing down the bank to the landing, the affrighted parent found an empty boat rocking on the water, while the young man whose name the mother had just heard pierce the bleak night, stood upon the shore gazing into the depths below.

"Where is Lizzie?" gasped the mother.

"Down there," was Peter Jackson's reply.

Soon the writing master, in a boat propelled by the neighbor with whom Lizzie was to spend the night, joined the trio on the bank.

EDMUND MYERS WAS MISSING!

The writing master said Lizzie had decided to return home with him and Edmund Myers and that they had started together for the bank. But he had been detained, and when he reached the landing, he discovered the others had put off with the Jacksons in their boat and left the Meyers skiff for him.

The Jackson boys maintained that Lizzie and Edmund had fallen overboard. Their stolid indifference and refusal to help search for the bodies were past belief.

It was 11 o'clock the following morning before the body of Lizzie was recovered, and two days later Edmund Meyers was found in the millrace some distance down the stream. Lizzie's shawl was tied over her head, covering her mouth, and pinioning her arms helplessly to her sides. It took two women to untie the shawl. There was an ugly wound on Meyers' head, concealed by the hair. Dr. Robert Thompson, long one of the best-known physicians of the city, was present at the inquest and testified that the boy had received his death blow before he fell into the water—a fact which was kept from the mother.

Columbus is in closer touch with the Boers in South Africa today than it was with Alum creek in 49. When the victims had been laid away in the Park cemetery in Mifflin township, where their graves may be seen, the Jackson boys, who had kept close to their farm since the tragic night, were arrested and brought to town. They were charged with murder, and the trial at the old courthouse, which stood on the northeast corner of the present statehouse yard, was the sensation of the time. Feeling ran riot, but the court held that the evidence was too circumstantial and the boys were acquitted; but so thoroughly were they despised and shunned by the community that they were forced to abandon their farm and move to parts unknown.

Many years after, the elder brother returned to lead the life of a hermit. Everybody fled his presence, and he died alone in poverty and misery.

Long the ghosts of the Jackson boys believed to haunt the banks of Alum creek on St. Valentine's eve, and many are the tales related to this day at the farms in the vicinity of the tragedy.

Yielding to the persuasion of a friend the mothers of the victims went to the Fox sisters. Dr. Thompson was also present. Everything was new and strange and unearthly to the participants. All communications were received by the slow rapping out of the alphabet. Every ear was strained, when to the amazing horror of the assembly Lizzie Patterson and Edmund Meyers came to their mothers, and in the hearing of every one present told in detail the story of the tragedy. Not a particular was omitted, not a suspicion unconfirmed. When Edmund described the blow on his head, the mother turned to Dr. Thompson, who was forced to admit what he had concealed out of deference to her grief. Asked why she had not remained with her friend that night, Lizzie said that she felt that her mother would need her to help get breakfast for the writing master, an explanation thoroughly characteristic of the girl's unselfishness and domesticity. It was to spare Edmund's life when Jackson dealt the fatal blow that she had screamed the "Don't! Don't!" that warned her mother of her peril.

From that seance dated Dr. Thompson's conversion to Spiritualism, as well as that of the entire neighborhood of Alum creek. From one of the families sprung, as predicted by the Fox sisters, a healer whose clairvoyance was not despised by many of the capital's medical fraternity, and the fame of whose cures spread far and near. The healer was Dr. Ben Freeman, long a prosperous and respected citizen.

"Anything more preposterous," said an old resident, "could hardly have been foretold. Ben Freeman at the time was a country lout, the despair of the family, the dunce of the district school. Ten days after the departure of the medium the family was

attracted to the table by rappings. The spirit called for Ben. Some one went in search of him. When he came into the room and learned what was wanted of him, he took to his heels and did not show up until the following day. Six months later he had his sign out as a healer. Since his death he has had no successor."

Among the first native mediums was Mrs. Philip Read, wife of a well-known and wealthy citizen. Her son-in-law, James Scott, was one of the early proprietors of the Ohio State Journal. Mrs. Read never took money for her services until after the death of her husband. Seances were held in those days at the homes of Dr. Savage, the Colts, Sarbers and other well-known families.

Another Alum creek convert who developed medium power at an early age is Mrs. S. Ranney, still an enthusiastic believer.

IS SPIRITUALISM PROGRESSIVE?

When asked if Spiritualism had advanced, its thinkers enumerate the means of communication that have developed since the "Rochester knockings," which took the name from Rochester, N. Y., the home of the Fox sisters, inventors of the alphabetic process of telephoning with the departed.

There are now trance, clairvoyant, trumpet, slate writing, closed and open-eyed, materialization and test mediums. Certainly it's a long stride from the Fox sisters to the Society of Psychical Research; from Dr. Edmonds to W. T. Stead, Kate Field, Lillian Whiting and famous Mrs. Piper!

For change in public sentiment, consider the space given to Mark Twain's "Mental Telepathy" and the recent articles on Mrs. Piper in the Harper Magazine, and the publication of Psychical Research, "Mind," "Suggestive Therapeutics" and kindred periodicals.

It is estimated that there are 5,000,000 Spiritualists in the United States, while there are some half-dozen papers devoted to its interests. Not the least influential is Light of Truth, that claims circulation in every civilized country. It is edited by Mr. Willard Hull and is published in Columbus, where it has flourished for the past six years, having been moved from Cincinnati, where it was established 15 years ago. "Lily Dale," "the happy hunting grounds of Spiritualism," near Chautauqua, is the summer Mecca of believers, and thither flock from Columbus that large contingency of "silent members" which the new church confidently hopes to enroll.

"It is with Spiritualism as with electricity and kindred natural forces," asserts an authority. "We are out upon the threshold of its possibilities, and the curious who may seek the First Spiritualist church expecting to see inanimate things walk, mysterious cabinets open and shut—the fraud and quackery with which the belief is still more or less encumbered in the public mind, are doomed to disappointment."

In Dr. Edgar Emerson, Spiritualism, it is affirmed, has one of its most advanced exponents—a purely mental test medium. Dr. Emerson is a young man, a native of New Hampshire, and was reared a Methodist. He is an inspirational speaker and has a large following in the east. He was in Columbus last May and made a favorable impression.

LIDA ROSE McCABE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR DELEGATES

The name of the hotel in which delegates are to be quartered at the N. S. A. convention is changed from Willard to Fairfax. It is the same hotel, corner 14th and Y streets, only changed in name.

The unity of a nation, like a family, is felt under great calamity.

WHAT OTHER EDITORS SAY—BY THEMSELVES.

The assassination of President McKinley was publicly foretold by Mrs. Cora B. Noyes on Oct. 30, 1896, on the platform of the Arlington, Neb., Spiritual society. She said that McKinley would be elected, and that he would be shot during a large gathering of people, but not at the White house in Washington.—The Philosophical Journal.

