



TWO DOLLARS per Year.

VOLUME 2.

"Creeds Without Virtue Are Paltering Vanities."

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

ONE DOLLAR for Five Months.

NUMBER 31.

## THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.  
THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors.  
M. G. YOUNG, President.  
L. S. McCRACKEN, Treasurer.

L. BARNEY, Editor.  
Assisted by a Corps of Able Writers.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - TWO DOLLARS per Year, strictly in advance. Two Dollars and Fifty Cents to any Foreign Country in the Postal Union. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent Five Months for One Dollar.

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Will be inserted at Fifteen Cents per line, Nonpareil, for first insertion, and Ten Cents per line thereafter. Special contracts for long time advertisements.

Publication Office, 222 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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### Marriage, Here and Hereafter.

Lecture Delivered at Grand Army Hall, Cincinnati, O., Sunday morning, January 29, 1888, by the guides of WALTER HOWELL, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.

"In the resurrection there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but they are as the angels of God in Heaven."

Human passion and ignorance rush wildly in where angels fear to tread. Realizing the complexity of the theme with which we have to deal this morning, we pause upon the very threshold of our inquiry and ask for higher guidance. The insignia of mutual union are around us on every hand; an inevitable dualism besets us wherever we go. In the mineral kingdom we find the law of marriage exemplified in its way; and we have what we call chemical affinity. The same thing exists in the lower forms of plant life in their masculine and feminine proportions. In some form we behold marriage relations in the germ as well; and the seal to the union of these objects of nature is wedlock. We are accustomed, too, in our parlance, to associate with certain objects in nature, the term masculine and feminine, as, for example, speaking of a river, we say: Father Nile, Father Thames, Father Tiber, as exemplified in Macaulay's lines, "Keeping Guard of the Bridge when Taken." Having torn the bridge down, Horatius offers this petition to the spirit of Father Tiber:

"O, Tiber! Father Tiber!  
To whom the Romans pray,  
If Romans live a Roman's life  
Take me in charge this day."

And he plunges head long into the tide, borne up by a good honest faith within, that the majestic Father of his land would protect him. Water is regarded as masculine because of its fertilizing relation to the land. The sun draws up the water into the atmosphere and forms it into vaporous clouds, and then when the water has been drawn up it descends upon the dry and parched earth, and by a union of water with the dry land, the germs that are stored away in the bosom of mother earth are brought forth, and we have as a result of the union of the water with land the beautiful forms of plant and tree we behold around us. We also find the nuptial idea in every department of life, for we cannot turn anywhere without beholding it, even in the form of human speech. The vowels and consonants make a marriage union. You can voice a vowel but consonants are silent. The vowels and consonants, however, united, constitute words, and in these words you recognize all the sounds and interblendings and relationships of the vowels and the consonants. In the notes of music, in hill and dale, mountain and valley, sea and lake, and river, land, sun, moon and stars, these are all marvelously simplified under the forms of masculine and feminine, and from the very lowest state and condition of existence up to the human, and on through the angelic, and probably to the very heart of God himself. Our terminology is inadequate to give our conception of the Deity. If language will not give you a definition of Deity, how dare we take upon our tongues parts of speech to define it.

Woman has been debarred from her

legitimate position, and when we shall recognize the Deity as just as much Mother as Father, in the heart of man equal, these when united will constitute a perfect whole.

Man is not complete without woman; woman is not perfect without man; but when two souls rightly mated are brought together in a fond and loving embrace, God has upon earth the most perfect embodiment of His or Her nature reflected in a divine and loving and wise humanity. It is because the Jewish church worships a masculine God that they could dare have in their ritual, this: "O Jehovah! I thank thee that I was not made a beast or a woman." How pleasing to the opposite sex this must be.

We are glad that in the democracy of the nineteenth century, both religious and political, woman comes to occupy a little bit more her legitimate position. She has not got it yet, but she will get it by and by when she gets her rights. When we say "rights" we do not mean all there is implied in this terminology, but we do believe that woman's education, that woman's position, that woman's true marriage, that her equality, have been ignored and overlooked, and the day of woman is at hand, when her intuition shall assert the intellectual power that man has learned; when her grace and esthetic power shall be the grander part, the master of his mathematical and mechanical acumen.

When the masculine and feminine qualities are blended and united, then we shall have an equilibrium in society, and not till then. But the difficulties of matrimonial relationships are exceedingly great. At the very onset, in the present condition of society for example, young men and young women have very little opportunity of becoming acquainted with each other. The young lady, when she receives, is in the parlor in her parlor costume, and the young man in his dress suit acting all the good, pure and holy things which he is not; and so society continues a system of hypocritical masquerade, until the marriage ceremony has been performed; and when the mask is removed they begin hating each other, and the divorce is imminent. She finds that instead of having married a phenomenon of virtue and a library of information, she has simply wedded herself to a fop or empty headed puppet, or, to use an Americanism, perhaps a dude. He finds upon the other hand, that instead of having married a graceful and loving woman that he has married a French doll, well painted, penciled and powdered, elegantly got up, you know, for the occasion; the result of this is that we have our Divorce Court full, but you can get them cheaper in some other States. Would it not be a little better, if, instead of your clergymen being so eager to grasp the almighty dollar for having performed the ceremony, he were certain whether he was acting as God's representative, and if they were not, in his estimation, being rightly mated, let him honestly wash his hands of the business and say "You can go to a more commercial institution and get that hitching of your's done;" but do they really consider this great question? Our clergymen, it is true, now and then preach special sermons to young people. They talk to young gentlemen and young ladies alone, and there is no reason why they should have them alone. They handle the subject of their eternal welfare and the good of their souls with kid gloves, but if they were to do their duty and were to talk about the salvation of their bodies and the salvation of future posterity through them, they would do some good in the world, instead of uniting in the bonds of marriage what God has divorced in nature.

Biblical lore says, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." Do you not think it would take heaven, earth and hell to separate a man and woman that God had joined together? What God has put asunder, let no person dare join together. Now, we would make a classification. There are numerous attractions of wedlock, and they are attracted upon all planes of life. There are magnetic attractions; there are attractions of physique, and these are very often the most important in the estimation of our

young people. If a girl sees a tall, handsome, broad shouldered young man, she is "mashed," or if he has elegant diamonds on his fingers and somebody intimates that his pocket book is pretty heavy, or if he has not got a cent, if he comes to New York from somewhere and has a title; much as we are democratic and highly republican in this country and don't like titles at all; yet your merchants of New York, your gold and silver princes would do their level best to get that girl hitched on to that title, and be willing to pay the dollars in order to have the grand title to parade. The majority of our young girls in society are sent to a kind of matrimonial mart, and knocked down to the highest bidder. A farmer, if he has a good brood mare, will search the country over to find a good male horse or stallion to unite with his mare, but when it comes to his daughter it does not matter whether the fellow has been a little wild, and has sowed his wild oats, if he has got plenty of money. Though he has perpetrated the most damnable atrocities upon human virtue it does not matter. No; he is the darling of society, and it is the poor unfortunate victims of his assaults that go to the devil! When justice in nature and in the wisdom and equity of Deity has been attained, the individual who despoils innocence, that has foully wronged her, will go to his reward. Now, the magnetic attractions within that exist in nature are unaccountable and mysterious, and it were well if these clouded laws were more thoroughly understood and apprehended. What do we mean by magnetic attraction? What do we mean by mysterious fascination? That needs to be understood. We know that from every individual there comes an emanation which vibrates upon the sensitive nature of every individual with whom they come in contact, and produces either an agreeable or a disagreeable sensation. This agreeability or disagreeability will be more intense according to the sensitiveness of the individual. For there is something in the individual not found in the aura, perhaps, of the other. Then, although neither individual may be morally bad, they may be as far apart as the poles. Agreeability in the magnetic domain tends to cause a pleasantry of feeling, which will bring about the sensation which is mistaken for affection. How often is it that men and women are thus united, and by and by when the magnetic union is over and there is a sensing of the interior natures of the individuals, the divorce is painful in the extreme; but, says somebody who is more spiritually inclined, "Where are the good angels of these people? Why do not they protect them? Why do not they tell them what each should do?" I will tell you why. The good angels cannot prevent the fire from burning your hand if you thrust your hand into fire. You have to learn from experience that fire burns, that water drowns, and that the stone will crush your brains. All the angels in heaven cannot prevent you feeling the sensation unless you happen to be unconscious about that time, and what are you to know if you are made unconscious by this experience? Experience keeps a very expensive school when children and fools won't learn anything anywhere else. To be protected from it is to be an ignoramus throughout all the ages of your life and throughout all eternity. If you are going to be the puppets of the spiritual world all the ages of your life, controlled and dandled in the hands of angels, and thus made holier, you and heaven knows what kind of an elysium you will be in by and by. You won't have sense enough to know how to appreciate it when you get there.

Here is a poor, delicate, refined girl; her mind unsuspecting and her soul pure; but she comes into contact with an individual who possesses a great deal of the vital element, yet there is a musical charm in his voice. There is a kind of pleasant emanation; she seems a little stronger physically, coming in contact with him, but by and by he becomes a little less objectionable, a little more fascinating, and his voice is more pleasant, he seems to have a kind of syren melody and by and by he talks in a mountebank style, and she in speaking passes it off as fun,

and at length he says something that shocks her. She blushes slightly, and by and by he says a little more and it does not shock her quite so much. By and by he makes another suggestion, which is yielded to by her, and he sees he is getting her, as a spider gets a fly, into the meshes of a magnetic cobweb. Now, that he has thrown the mantle of his magnetic influence about her, there is a channel through which he can undulate his thought and passion. After a while he has sufficiently magnetized her so that he can psychologize or mesmerize her, so that she becomes an object of his desires, a reflector of his passions, and by and by she is on the very verge of the precipice of destruction. Soon she falls down a victim at his feet. Where were the angels? Why, they were there. Why did not they protect her? God in heaven cannot protect you if you violate nature's laws, and the magnetic laws are just as much a part of nature as God himself. If you would be protected by the angels you must surround yourself with the best magnetic conditions. When you get that disease, where is God Almighty? What is he doing? Why does he not protect his children? He teaches humanity that the beneficial laws cannot be violated and the subject who violates them not suffer the consequences of that violation. So, if you want the protection of heaven, see to it that you put yourself in the right relationship with earth, and that is only a little bit you have got to do. You have got too much accustomed to talk about "Jesus paid for all." You have got to get up and work. When you realize this motive, truth, that every life has to be lived out upon its own plane, then you will begin to act as men and women, and respond to all responsibilities that are imposed upon our natures. Now, this poor girl we were describing falls. If the angels had been there they would have protected her, if there had been the right conditions. First of all, she had an intuition that she did not like this man. He was a vampire to her, and lead her into a state of semi-consciousness while sapping the very life of virtue out of her. She, poor girl has heaped upon her the curses of "society." He, a villainous scamp, is received into society, and how delighted his friends are to see him. Even if they knew all they would think him rather clever and smart to have accomplished so marvelous a feat. See to it that in any alliance you are about to make, you study these laws as you best can. But Modern Spiritualism will teach humanity of these subtle forces, if men will pass from the curiosity sphere to this sphere of intelligence; and this is what nine-tenths of the Spiritualists don't manage to get through. The other tenth still manage to sit outside.

Now, in addition to the magnetic and psychological influences that surround our young people, and old people too—we say that old people are affected by them, an sometimes more than the young people. You know, "there is no fool like an old fool."

There is an intelligent union. Individuals may attract an intellectual friendship, and even that intellectual plane may be regarded by some as an indication of a matrimonial fitness; but not so, for individuals may be intellectually suited to each other when their dispositions are far apart. Marriage, in order to be perfect, should be contracted upon their plane of consciousness. Not that an individual should marry a person just like himself, but in order that marriage should be perfect, man and wife should be like two cog wheels, fitting and well adjusting into each other.

We see in society now and then a Mrs. Cuddle and a henpecked Husband. We now and then see a bossy man and a submissive and docile woman, and they kind of like it; and some of these henpecked men really enjoy it; but let a woman gain the upper hand of a man and she enjoys controlling him and it may suit her purpose to control him; yet a woman always has a kind of interior loathing for and despises a man she can control. Now then, if, instead of either wanting to be supreme, there should be certain balances of supremacy for each. Let woman be queen in her domain; let man be master of his, and each have their own defined and legitimate spheres of supremacy. So long as there is a question between man and woman for supremacy, it will usually end up in something like this style, as suggested by an incident with which we are somewhat familiar:

The husband says "We will assume I am the head of the household." She did not like it; she thought she ought to be the head; and by and by the woman, while sweetly she smiled upon him one day, said, "Yes, you are the head. I will acknowledge you as the head of the household," but secretly and quietly she exercises her influence as the neck, and turns the head whichever way she would.

Our unhappy marriages and the prevalent institutions of prostitution and vice are evidence to us that there is something wrong somewhere. We intimated some time ago, in our discourse on education, that in order that woman may not be obliged to marry for a home, for shelter, for food, for clothing, if society gave to her an industrial education that would enable her to earn her own living, then of course she would be independent of any man until she were disposed to offer him, in exchange for his overtures, a good, sincere and honest love. Marriage then is obviously in its best form the highest expression of human life.

Supposing a young man goes to the father and mother of a young girl, asking her hand in marriage. If the father were wise and said: "You do not know Florence, and now just for a while, say a few months, be considered as a friend of the home until I have made investigations to know whether you are worthy. Come in and out among us; see Florence in the kitchen, see her in the dining room; see her in dress and dishabille, see her under all circumstances possible. Give her an equal opportunity of knowing you fairly well, and if your lives grow nearer and nearer, and by and by you feel you are indeed suitably mated to each other, then we shall have no objection to giving our consent for a consummation of your future in marriage. If the fathers would take their sons and teach them something of sexual evils; if mothers would teach their daughters something of maternity instead of keeping them in profound ignorance, and cause between man and wife a kind of disgust, we would have them better mated, for if they were prepared to enter upon the duties of life, knowing them fully, instead of there being a Christ born once in a thousand years, as in the past, every child would be born a Christ through a wise and maternal spirit, every child would come forth in virgin purity, with the spirit of peace, good will and wisdom; and, at every such birth, the angels would sing "peace on earth and good will to men."

The marriage relationship is a very salutary one. Man, if he were born alone and capable of living apart from a member of the opposite sex, might grow inherently selfish, but it seems to us that souls as they come from the divine center are fond of each other, and in the limiting conditions of matter sometimes it may be they do not find each other here. "There is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but they are as the angels of God in Heaven." When Jesus uttered these words, they were supposed to have been addressed to the Sadducees, who did not believe in a resurrection. Jesus meant "in your resurrection there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage, but they are as the angels of God in Heaven," and you are those to whom it is given to know that angelhood cannot be attained either by man's or woman's aid, but when the bond of a divine union has been established, a man and woman united in gracious laws morally, mentally and sexually, then they have reached that state of angelhood begun here below; and if the marriage is begun here below, what God has joined together no man can put asunder, for what God in nature does is for a suitable purpose, and they arise through sphere after sphere until they reach a celestial grandeur of two in one, blended and harmonized, and so exquisitely united that at a distance they would appear as one being, but as you penetrate with your spiritual vision the illumination that surrounds them, you see in this radiance two forms, two beings, so united that as we see them now from a distance, they appear as one. They are indeed one, not that they do not possess individuality, yet so blended that he is her wisdom, her life, her interior ideal outwardly expressed and manifested. She is his higher ideal conception of the divine perfection. He is to her the noblest manifestation of divine wisdom, and together they ascend from the lower spheres to never-ending bliss, always increasing, for it knows no change but that of increase of development, flowing, as the river of life flows, onward forever.

There is always this advantage in aiming at the highest results—that the failure is never total, and though the end accomplished may fall far short of that proposed, it cannot but reach far in advance of the point from which we start. There never was anything great and permanent accomplished but by hoping for and aiming at something still greater and better.—[Sir John Herschel.

### Mrs. Garfield's Life.

Notable Career of the Mother of the Martyred President.

Intelligence of the death of the aged mother of the martyred President Garfield was received throughout the country with feelings of sincere regret and sorrow. Her death recalls that fatal 2nd of July, in 1881, when the nation was rent with a terrible shock as the news of the work of the cowardly assassin was flashed over the wires, and the period of fearful suspense during the ten weeks while that life hung as by a thread until the end came on the 20th of September.

Mrs. Garfield was a remarkable woman, and the story of her life of trials, afflictions and victories, covering a period embracing nearly all of the present century, would require a volume. Her name will occupy a place in history as the one who was most instrumental in cultivating those germs of courage, love of honor and truth, patriotic heroism and sound statesmanship, which characterized the ripened manhood of the late President. Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield was born in sight of old Monadnock mountain, in Cheshire county, N. H., September 21, 1801. She came of the family of Ballous, well known in Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and was a niece of Rev. Hosea Ballou, the Methodist clergyman and writer of Boston. She was reared with that care and circumspection for which New England families are noted. In 1819 she was married to Abram Garfield, father of the late President, and who was descended from an Edward Garfield, who in 1635, was one of the proprietors of Watertown, having accompanied Governor Winthrop to New England. They shortly afterward removed to Ohio, settling near the town of Independence, where Mr. Garfield was engaged in work of excavating for the canal. They lived in a log cabin, the wife toiling for their support by weaving, knitting and sewing. They afterward removed to Newburg, a town which has since become a ward of the city of Cleveland. At that time three children had been born to them. In 1830 there was considerable excitement over the advance in the prices of land in the state, and the wild land was much sought after. They determined to start at farming, and purchased a tract of land heavily wooded in Orange township, Cuyahoga county, on which they built a log cabin. Not quite two years afterward—Nov. 10, 1831—James A. Garfield was born. At an early age, Mrs. Garfield's husband died, and she had to struggle with many difficulties. She faced her hardships with true heroism, and maintained her struggle with constant privation in a noble spirit. She refused to send her elder children out to work among neighboring settlers, toiling with her own hands to keep them together under her eye. Year by year the fields were ploughed and sown, and the crops, often scanty, were gathered. She made her children's clothing and that of the family of a neighboring shoemaker, who, in turn, constructed shoes for the young Garfields. James received his first lessons in English, as well as a bright example of noble devotedness, from his mother. Mrs. Garfield was a woman of great native force of character and strength of will, and in her old age was comparatively vigorous in mind and body. In the shock attendant on the attempted assassination of her illustrious son she bore herself with a degree of fortitude which demonstrated these qualities and her firm reliance upon a supermundane power.

### Frozen and Gnawed by Rats.

PLYMOUTH, January 20, 1888.—Nathan Churchill was found dead in his room this afternoon. Nathan, or "Doc," as he was familiarly called, was born in this town about seventy four years ago, and was employed for a time as a rope maker at the Plymouth cordage works. In 1849 he joined the old Colony Mining company and sailed for California in the bark Yeoman, the second vessel that left here when the gold fever struck East from California. He drifted to Australia, and thence returned home and again visited California. Since his second return he has made a living by repairing umbrellas and manufacturing cider and vinegar. He was the original of the "umbrella man" of Mrs. Abby Morton Diaz's book, "Polly Collogne." He lived in a deserted shoe factory building near the wharves on Water street, occupying one end of it, and the place was a favorite resort of the boys, who found a comrade in the old man. The last seen of him was on Saturday, when he called for his mail at the post-office. In the afternoon a boy called at the building and found the doors secured inside. His non-appearance attracted attention, and a search to-day resulted in the discovery of his frozen body, the face horribly disfigured by rats. His money and valuables were untouched. Medical Examiner Brewster decided that death resulted from natural causes, but will have a further examination when the body is thawed enough to permit it. Mr. Churchill never married, but leaves nephews and a niece. He owned some real estate and leaves a small property.—[Dispatch to Boston Herald.



MOTHER'S GROWING OLD.

Mother's hair is turning white; More she feels the cold. And her step is not so light— Mother's growing old. Growing old! each silvered hair That we've helped to make Tells of self-denials rare For her children's sake. Mother tires quicker now; Less her dear hands hold; Lines are deepening on her brow— Mother's growing old. Growing old! Those lines of care, That, alas! we've laid, Tell of heart-aches and many pray'rs For her dear ones made. Mother reads her Bible through, Glasses rimmed with gold; Ah! 'tis plain and sad to view Mother's growing old. Growing old—that she might give Us a mother's love; Helping us to we may live With her when above. Mother's form is spare and bent, Illness we behold; For us life and strength are spent, Making her grow old. Growing old—lest we stray In wayward path might roam; Growing old—to give each day Us a home, sweet home. —H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

THE TIN BOX.

Tom's Big Mistake, and How It Made a Man of Him.

I.

