

# Light of Truth.

An Exponent of the New Philosophy of Life, Here and Hereafter.

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Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

## Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

CHAPTER VII.  
THE LAST DAUGHTER.

Mr. Canning remained in his study until a late hour. He had entered on a new field of thought and as the horizon lifted in wider circle, he was exhilarated with the joy of discovery. He had been attracted to the psychic field, for his agnosticism, while not knowing, did not deny. Materialism presented but half a sphere, and the mind remained in perplexity and doubt. The organization of a society for research into the mysterious phenomena of so-called spirit gave him courage, and he not only read all that was published on that subject, but sketched a plan for his own private observation. What if it proved true that there are phenomena that can not be accounted for on a material basis? What if there are spirits able to come to us and impress their thoughts?

"If it be so," he murmured, "if it be so, you, Marie, will be with us as our guardian."

She was his wife, the love of his youth, who met with an accident when Sherwood was a child, and died. For her fond husband her presence filled the home, and no one else had taken her place.

The hours of study over, he sat dreamily thinking of those days in his young life and the results of his disappointment. Grief is not destructive if one can rise above it and go on in the path of duty. If it does not sour the mind and make it rebellious to the inevitable, but rather infuses a gentleness and tender sympathy, it may potentially assist in rounding out and completing the character.

His mind had been in a state of exaltation and the common world sank from him, a poor husk scarcely worth the cost he had paid for living in it. Strange it is when great trials are about to come to us, they often are heralded by such exaltation. The laughter is reminded that he will soon be called to weep.

He was rudely awakened to the real by the entrance of Sherwood, who, throwing himself into a chair, at once proceeded to relate the occurrences of the evening.

Mr. Canning was at first overcome with indignation, then, recovering himself, he said:

"Had you not told me, I would regard the story as unbelievable. Does your whole life and mine count for nothing against an appearance of wrong? What good is an upright life, if it is not a safeguard against unjust suspicion? I have said many a time that superstition and bigotry never change, can not change. That given power by the law and they would enforce themselves by torture as they always have when able to do so in the past. You have no cause for further anxiety."

"I sincerely hope you are correct as you usually are, yet, there is a secret force at work we do not appreciate. Our town's folk would not have been so rash were they not influenced for some sinister motive."

"There can be none. We have no enemies. I have conciliated all parties by a non-partisan course. We have befriended the poor, helped those in need, and only yesterday, as you know, paid the workmen their wages for building the church, because their families were in need."

"It is not the town's people as a whole, only a few, and we ought not to charge the community with this crime against liberty."

"You are on parole?"

"Until to-morrow. The marshal is our staunch friend, and he might have saved me the humiliation of a halter, had he promptly arrested and taken me away. He will take me in charge to-morrow."

"To free you again in an hour. It is a travesty on justice. Can not one offer the common services of humanity without fear of being arrested as a criminal? That would be a sad state of affairs. No, no, your arrest is a sham, and you need not sleep the less for it."

Those were brave words and gave more assurance to his son than to himself.

The night was sleepless, and the morning found him nervous and foreboding. The breakfast, where plans for the day were discussed and fresh ideas entertained, was quickly finished. Father and son were waiting for the impending cloud to discharge its lightning, not knowing where the bolt would launch.

The bell rang and Budd Rodgers entered.

"Good-morning, Mr. Rodgers," said Mr. Canning encouragingly. "How goes the world with you?"

"It has gone badly as you well know. Did you ever see an old hulk lying on the shore, rotting and wasting in the storms? It came from the hands of the builders perfect in form, and was launched with shouts and rejoicing. It floated on the water like a thing of life. The winds embraced the white sails, and it was wafted out on the sea. Then it drifted to the shore, broken, bruised, a wreck of its builders' hopes, to lie on the beach washed by the tides, and covered by sand and sea waste. You have seen, and such a wreck am I." He paused. "I am not quite lost yet—not so completely that I can not sense my degradation. I have determined to reform the poor remnant that is left of me."

Mr. Canning seized his hand, saying: "Never too late! You are not old. You ought to be in the prime of manhood. Stand by your resolution, and I will assist you."

"That is what I came to ask of you—a place to work where I can support myself until I become again a man."

"What brought you to this resolution?" asked Sherwood.

"Last night I picked up a handkerchief in the street, and in it was a ring. I do not know, it is strange, strange, but when I would sell that ring for drink I was struck as with a flame, my whole life came before me, and I came away, every fiber of my being vibrating to the one thought—reform."

"Will you allow us to see the ring?" asked Mr. Canning.

Silently Rodgers took the handkerchief from his pocket. It had dark stains of blood, which he had not before noticed. He held out the ring. A plain, well-worn circlet of gold. As he held it up there came a strange pallor over his face.

"Can it be?" he exclaimed, "that is like the ring my little Mildred wore, which I gave her when I was her loved and

honored father. Oh, will you read—can you read—the letters are worn and my eyes refuse. Can you read? If it is hers, her name is engraved on the inner side."

With eager haste he handed the ring to Sherwood, who turned it to the light. "Mildred Rodgers, dear sir, is fairly engraved," he said.

"Oh, sir, it is hers! My own dear Mildred's. She must have dropped the handkerchief! And the blood—oh God—the blood! Was it hers?"

Weak and broken, he was overcome and sank into a seat with his hands before his eyes as though he would shut out a horrible vision.

Marshal Lusk came at the moment and was received with friendly greeting.

"I am on a business, my friends, which you will understand is far more disagreeable to me than it can be to you."

"No apologies are required," said Sherwood, "I am at your command."

"Can it be true that our townsmen demand this insult?" "I have come to take you before the mayor, I hope only as a matter of form, but I can not predict the outcome of the affair."

"My town's folk can not entertain that I am guilty of such a dastardly deed."

"You have ever found me your friend," said the marshal, "and I should not now be true, did I not forewarn you of the danger you are to meet. There is a strong feeling, fanned by an influence I have not identified. I do not advise, yet were I you, knowing all I do, I would disappear until the excitement subsided."

"What, do you counsel me to play the coward and tacitly confess my guilt? I would sooner walk straight under the gallows, and adjust the knot myself."

"You mistake me, for I think were you not present, the matter would be allowed to rest for a time at least, and during this interval I might get on to some clue to the real criminal. If I did not, you could appear, and the excitement having cooled, the people would see there was no cause for implicating you."

"You mean well, I thank you, yet I can not comply. I will at once go with you and face the accusation. If the mayor sustains their suspicion that I am the murderer of a defenseless girl, I will abide his decision until I can vindicate myself."

"What talk you about? A murder? Who was murdered?" "A young lady, a stranger," answered Marshal Lusk.

"Where is she? I must see her? This blood—oh, it is hers?"

Mr. Canning took his arm, saying: "She is at the room of the undertakers, and I will go with you."

Rodgers walked as one in sleep. His mind was active yet numbed by the intensity of his feelings. They reached and entered the plain unadorned room. On a table the dead woman was lying.

Miss Stanwick and Asphodel were there and with kind hands had arranged the body as tenderly as though she were a sister. The soft, wavy hair was combed, the blood stains washed away, her hands folded, and a calla with white roses laid on her bosom.

"Poor child," murmured Asphodel, "what a world of sorrow this has been to her. Tempted, sinning no doubt, meeting a horrible death; and, yet, we might have been called to drink the same bitter cup."

The face of the dead was turned directly toward them, with an expression of that holy rest and peace which lights even the sorrowing face at the last moment. It is a reflection of joy when the burdens of earth fall aside from the emancipated spirit, as the sun after its setting casts a glory on some mountain summit? Who can tell?

With a great cry of mingled grief and joy Rodgers fell on the body and clasped it in his arms. With sobs and broken words he kissed her cold cheeks.

"Mildred, Mildred!" he cried, "speak one word, just one word, to your broken-hearted father! They killed you when you almost reached home? What did they kill you for? Could they not let you come to me? I am to blame. I drove you away. I drove you to sin. Would I might bear the pain—I had taken that blow on your dear head!"

