

Light of Truth.

At the foot of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Led to the Light.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.
CHAPTER XIII.
STELLA.

All the morning Arling labored on his sermon. The difficulties he expected to vanish with the shadows of the night, had grown more formidable, and Jacob wrestling with the angel was still to play its part in the struggle of his with the scarcely deniable truth which came within his grasp and yet evaded him. After dinner, without allowing himself his accustomed vocation, he resumed his task. Writing was slow, for the way was obstructed at every step, and a consciousness of the false position he had assumed held him down to the dead level of what he had been taught in the school. In this distracting labor he was interrupted by the entrance of the evangelist.

"You are an unexpected visitor, Mr. Howarth," said Arling warmly, "and I must say I am glad to see you." In his vain searching and restless mental condition, the minister was ready to catch at even a straw of comfort, and Howarth was so firm in the faith and free from doubts, he was as a pillar of strength.

"I am glad you have a welcome for me," replied Howarth, "for I have, I assure you, a warm place in my heart for the Fordham Church, and with you in the pulpit it ought to bloom like the rose of Sharon. I came down from Hampton on the train, and must return this afternoon. There is a miraculous awakening there, all Churches join, and the Methodists are captives in Zion. I expect a great harvest of souls there. It surpasses the experiences in your church, marvelous as they were. By the way, how is your membership prospering?"

"Not as well as I desire. Since the flood-tide which came with you, there has been lukewarmness and falling off. We are not as strong as before that evening."

"We are a corrupt generation, fallen on sinful times, Brother Arling. The hosts of sin grow stronger and stronger, crime increases, and grace in the Church less. A thousand, nay ten thousand evangelists are needed to herald the gospel."

How Arling shrank before this flaming enthusiasm and his doubts seemed as wicked thoughts instigated by Satan. Asserting himself he said:

"I attended a lecture last evening, which I am free to acknowledge has caused me a great deal of uneasiness. I am composing a sermon on the creation, and I went, thinking I might get some light. Instead I am borne down with a conflict which I can neither avert nor decide."

"Oh, you have got the evolution sea in your ear! Ha! ha! Has it bitten you hard? Well, you ought to have been forewarned, and do as I, under no persuasion be induced to attend a lecture on so called science. It is the death of faith, and faith is nine parts out of ten of a minister's requirements. Had you been at prayer-meeting, where you ought, you would not have met the devil in this temptation."

"You mistake," Mr. Howarth, "I am not one who desires faith grounded on ignorance. I want the truth, and if I only knew what was truth, I would follow regardless of consequences."

"There you are wrong—all wrong. If you or I knew the truth! There is the rub! What is truth? was asked nearly two thousand years ago. It was not answered. It never has been, nor can it ever be. Now, as long as even the Master did not tell us what is the truth, it is foolish for us to sacrifice ourselves for our ideas of it."

"If I should find evolution true I should, by my conscience, be compelled to resign my place in the pulpit."

"There you would make a greater mistake; the blunder of your life. You have no right to become a renegade and go over to the enemy. You belong to the Church. She educated you and gave you an honorable position. It would be ingratitude and perfidy. What is a shade of belief? There is not a minister in the Church who has no doubts. They increase in proportion to their intelligence. They put these doubts aside and go on preaching the doctrine of faith."

"I can not do that! I am before the world as a religious teacher, and can not teach what I do not believe. I must speak in accordance with my convictions."

"Convictions are not certainties, and the most damnable heresies have been the convictions of somebody. There is no use of knocking one's head against a beam when you can bow yourself under it. Your family depends on your salary, and that depends on your preaching as you were taught in the theological college. Do you want to be a beggar? Do you want to see your wife and child in rags, and famishing?"

"Should I lose my place, there are others awaiting me. I am not as hopelessly dependent as you presume."

"Other places!" sneered Howarth. "A minister discharged for heresy will wait a long time for a call. You mistake yourself, my dear sir, in your capabilities for any other business or profession. I have had some experience in the world, and I must say that the most incapable man I have ever met were gospel ministers. After four years in college and three in the theological school the graduate may be wise in books, but in useful knowledge he is a child. He finds himself unable to compete with those trained in the school of affairs."

These words struck home, for Arling had been constantly reminded in his business of his helplessness and deficiency in his knowledge of men.

Turning to Asphodel, Howarth continued: "Sister Arling, if you have influence over your husband persuade him to keep in the path marked by the devout men of our Church and away from the vain ideas of science which lead to ruin."

Tears fell from his eyes expressive of his intense feeling. "I have another errand," he continued; "I have felt it my duty to call on that unfortunate young man who is now in jail charged with an awful crime. I pray he may be found innocent, although circumstances are dark against him. I wish to call on him and endeavor to win his soul from its black infidelity to Jesus."

"Your object is a good one," responded Arling, "yet I fear you will not be successful. I have often visited him, but I do not venture to speak on religious matters."

"It is our duty, laid on us by our Master, and, however disagreeable, must be done."

"Stella and I were intending to visit Mr. Canning this morning," said Mrs. Canning.

"How fortunate! May I not crave the pleasure of accompanying you?"

His escort was not desirable, yet could not be refused, said the party thus formed set out for the jail. The front of this highly necessary building was not unlike that of the private residences on either side and there was not the least indication of its character. They ascended the steps leading to the front entrance and were received by the wife of the sheriff in a finely furnished parlor.

"We called to see Sherwood Canning," said Howarth. "The unfortunate young man must find the days drag irksome, confined here under the shadow of a terrible crime."

Canning had a warm friend in the sheriff's wife and she replied:

"He is unfortunate and a victim to prejudice, and quite wrong-headed in staying here when he might be at liberty. He, however, has his reasons, and employs his time so well I do not think he finds the place irksome."

"Shall we go into his cell?" asked Stella.

"My husband has arranged a little room in the front portion of the house and Mr. Canning retires there to be away from the noisy jail room. I do not suppose it is lawful, and we take the risk of his escaping, yet we have that confidence in him we would in our own son."

The sheriff at this moment entered, and his wife made known the wishes of the visitors. He took up a heavy key from a desk, and preceded them down a stone stairway to a massive iron door. It was secured not only with the lock but heavy bolts. Entering he carefully closed and locked it. He was a strong, determined man, fearless, yet alert to danger, which he held in contempt. The room they entered was long, with high ceiling. The walls formed of massive blocks of stone. The narrow windows were secured by heavy iron bars. Through the centre was a block of cells opening on one side into the room, the doors, formed of grating, so that at any time the prisoners might be seen. At certain hours these doors were opened and they were allowed to come out for exercise in the passage surrounding their cells, or rather dens. The ventilation was bad, and the air had the indescribable sickening odor of such places. It is something more than the foulness of the cess pool and air vitiated by over breathing. There is in it psychic foulness from all the degraded criminals who have been kept therein.

As Stella looked into these narrow cells, she shuddered to think of Sherwood, with his refined manners and healthful habits, confined therein and forced to breathe the tainted air and lie on the straw mattress. A hard, coarse face looked out of the shadow through the bars, like a beast of prey in its cage. There was no trace of shame or regret, but a defiant stare of an animal at bay.

"He is held for burglary," said the sheriff.

In the next cell was a mere boy, who looked pleadingly through the bars with large eyes and palid face.