Henry Dyson was alone in the little office at the back end of his store. Mr. Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five or forty, and his fellow-townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made business man. But while every body had a good word for Henry Dyson, very few people spoke well of his brother Tom. On the night our story opens the merchant was waiting for his graceless brother, and as the hours rolled on the frown on his face grew deeper. "I can do nothing with Tom," he said, as he paced the floor impatiently. "I have given him every possible chance, but he grows more idle and dissipated every day. Perhaps I ought not to wait for him, but he was so urgent in his request for an interview to-night that I could not refuse. Poor fellow! What new trouble can he be mixed up in?" The front door opened and a young man entered quietly, and, after a furtive glance around the store, proceeded to the office. "Well, Tom?" said Henry Dyson. "I am here, you see," replied Tom. "I suppose," said Henry, "that it is useless to ask why you are so late, or where you have been during the past two days." Tom looked a little nervous, and his eyes fell. "That is neither here nor there," he answered in a swaggering way. "I have had some business of my own to look after, and I knew that you were not short of help in the store." "Well, what is it?" asked Henry abruptly. "Brother," Tom broke out hurriedly and in a faltering voice, "I must have some money, two hundred dollars or so." "I wonder where you will get it," Henry rejoined. "You will not get another cent from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be lost at the gaming table?" "If I do not get this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country." "A good thing for the country, then," snapped Henry. "Don't let me interfere with your traveling plans?" Tom seemed to fall all to pieces at this reply. He made one more effort. "I hope you are not hard up, yourself," he said. "I was never getting along better," responded the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case." He pulled open the door of the iron safe, and pointed to a little tin box. "Do you see that?" he asked. "Well, that box contains twenty crisp one thousand dollar bank notes. I drew the money from the bank to-day for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time." Henry rose from his chair and went into a little closet for his overcoat. In an instant, before a man could count three seconds, Tom had drawn the flat tin box from the safe and slipped it into the breast of his heavy overcoat. His brother slowly emerged from the closet, and put on his wrappings. Then he closed the door of the safe with a click. "I am ready to go," he said. "You have no further business with me, I presume?" "No, sir," Tom responded, with a pale, determined face. "Neither now, nor later, good-bye." "Good-bye, old fellow," said Henry, with a yawn. Tom walked out of the store without another word, banging the door after him. "I know him," soliloquized the merchant. "He will not leave here. He will be around to-morrow with a new proposition. Perhaps, after all, I had better look into his affairs, and give him another chance." He walked slowly out of the building, and locked the door. A glance up and down the street showed him that Tom was not in sight, and he then quietly made his way to his hotel, where he straightway went to bed.

II.

After leaving the store Tom hugged the tin-box to his breast, and walked at a rapid pace. "It was an awful thing to do," he muttered, "but I had to have money, and I worked to make some of it." The young man sped onward through the deserted streets until he reached the river. He crossed the bridge and started up the hill on the other side. His plan was plain enough. He was going to a suburban railway station to take the train for the West. Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk. He took the tin box from under his coat. "The d—!" he exclaimed. "I must have been dead. I am no thief, and I will cut my throat before I will become one. There is but one thing to do. I will take the box back to my brother, confess my folly, and then leave him."

"I may find peace there," he said gloomily. He leaned over the railing and listened to the swift-rolling current. "My God!" he cried. "The box! the box!" It had slipped through his fingers, and already the rushing waters were carrying it to the sea! Tom ran in the direction of his brother's hotel, and then wheeled about and ran back to the bridge. His first impulse was to throw himself into the river. "I am a fool!" he said. "Suicide will not restore the money. I must be a man now if there is any manhood in me!" Across the river and over the hill, into the thick darkness of the night, the guilty fugitive fled. Mile after mile he walked like a madman. The lights of the city disappeared from view, and Tom found himself wandering in an unfamiliar locality. Again the river came in sight, and the wretched man decided to follow its course. It was not far to the sea. He would go on to the nearest port and ship as a sailor. Any thing to get beyond his brother's reach, and the eyes of those who knew him. Thus the light of day found him, but it was not likely that any one along the riverside would recognize him. There were few dwellings, and the people he met were farmers who were not disposed to be unpleasantly inquisitive. So the half-crazed man rushed on through the day, till at nightfall he limped wearily into a small seaport town.

III.

Henry Dyson made every effort to find his missing brother. When he thought of the pained look in Tom's eyes the night the poor fellow left, he reproached himself for allowing him to go away without a kind word of encouragement. The detectives took the matter up, and the newspapers published an account of Tom's mysterious disappearance. But it was all of no avail. There was no trace, no clew, and after a year or two the merchant came to the conclusion that his brother was a dead man. Henry Dyson continued to prosper. He married happily, and in the course of time little children came to make his home still brighter. Twenty years had rolled away, when one night the merchant found himself alone in his office writing a letter. As he leaned back in his chair to take a moment's rest, he thought of the night a score of years before when Tom had visited him there to make a last appeal. Tears came into the rich man's eyes. "He was my only brother," he sobbed, "and I acted like a brute. How easy it would have been for me to have paid his little debts. Then I could have watched over him, and in time my love would have touched his heart, and he would have turned out all right. But it is too late now to think of these things." The door opened with hardly a creak, and the merchant would not have known it but for the rush of cool air. He rose from his chair just in time to greet a visitor who walked into the office without even a knock on the door to herald his approach. Henry Dyson looked upon him in speechless astonishment. If he could trust his eyes this was Tom Dyson, but not the Tom of twenty years ago. He was an old man with wrinkled face and white hair. "Brother," said the visitor, "holding out his hand, "are you glad to see me?" With a joyous exclamation the other caught him in his embrace, and then seated him in a chair. "This is a glad hour for me, Tom," he said. "I had given you up for dead, and I have all these years been reproaching myself for my harshness to you that night, you know." "Hold on!" cried the other excitedly. "You must not overwhelm me with kindness until I have made restitution. Here in this package you will find the money to replace the sum I took from the safe in the little tin box. It has taken me these twenty years to make it, but here it is at last." "But I do not understand," interrupted Henry. "Oh, but you must," replied his brother. "When you turned away to get your coat that night I slipped the box out of the safe and concealed it. Then you closed the safe unconscious of your loss, and I left you." "But the box was empty!" shouted Henry. "Impossible," answered Tom. "For you told me that it contained twenty thousand dollars. Well, I rushed off with the box, but repented, and was on my way to return it when I carelessly let it slip into the water when I crossed the river. Now you know why I ran away and concealed myself. I had but one object—to make enough money to pay you back, and then I would ask your forgiveness." "Oh what a foolish Tom!" said Henry. "Why, when I found in the morning that my book-keeper had taken the money from the box and carried it back to the bank that afternoon, when he found that I was not going to use it until the next day, I missed the empty box, but I never connected that with your disappearance." "Then this money—" "Is yours," said Henry. "But even if you had lost my money, as you supposed, you should have come back to me. I sometimes talked roughly to you, but you ought to have known how I loved you, Tom." The two white-haired men sat there till midnight, talking about old times and making their plans for the future. "You must live with me, Tom," said Henry, as he took him home. "I can't trust you out of my sight again." And Tom gave his promise, at the same time thanking the good Lord for blessing him with such a big-hearted brother. These two knew no misunderstanding and no parting until death came to separate them, and in all the city no man was more respected and more beloved than Tom Dyson. His big mistake made a man of him.—Wallace P. Reed, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Wigs of His Late Wives.

An old man named Schmidt, well-known in the Kaiserstadt, says a Vienna letter, had buried two wives, one of whom had had black, the other sandy hair. He had two wigs made of the hair and wore them on alternate days. Those who did not know him well never took the black-wigged man for the same as the sandy-wigged man of the preceding day; and his friends used to speak of the light and the black days of the peculiar gentleman. By his last will the two wigs were to be placed peaceably together on his head when he was laid in his coffin.

INVENTION IN AMERICA.

What Has Been Done Here During the Last Fifty Years.

The Debt Which the World Ows to the Poor, Humble Inventors Who Have Revolutionized Commerce, Transportation and Social Conditions.

Looking at the map of the United States of fifty years ago, and comparing it with the present grand cordon of States and Territories, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Gulf to British America, remarks D. J. Powers in the *Traveler's Quarterly*, the question arises: What has been the most potent agency in producing the mighty change which we find? Fifty years ago Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and Wisconsin were the frontier States, and Wisconsin and Iowa were just becoming known as Territories, with only a few thousand scattered pioneers. Kansas and Nebraska were unheard of and constituted a portion of what was then known as "The Great American Desert," understood to be utterly dry, barren and worthless. All west and northwest to the Pacific constituted a great unknown of mountain and forest that had only been traversed by Servis and Clark and a few daring hunters. Then the emigrant traveled west in his covered wagon—"Prairie Schooner"—but if from the far East, upon the Erie canal and the lakes, or the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, and his progress by either method of travel was slow and tedious. At about this period railroads began to attract public attention, and a few short lines were constructed from Baltimore west, from Boston to Lowell, and from Saratoga to Schenectady. The tracks were of flat bar iron upon lengthwise wooden timbers and the entire equipment most imperfect. However, this beginning of a great material revolution soon attracted the attention of ingenious, inventive men, who studied the defects of these early constructions and devised numberless improvements for increasing speed and for greater safety to life and limb. In a few years the telegraph made its appearance and soon became the handmaid of the railroad. Then came brilliant headlights to take the place of the kettle of coals and fire first used upon locomotives in night-running, and then substantial T-rails and switches, automatic couplers, air-brakes, and finally comfortable and luxurious sleeping and palace cars. It is far easier now to travel from New York to San Francisco than it was fifty years ago to go from Boston to Albany. As a natural consequence of this vast and nearly perfect system of railroads every available nook and corner of this great country is filled with an industrious and prosperous people, practically more than doubling the States and Territories and population in half a century. Can any parallel be found of this in history, either in fifty or in five hundred years? And what has accomplished it? Fourth of July orations, or pulping party political wires? By no means. The 10,000 inventions relating to railroads, telegraphs and labor-saving farm machinery with which to husband and utilize the fecundity of the vast area of arable acres and make freight for the railroads and wealth and prosperity for the people have alone brought about this phenomenal development, as every intelligent person must on reflection admit. Referring further to farm machinery, fifty years ago all of the cultivation of the soil was done with plows and implements that would now be curiosities of the olden time. Most of the grain was cut with hand-sickles—some with cradles. McCormick was just then experimenting with his first reaper, and did not get it upon the market to any great extent or some ten or fifteen years thereafter. And as then made, and for many years after, it was quite clumsy and imperfect—a man rode on the machine and raked off the requisite amount for sheaves. But the inventors kept at work until they finally perfected the automatic string binder that would enable the farmer to cut and bind twice the number of acres in a day, with his horses, that could merely be cut by the old McCormick machine with four horses. Fifty years ago all grain was thrashed with flails—how many of the rising generation know even what a flail is—or with cattle or horses tramping it out, just as it was in the days of Solomon. But the inventor—not the talker—brought forth a thrasher, rude at first, but perfected step by step by the never-ceasing effort of the thousand inventors until the steam thrasher of to-day with four or five men will do the work and do it better than one hundred men in the old ways. How would the great farmer Dairymple have plowed, sowed, cut, and thrashed his 32,000 acres of wheat—the present season without his sulky-plows, his broadcast seeders, his automatic binding reapers, and his steam thrashers? To Dairymple and thousands of other successful farmers owe any thing to the poor, humble inventors as they have hitherto too often been regarded? The wonders of sun-painting, now carried to such perfections that a bird in bullet even can be portrayed on the instant while in swift motion, were unknown fifty years. At that time no one had better pictures of themselves or friends, save the very wealthy, than the old outline profile of white or black on the reverse. The sewing-machine has, within the last thirty years, revolutionized the world of the seamstress, and Hoods' "Song of the Shirt" has now no significance, save as a picture of the times in which it was written. As we have seen, electricity spans the earth with instant communication. It also turns night into day and is fast becoming the motive power of the work. All this within the last fifty years, and we still may safely assert that we are only in the genesis of electrical invention. Goodyear built better than he knew, when, by accident, after eleven years of experiments, he discovered the vulcanization of rubber, and thus laid the foundation of all the endless and now seemingly indispensable articles made from that material. Friction matches, though so cheap and plentiful as to be seemingly insignificant, are by no means least in importance. Just about fifty years have elapsed since their introduction, which was after the writer was a grown-up man; and we do not remember the flint, steel and tinder box that were the only means in use for striking fire.

AT SEA IN A PANIC.

A Lady's Experience in a Storm on the Briny Atlantic.

What She Did with Her Head and How It Was Nearly Detached From Her Body—A Ship Afire and the Passengers Terror-Stricken.

I had taken passage, says a lady writer in the *New York Mail and Express*, on the steamer *Franconia*, bound for Portland, Me., with my little son Leo and my maid, going by that route for a late summering in the White mountains, where the social world had taken up such an exalted station that the waiters were none other than college students, joining menial duties with recurring seasons of Latin verse and the Hebrew classic. When we steamed out of New York harbor a jocular party on the pier-head gave me the usual parting salute, in which I detected some sinister reminders of the beauties of seasickness, the dramatic incidents of a possible mid-ocean collision, or the desirability of sleeping enshrouded with life-preservers, and to tell the truth I had some misgivings that the journey was not to be without peril—for the sky was black with a gloom that did not offer any stimulation to cheerful fancies. Our company was one of those heterogeneous assemblies generally seen on the deck of a coastwise steamship sailing to the northward at that season of the year. There were the meek bride and the sleek groom, with a year's salary on their backs; the whole family—father, mother and a bevy of young imps—bound for the White mountain hotels to pray on the disturbed slumbers of those quartered in the rocky big hotel where the hills are rendered with integers of amazing size, and the crabbed bachelor, the fashion-dier proceeding northward on the annual quest for a husband, and a well-assorted gathering of New York boarding house aristocrats with loud manners and still louder attire. It was somewhere near midnight, when all the lights went out and the crowded berths and saloons were alive only with a choral entertainment distinctly of the nasal organ, that a rude shock awoke me to a sensation that something terrible was happening or about to happen, that in fine there was a lively commotion in every part of the ship. I soon discovered that the vessel was laboring in the trough of the sea; that she refused to obey her rudder, and that we were oscillating with a pendulous rapidity that made a foothold perilous if not impossible. While reflecting on the probabilities of an eternal bath I was hurled from my berth and dashed hither and thither, only to discover that the porthole fastening had been wrenched from its socket and the water was rushing in by the barrelful. What was to be done? To be carefully explicit as to detail I must be permitted to add that my woman's curiosity obtained the better of all discretion, and as the vessel came to an even keel I thrust my head out of the porthole, only to be almost blinded by the terrific flashes of lightning which darted from every quarter of the heavens, accompanied by awful peals of thunder. I was not, of course, inclined to remain long in this position, for my terrified son was pulling at my night raiment, shouting "Mamma! mamma!" But when I attempted to retreat from the stateroom I found it impossible, because my head was securely wedged in the rim of this aperture, and my face was being swathed by the angry seas. Every effort to extricate my head from this unwelcome peril seemed futile, for I was held a prisoner in the iron grasp, with no prospect of release. The pain was horrible, the vision of strangulation not unlike that, I fancy, must confront the culprit about, as the phrase goes, to be "launched into eternity." There I was held firmly in the metallic vise, my throat swelling and my tongue literally protruding, until a horrible nausea began to seize me. During this experience a loud shout from on deck caught my ear during a temporary lull. It was the despairing shriek from many voices, male and female—"Fire! fire!" What did this portend? The lightning had struck us, had ignited the inflammable merchandise which had broken loose on deck, and the flames began to illumine the stormy ocean. Chaos, I could tell, was literally reigning on board the *Franconia*, and no outcry of mine could be heard. While the ship was laboring heavily, however, I made one desperate effort for release, assisted by my frightened maid, and a favoring lurch supported the endeavor, and I fell back in a dead faint. Recovering consciousness, I found myself on deck surrounded by a terrified and pallid group near the wheel, steadily and heroically fighting the flames. It was altogether a dismal scene, and yet at such moments I have often noticed there is the inevitable ludicrous feature. Hovering over me with the scantiest nocturnal apparel was the true type of the "Way downeast Yankee" matron, who desired some converse with me. "Are you better, dear?" she ventured. I felt my lacerated throat and mumbled something. "Ah! ain't it awful? We'll never get there alive. I wouldn't care so much, either, if I hadn't had a quarrel with my husband, John, and I didn't leave him my address. I just sailed away for Bangor in a little huff, you know, and told him nothing. So here we are all to die. Mercy! what shall I do?" Now it was this little touch which restored me to good nature with myself. To me at that particular moment it was more exquisitely funny than any several chapters of "Pickwick" I can recall, for this and other expressions revealed a domestic comedy amusing even in the midst of the trying ordeal of that August night, when there was really little hope in the air. Albeit there were many humorous sides to the two hours of terror on the dark night, not dissimilar, perhaps, to those on other occasions of panic. Before the danger was over half a dozen equally ludicrous incidents occurred. The strange and picturesque toilets made in such an emergency—not with an idea either of symmetry or beauty; the prominence of personal weaknesses and peculiarities, the almost universal selfishness, the absolute thinking of one's own safety so conspicuous in every facial expression—these and other manifold attributes of intense mental anguish and emotional bewilderment produced quite as much wonderment to my favored brain as the actualities of the direful situation itself. Meanwhile the sailors conquered the fires, the panic was allayed and I returned to sleep in my damp stateroom.

POVERTY OF RICHES.

A Millionaire's Small-Souled Scheme to Save a Few Pennies.

A financial man tells the *Boston Transcript* Listener interesting stories of a venerable Boston capitalist, whose name, if published, would be "well known and widely recognized"—as the interviewers of anonymous persons always say—and which, for that very reason, will not be given here. The capitalist originated in a Massachusetts country district, where ideas of thrift are instilled into people's minds in their ultimate New England minuteness, and in this man's case the seeds of instruction in economy fell upon friendly ground. To what extent he improved upon his education in that direction one story will illustrate. He once visited a dentist, who filed down a tooth that had been giving him trouble. Not long after another tooth began to give him pain in somewhat the same way; whereupon the capitalist went to a hardware store, bought a cheap file, took it home, and had his son-in-law file long and patiently upon the tooth. But there is another story that illustrates perhaps even more strikingly the old gentleman's thrift. He used to drive his own carriage, a two-horse top-buggy. One day, just before Thanksgiving, he drove down to the Faneuil Hall market to bargain for and get his turkey for the frugal but traditional feast at his house. As he drove up a boy started out as if to offer to hold his team. At the same moment he saw his cashier arriving on foot. "Well, Smith," said the capitalist to the cashier, "where are you going?" "Going to market to get a turkey for Thanksgiving," said the cashier. "Yes? Well, I'll tell you what we'll do. I know 'em in here, and if you'll hold my horse, I think I can go in and buy two turkeys so that they'll come cheaper to us than if we bought them separately." "All right," said the cashier. He took up his station at the horses' heads while the old man went into the market. As he stood there, kicking his feet against the curbstone to keep them warm, a horrible suspicion came over him that his employer had no idea of buying two turkeys, but had simply adopted the plan as a ruse to get him to hold the horses, and save the five cents that would be expected by a small boy as the minimum compensation for holding the horses! The old man was gone for a long time, looking for a bargain, no doubt. After awhile he hove in sight through the door, and with but a single turkey, done up in brown paper under his arm. "No use, Smith," said he; "I couldn't make it go. We can do just as well to buy on our own account. Seein' that that was the case, I thought probably you'd want to buy your turkey yourself." He got into the carriage and drove away, leaving the cashier the happy consciousness that he had, at the sacrifice of his time and comfort, saved a millionaire five cents. PAYING ATTENTIONS. An Article Which Will Have the Heavy Approval of Young Readers. As it is obviously a young man's duty to pay attentions to some young woman, says *Harper's Bazar*, considering that this is really the chief motive of social intercourse, it is rather hard upon him that he no sooner begins to fulfill his mission, and calls, and drives, and dances more or less boldly with one damsel than all the match-making mothers and all the single women to whom a love affair, anybody's love affair, is precious and entertaining, interchange ideas upon the subject and report that young Crayon is in love with Miss Coupon; and although he may never have thought of love in relation to Miss Coupon, and although he may possibly have drifted into a genuine affection sooner or later if nobody had meddled—since proximity is a dangerous factor, and brings about more marriages than match-making—the premature report has a very damaging effect; he begins to see that unless he is serious in paying attentions he is compromising not only himself but the young woman, and keeping other suitors at a distance; and although he may not know whether he has any positive designs or no, and his emotions may be in a state of evolution, and he may not entirely understand his own designs, yet he is put upon his guard, the cordial relation between the two cools, and he earns the name of being a heartless trifler, or is forced into a hasty declaration before he is ready to make it. Naturally the looker-on says that he ought to know his own mind; that he has no business to devote himself to a woman whom he doesn't love. But love is not an instantaneous affair, like being struck by lightning; it is a growth. And how, prithree, is a young man to know whether he loves or not if he may not live more or less in the companionship of that "not impossible she?" if he may not have opportunity to observe and study her? To be sure, Miss Coupon may object to being made a study of, to being placed under the microscope, and then by-and-by turned aside as an imperfect specimen. But she has the same privilege herself, and would be sadly shocked if any one supposed that she would accept a lover without some knowledge of his qualifications. One might ask if she, on her side, had serious and material designs when she answered his notes, accepted his invitations, his bouquets, and confectionary; if she were not also attempting to discover if he were her ideal. We do not dispute the fact that there are many men who flirt, maliciously, so to speak, who do not mean to fall in love, who have themselves well in hand; but they need not be confounded with those who are simply trying to discover the heroine. A Splendid Match Puzzle. Take twenty-four matches and make nine flat squares, thus:

UNPARALLELED CHEEK.