The circle of sensual being commences at the mouth. Whatever is put in the mouth, makes the tour of the physical being and comes out of the mouth, as an expression of the elements partaken of. Swallow liquor, and its expression will come out of the mouth again as foolishness and insanity; swallow murdered food, and its influence will come forth in expressions of greed, anger, lust, vengeance, etc.—World's Advance Thought.

Psychometry, the soul measurer, is a science and more. It is the rivet that unites cause and effect on the mental plane of life. We are not writing in the sands for the tide to wash away the penmanship. We are not painting pictures on the canvas with a brush, so that we can erase the error of yesterday or overlay it with another color today. We are writing our lives with a chisel on the marble of our conscious sensoriums, and every time we strike a blow we leave a mark that is indelible. This is the judgment.—The Temple of Health.

Mediumship is altogether too important as a means of demonstrating man's immortality, too sacred, as a means of holding communion with the other life, to be dragged down to the level of fortune-telling. Spiritualists should be the first to prevent such a calamity. The public medium must needs, at present, at least, run the risk of clients seeking him for other purposes than obtaining the evidences of life after death. Our mediums are too often the victims, if one may so put it, of being open to all and sundry who seek their aid. But for our public services evidence of spirit return is the one thing that can alone justify "tests" on our platforms. Such evidences sustain the work of the lecturer, are pertinent to our claims, and appeal to the sceptic. The society working on such lines rises above the claims of the "Reckless 'Phenomena Mongers,'" and builds up a healthy center of Spiritual propaganda.—The Spiritual Review, London.

No religion is worth having unless it proves itself a pure moral force in the social life of man. Spiritualism has come to the children of men with a glad message of immortal love and life, but it also demonstrates that the law of consequences is fixed and eternal in its purposes. As men sow, so must they reap, and as they live, so will be their reward. There is no escape from the consequences of wrongdoing, hence there is an absolute necessity of living right and doing right while in mortal form.

The propagandism of such religion will be a portion of the work of the coming convention. Some perfunctory routine labor will be performed, some repairs made in the constitutional machinery, and some efforts put forth to acquaint the Spiritual-

ists of the nation with the inestimable value of co-operation. The main question for discussion will be the best methods of strengthening local societies, the establishment and maintenance of Children's lyceums, the use and place of our phenomena, and the advancement of educational work. These are topics in which every true Spiritualist is deeply interested, and no one who loves Spiritualism for its own pure worth can afford to miss that convention.—Banner of Light.

In one of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's brilliantly original sketches in the Daily News, we note the phrase "The Emancipation of God." We hardly know whether it is original, as it occurs in a description of an awakening book by one Charles Ferguson, an American; but it is, any way, an arresting phrase, or, to use Mr. Chesterton's own phrase, applied to the book, it is "a bold and full-blooded one."

Describing one of the ideas or streams of ideas in the book, the phrase means something like this:—The world stands in need of a larger idea of freedom. We have made too much of "laws of nature," regarded as iron rings around life and aspiration. The chains of logical necessity are fully as degrading and absurd as the chains of material. We drive too many things into a corner, God included; whereas all true life, in its motive and action, is free and spontaneous. Man is the victim of his own syllogisms and surmises. He first invents a straight jacket and then gets into it—only to lament, through all the generations, that he is bound. "There have been many daring developments of the idea of liberty," says the Daily News, "and one by one the wildest and least human classes of men have been emancipated by it. But certainly the most extraordinary development of it is this idea of the Emancipation of God, whom the author clearly regards as the last slave left in our theory of things; the slave who turns the wheel of the stars."

We confess to a certain fascination in this courageous facing of a time-honored truism. In days gone by, the ancient poets, seers and adorers pictured or took for granted a much more independent God. The laws of Nature, in fact, occupied a second and much inferior place. The will of Jehovah, or Brahm, or Zeus, or Allah, or God, was supreme. He did as He pleased. He handled the rainfall as a gardener handles a watering-pot. He flung abroad His thunderbolts and His lightnings; He punished or rewarded at His will, with blight or fruitfulness, war or peace; and let the victory fall as He pleased; and it might be argued that we must go back if we wish to have an emancipated God. But closer scrutiny will land us in a different conclusion, or on another point of view. God really needed emancipating from the sharp distinction between miracle and natural law. It was that which more than anything else fettered Him. The real emancipation will come when exceptional miracle disappears, when arbitrary interference is no longer admissible as the method of Divine activity; but when everything in Nature is accepted as a manifestation of God, down to the minutest thrill of life.—Light.

FRED P. EVANS.

Fred P. Evans, the eminent and well beloved medium for independent slate-writing, has returned with his family to New York city after his summer vacation, and has taken a suite of rooms at 400 Fifth avenue, where he will reopen his book store in connection with his psychical work.

The "Professor Evans" whom the Philadelphia police are after for swindling some people in that city must not be confounded with Fred P. Evans.

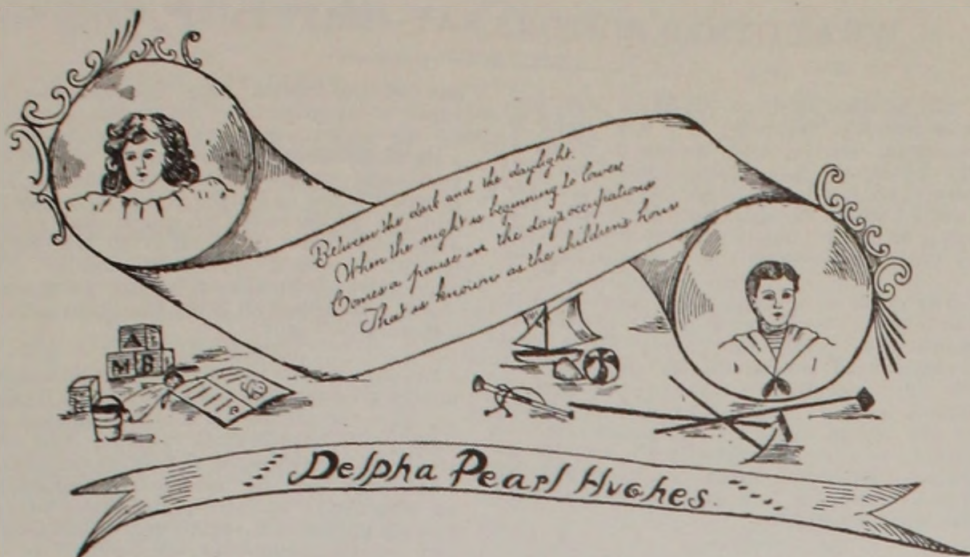
The law of love is stronger than the law of hate. Count Tolstoi has had more influence on Russia with his doctrine of love than all the acts of violence committed against the ruling family. He has ever condemned the system he lives under, but has always pointed out that non-combatant methods were right, and therefore best.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

William E. Hart will give readings by mail for 8 days from date of issue of this paper for 50 cents silver and two stamps. Address 288 East Town street, Columbus, O.