He remained silent, except his low sobs. Then arising: "I can not warm you to life! You can not say you forgive, but I can say, henceforth, until I die, I will be worthy of my dead."

He suddenly regained self-possession, and said to Asphodel and her sister: "I want her to have a Christian burial. She will be glad to rest by the side of her mother. If Mr. Arling will be pleased to conduct the services, I am sure he will not be harsh in judgment on the dear girl who was driven to do what she did."

Mrs. Arling assured him everything should be as he desired. "He, e," she said, holding in her hand a pocketbook, "here is a trifle we found in her pocket, perhaps you will care for it."

"Care for it? Give it to me, it is all I have left of my darling."

He kissed the worn memento, and pressed it to his heart.

"Thank you for your kindness to my poor child, and to me, degraded and unworthy as I am."

[To be Continued.]

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## IS SPIRITUALISM A SUPERSTITION.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

In the *Arena* for January, 1893, B. O. Flower treats of the "present-day tendencies and signs of the times." Among other interesting pointers he introduces a remarkable dream of a prophetic character, as related by David Van Etten, "one of the most influential attorneys of Omaha." It is one of a class of mental phenomena of which there are many thousands equally well attested. But that does not weaken the value of this one, nor are thousands of others less reliable because the parties reporting them are unknown to fame.

Prophecies have become quite common within the last forty years; and while there are "many false prophets" now as of old, the data upon which to predicate a rational belief in prophecy are so numerous and well sustained by a "great cloud of witnesses," that to deny them is to confess ignorance or idiocy. But the point that is of especial interest in Mr. Van Etten's testimony after the psychical phenomena have

received due attention is his attitude towards Spiritualism on the one hand and the Church on the other.

Referring to this and many other experiences "quite as marvelous," Mr. Van Etten says, "I have never spoken of them to others, as people would be apt to regard me as superstitious, or spiritualistically inclined. I am prejudiced against Spiritualism." "I have never been inclined to any of the pretenses of Modern Spiritualism, so much so, that I have never attended any pretended seance; was brought up as a strict Calvinist in the Dutch Reformed Church, and of late years have been, and am now, a member of the Episcopal Church, and therefore of no tendency to the communication of *spirits departed*, although of the firm belief 'the one above sways the harmonious my-teries to the world.'" "Hence it will be perceived I am not of superstitious inclinations." In reference to his prophetic dream, which was accurately fulfilled several years afterwards, Mr. Van Etten adds: "This was not a communication direct from any 'spirit,' because we have no reason to suppose a disembodied spirit of human origin, whatever its present condition, can foretell the future any better than when in the body in life, nor is there, at least as far as I know any authority for it in any system of religious belief."

One important lesson contained in these quotations is that a man may be an "influential attorney" and logically consistent in his professional habits, and at the same time decidedly inconsistent and illogical in other directions, and this mental limitation is found more or less marked in all the variations of human development.

There has been much stress laid upon the investigations of Spiritualism by certain persons of reputed superiority, and scholarly attainments and especially the accepted oracles of science; and we must concede that intelligence is an essential factor in all cases, and the training which equips the mind for successful exploration of nature is not without value. Besides the influence of such minds in moulding public opinion is more than that of equally intelligent persons who are unknown to fame. Nevertheless, many able men who are regarded as standards of authority in the departments of science which they make a specialty, are as illogical and weak in certain other lines of study, upon which they sometimes venture, as a pastime, or to gratify pride, or prejudice, as the veriest tyro who never saw the inside of a college or attempted to analyze a scientific theory. Mr. Van Etten seems perfectly sure that he is "not of superstitious inclinations," because "he was brought up as a strict Calvinist" and is now a member of the Episcopal Church; Superstition, according to Webster, signifies literally, "a standing still over something amazing; hence, an excessive reverence or fear of that which is unknown or mysterious."

Especially an ignorant or irrational worship of the supreme Deity." Here we have the testimony of an "influential attorney," accustomed to weigh evidence, and trace the logic of human events, assuring us that he is "not of superstitious inclinations," and therefore, of course, not tainted with any belief in the most rational interpretation of human life and immortality; but is "prejudiced against Spiritualism," and a subscriber to the "Nicene Creed." His affiliations with the Dutch Reformed Church and the soothing logic of John Calvin have rendered his mind proof against superstition!

He confesses to a firm belief that "the One above sways the harmonious my-teries of the world," and if he accepts the creed of the Dutch Reformed Church he must believe that this "One above" also foreordains some to everlasting life and others to eternal ruin, and that, too, without any reference to their good intentions or acts, and no amount of earnest endeavor and faithful devotion can change or modify the infinite purpose of the "One above" who planned the eternal woe of millions before the world began. What can inspire more "excessive reverence or fear of that which is unknown or mysterious," than a belief in such an "One above" whose almighty power and "mysterious" providence presents such an infinite, horror as the inevitable outcome of his own voluntary decrees? This same creed, too, declares the resurrection of the body, and the total depravity of all ungenerated men. What can be more "mysterious," and what can excite more fear in the human mind than a sincere belief in such an "One above" in whose hands we are forever helpless as the clay in the hands of the potter?

If the Calvinistic dogmas that held and moulded the religious life of Mr. Van Etten are not the climax of superstition we need a new definition of the word. On the other hand, Mr. Van Etten seems to think that a belief in the presence and helpful influence of our emancipated friends is a superstition! Nothing could be further from the truth. The spiritual philosophy, predicated upon ever-recurring facts, has nothing in it to excite "excessive reverence or fear of that which is unknown or mysterious." On the contrary it is the universal cure for superstition and all unnatural or "excessive reverence," and banishes all "fear of that which is unknown or mysterious" including the anthropomorphic god of John Calvin and the Dutch Reformed Church. Under the system of faith which Mr. Van Etten thinks so free from superstition, all is mystery, and death the "King of terrors." With his confessed faith "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Who can believe in total depravity, predestination, endless misery, and all the train of maddening horrors that follows the Calvinistic theology without a constant "fear of that which is unknown or mysterious?"

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,

To see ourselves as others see us."

Those most thoroughly blinded by superstition easily imagine all outside of their own creed to be the thing which others see in them. But is Spiritualism free from superstition? In its purity it is. But among its advocates are many who bring with them much of the old theology which originated in an age of ignorance and has grown up through centuries of cultivated error and protected by superstition. These necessarily color the new faith with their inherited bias; and often pervert the lesson of mediumship into morbid theories, and cloth the living gospel in the old theological shroud. Modern mystics are numerous who spurn the clear relations of science, and the plain facts (without which immortality is a vague, uncertain dream), and formulate fantastic visions and metaphysical moonshine into gossamer skeletons of oriental myths, which are often mistaken for the spiritual philosophy. But Spiritualism in its integrity is neither Theosophy, Christian Science, Christianity, Paganism, or superstition. It is the science of life, the interpreter of nature, and the relation of immortality.

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## WHEN DIPHTHERIA COMES.

CARL TUTTLE, M. D.

The great fatality from diphtheria among all classes of children, and the seeming deplorable ignorance among the laity in regard to its nature, demands that the people should be better enlightened. The point of prevention and contagiousness demands the most attention, so far as treatment is concerned, a disease of so grave a nature will ever be under the charge of the medical profession. A home once robbed of those sweetest of all earthly beings—the children—is blasted forever. Prevention is far better than cure.

"If all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, it might have been"

Diphtheria is a specific, infectious, and contagious disease, characterized by epithelial changes in the and the exudation on and into mucous membranes. It is epidemic. Cases are constantly breaking out on every hand and in remote and unexpected places. It is pre-eminently a disease of childhood. The reason is perhaps that the tissues of children are more succulent and their lymphatic system is so much more active, a large majority of the cases occur between the ages of two and ten years.