"Poor boy," exclaimed Asphodel, "why are you here?"

His eyes filled with tears, and he turned away.

"His widowed mother," exclaimed the sheriff, "was once wealthy, but was reduced to starvation. She was proud and would not ask for charity. This son of hers failed to get work and was almost driven to desperation. At this critical moment he found a pocket-book containing a considerable sum of money, and instead of endeavoring to find the owner he used a part to obtain food for his mother. The money he paid out was identified, and here the poor fellow is, sure of the penitentiary."

The next cell was empty.

"This," said the sheriff, "is the cell where Canning is supposed to sleep, but I have not the heart to quarter him here."

Passing by they came to a heavy iron door which opened into a passage leading up a flight of stairs. At the landing a door opened into a small chamber with two windows overlooking the street. The floor was carpeted; there was a white counterpane on the bed occupying a recess; easy chairs and a table strewn with books and writing material. At the latter sat Sherwood Canning busily engaged in writing. He arose as they entered and cordially greeted Asphodel and Stella. When his eye fell on Howarth he gave a start of surprise. Quickly recovering, he extended his hand and said pleasantly:

"You find me in close quarters, but the best the house affords is yours."

Mr. Howarth was dignified and reserved. He had expected to see the prisoner despondent and prepared for the homily he intended to give.

"You must be lonely, Mr. Canning," exclaimed Asphodel, "even with your books."

"A strange combination of events brought me here, and the effect has been to weaken my faith in man and even in the overshadowing justice, often referred to as sure of being victorious."

"My dear friend," said Howarth with unction, "you should have a strong sure staff, on which to lean. You have no assurance, no strength in your unbelief. If you would turn to Jesus in this awful hour of your trial, and believe in his blessed name, your sins would be washed away by his blood, and you would be free from stain."

A puzzled expression came over Canning's face. The evangelist had come then to work his conversion. He glanced at Stella, but could read nothing in her eyes.

"My sins, whatever they may be, Mr. Howarth, are my own, and I ask no one to share them with me. I can endure the wrongs heaped on me, but I will not bear personal affront. You see before you a man under the ban of the law. I assure you he will not on this account more tamely submit to insolence, even from one anxious to save his soul. I am not now as anxious about my soul as my body."

Howarth replied unctuously:

"I heard that you were penitent and had met with a change, and my remarks were based on that information. I felt sure you were ready to confess and gain the leniency of the judge here and forgiveness of the great judge hereafter."

Canning turned to the sheriff and said in a clear sharp tone of suppressed anger: "I have a right from intrusion; will you show this man out?"

Howarth turned to Stella with a vicious gleam in his eyes, changing to a sweet smile and persuasively said:

"My dear Miss Stanwick, you have breathed this tainted air quite long enough, and I will escort you home."

"Yes, we must go," responded Asphodel, "and I regret to

say good-bye to you!" She extended her hand which Canning warmly clasped.

"Can we do anything for you?" asked Stella. "We have done so little, and you have endured so much."

He took her hand between both of his and said: "More than I, for you have bravely defended me before the world. I am not lonely and too busy to repine."

After the party had gone, he threw himself into a chair and gave forcible expression to his contempt for the evangelist. He was not insensible to the subtle influence which assured him of the esteem of Stella and true-heartedness of Asphodel. The same sensitiveness taught him that Howarth was an enemy, and an ardent admirer of Stella. He did not distrust her, and yet he was more disturbed than he would willingly have admitted.

"Sherwood Canning," he soliloquized, "you are not a child to weep at the inevitable or lean on others and repine because they fail you. What I am that is what the world is to me. The ship sails from port to meet storms and calms, rocks, reefs, shores on which savages build their huts; shores on which great marts of trade invite; is warned by beacon lights and allured to doom by false signals of wreckers; sails on and leaves them all behind for the clear, flashing, shoreless sea. Such is life, and it is mine to be thus independent. Stella, even you may fall under sinister influences from the high heaven where I have placed you as the polar star of my existence, and yet I should be able to put you out of my life, as the ship leaves the wave which for a moment flashes in beauty by its side."

It was high noon when Howarth, having escorted the sisters home, gracefully excused himself on plea of engagement with Deacon Lane. It was true he had an engagement, but not with the deacon. He had come to Fordham to see Billy Keller. The saloon-keeper wanted to see him, and he had work for the saloon-keeper. He walked rapidly down a side street and approached the saloon by the back door, which he pushed softly open and listened. No one was within and he entered, bolting the door behind him. He heard the clink of glasses and the harsh oaths coming from the room in front. He gave two slight raps and then a louder one.

The alert ear of Keller caught the sound and he quickly responded:

"Great Scott! you are prompt," exclaimed Keller; "they can't say you ever have 'late' on your bulletin-board!"

"Yes, I came to time like a dog with a muzzle and chain. You have only to pull."

"I had to. Times are hard and my debts come due. It is very disagreeable for me to ask for money, and it is to you I know to have me."

"Well, what is that to me. Have I not paid you all you demanded?"

"I don't know as I ever set a price. It was a dangerous job, and had I been caught, I could have blown on you, and instead of that white cravat there would have been a beautiful tie made of hemp."

"That will do. How much do you demand? See, you have held me up like a highwayman. I assure you, just now I'm not flush. The Hampton gulls have not shelled out yet, and the other night I had a quiet game in my room with a drummer, and he drummed me out of my loose change."

"Well, just now, I want a hundred."

"Bill Keller, I will not be bled in this style. I have paid you and repaid you, and the matter must end here."

"Very well, very well! My conscience has pricked me, and I ought to confess. You preach confession, and my sins are scarlet—getting ripe for confession. It is high time I made my peace with God by a confession. I may die before morning, and then I'll be a goner!"

"Your conscience, Keller! Oh, ho! You make one laugh when you talk about your conscience. You're joking and intending helping your needs. I have just come from the jail."

"You?"

"Why not? I was there on a pastoral visit to Canning."

The assurance of Howarth was beyond the saloon-keeper's comprehension or power of expression, so he gave a whistle of surprise, much like that of a disturbed ground-hog.

"I found him enjoying the luxuries of a private parlor! Think of it! A criminal charged with murder and allowed by the sheriff practically his freedom!"

"Well, what is that to me?"

"I hate him! Is not that enough? To-morrow you go to the editor of the *News* and tell him about the disgraceful condition of the jail and the loose manner prisoners are dealt with, especially Canning. The sheriff is one party, the editor of the other, and he'll be delighted with the item. And farther—we are free from intrusion?"

"You need have no fear."

In a low voice: "You would not have seen me to-day, Keller, had I come simply to give you hush-money. I have a big scheme."

"Another murder?"

"Stop! You can bring some brandy on that."

Keller brought bottle and glasses, and turned until the liquor ran over the edge.

"To the success of your big scheme," he exclaimed, pouring it down.

"I am evangelizing the town of Hampton, and the excitement is out of sight to anything I have before awakened. There is a superb jewelry store there, and the proprietor prides himself on his rare diamonds, and pearls, and watches. He entertains me during my engagement, and he is enthusiastic in religion. The other evening I was surprised to hear him tell the amount he had invested. I held prayers with his clerks yesterday and made a mental inventory of the valuables. My motto is to pray, watch and pray. His clerks attend the meeting, except one, who remains on guard. After the meeting he goes into his store and places his valuables in his safe. During meeting the people are, to a man and woman, at the tabernacle."

