

LIGHT IN THE WEST.



"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VI.

ST. LOUIS, MO. JANUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 2.

NOTICE.

As appears elsewhere, the St. Louis Spiritual Association, having purchased the Coming Age, successor to Gilded Age, now in its Sixth Volume, will endeavor to carry out the advertising contracts of that paper and asks of its friends their co-operation and support. In stepping into the shoes—so to speak—of our newly acquired predecessor and as a memento of its form and progress we can retain only its V. L. VI with our No. 2, and thus add its momentum of force and attained progress to our LIGHT IN THE WEST. We feel fully justified in saying to all that we are assured of success beyond our expectations, and our efforts will be still more earnestly exerted to make the paper worthy of our Time in its appearance and of the Cause we represent.

*St. Louis Spiritual Association.
S. Archer, Manager.*

Free and open discussion is invited on all questions which tend to advance truth and right. Writers will be held responsible for their theories. Names must always be attached to communications as a guarantee of good faith, but may be withheld by request.

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Progression is the great law of man's existence.

Spiritualism holds that all mankind are members of one great family.

Heaven, or the Spiritual World, is a real world of sight, and sense, and sound.

It is an evidence of mental weakness to doubt the existence of the soul because our fingers cannot grasp it.

Spiritualists want salvation in this world, then in the next world they will have it because they will take it with them.

The worst man that ever lived does not deserve unending, hopeless suffering. Give everybody a chance either here or in the hereafter.

The example of Christ will save us, if closely followed, from evil of all kind but his blood will not, nor did he ever say it would or could.

Spiritualism inculcates a morality the most pure and elevated, and a state of the affections towards God in the highest degree holy and spiritual.

Be guided in every action more by the inward voice than by any external direction, inasmuch as the external is not the real, and the internal is the true reality.

The difference between mind and matter no man has ever scientifically analyzed; yet mind is mind, and matter is matter and we know they are totally different.

A heaven that is haunted and disturbed by the wails and shrieks of far off or near by misery is not the kind of a place that Spiritualists go to when they leave this world.

Receive only that as truth which can be comprehended by the reason and which has an application to the inner consciousness of the soul, for that which is above

or beyond reason cannot be inwardly digested, and that which does not appeal to the consciousness of the soul can do the soul no good.

Our spirit associates, like our earthly companions are of our own choosing. If we prefer the vicious and depraved there will be no trouble in finding such in either world.

The character of a man's future, whether for good or ill, whether happy or otherwise, is in a great measure dependent upon himself—at least upon himself and his surroundings.

Let the standards of thought and action which mortals have erected be made subservient to the divine and immutable standard which is presented in Nature and developed in soul.

Every man must work out his own salvation. He cannot cast upon others the responsibility that belongs to him, of performing his every duty to his God, to his neighbor and to himself.

Spiritualists can understand, if their Christian brethren cannot, how Paul was caught up into the third heaven, or sphere, and there beheld things unspeakable without leaving the body.

The presence of Moses and Elias on the mountain of transfiguration is well understood by Spiritualists. They were spiritually present and materialized that the apostles might see them. Transfigurations are of very frequent occurrence.

There is no phase of life that Spiritualism does not reach, and it elevates and enobles all that it touches. Its facts and

phenomena demonstrate that life is continuous; that the soul is immortal; but this revelation, glorious as it is, is not the ultimate of spirit communication—it is only one of its incidents.

Our spirit associates are those whom our present states of mind and heart attract to our side. If we are angry, if we are thinking evil, if we are contemplating a wrong act against our neighbor or ourselves, we may be assured that our spirit companions are such as would delight in participating with us in the evil deed.

With regard to the heathen who have died in the long ages of the past, ignorant of Christianity and unconverted, Henry Ward Beecher asks: "Where are they? Are they wailing in unmitigable torment? If that be so, never let me mention the name of God again. Let me never violate my own nature by calling him Father."

Spiritualism says: "Let each man in society subordinate his selfhood to the general good; make sincerity the law of social life; eliminate from toil its vulgarity; from mercantile life its dishonor; from the bench its corruption; from politics its selfish ambition; from the church its bigotry; from capital its greed, and from all things whatsoever is contrary to Christ's code of ethics."

Ezekiel, Zachariah, Paul, John and other men of "bible times" saw the World of Spirits. It was not only visible, but tangible to them. They saw temples, palaces, rivers and mountains, fountains, plains and trees. They say they did, and if these things were then they certainly were before and are now. John said he saw people clothed in white raiment "over there" and also saw clouds and rainbows, books, harps, thrones, horses and chariots.

Dr. Chalmers beautifully says: "The little that I have seen of the world and know of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret, the feebleness of purpose, the scorn of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would

fain leave the erring soul of my fellow man with Him from whose hands it came."

There is no field of knowledge that Spiritualism does not invade, and, under spirit guidance, art and invention are to ascend heights, and attain an excellence never before dreamed of except by seers. This excellence of attainment under spirit guidance and encouragement—the interblending of spiritual and moral excellence—is, and is to be, true to all conditions of life, and the recent inventions in the photograph and the telephone, the introduction of the electric light, and the improvements in telegraphy and in all other appliances for man's good are simply so many indications of the incoming tide of spiritual illumination, and are just as much evidences of spirit aid and thought as are the speeches and writings of our trance mediums, or any of the more definite forms of spirit communication and control. Spiritualism has grown out of the period of questioning and belief, and has entered the broader domain of certainty and knowledge. The wisdom and experience of spirits can and are being brought to bear upon things material that are for the convenience, comfort and elevation of man. We know whereof we speak, for the evidence is before us. This is the period of utility and use, of working together—the spiritual and material worlds.

He who gives intellectual assent merely to the reality of spiritual intercourse and spirit manifestation has but a very slight conception of the universality of the law of spirit influence and control. An intellectual assent is but little more than a preliminary, or introductory step towards an understanding of the true relations which a universal law has established between the Spiritual and material worlds. These relations are most intimate, and the object and aim of their establishment was to allow the people of the two worlds to become co-operative, and this co-operation is beneficial to us in ratio to our worthiness to secure the benefit of intelligence higher than we in moral and spiritual growth. Thus, a mortal who aspires to live a life of usefulness and steadfastness to truth, mercy, and charity has the hearty co-operation of a band of spirits whose moral character and intellectual culture are in harmony with his aspirations—that kind of harmony, we mean, which comes from a higher level to lift up the one below, and blends with his yearning for a better life

here and an abundant entrance over there—an affection that is powerful to aid. A cold belief in any theory or philosophy of immortality shuts out all the light of demonstration and the cheer of the glow of the fire of enthusiasm and hinders the soul from participating in the joy of the anticipation of a glorious existence in the world beyond.

Spiritualists are charged with having no Word of God—no Divine Revelation, but they have a revelation of the Divine mind, a word of God, which is in every way above and superior to anything that a finite mind could suggest or conceive. The Universe, the Creation, which was created and warmed into life by the Supreme Intelligence of all worlds and all systems, is to the Spiritualist the real and infallible expression of the Infinite mind, and from every rugged mountain top, from the bosom of the great deep, from the tiny leaf of the fragrant wild flower, from the wings of the storm, from the silence of the forests and from the great, deep heart of humanity there gleams in dazzling splendor a light which flows continually from the very essence of the Great Over-Soul to light man on his way onward, upward, God-ward. That is the Divine revelation upon which Spiritualists rest their faith and hope, and they want no other. Nor is the Spiritualist without a religion, only his consists not in the delivery of sermons, nor in the singing of hymns, nor yet in the offering of prayer but in doing the will of the Father. Outward services of devotion are not the substance of his religion, but acts of mercy and charity are. His religion is purely spiritual, which is the indwelling consciousness of light and truth.

ARMIES OF SPIRITS.

The bible stories of spirit manifestations are deeply interesting to Spiritualists, but none more so than the story of the king of Syria and Elisha the prophet. It will be remembered that this king, so the narrative runs, warred against Israel, but somehow the leader of the Hebrew army managed to outgeneral his adversary on every occasion, and the Syrian king getting tired of being beaten at every point concluded to ascertain, if possible, the secret of his enemy's success: so, in casting about for a solution of the matter, he was told that a man by the name of Elisha, a prophet of Israel, was the man that pointed out the snares that had been laid for his

people and thus frustrated the Syrian's plans, so he concluded to send a strong force to Dothan, the place where Elisha was stopping, and capture the prophet, and away they went and surrounded the city. They got there in the night, it seems, for early one morning Elisha's servant discovered an immense army of Syrians encamped about the place. He was not long, we may believe, in acquainting his master with the situation, and in his fright he cried: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?" But Elisha was not moved by the sight of a hostile army, for he was one of the most highly developed mediums the world ever saw, and by his spiritual sight he saw not only one but many armies of spirits all ready in position to defend him; but he was desirous that his servant should see his heavenly surroundings also that his fear might not get the better of him, so he said: "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes also that he may see." Elisha's prayer was immediately answered, "and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." They were there to protect Elisha and his servant, and others too, no doubt, and they did it most effectually. The Syrian army was routed horse, foot and dragoons. Of course the Syrian's saw them too, else they would not have become panic-stricken. Whole armies of materialized spirits filling the mountains with their numbers! Now, this is a plain, unvarnished story from the inspired Word of God; and yet, we will venture to say, that there is not an orthodox or Catholic priest or layman in the city of St. Louis who will not try to twist the plain letter of the text into something altogether foreign to what the Bible plainly and distinctly says occurred; but with Spiritualists this narrative will stand forever as evidence from the hand of God that we are continually surrounded by bands of spirits.