It occurs much more frequently in Winter than Summer for the reason that catarrhal troubles are more frequent at that time. A mucous membrane, that is the seat of an inflammation, takes on diphtheria more readily than one in a normal condition. The close of an epidemic is milder than the beginning. The period of incubation, that is the time of exposure to the appearance of the first symptoms, varies from two to fourteen days. In this respect it resembles scarlet fever also in its variability of type from a very mild to a malignant form, in the common seat of its inflammation, the fauces and nasal passages, in the profound blood poisoning and frequent occurrence of kidney trouble as a complication and sequel. Like scarlet fever and small pox it is communicable through the atmosphere and by contact. One attack does not protect the system from another. It is not only communicable from one person to another, but is caused by foul exhalation, as sewer gas. The weight of authority believe that it is caused by a specific microbe, but the same microbe that is found in diphtheritic membrane is also found in pseudo-membrane that is not diphtheritic. During an epidemic children should be kept absolutely at home. It is not necessary for a child to come in direct contact with one that has the disease to get it. It may be carried from one to the other by a third party or by the attending physician. No one should be admitted to the house unless you know positively that they have not been in contact with the disease, or that they have made a complete change of clothing since seeing such case. When a case occurs, if there are other children, they should, if possible, be removed from the house. If they are not, the patient should be kept up stairs and the well ones below, the virus has a tendency to rise in the atmosphere. It is better to change the child from one room to another every two or three days to prevent the danger of self-infection. When a case has occurred no children should be admitted until the house and all its contents have been thoroughly disinfected, no half-way business about it, if you please. The house should be vacated, all mattresses cut open and spread out, all clothing hung out. It should be closed tightly, and at least two pounds of sulphur burned for every ten feet square of floor space in the building, after twenty-four hours the contents should be put in the open air for some time. Clothing that would be spoiled by the sulphur fumes may be soaked in a strong solution of sulphate of zinc, four ounces to the gallon of water, and boiled. In the fatal cases, of course, no public funeral should be thought of, but burial should take place at once. It is only by thorough and extreme measures that we may hope to control it.

The treatment demands tonic and supporting measures. The peroxide of hydrogen used in the atomizer as a throat spray is the most useful and popular local application yet discovered. It is a most powerful disinfectant and has the advantage of being perfectly harmless. Internally, chlorate of potash and tincture of iron are in the following formula may be confidently relied on to do all that any remedy will do.

For a child two years old: Recipe—tincture of iron 2 drachms, chlorate of potash 20 grains, water 5 ounces, pure glycerine 1 ounce. Mix. A teaspoonful every 15, 20, or 30 minutes. It must be given frequently to be of any use.

Alcohol in the form of whiskey or brandy internally is indispensable, from one to twelve ounces in the twenty-four hours should be given. A child under the influence of the diphtheritic poison can not be intoxicated. It should be given generously. Marked improvement will often follow when the two ounces of brandy daily are increased to six or eight. Lastly, in desperate cases, tracheotomy, give them the last chance, be it ever so small. It is criminal to let a child die from suffocation, if there is one chance in a million to save it by operation. Give them the one chance.

Berlin Heights, O.

## Discharges His Assistant for Being an A. P. A.

Dr. Washington Gladden, of the First Congregational Church, of Columbus, Ohio, who is well known as a pulpit orator and contributor to leading magazines, has created considerable comment by dispensing with the services of his assistant, Rev. G. P. Bethel, because the latter was a member of the A. P. A. Society, which is supposed to have its inspiration in opposition to Romanism and to foreign influence in American politics. Dr. Gladden, who belongs to the class of advanced thinkers, who are giving so much trouble to Church disciplinarians just now, is much opposed to what he understands to be the motives of the A. P. A., and some time ago preached a sermon in which he denounced the association as an order which was attempting to bring about a revival of "Know-nothingism," and that it was unpatriotic and its purposes treasonable. When he learned that his assistant, with whom his relations had previously been cordial and harmonious, was a member of the order, he promptly "gave him notice." Some of the Church people were disposed to remonstrate, but as Dr. Gladden was paying most of the assistant's salary out of his own pocket, he had his own way. In consequence of all of which it is said that the A. P. A., which is of unknown strength and influence, has boycotted Dr. Gladden. In some quarters the defeat of the James bill, permitting an increase in the salary of the President of the State University, is attributed to their work, the impression being prevalent that Dr. Gladden was to be the beneficiary of the bill.



At Douglas Hall, corner W. 1st and 2nd streets, on Tuesday, Feb. 19, 1893, at 8 o'clock, a seance will be given by Mrs. A. E. Kinn, Medium. Questions to be answered in these columns. All communications from abroad must be addressed to Mrs. A. E. Kinn, Medium.

Oh, thou source of all guides and directs us to come to inquire of those sphere of life—who have in the spirit realm; and give us some new will cause us to under us to feel that all the of our unfoldment! also feel grateful that men dare to speak, d things that they may them, for we realize t and some died that w we do. We realize t points us to them w out of the fullness of more knowledge, an closer and closer to lize also that God is that which seemeth are through with or have earned a man lize that we are bu pictures, that we v every part of that. We also realize th but we realize th still desire to wor our brothers and round us this s soul with love a over there.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

## CREEDALISM AND SPIRITUALISM.

Three years ago Paul Buchanan made this prediction: "The twentieth century will witness the expiring struggles of Biblical Christianity, and the twenty-first will witness the exultation of a religion in which all that was good in the past will survive."

Judging from certain potential signs it looks as if within the next half-century would find its hands on a pale, lifeless breast and be borne to the crowded cemetery of its rivals. Were the people ever so disoriented with their spiritual food of theological books as at present? And what a shedding of the shroud of creeds among the ministers! What a clearing of theological garrets, overthrowing of dusty creeds, and coming of articles of faith.

The tragedy lies, not in "making over the old creed, but to let it remain as it is and formulate a new one" appears a secular play. The Indian mounds in the West, containing stone weapons and gods, are of interest and use to us, showing the civilization which we have grown. Of wonderful interest to the student are the preserved remains of animals that have lived when the world was young, asleep in their beds of stone. So perhaps some saint will look backward from one of the future days that settles by the river of time, curiously and wonderingly, at the fossilized creeds and customs with which its bank is strewn. And if he be of a devout frame of mind he will heartily thank God that the race has emerged from such barbarism.

Are we not now slowly emerging? Do the majority of the people really believe in the foundational creeds of the Church? Is there not a tacit ignoring of the unreasonable and unscientific? Do not many go through the form of worship through mere force of habit? And—well, because it is the respectable thing to do? They do not mean to be hypocritical, but they are so hypnotized by conventionality that they do not know they are acting a conventional falsehood. It is such hard work to think, and what is the use when a minister is paid to think for one.

If gently catechized and cornered in a round-about way these good people will generally confess that they no longer accept verbatim the miracles contained in the Scriptures, they do not believe in the damnation of unbaptized infants, or even eternal fire for adults. Truly the coach of progress moves, though slowly, through the old ruts of custom. Compared with the ecclesiastical standards of John Calvin or Jonathan Edwards, the most devout Church member of to-day is a heretic.

The great cry of the hour is as it has been for ages—What is truth? The Church claims to hold the waters of living truth in its cup of creeds.

Spiritualism points to its long array of demonstrated and incontrovertible facts. In this necessarily brief and inadequate comparison of these two beliefs, we do not antagonize the Bible itself. Why should Spiritualists be opposed to a book that is a record of ancient Spiritualism, therefore a confirmation of Modern Spiritualism? What we oppose is the ecclesiastical arrogance that takes a book, a book composed of the legends, traditions, and manuscripts left by ancient people, subject it to numerous revisions and manipulations, then send it forth as the infallible word of God. In reading it people are forbidden to use their reason. They must believe or they are damned. If we read the Bible with eyes of reason or bring our intelligence to the elucidation of puzzling parables, metaphor, and allegory we find much to esteem and advise. We see a wondrous blending of fact and fancy.

We see those ancient people groping through superstition's night, yearning to catch one ray of light from the rising sun of truth. And from the recorded wealth of poetic superstition, legend, fact, and fable they left behind, has sprung the creeds that to-day would chain men's reason in the moldering dungeons of the past.