"You want him relieved of the trouble of putting them away when he returns from shouting at your meeting?"

"Oh, you catch on! Hale will be your partner, and you can rely on him every time. Here is a plot of the street, building, etc. There is an alley leading to the rear entrance, as you see, I have marked. You must get a fast horse and light wagon, and be there at exactly 9 o'clock Saturday evening. I will make sure that only one clerk will be there. Be careful not to frighten him, carry hand-bags to gather in the spoils of the Canaanite."

"Where shall we fence it to?"

"Bring it all here and store it until we can dispose of it safely."

They were interrupted by a stumbling step and indistinct call.

"There comes the deacon's fool," impatiently said Keller. "Every day he comes and hangs around the beer keg I throw out, as a bee round a sugar barrel, hoping a swallow or two may be left."

"Waldo? Let him in. We are through business, and I have something for him to do."

"Keller opened the door, and to his invitation the imbecile docilely came in."

"Waldo, I am delighted to see you," said Howarth effusively; "sit down, and let us talk together. Here is a bright coin I will give you, and, after a while, you can buy whiskey with it enough to make you happy a week. Now, take it in your hand, look sharp at it. So."

He stepped in front of him and waved his hands gently over the subject's forehead. Slowly the eyelids drooped and closed. Howarth continued the paces. "Now," he said firmly, "what I tell you to do that you must do."

"Yes," was the scarcely audible response.

"You and I have been in this relation before. Have you told any one of it?"

"None."

"Humbly," cried Keller.

"Oh, yes, then try him; put a pin through thumb or cheek."

Keller took the lump head of Waldo, and thrust a pin through the thumb and another into the palm, without the least movement indicating pain; with a feather he brushed the eyelids, and there was no responsive quiver.

"You have him sure," said Keller, awed by a sleep so much like death.

"You know Stella Stanwick?"

"Pay strict attention. You will come here when Keller sends for you, and take a letter to Miss Stanwick, and accompany her here. Then, you will take her hat to the river and throw it in, plunge in after it and drown yourself. That will make you happy, and you will have all the whiskey you want."

He repeated this command again.

"Weiskiey—Lord, I'll do any thing for whiskey," muttered Waldo.

"Ask him if Canning will be convicted?"

There was a sudden gleam of intelligence on the face of the imbecile.

"No, no, he will not be!" he muttered.

"There you are wrong, for he surely will be."

The wit of the subject was overborne, and he replied as an echo, "Yes," and the old dullness came over his face.

"Now, remember, when Keller sends for you, that is the sign." He made a few reverse passes, and the subject opened his eyes languidly, looked at the coin in his hand, and with a leering smile called, "Whiskey."

"Oh, I'll give you a lot; all you want, and your father will have to come after you with a cart. It's worth the liquor to see the old man stamp around."

"It is clearly understood?"

"You are to give 'em a red-hot sermon, and Hale and I do the job. All understood but the divy?"

"You ought to rake in ten thousand; I, as the planner, ought to have half."

"No, no, a third."

"A third, and, further, if you are caught there's to be no squealing on me."

"No, you may be sure that if Bill Keller is caught he alone will be cropped for it."

"I wish to catch the express for Hampton and must be off. Another glass—stack it up—there—health and success."

(To be continued.)

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

Humane Societies--Organization, and Practical Spiritualism.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

Theology is empire here in Williamsport, Pa., but progressive truth has earnest rotaries, and the light grows larger year by year. The Spiritual Society is not old nor strong, but it has splendid material and is gaining ground. Mrs. Cutler, Lena Bible, Prof. Caldwell, and Mrs. Mary Lyman have done good work here, and the home talent is qualified for effective service. Enterprise characterizes the business interests, and, despite the devastating flood of 1889, buildings and manufactures go forward with increasing prospects. The silk mill in process of construction is to be, when completed, the largest in the world!

The population is set down at thirty-five thousand. The Salvation Army is active, and its influence is felt for good. Notwithstanding the superstitions that darken its way, and the military aspects often presenting eccentricities, shocking to the elect, the determined spirit and moral enthusiasm that animate their efforts carry conviction to many, and exert a reformatory influence on society. But the superior work is accomplished by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It is an independent society, and its influence is widely felt. Recently they prosecuted a man for abusing a horse, virtually driving him to death; and after a long trial the verdict of "guilty" brought the culprit face to face with a bill of over \$200 costs. The abuse of helpless animals, or children, or weak beings of any name or nature, is the habit of millions—almost the normal tendency of all civilized races—and the development of humane societies is a new departure from the long line of cruel conduct growing out of selfish and savage instincts, encouraged by the reigning theology, and the countless examples of "godly men."

It is one of the encouraging "signs of the times." Spiritualism in its superior phases and divine philosophy leads all such enterprises. Nevertheless, *Spiritualists* as a body are far in the background, so far as the practical expression of these principles reach the public needs and utilize the gospel of love in deeds that carry united strength against abuses of power in high places. The chronic apathy, or active opposition to organized effort for the purpose of orderly work among Spiritualists is a greater hindrance to the development of acceptable spiritual philosophy and its application to the needs of society than all the outside opposition combined. It compels all Spiritualists who would do something to make the principles of the higher life tangible and effective in this world, to work with other societies, the great majority of which are directly or indirectly the children of the Church. As a consequence, Spiritualists rarely have any convenient places to hold meetings, especially in large towns, and are practically ignored in the great bodies engaged in live reforms, whose members and supporters may be largely composed of Spiritualists. Spiritualists who approve and encourage the perpetuation of this chaotic method which is the fatal palsy in the arm of all high endeavor, stultify themselves when they complain of the Church. Without organization, such as the law and the courts recognize, what would likely become of the work of such humane societies in their efforts to protect helpless animals, or children, from the brutality of civilized savages? Moral suasion, affectionate appeals, spirit messages, sweet, beautiful, and helpful as they are in their way, are powerless to reach the majority of such abuses and protect the helpless victims.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Plain Talk from an Honest and Earnest Reasoner.
(The Editor of the Light of Truth.)

I just now claimed to discover my delinquency in preparation for your paper. For this I hold you in part responsible; for if you had not occasionally made the printed matter which the wrapper contained so inviting, that I always hurry to see it, I should have noticed the outside, and seen by the figures that my time had expired weeks ago. I am much obliged to you for not enforcing the rule with me, for I would rather send you a double subscription than miss a single paper. But thanks alone will not cut off the wheels of the press. I enclose ten dollars to pay one year's subscription each for ten of my friends, which I shall name, and an appended clipping from the *St. Helena Star* that has a local interest for Ohio orthodox people.

Bishop Chase's story interested me less than that of another celebrated bishop who used to visit me at a later date. He, Bishop Kavanagh, not only admitted the truth of what Dr. Johnson says about ghosts in *Rasselas*, and the ghostly visitations to the Wesley family, but boldly claimed that he had contemporaneous proof of the apparition of a friend, forty miles away, on the night of his bodily death.