REV. SAM JONES.

Those who suppose Mr. Jones to be merely playing a part upon the orthodox stage for financial gain and the applause of men are surely mistaken, and still more do they misapprehend the underlying principle of the philosophy he teaches who charge that no substantial good comes of his labors. If he were not sincere his mission would have failed long ago and he would be heartily despised by all men. The fact is he is both honest and sincere

and is really desirous that men should at least lead sober lives. He may be clownish at times, but the fact that he has succeeded in persuading hundreds and perhaps thousands to quit their vicious habits and be men in the highest and truest sense is sufficient to commend him to any community. It does not matter whether his efforts in "calling sinners to repentance" are the cause, or rather the opportunity, for merry making by a certain element who always attend such meetings "for fun" or not.

His views upon the philosophy of life and immortality are essentially those of the Spiritual faith, for whatever is calculated to persuade men to live pure lives finds its chief support and encouragement among Spiritualists. Hence, if Mr. Jones can by his peculiar mannerisms or quaint sayings amuse or argue men into a frame of mind which will allow the seed of the great truth of immortality beyond the grave to take root and bear fruit, and can induce them to give over all habits that are calculated to dwarf or scar the soul, why let him be encouraged to go on in the good work so long as he continues to teach that the philosophy of life is correct living and the essence of life is immortality, for these are the chief stone of the corner of the foundation upon which Spiritualism rests, and up to that point the theories of Mr. Jones and the philosophy of Spiritualism are fruit of one and the same Tree of Life, and if he could be persuaded to stop right there his teachings as a whole would commend themselves to Spiritualists the world over as embracing the all sufficient evidence and assurance of a higher and a better sphere of existence beyond the grave.

But unfortunately for the best interests of his fellow-beings he does not stop there but flies off at a tangent and makes anything like a desirable or even bearable existence in the World of Spirits contingent upon a blind faith in the power, ability and willingness of an individual who lived nineteen hundred years ago to act as our attorney before an awful, dreadful and angry God, and his influence to have certain judgments against us set aside.

But, after all, if that kind of talk is necessary to scare some men into a lively appreciation of the depths of degradation they have reached through intemperance, it is best to encourage it, for the end certainly justifies the means. Anything that will make a man quit making a beast of himself is good enough, and should be employed; so, while we

are sorry that Brother Jones persists in annulling nearly all the good things he says by perfuming them with the smell of brimstone fresh from the Devil's dominion, we say keep hammering away at the whisky traffic, Mr. Jones.

TRY THE SPIRITS.

When John, in his first epistle general, cautioned his brethren to "believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God" he evidently wished to be understood as acknowledging for the Church its full and unqualified belief in Spirit intercourse as well as warning his people against evil spirits who would not hesitate to intrude themselves under the guise of the good. Paul likewise was careful to impress upon Timothy the "seducing spirits speaking lies and hypocrisy" would endeavor to lead men astray if an opportunity was given them to exert their influence. In fact, both the Old and the New Testament are full of such warnings, and they are also careful to point out the advantages that will accrue to man through the advice, counsel and presence of good spirits.

But the sacred writings of every nation under the sun caution against believing what a spirit says simply because it is a spirit, and they all with equal force point out the advantages of intercourse with good spirits, and nowhere in any of them, either Hebrew, Pagan or Christian writings can a word of condemnation be found or a command given against holding converse with spirits that are pure in character and thought. It would seem then that man is justified by the highest inspired authority of every system of religion of which we know anything about in his endeavors to put aside the veil which separates him from the other world, that he may see his friends over there and talk with them face to face, but he is not justified in having anything to do with them until he has tried them and is convinced that they "are of God."

We know it is said that good may, in fact, does come of intercourse with spirits, whatever their character may have been in earth life—but there is not a syllable of truth in it. If they are evil spirits no good whatever can possibly come of any association with them, and all such should be ordered away the moment they are seen or their presence felt. Now, it will be asked: "How shall it be known whither the manifestation is by a good or evil spirit?" We answer, as a rule it is easy enough. In this life the mental, moral and social status

of a man or woman may be known generally by the company he or she keeps, and the character of his or her spirit associates may be measured by the same unerring rule, only this difference: in this life a man may see and feel that his associations are not just what they should be, and have a desire to do better, but lacks the force of character to cut loose from them and be a better man, while his spirit associates are from desire exactly on a par with the conduct of his life. Hence, a bad man at heart, although outwardly he may have the appearance of being good, will surely have spirits about him that are in harmony with his own baseness, while a pure minded man will have a band of good spirits about him, all the time aiding, supporting and strengthening him in his battles against evil.

A sepulchre may be stately, commanding and attractive in its outward appearance, but it is full of the bones of dead men and to those who know what it contains it is repulsive. All mediums who do not live pure lives are whited sepulchers and their spirit control and spirit influences are just such as would naturally seek the society of the vile and vicious and he or she who seeks communication from loved ones who have passed to the other shore through such channels will find only "seducing spirits, speaking lies and hypocrisy." Ye shall know them (Mediums) by their fruits. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit." So also evil spirits seek evil minded, mediums, and pure spirits seek only mediums who live pure and honest lives.

THE ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM.

To say that Spiritualism is a modern discovery, that it originated with the Fox family in 1848, or that its origin can be traced to the writings of Swedenborg is an evidence of stupid ignorance. It might just as well be said that God is modern, or that the Spiritual World is of recent creation. True, the conception of God and knowledge of the World of Spirits in the nineteenth century is very much clearer and very much more comprehensive than they were in the early ages, but the other world and God are both very far from beings of modern origin. Spiritualism was the religious philosophy that the Creator taught man "in the beginning," and He has demonstrated its sufficiency as a code of moral ethics to every succeeding gener-

ation. Moreover, the culminating phenomena of Spiritualism, namely, materialization, was reached long before Samuel materialized before Saul, and at no time since the first spirit trod the other shore has the world been without positive proof that it is not only possible for man to see and talk with those who have crossed over to the great beyond, but that it is his privilege to do so.

We do not propose to deny that until quite recently an open profession of a belief in Spiritualism was attended with considerable danger to one's social standing, if not to his personal liberty, but that condition of society was the legitimate result of the intrigues of the priesthood of the several systems of religion and does not invalidate the assertion that every system of religion that the world has ever known had its origin in the philosophy of Spiritualism. If the world, or any part of it is in darkness concerning immortality and individual existence in another world and where that world is located, as well as the methods of holding converse with its citizens it is because crafty priests have perverted and made deeply mysterious God-given truth, that should be permitted to stand out unobstructed for man's guidance and consolation.

It seems strange, and yet it is true, that priests in all ages of the world have uniformly based their "plan of salvation" upon the theory that God was, is and always will be a Being of whom man should think as an object of dread—a cold, exacting tyrant, approachable only through the blood or smoke of a sacrifice offered up in some particular place at stated times by a duly authorized and commissioned agent. But then, the stock in trade of priesthood the world over is that which will best develop a feeling of fear and awe of the Creator in the breast of humanity and keep it aglow. Why, even the learned and polished Greek got so, under the persistent hammering of the priests, that he would actually tremble before an altar and a god of his own making, fearing lest he should fail to please and win the favor of his so-called deity, and the same dark cloud of priest-invented superstition has hung for ages, and still hangs in a greater or less degree of blackness over the world.

The Aztecs, who inhabited the western part of the American continent, went so far under the direction of their priests as to butcher human beings by the drove as a sacrifice to their deity, and as a monument to their steadfastness to his murderous cause

pyramids were built of the skulls of the slain and the ghastly pile of human bones cemented with the blood of children. Even from the Hebrew altars went up continually the smoke of burnt offerings, and crimson blood flowed at the feet of the officiating priests that the anger of Israel's God might be turned aside. In fact the underlying force that makes all such systems of religion successful is based upon the "pardoning theory," which is in turn the outgrowth of the hideous and beastly belief that the whole human race is under the wrath of God.

True, we are told that under the New Testament or Christian dispensation the 'plan' is altogether different, but in fact are the doctrines of the new dispensation any more rational or do they commend themselves to the intelligence of man by more logical arguments than the old way? The new way, as pictured by the church, is less blood-thirsty to be sure, but that is about all that can be said in its favor when comparing it with the old Pagan idea. Let us see what advantage the Christian plan has over the Hebrew, or Pagan theory. The doctrine of the christian economy demands that the aspiring soul of man shall be compressed into the limited space of an unquestioning belief in the vicarious atonement, which is the sentiment that God commissioned an agent, which agent was a part of himself, to interpose between the displeasure by which He was moved, and the race which He had previously decided to punish—the doctrine of election and reprobation, which represents the Divine Being as choosing some of his creatures from the beginning to enjoy everlasting life, and as predetermining the remainder to suffer everlasting torture. In short, the torments of hell for the many, and salvation for the few.