Creeds are objectionable because, as Emerson says: "They build a fence about the intellect." They are objectionable because they are inhuman, unreasonable, and unjust; they have hindered progress, they travesty God; they make life a mockery, robbing it of its noblest incentives and loftiest aspirations. Over death they throw a shroud of horror. Creeds are unjust because according to their dogmas the majority of the race are fore-doomed by an all-knowing and all-powerful God to the agony of an eternal inquisition, not because of sin committed, but because they could not make the God-given gift of reason harmonize with the creeds pretending to emanate from this same God.

Does it not seem a little curious that an all-knowing and all-powerful God, on whose will swings the eternal destiny of millions of his children, should have such a misfit in his workmanship as the one between reason and revelation? If he is all-powerful and all knowing, the logic is plain. He wished the larger share of his offspring to endure eternal torment. To wipe this stigma from the name of God, creedalism resorts to an ingenious bit of sophistry. Man, they say, is a free agent, he has the power to choose. Yes, but what governs his choice? Can the puny finite will cope with the infinite?

God fashions a sharp, many-bladed implement called reason, tells him if he cut himself with it (knowing he will all the time) that the wound will never heal. At the judgment day it will be the brand showing he is fitted only for eternal punishment. To be sure he is offered a mode of escape on the poltroonery system, subject to certain conditions. If he will believe something he can not believe; if he can think that God was such a poor planner that it was necessary for him to incarnate a part of himself, suffering an agonizing death to save the race, and then according to the plan, losing the majority, he may throw his burden of sin on to the shoulders of an innocent being and be a happy angel evermore, and we may add, a coward. The injustice of the plan of salvation is obvious. The murderer, knowing he is to be hung, has time to believe and be sprinkled (a privilege of which they usually avail themselves) and they are said to shine forever in the bowers of paradise, while his victim, if an unbeliever, is eternally lost, no matter if his life was as pure as a snow-flake and rich in deeds of kindness.

Creeds burlesque God because they dress him in anthropomorphism; they picture him as revengeful and unjust, swayed by the same passions that mar the minds of men. The creedal idea of creation, that something was made from nothing, is illogical. According to Genesis, God existing through eternity, alone with nothing, had an attack of ennui, so he took some of the nothing and made his planets, "wound them up" like great yellow tops and set them spinning. And must he not have been delighted to hear them hum? But the novelty wore off; he had a relapse of ennui, so here we are to be pulled, Panch and Judy-like, by the strings of his caprice. Does it not seem a little strange that the writers of the Bible, claiming direct inspiration from God, did not know that the world was round, that it moved, or that there were other planets? They were ignorant of all the treasures hidden in the store-house of science. They thought one little planet was the giant of the air, and that

the com, moon, and stars were pretty little ornaments hung to light our way. Not only this, but, credulists, as long as they had the power, hunted every Sorcerer and Wizard, imprisoned every Golem that advanced a scientific fact. Now that science has overwhelmed them with demonstrated facts they are trying to stretch their creeds to fit the facts. Using in creedal elasticity and hazy phraseology they succeed quite well.

The holy bands of creeds have blocked the highway of progress; they have chained man to superstition and made woman a slave to superstition and man; they have banded insane asylums, lighted the fagots for the wisest and best, have written on the pages of history a long series of religious massacres. And they have upheld doctrines which, if true, would make life and marriage a crime.

It is not well that the sun of Spiritualism has risen to dispel the clouds of superstition that have overshadowed earth's children so long. And yet, some Rip Van Winkles there are who, emerging from their sleepy hollow of creeds drowsily, inquire: "Well, if Spiritualism is true what is the use of it?" Its use is this: It is the only religion that ever claimed that it offers proof that life survives death. Creeds do not prove it, and if they did they offer a fate worse than death to the majority of the race. Spiritualism with the sweet tears of pity quenches the flames of endless hell. And now we hear the remark made so often by creed followers: "Oh, the Spiritualists think they can do just as they have a mind to; they do not believe in a hell or punishment hereafter."

What a superficial accusation! No! Spiritualists do not believe in endless punishment, for it is not reasonable. Punishment for revenge, without the object of reformation, is devilish! But they do believe in cause and effect; that every individual will have to suffer the effects of every wrong act, word, and thought, and while it lasts is there any hell like the scorpion stings of an outraged conscience? But there is use in this suffering, for every unpalatable effect becomes a teacher to guide to right doing. Which offers the greater incentive to right living, the spiritualistic idea of individual responsibility or the creedal idea that the responsibility lies in belief, and that someone else can be good for you? Creedists shut the door in a stationary heaven or hell and bar the doors. Spiritualism teaches that under certain conditions there is communication between the departed and their loved ones on earth.

Spiritualism does not teach that we were made from nothing, for if so it would be reasonable to suppose that to nothing we would return. It teaches that elementally we have always existed, therefore are immortal. It does not teach that we were made perfect and then "fell." It teaches that we were evolved from lower conditions, and we are still evolving. It does not demand belief, but challenges investigation from base to apex. Its God is not a cross personality, but is the spirit of universal life—a God of evolution and involution, manifesting through immutable law. Spiritualism inspires higher aspirations and endeavor. In its blue web of sky there ever sparkles the sun of hope, not for a favored few, but for every child of earth. It gives a soul to science, a heart to religion, and keeps pace with evolution, for it is evolution. Its motto is eternal progress.

And O, the joy that once more forevermore we may clasp the hands of those we love, and with them climb the shining rungs of the ladder of progress upward and ever upward, for the mighty series shall never end.

"Beyond each hill top others rise,  
Like ladder-rungs toward loftier skies,  
Each halt is but a breathing space  
For altirup cup and fresher pace;  
Till who dare say are night descend,  
There can be ever such thing as end."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## MATTER, MIND, AND LIFE.

F. H. DEMIS.

Such is the caption of an article by G. H. Walser in the LIGHT OF TRUTH of January 23d.

My conception of God, so far as I am able to formulate a conception, transcends all human limitations. It does not imply the creation of a universe out of pre-existent matter, or out of "nothing," or out of thought. Nor does it imply, in the ordinary sense, creation at all. I do not believe there was ever a time, when, to God, this universe did not exist; and that subsequently he created it. In the very nature of his being, such supposition would be inadmissible. To an eternal and immutable being nothing can ever begin to be. If, to such a being there was ever a time when this universe did not exist, then there must have been some reason in the divine mind why he had not already created it. If there was such a time and such a reason, then it is plain that an eternal and immutable God could not have subsequently called it into existence; because such subsequent afterthought would imply change, mutability. It would also imply that God acted in time; hence, that he was not eternal. Whatever is of or from God, must correspond with his attributes. Out of the very necessity of his being it must transcend all relations of time and sense and change, so far as he is concerned. It can have no human relations, or limitations.

In no merely human sense, then, can it be said, God creates, plans, thinks, or wills. Yet, in an infinite, eternal, measureless and incomprehensible sense, boundless as his own being, he is the source and ultimate reason for all that is. Everything is of necessity, because he is; and without him there is and can be, nothing.

Mr. Walser says: "Many Spiritualists imagine a God possessed of a mind, without either body, brain, or parts," which he thinks more unreasonable than to suppose a deity who creates a universe "by the power of thought." We believe neither the one nor the other. And we can not well conceive of a more gross and anthropomorphic conception of God than to imagine him "possessed of body, brain, and parts." Infinity has no parts. Omnipotence can not be circumscribed by a body, or limited and confined in its operations to any ganglionic apparatus corresponding to a human "brain." God does not think. By no process of ratiocination could anything be brought more directly or distinctly under the divine cognizance than it already is. In the very nature of the case the infinite source of all intelligence must transcend all finite relations and limitations. Omnipotence necessarily transcends all mental processes. God knows. To him nothing is unconceived or unperceived. He is, we may suppose, consciously cognizant of, and contemplates porously present, to all beings, at all times, in all worlds. That such is the case is no more unreasonable than that all creatures, as we know, live and move and have their being in him.

We do not believe in an outside, or objective, universe to God. His universe is, because he is. It is his necessary perpetual and eternal manifestation. It is his complement, without whom it would vanish away. We witness effects, phenomena; the causes which produce them are veiled from mortal sight.