An Escaped Convict Applies to Indiana's Governor for Pardon.

William Farley, a young and handsome convict, was a burglar, and before he was sent up for robbing a store in Marion County he was, according to the *Louisville Times*, quite a dude. Now, most of the convicts as soon as they get into the prison hire lawyers to get up and circulate petitions for pardons; but Farley did not do this. He was brought there about three years ago, and the prisoner, by his good conduct, had so got himself into the good graces of Warden Howard that he was made a "trustee"; that is to say, he was allowed to work about the warden's residence outside of the walls. He went into the house of Deputy Warden Craig one evening about dark, and going up to the room of the latter's son, Edward, he donned a suit of that young man's clothing and walked out. He was fixed up in the height of fashion, from a shiny high top to patent-leather shoes and a jaunty jilt cane. He had saved up about a hundred dollars in money, and when he boarded the train for Indianapolis the lady passengers probably looked shyly at him and thought: "Oh, what a nice young fellow." He arrived at the capital of the Hoosier State and went straight to the residence of Governor Gray. Here he rang the door-bell, and a liveried servant ushered him into the parlor. "Ah, how are you, Governor," he said, as the statesman entered. After shaking hands the convict spoke pleasantly of the weather, and quite charmed the Governor by his gentlemanly manners. "I have come to see you," he said, "upon a matter of the greatest importance to me. The fact is, I am an escaped convict, and I want a pardon." To say that the Governor was astonished would be putting it mildly. Then Farley went into the details of his case and made such a good showing that he convinced Governor Gray of his innocence. "You return to the prison and I will see what I can do for you," he said, as he bowed his visitor out half an hour later. There was a reward of one hundred dollars offered for Farley's capture, and men were scouring the country for him in every direction. He knew it, and when he arrived at Bloomington things looked so hot that he got off the train and telegraphed for the warden to come after him, as he did not want to put the State to the expense of paying a reward for him when he was on his way back. A guard was sent to Bloomington, and Farley was soon back in his old quarters. His personal appeal had the desired effect, and in a few days there came a full and complete pardon for him. EXIT THE PUGILIST. A Bruiser Tackles a Countryman and Is Knocked Out in One Round. There is a small-sized tough in Scranton who, according to a New York *Sun* correspondent, has developed into a bruiser, and he makes it a point to pick quarrels with peaceable strangers, just to have an excuse for fighting. In the men's waiting-room of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western station the other day, the small-sized tough tackled a raw-boned resident of the backwoods, who was waiting to buy a ticket. He was a swarthy, horny-handed man of perhaps thirty-five years of age, and the tough began at him by joggling the tottering railing against which he was leaning. The backwoodsman took his elbow from the railing and stood up straight, without appearing to notice the presence of the little meddler. Then the bruiser, who pretended that he was in a great hurry to buy a ticket, jostled against the countryman purposely, and the countryman backed away and gave him more room. He again bumped against the backwoodsman, and when the latter made another effort to give the tough all the room he wanted, the meddlesome pugilist bawled out: "Soy, buckwheat! ye step on my toes agin' an' I'll give ye a 'ump in de snoot!" "I didn't step on your toes, young fellow, if you mean me," said the countryman, coolly. "Well, if ye didn't ye tried to, an' I'm goin' to lick yer fur tryin'," the little tough yelled. The other passengers stepped out of the way, and the slugger put up his fists, swung them around his head, and said loud enough for them all to hear: "I don't let no—hayseed run over me, an' no buckwheat is goin' to git away with me, an' don't yer fergit it." Then he danced up to the countryman as though he was going to blacken his eyes at the first blow, but the backwoodsman put up his brawny left arm, and with the flat of his calloused right hand he gave the tough a slap on the left ear that sent him sprawling to the floor. All the passengers laughed, and the Scranton tough picked himself up and slunk out of the station like a whipped cur. Then the countryman coolly turned to the ticket-seller and said: "Say, mister, whose little boy is that?" NONSENSICAL PRIDE. A Young Woman Who Wears Diamonds, But Lives in Squalor. Doctors make strange discoveries outside the field of science sometimes. "You have noticed what superb diamonds Miss — wears," said a well-known family practitioner to an Albany *Telegram* reporter, "and just as I have been accustomed to do, have no doubt drawn the conclusion that she is wealthy and above all the trials which slender means alone can thrust upon a mortal. She is not a patient of mine, though I have been slightly acquainted with her for years. Her diamonds I have seen at the theater and at many a reception. A few days ago I was by accident called upon to visit her in my professional capacity. I found her sitting up in a rocker with a wrap thrown around her. The house, I was astonished to observe, was brave enough outside, but within shabbily furnished on all but the first floor. My patient's room was on the third floor. The wrap she wore was little better than a rag, her clothing not even clean, and full of rents and buttonless. The commonest necessities of furniture were absent from the room. In strange contrast to the almost squalid character of their surroundings the famous diamonds you and I know so well lay in their velvet-lined casket on the dressing table. It has been necessary for obvious reasons to disguise the identity of the wearer of the diamonds, but the story is true in its general drift. Neither did the doctor tell the story to the writer, for the etiquette of medicine would have forbidden that. Yet the public knows the wearer of the diamonds, though very few are aware of what it has cost the individual to keep up the insignia of wealth."



## Discourse

BY SPIRIT FANNIE CONANT.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs. E. R. DYER-CROUCH, before the Spiritual Fraternity Society, in the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., Sunday, Dec. 18, 1887.

## INVOCATION.

Given through the mediumship of Mrs. KATE R. STILES.

Spirits of wisdom and of love, you whose prayers are loving deeds of kindly ministrations to humans, whose temple is the bread of universe, whose altar is the human heart, we know we have no need to invoke your presence in our midst to-day; for we feel assured that the love you bear us, which is ever unselfish in its manifestation, would draw you to us even though we were not willing to receive your benedictions. Nevertheless, it is our pleasure oft times to say unto you who have passed beyond, "Come back a little and take us by the hand and lead us up to grander heights of living;" so to-day we ask you to come among us to strengthen and sustain us, and we rejoice with exceeding great joy that you have lived and thought and toiled as we are living and working and toiling, for only upon such do we call. The Infinite Power we know naught of only as we see it manifested in the love, tenderness, and pity that actuates those spirits who have progressed beyond the earthly sphere of life. We rejoice, then, with exceeding great joy that you, too, once dwelt upon this mundane plane, that with fleshy feet you did tread life, weary way, and that now it is your pleasure to come and with the quiet footsteps of the spirit, to walk with us; and we are made happy by the knowledge. O dear angel helpers, that if we will but attune the ear of our spirits, we may catch the sweet music of our home as you come to lead us over the rough places to the stars. O! thus would we invoke your aid to-day, and yet we would not be unmindful of the fact that we must each and all work out our own salvation. To this end we would ask that you help us to unfold the lessons of life therein written. O! help us to introvert the gaze more frequently than we do, and to listen to the still, small voice of the God within, then we shall have no need to pray to those we know not when we learn that our help cometh from within, then shall we build a temple grand, whose strength shall never fail and whose beauty shall never fade, and then shall our lives become a prayer and a benediction unto all.

## PRELIMINARY REMARKS

By spirit Dr. EDGARTON through the mediumship of Mrs. E. R. DYER-CROUCH:

Friends, I desire to state that I, the chairman of the Temple Band, have full and complete control of the body which I now hold, and that, in withdrawing my inspiration from the brain of the medium to give place to another spirit, I shall do so quickly and quietly, without causing any particular contortions or going through with any manipulations. I have been the chief control of this medium for forty-five years, having been that length of time developing her mediumship up to the present stage. I have taken advantage of every trial that has come into her life to perfect the power I hold. I have not brought sorrow, care, anguish or ill health to her, but I have taken advantage of every sorrow, every day of pain, every hour of tribulation, to make my power as a spirit felt both upon her physique and upon her mental and spiritual organization, that I might bring forward to you, to-day, that which I now have to present—a perfect mediumship in the point of trance control. So completely is the body which I hold under my control that it responds to every command of my mind as readily as thought it were my own, and yet I am working under the control of another spirit. To-day we shall give you the result of three powers working in harmony: that of the Chinese spirit, China, who is a member of our Temple Band of workers; that of my own, who only claim to be a philosopher, eager and earnest to take part in the great battle of life; and that of the speaker who has labored and toiled in your midst as one of you, and who labors and toils still. While China, the Chinese spirit, holds control of the forces immediately and directly about the body, and I hold possession of the nerve forces, which I keep perfectly under my control, we shall not interfere in the least with the spirit who is to speak to you, but instead, by doing this, we enable her to be perfectly independent in her expressions, independent of you who send forth your thoughts from the audience and of the brain and life experiences of the medium; for, mark you, you do not get your utterances from the spirit world, either through materialized forms or, in all cases, through trances, speakers, uncorrupted by the emotions and sentiments of the audience and of the spirit of the medium herself. Hence the spirit world has endeavored to make this control so perfect in every department that you shall have a clear expression from spirit life.

I introduce to you, friends, a fellow laborer and worker with you, Fannie Conant.

## DISCOURSE.

It is a pleasure for me to stand here and look into your faces, and it is a pleasure for me to even to say the word "Friends." I feel, as that spirit has said, almost alone, so isolated is the body which I hold, and so complete is the little home which immediately encloses it. I feel, also, as one who looks out of the window, with the sunshine of my life streaming out upon me, which I can only sense while I look into the dim light of this life again. When I stepped upon this platform, which becomes more and more distinctly visible to me, and caught a glimpse of your faces as through a haze or mist that seemed to fade away into light and glory while I gazed, Father Pierpont was with me, close by my side, but, lo, he is gone, and I, your friend, am all alone, like one in a house shut in by himself.

When I labored with you here I had one who labored well with me, my brother and friend, Mr. Colby. Since my entrance into spirit life, Father Pierpont and I have been laboring and working in the old place as before, and now we are laboring and working here. This fact we are eager to come forward and declare, and also to tell you that everything which is being taught here now was taught through me when I was here. Why, what is the embodiment and an old song revived? Mr. Colby and I have discussed that and the return of ancient spirits over and over again. Through my life, spirits, standing beside me now, spoke as I am speaking and proclaimed to him these truths. Mr. Colby could tell you that their

revelation was not first made here, but in those "Banner" rooms years and years ago. There is not a grand or subtle thought that is brought forward now more positively and distinctly than were those ideas then and there, the only difference being that spirits there had to whisper them, while to-day they are declared openly and boldly and with a serene front.

I not at work here? Father Pierpont not at work here? Why! It is the work above all others that we love—to bring before you these ideas clear and clean as the breath of heaven. I cannot understand why anyone should withhold his sympathy from such ideas. Perhaps I may have understood once, but I do not understand now. When these spirits come in through the same door through which all your other spirit friends come, I, simple, humble Fannie Conant, come also and take up my position by the side of these grand old souls who hold within their hearts love, within their minds knowledge, and within their spirit brains, thoughts too deep for you to present to comprehend. They take me by the hand; why should they not take you? They look into my eyes and respond to the questions which my soul asks; why should they not do likewise for you? They hover around the "Banner" building, although people coming in and going out make sneering and coarse remarks oftentimes upon the subtlest, deepest, mightiest force that has come to your planet, and in spite of them they have a power to stand in unclean places and vindicate the wealth of their knowledge, the strength of their purity and the clearness of their judgment and wisdom before all the world.

Why! Brother Colby and I know that he loved to hear these spirits trace back for him his ancestry, if you will, in re-embodiment. He cannot turn against this work of theirs to-day, for he loved to feel the influence of these grand old spirits as they came with the concord of their lives to breathe their full significance into the work which they requested him to do. They have told him over and over again, and my spirit has listened to the same words ever since I left the body, that their power, and theirs alone, actuated the spirits who came to give their messages of truth and love to the friends whom they had loved. He knows that the power which holds that "Banner of Light" up before the world, and has held it all these years, is the mighty force of ancient spirit power acting upon the agents whom they have chosen to work for them. Knowing this as even neighbors of theirs know it, why are not their hands clasped here in your hands? And why are not their hearts holding their place in your midst as active, earnest workers?

Some of the spirits who stand here in your midst might say that it is because of the individuality of forces, that each one must become so individualized that he may do his work separately and alone, that every degree of spirit power as it manifests itself through different phases of mediumship, must stand alone, an individualized and independent force. That may have been the case, but it will be no longer. This which is coming to you demands union in spirit. Why! the wheels of a watch are all made differently, and when the motive power is applied every wheel goes on its independent way, but you could not have the time of day if these wheels did not work in unison. So it is with this work of the spirits. If every distinct and separate part of mediumship developed fully to its greatest capacity of power will not as such work in concert, side by side, upon this platform, then the great dial face of eternity cannot point out to you its completeness of beauty and of strength. When you will all organize in the sense of coming together in simple harmony; when one of you can say to another, "I am the long hand of the watch and I have done my best in every way to perfect myself as such," and the short hand can repeat the same; when every medium who is brought forward by the spirit world can also say, "I have done what I could honestly and truly, without any interference within my inner self of selfishness or deception, to present the phase of mediumship that I possess and to keep it clean as the pure white lily before the world, you will find that there is room enough on this broad platform for every medium, representing every phase of mediumship, to stand and work in harmony with every other. That is what the Temple was built for, and the grand, noble spirit occupying a seat there (pointing to the speaker's chair), whom most of you cannot see, but whom clairvoyants here do perceive, bids me tell you that that is what the temple is being kept for.

You all exclaim so many times, "We do not see any work going on there!" Remember, I, Fannie Conant, am working with you, and I know what expressions go forth both below stairs, upstairs and all about. Father Pierpont and I have sharp ears, penetrating eyes and clear understanding. Why should we not have? We worked among the Spiritualists, or I did, over twenty years, and I know just what to expect from them and from the world's people, as you call them. I am not only an advocate of these things, but I speak to you now from absolute knowledge, having had experience with both phases of humanity, the Spiritualists, and the non-Spiritualists, hence I am not in the least surprised when I hear the cry go forth, "Nothing is being done in the Temple, no work is going on there; why do they not open it for charitable work of some sort? start sewing circles, anything to let the busy world of men and women know that they are doing something there, if it is nothing more than eating and drinking?" Friends, the spirit sitting there bids me to say to you that the spirits are keeping the building wrapped in holy silence that only words of strength shall be spoken on this platform, that only words of help and encouragement shall go forth to the people from the rooms below. The band having this work in charge watch this temple with jealous care, and they will hold it in their sacred trust and keeping until mediums shall be brought forward who have completed the work of individualizing and harmonizing their inner selves, and can work hand in hand together—until the trance medium can say to the materializing medium: "Is there any way in which my spirit forces can assist you, brother or sister?"

And the materializing medium can say to the trance medium: "What a help you have been to me!" And when that time comes, this spirit requests me to add, no cabinets or curtains will be required. The trance speaker, the test medium and the materializing medium may then sit side by side on this platform, before a temple filled to overflowing with people, and the spirits will be enabled to materialize, step forward and voice their thoughts independently, without being circumscribed by the limitations of any medium, as is the case at the present day.

We have called upon you over and over again not to organize, but to harmonize. Harmony is the mightiest organizing force in all God's kingdom.

This is what that spirit bids me say, and in repeating it I am not influenced by him or by the audience, as the spirit chairman said I should not be; for in so doing I but express my own convictions. I worked in your midst many years, struggling against inharmonious, even as I see the medium chosen for this work struggling now. The smoke, ascending all the time from the burning incense at some body's selfish altar, obscures the view, and the cry goes out, "The work is dead." Well, brighten it up with harmony; bring your own lamps and set them burning here. As you well know by constant repetition, all mediums and all spirits are invited into this temple to do their work if they will come in harmony, and harmony means with a spirit willing to join forces here and eager and earnest to present their special phase of mediumship to the world, not as theirs, but for the world's good as coming from the spirit side of life, a grand and holy gift; not eager that every manifestation which comes through them shall stamp itself back upon them as their own that they may exclaim, "Behold what great things I, the medium, can do!" Let the spirit of every medium fold itself under the shadow of God's mighty wing, safe in his sheltering love, and then, full of unselfishness, full of the tidings of great joy which have been given him or her, sit in silence, trusting that no adverse influence can touch his spirit when it is removed from his body to give place to those spirits who are to play their part for the benefit of humanity. If your body is to be a theater in this work (and every one's body is), in the name of all that is holy, hopeful and pure, we ask you to let the drama played be a divine tragedy. Do not be one with those who desire to stand at the front all of the time, and keep everyone else in the background. Any spirit, medium or mortal, who is not willing to give place to every other one beside him, makes a great force of his life, and when the curtain falls for the last time, and the body is laid to rest in Mother Earth, he will feel that the very dust of which his material form was composed had been compelled to play his part ill. There is a place for everyone; therefore, let us cease to be eager to develop so much our own powers in order that they may stand out clearly and specifically as ours, and think more of what he can do to help others. This is the largest and most fruitful field of development in which you, as mediums can work. Remember, I passed through all its stages, and I know what it means; I know what the old circles are, and what the new classes are called; I understand it thoroughly, and am speaking to you as a woman having knowledge of what is taking place.

I not only want to work with you, but I do, and have worked with you. When I tell you that I came to Mr. Ayer, at the very beginning of this society, and requested permission to join them, he will bear me out in my affirmation, and I have worked with them ever since, notwithstanding every other statement to the contrary. Mr. Pierpont, dear old Father Pierpont, helped to formulate the very constitution of this society. Both by taking possession of the mediums and entrancing them, and by materializing under conditions that could not be gainsaid, he has proved his individuality through his intellectual ability, for he has gained the power to talk independent of any medium's brain, aided by the same power by which I am giving expression to my thoughts independent of the medium or of you as an audience. I am not in the least circumscribed, but feel the fullest liberty and freedom in giving utterance to my ideas.

Having worked with you up to this point, Father Pierpont and I have made up our minds with the host of gentle, true, patient, wise spirits who form the Temple Band, and who planted these walls deep down in the sands for you, that if a few will help us we will hold on to the Temple until the mediums harmonize. We are not going to shut it up, but we shall keep it widely and grandly open, and give you such intellectual meat, from Sunday to Sunday, as you can well digest. We have already given you new thoughts as fast as we dared, rare, clear gems, they are to us, and you have received them, worked them over, and either decided that they were unworthy of your notice, or laid them down to decay with your old time decaying thoughts. However, they have a shell like the nut which requires frost to open it, and we have never left an idea with you but that when you least expect it the frost of your coldness in receiving it and careless indifference in laying it aside will surely open it and, ere you are aware, you will be digesting the sweet kernel. God never dropped a crumb from the table of his love but that fed some hungry soul. Nothing can ever be wasted, and so, when we wing our way here to give you these holy truths, we know that they will find their resting place, and sometime make a cool shade for your heated spirits.

I wish I had a week in which to tell you of the difficulties we encounter in carrying on the work we have here undertaken, and yet we all feel more hopeful and resolute than when we began. All the prophecies made to us in spirit have been fulfilled, because they gave us the conditions of their fulfillment. We have told you what we would do for you if you gave us the conditions. God cannot cause a planet to revolve in space if it will not harmonize itself with laws which govern the rest of the planets, and we cannot step down into your chemical bondions unless you will give us that one simple garment, harmony, to throw over you while we present ourselves. But we

are hopeful of results. Already I have shaken hands with an event that is to come, and mark you this: That so fast as you are ready, each one individually, it will come to you.

See what we have done. We started first with one and pre-ent to him, as a spirit center, this new phase of chemical spiritual force in the light, no matter what others may have said, or how sharp were the shafts of doubt and suspicion they launched at the side of that great truth to let out, as they supposed, its life blood. The Master did more good and showed more power after his resurrection than he did before; and when you think this grand truth has been stabbed to death, you will see its resurrection. The force of one soul can move your earth from centre to circumference, for spirit needs only one place in which to germinate. I took only one spirit to move the whole world from a state of immorality and give it a start into moral life. Hence, having brought all this forward for one success, fully, we shall be able to do the same for all who will give us adequate conditions, the first and foremost being harmony. The Spiritualist no more than the Christian, has learned to love his neighbor as himself and to work in harmony with him, for the reason that he received his training in the churches. To be sure he was taught this lesson there, but he did not learn it any more than his Christian brother; he learned it here? Yes. Why and how? Why, because we will keep this place as sacred and pure as the stars of heaven. How? By holding our forces, with the aid of a few souls who are brave, strong and true enough in their earnest labor and love for humanity, if it be for one, three or five years, until we bring about the desired results. If God can hold his worlds in place, through the law of love, we, as an aggregate host of spirits, will be able to hold our Temple Building, pure, free and clean, in which to offer up our prayers of praise and thanksgiving, to sing our songs of exaltation, and to pour forth words of consolation and instruction by other spirits through other mediums ever giving you the best we have above and below stairs. When you bring your best to us, when every speaker who stands here is willing to clasp hands with every other speaker and work in harmony with them for the cause and not for self, and will seek to place that cause upon a foundation as strong and firm as the earth itself, then you may tear down your cabinets, fold away your curtains, let the full light of day stream in through your colored windows, and we walk and talk with men.