Is this new dispensation, then, a perceptible improvement on the old heathen doctrine; and yet concealed as it is, the objective point and purpose of every one of the innumerable systems is to convince man that he shall not be annihilated by death, but that the grave is but a door opening into another world—into another sphere of existence. The doctrine of the immortality of the soul is, and has always been, the sum and substance of every religious theory, principle and doctrine. To be charitable we will admit that the civilization of the Pagan world was not equal to the spiritual philosophy as a system of religion and that the barbarous inclinations of the people could be

kept within bound only through the fear of some kind of a Divine wrath, but no such excuse can be offered for the Hebrew race, and none whatever for the Christian church, except as we have said they have permitted their priests to do their thinking for them, which is not only not a valid excuse but subjects them very justly to grope in spiritual darkness with fear and trembling which dwarfs their souls and makes them fit only for the lowest sphere in the World of Spirits, and all because of their wilful neglect to use the means God has given them to know from whence they came and whither they are going.

Thus it will be seen there is an irrepressible conflict raging between Spiritualism and the principles upon which priesthood is based, but in all kindness on the part of the devotees of the spiritual philosophy for aside from obeying its precepts they know that the true functions of the priesthood have been so neglected and perverted that Spiritualism will have to take up the burden and perform what the priesthood have so signally failed to accomplish, and in doing so it has no idea of antagonizing the old faiths, but takes whatsoever in them that is of God the Father and proclaims it to the world as good and true, and in this connection we say that the Bible, fairly groans under its weight of recorded evidence of the going of spirit bodies to and fro between the spiritual and material worlds and say it, too, in the face of the assertion that "they were angels, not the spirits of men," for we are free to say that if they were not the spirits of men they were nothing, and the story of their coming and going a fairy tale, for no human or divine being can have even an indistinct idea of an order of beings different from men.

If the Samuel who appeared to Saul and foretold his downfall was not the Samuel, the son of Elkanah and Hannah and who ministered unto the Lord before Eli, the priest, the story is a weak invention, a barefaced myth. If they who appeared to and talked, ate and walked with Abraham, Lot, Hagar, Jacob, Moses, Gideon, Elijah, Zachariah, Daniel, Mary, John, James, Peter, Paul and all the other leaders under both the old and the new dispensation were not the spirits of men who once wore a material body upon this earth we can have no conception of them, and if we can have no idea of them we are bound to reject the Bible as a gigantic fraud.

But its records of spiritual manifestations are not frauds because we have the

evidence from the Spirit World that they are true. The materialization of spirits, and their appearing among men, as men, in human apparel, is vouched for in more than a hundred places in the Old Testament and because of these and the thousands of other convincing proofs that God taught the philosophy of Spiritualism and gave it to the Hebrews for the basis of their religious economy, the spiritual community everywhere hold fast to the Bible as a well authenticated history of the early days of their belief and doctrine. No, let no man say that Spiritualism is of modern origin, but hold it up as the most ancient of all systems of religion and the only one that was born of the Divine mind.

EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE.

Special to LIGHT IN THE WEST.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. JAN. Spiritualism in all its phases is making rapid progress in the east, and thousands hail with joyous acclamations the era of the ministry of spirits to mortal life, when we may all have at least a glimpse of the spiritual world and irrefutable proof that our loved ones who have gone before dwell therein.

An absolute knowledge of immortality "taketh away the sting of death." Much has been said in opposition to spirit manifestations on the ground that enough has already been given and attention should now be directed to spiritual teachings developing the Christ principle inherent in every human heart.

When Christ came he found people unwilling or unable to believe in Him and to attest His mission he commenced at once to perform miracles.

Then, as millions of people, and many (indeed, nearly all) of our ablest scientists are unbelievers, why object to employing the same means for their conversion that Christ used with Jew and Gentile. What authority is there for declaring that the day of miracles is past? Christ's power was conferred upon his followers and while there are skeptics to be converted, miracles will continue to be performed in His name. Miraculous proofs of the truth of Spiritualism may be obtained without attending a seance. By establishing good rules and such conditions as will enable your spirit friends to commune with you, much good work may be done in your own homes. For the encouragement of those who are deprived of the benefits and pleasures of the "Seance" I would say, the finest Medium I have met tells me he is a "developed" medium. That is, was not mediumistic naturally that he was aware of. But even now, in the midst of his most brilliant success he does not omit his private sitting. We may not all become great mediums, (some in fact not at all) but we may develop some phase of medium-

ship that will bring us consolation, and the faith that comes from actual knowledge enabling us to say:

"As for my friends, they are not lost,
The several vessels of thy fleet,
Though parted now, by tempest tost,
Shall safely in the haven meet."

The "Brooklyn Phenomena Society" have a neat little church at Irving Place where it has been my good fortune to witness some marvelous tests given through the mediumship of Mrs. George Slater. Spirits were so minutely, accurately described as to be recognized at once. Many names were given and messages exchanged establishing identity beyond a doubt. I am informed their average attendance is 225. This medium is doing much good work for the cause, giving many benefits for other societies and worthy objects, thus keeping the real Christ principle paramount to mere money getting which sooner or later causes the foundation to crumble and eventually causes the downfall of all who enter the sphere from motives of mere gain. "Ye can not serve God and Mammon"

The most advanced and popular society here is, probably, The First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists. The Society holds its meetings every Sunday morning and evening at Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue. Speakers engaged from Jan. 1st. till June 30th., Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher and others. Mr. Fletcher is at present interesting and instructing large and cultured audiences, in the grand truths of the new Religion. All who have enjoyed the privilege of listening to the inspired orator are emphatic in their praise and satisfaction. He seems, indeed, launched on a boundless sea of inspiration. Some very fine tests are given by this gentleman at the close of each lecture.

The West is fairly well represented here I am informed. There are several fine mediums here from western cities. Among them Dr. J. Mathews Shae, who, I am told, brings a gold medal from the Spiritualists, of Indianapolis as a token of their regard and the high esteem in which he was held as a medium. I shall improve the first opportunity of seeing some of his many phases of mediumship.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds its meeting every Sunday in "Fraternity Rooms" - Cor 4th and South 2nd. St. This society is the only one pointing with just pride to a "Childrens Lyceum" They also hold a "Members Developing Circle."

In my next I hope to give some account of the materializing seances here and in N. York.

M. B. T.

CAN A JEW BE SAVED?

Rabbi Adolph Moses, of the Temple Adas Israel, of Louisville, Ky., preached recently to an audience composed of about two-thirds Gentiles, upon the question, "Can a Jew be Saved?" The Rabbi's answer may be found in the following excerpt from the address: "No, a Jew cannot be saved from the standpoint of genuine, unadulterated Christianity,

Sincere Christians may grieve over the fact; they may put forth, as thousands of noble-minded Christians really do, their hands imploringly to the Jew to save him. They may weep over his sad fate beyond the grave, and be ready to make heroic sacrifices to rescue him. Still, if they not only profess the tenets of Christianity, but cherish them as living convictions in their heart, they are bound to say to themselves: Such is the inscrutable will of God that none but true Christians, believing in Jesus Christ, the Savior, shall be saved. Let His omnipotent will be done! He is ever just, though we poor mortals may fail to understand the ways of His providence. Salvation is for the Christian alone, according to the authoritative teachings of all trinitarian churches. We Jews do not believe in its accepted, well-defined dogmatical form, nor in any sublimated, philosophical conception of it. We do not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was a God nor the son of God, holding that he was merely a good and upright man, and a noble teacher in Israel. We believe that Jesus' death was a most deplorable event, but that it was not a sacrifice intended to be an atonement for the sins of mankind. There are more of our faith outside of our church than within it. We consider all Christians, Catholics and Protestants, as belonging to the chosen people of God, the great people of Israel. They are all like us, by spiritual affinity, children of Abraham. But the Unitarians we hold to be of the special household of Israel, although they live in a different part of the house, eat at a different table, sing a somewhat different hymn, worship in different temples, and call themselves by a different name. Can a Jew be saved? Can a Unitarian be saved? Who will answer the question? Jehovah, the eternal, the all-just, the merciful, will answer it! He says: 'Dear children, you are all to me, Christians, Jews, and Unitarians! I will shelter you all beneath the wings of my mercy and love!' Let all flesh be silent in the presence of God, our all-loving common Father and Savior! The Redeemer of Israel is His name!"

ABOUT MATERIALIZATION.

What do we really mean by materialization? It is the clothing of the spirit form in a material garment of sufficient density to make it tangible to objective vision. The base is already there. What we want to do is to attract such particles from the sitters as are needed, strain them, as it were, through the medium, and then use these fine material atoms to coat the form of the spirit or "spiritual body," as the chemist coats a simple pill with sugar. Such materializations are so real, so life-like, that doubters are not to be blamed if they cry fraud. In no one phase of spiritual manifestation is so much patient investigation necessary, or so much charity due, so much careful judgment called for. This whole movement comes to man to educate him, to teach him to know himself and his relations

to the hereafter. If everything were presented to his mind, that there could be no doubt as to the genuineness of the manifestations, it would provoke less thought upon the subject, agitate less, and so fall short of its object.

For this we have cabinets and various styles of curtain, to make it possible to attribute all to the medium and so have a positive and negative side of the question—a dual principle, a law which holds good throughout all nature, even reaching to divinity itself. Mediums have purposely been placed in a very unsatisfactory light before men, simply to carry out this idea in the divine plan of salvation—the making of man wise, considerate of his fellow man and a law unto himself in all things.