True it is, that this visible universe seems real and tangible to flesh and sense. And, why should it not? What could be expected to be more real, tangible, permanent, and fixed, than the perpetual and immutable expression of that ultimate and eternal power, whom we call God? There is no variableness or shadow of turning with him. Why should not his material universe, which is his expression, seem as solid and enduring?

Mr. Walser asks: "Is there one instance known to science or truthful observation, where inanimate matter has been controlled or moved by mind independent of physical contact?" "Science or truthful observation" knows nothing of "physical contact." "Inanimate matter," if moved or controlled at all, is, we believe, always moved and controlled by some imperceptible force.

Mr. Walser thinks he knows a great deal about matter; but he, nor any one else, knows anything of matter through "physical contact." We know nothing of matter, save by its immaterial properties. When these properties are considered abstractly by the mind, we have no idea of any underlying substance. And there is a repellent immaterial force which does not permit "physical contact." It says: Hands off. Thus far, but no farther.

Mr. Walser says: "Mentality is a force produced by the cerebrations of the brain and atomic intelligence, the manifestations of which are produced by forces inherent in crude matter."

What are "cerebrations of the brain" but a mental operation? Mentality? Does mentality produce itself? If not, how can it be the product of mental "cerebrations of the brain"? And there are no cerebrations of the brain that are not mental. "Cerebration" is but another name for a mental operation. There can be no "cerebrations of the brain" which do not involve mentality as an operator, the producer; and not the thing produced. The mental force must always precede the cerebration. It is the cause—not the resultant product. Mr. Walser's philosophy reverses the order. It puts the "cart before the horse." But he adds to the "cerebrations of the brain" "atomic intelligence" as a producing cause of "mentality."

It is strange that one should have so much to say about "known facts" of science, and then talk about "atomic intelligence." What "known facts" demonstrate or favor that old materialistic and atheistic hypothesis of "atomic intelligence"? The writer knows of none. In the days of Leucippus and Democritus, twenty-three and a half centuries ago, in an unscientific age, it attracted considerable interest as a crude philosophical theory; but it has no philosophical significance to-day. No "truthful observations" or "known facts" of science verify its modern pretensions. There is no evidence of individual atomic life and intelligence. But there is evidence of one universal life and intelligence; one persistent and unerring law, insubstantially uniting all atoms in all worlds. All "known facts," all "truthful observations," point with unmistakable precision to one, and only one, all-pervading and all-controlling intelligence. So far as science has been able to demonstrate through the spectroscope, the atoms of each elementary substance of ponderable matter in our world, obey one and the same law in all other worlds. So it seems to us.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

There is no evidence, as Mr. Walser would have us believe, that life, intelligence, and human consciousness are evolutions out of "crude matter." You can not evolve out of matter "what is not involved in it." There is not a particle of evidence that "crude" ponderable matter has any self-organizing capacity. There is no scientific evidence, that of its own volition it ever organized itself into a living form. Chemical and cohesive affinity may unite atom with atom, forming a molecule, but it has no self-organizing capacity to produce a sentient, living being.

Again, all living organisms are subject to dissolution. If life, thought, human consciousness are products of crude or organized matter, what becomes of such life, thought, and human consciousness, when the crude organized matter disintegrates?

Life alone is the source of life. Materialism furnishes no logical basis for a spiritual philosophy.

If human life is dependent upon a material organism when that material organism disintegrates, as all material organisms do, life perishes with it; and it knows no future.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## SPIRITS MATERIALIZE.

EUGENE C. DANA.

Mr. Joseph King, of Pipestone, Mich., is a man who has been gifted or trusted with that phase of mediumship known as "materialization," and on the evenings of January 26th, 27th, and 28th, held seances to a chosen few at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Murray, in this city, that were so satisfactory it has been thought an account of which might interest the outside world, or at least the portion that reads this journal.

Those present represented trades and professions; men who earn their living with their hand as well as those who are merely brain-workers. They were from various walks of society and ranged in age from thirty to sixty years. The average attendance for the three evenings was about sixteen, of which four were women.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray are so reliable and sound in mind that after one looks at Mr. King one felt sure, come what would, it would not be fraudulent. The first evening Mr. King sat in the dining-room, adjoining a back parlor, and after only a few moments waiting there were in rapid succession six or eight materializations. Three of these were fully recognized by relatives in the audience, and one was someone who seemed to follow Mr. King, and is known as "Happy Charlie," because he dances.

Mr. James Lambert recognized his son Ira, Mr. A. Nolan recognized his father, and Cyrus Dana, a lawyer here forty years ago, was recognized by his son. The materializations that were not recognized were a child two feet high, a woman, and a middle-aged man who came just to show himself.

The second evening a cabinet had been made of black canvas on slats, boxing in the folding-doors, forming something like a bay-window, it having been given out that the dining-room proper was too large for the purpose. The same materializations occurred with two or three exceptions, and in addition Mr. Asa Hamilton saw his brother, Edward, who has been gone from earth life over fifteen years. Mr. Nolan recognized his young wife whom he lost several years ago. An unknown man called Mrs. Murray and met her with the three-quarter pail of water which is placed in the cabinet to keep the air moist, and after whispering to her to kneel poured a few drops of water on her head and uttered the words: "I baptize thee in the name of God." The action was all, seen by the words heard alone by Mrs. Murray.

The third evening Mr. King's control showed herself very distinctly. She is a Mrs. Lewis, and has been gone over a hundred and fifty years. There was a good degree of light at these seances, and afforded most excellent opportunities to determine as to what was seen. The materializations shook hands with their friends. Mr. Hamilton pressed his cheek to his brother's. Mr. Dana patted his son's cheek so that it was perfectly audible. Mr. Murray's sister handed him an apple taken from a table in the dining-room. In some instances two individuals were seen at once. Some of the materializations dismissed you and closed the curtains on themselves; others vanished into the air instantly, while the curtains were still open.

Not one beholder had the heart to say "humbug" or to sneer "fraud" or "trickery." Everyone said at least: "Whatever it was we saw that there was no dishonesty about it." We

felt that we had seen under the most favorable circumstances as good manifestations as we could wish for. Of course there were several who were not fortunate enough to be called, but they saw what the rest did, and all the accounts coincide. If in the interest of truth or science anyone wishes affidavits or corroboration of my statements a dozen or more addresses will be furnished of witnesses that will confirm what I have written.

The hearts of all went out to Mr. King, he was so assuming and guileless, so gentle and unselfish. He was accompanied by a Mr. Howard, of Brecksville, Mich., who is a superior and reliable medium, too, of different phases.

This is a very plain, unvarnished tale I have told, the barest facts, and I claim credit for the way I have held out to myself, for I say to you life holds no such intense moments as when you stand before a curtain knowing that in one moment it will part and you will behold... And if there is a vouchsafed you the touch of a vanished hand you have sighed for, and memory takes a firmer hold on recollections of features the years have been doing their best to efface, I think you will be glad and grateful. You will be a different man, somehow after that.

Niles, Mich.

(From our Reporter's Note-book.)