Send for sample copy of our Song Sheet; 5 cents, postpaid.

The editor of this paper strongly endorses the action of General Charles H. Grosvenor, in requiring a certain share of the proceeds from the sale of his book to be set aside for a McKinley Monument Fund. Our readers will see an advertisement of this book in another column of this paper.



Address all Communications for this Department to its
Editress, "Aunt Rose," Box 91, Seneca, Mich.

A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE.

I was wide awake in the night-time;
And what do you think I heard?
It wasn't a dog that bow-wow'd;
It wasn't a pussy that purred.

But a little brown mouse in a corner
Had found a crack in the floor;
And he nibbled, and nibbled, and nibbled
Till he made for himself a door.

He wanted to climb like a monkey,
And not on a stair would stop;
So he scrambled, and scrambled, and scrambled
Till he got to the bureau top.

And then he pattered and pattered
With many a little click;
And he tinkled, and tinkled, and tinkled
The brass of the candlestick.

Then down he jumped with a clatter,
And scrambled close to the wall;
He rattled, and rattled, and rattled,
Like a kitten rolling a ball.

And then there was pulling and scratching;
This mischievous little pest
Was gnawing the threads of the carpet
To carry away to his nest.

Next day there came to his corner
A nice little furnished house,
With doors all open for welcome,
And table set fine for a mouse.

I sent him my best invitation:—
"Walk in, fair mouse, if you please,
For the dinner is ready and waiting,
All seasoned with savory cheese!"

He wouldn't walk into my parlor,
But just like a rogue he spoke,
Or acted so:—"No, I thank you;
I'm not a mouse for a joke!"

—E. L. E.

JIM.

"I've lost my pepper-pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?"

Jim gave no answer, except a toss of the head, as he slowly walked across the kitchen; but Deborah's quick ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

"I'll give it to you some day, you young rascal, if you carry away my things!" went on Deborah, shaking her fist at the little fellow.

"What's the matter, Deborah?" asked her mistress, coming into the kitchen.

"Oh, it's that Jim! He's always up to mischief. It comes natural to that gypsyish sort to be tricky and sneaky, and there's no such thing as gettin' 'em out of it."

"If it's natural to them, we ought to make some allowance for it," said Mrs. Graham, with a smile, as she helped Deborah to hunt for the missing pepper-pot.

"No use a-harborin' such, seems to me," said Deborah.

"Maybe so," said Mrs. Graham, "but none of us, somehow, seem to have the heart to drive him away."

"I have!" said Deborah, very decidedly. "Look a-there now—a everlastin' tease!"

The two watched Jim as, with a roguish twinkle in his small black eyes, he made his way to where old

Carlo was taking his morning nap under the lilac bush, and gave him a sudden poke. The dog raised his head with a growl, but Jim stood at a little distance, with a grave and innocent look at something on the ground.

Carlo settled down again, and, quick as lightning, Jim gave him another poke. Up jumped Carlo, with a savage look at his tormentor; but Jim stood in the same place half-asleep, and Carlo lay down with a long-drawn sigh. Jim kept it up until the poor dog went to find a quieter place.

"I've seen him do that a dozen times," said Deborah, laughing, "and I know he's hidden my pepper-pot. Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one o' that set—must 'a been first-cousin to Jim, I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family. She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long afterward it was found out that that creetur'd been the thief. I've no use for such!"

And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would be the one to say that Jim must go. In the course of a long drive over country roads, through a heavy storm, the farmer had found Jim drenched and half-starved. Of course he brought him home, and after being warmed, fed, and made comfortable, the wild-eyed, dark-looking little vagabond had wisely settled himself in such good quarters, and had since showed no desire to leave them.

"You can come and help peel the peaches now, Marian!" called Mrs. Graham to her daughter.

Marian came, looking admiringly at the baskets of rosy-cheeked, downy fruit on the great table, all of which was waiting to be made into peach-butter.

"Is that your pearl ring?" asked her mother.

"Oh—yes. I was clearing my drawer and put it on to see how pretty it looks, and forgot it. I'll take it off."

The pretty lassie worked for hours over the peaches, paring, stoning, measuring out sugar, stirring and tasting. At length she skipped up to her room to dress, but soon came running back with an anxious face.

"My ring, Deborah! I left it on the corner of the table—back here. Have you seen it?"

"The land, Miss Marian! No, I aint. And I've just this blessed minute scraped up all the peelin's and flung 'em out to the pigs."

With tears in her eyes, Marian ran out to the lot in which the pigs were kept, and searched eagerly. But the grunTERS had made quick work of their luscious meal, and no ring was to be found. More slowly she went back, and looked about the kitchen with a forlorn hope that the ring might have escaped. But Deborah's scraping had been vigorous, and she went upstairs again with a woebegone look.

"She's a dreadful careless little piece," said Deborah, looking after her, "always a-leavin' her things 'round. But I ain't a-goin' to say it to her now she's a-feelin' so bad."

"Ha, ha—you thievin' rascal! I've caught you at last, aint I?"

Mrs. Graham and Marian hurried out at sound of Deborah's excited voice, to see Jim struggling in her grasp. He was uttering short, angry cries and doing his best to free himself.

"I was just a-washin' my dishes," cried Deborah, "when this limb come a-peekin' and a-pryin' 'round. I mistrusted he was up to somethin', an' I kep' my eye on him and seen him pick up one o' my teaspoons and sneak off with it. I took after him, and just got hold o' him right here—see? He was just a-slipin' that spoon into that hole fer to hide it!"

Mrs. Graham looked curiously at the hole, a small one near the ground in the weather-boarding of the spring-house.

"Bring an axe and knock that off, Deborah," she said.

Deborah did so, and the three bent over what they saw.

"I'm blessed if there aint my pepper-pot!" exclaimed Deborah.

More than the pepper-pot was there. Keys, nails, screws, a button-hook, a gimlet and as they turned them over Marian gave a scream of delight and snatched up her pearl ring.

Then she made a quick rush for Jim, and hugged and fondled him until he bit her to make her let him go, when he flew to the top of the spring-house, and stood there chattering his discontent at such rough handling.

"You dear old crow!" exclaimed Marian. "If you hadn't stolen my ring off the table that day I never should have seen it again. O Deborah, you have pulled out half his tail-feathers."

"Never mind," said Deborah, "they'll grow again." SYDNEY DAYRE.

THE BALLOON THAT BURST.

Papa and mamma had gone to the fair, but the twins, Hop and Skip, couldn't go, because they had whooping-cough. Of course their real names weren't Hop and Skip; they were Florinda and Florella, but nobody ever called them by those names.