Sometimes the spirit form resembles the medium and a cry of fraud is raised among the sitters. If we look through a poor pane of glass at objects outside they become distorted; if we look through a blue pane they appear blue; so the particles coming from the medium to make "this form of clay," this "phenomena of matter," as the editor of The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle once expressed it in the columns of that paper, may take on the appearance of the medium, and even lead men to go so far as to seize upon such a one, believing it an imposture.

Sometimes their suppositions are correct; for mediums, failing to satisfy the demands of an eager public through spirit aid, have resorted to other means to keep good their credit in one way, while they ran the risk of losing it in another.

Again it is possible for the medium to be no more responsible for such an exposure, than a mirror for the image it reflects. It may be brought about purposely by spirit agency to agitate the general question of Spiritualism, and so spread a knowledge of it, even though in an unfavorable light. But to understand that we really have a spirit form to clothe with this thin visible covering, one that resembles the form borne by the spirit in earth life—a recognizable one—allow me to present my views of body, spirit and soul in as simple and plain a manner as possible. Soul is individualized intelligence; it comes into earth life a spiritual unit of the great ocean of an infinite intelligence to be incarnated in matter, and so, through the experience of daily life individualized. That it may become conscious of a separate existence mind is necessary, in order that it may reflect upon itself. Now, what is mind?

We have, as a part of the body, that wonderful organ we call the brain; physiologists wonder how it is that a simple mass of gray matter, formed in a series of convolutions, can produce such wonderful results. The truth is that it is simply designed to receive impressions through the external senses of sight hearing, smell, taste and touch, together with those intuitive projections of thought from the realms of spirit life. These impressions are stored up according to the degree of attention

given in the one case, and the amount of receptivity in the other—much as sound is stored up in the tin foil phonograph of Edison, but not promiscuously; for the brain is divided into separate organs or faculties, each of which receives its own appropriate impressions, and it is the harmonious action of all these parts which makes the well-balanced mind. When Elihu rebukes Job he says: "There is a spirit in man, etc." That this brain may act (for without power it is no more than an engine without steam) it must have a working power. This force is magnetism, and the action of it through the brain as a special organ of the body we call mind.

A MAGNETIC.

BAPTIST ESCHATOLOGY.

Unity: "The great majority of those who 'live and die upon the earth go neither to 'heaven, the dwelling place of the redeemed 'man, nor to hell, the dwelling place of blasphemers and others who have rejected the 'Messiah; but on the contrary, the great majority, having never heard the gospel, are 'judged according to what they have done 'while in the body, and are happy or miserable in sheol, the dwelling place of disembodied spirits, according to their deeds on 'earth, their own consciences being their accusers or excusers at the judgment day.' The above is the affirmation of an aged and much respected deacon in one of the Baptist churches of St. Louis. Can any one of your Unity correspondents tell me whether such views are regarded as sound and scriptural by our Baptist brethren? J. S. B.

Twenty-five years in the Baptist ministry gives me a right to say no to the above inquiry. Such sentiments are usually made into instruments of torture for the backs of those who utter them. No Baptist is safe in the fold who doubts (1) that belief in Christ's blood is the only means of salvation; (2) that eternal hell or eternal heaven are entered *at once* on the death of the body. This always was, now is, and so far as we can see, always will be Baptist doctrine. No other teaching can find a place among them, and I am quite sure the "aged and much respected Baptist deacon in St. Louis" never uttered his belief in the presence of his brethren.

S. D. BOWKER.

THE DRILL OF THE SPIRITS.

Minneapolis Tribune: "The strangest experience I ever had," said the old Sergeant, "was at old Fort William, on Governor's Island in New York Harbor, twenty years ago. I was a Sergeant at the time, married, and, with my young wife, had been living in a small house on the lower end of the island, but the commanding officer concluded to tear it down, and I was to select the best rooms of the non-commissioned officers' quarters, in the then

unoccupied fort. What with my usual military duties and the fatigue of moving and placing things to rights, I was pretty well tired out when night came, and slept like a log. My wife was worn out, too, but did not sleep so sound as not to be disturbed every night by what she called 'the funniest noises, that sounded just like thunder,' but I paid but little attention to her, thinking that it was only the noise of passing steamboats or the wash of the water on the shore. It might have been two weeks after I had settled down that one night I awoke suddenly from a sound sleep with that peculiar feeling of dread or uneasiness upon me which arises from an unknown cause, and has been experienced by nearly all of us.

'John, do you hear it now?' asked my wife when she discovered I was awake; 'it sounds like some persons at work below.'

"Listening for a short time I recognized familiar sounds, and had I not been positive that the doors were locked, with the keys hanging on a nail in my room, I would have sworn that the batteries were manned by experienced gunners. The quick tread of the men as they dragged the guns in, the ring of the rammer, the handling of the shot that lay piled in readiness for use, the return of the iron wheels over the rails as it was run out of the port, were perfect in every detail, only lacking the words of command and the report of the piece to complete the illusion.

"As I listened the uproar increased in volume until it was impossible for us to hear each other's voices without raising them to a high pitch. The guns were served with what seemed incredible rapidity, and the very walls, massive as they were, trembled under the heavy artillery in continual motion, while the balls were rolling from one end of the casemates to the other, striking the sides with heavy thuds. Unable to stand this state of affairs any longer, I arose, and, lighting my lantern, took the keys, along with a loaded revolver, and descending the stairs as lightly as possible, reached the doors. The noise at this point was, if anything, more deafening than when I left my room.

"Cautiously inserting the key into the lock, I cocked my six-shooter, and, throwing the door open suddenly, with raised lantern and weapon presented, entered the nearest casemate to find it unoccupied, save by the grim old gun and the shot stacked in their usual places. It was the same in every battery I entered. Not a footprint disturbed the thick dust upon the floor, nor was there a finger-mark upon either the gun or shot. The tom-pions were in place, and no carriage had traveled over the rusty rails. Confounded even still more than I was before, I returned to my room, and was disturbed no more that night. The racket, however, commenced again the following night, and was kept up, with slight intermission, for a month. My account of this singular disturbance was met with jests and laughter from my fellow soldiers, which they modified, it is true, when I corroborated it by

my wife, but then only so far as to declare that it was a scheme on our part to get removed from uncomfortable quarters to one of the new quarters, then about completed. Nettled at their taunts, I vowed that if ever the noises commenced again I would have other witnesses to them, and I did not have long to wait, for about one month after I was awakened by the phantom gunners. This time I passed over the draw-bridge, and, going to the men's quarters, awakened a Sergeant by the name of Smith, and much against his will made him accompany me to the scene. After standing listening to the racket until Smith's face was as white as a sheet and he was trembling from head to foot, I threw open the door. Smith always declared that for a moment he saw the ghastly crew at their places, but could detect nothing, nor could I ever discover any cause for the disturbance, although I often was awakened by the nightly drill of my invisible artillerymen.

"Some months after leaving the island I learned that during the Mexican War an artillery company drilled with these guns some time before they left for Mexico, and that they were nearly all killed in battle. I suppose it must have been a freak of theirs to have their reunions in these casemates and practice with their old friends, the guns."

STATEMENTS AND VIEWS.

The following views were presented in an address recently delivered before a conference of Spiritualists in New York:

"While modern Spiritualism is so transcendent a theme that it is incapable of definition, and will accept of none that implies limitations, there are periods when its objects and purposes for the time being may be and ought to be stated. This is more especially necessary at a transitional period like the present, when Spiritualism is emerging from a chrysalis condition of sentimentalism or a condition of mere intellectual assent, to that of a practical, working, governing force in society.

"I will state as I understand them, the basis, the purposes, methods and objects of Spiritualism."

1. "That Modern Spiritualism is a force that has come into society to rule and govern it.

2. "That this power is Spiritual, but mighty through God to the tearing down of the strongholds of superstition and error.

3. "Its processes are educational, and for the Spiritual enlightenment of the people.

4. "Its objects are humanitarian intensely so--and the elevation of man to a condition of enlightenment and selfhood, such as has never before been attained, or deemed possible for the race, except by poets and dreamers.

5. "That Spiritualism is second and subordinate to no ecclesiastical system; that it has an individuality of its own, which must at all times and under all circumstances be recog-

nized by its true votaries.

6. "Spiritualism must have firm ground to stand upon, and the ground must be all its own; and the sooner we recognize the various prefixes and affixes which are constantly being attached to Spiritualism as so many limitations or apologies for being a Spiritualist the better it will be for the progress of our glorious cause.

7. "The reality and consciousness of immortal life, spirit communion and intercourse follow the law of Spiritual unfoldment. Spiritualism is the announcement and revelation of the law, which is that Spirit is the absolute master of matter. Everywhere and under all circumstances, where proper conditions are furnished, matter is moulded and shaped, aggregated and segregated, solidified and liquified at the good will and pleasure of this over-mastering, intelligent force, which we call Spirit.