## A BENEFICIARY SEANCE.

No two seances ever turn out alike, though the same mediums be present. Last Wednesday evening a public test seance was given at G. A. R. Hall (under auspices of the Union Society) for the benefit of a blind brother—Mr. Van Duzen—the mediums on this occasion being Mrs. Eva Sagmaster, Mrs. J. Ropp, H. W. Archer, and Mrs. Plymouth Weeks, with President E. O. Hare in the chair, and Mrs. Ross conducting the musical part of the entertainment. Conditions on this occasion being harmonious from the beginning, the mediums had no difficulty in giving tests. Mrs. Sagmaster opened the exercises with an inspirational address, followed by Mrs. Ropp with tests, of which she gave about thirty or more, naming the spirits and the mortals to whom they came, though the latter were mostly strangers to her. Even if her gift were only mind-reading it would be something so remarkable as to puzzle scientists to know where and how to begin to study it as a human qualification. But Spiritualists, whom experience has taught otherwise, do not stop to theorize on these phenomena, and thus readily understand what would confound the "wise." In appreciation of this lady's remarkable powers, she was presented with a handsome floral basket during the entertainment. Next came Mr. Archer, who astounded the audience with some exceedingly fine tests, similar to those of the preceding medium, and also numbering about twenty-five. Among them he told a lady present that she had a letter in her possession, written by a younger person, in which was asked a question to the spirits. The lady acknowledged the test as correct and produced the letter. Another one was told she had a lock of hair on her person belonging to a child—describing the spirit—to which the lady acquiesced. But, said the medium, I also see another lock of hair in close proximity to this one, apparently of an older person and in the same lock—describing the lock. The lady acknowledged the test as perfect and took from her pocket the jewel and held it up in triumph for the benefit of the audience. Upon this Mrs. Weeks took up the thread, and after a witty little speech, which was quite acceptable as a change, she gave a number of tests that were also welcomed. Mrs. Sagmaster and Mrs. Ropp closed with a few more tests, when the beneficiary, Mr. Van Duzen, was led to the rostrum by Mr. Starbird, and accompanied himself to a song on the piano, for which he received hearty applause. This closed a pleasant evening with the spirits.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE CROWNING SIN OF THE AGE. By B. D. Sinclair, pastor First Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, Mass. Published by H. L. Hastings of the Scriptural Tract Repository and editor of *The Christian*, 47 Cornhill, Boston. Price: Unique paper 50 cents.

"The Crowning Sin of the Age, or the Perversion of Marriage," is the subject of a sermon, calling attention to the perversion of conception so much practiced in Protestant Christianity, and especially in New England. He regards such equal to murder, and cries out loud against the growing evil. The book also contains commendatory letters from eminent persons concerning the sermon or lecture, and in which letters are also interesting comments on the same subject. Both the author and his critics absolve the Catholic and Jews from this evil, as their religion is "practical" in respect to the duties of married life, believing that "each child born is accepted as an additional evidence of God's especial favor, and thus to regard marriage as one of the sacraments." No fault can be found with the sermon by anyone. It is timely and should have a wide circulation, only we hope the publisher will not be rained into prison with Moses Harmon for promulgating similar doctrine. But we see that the book has been entered at the Boston postoffice as second-class matter, and thus permitted to go through the mails. Well, perhaps the Postoffice Department is becoming more liberal and less pedish in matters that should be spoken of publicly. Though committed in secret—except that a "Christian" editor has. However, the publisher has a good opinion of Spiritualists, even if he is a non-believer. In his letter to the LIGHT OF TRUTH he writes: "Although we do not agree on religious questions, still I feel sure we will agree on the to which the book is devoted." We do, and we wish the book a generous demand and careful perusal by all good Christians who are troubled with this "Crowning sin of the age," the murder of the innocents, and Spiritualists, too, there are any.

"A Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, and Articles on the Construction and Maintenance of Roads," A. A. Pope, Boston, Mass.



## Spirit Message Department

## OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon.

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Ninth Streets. Doors open at 2:30; service begins at 3:30. No one admitted after service has begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Most contain one enquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. E. Kirby, Medium. Mrs. J. C. Webb, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to Room 7, 2nd Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

## REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday afternoon, January 31, 1893.

## Prologue.

Oh, thou source of all light and all wisdom—that which guides and directs us throughout life's journey! We have come to inquire of those who have passed into the higher sphere of life—who have passed through earth and now live in the spirit realm; and to ask of them to draw near to us and give us some new thought that will help us onward; that will cause us to understand ourselves better; that will cause us to feel that all the experiences of this life are necessary for our unfoldment! And in permitting this communion we also feel grateful that we live in this day and generation, when men dare to speak, dare to reason, dare to investigate all things that they may learn more of the force which surrounds them, for we realize that those who surround us, struggled, and some died that we might to-day enjoy the privileges that we do. We realize this and we feel grateful for the love that points us to them who linger still upon the earth plane, and out of the fullness of our hearts we would ask for more light, more knowledge, and may each one of us to-day be bound closer and closer together by the bond of love. May we realize also that God is love, and all that is good is of God, and that which seemeth full to-day is but ignorance. And when we are through with our experiences here, may each one of us have earned a mansion in that home just over there. We realize that we are builders of that home, that we are painting pictures, that we will look upon in the by and by. So may every part of that home be furnished perfect and beautiful. We also realize that we will not be done with earth and labor, but we realize that out of the fullness of our soul we will still desire to work, and work earnestly for the uplifting of our brothers and sisters. So, kind intelligences that surround us this afternoon, draw very, very close, inspire each soul with love and teach us the higher truths of the home over there.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—Do spirits know the origin of consciousness, or do they simply surmise or conjecture it?

Ans.—A spirit, decarnated, knows no more about consciousness than you do who are incarnated in the body. We realize the intensity of consciousness, we know that we are conscious of being, having been, and still expect, through consciousness, to live eternally. But to define consciousness would be an impossibility—as impossible as to define life itself. We are but students the same as you who are still incarnated in the body. We know and realize every day the power of our individual consciousness. We view and review our earth life, we learn daily new lessons through intercourse with spirits who have been ages upon the spirit side of life. But we do not understand all of the infinite. When we do, we shall be at one-ment with the infinite and merge into the all and all. But as students realizing their individual existence, conscious of all that is being enacted in your life and in our life, we try in every way possible to solve the mysteries. We know that we have existed forever; that there is no beginning and no end. We realize the importance of life, possibly more fully for passing out of the material body into the spiritual realm; and as we return again, proving that we are self-conscious beings, learning greater lessons, and impressing them upon the souls of the sensitive, bringing to you improvements and inventions that you may be benefited here, still when you ask us of the deeper mysteries of life or of consciousness we stand as the babe. That alone belongs to the greater, the more infinite, power, which we are drawing closer to every day but can not comprehend. But seek deeper, study well, and remember that consciousness belongs to the divine principle of life.

Ques.—Have mediums any prerogatives over ordinary people in spirit.

Ans.—No. A medium, if you understand the word, is something that stands between. A medium for the spirit world is one that stands between you and the spirit world to voice to you that which the spirit is willing to give. Mediums have no more power over the spirit than you have. Possibly the spirits may have more power over the medium than you have, because they have developed their instrument, because the instrument has placed herself or himself in such a position that the spirit world can and do use them for the benefit of mankind. Each and every one of you in this room at times are instruments in the hands of the spirit world. Each of you at times receive impressions direct from the spirit world. And if it were not for the doubts, if it were not for the fears, which is the result of early education, you would receive this in the way that they were given. How else in the times of old were the apostles inspired except through the spirit! They understood when the spirit impressed them that they were impressed by higher intelligences. They would say they were impressed by God, and they would give out these impressions. And so, friends, day by day is the spirit world gathering around you; day by day does some loved one draw close and in some way try to prove their nearness unto you. I would plead for your spirit friends, I would ask you to open wide the door and let the angels come in. Do not feel that it is only a medium that can receive loved messages from the other side of life, although you may not be an instrument in the hands of the spirit world, although you may be ignorant of the conditions necessary to become a medium, yet that does not bear away from you your loved ones. They stand willing and ready to give you loved messages direct. I see in the minds of some in this audience the question, and it comes in this way, "If our loved ones draw near unto us every day, if they understand all of the conditions which surround us, and if they have power to prevent, why do they not do it?" I would answer, whilst your spirit friends draw near, or desire to help you, and through the fullness of their love endeavor to lift away from your soul care, sorrow, and grief, yet it would not be well for them to do so. The experiences of this life are necessary for your development; it is only through your experiences that you can learn your lessons. If each one of you to-day had all care, all sorrow lifted off your hearts, I fear you would become very careless indeed in educating yourselves spiritually. You would be very apt to lie back in your chairs and take life easy. It is only through exertion, it is only through experiences that you can fully round out your life here and be prepared for the home beyond.

Ques.—Will the controlling spirit tell what became of Christ's body?

Ans.—My dear friends, I would like to tell you if I knew.