## Mysteries of Dreamland.

A Scientist's View of Dreams.

A French physician, Dr. Delaunay, has just told what he considers to be some facts about dreams. These are embodied in a communication to the Societe de Biologie de Paris, in which he says, when a person is lying down the blood flows most easily to the brain. That is why some of the ancient philosophers worked out their thoughts in bed. During sleep, so long as the head is laid low, it is said that dreams take the place of coherent thoughts.

They are, however, different sorts of dreams, and Dr. Delaunay's purpose is to show that the manner of lying brings on a particular manner of dream. This according to this investigator, uneasy dreams accompany lying upon the back. When one sleeps upon the right side, one's dreams have marked and unpleasant characteristics. Dreams are then apt to be absurd, incoherent, and full of exaggeration. Dreams which come from sleeping on the right side are, in short, simple deceptions. Dr. Delaunay points out that sleepers frequently compose verse or rhythmical language while they are lying on the right side. This verse, though at times correct, is absolutely without sense, as the intellectual faculties are absent.

On the other hand, when a person slumbers on his left side, his dreams are less absurd, and may be intelligent. They are, as a rule, concerned with recent things met with reminiscences. And the words uttered during such dreams are frequently comprehensible.

According to the theories of so purely materialistic a character, it would be worth while to enquire of Dr. Delaunay on what side, or in what position he would pronounce the sleeper to have been when he had the following dream, the report of which has long become undoubted history.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S PROPHETIC DREAM BEFORE HIS ASSASSINATION.

There were only two or three listeners present; Mr. Lincoln was in a meditative mood and had been silent for some time. Mrs. Lincoln rallied him on his solemn visage and want of spirit. This seemed to amuse him, and he said in a slow and measured tone, "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams. There are, I think, some sixteen chapters in which dreams are mentioned, and there are many other passages scattered throughout the book which refer to visions. If we believe the Bible, we must accept the fact that in the old days God and his angels came to men in their sleep and made themselves known in dreams."

Mrs. Lincoln here remarked: "Why, do you believe in dreams?"

"I can't say that I do," returned Mr. Lincoln, "but I had one the other night which has haunted me ever since. After it occurred the first time I opened the Bible. Strange as it may appear, it was the chapter which relates to the wonderful dream Jacob had. I kept on turning the leaves of the old book and everywhere my eyes fell upon passages recording matters strangely in keeping with supernatural visitations, dreams and visions."

He looked so serious that Mrs. Lincoln exclaimed: "You frighten me! What is the matter?"

"I am afraid," said Mr. Lincoln, "that I have done wrong to mention the subject at all; but somehow the thing has got possession of me, and, like Banquo's ghost, it will not go down."

This only inflamed Mrs. Lincoln's curiosity, and she strongly urged him to tell the dream which seemed to have such a hold upon him; being satisfied in this by another listener, Mr. Lincoln hesitated, at length said, "About ten days ago I retired very late, I had been up waiting for important despatches. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber and began to dream. There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered down

stairs. There the silence was broken by the same sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room. No living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds met me as I passed along. I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this. Determined to find the cause of a state of things so mysterious I kept on until I arrived at the 'end room,' which I entered. There I met a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers, who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully. 'Who is dead at the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers. 'The President,' was his answer 'he was killed by an assassin.' Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night; and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

"That is horrid!" said Mrs. Lincoln. "I wish you had not told it. I am glad I do not believe in dreams, or I should be in terror from this time forth."

"Well," responded Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, "it's only a dream, Mary. Let us say no more, and try to forget it."—[Ward H. Lamon, in *Philadelphia Times*.]

## DREAMING TO A PURPOSE.

All that section of Harrisburg north of Cumberland Street is agog over the remarkable recovery of a lady from serious illness through the medium of a dream. Mrs. Anna Blymyer, who lives with her husband and children at 323 Hay Avenue, has been subject to convulsions of an epileptic form for twenty years. Recently she was taken with an unusually violent attack, and Dr. Isaac Lefever, of Cumberland Street, was called to see her. The convulsions continued at intervals, with greater or less severity, until last Wednesday. On the afternoon of that day the poor patient suffered the most excruciating pain, leaping from the bed and tearing her hair in agony. After the most terrible suffering for almost three hours, during which her screams could be heard all over the neighborhood, Mrs. Blymyer fell asleep and rested well during the night.

About six o'clock on Thursday morning, Mrs. Blymyer awakened and told her husband that she had been away from home, and was now going to get well. She said she had been guided along a rough road to a place where there were many sick and afflicted. These her guide showed her, and then conducted her to a beautiful place, where there was a fountain, and she was told that if she drank of the water she would be cured. She attempted to drink, but was almost choked. Again she tried and could swallow more readily, and after another trial she drank copiously and immediately felt better. Then she was told to make two poultices, and place one on her head and the other on her back. The poultice for the back was to consist of clay, vinegar, salt, and turpentine, and that for the head of the same ingredients, with turpentine omitted.

When she had thus been directed, Mrs. Blymyer awoke out of her dream and asked her husband to prepare the poultice for her. He had been requested to make similar remedies several years ago under much the same circumstances, but suspected that his wife was not in her right mind at the time and did not comply with her request. On this occasion, however, he did as requested, and applied the poultices as Mrs. Blymyer had been advised in her dream to do. Ten minutes after the application of the poultices the sick lady arose from her bed, and she was entirely well, and that the bandages might be removed. She then ate a hearty breakfast, and at nine o'clock, when Dr. Lefever made his daily visit, his patient was sitting in her room telling a number of neighbors, whom she had summoned, how she was restored to health. Dr. Lefever was naturally very much surprised at hearing her exclaim, as he entered the room: "I am cured! I am cured!" She appeared to be in the most ecstatic frame of mind, and the physician could hardly believe that she was not suffering from hysteria. He had seen her subsequently, however, and told a Telegraph reporter that it seemed to be a permanent cure.

The following day she went about her household duties as usual, and last evening attended class meeting at the Ridge Avenue Methodist Church. Not the least remarkable feature of this mysterious restoration to health is the fact that the sight of the left eye, which was lost several years ago, has been recovered, and she now sees with it as well as in childhood. Mrs. Blymyer's wonderful recovery is the talk of Western Harrisburg.—*Harrisburg Telegraph*.

A farmer living a few miles from town gave the other day in the News office a version of a singular dream he had not long ago and its remarkable fulfillment. He dreamed he saw a neighbor packing his household effects in a wagon, preparatory to leaving the country. This vision was intensely vivid and realistic. The farmer was so much impressed by the dream that he drove to the neighbor's house the following day. The house was empty, and the dreamer has not heard of the family since.—[Genesco (Ill.) News.]

## Two Remarkable Dreams.

A story in connection with the recent finding of the body of Mrs. Gallagher, of Beaver Island, a victim of the Vernon disaster, is going the rounds. According to it, before learning that the body had been recovered Mr. Gallagher dreamed that he and his lost wife were on the beach between Ouekama and Manistee and talked of the disaster. He went to Manistee after the body was found and related his dream to the coroner. The latter was surprised to find that the description given of the place where the man dreamed he had met his wife was an exact description of the place at which the body was found. The logon which he fancied they sat and talked was really on the beach exactly in the position revealed to him in his dream, and on the spot where his wife was found. The woman had on her person \$300, which was returned to her husband. The body was exhumed and was identified by the husband.—[St Ignace (Mich.) Republican.]

Life is a mystery, death is a mystery. I am like the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, who, when he was asked, "What is death?" answered, "Life is such a mystery that I do not seek to know what is beyond it."—Whittier.

## A Pretty Sentiment.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The following poem came to me last evening while sitting alone, and with it the impression that I should send it to The Better Way, and that some reader of your paper (our paper, I should say) would understand and apply it, which may heaven grant:

SOMETHING HAS COME 'TWEEN MY BROTHER AND ME.  
AND ME.  
Something has happened to sadden my heart,  
A something something I cannot see;  
But something that reads two souls apart,  
Something has come 'tween my brother and me.  
I prized his friendship more than the gold  
For which men dig and toil so and slave,  
I believed his hand would never grow cold  
Toward me, on this side, or that, of the grave.  
How genial his smile, and cheery his voice,  
The life of each social circle was his;  
The touch of his hand made my spirit rejoice,  
But now there is something between him and me.

It may be the tongue of envy or hate,  
By jealousy prompted, has stirred up his heart;  
For a little matter become so great  
When spread by the tale-bearer's devilish art;  
But what's the blame,—on me it shall rest,—  
If either have sinned, it is I, and not he;  
Still the burden no lighter becomes in my breast,  
While this something remains 'tween my brother and me.

Could I but shake down this wall of distrust,  
Which has grown up between us so dark and high,  
And see it crumble away to the dust;  
The happier one of the two would be I;  
For though there be friends whose sweet love I prize,  
It matters little how many they be—  
By stab of a traitor the one friendship dies,  
For a traitor has come 'tween my brother and me.

It may be some word so hastily said,  
Without any thought of a wound being given;  
Or a tone, or a look, or a tone of the head,  
That slender to use has mightily striven;  
But the cloud has risen across the sky  
And hiding the love that was sunshine to me,  
While friendship, wounded, must bleed and die,  
And we two now suffer—both I and he.

But, oh, thank heaven! beyond those gates—  
Those gates—the portals to angel spheres—  
The mist that cloud us in earth's estates,  
And lead us in sorrow so many long years  
Shall be rolled away, and we'll know as we're known.

And then, when love's eyes are opened to see,  
I am sure that the barrier must be overthrown,  
That has come, alas, 'tween my brother and me.  
H. A. BRACH.

MARIETTA, GA., JANUARY 18, 1888.

## A Most Sinful Creature.

At a revival excitement in Hartford, (Ct.) a respectable old lady was struck with conviction, became a convert and was proposed for membership of the church. There was a meeting held for examining the candidates, of whom there were several in attendance.

"Well, my dear Sister Rogers," said the Reverend examiner, addressing our venerable friend, "please relate your experience."

The old lady, on being thus addressed, lifted up her voice. "Well," said she, "I don't know what to say, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, before I came here, but I believe I have experienced a change, as I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, after I came home from meeting, when I became convinced that I was the most sinful creature in the world, as I told my husband, Mr. Rogers, and says he, 'I think so.' Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I was going to read a different life—I was to turn my lamp and have it burning again the bedroom come. Then Mr. Rogers, my husband, said he didn't know what I wanted of another bedroom, but he made no objection. Then I told Mr. Rogers, my husband, that I would give the church and prepare myself for the place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched; and my husband, Mr. Rogers, told me he thought I'd better."

The good old lady stopped, and the minister, turning to Mr. Rogers, her husband, said:—

"Well, my brother, it seems to be as it should be, well considered among yourselves—you have given it full thought, and now I should like you to tell us what you please in regard to your wife's change."

Mr. Rogers, her husband, rose to his feet and said:—

"I've been hearing it all, Sir, but it's news to me."

Her evidence, however, was admitted without the indorse, and she was taken in.—[Investigator.]

## The Brewer's Business.

The New York brewers sold about 4,000,000 barrels of beer in 1886, so that at the estimated profit of \$1 a barrel they made \$4,000,000. This divided among the eighty in this neighborhood gives \$50,000 apiece; but while a few made so little, many made a great deal more—one having sold nearly 400,000 barrels, and three or four having made over 200,000 barrels or dollars. Many of them live quite grandly, the mansion that one has built fronting the park being one of the finest homes in the city, and of course they don't do any manual work; in fact, many of them have had their riches forced upon them, and haven't the ability to do the work of the humblest of their clerks. There is a college in town for teaching brewing where four boys a year get that education free.

Is this a chance to recommend to a youth to strive for? After a long acquaintance with many brewers I say decidedly no. I would not put a boy in the business nor go into it myself even under the most advantageous circumstances. In many respects their riches are earned the hardest of any moneys made in New York. This is said not from a temperance standpoint, but because of the lives, the brewers have to lead and the things they have to do to make their money. For instance, they are obliged to drink like the suction pipe of a steam engine. Whenever a customer begins business, or opens a new saloon, or refurbishes an old one, the brewer must come and spend money like water and drink like a fish. It is just the same when the customer has a wedding or a christening, or takes a partner, or does anything that furnishes an excuse for inviting the brewer around to divide a portion of his profits. He would be stingy if he didn't spend the money and disrespect if he didn't drink, and in either case he would lose his customer.—[Providence Journal.]



## THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Every Saturday.

LA BARNEY, EDITOR  
Assisted by a Corps of able Writers.

CINCINNATI, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and Forty Cents to Foreign Countries. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

In our article, "Noted Names Among Spirits," published last week, this expression, "while it is impossible for Socrates, Confucius, &c., should have read, 'while it is possible,' &c. Nothing rational is impossible to spirits.

Our correspondents have the floor this week, and what they say to the readers of THE BETTER WAY is interesting and pointed. The editor will try to get even with them at a more convenient season, but only for form's sake. In point of fact, he does not expect to get even at all, for he is only one against an unconquerable host.

The one-hundred-and-fifty-first anniversary of the birth of Thomas Paine was appropriately celebrated in many of the principal cities on Sunday last. The exercises consisted of eulogies of the eminent patriot, readings and recitations from his writings, and music. In Philadelphia, New York and Boston the attendance upon these exercises was large, and not more notable for numbers than for intelligence and refinement.

In this impression of THE BETTER WAY we give a fair abstract of the principal points of Mr. Walter Howell's address last Sunday on "Marriage Here and Hereafter." The part devoted to Mormonism is omitted, because it involves a criticism of the law-making power which seems to us unjust; and the details of comment upon many points are largely abridged. As a whole, the general drift of the speaker's argument is preserved, and the abstract will prove acceptable to such of our readers as did not listen to the spoken words.

## NOT EASILY DISTURBED.

Great minds, serene in a consciousness of their own might and power, are not easily disturbed by the thoughts and utterances and attitude of their neighbors or contemporaries. They recognize the right of individual expression and opinion that does not injure others or bring reproach upon the world, and they are ready to concede this right to all men. Great minds can overlook the petty foibles and hobbies of others, for they may so clearly see the good and nobility that lurk beneath the foible or seeming folly as to understand the motive of and to accord justice to the man whose opinions do not assimilate with their own. Tolerance, benevolence, kindly feeling and gracious manner toward humanity, mark the character of a great mind. It is like a beacon light set upon the mountain top that floods the country with its splendid light; while the feeble minds that cannot see goodness and honor able motive in the one that differs and acts in a contrary line from themselves, are like the flickering rush lights set in the valley, whose rays only serve to cast the shadows and heighten the darkness that obscure the path.

## ALIVE WITH THE TIMES.

To keep abreast with the times is a tax upon individual energy and ambition. One must find opportunity for study and for much reading as well as for observation and investigation. In every department of human thought there is a continual advance; the world is growing and man must keep pace with its development if he would become strong and of use to himself and his fellows. Discovery and invention go hand in hand in the realm of science and of mechanics, and to realize a small part of what is taking place all around us we must keep eyes and ears wide open and never be caught napping over the events of passing years.

It is true that the hard-handed son of toil who is obliged to labor early and late for the means of sustenance has but little time to devote to reading and study, but even to this man much may be given if he but profits by his power of observation, and learns to reason upon the experiences which come to him and to those with whom he is associated. One cannot live in these days and not hear much of what is going on in this great world if he listens with alert ears to the conversation and the thought with which the very atmosphere is alive; and so the man of toil may gather information and instruction even while passing along the streets and by his daily contact with human beings.

But one must be thoroughly alive if he would make the most of his opportunity. The thoughtful mind is constantly educating itself; it makes use of all that reaches it from without and within. The demand of the age is for more light and more knowledge for the human intellect, and the demand giving rise to research, inquiry and study, creates its own supply, through the very method it has aroused. The times are allusive with thought and with achievement, and it is the duty of every individual to make himself so receptive to this condition of growth, and so in harmony with the spirit of progress, as to increase the power of his own mental, moral, and spiritual perceptions, and to help develop his possibilities for youth and action.

## GOOD WORDS AND TRUE.

The American Spiritualist Alliance is a society established some few years ago in New York City for the avowed purpose of protecting the interests of Spiritualism, and of replying to whatever attacks might be made upon our cause by the secular press, or by the outside world who knew nothing of the phenomena and philosophy which it assailed. The Alliance numbers among its members men and women well known in our ranks for their intelligence and high character as well as for the work they have accomplished for the cause of Truth. At a recent business meeting of the Society the following resolutions were presented and adopted as the reader will see. We wish the Alliance every success in the good work it has undertaken to accomplish:

## AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

The regular meeting of the Alliance was held at 219 West 42nd street, on Wednesday evening, January 11th, and was well attended. The discussion of the question "The Identity of Spirits," was, for the present, brought to a close at this meeting, and the following resolution offered and adopted:

RESOLVED, That a Committee of Three be appointed to consider and report on the proper scientific method of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, the members of said committee to be designated by the Chair, and said report to be offered at the next meeting of the Alliance.

The report to be presented by the Committee will be the subject of discussion at the next meeting, January 25th, at which time it is expected that a method of procedure will be decided upon by the Alliance, and a committee appointed to carry forward the investigation in accordance with the plan decided upon.

The following preamble and resolutions were also offered and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The *Banner of Light* has ever manifested a readiness to aid the Alliance in its efforts for the furtherance and protection of the cause of Spiritualism, and has, especially during the past year, afforded our organization most valuable and effective assistance and co-operation; therefore,

RESOLVED, That we take occasion, at the commencement of the new year, to offer Messrs. Colby & Rich, publishers of the *Banner*, the kindly greetings of the season, congratulating them on their faithful and successful labors in the year that has passed, and cordially wishing them the fullest degree of prosperity during the present year. With particular emphasis do we desire to express our warm appreciation of the earnest co-operation of the senior editor, Mr. Luther Colby, and of his ardent and active sympathy in our efforts during the past year.

RESOLVED, That we regard the *Banner of Light* (the oldest of our Spiritual journals) as worthy of the earnest support of all true Spiritualists; as propagating sound spiritual principles; as supporting and defending all honest and genuine mediums, and condemning those charged with dishonesty and deception only after the fullest inquiry, and never on the prejudiced, one-sided and usually garbled report of hostile secular newspapers; exercising a kindly and fraternal spirit in all its editorial versions and discussions, free from vituperation and all harsh personal obloquy and condemnation.

RESOLVED, That while expressing our obligations to the *Banner* for its earnest co-operation with the Alliance during the past year, we gratefully accept the tender of the free use of its columns as a vehicle of our organization during 1888, and hope that in this intimate relation to it, the joint labors of the Alliance and the *Banner*, mutually co-operative, may be followed with augmented success in the advancement, elevation and purification of the spiritual cause before the public, and especially in obtaining for its ascertained facts the full scientific recognition to which they are justly entitled.

RESOLVED, That we as tender our best thanks to other members of the Spiritualist press for many favors received and trust that we may continue to enjoy their friendly support and co-operation, and that there may be between them and our Organization a continuance of the same friendly relations as heretofore, with the same harmony of action in our respective labors of the good of our Cause and the spiritual enlightenment of mankind.

RESOLVED, That the Corresponding Secretary be requested to furnish for publication in the *Banner of Light* reports of the proceedings at all regular meetings of the Alliance, so far as they may be of interest to our absent members, or to the public.

RESOLVED, That the Corresponding Secretary send a copy of the foregoing to the editor of the *Banner of Light*.

After the adjournment of the Alliance, the lights were turned down, and the mediums present requested to give to the members whatever they might see or hear. Many tests of spirit presence were given in various ways. The Alliance is preparing for active, systematic work, with the expectation of attaining useful results, and invites co-operation and help from all. JOHN FRANKLYN CLARK, Cor. Sec'y.

## What "Old Hills" Says.

RUSSELL, MASS. JAN. 21, 1888.  
To the Editor of The Better Way.