8. "The Spirit Circle and Mediumship are the centre and circumference of the Spiritual movement, and they must continue to be such until every doubter is convinced, and every assailant is vanquished. Hence are due to the Spirit world, and its medial instruments, not only support and co-operation, but constant and vigilant protection against the existing ignorant and hostile public opinion, which has no more adequate conception of the beauty, power and reality of Spirit communion than the nursing babe has of the source of its being.

9. "That progression is the law in the intellectual sphere, as all science declares it to be in the material universe. Hence as Spiritualists, acknowledging the divine law of progression as the real savior of the race, we are bound to follow its lead in whatever path of discovery it may take us.

10. "In its brilliant and triumphant progress, Spiritualism has passed the period when mere intellectual assent entitles a person to call himself a Spiritualist. The evidence of the reality of spirit communion will never be more complete or demonstrative than it now is. Hence I see that Spiritualism has entered a second or advanced stage of its beneficent and glorious career: organized effort in the direction of practical, humanitarian and educational work, on the basis of the Spiritual Philosophy, is the new and advanced phase which Spiritualism has so triumphantly entered. All hail to the new dispensation! and to the Spirit Intelligences that have inaugurated it! Again their jubilant song is heard: "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

MINISTERING ANGELS.

Mrs. Mary J. Clarke: The ministry of angels is a subject that will always possess a deep interest for serious, thoughtful minds. There is nothing for which the hearts of men long with more pathetic yearning than for a resumption of fellowship with the loved and lost. What mother does not long for one sound of the voice of her son who has crossed

to the further shore? What would not fathers give for one more smile from a daughter passed all too soon away? And what is more reasonable than to hope that the loved and lost have joined the ranks of the angels, and are busy in tender services for those whom they, having left behind, still love the more?

SAVED BY HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT.

Temple Bar: "Good night, Hal, don't keep Will up too long, or he won't be able to hit a hay-stack to-morrow."

It was my wife who spoke. My cousin Hal and I were settling down to a comfortable smoke in my den, and her warning voice fell on unheeding ears. Hal, a big, bronzed athlete, with gray hair round a youngish face, was spending a short holiday at my place in the country, and this night was likely to be the last he and I would have to ourselves, for already the golden leaves had fluttered down from the trees, and on the morrow guests would fill the coverts with the rattle of smooth-borders and wake the echoes in the old house with their merriment. Hal had only just returned from Kimberly, free from the troubles of impecuniosity for the rest of his natural life, but not, I thought, so bright and cheery as he should have been. The smile I used to know so well in those honest blue eyes was never in them now, save for courtesy's sake. So I prepared to elicit from him, if possible, the cause of the change. To my surprise he cut me short at once: "No, old fellow, you aren't to do any of the talking to-night; that's my part of the business; you prepare to listen." And then after a moment he deliberately filled his pipe, got up and turned the key in the door, and began again with: "Will, do I look like a chap to commit a murder? No, you needn't answer, I know what you would say; but for all that you are wrong--I did almost commit one once, and I am going to tell you all about it."

Hal and I had been school companions, and though I was his senior by a year or two he had retained his influence in our after life.

Together we had grown up at his mother's knee, and when our relations told us that the little store our fathers had left us would not allow any longer stay at school, and hinted that we had better be up and doing, Hal and I had elected to try for clerkships in the Indo-European Telegraph service. The pay was not very great, but on the foreign stations it was enough to live on; the work (eight hours out of twenty-four) was not repulsive in itself, and the service gave us an opportunity of visiting strange lands.

Those were pleasant days at Kertch in spite of our poverty. I think one might do worse than live them over again. But at the end of two years we had tired of them, and a telegram received one 24th of December, informing me of the death of a relative, which freed me forever from the service of 'dot and dash,' was eagerly welcomed. There was no such luck for Hal, but for all that when I left

Kertch he determined to leave with me and seek employment elsewhere.

Hear the rest of the story from his own lips:

"You remember, Will, that Christmas eve, ten years ago, after you had your lawyer's telegram, how, when the first burst of excitement had subsided, the dullness of the snow-covered town palled upon us, and to think of passing our time in the ordinary way, loafing in the billiard-room of the English club, or hanging on behind sledges in the 'Ru Woronzoff,' of whose fair occupants we were heartily sick long since, seemed out of the question. It was four o'clock already, and the evening was fast closing in. Our thoughts had gone back to the firelit homes of old England in the twilight hour, and even the absence of an open grate and its flickering flames had become a grievance to us. There was nothing to do out-of-doors, nothing to do within, but pine for the time when we might escape from Kertch and its ennui. Every book had been read and reread, and even the poor pleasure of constructing fancy landscapes from the frost work on the window panes had been tried and found a failure, for the bitter intensity of the cold had swallowed up all the delicate tracery of the earlier frosts in one solid sheet of ice. It was then that you proposed that mad shooting party which so nearly cost you your life--how nearly I think you have never yet guessed.

"No one but a brace of bad Englishmen would have dreamed of such a thing, but we reveled in that epithet in those days, loved hardships for their own sake, and were too young and tough to come to much grief.

"So, Paramon, our henchman, was called from his slumbers in a sheepskin on top of the kitchen petehka, and sent grumbling out into the night to order our troika, and though the thermometer stood at 8 degrees Fahrenheit, and Michael Maximovitch, the postmaster, did all he dared to thwart our purpose, yet in a little over an hour the lumbering open cart was at the door with its shaggy ponies and Tartar yemshik. The broad, silent streets ill-paved, half-lighted, were buried in the snow and sparkling with frost; the sky above was a deep, strong violet color, looking 'bright as fire and keen as ice,' and the stars so near that you could almost see the red flames leaping in them. Here and there under the white faced houses a storoz (watchman) cowered in a doorway, so muffled up in his sheepskins as hardly to retain a human outline. Except for his voice and the hollow-sounding blows of his staff against the wall, signals to the world that some one was on guard in spite of the weather, not a sound was to be heard. Even the dogs of Kertch were silent for once.

"Outside the town we set our sledge-bells going, and their merry clatter and the keen air stirred the life within us, woke a spirit of defiance to the silence that brooded round us and for awhile the chorus of 'The Red, White, and Blue' woke the witch-hare from her nest

in the snowdrift as we sped past.

"But soon the frost laid its finger on our lips, and glued them together with icy bonds. Our mustaches whitened and stiffened, and our eyelashes froze to our lids, until we were glad to nestle into our wraps and be silent.

"The lights of the town were soon out of sight; the stars, too, had disappeared, and again the ceaseless, silent snow felt all around us.

"Away to the west, over the low, rolling steppeland lay Sebastopol and our English dead, among them your father and mine, buried as British officers are best buried, 'deep with their men.' The ruined city round which they fought, standing in ruins still, its empty window frames and doorless passages, and gazing blankly over frozen sea and low, snow-clad hills, is the most desolate sight upon earth. Could it be that the dead lying there were at peace? Had they no longing, as I had, to hear the happy Christmas bells of home ring out across the snow? Full as the earth and water is of life, crowded with myriad forms of sentient beings, it seemed hard to believe that the broad expanse above and around us was peopled only by the feathery snowflakes. To me it seemed that the graveyards of the Crimea had given up their dead, their voices were on every wind that sighed, and before I reached the post-station I had almost persuaded myself that I could distinguish their forms in the storm. For nearly three hours we toiled over that fifteen versts of steppeland. Twice with a sudden plunge that took our breath away, and sent us rolling from the frozen truss that formed our seat, we dived headlong into drifts above the horses' withers. With many a curse and many a caressing word did the yomshik, by our help, extricate his half-buried team, and at last through a rift in the whirling flakes we saw the gaunt black and white post that marked the station at which our journey for the night ended. If anything could have astonished stolid Pavel, the German Jew who managed the station, the arrival of travelers on such a night would have done it. As it was, instead of that best welcome which one hopes for at an inn, we were near being turned away. Had he nothing good for supper? 'Nitchivo (nothing). Something warm to drink? 'Nitchivo.' Was there plenty of game? still 'Nitchivo,' and so to every question until we might fancy 'Nitchivo' was the only word in the Russian language, as, thanks to its various meanings it almost might be. That was a dreary night we passed at Sultanovka. The bitter cold seemed to take shape and size, and torture and grip us with the personal malice of a living foe. The wooden bedsteads groaned and thawed slowly as we lay upon them, until great beads of moisture stood at every crevice in the woodwork. Outside, the spirits of wind and storm were abroad to meet old Christmas on his way from the frozen North, with nothing more than the one dim light of the station, gleaming over the waste, like the Cyclops' eye, to watch them.

"I was early dawn when, with head

racked by the pain caused by the stifling fumes of the charcoal stove and by want of rest, we sallied out with our guns into the icy freshness of the new day.

"As the morning broke, the wind went down, and the drift, resetting on the steppe, gave us a clear view all around. From time to time, as we came with noiseless tread into some sheltered balkan, a puff of snow would by up into the air and a form scarcely less white than its surroundings would hurry away, across the waste, or dye it with its crimson life-blood.

"Here and there we came to tiny pools where, on the frozen surface, groups of teal or duck were sitting with ruffled plumes, longing for the liquid element, which seemed for the nonce to have vanished from the earth altogether.

"By noon our game sacks had grown heavy, and we turned our heads toward home, satisfied that Christmas on the steppes was a little less cheerless than Christmas in the town.

"With our return our troubles began.