"Bring us something!" shouted Hop from the back gate, as the team drove off.

"Bring us something!" called Skip from the front gate, as it came by there. Mamma nodded and smiled, and was soon lost to sight in a cloud of dust.

It was an awful long day, with nobody at home but Nancy and the cat; but night brought back papa and mamma, and, oh, joy! two little balloons, a red one for Hop, and a blue one for Skip!

They played with them all the evening, till they were too sleepy for anything. Then each tied the string of her balloon to her own high-chair in the dining room, where they floated beautifully, and then the twins went to bed.

In the middle of the night, when the house was all still but the clock, there was a sharp bang! It woke papa and mamma, and it even woke Nancy in the kitchen-chamber; but Hop and Skip slept too soundly.

Papa jumped up. "A pistol!" he said, and, seizing his own revolver from the safe, he rushed out into the sitting room, then on into the dining room and kitchen; then he came back and lit a lamp, and then he and mamma went all over the house, from garret to cellar, looking under every bed and in every closet to find who fired that pistol. They didn't find anybody, so they examined all the doors and windows to find where he got in and out again; but all was safe and snug.

"It is very strange," papa said, "but

it certainly was a pistol. It must have been fired just outside our window-blind, and the window being open we heard it so plainly."

"It is awful to think of," mamma said. "I'm as nervous as I can be. Who could do such a thing? I sha'n't sleep another wink tonight."

And she didn't. They kept a lamp burning till morning, and she imagined she heard all sorts of things, but I don't suppose she did.

In the morning Hop and Skip rushed out to the dining room in their night-gowns to see their balloons. And then there was a wail, for Hop's balloon had burst, and only some little, red rubber rags hung by the string, while Skip's had leaked out the gas till it was only about as big as a rubber ball. That was how her's didn't burst too.

"So that was the pistol we heard!" laughed papa. But Hop and Skip thought it was no laughing matter.

M. C. W. B.

WHAT THE BIRD SANG.

A few days ago we noticed a little boy amusing himself by watching the frolicsome flight of birds that were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched on the bough of an apple tree near where the urchin sat and kept his position, apparently unconscious of his dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser nature, he picked up a stone and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself for a good aim. The little arm was drawn backward without alarming the bird, whose throat swelled, and forth came nature's plea: "A-link, a-link, a-link, bob-o-link, bob-o-link, a-no-sweet, a-no-sweet, I know it, I know it, a-link, a-link, don't throw it, throw it, throw it," etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm fell to its natural position and the stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the would-be murderer.

Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression, half shame, half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't, 'cos he sung so." —Kindergarten Magazine.

MR. OSTRICH.

He Eats Anything He Can Gobble Down, and Suffers in Consequence.

Evidently ostriches are not subject to stomach ache, or they would be more careful in their diet. In fact, the remarkable digestive power of that bird has become a proverb as well as its stupidity in thinking itself secure if only its head is hidden from view. Mr. Ostrich and his family are not epicures, as is proved by their readiness to eat whatever they see before them. They are amusingly greedy, and will gulp down whole oranges more rapidly than they can take them into their stomachs, so that half a dozen may be seen passing down their long necks at the same time, each orange producing a queer-looking bulge. When visitors stand near the fence of one of the inclosures the birds will peck in a most persistent manner at any bright object, such as the head of an umbrella or a walking cane, a watch chain, locket, brooch or button. It does not surprise one to be told by the attendant that indigestion is the prevalent malady among ostriches and usually is responsible for their death.

A new subscriber for The Light of Truth is a new force in the work of better conditions.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.

Adelle Williams Wright

To those who have given any attention to the subject it must be evident that a strong wave of spiritual thought is sweeping over the world at the present time, carrying us with irresistible force onward to higher and better things. A new era has dawned, which we may very properly term "The Age of Spiritual Truth." Its influence is permeating every department of life and is felt both in the churches and outside of them. Not only in the liberal churches, but even in the most conservative, there is a stronger disposition than ever before to get at the truth; and this is evinced by the many controversies and struggles that arise over matters of belief and in regard to discarding old dogmas. It is also felt strongly in the political field, and in no way perhaps is this spiritual evolution more distinctly manifest than in the rapidly spreading principles of Socialistic philosophy.

But aside from all systems of worship and all parties, there is evident a growing disposition to inquire into those things which pertain directly or indirectly to the soul's welfare. It is as if an unseen hand had been at work scattering seeds of spiritual thought, which are everywhere springing into active life and lifting us onto higher planes.

As the last era has been marked by splendid achievements in things that are the outgrowth of mental advancement, so the one now upon us will be marked by great progress in those that depend upon the development of the higher activities—the education, as it were, of the spirit.

The study of Ethics is now made much more prominent than before in our colleges and universities, and the time will come when even the children in our public schools shall receive more careful and competent instruction along these higher lines. This is certainly in accordance with the universal law of progress, for, however important we may consider the development of the mind, we must all feel that of the soul to be infinitely more imperative.

Religion, being only another name for that portion of Truth which pertains more particularly to this higher development, is, like all truth, absolute and unchanging. The various doctrines promulgated in her name are only man's interpretation of religion. It is incorrect to speak of the Christian faith, the Buddhist, the Mohammedan, etc., as so many different religions. The same great truth underlies them all, and this truth is Religion. It is given to man in that form in which he is best fitted to receive it, and in the manner that will appeal most forcibly to him. Religion may be likened to a mighty tree that no storm can uproot, while a vigorous stirring of the soil about its roots only serves to aid its more rapid growth. It implies, above everything else, harmony with the divine attributes of the Universal Mind, and the better we understand it the more completely shall we be able to live "in tune with the Infinite" and the more nearly shall we approach the perfect life.

In spite of all their errors and superstitions, in spite of all the accumulated rubbish of forms and creeds with which they are burdened, there can be no doubt that the churches have really done more for the development of spiritual thought than any other agency—not because of any doctrines they have sought to establish, but because they have all striven to cultivate the religious instinct, which is the highest instinct that man possesses.

But, powerful as the denominational churches of the past have been, the time must eventually come when, through a natural and inevitable evolutionary process, all sectarian lines shall disappear, and the great Universal church—the church of the future—shall take their place. Even now the beginning of this change can be felt in the greater tolerance and broader charity extended by all denominations toward one another. It is probable that the first important result, foreshadowing the final union of all churches, will be the uniting of the so-called liberal churches upon such grounds as are common to all, allowing minor distinctions to remain in the background as matters of individual belief.

There seems to be no good reason why, for example, Unitarians, Universalists, Christian Scientists, and advanced Spiritualists (as contradistinguished from Spiritists) should remain separate and distinct organizations; and their union is only a matter of time. They hold practically the same opinions concerning the existence of evil, the progressive condition of the future life, man's relation to God, and many other questions of a purely spiritual nature; while upon those that pertain to social and economic problems the most advanced thinkers in every denomination are in harmony.