And here I recall another Methodist experience. A presiding elder, after admitting the reality of spirit return, said, emphatically, "Your evidence of materialization, however, is clearly a delusion, for there is no law of nature that can sustain it. What becomes of the flesh and bones of the subject when it vanishes?"

I asked the trustee in my reply: "Does not your ritual declare that Jesus was 'very real and very man?' Certain, he said. 'Then,' I rejoined, 'if 'very man,' he had flesh and bones. What became of them at his several vanishings?' He was silent, seemingly waited for me to ask an easier question.

The Methodists are all Spiritualists in reality, but they don't know it. They have not as yet learned that the just and reformatory punishment that is certain to overtake the evil doer in time or in eternity has been symbolized as "fire and brimstone" by creed-makers in a more ignorant age than this. The vanishing story I wrote to an able and elaborate contributor of the *Religion Philosophical Journal* in the long ago, and he had it published as his own experience—an oversight, as I charitably concluded.

The signs of the times, the evolutionary process now going on in creedal theories of religion, clearly indicate that our Spiritualism is destined to be the basic foundation on which they all will be sustained after being divested of their superstition, and the various schools of Methodism will be the first of the sects, after the Unitarians and Universalists, to be in full communion with us.

I know, and unfortunately too well, the danger of criticizing a public journal, even by private letter, and yet I dare venture to say to you that I believe your "Free Circle," excellent as it is, can be improved. Verification is the one thing needful. I respectfully submit that the published certificate of a verifier is not satisfactory proof of the genuineness of the communication. Outsiders may suspect collusion, or that your medium, however honest, might unconsciously have recalled what she had heard or read in a newspaper.

That bogus communications are made, and proved to be false, is well known, and these create doubt of the reliability of all tests, but if clearly proved to be of supermundane or incomprehensible origin, like the examples given by the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, skeptics are "non-suited," compelled to admit that we are not unreasonably credulous. If, for example, the entranced medium says, "I was still-born twenty-one years ago, near Flintville, O.; my father is Isaac Finch, and he lives there now. The maiden name of my mother was Kitty Mills, and she intended to call me Hetty; a girl. My aunt Polly, who died in Cincinnati last Christmas day, is here with me." Such cases (and we have them) being proved by the same legal process requisite in criminal lawsuits, would not only go far toward settling the gravest question at concerns humanity, but prove Baron Swedenborg right in claiming the coincidence of physical and spiritual conception.

But messengers and affidavits, search for witnesses, etc., would cost, and a weekly paper furnished for less than a fourth of its value can not afford the expense. This difficulty can, or at least ought to be, easily overcome. You have hundreds of subscribers who individually or collectively can meet the expense of enlarging and improving the usefulness of your "Free Circle" as above suggested, and I can hardly conceive how any consistent friend of the cause can object to participating in it.

I hereby obligate myself to be one of ten who will send you twenty dollars, or one of twenty to send you ten, for the above purpose, soon as I learn that the requisite amount is subscribed, my own included, and these sums are but a tithe of what every man of means ought to be willing to pay for well-directed efforts to relieve mankind from what they suffer by even a quasi-belief in the doctrine so mercilessly satirized by Burns in "Holy Willie's Prayer."

I am far from being a rich man, but am out nearly or quite a thousand dollars by my contributions to the great cause, and am ready to go farther in the same direction.

"Mr. Blank, I understand was very rich; how much did he leave at his death?" was the inquiry. "Every cent," was the answer; "he did not take a dime of the laborious savings of his life with him, but left all for his children to waste." The moral is plain.

St. Helena, Cal.

PROVIDENCE.

What is it? Theologians and Webster answer, "It is the care and superintendence which God exercises over his creatures."

Ecclesiastics and metaphysicians classify it into general and particular or special Providence. Whether Shakespeare meant the same thing when he said,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will,

Or whether Pope is right in virtually confounding liberty and necessity, when he says,

Blinding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will,

I shall not now undertake to decide, but will make the above an introduction to a good story, illustrative of what Christian clergy, Catholic and Protestant, regard as Providential eventualities.

Once I had the temerity to expose my ignorance by saying to the then Senior Bishop of the Episcopal Church, the celebrated Philander Chase, that I could believe in a general Providence, such as the "Protestant wind," as it was called by the opposers of the Catholic house of Stuart, which brought the Prince of Orange to England, and the discovery of America, that gave a new world to the starving and oppressed inhabitants of the old, but such trifles as the "falling of a sparrow" I believed were used in the Bible as mere figures of speech.

The venerable man, with a merry twinkle in his eye, then inquired, "Are not all grand aggregates made up of minutiae?" I saw at once, as the lawyers say, that I was "non-suited," and surrendered.

"Did you know," said he, "that a negro slave built Kenyon College and the town of Gambier? Let me entertain you with their history."

"When I was Bishop of Ohio, I found that the growing West needed a theological seminary. I determined to appeal to our Church in England to supply the funds. Bishop Hubert claimed that it was premature, and forbade my going. I was contumacious, but when I reached London I found myself advertised in all our Church papers as a schismatic. For six months not a brother called on me; but just as I had reached the conclusion that I must be a bad man without knowing it, I received an invitation to an entertainment from Lord Kenyon. There I was astonished to find myself in the company of a large number of the lords spiritual and lords temporal of the British realm. I was the distinguished guest; all talked to me; I was asked to say the grace at the table. I felt that a miracle had been wrought in my behalf."

"On leaving, Lord Kenyon, who by the way was then filling the place in Parliament of Wilberforce, the leader of the anti-slavery party, who was sick, said to me, 'I intend to call on you to-morrow.'"

"He came, asked me if I knew a Dr. — (forgotten the name)—near fifty years of time plays strange pranks with the memory of New Orleans. 'Yes,' said I, 'he was a member of my Church.'"

"Well," continued his lordship, "he recently called on me on a matter of business. I demanded reference. He replied Bishop Chase would endorse him. I then inquired of him as to your character. He said you bore a high character in America, but thought you had a fanatical weakness. That while acting as your agent after you left New Orleans, he caught a slave of yours who had run away. He was offered \$5000 for him, and he inquired of you by letter whether he should accept it. You replied to give the poor fellow his free papers, open the jail door, and tell him to pray for his old master. He thought it very unwise, fanatical!"

"This caused me to suspect that you, once a slave-holder, might now be with us in this great controversy about the slave trade, and it led to the reception of yesterday."

"A few days later Lord Gambier returned home after a long absence; I presented my letters of introduction from Henry Clay and Albert Gallatin. His lordship confessed his prejudice against me, but said 'my respect for those gentlemen who were associated with me in making the Treaty of Ghent will give you opportunity to disabuse yourself hereafter.'"

"All was satisfactorily explained to him on my next visit, and he joined Lord Kenyon and others, raised all the money I needed, with which I built the College and organized the town now bearing the names of their chief benefactors, and by this time I think you are ready to admit that my runaway slave, in the order of special, which led to a great general Providence, built Kenyon College and the town of Gambier, as I said."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

GOOD SIGNS.

J. F. CUMINGS.

The numerous committees and associations of philosophers and scientists now engaged in the investigation of psychic phenomena, and especially the very favorable report of the meeting of savants at Milan recently, are good signs that spiritual phenomena are attracting the attention they deserve. This recent report of the professors at Milan, which has been published in the New York *Sun* and numerous other secular papers, would afford good material for a tract to be extensively distributed. It appears to have been a protracted and honest and thorough investigation, just such as is calculated to establish the truth of Spiritualism.