"The traitor wind that had sunk to rest, now rose like a giant refreshed, whirling the snow in powder from its resting places, and blinding the eyes that sought the homeward way.

"Hour after hour we plodded on in the ever-increasing darkness of drifted snow, with nothing visible above or around save the opaque veil that hid the world from our eyes.

"Wilder and wilder grew the wind, catching your light form in his rough embrace, and whirling you in a staggering dance over the snow. I see you, almost as plainly as I saw you then in my mind's eye, at one moment wrapped and buried in your bourka, the next shot out from it, all legs and arms, as if it would have been torn from your shoulders by the wayward giant.

"Go home, go home," the wind seemed ever whistling in our ears, but the blinding snow mocked the good advice.

"For you, rest seemed near, but such rest as curled the blood to think of. Weakened by want of sleep, wearied by heavy toil, the grip of the icy wind had got hold upon your heart, and that dread drowsiness—sure prelude, if yielded to, to the everlasting sleep—seemed fast growing upon you, numbing your energies, and making life appear a boon not half so much to be desired as the soft, cold couch in the drift at your feet. Twice your weak knees failed, and you sank, how softly, into the snow. Twice I returned and dragged you from your self-elected shroud, supporting and driving you forward in spite of your supplications and reproaches.

"But my own strength was waning, my courage failing, in the hard and bitter battle with the merciless cold.

"There were devils abroad that day, Will, in the darkness of the snow-storm.

"Nothing less could have whispered in my ears that your life was all that stood between me and wealth and freedom from a life I loathed—your life, which you yourself prayed me to let you lay down, as a burden too heavy for you to bear; your life, which, perhaps,

spite of all my effort, I could never save, and which might cost me my own.

"At last, when I was well nigh spent, you slid from my grasp, and, afraid to look at you again, I let the devil have his way, and left you. The tempter had succeeded, and I, the heir—I, your more than brother—left you to the sleep of death, went onward alone to safety, wealth, and (fool that I was), I thought, to happiness.

To be Continued.

TAKE HEART.

BY MARY PACKET ROLLINS.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!" Whittier

[The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done, is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun.—Ecc. i: 9.]

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are not, dear heart, "It might have been."
Thy future shall redeem thy past,
And sorrow wear a crown at last.

The night wears on, the dawn in nigh,
Then grieve not for the day gone by;
For brighter days thy sky shall gild,
And baffled hopes shall be fulfilled.

Time, blest physician, ever brings
The gift of healing on his wings,
And sweetly whispers o'er and o'er,
"That which hath been is yet in store."

Courage, then, weary heart and sad!
Watch for the morrow's dawning glad,
Till from thy doubts thou art set free,
Oh, trust the pledge, "It yet shall be!"

Great Falls, N. H.

REALITY.

The following lines, dated Elysium, April 6, might have emanated from Longfellow, through the Banner of Light:

Swift over the river, the River of Death,
Cloud bier'd as asleep I wafted along,
Whilst murmurs of spring, monotonous in their breath
Whispered life to my soul through measures of song.

"Requiescat in pace!" So sounded the dirge,
And so answered the tear-drops from sorrowing friends;
But ah! whilst all sorrowed, I awoke on that verge

Where the new with the old in eternity blends
More real the home-stead and Arcadian the scene,
As companions I knew in my innermost self
Threw out smiles where the shadows of grievings had been,

Whilst each sorrow was laid like a tome on the shelf.

And the books I had loved—yes, those earliest friends—

From their cases look down all in gaudious array;

Whilst an aureole each from its little nook sends
And my study seems bright with the brightness of day.

"Do I live?" Yes, I live, and the glammers of song

Pulse my being, as never they pulsed it of yore,
With this wondrous truth: that in work we grow strong,

And our life with each effort is glorified more

NOT LOST.

BY M. F. ANDREWS.

Crushed blossom-buds. Oh sweet and rare
Is the fragrance about the torn, stained leaves!
For a faithless foot has trampled there,
And a life has gone out—but like a prayer
It is not lost. The world receives
Breaths of incense, that are a part
Of a bruised earth-flower, or broken heart.

OPIUM DENS IN BALTIMORE.

A Baltimore correspondent writes: "Opium joints have become so numerous in this city of late that a number of prominent physicians have inaugurated a movement to secure proper legislation for their suppression. The police know where all the resorts are situated, but are powerless to stop the nefarious business, as there is at present no law upon the subject in the State. This favorable situation has brought Chinese to this city from all over the country, and it is estimated that there are fully three hundred places where opium-smoking is practiced at all hours of the day and night. The attention which the authorities are giving the matter at this time is due to a succession of scandals which have arisen through respectable working-girls becoming habitues of the resorts and victims of opium-smoking, for which Baltimore doctors say there is no cure when the patient is a female. In one instance, a pretty shop girl with a companion stopped in a Liberty street joint in the rear of a Chinese laundry, and out of mere curiosity partially smoked a pipe. The drug seemed to have a fascination for her, and she returned to the den several times with her companion, who finally refused to continue the visits. The girl continued to go to the place alone. She lost her situation, and one night while in the place was enticed away in a half-dazed condition and ruined. This is only one of a number of distressing cases resulting from the presence of the dens. Meanwhile, the Chinese are doing a thriving business, and are making lots of money which it is their habit to send to Sacramento, via postal money orders, every Monday morning, when as high as fifty or sixty of them can be seen around the Post-office.

How to make doughnuts: Three eggs, one cup sugar, one pint new milk, salt, nutmeg, and flour enough to permit the spoon to stand upright in the mixture. Add two teaspoonsful of baking powder and beat until very light, drop by the desert spoonful into boiling lard.

How to make Baked English Plum Pudding: Take a half pound baker's bread crumbs and soak in enough scalded milk to swell them. When cold add a quarter pound suet chopped fine, half a teaspoon salt, the yolks of six eggs beaten well, then add alternately half pound raisins stored, wet and dredged with flour, half pound currants, three ounces citron.

If the mixture should not be stiff enough to hold the fruit up add more bread crumbs. Put in half wine glass of brandy and the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, the last thing. Bake in a four quart pan (greased) for two hours in a moderately heated oven. To be eaten with liquid sauce flavored with brandy. This pudding can be made several days before using and warmed by steaming and be as nice as if just baked.

At the time of purchase, The Coming Age had part of their Feb. No. set up and we use part of it, which accounts for narrow columns.
Ed. "LIGHT"

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Having sold the COMING AGE to the St. Louis Spiritual Association, together with its subscription list, advertising contracts, good will &c., that it might be merged into LIGHT IN THE WEST, we desire to thank our friends for the support and encouragement they have given us, and in taking leave of them we respectfully request that the same hearty support be extended to Light in the West.

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Women and Men.

We sometimes hear surprise expressed that woman has contributed so little to the masterpieces of the world in science, art, literature. To me the wonder is always the other way—that she has produced anything in that direction at all; and this for the plain reason that the shadow of repression hangs over her. That she has always been at a great disadvantage in training or education is something, but it is a secondary matter. The real disadvantage of women has lain in being systematically taught from childhood up that it is their highest duty to efface themselves, or at least keep out of sight. One can overcome all disadvantages of education, but to do anything remarkable without running the risk of being conspicuous—this would puzzle the most skillful.

Fame is the shadow of great action. Now nobody but Peter Schlemihl ever succeeded in living without his shadow, and it is not recorded that even he enjoyed that situation.

It would be easy to show by a long series of examples that eager desire of men, especially the mediocre ones, that women should remain invisible. It was the Latin epitaph upon the model woman that she staid at home and spun.

We have not yet outgrown that

profound remark of Fredrika Bremer that a woman may do almost anything she pleases with a man if she always has something nice to pop into his mouth.

From the days of that Roman epitaph onward the tradition of concealment has been pretty well sustained. It would be easy to fill pages with the sayings of wise men to the general effect that women should, as far as possible, be kept in some place that has a lid to it. The favorite German novelist Auerbach, for instance, put this with a praiseworthy directness: "The best woman is she of whom men speak least. I understand it, so that where a man speaks of a woman he should content himself with a few words. He should say, 'She is an intelligent, a good, a domestic, or a noble woman.' Qualify these words, and the strength of the comment is lost." It is certain that in saying this, Auerbach speaks the spirit of his nation. He says it gravely, too, and does nothing inconsistent with it, being in this respect more fortunate than the English Archdeacon Trench, who thoroughly approves the Latin motto as applied to women. "She has lived well who has kept well concealed," and quotes it with pride in a preface to a very thick octavo volume containing several hundred of his mother's most private letters.

There is one way alone in which men have been willing to see any amount of literary or artistic genius developed in woman—when these ladies consent to attribute their work to a husband or a brother, and say nothing about it. This is the self-effacement, at its most delightful point, when the woman does the work and the man gets the fame. The Mendelssohn family had not the slightest objection to their gifted Fanny's composing as much music as she pleased, provided it appeared under the name of her brother Felix. Nobody knows, the recent biographers tell us, how many of his "songs without words" the sister contributed; but the moment she proposed to publish anything under her own name the whole household was aroused; it was improper, unwomanly, indelicate, for her to publish music—except to swell her brother's fame. Made-moiselle De Scudery, whose interminable novels delighted all good society in France and England two centuries and a half ago, printed most of her fifty volumes under the name of her brother. Charles De Scudery undoubtedly wrote part of the books, and he certainly may be said to have encouraged his sister in writing them, inasmuch as he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it.