The different shades of opinion held concerning the "miraculous" origin of Christ are not of sufficiently vital importance to stand in the way of progressive and united effort for the good of humanity. All liberal churches accept Jesus as a great teacher, while in the truest and broadest sense they consider every child brought into the world as of divine origin. The church of the future shall be founded upon Truth, not only as taught by Christ but also as revealed through many others, and most of all to every soul according to its special needs. We shall learn to recognize Truth from whatever source it comes, and to know that God speaks to man just as truly and as forcibly through other lips today as He did through those of the Nazarene. More than this, the truth that comes to us today must, according to that law which has ever seemed to govern its revelation, be better adapted to the intelligence of the present day than that which was given to the world nineteen hundred years ago. Jesus himself said, "When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come He will lead you into all truth." It was not the man Jesus who was sent to be a light unto the world, but the Spirit of Truth that spoke through him. It has been speaking constantly through the mouths of other mediums ever since, and never more plainly than today. Some time, somewhere, it shall indeed guide every soul "into all truth."

Let us, then, welcome all efforts, from whatever source, that have for their object the betterment of human conditions and human life. There is no such thing as a great work or a small work, so far as individuals are concerned. The humblest toiler in the vineyard has just as important a service to perform as one whom the world calls great.

The liberal churches are doing much in the way of educating the people to a better understanding of man's oneness with God. It is no longer considered blasphemous to speculate concerning the Divine attributes, and the more we study these the more clearly do we recognize the Fatherhood of God—through perceiving which we

are led to an acknowledgment of the Brotherhood of Man. The practical as well as theoretical acceptance of this great truth, though it may be a long time in coming, will certainly be required before the establishment of the Universal church, for it is upon the principles of altruistic philosophy that this church shall rest. To such a church will come all who are enrolled under the banner of Christian Socialism, for to these the universal brotherhood is more than creeds and dogmas; and gradually all sectarian churches will grow into harmony with these principles and be gathered into one fold. All great social problems will be solved, or cease to annoy, when all shall recognize the brotherhood of all.

When established upon these broad principles it is not to be supposed that the energies of such a church will be devoted to the promulgation of any particular theoretical doctrines, but rather shall it strive to cultivate that germ of religious instinct which exists in every soul and a thirst for spiritual knowledge which God is ever ready to supply. As has been said, it has always been the aim of the churches to arouse this instinct, and thus far they have been instrumental for good. Their fault has been that they have also sought to govern and direct the current of thought into narrow channels, to fetter and trammel the intellect, to stifle the spirit of inquiry, and to set bounds to the field of investigation. It is man's prerogative to think for himself, and no man, however gifted, has a divine commission to control another's opinions.

Among the most notable features that shall distinguish the future church will be the absence of ceremonial forms and a higher understanding of the meaning of true worship. There will be no more instructing of the Deity, and no more explanations in regard to human needs and human conditions; no importunities even for spiritual blessings, and no abject prostrations of mind or body. In the place of all these we shall have the expression of lofty aspirations, the striving toward higher ideals, the spirit of joy and thanksgiving; while above all shall be manifest a firm and abiding faith that what is best for us will come to pass.

In truth it is quite possible to find, among the advanced churches of today, very many of the characteristics of the ideal church already present. These features become more noticeable every year; every day the spiritual light of the world grows brighter, and it requires no great prophetic vision to discern the dawning of that glorious morn when not the hills and valleys of old Judea alone shall resound with the song of victory, but from mountain-top to mountain-top, in every land and in every clime, shall re-echo the strains of that first Christmas anthem—"Peace on earth; good will to men." For this, the old, old story, whose meaning has never yet been fully grasped, shall still be the gospel of the New Dispensation.—Mind.

God's way is the way of justice and truth and love to man, and pity and righteousness, and that these should prevail. His way is the way in which we find the simple qualities of human nature and the common relations of men to men most honored, loved, and supported, in which love of home, gentle society, peaceful life, freedom of thought and of life, and just judgment are made easy and safe—not for ourselves only, but for all those with whom we have to do.—Stopford A. Brooke.

If you receive a sample copy of this paper, consider it an invitation to subscribe, provided its contents and tone are agreeable to you.

WHAT THE EYE TELLS.

When the upper lid covers half or more of the pupil, the indication is of cool deliberation. An eye the upper lid of which passes horizontally across the pupil indicates mental ability. Unsteady eyes, rapidly jerking from side to side, are frequently indicative of an unsettled mind. It is said that the prevailing color of eyes among the patients of lunatic asylums are brown and black. Eyes of any color with weak brows and long, concave lashes are indicative of a weak constitution. Eyes that are wide apart are said to indicate great intelligence and a tenacious memory. Eyes of which the whole iris is visible belong to erratic persons, even with a tendency toward insanity. Wide open, staring eyes in weak countenances indicate jealousy, bigotry, intolerance and pertinacity without firmness.

"When God gives us Love, he gives it forever. Superficial sympathies, based on accident, on proximity, or common interests of the hour, are fugitive. But the love which sees what is best in us, and cares for that, is something which cannot pass away. For this is like God's love. He is the God of the living, and loves the living part, the immortal part, of our nature."

Have you a copy of Dr. Talkwell, a Preacher Preaching to Himself?

ITS TRUE CHARACTER.

Catarrh is Not a Local Disease.

Although physicians have known for years that catarrh was not a local disease but a constitutional or blood disorder, yet the mass of the people still continue to believe it is simply a local trouble and try to cure it with purely local remedies, like powders, snuffs, ointments and inhalers.

These local remedies, if they accomplish anything at all, simply give a very temporary relief and it is doubtful if a permanent cure of catarrh has ever been accomplished by local sprays, washes and inhalers. They may clear the mucous membrane from the excessive secretion but it returns in a few hours as bad as ever, and the result can hardly be otherwise because the blood is loaded with catarrhal poison and it requires no argument to convince anyone that local washes and sprays have absolutely no effect on the blood.

Dr. Ainsworth says: "I have long since discontinued the use of sprays and washes for catarrh of head and throat, because they simply relieve and do not cure."

For some time past I have used only one treatment for all forms of catarrh and the results have been uniformly good, the remedy I use and recommend is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, a pleasant and harmless preparation sold by druggists at 50c, but my experience has proven one package of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets to be worth a dozen local treatments.

The tablets are composed of Hydrastin, Sanguinaria, Red Gum, Gualacol and other safe anti-septics and any catarrh sufferer can use them with full assurance that they contain no poisonous opiate and that they are the most reasonable and successful treatment for radical cure of catarrh at present known to the profession."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting grain lozenges, to be dissolved in the mouth and reach the delicate membranes of throat and trachea, and immediately relieve any irritation, while their final action on the blood removes the catarrhal poison from the whole system. All druggists sell them at 50c for complete treatment.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE

Mrs. Maggie M. Waite serves the society in St. Louis during October. Her address there is 2832 A. Olive St.