It is a particularly encouraging sign that the foremost scientists in all countries are awakening to the importance of the situation. Even the materialists, who are by far the more numerous among them, can no longer ignore the actual existence of psychic phenomena, which is now to be met with everywhere.

The prejudice of scientists has hitherto been the chief cause of retarding the progress of Spiritualism. It is the opinion of materialistic scientists generally, that there is no future state of conscious existence after death; that what we regard as the mind or soul is incident to nervous action, and when nerve life ends, all further conscious individual existence ends with it. This opinion has been established as axiomatic in the materialistic school of philosophy, and their teachings have very generally leavened the whole lump of educated humanity, notwithstanding the pretensions of theologians to the contrary. Settled opinions in science are as hard to overcome as creeds or settled opinions in theology, and ever since the evolutionary revelations of Spiritualism, both scientists and theologians have united in combating them. But now the manifestations have become so common that thousands of honest educated people in every community or city can testify to their truth under oath, and those who would not accept that kind of evidence can readily ascertain the facts on the evidence of their own senses. Neither scientists nor theologians can get away from admitting the actual existence of the phenomena, and those of them who decline to do so will soon be regarded only as wilfully blind bigots.

Materialists may deny the explanation which Spiritualists offer. They may deny that spirits of the departed have anything to do with it, but the phenomena and the natural forces producing it can no longer be gainsaid by any willing to admit the evidence of their own senses, and the time is at hand when a stampede may be expected from both science and religion to the spiritualistic camp; indeed, if the signs of the times are reliable, the stampede has already begun.

Heavy bodies are seen to disobey the law of gravitation; solid bodies to pass through other solid bodies without leaving a scar or disturbing the fiber of either. Fine oil paintings are produced in a few minutes without the intervention of a bodily artist, and forms and faces of those not present appear on the photographer's plate, and fresh flowers are brought from distant places and handed around by invisible hands to those sitting in the circle.

Such are only a few of like phenomena daily presented and demanding explanation. These things are of common occurrence, and the world is asking scientists to say, "What are they, and how do they come to pass?" Spiritualists say they are produced by material forces guided by unseen intelligences. Then it is time the world should know from scientists what these natural forces are; and if the unseen intelligences which operate them are not spirits of the departed, then scientists should tell us what they are.

Another good sign is the howl raised by the class who conceive their material interests would be injuriously affected by the spread of the spiritualistic religion and philosophy. The empty denunciations by the Talmages and Cooks, and that class generally, show where the shoe pinches. Men, loud in denouncing a subject which they know nothing about and studiously avoiding all examination of it, not only show their want of sense, but their insincerity of purpose. Talmage introduces his latest diatribe by declaring, "I have never attended a seance," and then goes on to inform his hearers that he doesn't want to know anything about it, but believes it to be of hellish origin and attended with evil consequences.

Among educated and thoughtful people it is an accepted principle, "that we can only reason from what we know," and that all opinion not founded on knowledge and deductions of reason from knowledge is but idle fancy. But it seems the Talmages are exempt from all such circumstance of either knowledge or reason, and can pronounce opinions dogmatically on what they admit to be utterly ignorant of the subject they are talking about, but who are moved to a white heat of passion through fear of danger to their fat salaries, is a particularly good sign. It shows Spiritualism to be spreading and growing in all directions. Their conduct resembles the outcry made by the evil spirits who were driven out of the obsessed and made to take refuge in the driven out. It may take another generation or two, but that is what it is coming to with the Cooks and the Talmages. Between the higher-criticism doctors on the one side and the pure religion and philosophy of Spiritualism on the other, the windy emptiness of such preaching will cease to attract serious attention of any intelligent class of people.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

A GENUINE MUSICAL MEDIUM.

Among mediums for physical manifestations who have rendered great services to humanity in presenting phenomena calculated to arrest the attention of investigators, and lead them into the light of Spiritualism, few have labored so long, honestly, and successfully, as Henry B. Allen, well known as "the Allen boy," who is now holding the position of postmaster, notary public, and R. R. ticket agent at Summerland, Cal.

Mr. Allen was born in the Green Mountain State in 1862. His mediumship was manifested at an early age, for through him physical manifestations were produced even in infancy, it not being poetical license to say that his cradle was rocked by the angels, for many times the infant, destined soon to bring light to the darkened, and comfort to the mourner, was thus lulled to sleep by invisible agencies.

At the age of ten years the manifestations through the mediumship of the Allen boy had attracted considerable attention in the vicinity of his childhood home, and in 1869 he commenced the public labors in the spirit field, which have continued up to the present time, traveling throughout New England under the able management of the well-known veteran lecturer, J. H. Randall.

My first attendance at Mr. Allen's seances was in 1865, at the office of the *Banner of Light*, in Boston, at which time the manifestations were somewhat of the same nature as now given, being similar to those of the noted medium, Anna Lord Chamberlain, a variety of the physical and musical cases, accompanied with independent writing. Mr. Allen's circles are usually formed by the members joining hands around a table upon which writing materials and a lamp are placed, those nearest the medium being strictly enjoined to hold his hands firmly throughout the seance.

The methods of procedure are generally as follows: After the circle is properly arranged and the light extinguished "Holland," the leading control, produces loud raps and other physical manifestations, patting the sitters with his immense materialized hand, etc., while "Tommy" greets the sitters in divinely with an audible voice, giving the sitters messages of welcome, frequently accompanied by tests of his clairvoyant powers, which are strong and clear. A dilapidated old dulcimer, weighing about thirty pounds, is floated around the room, and accompanied by a guitar, both played by no mortal hands, give forth exquisite music; surpassing any I have heard upon similar instruments under the manipulation of human hands.

Hands are frequently materialized and exhibited by the will of light held within their grasp, and those who have felt Holland's immense hands patting them will not be likely to accept as an explanation that they are the hands of the medium. During the seances messages are written upon the tablets provided and placed in the laps or pockets of the persons for whom they are intended. At one seance I had five communications from friends and old co-workers thrust into my pocket.

Mr. Allen is always willing, so far as is consistent with his official duties, to hold circles in strange places, among strangers, therefore the question as to the assistance of confederates can not be entertained, as an explanation of the production of the manifestations, by reasonable minds.

It has been my privilege to attend the seances of many of the most noted physical mediums during nearly forty years, but with none have the manifestations witnessed afforded me more convincing evidence of decarnated power, intelligence, and genuineness than those given through the mediumship of the "Allen boy."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

DISGUSTED.

MARY WEBB BAKER.