DEAR SIR—A spirit calling himself "Old Hills," an old California miner, and one of the leading controls of the trance medium Dr. G. W. Frost, of Russell, Mass., wishes to send to your paper a better way to form developing circles. Take a copper wire as long as needed to go around the table or circle, each person holding it in their hands, the one that is expected to develop as a medium, holding each end of the wire. In case one of the other sitters proves to be more mediumistic, let that person change seats with the first one, and sit for half an hour to an hour each evening, for fifteen or twenty evenings, with not over twelve persons in the circle, an equal number of males and females, if possible. He also desires us to say to you that he will answer any questions you may wish to ask, and will answer them truthfully. Spiritualism is flourishing in this place, and he is going to work to favor of your paper for he likes it. "Old Hills" has been known for the last ten or twelve years, and is noted for his truthfulness and correctness in his responses, tests, &c. and in locating gold mines in different places.

O. EMMER

## Progress of the Cause.

Interesting Letter from One who has Excellent Opportunities for Observation.  
To the Editor of The Better Way.

Boston, January 25, 1888.

It is some time since I have written a word for your bright pages, but I have neither lost my interest in THE BETTER WAY, nor forgotten those kind friends who are connected with its work. The ever-increasing and busy cares of mediocrity life make such demands upon my time that I cannot accomplish nearly as much by way of correspondence, and of writing for the press, as I would like.

Since my last to you I have attended to my usual public and private weekly duties at the *Banner of Light* establishment, which work brings me in contact with many inquiring minds that are eagerly seeking the truth, and I am glad to record that, as far as my observation and experience go, I find Spiritualism is growing, taking a close and strong hold upon the hearts of the people, and presenting its convincing facts and substantial claims in such a manner as to challenge attention and demand respect. I have also spent all but a very few Sundays of the last four months among the Spiritualists of our different cities and towns, speaking before their societies as the spirit hath moved me to speak, and I am happy to say the cause we defend still lives and labors in outlying hamlet and village, as well as in city or town. I do not, however, think we can judge of the strength or popularity of Spiritualism by the number of attendants upon local meetings, nor indeed by those who patronize public mediums, or subscribe for our spiritual papers; for I am persuaded that the great mass of those who know that their dead do return and communicate with them, and who have been convinced by unmistakable evidence of the truths of Spiritualism, seldom enter our meetings, or read one of our popular papers. Why this is so each one must answer for himself. Perhaps it is because he is satisfied concerning the future of himself and his, and no longer feels the need of spiritual teaching and presentation of higher knowledge; or perhaps it is as it must be in countless cases, and as I hope it will be in every case in the near future—because he has erected an altar to truth in his own home; and by the genial fireside, lighted by heavenly love, he holds frequent communication with the angels through the medial offices of his own family, and receives in this way such news of the spiritual world, such consolations from above, such instructions in the laws and lessons of life as his soul requires. One item of information has come to me through close observation, and that is, that in point of numbers, in respectful attention, earnest inquiry, and honest seeking after truth, the liberal-minded of our country towns and villages compare favorably with those of the larger cities where greater advantages for mental and intellectual study aid growth abound. Now and then we find a zealous, indefatigable worker in some town or city, whose perseverance and energy never flag, and whose efforts to disseminate a knowledge of Spiritualism put to shame the indifference of others. Such a man or woman often succeeds in fanning the smoldering embers of interest into a flame: of starting meetings, establishing circles of investigators, and awakening a spirit of research in the community in which they dwell. During the present month I have lectured in Attleboro, at which place a questioning attitude toward the problems of the age and especially those which affect our spiritual destiny is manifested, and where I am engaged to speak the first Sunday of each month, at Newburyport, and shall speak in this city. At the evening service in Newburyport, on Sunday last, my guide presented (to me) a new thought which I had never heard before. In dealing with the subject of pre-existence (in answer to a question concerning the human spirit before its birth in the physical form) the inspiring intelligence claimed that we are human entities before reaching this mundane world. That we are impulses from the great sun and source of all life, and that following the law of gravitation we are borne onward upon the electric currents setting in toward earth, which bring our spirits into this atmosphere that they may reap a needed experience and gain an impetus of action for the development of that which is inherent in our natures. All this the spirit has taught me before, but on this occasion he went on to say that, should an infant loosen its hold upon physical life and be deprived of its corporeal body, it does not return to the great sea of light from which it came to earth, but at the death of the body it is taken up into the spirit world—a counterpart of this world—and environed by the refined atmosphere of that spiritualized portion of this planet from whence it may communicate with mortal kindred, and where it is provided with the advantages and experiences useful to its development.

This awakened a new train of thought in my mind, for it suggests something beside the planets of ours and their spiritual counterparts in the universe. It refers to a great realm of space that is peopled by individual entities, not yet born upon this or some other planetary body, but waiting their turn to take up their life of experience and discipline in connection with the events and scenes of the passing years; and I confess an interest in the subject and a desire to learn something more of that realm of space with its strange denizens; creatures of

neither earth nor spirit life. Who knows how many dimensions there are in space; and instead of three or four, may there not be many dimensions of which we have yet to learn?

By the way, may there not be as distinct a disposition manifested toward gaining a monopoly in mediumship as in any branch of business, or in any special market of the world? But however the disposition may be expressed, such monopoly cannot be allowed, for true mediumship is under the protection of wise and good spirits, and must be exercised only in helpful ways to man. It is hard of course for the inspirational and trance mediums to feel that the rostrum and the seance chamber are not sustained, and that the sweet promises and uplifting precepts of our philosophy are unheeded and passed by, because certain forms of phenomenal mediumship are calling the public to come and investigate their claims. And it is trying to the physical and materializing mediums to have the contempt and scorn and the upraidings of mediums for other phases, showered upon them because of the general unbelief in these special phenomena; but, after all, the work is in the hands of higher powers, and we must remember that no one set of mediums has the right to monopolize the attention of the spirit world or the patronage of the public. All are necessary to the work. Each one has his place to fill and his duty to perform. The humblest may be as useful to the spiritual world as the most popular medium, and therefore let us have charity for all, and accord to each the right to live and to do his best.

What a farce capital punishment is. Last week we were treated, in Massachusetts, to the spectacle of a youth of but eighteen years, hanging by the neck until he was dead! The crime for which he paid the penalty was most a heinous one, but I doubt if his victim in spirit life felt any warmer thrill of happiness because the boy who sent him from the body was condemned to die. The daily press published graphic accounts of the last days and hours in jail, recording the fact that he had been closely attended by a minister of the church, and that, having repented his deed, he was assured of divine pardon and prepared to meet his Savior. If it were true that the youth had so far repented as to wish to atone for his crime, and had so been made over in heart as to lead him forever from the persuasion of sin, why execute him upon the gallows, since the office of capital punishment is claimed to be for the purpose of preventing further crime on the part of the condemned? To send a vicious, unrepentant soul into eternity is a crime and a disgrace, even if performed in the name of law; and to deprive a reformed and regenerated soul of life, is likewise an error which we have no right to make. Fraternally,

M. T. SHELHAMER.

## "A Man's a Man for a That."

To the Editor of The Better Way.

True worth shines through either silk or tatters. The soul is not crowded out, even if there be no costly furnishings and pretense. When a mortal has so overcome the world, that, be it poverty or riches, they still are self-possessed, cheerful, happy, good, and seemingly unconscious of the surroundings, then the true nobility asserts itself. Then the mortal can, in the face of pinching hunger, yet smile graciously to warm another's heart, and betray not his lack of food, when he can, by his unselfish effort, to please and edify, make the world oblivious of his scanty clothing, being also clothed and adorned by the beauty of the white garment of truth, and love and humanity. When a mortal can be so grand and loyal to himself, and to his neighbor, as to silently and bravely accept the inevitable—to be so good, so kind, so unselfish, so intent upon doing his part well, so trustful, and so noble as to cause others to forget, or fail to discern his own discomfort, or trouble, or lack, and to feel he is a genial, grand, good person, dispensing smiles, and comfort and help—Oh, then have we to be thankful for such an example of a true life. Then do we feel that whatever else may, or may not, be added "A man's a man for a that!"

Lucie Amelia Allyn.

Tudor Castle, Washington, D. C. Jan. 21

## Boston Lyceum No. 1.

The coldest day of the season, yet we had a fair audience and ninety-one pupils in the march. A choice selection of songs and recitations were given by the children. Calisthenics were led by the conductor and well represented.

Among our visitors to-day was Bro. A. A. Wheelock, who was called upon by the conductor, and he addressed the children in an appropriate manner, quoting Thomas Paine as the founder of the free-thought principle we enjoy to-day. He said that whenever he visited the Lyceum he always enjoyed the exercises, received a high inspiration from the children, and felt as if he was one of them, and was often tempted to join with them in the march. He was warmly applauded at the close of the remarks.

Miss Eva Morrison favored the school with one of her inspiring songs, which was well received. Master Bert Hillin treated the school to a harmonical solo, rendering, "When the Mists Have Cleared Away," in a masterly way. (Encore). After song and target march, the session closed.

The Lyceum having an invitation from the Ladies' Aid Society to join them in celebrating the Fortieth Anniversary of Spiritualism, has appointed a committee to assist in making the arrangements for holding the same in Tremont Temple in March. Sunday evening last, Conductor Benjamin Weaver and Miss Mamie Harner were united in marriage, ably assisted by Frank Woodbury, Esq., assistant conductor, and Miss Annie Clark, guardian. Thus their journey through life may be a happy and prosperous one, is the wish of all. A reception is to be tendered them shortly by the Independent Club. RICHARD LUNDREY.

Sunday, January 23, 1888.

Written for The Better Way.

## Signs of the Times.

R. NEELY.

During the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first two decades of the nineteenth, my parents associated with the Scottish Covenanters, who were reckoned the best exponents of Bible prophecy, and from them I inherited an intense love for studying the signs of the times, and more particularly those referring to the anticipated millennium, which I prayed long and earnestly to see. Using, as helps, the prophecies from Ezekiel to the Apocalypse, with the commentaries thereon and every other help I could find, I concluded that it would begin about the year 1848. But I could not see in the changes that took place about that time anything corresponding to the changes I had anticipated. It is true that about that time the last remnant of temporal power had been taken from the Pope, but the great Church of Rome, which I had been taught to regard as anti-Christ had not fallen. I had accepted Jesus as the Christ—the highest type of spiritual life on earth—and the authorized witness and exponent of truth, and he said, "The kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." His comparison of it to leaven permeating meal, and the natural growth of seed, led me to believe that instead of great and sudden changes bringing in the millennium, the spiritual influence of truth on the minds and hearts of the people would produce the outward conditions. I also accepted the spiritual interpretation of Scripture as the real, and the literal as the scaffolding to a building. I also accepted the second coming of Christ as a coming of the Christ spirit, and the reign of Christ with his people for a thousand years, (which is the meaning of millennium), as the reign of the Christ spirit in the heart and life of the people, and that all this would occur in the natural course of human progress.

This was the position I held when my attention was first called to Modern Spiritualism, and I was surprised to find that it had its advent twenty two years previous, and just the same year that I first expected the dawn of the millennium. Of course I wondered if it had any connection with my favorite subject. My first inquiry was: Can departed spirits return and communicate? A careful perusal of Judge Edmonds' second volume on the *modus operandi* of spirit return satisfied me on that point. I was also satisfied as to the continued existence and identity of the departed. But has this any thing to do with my pet theory of a millennium? Yes, very much. Not that it will supersede the established and venerated churches, for the same spirit of progressive development which makes it possible for departed spirits to return and communicate, operates in the churches as a growth from the lower to the higher, and there is a co-operation which, though unintentional on either side, is working for the same great end, the perfecting of man and uniting "the whole family in heaven and earth" in millennial peace and happiness.

Prof. Swing, in a sermon on the new thought and the conflict between materialism and Spiritualism, says it commenced about thirty or forty years ago, which makes it contemporaneous with what I call the second advent and part of it. He says:—

"It has been going rapidly forward. The Quaker has left behind him his William Penn, the Presbyterian his Calvin, the Methodist his Wesley, the Baptist his essential immersion, and the Romanist his keys of St. Peter, to fly to the rescue of the Spirit of God in man from the grasp of that science which makes all one—the man, the insect and the clod. It is the most fundamental inquiry the world ever made. The warfare is the most impressive because the most real. The field is around us, the time is the present.

"Professor Huxley said recently that 'he estimated as highly as Christians do the purely spiritual elements of the Christian faith.' Thus many of those who have laid the foundations of a popular atheism, of a dust-world all through and through, confess that there is no inspiration in their theory, and that a religious Spiritualism makes a better basis of human life."

Dr. Thomas, pastor of the People's church, says, "The People's pulpit recognizes the good in all others, and the good that all are doing; and if all minds and hearts could find a church home in any or all of these; could accept their creeds and go with them, then there would not be this large number of ungathered souls. But all cannot do this, and the further trouble is that these churches have closed the door against such, and what seems worse still, have closed the door against progress or growth of ideas. The forms of doctrine, as they hold them, took shaping in the controversies of hundreds of years ago, and crystallized around denominational leaders, and to each sect these are final. Luther believed for Lutherans, Calvin for Presbyterians, and Wesley for Methodists; and the Pope tells Catholics what they must believe. I am not making complaints, but stating facts that lead up to and bear upon the question of the unchurched, the ungathered millions of this land; and if Jesus were on earth to-day his heart would turn to these homeless souls. In spirit the Christ is in the world and he is preparing the way for a great church of humanity, so large and so loving that there will be room for all; for those of little or much faith, of different beliefs; room in the great law of love for all to live and grow and try to do good. A church of the spirit, a church of life, of conduct, of experience, of character, of song, of worship and hope—a peoples' church. Call it what you will, it is coming; and may God hasten its appearance.

The People's church already numbers several congregations, and it is a protest against priestcraft and sacerdotalism, which will figure largely in millennial conditions. But if it be objected that these people do not represent in any measure the great body of orthodox Christians, recognized as the church, and therefore do not prove my proposition, I offer, in evidence, extracts from a sermon, published in the *Davenport (Iowa) Democrat-Gazette*, of which the accomplished editor says:

"The person who thinks that the foundations of orthodox churches are not undergoing reconstruction is very much mistaken. Such a one should have heard the sermon on Modern Theology, by Rev. J. G. Merrill, of St. Louis, in the Congregational church yesterday morning. The Congregational church is considered the orthodox of the orthodox among the evangelical denominations. Its creed has been that of Presbyterianism really—form of government only dividing the two sects. Several years ago, when Mr. Merrill was pastor of the Edwards Congregational church in Davenport, he would have preached no such doctrine as that which permeated his discourse yesterday. His sermon simply showed that his beloved denomination is 'marching on,' and that he is with the advance guard—or a captain of scouts, rather, 'spying out the land,' to choose the best place possible for conflict with the hosts of sin with new weapons.

"The sermon created a profound impression in the congregation, which was large, considering the fact that the mercury was 20 below zero. A welcome to the able divine and ex-pastor.

"The text was 21 Corinthians xii. 19—'We do all things, dearly beloved, for your edifying.'"

"The subject was announced as 'Character building in the 19th century,' but the whole discourse was an account of the change of views which has come to Congregationalism—of the new doctrines that have been and are being instilled in to the Congregational creed. When one considers the school of divinity in which the preacher was educated, his church and the views of God and eternity it has inculcated, it is the most notable sermon ever preached in Davenport.

"In opening the discourse, Mr. Merrill said that a man who is to build a house which should represent the thought of today needs a very different order of ability from that which could construct a satisfactory dwelling for a Mohawk Indian of the 15th century, or a Hebrew in the time of Jacob and his good-sized family. There has been a leveling up of humanity that is most hopeful. The mountain peaks of Puritanism may seem less lofty than 200 years ago, but mankind as a whole has reached a moral altitude that is purer, clearer and more bracing than ever before. So that the average man of to-day can know that in the building of character, while the material is faulty, it is less so near the opening of the 20th century than it has been at the opening of any previous century.

"No term theology tends to develop a higher type of character than the old views of God and His government. He could only hint as to the transition that has taken place in the last few decades. The view of God which made him a stern sovereign has given way to God a loving Father. The notion of fear has been supplanted by that of affection. Men no longer get religion to keep out of hell or to get to heaven. I mean that this is no longer their supreme motive. The highest of incentives sway men's minds. To do good because it is right and reasonable; to love God because he first loved us; to desire heaven because it affords the opportunity to become divine; to abhor hell because those who dwell there are devilish.

"These and a multitude of other variations found in the views of truth, when compared with opinions held years ago, must have a tendency to induce a piety more rational, a code of morals more reasonable, and conduct upon a higher plane than under the old regime.

"Another of the forces which go toward true character making in the times we live in, is the spirit of philanthropy which abounds. Men are learning the meaning of the words of John as he said, 'he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love God whom he hath not seen.' And this is the underlying thought of that magnificent scene our lord described—the day of judgement. There were two, and only two, classes—the good and the bad; and what was it that made the good good, and the bad bad? was it their views concerning God? Was it their mental or moral philosophy? No. The preacher quoted in full Matthew's description of the judgment of those who give meat, drink, shelter, clothing, care to the needy, the sick and the prisoner, and the king's answer, which 19 centuries has not learned the full meaning of, but which is better understood to-day than ever before, 'verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it to one of these my brethren, even thus have ye done it unto me.' And it is a joy and inspiration to belong to an age that has caught this truth; to an age that has flowers and missions and country week, its Bethels and prison workers; which sends its missionaries to foreign lands, and does not neglect any portion of its own land; that seeks to save the drunkard and the slave of other debasing appetites. It delights, in the name of Jesus, to lighten the cares of a mother watching by her sick babe; it carries delicacies to the friendless in the hospital; it, in a word, tries to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good, who, coming to this world, first of all to save souls, healed the sick, gave hearing to the deaf and sight to the blind and reason to the insane. It is such an age that growth in character can become universal because in such an infinite variety of undertakings all can find something which they can do."

This is sufficient to prove that there is progress even in the orthodox churches, and it will yet be fully demonstrated that they get their inspiration from the same source spiritual mediums do. Henry Ward Beecher returns, and says that he derived his inspiration largely from the world of spirits, and regrets that he did not acknowledge it at the proper time. There are many living preachers who could say the same thing now if they would, and it is only a matter of time when they will do it. The Christ spirit that controlled Jesus of Nazareth and is now in the world controlling all things, will be better understood by all parties, and when they see alike and know that their interests are one, they will join together in one harmonious brotherhood. This will be the millennium.

CHICAGO, Jan., 30, 1888.



## PERSONAL.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is speaking at Troy, N.Y. She will speak in this city on the Sundays of March.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings begins an engagement-to-marry to speak for the Pittsburgh Society of Spiritualists on the Sundays of the current month.

Col. Cloud, of Topeka, Kansas, was in the city a few days since, and was one of the most interested auditors at Grand Army Hall last Sunday morning and evening.

Mrs. Helen Fairchild is now located at St. Louis, where she is giving some very fine materializing seances. We have an interesting communication from a visitor at one of these, the substance of which will appear in THE BETTER WAY next week.

Geo. A. Fuller, M.D., lectured at Worcester, Mass., on the two final Sundays of January. He was well-received by intelligent and critical audiences, who were instructed and entertained. We hope to find room next week for a synopsis of Dr. Fuller's lecture on Thomas Paine, delivered at Worcester last Sunday.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, by invitation, spoke on New Year's Day, in the parlors of the Leland Hotel, Springfield, Ill.; at Buffalo, N.Y., Jan. 5th, for the "First Society of United Spiritualists." The "Golden Wedding" celebration of his sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Smith, of Bainbridge, N.Y., which Dr. B. and his family attended, proved a joyous reunion of their sons and daughter, except one; three visible sons and a daughter, and their children, nine grand children (the invisible not enumerated); many relatives and friends. An informal reception, collation and numerous souvenirs, the value of which, in the aggregate, exceeded \$150, strengthening hope, love and friendship in their old age. Address Dr. Bailey, for further engagements, Box 125, Scranton, Pa.

**Marriage in the Scientific World.**  
Dr. James Lamon, V. P. of Tennessee, and Dr. Amelia L. Slicker, V. D., of Price Hill, Cincinnati.

The near relatives of the bride, and a few scientific friends of the groom, were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed at the residence of Rev. Hugo Eisenlohr on Sunday Jan. 22, 1888 at 5 p. m.

From the honored guests repaired to the parlors of the Walnut street hotel, where a merry social time was enjoyed. The newly wedded couple left the following night for Chattanooga, Tenn., where they open a sanatorium for the season, and later in California.

**Brooklyn, N. Y.**  
The Brooklyn Spiritualists' Meeting in Conservatory of Music Hall, Bedford and Fulton Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y., have engaged the following Mediums and Speakers:  
February—Each Sunday morning and evening—Mrs. Gladding, Lecturer and Test Medium.  
March—Two first Sundays—Lecturer, J. Clegg Wright; two last Sundays, Mr. and Mrs. R. Shepard Little.  
April—Each Sunday—Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates, Lecturers and Test Mediums.

Geo. A. DeLeker, Vice Pres.  
January 24, 1888.