Mrs. Mertie Wilson writes from Flint, Ind.: "I send money for my renewal, also my mother's and two new subscribers, the result of Mr. Sprague's work at our place. He succeeded in organizing a little band here last spring. We meet every two weeks on Sunday morning, have music, readings and discussions on different topics."

Springfield, Mo.—An active, earnest worker for the cause of Spiritualism in the person of Josie K. Folsom has been very ill for more than three weeks; at moments her transition seemed at hand, but we now think the dread disease is under control and hope very soon to see her moving about in her home. On account of her illness the society is not doing any active work, but hungry souls are receiving their crumbs in private interviews and sittings.—Allie Bushland.

The International Spiritualist association of Illinois will hold the regular monthly meeting in Hall 412, Masonic Temple, (formerly held in Steinway hall) the first Tuesday of every month beginning Tuesday, Oct. 1st, 1901, at 7:45 p. m. Lecture by Dr. D. S. White. The following mediums are expected to be present: C. Thomas H. Benton, G. N. Kinkead, Sam L. Foss, Mrs. Emma Brown, Dr. Mabel A. Jackman, Prof. Davies, Nora E. Hill, Mrs. Jane Hill. Music—Miss Annette Moore, vocal aria, Miss Katherine Mc. Gillen, accompanist; Miss Chrystal Saxe, piano solo; Mr. Chas. Quinlan, violin solo, Miss Saxe, accompanist.

THE WORK IN CLEVELAND, O.

Still the good work goes on. Our workers are all, I think, home from their summer vacation, camp work, etc., and many plans are being laid for fall and winter work in this city. The West Side Spiritualist Progressive Thought society, with D. A. Smeadon as president and Mrs. Alice Baker as pastor, and a few members that are never tiring in their work, are starting out with hearts full of hope that much good may be accomplished by untiring efforts and the help of the angel world. We hear good reports from the East End society, of which C. H. Figuers is president, speaker and medium, and also from our German society. We are sorry that our Central East Side society had to abandon last spring from causes unavoidable, but we know they were good people and good workers, and we sincerely hope that they will soon be able to unite themselves into a society again or that they will join the different societies in the city, adding strength to each one. In connection with my work in the afternoon for the Progressive Thought society, I am holding Spiritualist meetings independently at 261 Pearl St., Sunday evenings, with full houses, and much interest manifested by skeptics and investigators.—Mrs. Alice Baker.

The fifth annual convention of the Texas State National Association of Spiritualists was held in Houston, Tex., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 20, 21 and 22, 1901. Lecture services were held Friday and Saturday night, and on Sunday, morning afternoon and night. Mrs. Jennie Hagan Brown, of Ft. Worth, Tex., Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford of Grand Rapids, Mich., Mrs. Florence E. B. Shaffer, B. O. of Houston, Harry J. Holton of Houston and John W. Ring of Galveston were speakers. On Sat-

urday night Mrs. Carrie Fuller Weatherford gave satisfactory psychic readings. The Holdkamp orchestra of Houston, the Quartett Choir of the Spiritualist Society of Galveston, Mary Arnold Wilson of Ft. Worth and Miss Lydia Buckingham of Houston furnished the music. Sunday afternoon a very unique memorial service was held for our arisen president. The large attendance on each occasion declared each service "best we have attended." The business sessions were held morning and afternoon of Friday and Saturday. The former officers will serve the ensuing year, John W. Ring of Galveston, president; Dr. H. S. Bock of Dallas, vice president; H. A. Landes, of Galveston, treasurer; W. H. Harrell of Dallas, Chas. W. Newnam of San Antonio, Mrs. F. M. Overman of San Antonio, Mrs. Lou Lang of Rosenberg, and Mrs. B. Lenox of Stephenville, trustees; Mrs. Nettie M. Wood, 2011 Washington street, Houston, secretary. The association has eleven chartered societies; six were represented. An indebtedness which has burdened the association for three years is entirely removed and a balance remains in the treasury. The creating of a missionary fund will be the aim of the present administration. John W. Ring is the delegate to the N. S. A. convention. Some proposed amendments to the constitution were ordered sent to the several chartered societies to be voted on at the next convention. The committee on resolutions endorsed the declaration of principles and resolutions adopted by the N. S. A. convention in 1900, and they were published entire in the local press, which was very courteous, during the convention. A pleasant and profitable convention through and through.—Cor.

THE N. S. L. A.

Editor Light of Truth:

Will you kindly permit me another announcement in the columns of your valuable journal relative to the forthcoming meeting which is to be held on the afternoon of Oct. 16, in Washington, D. C., in the interest of the N. S. A. and the Y. P. S. I.

Since my last communication, I am in receipt of a letter from the President of the Y. P. S. I., and she informs me that she is in correspondence with the members of the Association she represents, respecting the forming of an alliance between the N. S. L. A. and the Y. P. S. I.

I hope this announcement will receive the attention of the members of the lyceums of the N. S. L. A. and the Y. P. S. I. To me, it seems a movement in the right direction, as there is no reason why the work of the one, should not be identical with the work of the other. The matter of forming this union will be considered at the next meeting, and it is hoped that Spiritualists will feel an interest in the work presented on that occasion.

Several things are to be considered in connection with the business of the meeting of the present year that is important, there is no more important issue before the Spiritualists of the country than the one pertaining to the Young People's movement. Let it be forever remembered that the Lyceum is not a Kindergarten school, as many suppose, nor a department of work where the specialty of learning to "speak pieces" and to get up entertainments is the chief work; the Children's Progressive Lyceum stands for education of body, brain and soul. Who is there among us so old that the work will not be helpful? Spiritualists, consider a great work lies before us and we may be up and doing while the opportunities are with us.

MATTIE E. HULL,
Sec. N. S. L. A.

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J. M. PEEBLES, M. D., PH. D.

Weeks, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys excellent health and restful sleep every night. G. D. Young, of Wimer, Oreg., says, for years I bore about my body the piteous spectacle of disease and death stared me in the face. I now thank Heaven I am a well man, and I owe this great victory over disease to Dr. Peebles and his corps of assistants. Mrs. Bell B. Bond, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who was cured of asthma, dropsy, heart trouble, and female weakness in a very few months writes that she recommends Dr. Peebles' treatment to all her sick friends and relatives, in fact, to all suffering humanity.

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In the Cure of Disease.