A correspondent to the LIGHT OF TRUTH, writing from western Kansas, in the issue of March 18th, seems to be disgusted at the treatment received at the hands of "Churchmen" in the town of Dighton, who, on learning there was to be a spiritual meeting held in the Court-house in that place on a certain evening, set their wits to work to prevent it. There is an old saying that "misery likes company," so I would say to this brother that this is only one more instance of religious intolerance. The Spiritualists of Sparta, Pa., have many times been treated in like manner by their Christian (?) neighbors, the result of which has been to unite us more closely together, and to lead others to abhor and condemn such narrow mindedness. It is to be regretted that ignorance and superstition hold so many in bondage, making them for the time hypocrites and liars—inasmuch as they so loudly proclaim the divine commandment, "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." Yet by these very acts of petty tyranny and intolerance, utterly denying what they preach, entirely ignoring this grandest of all laws—this basic principle of all religion. Still, while we deplore these acts of intolerance, I believe they have their uses. They shock and disturb the public mind, thereby causing people to think, and liberal-minded people seeing these things naturally conclude "there is something rotten in Denmark." And wonder why these people who are so zealous in their worship of Christ, should so utterly ignore his commandments.

When people begin to think they begin to investigate, and investigation leads to light and knowledge.

And so through the crumbling walls of the Church,

This new revelation is streaming,
And all the old dogmas are left in the lurch,
Where this radiant light is seen gleaming.

And those people so blind in their ignorant zeal,
To serve Christ with acceptance and favor,
Will find when they stand in their ownness revealed,
They have lost all the fruit of their labor.

For their God is our God, and his laws are supreme
And unchanging in love or in measure,
And his ways, which to some, mysterious seem,
Are but keys which unlock the rich treasure.

Of glory and wisdom and love divine—
Which the "temple of knowledge" disclosing;
Reveals to the finite the infinite mind,
Which all of this work is controlling.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

REMARKABLE CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mrs. Luella Thomas, of Columbus, Ohio, writes of a public seance given there, with Mr. H. W. Archer as test medium, on the following:

After the services 'Peggy Jackson' took control of his medium, entranced him, and led him through the audience, giving about fifty tests. There were quite a number of strangers present who received very remarkable ones. One gentleman seated near the writer, and a stranger, was told of a very old lady near him, who was injured in the lower limbs, she had met with an accident, been run over, and had passed out from the effects of it. The name was correctly given, and a few other details. The gentleman rose in his seat after the tests were concluded, and said this had happened many years ago to the old county.

Another test was given to a dear old colored lady. Her hand, some face glowed with happiness, and her smiling eyes were radiant with the light of a pure soul, shining through them. Aunt Peggy, Mr. Archer's control, was delighted to see one of her own race, and an amusing little chat ensued, during which some other spirit whispered to 'Peggy' that a certain man in the audience, sitting near by, had a little black book in his pocket, and this spirit wanted to see what was in it. So Mr. Archer went directly to this man, who is well known in Columbus, and after giving him a test and congratulating him on his changed life, which is all due to Spiritualism, he asked for the little black book, and wanted to know what he was carrying that for. "Why," said the controlling power, "that's what the policemen carry; you show that to one of them and you won't be harmed."

With much amused laughter, the little black book was drawn from an inner pocket by the smiling gentleman, and handed to a number of people for inspection. This test ought to be convincing to the most hardened skeptic, for no one knew that the gentleman had the book. The writer's test was a grand one. The name of the spirit standing near was given. It was Ernest, a childhood's playmate. He was described, Mr. Archer saying he had been raised together, near a great body of water in the East. This was correct, and could not have been known to the medium before he came in rapport with my spiritual environments.

Many encomiums were expressed in Mr. Archer's behalf after the meeting.

Be Accurate.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

The "Remarkable Slate-writing from an Historical Spirit on an Historical Subject," found in your paper of March 18th, is not so historical after all, as anyone may find by consulting Redpath's "Life of John Brown."

It did not go with his "family and a few others, traveling through southern Missouri, Tennessee, and Kentucky, stopping at Knoxville and several other places of less importance," etc. At least there is no authentic history to that effect.

In the next paragraph he says: "We were overpowered, captured, and hung." This, shouted, they yelled, they booed, they screamed, as our bodies hung, dragging at the end of the string."

John Brown was hung first and alone; and there was no such scene at the execution, or James Redpath, his very sympathetic biographer would certainly have mentioned it.

If that was the result of genuine, independent slate-writing, it must have been by some one personating John Brown, and who had little knowledge of his subject, and less of Brown's terse, direct manner of expression, or he would not have written in such a high, flowery, haphazard style.

In the light of the above, the historical worth of his account of the Maynard-emancipation-proclamation affair, farther on may be properly estimated. Such manifestations would seem to be only an injury to a cause that will, doubtless, continue to live and prosper only in spite of them.

Rochester, Mich.

C. H. GREENE.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

A HOME SEANCE.

Dr. A. J. Kinne, of Decatur, Mich., writes, concerning a seance recently held at his home: "The medium, Joseph King, of Pipestone, Mich., was subjected to the strictest examination, by being divested of everything. The cabinet and room was subjected to the closest scrutiny for the benefit of visitors. Upon being re-attired the medium's hands were encased in a pair of black mittens, which were sewed to his coat sleeves, and the coat sewed up in front. All his clothing was of dark fabric. In that state he was placed in the cabinet. But in a very few minutes after music was heard on the violin and organ, followed by materialized spirit forms coming to the door of the cabinet, answering questions to their friends in the circle, and as they were called up. A majority of the spirits were perfect enough to be recognized, while others identified themselves by unmistakable signs and tests. Old men and young men came with white shirts, cuffs, and collars, neither of which the medium wore. Some had full beards, others were clean shaven. Ladies, old and young, tall and short, and even children came, all dressed in robes of purest white. To our senses of feeling, hearing, and seeing, these forms were as real and tangible as those of our friends in the mortal. Add to this the phenomenon of dematerialization while holding the hands of a spirit, and we have something that creates wonder. If these were not spirits what were they? Will the teachers of immortality, Agnostics, and Materialists rise and explain. Let us have more light."

SPRING BUDDINGS.

To drown in ink

What writers think.

Indeed, I do not ask it;

For well I know

Their thinklets go

Headlong into the basket—*Change! Kind!*

She—Mrs. Jackson used to be a fine medium, but she says she has lost her power.

He—Yes; Jackson hates table rapping, so he put her up to asking her first husband's spirit where he used to spend his evenings.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

An amateur organist, who broke down in playing the oratorio of the "Messiah," said, "I find the music is a little too hard for me to handle."—*Pittsburg Weekly.* He was afterwards found playing behind the organ.—*Richmond Herald.* He then gave up music and went to Chopin wood.

"Come, gentle Spring"

The poets sing.

And the mad house

Grows another wing.

Mary and her gentleman visitor were in the act of kissing as the former's mother stepped in the parlor.

"What are you two doing?" uttered the latter in surprise.

"Oh," replied Mary, quickly grabbing up a letter near by, "Mr. Smith is only helping me to lick this Columbus stamp; it is so large, you know."

The public buildings of New York were decorated on St. Patrick's Day and those of Chicago were closed. What has St. Patrick done for American liberty that he should be thus honored. If he did drive the snakes out of Ireland, that does not relieve us of the Roman anaconda that seems to have grown out of this exodus.

Spirit Message I

OUR FREE C

Every Tuesday A

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and
5th streets, begins at 8 p.m. No one ad-
mitted to the seance unless they have
these conditions: 1. They must be ge-
nerally good people. 2. All persons
wanting to attend must be introduced
by some one of the regulars.
Mrs. A. H. Kiser, Medium

NOTE: Justice to both the spirits and
to have our friends really such message
in these columns.
All communications concerning
from abroad must be addressed to
Room 7.