Seventeen hundred years ago a man called Jesus Christ was crucified on Mount Calvary because he dared to proclaim that which he believed was true. It was said that he was rolled in the garments, laid away in the tomb and a stone was placed against the door of the sepulchre. Now, my friends, in the morn the stone was rolled away and the body had disappeared. There is only one solution to the question and it is that some one who loved Jesus stole the body, but I do not know who did it. Although over here about twenty-five years I have learned but comparatively little, and I know no more to-day about Jesus than when upon the earth plane, indeed, I believe I do not know as much as I thought I did when I lived upon the earth plane, for I was a minister of the Gospel and I proclaimed Jesus and him crucified. And whilst I accept him to-day as my elder brother and point to him, and say see that you do as he did, for he lived a perfect life according to the history, yet there were some things done in that life that would not be tolerated to-day. Still Jesus went about doing good; he sought not the rich, but the poor and suffering, and whatsoever his hands found to do, he did it with his might. What matters it where the body was placed? What matters it what became of his material body? Rather where is that spirit, where is that perfect man to-day? Ages have passed and gone, and the spirit of this man has passed so high in the spirit realm that I have never met or heard of him since I entered the spirit world. And yet we must feel, and do the great and holy influence of every good and noble spirit who has passed to the spirit side of life. We feel each day that holy influence that is shed abroad throughout all of the spiritual realm; and as the dew falls upon your grass and flowers, so falls the dew of the divine life upon every spirit, and I rejoice this afternoon that it is possible for a spirit that has passed out of the material body and entered into the spiritual realm, to return and teach mortals the way. And I would say of your elder brother Jesus, follow his example, do good unto those who spitefully use you, love your neighbor as yourself, and, if necessary, die for truth's sake, and then you will enter the spirit realm fully equipped to enjoy the blessings which await you and every one who do their duty upon the earth plane.

Ques.—How or in what manner does the blood of Jesus cleanse us from all sin, or does Jesus pay it all?

Ans.—Our elder brother is again the subject. My friends, the blood of no man can cleanse you from sin. No man can pay your debts. Every one of you will be held accountable to self for all that you do here. If the blood of Jesus could cleanse from sin, we should have to-day, or ought to have, after nineteen hundred years, perfect men and women. If Jesus "paid it all," my friends, you have nothing to do but follow your arms and go ahead. But this is not the case; for every act that you commit you are held responsible and not one of you dare do what is wrong, because as you journey through this life you are sure to meet your error some place. You must face it yourself and you must stand the consequences of it. Do not think for one moment that the blood of Jesus can cleanse you; do not think for one moment that Jesus has to do all, for there are debts for each one of you to cancel; there are intentional wrongs that each one of you have done and which each one of you will have to face. Many men have studied and wondered why at a certain time of life they were confronted with certain things. It was but the fruit of the seed sown in the long ago, and of that fruit they must eat. So, friends, see to it that you live each day to your highest, see to it that you are just and true to self, see to it that you live above reproach, and see to it that all the thoughts sent out are good thoughts. Send not forth thoughts of hate or jealousy, for just as sure as you do they will come back upon you. It may injure for awhile the one it was intended for, but by and by it will rebound and hurt you more than any one else. So I would say do not try to place all of your sins upon Jesus, do not try to make that good man suffer for you; do not think it is possible, for it is not. The man Jesus is now enjoying the spirit realm, that which he earned upon the earth plane. He is, I hope, now at one-ment with his father. I feel that the influence of this good man has been felt throughout all these years. But, friends, you dare not live careless, you dare not think, oh Lord, I will do as I please, and then I will be saved, for it is not true. I taught it for many years, but it is not true. I come back to earth again and use a woman as a mouthpiece that I may tell my brothers and sisters the truth.

Ques.—Is not certain existence and destiny as much a mystery with incarnated spirits as with mortals?

Ans.—Friends, I answered that question in answering the question of consciousness. I told you it was as much a mystery to us as to you.

Ques.—Do the spirit friends retire at night or are they on duty at all hours?

Ans.—Ever watchful are our spirit friends, but when rest is necessary, they rest. You are not always guarded by the same spirit, but you may to-day have with you one or two of your loved ones, and to-morrow they may withdraw and some other loved one take their places. We have our homes, and all that we love here, we have rest, we have music and flowers; and I would that you could hear the music as it plays through the spheres, coming with such harmony and the love voices singing their lullabys, that they may soothe some saddened soul who is still in an undeveloped condition on the spirit side of life. But, friends, your loved ones rest and your loved ones work. Their joy is to bring to you joy and love. They enjoy all of the fullness of life. That which was denied them here they have over there—comfort and peace. I would that you could see as I do the spirits as they enter the spirit side of life. I would that you could see the expressions depicted upon some of their countenances as they see their loved ones gathered around to meet them as they enter the spirit realm. I would that I could carry you with me over the crystal sea that you might know more of the love that binds you one to another. I would I could carry you into a lovely hall where are gathered this afternoon many of the apostles. I would, if I could, carry you where the artists are assembled with their beautiful paintings and statuary. I would carry you where you could hear the birds sing and warble forth their joy notes. For whatever you have here we have on the spirit side of life. We have only lost one thing, and that is what you call sin. There is no soul on the spirit side of life that desires the destruction of any other soul. Now I see a question arises in the hearts of some, and that is, what are you going to do with these evil spirits? And I say of these spirits: Who are they? What are they? Where are they? When a spirit enters the spirit world undeveloped, full of that which you call evil, they can not enter immediately into that state of ecstasy which I have been describing, but they stay not long in ignorance, for no spirit that has developed in the higher spheres of life would permit an ignorant spirit to be in ignorance long, but they would hasten to aid the brother. They would lead him upward and they would carry him to the realm where he might see himself plainer—where he might understand better, and possibly for awhile the pictures and conditions painted upon the memory of this spirit might cause him dismay and sorrow. But by-and-by he would lift himself up and enjoy himself in the realms of bliss. It may take time. Therefore see to it that you educate yourselves spiritually; see that you throw fear from you and that which seems wrong. See to it that you cultivate the divine principle within you, and let love and justice and truth be the guiding stars that will guide you to the home above.

## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Gideon F. Reed.

The first person who presents himself to me is an old gentleman from Boston, who says: "I have been in spirit life but a short time, but I am glad to be able this afternoon to visit your free circle in the city of Cincinnati. I was a Spiritualist in life and earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism. For the encouragement of those present I will say that the spirits are very much interested in this circle, also in the home circle in Boston. I will also say for your encouragement, that the open doorway to the spirit world has brought many spirits in communion with their loved ones in the earth life, and to-day there have been messages given in this hall that have been received and caused many hearts to be glad. I would like to come back again a little while and re-enter my body that I might do more for the advancement of Spiritualism, but gathering together North and South, East and West, are mighty forces. Every day you are getting in more and more, gathering them from all quarters. And although many feel that Spiritualism is not growing because of the small attendance at your meetings, yet, I, a spirit, declare unto you it grows every day. Your churches are filled with Spiritualists and when the time comes that they will be called forth to stand in their might, it will be an army that will appal those who oppose it. I come to say these few words to encourage you. I am Gideon F. Reed, of Boston.

Elizabeth Crandall.

Chairlady and friends. I scarcely know what to say. I am here this afternoon by the aid of some loved ones. To me it is strange, but I am as real to myself as when I was upon the earth plane in the body. I understand, I see, I know, and I have come here this afternoon to express my love to those who are near and dear to me, who still linger upon the earth plane. I passed out of this life about two years ago. I left five children upon the earth plane, and I desire to send my love to them from the spirit side of life. I have children in Middleport, O., and children in Marshall, Texas. I desire them to know that Elizabeth Crandall sends this message to them. I passed out at Middleport, O.

George Wilhelm.