Dr. Peebles, the grand old man of Battle Creek, in whose brain originated PSYCHIC TREATMENT, has so perfected his method that it has revolutionized the art of healing, and it can almost be said there are no hopeless or incurable diseases. This system of treatment has brought thousands upon thousands back to health, after they had been pronounced hopelessly ill by the very best local physicians. His cures have been proclaimed PHENOMENAL by the many thousands who have had a chance to watch the near neighbor, friend, or relative pronounced at death's door by the local doctor, brought back to perfect manhood and womanhood by this eminent doctor and his associates. These wonderful cures are brought about through a system of treatment originated by Dr. Peebles himself, the great authority on Psychic Phenomena which is a combination of mild magnetic remedies and Psychic power, making the strongest healing combination known to science. This method has been so perfected by the doctor and his associates that anyone may use it in the privacy of their own home without the detention from business or the knowledge of anyone. Mrs. J. W. Anderson, of St. Johns, Wash., suffered for years with pain in the ovaries and uterine weakness; she was entirely cured by this treatment. Mrs. C. Harris, of Marionville, Pa., says she cannot express too much gratitude for the results received from Dr. Peebles' treatment for falling of the womb and general exhaustion. George H. Weeks, of Cleveland, Ohio, sends heartfelt thanks for restoration to health after suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia for years; he says he now enjoys excellent health and restful sleep every night. G. D. Young, of Wimer, Oreg., says, for years I bore about my body the piteous spectacle of disease and death stared me in the face. I now thank Heaven I am a well man, and I owe this great victory over disease to Dr. Peebles and his corps of assistants. Mrs. Bell B. Bond, of Dunkirk, N. Y., who was cured of asthma, dropsy, heart trouble, and female weakness in a very few months writes that she recommends Dr. Peebles' treatment to all her sick friends and relatives, in fact, to all suffering humanity.

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TRUE SPIRITUALISM.

True Spiritualism brings the soul en rapport with other great souls who have passed on to the brighter realms. Miss Lillian Whiting, the gifted writer, who is a Spiritualist, in speaking of her recent book, "The Spiritual Significance," among other things said, with respect to Kate Field's account of her 24 hours of heaven life, as given to Miss Whiting from the angel world:

I turn to pages 306-7 of my book and find the narration of a walk in the garden; of hearing a great scientific lecture on light and its relation to color; a subsequent discussion of it by great men; later, her returning to me in my room (a seeming test being given by mentioning my occupation at the moment), and bringing with her Mlle. Rosa Bonheur (whom I had the privilege of visiting at her home in France), a period of repose and, lastly, attending a musical convention with Adelaide Phillips, adding that she and Miss Phillips were composing some music together. They were close friends when on earth, and music was a passion of Kate Field's, although circumstances in her early youth defeated her intention to make it her art, as Miss Phillips was able to do.

Now, I submit that 24 hours devoted to science in a deeply significant way (on the hypothesis that we accept this account at all) to social enjoyment with a great artist and a great woman like Rosa Bonheur, and to the participation in a musical convention and in engaging in creative composition in collaboration with a great lyric artist like Adelaide Phillips, is not commonplace, and to my view it seems less so, indeed, than the traditional waving of palms and singing of hymns, or sitting on a cloud playing a harp. Bishop Potter said the other day (I regret that I cannot put my hand on the report of this speech of his, to quote exactly) that there are no holier ones in heaven than many of the men and women who walk the streets of New York city; that there is no more angelic work being done in the New Jerusalem than much that is being done here.

Now, the event of death that occurs during life does not, we may submit, work any miraculous change. Kate Field, a brilliantly intellectual and artistic woman here, is not, we will say, transformed by the change of death into a being who is devoid of taste for a scientific lecture or a musical convention. Bishop Potter would assure us that either one offers its own provision for spiritual living as much as a service in a cathedral might. There is nothing in science or in music incompatible with religion.

Any reader who has chanced to follow my chapter entitled "Between the Seen and the Unseen," in which I have endeavored to trace the absolute correspondence between the revelations of recent science and those of psychic research, will see how the one provides for and explains the other. For instance: Professor Dolbear, the great specialist on the ether, has discovered that in the ether there is no friction, and that a body moves in it at a rate swifter than light—which we have long known moves at the rate of 280,000 miles a second. Psychic science discovers the existence of the ethereal body (which is the individual when death relieves him from his physical body) living then in the ether as we live in the atmosphere; in the ethereal world as we live in the physical world. Finally, Mrs. Oliphant's "Little Pilgrim"—beautiful and tender as it is—is an ecstatic vision, a figurative dream intended only as an exquisite fantasy like the "streets of gold" and "gates of pearl." Modern science, both that of the physicists and that of the psychic researchers, is penetrating into the nature of our fu-

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ture life as it is penetrating into the nature of the stars and all the sublime secrets of the universe.—Lillian Whiting.

THE ONLY WAY.

The universe is governed by law. Put the hand in the fire and let it burn off, and all the prayers of all he world can not replace that hand. Generate the forces of cruelty, that transmute themselves into diseases, disasters, destruction and death, and all the prayers of all the world can not put people back to the condition that they were in before they generated the cruel forces.

The only way possible for human kind to avoid suffering in this life is to stop inflicting it upon anything.

Hatred, cruelty, murder is hell itself, and generates the torments of hell in the being. This is the real devil; and it is always those who sustain this devil who live in fear of the mythical hell, while they build up the real fire of torment, agony and woe within their own beings, and furnish the fuel therefor.—Lucy A. Mallory.

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rary gave the following interesting ac-
count of "Abby Gove's Pet Butterfly,"
which flew in at her window the day
after the good Quaker poet was bur-
ied:

For several summers previous to his
death Mr. Whittier passed the season
at Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, at
the old Gove homestead. The only
member of the old name now left there
is Miss Abby Gove, to whom Mr. Whit-
tier was attached.

The day following the poet's funeral
Miss Gove opened the window of the
quaint, oldtime "keeping-room," and
following the burst of sunlight and
summer breeze came a large golden-
brown butterfly. It lighted on the
casement, its pulsating wings a bronze
dazzle of color.

Miss Gove gave the tiny guest wel-
come, and left it to enjoy its rest.

The following day it was there just
the same, flying about the room and
making light, graceful poises between
its dittings.

Three days passed, but the butterfly
remained. On the fourth day Miss
Gove took it, with gentle touch, put-
ting it outside the window; thinking
perhaps it had forgotten the way to
liberty. But on the following day,
when the window was opened, the lit-
tle guest came back.

Twice afterwards it was put out of
doors, but each time it returned.

Miss Gove then took a plate and one
of the old-fashioned wire screens, such
as are associated in one's mind with
the cheese dish on the farmer's din-
ner table, and, taking the butterfly,
she put it on the plate, covering it
with the screen. It seemed contented
and happy.

Food was required for it, so its own-
er bought a toy cup, in which she
mixed honey and water, and this the
tiny insect evidently approved.

A new cage, like that used to house
canary birds, was bought, and around
it a piece of fine wire netting was
placed. This was the butterfly's per-
manent home. It learned to know and
be fond of Miss Gove.