Special Report to THE BETTER WAY.  
**Toledo, Ohio, Items.**

We have been very busy during our stay in Toledo. Our time has not been all taken up with spiritual work, for we have been worshipping the physical by some agreeable temporal amusements. We found the Toledo Spiritualists a social people. We commend them for wholesome cordiality. They have cheered our hearts by extending a key that possessed the magical open sesame to their hearts. Numerous calls at our rooms were made and "invitations" extended, all of which inspire the public worker with feelings of kinship in a good cause.

A surprise party was arranged "in our honor" Thursday, January 19th, to call at the hospitable residence of Brother Kirke, the most venerable Spiritualist, of Toledo. It resulted in crowding his ample parlors with a merry crowd, who indulged in social chat, table worship (including card playing) and exercises in the dining-room, in both terspichore and mastication.

The culinary department was well supplied by surprise baskets, and Brother Kirke urged all to eat, as his larder was full and he could afford to be generous. No more youthful participant was present than the surprised host—and he proved himself a "gay gallant," and with it all gave the merry strains and timely calls to guide the dancing feet.

We shall not soon cease to remember that evening of social joy—and yet its equals were to follow; for on Thursday evening, January 26th, the residence of Mrs. Dr. Jameson, where we were domiciled, was invaded by the same gala party of surprises, to give us a personal token, which ensued successfully, for we were expecting to seek peaceful slumber to brace up for the dissipation to come the next night—but we enjoyed the fun, the dance, the cards, the supper, etc., to a late hour.

Friday evening following, a merry party of about twenty-five were comfortably stored in a sleigh, drawn by four horses, and all went merrily to Brother Clark's, four miles in the country, where the same mode of amusement was enjoyed until nearly daylight. Such a week of spiritual work does not come often, and, perhaps, it is well that such is the fact, for we find it necessary to be more temperate.

Our public meetings were successful. Large audiences greeted us, and they seemed to be interested. The Toledo Society is in a flourishing condition, and will do a good work. We aroused the slumbering lion of the daily press, but his beltings were harmless.

There are several good mediums in Toledo, amongst whom is Mrs. Carroll, Mr. F. H. Pierce, lately arrived for a brief stay. In private life many are obtaining good psychic results. Mrs. Dr. Jameson is struggling to build up a sanatorium. Amongst the local speakers Mr. Knight is held in high esteem, and often occupies the rostrum.

Here's wishing success to the Toledo Society of Spiritualists.  
F. W. KATES.

## Fortieth Anniversary.

To the Editor of THE BETTER WAY.  
Through THE BETTER WAY I wish to send greetings to all the Spiritualists of Indiana, and at the same time inform them that the Indiana Association of Spiritualists would do well to meet with the Cincinnati Association, at the coming Anniversary, March 29, 1888. To this end I have communicated with nearly all the officers of our organization, as well as with many of the members thereof, and it is the sentiment that we go to Cincinnati in an army.  
Allow me, in this connection, to say that we hope every Spiritualist in Indiana will attend the Anniversary. Hoping that local organization throughout the State may go on, we will just add that the constitution of the society will be sent on application.  
Geo. W. Huxman, Secretary, Indiana Association, 100 E. Washington street,  
INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 25, 1888.

Written for THE BETTER WAY.  
Christian Spiritualism.  
No. XIX.

"The children of this world marry and are given in marriage, but they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage." This was the reply of Jesus, when the Sadducees tried to cast a slur upon the resurrection, by the reference to a woman who had been the wife of seven brothers. Whether they understood him in their day does not appear, but his reply has given rise to the theory that there are no unions in spirit life. Some even go so far as to claim the annihilation of sex in the life to come. If we reflect that the expression "Had to wife" was used to designate a mere animal association, we can very readily see that no such desires can be gratified after the flesh is laid aside. Hence those who shall be accounted worthy or capable of advancing into high spiritual condition above earth and earthly things, neither desire fleshly marriage nor will be led into it. Because there is no such thing possible without a physical organism.

Marriage in earth life occupies a very doubtful position in relation to spiritual life hereafter. It is in very many cases a permission of the social law to live in the same house and bring children into the world who thus have a legal right to a name, and worldly inheritance. These marriages are generally binding in a legal and social sense until death severs them. How often do we see these marriages entered into for the sake of a home, or to get away from a distasteful home on the woman's part, and for a housekeeper on the part of the man. How often do such persons find they have made a sad mistake, and yet know to their sorrow there is no relief, unless there is some gross crime committed, which will give them the right in the eyes of the law and society to escape from a position sometimes worse than death.

In the spirit life, no two beings remain in the same atmosphere, unless they are happiest so, and therefore many fly to the side of a dearer one when released by death from legal marriage. Paul said to the Gallatians, "Walk in the spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh."

Those Sadducees had no higher idea of a wife than something to gratify their appetites, and it was inconsistent with their animal natures to have one woman belong to seven men in the resurrection. Alas! how ignorant, how inappreciative they were. And what a task for such a being as the Nazarene to get near enough to them to teach them higher things. And yet we have the same experience now. Spirits come to mortals to tell them of purity, goodness, and brotherly love, and instead of listening to what they have to say and profiting by it, they begin a series of questions to prove identity forsooth! "But wisdom is known to all her children," and gradually humanity is getting out of long clothes into short frocks.

There are some unions of mortals in this life which are accounted worthy to attain to the resurrection, and whose spiritual natures are predominant to such a degree that the tie which binds them is eternal. These are they whom God hath joined together, and such have no desire to be put asunder. Indeed the greatest possible pain which could be inflicted on such a pair, would be to part them even for a short time. There are heavenly spiritual unions of souls free from carnal thoughts and appetites, and many of these have been entered into by those who never met in earth life, and some who lived even centuries apart, according to earth time. David, "The sweet psalmist" is now united to Queen Esther. Cardinal Wolsey and Queen Elizabeth are together: John, called "the beloved" and little Ruth, I might name many more who would not be known to your readers; and others still in the flesh, who, though supremely happy in being what might be called "Brides of heaven," yet would not care to have their names printed in that connection. The time has not yet come when the general public appreciate such things. We would urge most earnestly those contemplating marriage to look well into their motives and understand their true position in relation to the life beyond the physical. Let their marriage be also a soul union, which will continue throughout eternity, and do not make a contract which death will dissolve; for you may wish in vain for release before the time comes for the dissolution of the body.

We do not need looser divorce laws half as much as we need individual honesty and truth. No girl who was true to herself would marry for money, wealth or position, unless indeed her mother had trained her from childhood to regard those things all important, and even then I cannot believe a woman utterly devoid of personal feeling in such a matter. Let men be honest and true, with a just estimate of themselves and they will not be susceptible to the flattery of designing women.

WASHINGTON, D. C.  
The New England Magazine for February is especially rich in Historical and Biographical literature and interest. Send 25 cents for sample to N. E. Magazine Co., 36 Bromfield st., Boston.

Buchanan's Journal of Man for Feb. contains a remarkable paper on "Inspiration Faculties—Philosophy and Examples of Inspiration," which is full of the solid meat of instruction. Other articles in the usual pleasing variety. Monthly, at \$1.00 per year. Sample copies, 10 cents.

A beautiful volume entitled "Wayside Jottings," by Mrs. Mattie E. Hall, has awaited notice on our table for weeks, and made many silent appeals for editorial attention. A hasty examination discloses within its pages many gems of spiritual truth and grand lessons in the great school of humanity, and while we have not explored to a finally the opulence of its good lessons and soul cheering counsel, we have seen enough to induce its hearty recommendation to the perusal of Spiritualists and investigators everywhere, and of the general reader who is thoughtful in his selection of books.

**An Interesting Query.**  
To the Editor of THE BETTER WAY.  
Many years ago—I do not remember the year—there was published in substance, this, from a communicating and prophetic medium.  
"This year one of your best spiritual papers will go over to the enemy."  
This was after the transition of S. S. Jones. I looked for one of our journals to come out against the philosophy, but could not see it. About that year the R. P. J. commenced its inquiry on mediums. Please ask the spirit of S. S. J. what was what was meant by the prophecy. Yours, G. B. J. Jones.  
LOUISVILLE, Jan. 31, 1888.

**Announcement by W. J. Colville.**  
To MY FRIENDS EVERYWHERE—At the earnest solicitation of persons in all parts of the country who take an interest in what is popularly known as Metaphysical Healing, I have resolved, if I receive the necessary encouragement, to issue as soon possible a complete manual and text book for the purpose of the public at large, giving not only the theory of Mental Healing, but containing the thoroughly authenticated testimony from persons in all parts of the world to the benefits they have received from mental or spiritual treatment.

The time has now fully come for a work of this kind, and I am strongly impressed that it is a part of my duty to complete one, and I can assure the public, who favor me with their assistance, that the work will be properly and conscientiously performed. It will be divided into two parts: first, Philosophy; second, Demonstration.

For the first part, I invite questions from all parts of the world pertaining to the subject which I will answer faithfully according to the best lights I can obtain from all sources, visible or invisible.

For the second part I request concise statements of practical experience, with liberty to publish name and address of writer. I shall exclude all anonymous testimony as unsatisfactory to the general reader, no matter how sure I may be of the truth of what is recorded.

In order to bring out, in presentable form, in clean print and strong cloth binding, such a work of reference as this will be, I must have capital at my disposal, as I shall be compelled to make large advance payments to the publishers. I therefore solicit subscriptions at \$1 for a book, which will be very cheap at \$1.50, which will be its lowest price after it is out.

To make the matter perfectly clear to all who are disposed to help me with literary material for this enterprise, I will offer the following suggestions: For the philosophic department I invite any and every question which has a reasonable bearing on the relation of the physical system to the mind, and on the relation of mental states to physical conditions. After I have received a number of questions on any subject, I shall devote a section of the work to a consideration of them, and the philosophical section will, therefore, be divided under several distinct headings. The greatest amount of space will be devoted to those topics upon which the greatest number of questions have been forwarded.

I particularly request all my correspondents to write legibly and to the point. I cannot possibly undertake to decipher hieroglyphics, nor can I revise essays. Questions are all that I invite, and all that I can find time to attend to. I will, however, add that in this department I will undertake to review books or pamphlets which may be sent me either for or against the theory, which it is my sole object to be instrumental in elucidating fairly. If I receive a great deal more valuable matter than I can possibly use for one volume, I shall issue another work of a similar nature, as I have opportunity. Communications received soon stand a far better chance of incorporation and attention than those which are delayed, as I want to bring the book out before summer.

With regard to the second section, I request only accounts of benefits received without resort to any material appliance, and especially do I invite records of intellectual and moral benefits derived from mental therapeutics, and I am quite willing in publishing these narratives to give a free advertisement to any public or private practitioner whose name may appear. I wish it to be distinctly understood that in this department I fill the role of historian only; facts must speak for themselves; the testimony of the writers must stand on its own merits. I shall, of course, exercise my own judgment and discretion as to what I publish. I shall also take the liberty to condense very long histories. I will, therefore, remind all that pithiness and brevity are the open sesame to the pages of "Mental Therapeutics—Philosophy and Demonstration," which will be the prospective title of the work when published.

Soliciting immediate co-operation from those interested, I remain, dear reader, a sincere friend,  
W. J. COLVILLE.

Rules for the whole world to sit in unity of thought, of God, of high sphere, can be had by sending a two cent stamp to Medium We, 2801 28th and Grace, Richmond, Virginia.

**DR. SARA E. HERVEY,**  
PSYCHOMETRIC READER  
—AND—  
**MENTAL HEALER.**  
Office, 333 W. 34th st., New York, N. Y.

**A Blessing to Every Woman.**

Those of our lady readers who would like to know how Child-bearing may be made Painless and Safe can get the information in a sealed envelope by sending four cents in postage stamps to Mrs. E. REVERE, Box 283, Jersey City, N. J.

**Our Little Men and Women.**

The aim of this magazine is to interest children just at the time they begin to read for themselves and lead them along for a year or two with pictures and stories and pleasant tasks so pleasant as to make them forget the task part altogether. The following outline includes the larger topics of the year.

A French story, Susan's Auction, full of amusement.  
A story a month, entitled Laura's Holidays, suggests to other little girls what they can do on holidays.  
A story a month on Tiny Folks in Armor; which means battles.

A flower poem in every number.  
Buffy's (six) Letters to his Mistress. Buffy is a comical cat.  
Six Mexican stories on Little People on the Plaza; also about some Mexican animals.

Besides there are many, too many to tell of, stories short and bright and unexpected.  
With all this entertainment of picture and humor there is a serious purpose through, implied in the name, *Our Little Men and Women*. It is to teach and lead the children to take reading for profit; but pleasure comes first as it ought.

A dollar a year. Five cents for a sample copy.

**Warren Chase to his Friends.**

As previously announced, I have closed my forty years' public labor in the cause of spirit-life and intercourse with my seventy-five years of life on earth, and have my last book—containing a sketch of those years of labor as a sequel to my autobiography, the *LIFE LINE OF THE LONE ONE*; also a variety of other matter—nearly completed, and which I wish to bring out through the office of Colby & Rich, Publishers, before I leave for the West the first of March.

As I have not saved enough from these forty years of labor to publish this book—which will be a work of about three hundred pages or more—all who desire copies can aid me by sending one dollar, and ten cents for postage, directed to me at the *Banner of Light* office, Boston, before February 28th, with the address of the sender to whom one copy for each like sum received will be mailed as soon as the work is out of the binder's hands. Whatever may be the price fixed upon it thereafter, which cannot be less, and is likely to be more than the amount named.

The book will contain an excellent photograph of Warren Chase, and a full chapter of fact poems, some never before published, the ninth and last of which will tell what I have learned about the spirit world by forty years' communion with it. Your truly,  
WARREN CHASE.

**Babyland, 1888.**  
In general it will be about the same as in '87. Nothing in Babyland ever pleased more people than Finger-play rhymes and pictures. They have been taught by the kindergarten here in Boston and elsewhere, and the author has personally taught them. Six of the '88 Babylands will contain new Finger-plays.  
The other six will have a series of baby stories in rhyme about Crickets, how they manage their babies, with many pictures.  
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Spencer is a baby-story all through the year by Margaret Johnson, with pictures also by Margaret Johnson.  
There will also be a lot of jingle bits and story bits and picture bits, so many as to make you wonder where the next year's entertainment is to come from.  
Fifty cents a year; a copy sent for five cents.  
D. LITTLE & CO., Publishers, Boston.

**NOTICE.**  
**MEDIUM WE**

Gave the truth to the world years ago that EVERYBODY is a medium, and should act as directed by high control to commune with God direct. Direct control is the second coming truth that Christ so termed did not give to the people to understand how to commune—to be a medium—and no one but Medium We has ever given the truth, and no one but Medium We, with dear dear Pearl and dear dear Ruby ever can. Amen and amen. Medium We, control A. A. A., sphere one hundred (100)—Medium We, with dear dear Pearl and dear dear Ruby, has been acknowledged Saviour of the world. Amen and amen.  
After Medium We circulated the truth that everybody is a medium, various ones published with the same thought, and Medium We says all is in error. In 1881 the Mayor of the city advised a copyright, which was granted in the United States of America to Medium We, with dear dear Pearl and dear dear Ruby, for the truth given. Amen and amen. People must be cautious how they sit in control—must not be other than high control for all the world. Amen and amen. Control A. A. A., sphere one hundred (100), the unit the great, amen and amen, of all the spirit world thought, and thus it is Medium We is in sphere with pen, in walking, sleeping, and in all thought instantaneous. Amen and amen, and amen, amen. Book of Medium We, with dear dear Pearl and dear dear Ruby, can be had for \$1.25, at 204, corner Twenty-eighth and Grace streets, Richmond, Va. Amen and amen.

**How to Form Spirit Circles.**

Inquires into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing mental powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interruption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accommodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestation.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediumship; it is in fact just as if they were in a room full of discord. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation, in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table of a circle of raps, say "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Inconclusive," and ask if the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "I will speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signify every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened.

Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put, to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate and genial nature, and very sensitive to numerous influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are harmoniously bound together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly the best sitting of a circle of raps may be of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

**MEETINGS.**

**Cleveland Meetings.**

POPULAR SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS—At the Columbia Theater, Euclid Ave., 730 N. 1st St., Cleveland, Ohio, President, J. J. Spencer. The Chicago Association of Universal Radical Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums Society organized May 9, 1884, under the constitution of the United States, and the State of Illinois, with Dr. Norman MacLeod as its permanent President. This society meets in Spirit's Library hall, at No. 317 West Madison street, at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 6:30 P. M., every Sunday until further notice. The public are cordially invited to attend. Admission five cents to each meeting. NORMAN MACLEOD, Permanent President.

**Children's Progressive Lyceum, No. 1.** Meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and liberals are earnestly invited to send their children and the public cordially invited to attend FREE.  
E. W. GATLORD, Conductor

**Newark, N. J.**

The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock at Liberal Lodge Hall, No. 177 Halsey street. Mrs. G. Dorn, President.

**Detroit, Mich.**

Fraternity Hall, corner State Street and Park Place. Meetings held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Attorneys Day, Manager.

**Boston, Mass.**

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM, No. 9 North street—Seances are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. For further particulars see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall—Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Richard Holton, President; O. F. Rockwood, Secretary; Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, Corresponding Secretary; W. A. Dunklee, Treasurer.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1. Meets every Sunday at 11 A. M. in (large) Palace Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats free. Every one invited. Hon. P. Weaver, Conductor; Francis B. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary; 45 Indiana Place, Boston. Sewing circle at 1031 Washington street Wednesdays at 3 P. M. Meeting in the evening.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Exeter streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public service Sundays at 2:45 P. M. Seats free.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA ASSOCIATION, LADIES' AID PARLORS, 1031 Washington street—Sundays meetings at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. Meetings Thursdays at 7:30 P. M. in Jackson Hall. President, Dr. U. K. Mayo, Treasurer, Francis B. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary, W. G. Vaughn Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10:45 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Eliza Cobb, Conductor

EAGLE HALL, 615 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays at 2:45 and 7:30 P. M. Thursdays at 7 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Admission free. Free of charge, and no charge.

ROSWORTH NOTION STREET—The First N. A. T. Society, meetings every Friday. 7 P. M. U. T. Society, Secretary.

**GRAND ARMY HALL.**  
**HOWELL**

**EMERSON,**  
**—AND THE—**

**THE Eminent Speaker**

**Will Speak and Give Tests, Respectively,**

at Grand Army Hall, No. 115 West Sixth Street, to-morrow (Sunday) Morning and Evening.

These gentlemen are among the best known and most eminently successful of the

**Apostles of Spiritualism**

And to listen to the eloquent logic of the one, and witness the convincing tests of the other, is "better than the fatness of a feast."

No Admission Fee is charged in the morning. To the evening service tickets are 15 cents each, to be had at the door.

Morning service begins at 11. Evening at 7:30. Everybody invited.

**Chicago, Ill.**

Avenue Hall, 109 22d street. Children's Lyceum Sunday, at 10:45 P. M. Spiritualists and Mediums' Meeting, 3 P. M. Mediums' Receptions, and first Tuesday evenings, Society Sociables, second and fourth Tuesdays in each month.

The Young Peoples' Progressive Society of Chicago, hold service Sunday morning and evening in their hall, Wabash Avenue and 22d street, at 10:45 and 7:30. The best speakers and mediums are always engaged.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond discourses before the First Society of Spiritualists in Martine's (Ada street) Hall every Sunday morning and evening.

The Chicago Association of Universal Radical Progressive Spiritualists and Mediums Society organized May 9, 1884, under the constitution of the United States, and the State of Illinois, with Dr. Norman MacLeod as its permanent President. This society meets in Spirit's Library hall, at No. 317 West Madison street, at 10:30 A. M., 2:30 and 6:30 P. M., every Sunday until further notice. The public are cordially invited to attend. Admission five cents to each meeting. NORMAN MACLEOD, Permanent President.

**Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 2 P. M. at the American Health College, Fairmount. Free to all.

The First New Spiritual Church, of Cincinnati, Ohio, meets every Sunday at 3 P. M., at Church's Hall, No. 275 West Sixth Street, Dr. James A. Bliss, Pastor. The public are cordially invited. Seats free. Sunday School meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. Mrs. M. L. Jackson, Superintendent. Spiritualists are cordially invited. Bring your children with you.

**American Spiritualist Alliance.**  
MEETS AT 52 WEST 15TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE SECOND AND FOURTH WEDNESDAYS OF EACH MONTH AT 8 P. M.

All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with THE ALLIANCE, either as resident or non-resident members—and to take an active part in its work.

THE ALLIANCE defines a Spiritualist to be "One who knows that intelligent communication can be had between the living and the so-called dead," and all such are invited to become members.

Stanton Coates, President.  
J. F. JEANNERET, Secretary, Maiden Lane, N. Y.

**St. Louis, Mo.**

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at 2:45 P. M. every Sunday in Brandt's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin Avenue and Ninth street. Friends of the cause invited to attend, and correspondence solicited from America and Europe. W. F. Fay, President, No. 313 Market Street, Milton Lyle, Cor. Sec., 3006 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

**Speakers and Mediums.**  
Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates named:

FEBRUARY, '88: Walter Howell, speaker; Ed. Emerson, medium.