Chairlady and friends. I am rejoiced to be here this afternoon. I desire to send my love to my mother and father and also my sisters and brothers. I want them to know that although I have passed over to the spirit side of life, yet I am oftentimes with them. I try in every way I can to impress my father that he may know of my nearness, and I believe at times he knows I am with him. I know my mother does. It was hard, I know, for my parents when I passed away, for they had built great hopes upon me, and I had tried in every way to be a dutiful son. Although they do not understand just how it happened they can not bring themselves to think I would disobey, and I did not. And yet I was drowned far away from home. I was drowned, and I know it brought great sorrow to my loved ones. But, dear uncle, carry my message. Tell them that George was here this afternoon, that he is oftentimes in the home and that he tries in every way to help them.

James R. Thompson.

I am here this afternoon from the spirit side of life. But how my heart rejoices and how the hallelujahs arise within me! What is death I can not say. To me it was the opening of a brighter day. Why should they weep when we are set free, free from all of the suffering of humanity. Long and dreary were the days, and often inwardly I prayed for liberty. Death came to me at last and freed my spirit, and I went to rejoice in a brighter, happier life. Hark! songs of angels ring forth their hosannas loud and clear. They say, all hail this brighter day; for we are free indeed from earthly pain. So I sing as I come from my home above, returning to those I dearly love. The anxious thoughts, the tender care, indeed pay when you get over here. And I, for the love I bear to thee, will guard and guide thee most tenderly. Accept the love of thy husband now, and cast all grief away from you, but know that I live in a brighter sphere above. I hear the name of James R. Thompson, of Franklin, Neb. He died of consumption.

Geo. Renchler.

To his wife Louisa. He wants her to know that he is greatly interested in her development, and hopes soon to be able to manifest through her organism. Jackson is with her a great part of the time, and feels greatly pleased that he is succeeding in getting such good control over her. As the winter passes away so will the trouble that now hovers over her. They all join in sending love and blessing. He is from Hamilton, O.

Jennie McElroy.

Desires to communicate with her husband, John H. McElroy, of Pittsburgh, Pa. She brings her son Harry, and they would like to send a loving greeting to all of the dear ones at home and assure them that they are often near them and helping them in their daily work.

Ruth Anna Williams.

To her husband, S. B. Williams. This bright spirit brings with her other loved ones who are anxious to communicate. Thompson Bags sends messages of love and cheer to the dear ones at home, and assures them he is often with them, and wants them to know that he is extremely happy and advancing daily in spirit life. Joseph Williams also comes and sends greeting. Birdie says she wishes the family understood her dear father as she does. Sister Harriet is with her, and they both join in sending love to their father, Robert Williams, and say he will soon be with them in their happy summer home; and that while he is here the thoughts and anticipations of that grand reality will buoy him up and keep him in good condition, and when the time comes he will be prepared to leave the old prison home of clay with very little suffering, for the spirits will take him away as in a dream. He lives near Bridgeport, Ohio. They are from Martin's Ferry, Ohio.

Elizabeth Hutchins.

A lady steps up to me and says: "My name is Elizabeth Hutchins. I desire to send love to five who are near and dear to me in earth life. I would like my son to know that I am very much interested in the new undertaking, and he will be more successful than he thinks. Do not grieve because Mary has gone, it is all right, it is better so. Remember we can not always stay together in earth life, and when death parts us sometimes we realize more truly the attachment which existed between us. Your mother is ever watchful and cares for you, and joins with your father Samuel in bringing love to you in this way. I am from St. Louis, Mo., and this message is sent to my children.

## VERIFICATIONS.

[To the Editor of the Light of Truth.]

The wife and sister of T. J. Babb, whose message appeared in *LIGHT OF TRUTH*, January 21st, wish me to express for them their thanks to *LIGHT OF TRUTH* for publishing and to the medium for voicing the message of love from the husband and brother who passed out of his physical habitation in this place some less than two years ago. They pronounce it as very much like him, and have no doubt of the source from whence it came. The illness of both has prevented an earlier verification, but as I know of the circumstances attending his transition, I very willingly accede to their request and add my assurance of its truthfulness. The Message Department is comforting many hearts. Yours for the truth, MYRA F. PAINE.

332 Main Street, Painesville, O., February 3, 1893.

## The Progressive Lyceum.

## Opening Song.

AMERICA.

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my father died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love.  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song!  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
To sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
In realms above,  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by thy might,  
Great God of love.

## Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

[Note.—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to depart from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.]

The rights of government are based on eternal justice.

It is said to rest on the consent of the governed. Not true, for those who make repressive laws necessary, and are controlled by them, never consented to such laws, and would not had they been given a choice.

On the will of the majority; not unless it is presumed that the majority comprehend justice better than the minority. That the minority may be in the right, and there may be such an occurrence as a single individual advocating the truth against the world.

In society where the criminal class are in the majority, repressive laws might be enacted as a homage of vice to virtue, but they could not be enforced. The criminal majority would bid defiance to legal control. Hence the laws, as the expression of a few good men may be far better than the society. They are, however, powerless, unless their execution is in the hands of efficient powers, which can not exist in a republican government, unless the majority is on the side of virtue.

A republic can not be preserved unless a majority of its citizens are able to govern themselves.

The necessity for a government is caused by the necessity for restraint, which makes any government for a savage or half civilized people better than none, and the purpose to enforce obedience of the lower to the higher faculties; of selfishness to the benevolence; of hate to love; of individuality to patriotism of animality to morality.

Government does not derive its right from a divine source, and, hence, Church and State should remain distinct. The most horrible persecutions have been the result of the attempt of the Church to maintain its temporal government.

What is the best form of government? What improvements do you suggest in our form of government? What is the most threatening danger?

Is it centralization?

Is it encroachment of Church power?

What will be the result of foreign immigration?

Of the Catholic movement represented by the American pope?

## Mottoes for Continuous Recitation.

A government by the people, of the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.—

Not if founded on justice.

To be just it must recognize the rights of all.

No one must be deprived of any privilege granted to others.

All must receive the full value of their labors.

For to the laborer belong the products of his labor.

## Silver Chain Recitation.

OUR COUNTRY.

Bravest of nations, she moved through the shadow;  
Tempest and darkness encompassed her way;  
Gleaming, she threaded the black thunder-billow;  
And wreathed with the lightnings she rose into day.

Bravest of nations!  
Victory's palm on her white forehead lay.

Grandest of nations, she stood in a halo—  
A glory that justice and liberty wrought!  
Spirit-wings dripping from arches above her,  
Auras of purified radiance brought.

Grandest of nations!  
Crowned with the light of her luminous thought.

Fairest of Nations! Love's beautiful lily  
Oped on her bosom with honey to drip;  
Weary ones yearned to her fragrance and whiteness,  
Thronging, theectar of mercy to sip.

Fairest of nations!  
Deity's kiss upon forehead and lip.

Strongest of nations! With white hands she lifted  
Unto the light the oppressed and the low;  
Snote with her lightning the tyrant and traitor,  
Witnessing God to the world in the blow.

Strongest of nations!  
Angel avenging humanity's woe.

Swiftest of nations! Pursuing with fleetness;  
Sacred ideals thrown up from the soul;  
On and yet onward with true post-passion,  
Up where the mystical symphonies roll.

Swiftest of nations!  
Low are the stars from the infinite goal.

Light of the nations! Bear onward the standard,  
Justice emblazoned and mercy upheaved!  
Not till the whole of the old wrong is righted,  
Let the wide folds of thy banner be furled.

Light of the nations!  
Star of humanity, hope of the world.

—Augusta Cooper Bristol.

## Closing Song.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE.

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,  
Sowing the seed by the moonday glare,  
Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sown in the darkness or sown in our night,  
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,  
Gathered in time or eternity,  
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,  
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoli;  
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—Chio.

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,  
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
Sowing the seed of eternal shame;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—Chio.

Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
Sowing the seed with the tears-drops start,  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come,  
Gladly to gather the harvest home;  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?—Chio.

One thing is noticeable about the present Romish filibustering that is going on in this country. The Roman hierarchy in America is supposed to have a head located at Baltimore. Since the new Italian dignitary arrived, poor Gibbons and Baltimore are both cast altogether in the shade, and completely ignored in all the evolutions of amusing ecclesiastical fandango that is being performed.—Primitive Catholic.