REPORT OF

Tuesday afternoon,

PROLOGUE

Again we have gathered together
of self, more of the influence
of that great principle of life that
leads us to brotherly love and into
liberty—that we may open the door
enter and build communion with
together let us endeavor to put
vibrant to self or others,
through the band of love, while
ring for a while those things that
only to find within all a germ
endeavor to examine self closely
struct them in their needs, and
act the same help, and
here and listening to the sound
of my instrument but that re-
may understand better the in-
bring you into higher condition
the lesson of forgetting self,
that we are placed here, but
so, friends, what you are re-
asking the spirits who stand
guide you in the right path
the ladder of truth, may en-
most needed to suit your cir-
ing, and let each one hold
some other soul towards
abled every day by exampl-
higher lessons, and prove
it side of life; that you are
osophy which the spirit w-
which many of you under-
Oh, how my soul burns w-
I would gather you toget-
you might be enabled to
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brother. If you will fol-
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under guilt, and yet, per-
of love, that spark that
existence and bring the
which look so dark. If
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up to your highest you
Spiritualists enough in
they would only live up
prove to the world that
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into communion with
friends, try to do that

QUEST.

QUES.—[By W. C.,

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Miscellaneous Articles

THE INQUISITION IN MEXICO.

LAUREN M. LATIMER.

The heavy, massive door of the Inquisition creaked upon its hinges as it opened and shut me in. I passed up the broad stone stairway, along the wide corridor, under the arches of the lofty stone columns, to the room my friends had prepared for me. It had been the covered way to the Inquisition, and was of most astonishing proportions for a bedroom. In the centre of the room was a large brass bedstead. Beautiful lace curtains were gracefully draped around the brass rods, that reached nearly to the ceiling, and with such an imposing canopy it looked as though it might have been the couch of an empress. In the light of the tiny lamp the dark, uncanny corners seemed to me to be the hiding places for the shadowy forms of those cruel monks who had been driven from Mexico years ago. I passed back again down the stone stairway, through the open court to the dining-room. The room had been enlarged. Twelve carloads of human skeletons my friends found in that mysterious wall four yards thick. The mortar had been made out of the dust of dead men's bones. The horrors of the place oppressed me and I was glad when the evening meal was over and my friends led the way to the parlor. The theological students had gathered around the organ with violins, cornets, and flutes, and as I entered the room they commenced playing so gayly the air "Bonnie Annie Laurie," that I soon forgot the ghastly terrors of the gloomy building. But how strange it seemed to me—the Inquisition of Mexico transformed into a theological seminary of the Methodist Episcopal Church! The great, gloomy, sunless stone structure with its grated windows and brick floors and unwhimsical histories of untold horrors, erected to crush Protestantism, had become the training school for missionaries.

The Roman Catholic Church in Mexico had become very rich. The cathedrals were ablaze with gold and jewels. A statue of the Assumption was said to have cost \$1,000,000. It required two men to lift the candlesticks of solid gold. The statues of the saints were covered with precious stones. The high altar was the richest in the world. The crosses were studded with amethysts and diamonds. The annual revenue of the clergy from gifts, charities, and parochial dues was more than the entire aggregate revenues of the country, derived from all its customs and internal taxes.

The wealth of the Church was hundreds of millions of dollars, but the nation was impoverished. The war of independence had devastated the country. The treasury was empty, and the soldiers were unpaid. The widows and orphans of the noble patriots were suffering for bread. At this time of dire necessity the government asked of the Catholic Church a loan of \$1,000,000, but it was refused.

Congress decided to confiscate the Church property in order to save the country from bankruptcy, and convents, monasteries, and monasteries were offered for sale. And then commenced the struggle between the Roman Catholic Church party and the "Liberals," and there followed a series of revolutions that plunged the country deeper and deeper in misery. A few miles from Oaxaca are the ruins of the wonderful palaces of Mitla, the home of the ancient Zapotec kings. The rocky spur of the Sierra Madre has a wilderness of beauty here that is unsurpassed. Near Oaxaca, in the year 1506, Benito Juarez was born. The little Zapotec Indian boy was left an orphan when only three years old, and at the age of twelve he fled from his cruel master and was sheltered by a good Franciscan lay brother, who taught him to read and write. In the year 1834 he was licensed to practice law, and soon became judge of the supreme court. He rose rapidly to distinction; for several years governor of his State, and in the year 1858 he was president of Mexico.

Juarez was the leader of the "Liberal" party. The Liberals fought for free schools, a free press, and universal religious toleration.

The Catholic party appealed to the Pope at Rome for help to overthrow the republic. An army of French troops were sent to aid them, and Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, was crowned emperor of Mexico. Juarez was driven to the very boundary line of Mexico, and there he appealed to the United States for help. Our president sent a messenger to Napoleon III, demanding the recall of his French troops, for no foreign army would be permitted to remain on American shores. The French army left the country, Maximilian was besieged at Queretaro, tried by a court-martial and condemned to be shot.

Juarez had paid his generals and soldiers in script, to be redeemed by the confiscated Church property, and convents, monasteries, and Inquisitions were offered for sale. No Catholic dared buy this sacred property, for the archbishop had forbidden it. With the fall of the empire the way had been opened for the missionaries. But no Catholic would sell any property to a Protestant, and so it came that many of those costly buildings were purchased at a very low price. The old convents and monasteries purchased by the boards of foreign missions were often of startling proportions, and with an overwhelming air of grandeur about the lofty columns, broad corridors, and spacious courts; and so this is the way it came about that the Inquisition is the property of the Methodist Episcopal Church.—*The American.*

AN OPEN LETTER.

To the Government of the United States of America, to the Government of the several States, to the Authorities of all Cities and Towns, and to all Loyal Citizens of these United States. Greeting:

It having been alleged that there are being armed bodies organized and drilled within the borders and jurisdiction of your authority, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, and within the buildings occupied by it, and as such armament and organization of military bodies, not forming a part of the army and navy of these United States, or of the militia of any of the States thereof, is in violation of Article III, Section 3, of the Constitution of the United States, it is, therefore, the duty of all constituted authorities within these United States and of all loyal citizens to make such investigation of the allegations openly made in several newspapers published in different parts of this country, as will confirm or repudiate such allegations, and upon proof of the truth of any such allegations; as the storage of arms, not intended for use of the army or navy of these United States, or of the militia of any State; of the existence of organized bodies having a military formation, and not forming a part of the army or navy of the United States, or of the militia of any State; of the drilling of armed or unarmed bodies of men other than the military forces of the United States or of the several States; or of any other facts, or written or printed evidence of the same, that may establish the existence of any organized body of men, not duly authorized to exist as a part of the army or navy of the United States, or of the militia of any State thereof, and not belonging to of the societies organized for charitable or other purposes of a public character and everywhere recognized as such, or of a public character; then, and in any and all such cases any loyal citizens, who shall become possessed of such evidence of the unlawful existence of such organizations, are in duty bound to report the same to the local and State authorities in writing, and under oath if need be, and request such authorities to

take immediate action thereon to prevent the commission of any breach of the peace or other overt act.