When she opened the door of the
cage the butterfly would at once poise
on her outstretched hand, and while
there make a purring noise, similar
to that of a contented kitten, but of
less volume of sound.

If any one came near Miss Gove the
insect flew away, seemingly much per-
turbed; but when the stranger with-
drew it returned to her hand, resum-
ing its happy purr.

Its mistress always fed it; its meth-
od of absorbing its food being very
interesting: The cup of honey and
water was held in the hand of Miss
Gove; the butterfly would then alight
on her finger and run out a needle-like
proboscis an inch and a half long;
then it thrust, with quick strokes, the
end of this natural tube into its mouth.
When it had eaten enough the prob-
oscis was drawn in; then it was that
the purring became louder than ever.

To see it eating a meal, remarked
an eye-witness, was a curious sight;
but to hear the song of comfort it
poured forth afterward was more won-
derful!

Miss Gove took the butterfly about
with her, and while visiting in Paw-
tucket, R. I., the curious little pet at-
tracted wide attention from callers.

"Has it seemed to languish or de-
crease in size?" was asked.

"Not at all," replied the hostess; "it
appears healthy, brisk and happy, and
its mistress has a great affection for
this singular little creature."

"Does anybody say it is Mr. Whit-
tier's soul come back in new guise?"

inquired another caller.

"No," was the simple answer; "but
somebody did say that were the gentle
old poet alive he would write some
words about it that would outlive the
butterfly by a century."

LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR OF "LISBETH."

To the Editor:

The flattering reception of "Lis-
beth," by the friends, and also those
indifferent to our cause, has given me
courage to publish a later work en-
titled "Jim, or the Touch of an Angel
Mother," which will, I think, be of es-
pecial interest to the young people as
well as the older ones.

"Jim" was written automatically
and still I became so intensely inter-
ested in it, that I see many of my own
thoughts cropping out, therefore I
would not like to ascribe it as the
work of any especial spirit.

I know the book to be an interest-
ing story of the power of spirits, to
help even the very young to live clean
lives because it is right to do so. My
publishers, the Sunflower Pub. Co.,
Lily Dale, informs me it will be ready
for sale early in October. A large
number of friends gave me their ad-
dress at the different camps, and it
will greatly oblige me if they see this
notice if they, as well as other friends
who desire the book, will send me one
dollar, and as soon as the books are
received I will mail them. Hoping
that my boy Jim will find his way into
the hearts of the people as has "Lis-
beth," I am most sincerely

CARRIE E. S. TWING.

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Letter From William Canby Ferris.

The path of the editor is a thorny one and for that reason I desire to express my appreciation of your last splendid number of September 21st. The reading of it aroused in my heart an earnest desire to assist, and hold up the hands of the man who is at the helm of the Light of Truth. The letter from Mr. Lake and the editorial on Cora L. V. Richmond's address were, it seems to me, right in line with the true position of Spiritualism on Political and Economic Questions. Yet the men who received the message of the Seer, A. J. Davis, as given in "Nature's Divine Revelations" back in the early fifties, stand today like an impenetrable barrier against the discussion of social and economic questions from the spiritual platform. It is left for the heroic Herron to lead in the great movement so clearly predicted in nature's divine revelations and which is taking tangible shape before our eyes. Bands of devoted men and women will form societies and Brotherhoods by which the world will be taught how poverty can be abolished and life filled with congenial companionship and love.

The time for denunciation and criticism of the structure of society which has proved its unfitness for the needs of men, has almost passed away; and will be followed by constructive socialism; by the men who can LIVE Bellamy's beautiful vision and bring harmony into all social relations by right thinking. Condemnation and criticism are destructive forces. The Christian Scientists have taught us a lesson by ruling them entirely out of their creed. Look for the divine spark hidden in every man and it will soon begin to glow. May God's blessing rest upon your work. Fraternal yours,

WILLIAM CANBY FERRIS.

Belmont, N. Y.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

Advices from Caracas say Venezuela
will probably declare war on Colombia
Sept. 28.

The assassin of President McKinley
was sentenced to death in Auburn
prison during the week of October 28.

Frank Hague, parachute jumper and
aeronaut, was drowned by falling
from a parachute into the reservoir at
Lima, O.

Carroll D. Wright, the eminent
statistician of Washington, was elected
president of the National Unitarian
conference.

Mr. McKinley's fortune was sufficient
to yield his widow about \$8,000 a year,
to which congress will probably add
a pension of \$5,000.

A spark from a steel chisel caused
the death of six men by falling into
an oil tank and exploding it, blowing
the workmen skyward, at Newark,
N. J.

The powers plan concerted action
against Turkey. European cabinets
reported to be mapping out a cam-
paign of joint procedure against the
sultan.

In Hawaii the two varieties of mos-
quitoes make day and night a bur-
den. The Wima bird instead of kill-
ing the pest drove out the native
songsters.

Caleb Harvey, an old and wealthy
resident of Laporte, Ind., died there
as the direct result of grieving over
the assassination and death of Presi-
dent McKinley.

Emma Goldman and the nine other
anarchists held with her in Chicago
for complicity in the late assassina-
tion, were released, as there was no
evidence on which to hold them
longer.

The remains of Abraham Lincoln
have been moved for the twelfth time,
and are to rest for all time in solid
concrete just below where the sarco-
phagus stood in Memorial hall, Spring-
field, Ill.

Mr. John George Nicolay, private
secretary to President Lincoln and
widely known as the author of several
works on the life of the great war
president, died in Washington, aged
70 years.

The crack sloops, "Columbia" and
"Shamrock," failed to finish within
the time limit at Sandy Hook. Wind
died as they were homeward bound.
Columbia showed clearly her superi-
ority to Shamrock in light weather.

The British government is consider-
ing the advisability of sending an en-
gineer to both American and contin-
ental cities to inquire into the subway
systems and to report on their advan-
tages over the London tubular sys-
tem.

On the highways and streets of Cal-
ifornia oil is being used for sprink-
ling purposes with great success. In
most cases two applications a year is
all that is required, and the roads are
practically dustless and the comfort
of the traveler greatly increased.

Paris is now erecting along its prin-
cipal streets "Phares de Secours."
They are large lamp-posts provided
with a box containing a stretcher,
dressings for wounds and a telephone
connecting with the nearest ambu-
lance station. On the outside is a
barometer and a letter box.

The Colorado Cliff Dwellers' asso-
ciation is making every effort to pre-
serve the ruins which lie on the Mesa
Verde, in southwestern Colorado.
There are from 300 to 400 cliff dwell-
ers, including the cliff palace on this
Mesa. As these ruins are in the Ute
reservation, the state and national
government does not have any direct
control over them. A ten-years' lease
has been obtained by the association
from the Ute chiefs.

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