MARCH: Miss Jennie B. Hagan, speaker and improvisatrice.

APRIL: Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, speaker and improvisatrice.

MAY: Mrs. A. M. training, speaker and pianist.

JUNE: J. Frank Seiler, speaker and pianist.

Indisputable Advertisements taken at moderate prices on application to the Manager.

**MEDIUMS.**

**MRS. S. SEERY.**  
No. 24 East St.,  
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**SPIRIT MEDIUM**  
For the Trumpet and Slate-Writing.  
Sittings Daily, from



## LIFE AND HEALTH.

Disease and Remedy.  
To the Editor of The Better Way.

I will try to finish my letter of last week in reference to the origin and nature of disease and the vital principle employed in the cure. J. A. Swarts, in your issue of January 14th, has in some particulars explained my own views upon the source whence flows the life-principle (river of life). The origin of disease occurred or sprang (so far as our human intelligence goes) from the disobedience of nature's laws. As many suppose and believe Adam and Eve to have been the first pair, I beg leave to refer them to the statement made in the Bible, where Cain was driven out from the presence of the "Lord God," and went eastward of the Garden of Eden, and dwelt in the land of Nod, and Cain knew his wife, and she conceived and bore a son. According to the Scriptures there were but four people on the earth at that time. Let us see. If this was so, where did Cain go to get his wife and raise up a family and found a city? Perhaps you will say, what has this got to do with disease. I may not be able, for the want of time, to make it as plain as I can see it myself, but will try and present a few facts. Before the fall, as it is called, Adam and Eve were living in purity and harmony, but in a moment of utter disregard of the laws of nature, governing and controlling them in harmony, they yielded to the desire to taste the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, knowing that the laws of nature forbid such transgression until a specified time, and what was the result. Immediately upon the consummation of the act, the truth flashed upon their minds that they had done wrong, and their consciences smote them sore and they cried aloud. Before this they were living in ease and happiness; now they are in disease and misery. Did the disease (disease) pass away? Not a bit of it; for having disobeyed the promptings of their better nature, they must now pay the penalty of their folly. What is the result? A diseased progeny, partaking of the poisonous element (sin) contracted by disobedience. Then comes the saying that the sins of the fathers shall be visited unto the succeeding generations, etc. Cain was the first, and expressed more fully all the feelings of the parents, because they were not in a suitable frame of mind and body for it to have been otherwise. And when Abel was born the trouble had somewhat abated, and he showed it in his life and example, but he partook more of the higher principle of divine love and purity, being patterned more after his mother than his father; hence he was higher in intelligence than his brother. This provoked Cain to anger, and aroused all the disease he was possessed of, and he gave vent to his feelings by killing his innocent brother; but after committing the deed his remorse of conscience was exceedingly great, and he fled. Has this disease disappeared, or does Cain still dwell in the land of Nod, outside of Eden? This Eden (heaven) is the garden soil of life, and is fed, watered and cared for with all the tenderness and love that we are capable of; plucking out weeds (evil desires) and allowing only the beautiful flowers and fruits of heaven to grow there. Then shall we rest on flowery beds of ease, and our souls will have no discomfort, no disease, and nothing will disturb the harmony nature has provided. This matter will bear the greatest study, and upon the understanding we can glean from this great truth will depend the eradication of the afflictions we are suffering for the sins of man. We can surely know, according to the Bible, that Adam and Eve were not the first people on the globe by any means. There must have been millions of them. But they were, according to the Scripture, the first pair to disobey the laws of nature, and the penalty has descended down to us. Horrible patrimony, and yet people say God is good, and permit such troubles as these through disease. The thought of such a God as that makes me shudder. If this God is good, he cannot be evil nor allow evil after having, according to the Scripture, created man in his own image and likeness. It would be impossible for such a thing to exist. My God (spirit or principle) I find in myself, and it teaches me, through intelligence, gleaned from all nature, that I and I alone (all others alike), must work out the problem of perfection, and raise myself above the lower order of reason to the higher order of intelligence and immortality. This is the Christ-principle which the man Jesus taught, and were he upon the earth to-day, in the same form as we, I firmly believe he would echo the sentiments of my own soul and thoughts upon this vital subject. We need not have disease if we will only study into the principle of life. All things are proved by the rule of opportunity, and it takes two opposites to produce a third principle. Upon the sons of men is given all power, and they shall have dominion over all the earth, etc. Thus can we know that God (vital spirit, in which we live, move and have our being,) is the great principle that plans, invents and moves everything that is in existence, and by and through the laws made and governed by this principle are we perfected and immortalized. Much more can be said upon this subject, but as time is limited I must defer until some future time. If my thoughts have been the means of awakening some dreamer from the slumber of belief to a knowledge of understanding, then shall I, indeed, feel that I have been the index finger that has pointed the way out of the labyrinth of despair to a higher and nobler position in life.

DR. E. D. READ, V. D.  
BINGHAMTON, N. Y., Jan. 23, '88.

## FREE LANCE.

To the Editor of The Better Way.  
The Right Spirit and the Wrong.

In number 29 of THE BETTER WAY I see, on page 7, side by side, two letters which mark, to an unprejudiced observer, such a difference of spirit, as to make their contents as far asunder as the poles. Yet both are on the same subject. One is part of a series called "Experiences with Spiritualism, number 3;" the other is simply labeled "The Keelers." Both are descriptions of seances and sittings with media, principally materializing media.

One party seems to have found nothing but "fraud," as she calls it; but, instead of telling the truth boldly, over her own signature, and explaining where the fraud lay and who the media practicing it were, the lady simply signs herself "A," and we are only informed, by an editorial note, that she hails from Newton, Ks. Yet this lady deliberately goes to work to cast suspicion on all materializing media, not having the moral courage to specify them by name, but dubbing them "A," "B" and "C," with the information that they were all found at Onset Bay. In no single case has the correspondent the honesty to state what she saw, without comment; but at every seance she attends she gives nothing but vague suspicions, sneers, veiled accusations against the media, and insinuations that "fraud" marked the whole performance. From the first seance to the last, the lady obtrudes the "dollar" fee, the "dollars" worth, and the money idea, as if, to her, the dollar was the whole of life; and closes with the sentence about her feeling on leaving Onset, "We were a little wiser, and our pocket-book a little thinner." In fact, a spiritual silver dollar seems to have clapped itself as a plaster over each eye, so firmly that the "candid investigator," as she would have us believe, saw nothing but money.

Is it any wonder such people find fraud, as they call it, wherever they go, as this lady seems to have done, with the sole exception of Mrs. Porter, the test medium, who described her mother. It is hoped that Mrs. Porter, gave "A" some very plain talk as to her own attitude; for it is my experience with skeptics that one woman thoroughly obstinate and skeptical, is ten times worse than the worst male skeptic that ever stepped into a seance room, determined to "expose a fraud" in advance of his entrance.

What a contrast to "A," is the lady in the next column, who boldly signs her full name—God bless her for her pluck—"Lucie Amelia Allen, Washington D. C." She goes to media, and finds—what? "Fraud?" No. "Dollar's worth?" No. "Thin pocket-book?" No. What then?

Why, conviction of immortality. Yet she admits having been very "antagonistic and skeptical" at her first seance; so much so that the spirits threw things at her from a cabinet. But, not having all her soul wrapped up in a silver dollar, she got the truth, messages from a husband gone seventeen years, a child gone as an infant, twenty years before, and a mother. Her skepticism being honest, and not all wrapped up in a silver dollar, was no barrier, to the truth. God bless all such honest ex-skeptics as Lucie Amelia Allen, and keep me from ever coming in contact with the dollar-worshipping kind, personified in the nameless insinuator, "A." There is only one certainty of conviction to such as her, and that comes when they go over and find no silver dollars in Spirit Land.

Fraternally,  
FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Bro. Melcher's "Silent" Rejoinder.

To the Editor of The Better Way.  
In answer to Bro. Truman's friendly criticism, I can but say that it is refreshing to know that the author is not the only reader of said articles. What has been written was truth for him at the time, although not arrogating to be in possession of absolute (unchangeable) truth. All is but relative here below, and must naturally meet with opposition, where it does not find credence. All do not think alike, and thus the difference. To defend an opinion is a work of newspaper time and space, and uninteresting to the reader, and in the end would only result in a reiteration of what has already been elucidated. It is therefore best to let the past go for what it is worth, or rest on its own merits, and let the future either verify, object or improve upon the truths or opinions brought to the surface as effects of soul, or casual activity. It is easier to reject than to create, and therefore unworthy of those who know better to criticize unjustly and unfriendly as some do; and whom silence should greet on the part of the one attacked, as the reply. Hoping Bro. Truman will not take exceptions to this epistle, I remain, respectfully and fraternally,

A. F. MELCHER.

There never before was so much of beauty and use and good in the world as to-day, and to-morrow will be much more abundant. Men's powers and means of investigation were never before so great, and earth or heaven never so open to study. Lament? Rather rejoice that we were born so late in the new evolution of matter and mind; in the new birth of the good and true in the new heavens opened; and in God himself apparently nearer to us—more wise, more merciful, more loving than he ever before revealed himself to any age, race or generation of men.—(Valley Visitor.)

Written for The Better Way.

Mind—What is it?

BY HON. WARREN CHASE.

This is a question I have long sought to solve, and the only way I have to solve it is by watching its phenomena. I have long since come to the conclusion that it is not an effect of organization, although an organization is essential to its manifestation in any and every finite exhibition of its existence. No instrument of the scientist can reach it and bring it under inspection or analysis, evidently because it is an element that belongs to the fourth dimension of space, as described by Prof. Zollner. The brain is its depository in man and beast, as far as we can find it by its manifestation. The brain is in the third dimension, and has length, breadth, and thickness, but the mind, which in every tiny human body is as real as the brain, has not these dimensions. Its manifestations of force, power and activity, with other peculiarities, correspond to the quantity, quality, structure and locality of the brain in each individual, and as these are in great variety in many respects, and especially in quantity, it is plain that each mind is not a unit before entering the body, and this is also plain from the fact that the new born babe has no mind, although it has a structure for it in a brain, but in great variety of capacities. As some power puts together the particles that make up the body before birth, and evidently without any mental effort or will power of a parent, so it seems to me some power, which I think is the same, collects and stores in the brain, particle by particle, the elements that make up the mind, and to me it seems as much particled as the body, and only like the body a unit by combination of particles, and hence the great variety of minds, as great as those of the body and brain. The mind certainly does not make the body, nor can it make itself. There is a self, an ego, back of both, which I call the soul; this must precede both body and mind, and make up both; and, think also, the spiritual form which evidently belongs to the fourth dimension of space, which I understand to be a discredited degree of matter or another structure having some such relation as atmosphere does to rock—"I came first to this conclusion from the well known fact to us, that infants, even though, they never breathe, our atmosphere, enter into spirit life, and have no minds on entering there, more than on entering this life.

We are well assured of this fact, and as there is no effect without a cause sufficient to produce it, to me it seems that there must be an individuality of soul that precedes and makes up the body, and both bodies in them collect the element of mind, soul being superior to both, and body preceding mind. Mind in its manifestations weakens and strengthens with conditions of body, and especially of brain; sanity and insanity, manhood and imbecility, being before us all the time. The element of mind may be superior in fineness to the body, and it seems to be so as we cannot reach it with the microscope, but so far as we become acquainted with it in this and the spirit life, it acts only through physical organisms that are made for its depositories, as the flowers are for fragrance and beauty. To me it seems folly to place mind above and over the organic forms, through which we can alone find it and deal with it. It is so plain that the mind of no person did make the body in which it for a short time dwells, that I am not able to see how it can so far control it as to exterminate pain, and in all my experiments it has failed to do so. Yet I know that the mind or minds of several persons combined can produce magnetic currents in many cases, so that vital magnetism may overcome some forms of disease or derangement. Disease of every kind is evidently obstruction in some of the currents of vital force, and an increase of force from whatever source may assist nature to overcome the obstruction. There are no perfect bodies or minds, but the individual souls working, consciously or unconsciously, evidently do the best they can in each case, both in making up a body or a mind. So far as I can yet see and reason, the soul is without beginning or end of being, while both body and mind are subject to growth and decay; but the loss of either would not in any way affect the existence of the soul. I believe, but cannot prove, that the soul is a particle of the divine essence of the universe; and being a particle is indivisible, and hence indestructible. In no other way can I make out eternal existence for the individual, and the perpetual reward of persons. It is as certain that the mind does not make the body as it is that no mechanic makes it for the parents; it is equally certain that the mind is not born with the child into this or the spiritual world.

WORCESTER, MASS., Jan. 25, 1888.

In every human being there are many grains of gold. When one is down even by indiscretions of his own, do not stoop to throw additional mud upon him. Strive rather to reach him a helping hand to extricate him from the mire in which he is wallowing. This is true manhood.

There are two sorts of agitation—one partial and slow, the other sudden and universal; one the work of the few, the thinking classes, who slowly elaborate public opinion by dint of pertinacious restoratives of reason; the other the act of the millions who feel a want which is suddenly aggravated, or of which the means for gratification are suddenly exposed to view and instinctively recognized.—London (England) Spectator.

## WHOLE WORLD SOUL COMMUNION

February 27th, 1888.

ALL MANKIND  
WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR  
30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke through co-operation in thought and unity in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas.....	1:43 p. m.
Boston, Mass.....	3:28 p. m.
Burlington, Vt.....	4:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.....	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	2:55 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	2:48 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	3:43 p. m.
Chicago.....	9:26 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:38 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany.....	8:43 p. m.
London, England.....	1:41 p. m.
Frederickton, New Brunswick.....	2:33 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.....	2:03 p. m.
London, England.....	1:41 p. m.
Leamington, Kan.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:18 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.....	2:41 p. m.
New York City.....	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:31 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	1:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	3:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Yonkers, N. Y.....	3:46 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico.....	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.....	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:08 p. m.
Basle, Switzerland.....	8:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Carpas, Venezuela.....	2:38 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:46 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Geneva, Switzerland.....	3:09 p. m.
Georgetown, Guyana.....	1:33 p. m.
Fort, Kearney, Neb.....	4:18 p. m.
Frederick, British Guiana.....	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine.....	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	8:04 p. m.
Milwaukee.....	2:18 p. m.
Montreal, Canada.....	2:28 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.....	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.....	2:41 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada.....	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	2:58 p. m.
Paris, France.....	08:19 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. John, N. B.....	2:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	1:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	3:48 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.....	2:33 p. m.
Tallahassee, Miss.....	2:08 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	2:39 p. m.
Wilmington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

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## SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the mediumship of HELEN MARR CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Spirit, King Henry VIII.

1.

I am Isabella Brandon. I lived near Sumpter, S. C. My father was Lieutenant Brandon, under General R. E. Lee. I have cousins living in Charleston and also residents living in Jackson-on-Pearl. My great interest in India or Pearl of Pearl river will identify me to the Wilsons. I do hope that hearing of me may cause Mary to reflect.

ISABELLA BRANDON.

2.

I am Edith Summers. I was for many years partially paralyzed. I passed away from this earth at the age of seven-and-a-half years. I am now seventeen and glad I am to come back and tell my darling father that I am supremely happy. My home was upon Milliken Street, and I loved the chapel of the "Good Shepherd." Dear Mr. Forsyth was good and kind to me, and my father will remember him as one of his best friends I know. Please tell Clay Brainard I am so glad she will have a good husband. With love and blessing to my father, I am very respectfully,

EDITH SUMMERS.

3.

I am Hannibal Shackelford (black). I want especially to reach the Reverend Stewart (also black), of Metropolitan Church; also Mr. Cromwell, President of the literary and editor of the colored paper. There is a man in your city whom you are wilfully setting aside. I refer to Mr. Williams (colored). He has a work setting forth plainly many distinctive features of the colored race. Now then, you of this race question, come forth and circulate this work. I am an African, a native of Siberia, and am proud of it. HANNIBAL SHACKLEFORD.

4.

I am Alice Virginia Camby. I wish to reach my niece, Alice Virginia Camby. I am most anxious for her welfare and happiness. I want her to go and see little Pauline, and to earnestly request her mother for the sake of the child, to be less obstinate.

ALICE VIRGINIA CAMBY.

5.

I am Carlotta Johanna Celestina Finke, a native of Nuremberg, Germany. I have several friends, August Finke, in New York, Franz Joseph Finke, in San Francisco, and Carl in Cincinnati. I have waited a long time for an opportunity to give a message. Dear ones, they are seeking for the heirs to the estate. Write at once and secure your inheritance.

CARLOTTA JOHANNA CELESTINA FINKE.

6.

I am Almada Gardner, and I wish to reach my husband, John N. Gardner. I wish to thank Adella for the faithful care over my children. Willis also joins me in this greeting. I am sorry John has been disappointed, but time is short compared with eternity. Dear ones, try and find Bess, and once again, if you will write to Boston, Jane Griffith will answer you. Little Carmen will soon come to us, or Cometa as they call her. Eulalie is doing better now. This will please my husband, I know.

Very lovingly, ALMADA GARDNER.

7.

I am Vernon Howard White. I wish to reach my father, the ox trainer with Barnum. I passed away at the age of five, and have been a citizen of heaven fifteen years. I am sorry Mary did not prove good to my father. I am sorry that my father took no thought, farther than to make a living. Give my love to sisters Lizzie and Emily. Dear father, do not enter the lion's den in the next season; Africa is fierce. I will try and protect you if you enter, as I always have, but remember I cannot promise it with certainty. Very affectionately your son.

VERNON HOWARD WHITE.

Send this communication to Central Park Menagerie, New York, and my father will get it.

8.

I am Lizzie Ball. I departed this life of tumor. I have a sister Mary and a sister Maggie, to whom I would send love and greeting. I formerly lived in Pearl street near Lexington, Baltimore; in fact that is the last place I ever did live. I am glad to see Maggie doing so well. I am thankful that all things turned out as they did. Poor Miss Kitty has gone down; I fear she will never again regain her former position. Give my love to my little namesake and tell her if she will prove a useful woman. I will be more than glad.

LIZZIE BALL.

9.

I am Harry Trenham. I come scarcely knowing how I may identify myself, the way is so new; still to my dear old friend am I as true and staunch as when he and I talked so earnestly about the future of Southern prosperity. Still do I hold the same opinion regarding another, and not even the entrance into spirit life has changed it. I am filled with deep concern because I realize more fully the state of things upon the earth side. I refrain from personal application, or rather I speak not my friend's name, because future privacy of converse is the most seeming time for that.

HARRY TRENHAM.

10.

I am William Rensellier, a native of New York. I am drawn especially to William Rensellier Lincoln. He is entering a profession, and unless he be wise and square as well, he will meet many difficulties. The

West is the place for him, and the opening which is now thought of, when consummated, will be very advantageous.

WILLIAM RENSELLIER.  
II.

To H. A. Beach, will I respectfully submit the following: Your sweet daughter and Lucilla Wilmet will each send you a private message by mail. The communications are both very full and very long; also are they of a private nature. For this cause alone do I refrain from sending them through THE BETTER WAY.

HENRY TUDOR VIII.

I again lovingly invite all seekers for higher knowledge to address me, Henry Tudor, Tudor Castle, 131 Md. Ave. N. E., Washington, D. C.

## Cremation.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It is by request of Cleopatra that I write upon the above subject, and will preface my short article with a little account of her experience, as she gave it to me.

All who know her historically know of her mad infatuation with Marc Anthony. But history does not tell that she was only fifteen and of rare delicate beauty when Marc Anthony betrayed her. She finally killed him with her own hand, rather than have him leave her. As a punishment she was exposed in the public streets without her veil, and then thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil, and thus put to death. The story of the asp is not true, except that she tried to kill herself in that way. Her undying love for the man who first won her heart and then betrayed her is depicted in Rider Haggard's "She," which she tells us is founded upon her experience before passing through the fire of purification and becoming free from the devotion to an unworthy object. For two thousand years she waited, vainly hoping that her love might be returned, but at last she has given it up, and found work to do for the good of humanity. She is gentle, modest and refined, in an exquisite degree as well as highly cultivated in all intellectual pursuits. She is very fond of mathematics and has the gift, or "sense," she calls it, of prophesy. She likes to be called simply "Cleopatra," and hence she goes by that name among our home circle.

There are very few Spiritualists who do not endorse cremation, at least theoretically, and yet, such is the tenacity with which old ideas cling to the human mind, it seems hard to throw off the involuntary abhorrence of having one's mother or child burned. We know the real person is not in the decomposing remains, and yet we cling to them, in spite of the certainty of spreading disease among the living. To a clairvoyant, the decaying emanations look pale blue, like the bloom on a plum or any fine mold. I have once seen this myself, and others tell me it is always so. We have a friend who is a fine clairvoyant medium, and yet when her husband (one of the best) passed into the spirit life, she arrayed herself in the deepest black she could get. Why should this be? One unhesitatingly throws a worn out garment into the rag bag or fire, no matter how serviceable it has been, or how becoming it was. Why not do the same with the worn out body? Passing the decaying particles through fire purifies them, and very quickly puts them into a condition to be taken up and used according to the laws which govern such things. We would not risk a body until quite certain the spirit had left it, but neither would we keep a body five minutes when the coffin had to be closed to prevent it from being offensive. Let us consider this question reasonably and seriously, and if we cannot cremate our parents, let us train the young so that they may feel they would not do right did they not consign our remains to the fire for purification.