As there is every reason to believe that there are bodies organized and armed, and secretly drilling for purposes not in harmony with the welfare of this country and the safety of its loyal citizens, it becomes the highest duty of all loyal citizens to spare neither time nor effort to prevent the purposes of such armed bodies from being carried into execution.

The formation of any such organization is treason and should be stopped before it can commit any treasonable attack from within of proper execution of existing laws.

Let all loyal citizens attend at once to these words of caution, either by the organization of committees of safety, or in any other way that will prevent treason being allowed to gather in strength and disturb the peace of our beloved country, or endanger the lives, rights, and property of any citizen. Let there be no delay in acting upon these suggestions, which are thus made in the hope of preventing fanatical traitors from accomplishing their nefarious designs.

"Internal vigilance is the price of liberty." LOYALTY.

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA.

Allow me space to state a few historical facts regarding Catholicism, Columbus, and the discovery of America.

Daniel Dougherty at the Roman Catholic Congress in Baltimore, November, 1888, voiced the sentiment of the entire Catholic world when he said: "The finding of a new world, and the vast results that have flowed to humanity can be traced directly to the Catholic Church and to the Catholic Church alone. Protestantism was unknown when America was discovered. It was a pious Catholic who conceived the mighty thought. It was a Catholic king who fitted out the ships. It was a Catholic queen who offered her jewels as a pledge. It was a Catholic Columbus and a Catholic crew that sailed upon an unknown sea."

Protestants have accepted these statements long enough. Let history speak. As to the first of these claims that a pious Catholic "conceived the mighty thought." Aristotle, Strabo, Seneca, all believed there was a westward passage to Asia. Pythagoras taught the sphericity of the earth nearly 600 B. C. Cicero, Pliny, and Virgil all believed the earth was round. Crates formed a globe ten inches in diameter 200 B. C. to prove it. Were these men Roman Catholics? Columbus had merely imbibed their thoughts, not "conceived" a new one.

Second. The Catholics claim that there were no Protestants prior to 1492. Wickliffe, called "The Morning Star of the Reformation," was born in 1324 and in 1328 his ashes were disinterred and thrown into the river Swift. Peter Waldo, from whom sprang the Waldenses, died 1179 A. D. Savonarola was burned in 1498. John Wessel, called the "Light of the World," was born about 1400. John Huss was burned in 1415. Were there no Protestants in 1492? Had there been fewer human bones, their number would have been more. Those pious Catholics, Ferdinand and Isabella, founded the Inquisition in Spain. Were its victims Catholics or Protestants?

Third. "A Catholic king fitted out the ships, a Catholic queen offered to pledge her jewels." The best authorities claim that these jewels had already been pledged to carry on the war against the Moors. The expedition was fitted out in that gold might be secured. Read the articles of agreement in Washington Irving's "Life of Columbus," drawn out by Juan de Coloma before Columbus sailed upon his first voyage. Not a word is said save on the one subject of worldly honor and profit.

Fourth. Columbus was a Catholic, he was also a liar who compelled his officers and crew to swear that they had seen the continent of Asia under heavy penalties. His cruelty destroyed the lives of one-third the natives of San Domingo in two years. He was the father of the slave trade in America. Before his voyage of discovery he was an adventurer and pirate, deserted his lawful wife and children, lived with two other women and deserted them, leaving all in destitute circumstances. If the Catholic Church wants the credit for what Columbus did and was, she is welcome to it; Protestantism does not want it.

Then, again, Columbus never discovered North America. On August 2, 1498, he touched the mouth of the Orinoco River. Over a year before, June 24, 1497, John Cabot discovered North America. If Catholics want to claim South America by the right of discovery, that is no concern of ours, but to Protestant England belongs the honor of first touching North American soil. The stern determination and courage of the English Puritans yet live, and the Pope of Rome will find that in America intelligence, not bigotry, will rule; and misstatements or false theology must fall before the just indignation of an enlightened people.

ABDIE FOSDICK WATKINS.

Greentown O., March 11, 1893.

LITERARY REVIEW.

THOMAS' PSYCHO-PHYSICAL CULTURE. By Julia and Annie Thomas. New York: Edgar S. Werner. Price \$1.50.

This book is a complete system of instruction in psychical culture somewhat after the Desartian, but with such improvements and adaptations that method is lost sight of. In the psycho-physical culture there is grace in every movement as well as purpose. It belongs to the most advanced ideas, and is completely separated from traditional methods.

It is not every day that we read such energetic prose as these extracts from the preliminary chapter, all of which we would be pleased to give to our readers.

"The gospel we need to day is how to live physically; how to round the five cycles of life into perfection—infancy, childhood, youth, manhood and womanhood, and old age. Women are the natural disciples of this gospel of health. We desire there, for, that our girls may not only be so trained physically that they may grow into healthy, enduring, glorious womanhood, but that they may be given a thorough knowledge of physiology, a thorough exposition of the mysteries of their own physical being, with a clear statement of the hygienic laws they must obey if they would keep so, and fulfil their duties as mothers and teachers of the race.

The first right of every human being is a healthful birthright; therefore the duties of the mother begin long before her child is born and the duties of the father also.

"We do petition that our girls may be healthful dressed, and that they may be kept out of corsets, tight fitting and shoulder confining waists, heavily trimmed skirts, and high heels.

"Not until our girls are properly dressed can they breathe well or walk properly.

"Elocutionary training, combined with psycho-physical culture, can relieve the awkwardness of a homely mouth and rigid face and muscles, and change a harsh voice into one of sweetness and flexibility. We would have our girls taught to talk well, as well as to read well.

Psycho-physical culture differs from the old-style calisthenics, and Desartian exercises by being "excited and sustained by soul-force, and directed by, without taxing mental activity." They are for strength and grace, and when systematically practiced bring about wonderful results.

Every movement is illustrated with a beautiful engraving, making it perfectly plain, and the whole so arranged that it may be practiced advantageously without further instruction than the books affords. The portion devoted to elocution, and the training of the voice, is equally admirable in its plan and detail, and it may be said of it that it is as perfect a self-instructor as a book can be made.

Not the least praiseworthy feature is the dress reform advocated, and the beautiful designs sketched expressly for the work by Miss Helen Bart and Miss Clara Wakeman.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS.

For Sale at the Office of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH, Room 2, 206 Race St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following list contains most of the best works on the philosophy and science of spiritualism and the kindred subjects, which are kept in stock at this office. Sent by postpaid money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Samples will positively be taken in payment. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 2, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

The Current of the Sacred Heart, by Hudson Tuttle. This book was written for an object, and has been pronounced one of the best of the kind. It is a practical manual of the spiritual life, and is a most valuable work for every man, woman, and child who loves their country, their religion, and their God. Price, 10 cents. Sent by postpaid money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Samples will positively be taken in payment. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 2, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

Life in Two Spheres, by Hudson Tuttle. In this story the scenes are laid in the earth and the spirit world, and the questions which arise in the spiritual life are answered. The spiritualist will find it invaluable, and the Church member will find it a most valuable work. Price, 10 cents. Sent by postpaid money order, registered letter, or draft on Cincinnati or New York. Do not send drafts on local banks. Samples will positively be taken in payment. Send all orders and make all remittances payable to C. C. STOWELL, Room 2, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

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