In short, the repressing influence

has not consisted in this or that trival disadvantage, but in the Oriental theory itself. If women have less natural gift than men, they need more encouragement and not more hinderance; if a young man of puny appearance comes into a gymnasium, he is not invited to exercise with his hands tied. At all events for what work a woman does she is entitled to credit, and not to hush up her existence as much as possible, letting the credit go to some one else.

T. W. H.

Cremation.

Rita Belle writes to the Health Monthly from Burlington on the above subject, from which we condense the following:

"That the interest in the subject of cremation is increasing is evident from the number and spirit of the frequent articles published in the papers and magazines of the country, and from the fact that crematories are being built in different sections with improved means for doing their special work, and with pleasant surroundings; thus preventing any painful jar on the feelings of the most sensitive concerning the new (in this part of the world) method of disposing of the remains of their friends.

As a health measure, those interested in the providing of improved conditions for the well-being of society at large, should give the matter their attention *pro* and *con*, and agitate the question for the enlightenment of the people.

A writer in a late paper on the subject of cremation, gives as his opinion that many, if not all, the epidemics which sweep over the country, may be traced to the cemetery as their source. Many well authenticated cases are on record where whole families have been made ill in consequence of drinking water contaminated by too close proximity to a graveyard.

'Cemetery soils in Rio de Janeiro a foot below the surface have been found to be alive with yellow fever microbes, identical with those found in the excreta of yellow fever patients. Cemeteries are, therefore, known to be the nurseries of yellow fever.'

In answer to the assertion by many that the bodies are buried so deep in the earth that it is impossible for any harm to come through the atmosphere from their decay, I quote: 'Mr. Darwin published not long before his death a treatise on the formation of earth-mold, and showed the agency of earth worms in raising it to the surface from below. He gave an instance of a raising of thirteen inches in eighty years by this silent agency.'

'Pasteur, the French scientist, showed that this earth-mold positively contains the specific germs which propagate disease, the same germs being found in the intestines of the worms. As these germs retain their vitality for long periods, it is apparent that burying them is simply storing up for posterity a horrible crop of pestilence and death.'

Taking the above facts into consideration along with the recent Plymouth plague, and all the dire results caused by the pollution of streams of water, springs and wells, which are the supply of human beings and domestic animals, it certainly is the most reasonable and the only safe way to dispose of the dead.

There is another objection which is made to cremation by many, who look at the matter from a religious standpoint, to which I would briefly call attention. Many Bible believers expect literal resurrection of the mortal body once occupied by the souls of those who have passed to another world, not realizing the utter impossibilities of such an occurrence.

When a body is buried, indeed, as soon as life is extinct, disintegration begins, and it is slowly resolved into its original elements, to form again into new combinations according to the natural laws of attraction and affinity; thus, a single original element might form a part of many human bodies at different times, and in different places, and no one could claim exclusive ownership.

There are no objections to cremation that have any real basis; they are founded either on sentiment or prejudice, and must, sooner or later, give way to the present and future good of the living. Nothing in this world is so precious as human life, and whatever is detrimental to it, and prevents its fullest and highest expression must be removed. Pure water, pure food and pure air are among the most important needs of humanity, and whatever contaminates either is injurious to health.

The subject of cremation cannot receive too early or too much attention by those interested in health reform, laying aside all other arguments in its favor, which are by no means few."

Food, Intellect and Morals.

That the character of the food we eat bears a very close relation to the quality of tissues made from it, is a fact which has been frequently stated; it seems indeed to be fairly well understood, that in order to develop strong, firmly-knit muscles, the food eaten must not only be simple, but sparing. But that the dietetic habits of a people have anything to do with their intellectual and moral powers,

is a very *important* fact which we seem continually to lose sight of. It cannot be denied, however, that the history of the human race, from the earliest to the latest times, furnishes the best of evidence on this point; and the relation holds, not merely with respect to individuals, but to nations. Following out the history of the latter, we find them in the zenith of their power at a time when for successive generations the habits of the people, dietetic and otherwise, had been simple and healthful. On the other hand, the decline and downfall of these nations came not until after they had *departed* from their plain and frugal ways.

And were we to trace the career of individuals eminent for learning or power, we should find a like correspondence to exist; men as well as nations reach the acme of their strength, intellectually and morally, before their minds are clouded, and their bodies plethoric by full feeding and other voluptuous habits. Those who are born in the lap of luxury rarely attain to any considerable prominence, either as thinkers or workers. It is also well known that the greatest philosophers, and the most profound scholars, both in ancient and modern times, have been men of temperate and abstemious habits.

In the light of history, therefore, there is but one conclusion to be drawn in the matter, viz: that in order to make the best use of our minds, or to develop them to their greatest capacity, the food we eat must be proper in quality and moderate in quantity. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when we consider that the brain, which is the organ of the mind, is constantly supplied with blood for its special growth and nourishment, and that this blood is *made out of* the things eaten? If, therefore, the quality of the food is bad, or if any substance deleterious to the vital organism is taken with it, the brain will immediately suffer; and when this organ is not in its normal condition, how can we expect it to do good work? In other words, bad food, or too much of it, makes bad blood; bad blood causes a disordered brain; and a disordered brain cannot do first-class thinking.

The ill effects of stimulants in food, are manifold; they send an increased quantity of blood to the base of the brain, causing congestion of the cerebellum. This congestion creates excitement or preternatural action of the animal propensities, inducing in the individual a desire to fight, commit murder, and do all sorts of immoral or unlawful things. But the evil does not stop here; the habitual taking of stimulating substances, even in limited quantity, causes an increased *growth* of those organs

that are located in the base of the brain; and this, with the greater activity that necessarily follows, leads to intense passionate emotions, and excesses of every description. So that murder, theft, and all manner of evil doings, are the legitimate results of the introduction into a community of *stimulating foods and drinks*.

S. W. DODDS, M. D.

The Air we Breathe.

Carbonic acid gas is the source of infinite mischief. No other single agency injures the health of men so widely and seriously. This gas comes principally from the lungs of men and animals, and from combustion. A load of wood weighing a ton is drawn to the door. It takes a span of horses to do it. It is burned in the stove, and all that is left of it is in the form of ashes, and may be carried away in a barrel on a man's shoulder. Perhaps the weight is fifty pounds. The nineteen hundred and fifty pounds which have disappeared have all gone up the chimney and out into the atmosphere in the form of *carbonic acid gas*.

A candle weighs four ounces, but when it is burned there is almost nothing left. It has disappeared in the form of carbonic acid gas. Put a man in a pork barrel, head him up tight, and drive in the bung. Wait a few minutes. Now loosen the bung, take it out, and peep in. If you happen to look into the man's face you will find it nearly black. The man is dead. He was suffocated. You see the way it happened was this. The man at first could breathe well enough, and unless he knew about such things, he said to himself, "Well, this is a little cramped, but it is not so bad after all." But pretty soon he began to find it was hard work to breathe. Then he began to feel dizzy, and then came a pressure in his head; then a fearful agony a few moments in his heart; then a few struggles and gasps, and all was over. Just take a good look in his face if you have the stomach for it, and you will see how terrible was his agony during the last moments. What killed that man? The carbonic acid gas which he produced in his own lungs. If when you first opened the bung-hole you had put your mouth to it and tried to breathe the air, you would have found out at once what killed him. We take pure air into our lungs; when we breathe it out it contains three or four per cent. of this poisonous gas. Now, if we take this same air back into the lungs it is poisonous.

If three persons are sitting in a room twelve feet square, and they have one gas burner, (which will consume the oxygen and create car-

bonic acid gas about as fast as the three pairs of lungs), the air will become poisonous in a few minutes, unless there is an opening to let the poisoned air out and pure air in. The air in most churches and theatres is simply abominable. Babies in the bottoms of cradles, ladies under thick veils, passengers in sleeping-cars, nine-tenths of our people in their bed-rooms are poisoned with this carbonic acid. Now, does not the statement that "carbonic acid gas is the source of infinite mischief" seem reasonable?

Our first, constant, and imperative need is pure air. Upon this vital point intelligent people are almost willfully stupid. Our lecture halls are dens of poisonous carbonic acid. It is only a strong attraction which can draw me to a public hall. In lectures before lyceums, I quarrel with the managers about the atmosphere. I return from church sincerely doubting whether I have not committed sin in exposing myself to a poisonous atmosphere. The eminent Baudeloque declared that the lack of proper ventilation in our dwellings is the principal cause of scrofula. He believed, if there be pure air, that bad food, improper clothing, and want of cleanliness will not produce scrofula. Sir James Clark expressed the opinion that the bad air of our nurseries, sitting-rooms, and bed-rooms produces an immense amount of scrofulous disease.

As a medical man, I have visited thousands of the sick, but have never found one hundred of them in a pure atmosphere. Not three persons in a hundred sleep in well-ventilated rooms. The air of a close, furnace-heated house produces fits in cats and dogs, and would kill horses or cows in a few months.

DIO LEWIS.

Why Jews Live so Long.

The *New England Medical Monthly* comments very favorably on the proverbial long and healthful lives of the Jews. Dr. Picard holds that this superiority is due to their stringent health laws. The Mosaic, like the older Egyptian code, is very stringent regarding the eating of flesh and other articles of food. Of the animals examined, a large proportion are always condemned as unfit for food. People who eat meat indiscriminately are very prone to disorders of the blood and of the kidneys, for meat is composed of nitrogen, which the kidneys have to remove from the blood, and of course they cannot do this. Jews also use alcoholic liquors very sparingly and thus keep up good digestion, and then again they are a holiday-loving class.

SEEKING.

From St. Louis Magazine.

Wretched, weary, tossed and torn,
Desolate, bereaved, forlorn;
In the darkness of eclipse,
With one dear name on my lips,
I am seeking evermore
For a signal from the shore
Where my loved has gone before.

Asking Whither has she fled?
Where is my beloved dead?
Is there any sphere or place
Where I may behold her face?
If she liveth, tell me where?
In what realm of earth or air?
For I fain would seek her there.

Oh, my darling! if I knew
Dying I should go to you:
Not a moment would I wait
The slow-moving wheels of Fate;
But into the Dread Unknown,
Guideless, compassless, alone,
Hasten swiftly to my own.

MARY F. TUCKER.

Kala.

From St. Louis Magazine.

Supper was over, and we had gathered around the log fire, enjoying the heat and glow with that zest which comes only of a day's travel through the cold and wet of the stormy season.

There were four of us—Prof. H., Judge B., my husband and myself. We had been on the wild, dreary road for two days, and, after a series of accidents, had finally reached St. Genevieve, on the banks of the Mississippi, whence we were to take steamer for St. Louis, *en route* homeward. Instead of going by train from Iron Mountain to St. Louis, we had driven to St. Genevieve 'to see the country.' I was about to detail our experience in transit, but my purpose being only to relate the experience of another, I will refrain.

The *tavern* was a two-story, peak-roofed affair, plastered white on the outside, and having along its front a rickety veranda, from which hung, swinging, in the wind, bits of dead vines and the strings from which they had climbed during the summer, while overhead it was decorated with fish-poles, a net, and a curious iron basket on a long rod, to be used as a torch in night fishing.

We had all gathered around the bright, leaping fire in the one apartment that served for dining-room and parlor. The Judge and the Professor sat directly in front, my husband next, and I in the chimney corner; while on the opposite side of the fire-place an old man sat in a rude arm-chair, completing the group. The landlady, a buxom woman, was clearing away the supper fragments, assisted by a thin, forlorn slip of a girl, about fourteen years of age.

The wind without howled incessantly, driving the cold rain in sheets before it. Now it almost died away—anon it gathered new power, then a shriek, until the old tavern twisted

and groaned in its grasp as in a death struggle.

'Professor,' said the Judge, 'this is like December weather in the North, if the rain were snow instead.'

'Very like,' he responded, 'and tomorrow will be December first.'

'And it comes on Friday?' queries the old man in the corner, with a wild unsettled look.

We all turned toward him. He had been so quiet before, speaking to no one, noticing nothing, that we had paid no attention to him. Now he sat erect, both hands grasping the arms of his chair, staring with a wild, frightened look, as he repeated, 'An' it is comin' on Friday?'

'Yes, this is Thursday,' I said.

'I knew it,' shouted the old man, springing from his seat, and facing the landlady, who met him with a pale and frightened face. 'You've lied to me. You thought you would fool me with it. But you can't fool her,' and here a shudder ran through his frame. 'You can't fool her. No one can't. She knows when the time comes round. Seven years! And the time's out tomorrow. Oh, God help me!' and the old man fell back in his chair, half paralyzed with fear, his frame rigid, his eyes staring at vacancy, while the cold perspiration stood upon his forehead. The woman endeavored to soothe him with low words, but the old man still muttered. 'I knew it; Friday, the first of December, seven years. Curse her. She don't forget!' And still he stared at vacancy with those wild eyes, and grasped his chair arms convulsively.

The woman, with pardonable zeal, produced an almanac, that was a last year's one with the cover torn off, to convince the old man that the morrow, the first of December, would be Thursday, not Friday. And seeing the drift of the woman's effort, the Judge joined in and acknowledging his mistake, stated the woman was right. 'One year more, then,' said the old man with a sigh, settling back in his chair. 'One year more of hell on earth, before I go to the other one. Oh, Lord! aint she done enough yet? Aint I goin' to be let alone bim-bye?'

The woman whispered him to go to bed; he was nervous, the wild night had shaken him; he would be well in the morning.

'No,' said he, 'I can't. She's in there. She always comes these stormy nights. She grins at me, an' makes faces at me, an' frightens me till I faint,' and then he stopped.

'Then what!' asked the nervous little Professor. 'What does she do then?'

The old man raised his wan, white face and looked at the Professor with his wild eyes. 'She bites me. She scratches me till I wake with pain; and then she sticks pins in me till I

cry for help; and then she goes away into air, and leaves me most dead!’ He saw that we looked at him as if in pity for being the victim of such delusion. ‘See this. Here’s where she bites. The marks don’t never go away!’ We gathered about him, and saw upon his arms, plainly, the marks of teeth that had penetrated the flesh. The poor arms were covered with punctures and discolored spots.

After much persuasion the old lady was induced to give us an explanation of the extraordinary story, which I condense as follows:

The old man, Murson, was her husband’s father. He was a native Missourian, and before the war a large slave-owner. He was a driving, restless man, and a hard master.

His wife had been dead some years, when he took a business trip to New Orleans, and thence through Texas. Somewhere on his journey he bought a mulatto girl, and brought her back for a housekeeper.

Kala, as they had named her, was a very tall, handsome mulatto, with a bright eye, sharp, white teeth, and a quick, bold way that carried all before it. Her mother was a direct importation from Africa, and Kala had inherited from her a wild, untamable spirit, that made her an object of terror to all around. Her father, a wealthy planter, had educated her himself, but on his death she had been sold by the heirs, for legally she was a slave. Her mother, a few years before, had been burned by the Texas slaves as a sorceress, and to Kala they said had descended the mother’s supernatural powers.

For a few month’s Murson found his new purchase affectionate and obedient. One day, entering her room, he found her half dressed, dancing and gibbering. He stopped on the threshold, and stared at her, for she was so absorbed that she had not heard him. She paused in her dance, and, placing her hands on her forehead, she chanted:

‘Oh, Feelah, great evil maker, strengthen me to do thy will. Let all fear me; let me betray those who love me; let me torture those who offend me; keep away from your slave all harm. Oh, Feelah,—here she caught sight of her master, and, with a yell, leaping upon him like a tiger, she bore him to the ground, burying her sharp teeth in his throat.

The assistance summoned by the noise rescued Murson from Kala’s tiger-like grip, and he was laid upon his bed half dead with fright and pain. The girl was confined to her room, where she sat in sullen silence.

The negroes of the neighborhood gathered around in excited groups on the following day, Sunday, and discussed the situation. Kala was a vampire—a ghoul. She put the evil eye

on the other women. She cursed in secret those whom she did not like, and they died in horrible torture. She bewitched all the young men, and the poor negro girls lost their lovers. And Feelah, the great African evil spirit, gave her this power, that she might torment them all.

To be Continued.

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LOCAL NOTICE.

The *Banner of Light* the oldest paper devoted to Spiritualism, published, has its prospectus in another column of our paper.

Mrs. C. Fanny Allen, who has been editress of the Peoples department in the *Cincinnati Unionist* for the last year, delivered a lecture for the Knights of Labor in Dayton, Ohio, and will address the Spiritualists and Knights of Labor organizations in Sonnet and Louisville, Ky, later in Jan. She is also booked to speak in Norwich Ct. during Feb. and in Manchester N. H. and Hanchile Mass. for March and in Springfield Mass. during April. The addresses, poems and other writings of Mrs. Allen show her to be a woman full of the spirit of progress and reform, honest in purpose and independently aggressive in thought. Why not have an address from her the last of this month in St. Louis? Who will move in this purpose.

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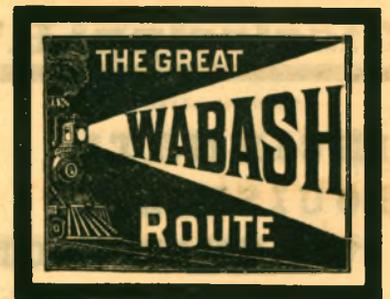
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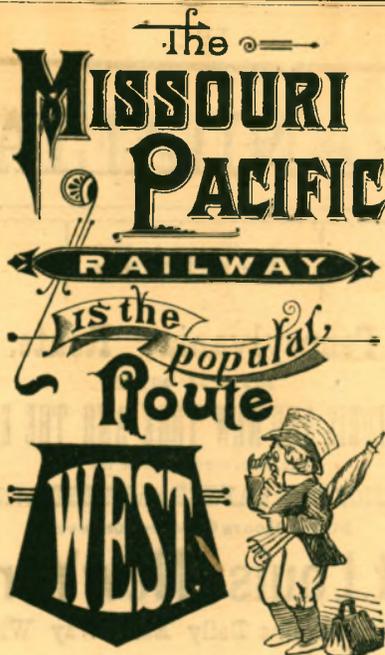
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