C. M. KEITH.

TUDOR CASTLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
Tuesday, January 10, 1888.

## Poland.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Our third reception was held this afternoon. There were nine mortals present, and it is told us there were fifty thousand spirits! Did ever castle, in any land, have such capacity? But with those of the other life space or distance is no barrier. We were requested to wear red, yellow, blue and purple. We of Tudor Castle each donned one of these colors, and Mrs. Julia Coffin wore orange. Spirit Henry Tudor VIII was again in Poland during that hour, Richard Coeur de Lion and Frederick Fransoir Chopin remaining here. I wish to speak of a spirit-friend who was present and who had but a day since been welcomed by us—a sufferer who was set free from bondage on the early morning of Monday, the 9th, and whose spirit good King Henry VIII transported to this sweet home. This poor man was literally beaten to death, a victim to the horrors of a Siberian exile. Unable to speak a word of English, he yet felt the warmth of loving kindness that is found in Heaven and here. A dispatch came through the hand of C. M. Keith, announcing that all was quiet in Poland. An elderly gentleman present read to us a poem which had kept for eighteen years. Its title is "Dead," and said to have been written by the author of "The Light of Asia." It was very pertinent to this truth of life and ever-presence. He acknowledged he had only now received a satisfactory answer to it through the Light of Christian Spiritualism. Then, through the mediumship of Mrs. Helen Marr Campbell, there came to him a friend of other days who spoke no English, but made himself known to her as one who had died by violence.

King Richard Coeur de Lion, having his peculiar expression, "The skull of a Saracen," remarked upon in some way, improvised a poem, in a very few moments, through C. M. Keith. By permission, I transcribe it:

"Of all the oaths now known to man,  
The one I use is best;  
And if these dear friends learn how it began,  
They will know it is a jest.  
A Saracen's skull is a harmless thing;  
In the mouth of an English knight;  
But if clothed with flesh, you'd do well to bring  
Your weapons to use in fight.  
Now don't suppose I would dare to swear  
When King Henry says—'No oath!'  
But I've tried to find nearly everywhere  
A place where some do not.  
'Old Harry,' can you by his knightly, faith,  
And 'a Saracen's skull' is mine;  
And if any more strong can raise a wraith,  
Let them use it, and think it fine."

No other special phenomena, more than I have stated, except the very observable fact that the four birds hanging in the room suddenly hushed and remained remarkably quiet. We were informed that the Poles had gained much strength and help from the magnetism of our little company. King Henry VIII returned and was with us. By request of Frederick Chopin, the announcement and invitation were made, for next Tuesday afternoon, and we separated. God Almighty helps Poland in His own way and time.

LUCIE AMELIA ALLYN.

## Mistaken Spiritualists.

I heard a prominent Spiritualist recently make the remark, when urged to attend a seance, "No, I never go to any public meetings now. I am satisfied the doctrines of Spiritualism are true; I should learn nothing new by going, therefore I stay away." Is not this the extreme of self-shyness thus to enjoy a glory which might be shared by thousands, without in any degree detracting from his own satisfaction, heeding not who may "fall by the way side" so he but safely reach the goal? This same good man would scorn and revile a person who finding himself at a bountiful spread table would gorge himself upon the good things before him, and go his way, leaving others to famish with hunger, when a word from him might have led them to fullness and plenty. And yet he passes through life, pleased with his own heart's content, telling no man of his hidden treasures lest they, too, seeing his great joy drink also of the "fountain of life" and be saved.

There is another class of people whose course is as much to be regretted as that of the selfish man. He who refrains from keeping a good word for the cause through a fear of ridicule, does not deserve the name "Spiritualist." I frequently hear persons say: "I never talk about Spiritism in the presence of skeptics; they won't believe you; and nine times out of ten will say you are crazy and will laugh at you." How, then, are skeptics to be convinced of the truth?

Can any good be accomplished by this silence—shall I say cowardly—way of hiding the light? Be not faint of heart; tell what you know, earnestly and truthfully, without fear or favor, and fewer still will dare to doubt. Let all who have become satisfied of the great good and high standard of happiness to be found in the teachings of Spiritualism, become individual workers for the cause. Let them "Show their faith by their works," and prove that they are not only not ashamed to proclaim the truth, but will do all in their power to spread it to the ends of the earth.—I. E. T. in Golden Gate.

## The Czar's Backward Step.

Since his return to St. Petersburg the Czar appears to have plunged with a will into reactionary courses. He has issued a ukase, ordering that only members of the noble families are in future to be eligible for commissions in the artillery and engineers. The two highest branches of the Russian army, and all officers at present in those divisions who are not of noble birth are to be transferred to the infantry. Another ukase orders that only persons belonging to a grade of nobility are to be eligible for appointment in the civil service of the Empire. During the last ten years a great number of noble aspirants have been rejected as incompetent and commoners of superior merit have been preferred. The competitive examinations will now be practically stopped, and a candidate's pedigree will be the first consideration. This revival of the old "privilege" system, which flourished under Nicholas, is attributed to Count Solstol, who will be as fatal a minister to Alexander Alexandrovitch as was Polignac to Charles X, if he be allowed to persist in his unpopular and most mischievous measures.—[London Truth.

The following is a bit of conversation which took place between a Boston lady and a friend's cook. The family in which the latter lived have recently moved from a noisy street to a quiet one, a proceeding which chanced not to please the cook. The mistress was showing an old friend over the house, when the latter said to the cook: "You have a nice quiet place here, Margaret, with none of the noise of the old house." "It's the noise of the city that I'm after likin' myself, ma'am," returned Margaret, sourly. "Do you?" said the lady, pleasantly. "Oh, I don't. I can't stand the rattle and roar of the noisy streets of the city." "Very likely not," Margaret assented, grimly. "I s'pose most likely your brain 'n't as strong as mine, ma'am."—[Pawtucket Gazette.

## Being Personal.

A friend sends us a wicked story of a jovial soul who appeared at the gates of heaven and sought admission. St. Peter came out, looked the applicant over, asked a few leading questions, and finally said severely: "No, you can't get in. You're not fit." The traveler then stepped back, looked the saintly doorkeeper steadily in the eye, and crowded three times. The saint turned pale, shuddered, fumbled for his keys, and opened the door. "If you are going to be personal," he gasped, "you can enter, but don't do that to me again!"

## The Saturday Club.

The Saturday Club, of Boston, has lived through more than forty years of prosperity, partly, perhaps, because it has had no such impediments as constitution or by-laws. It was one Saturday, twenty years ago or more, that a guest at the club table asked what were the qualifications necessary to membership—the "conditions precedent." They had never been formulated, and all instinctively turned to Mr. Emerson. He thought a moment, and answered: "No man can be a member here whose presence would exclude any topic." Was ever such hospitality to thought? Exclude men, if need be, but no "topic." No wonder the club has thriven. It has a grand and positive reason for living, while there are clubs that cannot even offer a decent excuse.—[Boston Herald.

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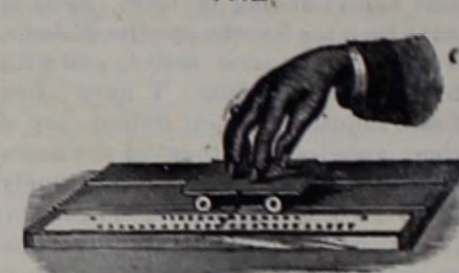
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Special to THE BETTER WAY.

**Gleanings from Philadelphia.**

The hall of the First Association of Spiritualists was crowded on Sunday last with intelligent, earnest seekers for the truth, and to listen to a statement of the trials and sorrows through which some of our eminent lecturers have had to pass in order to place before the jeering public the truths of our glorious philosophy.

Dr. Willis's subject was a continuation of that of the preceding Sunday. He dwelt particularly upon his experience at the hands of the faculty of Harvard University, in 1857.

Preceding his remarks upon treatment at Harvard College, he casually mentioned being raised to the ceiling before a party of friends, and writing his name upon the ceiling. Also, of his great and mysterious powers as a healer. A most intricate case was called to his attention, which had baffled the skill of several of the most eminent physicians in Boston, for two years. In about six weeks after his introduction the patient was able to ride about. All this was accomplished by the spirit of an old botanical doctor, which influenced him every time he paid his visits at the patient's home.

Professor Eustice, the head of the scientific department, attended a seance he held at the residence of Mrs. Hall, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, medium.

About fourteen persons were present, all seated at a large extension table. A drum, two drum-sticks, a glass-horn, an accordion and two or three hand bells, were placed underneath the table.

In a few moments they began to play some of the most delicious, soul-inspiring music the members of the circle had ever listened to.

Presently the center-leaf of the table was forced open, the handle of one of the bells was thrust through the opening and one of the party endeavored to pull it through. He failed, however, in his desire.

Several strong, muscular men now tried to draw it through, but failed. Then Professor Eustice himself, a bitter opponent (afterwards shown) to Spiritualism, endeavored to pull it through, but the unseen force underneath prevented him from accomplishing his desire, despite his muscular frame. Several other manifestations of a like character occurred; then the seance was dismissed.

Two weeks afterwards a relative of Professor Eustice prevailed upon Dr. Willis to hold another seance, but the Doctor was so prostrated after these physical phenomena that his studies were seriously interfered with, and he resolved to give them up entirely; but his visitor gained her point.

The evening arrived upon which Dr. Willis was to hold his seance, at the residence of Mrs. Hall. I will let Dr. Willis speak for himself:

"The same company were present, and the same table used in the seance. But there was a slight alteration perceptible in the sitters. Professor Eustice, I found, was placed by my side, and several other changes were made in the distribution of the company.

"After sitting for half an hour with out any sign of manifestation, unlike my previous experience, I was pretty nearly exhausted, and my whole system seemed to be full of needles. But at the end of half an hour, when I could stand it no longer, a perfect shower of raps fell upon the table. It came like a spring on a desert to me, and I was elated. After much questioning we ascertained that a change must be made in order to secure good manifestations.

"Professor Eustice was removed to a distance from me, and several other minor changes were made. The same instruments which were used on my previous visit were used now, but placed as far from me as possible. Presently the manifestations commenced. Upon the drum was played our national anthem, 'Hail Columbia,' keeping perfect time, while upon the glass-horn was played a pretty accompaniment with the little cork hammer. To manipulate the instruments with my feet was absurd, as they were encased in boots.

"The restriction that I should place my feet back of my chair was placed upon me; but I informed the company that I was, for the most part of the time, in a semi-trance, and might possibly forget the restriction of keeping my feet behind my chair.

"The accordion was banged two or three times against my feet, and I, being in the habit of having the accordion played by unseen hands, held it in this position," indicating by closing his knees that he clasped the accordion between them. "In this position I forgot all about the restriction of the feet being placed behind the chair, and brought them around to the front to accomplish my part of the programme. As I did this, my feet came in contact with Professor Eustice's, roaming around for what they might find. When the accordion had been played upon and dropped to the floor, Professor Eustice sprang up and denounced me as an impostor, scoundrel and villain, adding that the manifestations were fraudulent and that the instruments were manipulated by my feet.

"The case was clear to me in an instant; the seance was held solely to entrap me. I requested an interview with him, but he refused. When I arrived at my room in Cambridge, I again requested him to grant me an interview.

This time he consented. Would he be in his study at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon? 'Yes.' When morning came I had a very severe attack of illness, was in my bed all day, and never once thought of the interview until five minutes to four.

"Calling my class-mate, I requested him to write a note of apology, that I was very sick, but would meet Professor Eustice as soon as I was well enough to walk about. As soon as he received the note he went to his lecture-room, and instead of giving the lecture on science, as he ought to have done, he spent the hour which I had planned for an interview in giving a report of the proceedings of the previous evening, and denounced me by name as a mean, unprincipled scoundrel. This was the treatment I received at the hands of one of the most eminent professors of science in Harvard College.

"At an early date I received an informal note requesting me to be present at a meeting where I would meet the faculty and my accuser. I received another note, asking me if I would not allow Professor Eustice to bring a friend along. I consented, but if I had known beforehand who he was going to bring, I should have brought a lawyer. His friend proved to be Dr. Morrell Wyman, whom he brought for the express purpose of entrapping me in my speech. In the remarks that were made I found that I was tried, convicted and condemned, without being there to defend myself."

Dr. Wyman and Professor Eustice were particularly plain in their language toward Dr. Willis during the interview. Dr. H. F. Harrington, who accompanied Dr. Willis, questioned Dr. Wyman, who answered: "Dr. Willis is not a scoundrel by any means. I have always found him to be a gentleman in every respect—but he is insane."

The faculty requested Dr. Willis to resign until an investigation should be made. He refused and they voted him suspended, and to use his own words, he "has been hanging in limbo since 1857. But I am prouder to-day of my withdrawal, and the stand which I took to prove my innocence, than if I had carried off the highest honors of Harvard College."

Dr. Willis knocked the Seybert Commission into smithereens by his logical view of the case, and was roundly applauded. Fraternally.

ELLIOTT RAWSON.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA., Jan. 22, 1888.

Written for The Better Way.

**The Three Apostles.**

Peter, James and John, in reading Scriptures, and ministers in their general understanding of them, seem to have been the favorite apostles of Jesus. They were the most active, and with him on all occasions. I have often heard ministers in their sermons say of these apostles that they did not know why they should have been seemingly preferred before the others, and particularly upon such an important occasion as going up into the mountain, when Jesus was transfigured before them, as he must have had some knowledge of what was to come to pass. These ministers did not know why Jesus chose a mountain more than any other place, only that it was higher ground and He could therefore see better into the other world. I will give what seems to me a rational, intelligent explanation for this apparent preference, for to suppose that the Lord, the manifested God, could have favorites, or that he would prefer one to the other and be a respecter of persons, would not be becoming in a God. There must be some reason for his so doing, and a proper understanding and rational intelligence of Scriptures.

First—All names of persons or things imply more than the name. That quality is implied in the name of a person or thing is somewhat known, and from this quality the name of the person or thing is derived; and that Jesus taught in parables or symbols is also believed and known. Now, if we will inquire and understand and inform ourselves, we will know that Peter represents *faith*, James *charity*, John *love*; and that these three cardinal principles form a trine or trinity of precepts which ought to exist with every man, for everything that does exist is from a trine, or cause, and is an effect; and if we can get to see and understand that mountain represents what is exalted in principles of goodness and love, or their opposites (mountains of evil and the false, for everything good has its opposite quality), then can we get to know and understand why Peter, James and John were taken up in the mountain with Jesus, and also why they took a more active part, above all the apostles, in faith, charity and love. When these principles are active in man, he goes up into the mountain with the Lord and sees him in his glorified humanity, or his true spiritual form of interior being; and Jesus being without sin, must be of the most glorified form, for the spiritual form is the real man, and not an assumed form for the occasion.

There are certain general principles which, when known, the works and word of God are understood through them in all their different relations and conditions of the natural and the spiritual world the same, as with the various relations of natural law to the arts and sciences. God is unchangeable, and the word of God, to be properly known and understood, ought to be governed by some corresponding fixed principles or laws of interpretation as his outward creation, and not a forced dogmatic belief or unbelief. The word of God, to my comprehension, is written on an allegorical and symbolical and

representative style of composition, and when these principles, which underlie the literal sense of Scripture, are seen and understood to be true, then the Scripture can be rationally and intelligently understood, "for without a parable spoke he not unto them." It is the spirit that giveth life; the letter of the word killeth and makes unbelief; and when it becomes known in the theological mind that the soul is a spiritual form now, and of spiritual substance, from which the natural body is formed and held in cohesion, then much that is now not seen and is unknown to the orthodox clergy, will be by the ministers and laymen intelligently known and perceived to be the truth.

Therefore the reason that Moses and Elias were seen talking with Jesus upon the mountain, in preference to Abraham, Isaac or Jacob, it is because Moses represents divine truth at war with evil, and as Moses was ever at war with his enemies, even to extermination, so also was he a teacher and a leader of his people from all external enemies and oppression, corresponding to, and representative of, Jesus or truth, who, as the embodiment of all truth, teaches and leads men from evil and falsity, (internal and external enemies of whatever kind and degree) therefore Moses is typical of Jesus, "the Christ," who called himself the truth and the light of the world, *i. e.*, of the mind.

Elias, the prophet, represents the Christ also in speaking of the future, of a reformation, and of that which was to come. These, with many other reasons which might be given, are why Jesus and those disciples representing faith, charity and love, being combined in a high and lofty state of thought and affection, are represented as going up into a high mountain and talking with Moses and Elias, they being in the proper state and condition of spiritual life. The whole transaction, to my mind and understanding, is a spiritual one. Not but that they were upon a natural mountain, looking with their interior spiritual eyes upon a condition of things in the spiritual world.

Space and time do not belong to man as an intelligent, rational, spiritual being. God is in all time and space, without being in time and space; and, finitely, so is man as an intelligent being; for man, the mind, the real man being of spiritual substance and form, is in the image and likeness of his Maker, as everything in nature is in the effort to beget its likeness from its corresponding cause. All outward nature is but an effect; an effort, from an inward world of cause, and our natural bodies are but effigies of our internal selves which do not belong to time and space, and mesmerism is one of the evidences of this fact. Mesmerism defies time and space, so to speak, and in the real spiritual state and conditions of life it does more.

Ministers teach their people to seek companions in the social relations among members of their church. I call that anti-Christianity. Their Master did not so do. He taught the doing of good to all men, and that he is your brother who does you good from proper motives. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me;" and also in the case of the man going down into Jericho, who fell among thieves. I have also heard ministers say they did not like men who put the general sentiments of mankind, meaning the orthodox sentiments, doctrines or opinions, at defiance, and without any qualifications whatever. If the men of the past had not put the orthodox of all nations and time at defiance, what a state and condition the people would be in at the present time? Jesus, "the Christ," their God and Master, did it, and all the great reformers of the past have done it. Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, and others of the church before their time and since, have done it; and all of the reformers of civil governments, and more so of the United States than of other nations, have put the general sentiments of men at defiance. If it had not been done by the few brave men in the past, the church and state would have the people in natural and spiritual bondage now. As I have often said, I do not thank the orthodox church, as a body of men, for my civil or spiritual liberty. Give them the power and they would, as in the past, rule with a rod of iron like the old ecclesiastical despots. The true man and Christian is he who does to others in like condition as he would like others to do unto him. So taught their Master, as the clergy call him, but they do not put his teaching into use.

I know the views above given are not in accordance with the creeds of churches, formed by synods and conventions of men, but are in accordance and agreement with a rational, intelligent conception of Scriptures. My end will be gained if by this effort but one reader is induced to investigate and get a knowledge of the laws of symbols and correspondences, and obtain some knowledge of spiritual Scripture truth as taught by Swedenborg. At one time mankind had no true knowledge of natural facts and truths, and but a short time back; and so it is and will be with true knowledge in regard to spiritual things. Truth is of slow growth, but man can have a knowledge of it if he makes the proper effort, and not otherwise.

Jesus said, "Seek the truth and ye shall know the truth; and it will make you free; and ye will be free indeed." When man gets to know the truth upon any subject, then he is a free man, and is not held in subjection to blind, dogmatic teachings. At this day the mass of mankind, through the clergy of all nations, are held in mental bondage, and are not in freedom to think and investigate what is the truth in relation to their ministers, or their priests' teachings. These must be taken for granted as the truth. If the clergy was mis-

taken in some parts of the Scripture, as teaching literal truth, thirty years ago, or fifteen years ago, in regard to hell fire and its location, and the six days of creation, why not in all their teachings? To them human slavery was, a few years back, a divine institution. I might go back to much more of their former mistaken teachings, in fact and truth. Their teachings are a blind, dogmatic faith. As if the God of creation would love them because of it, and take them into a heaven of happiness for their ignorant faith, and according to their own teachings, without regard to their purity of life! And their God would send all others to their ideal hell! Such teachings are a libel upon the God of creation who must be divinely wise and good; who, in himself, is divine love and wisdom, and whose mercy is over all his works and all conditions of life in the natural and spiritual worlds.

Christians, discern ye the truth and hold to it. Ye who say you believe in Christ, discern the Christ spirit and let it be your guide. Let the public good be your aim, irrespective of party. Go not in the multitude to do evil; join not in the cry of the vindictive; the heartless or the foul utterances of the sensual; incline to truth, mercy, justice and purity of life; and though you stand alone on the side of right, have courage to stand, for be assured that right is an eternal principle, and the only foundation on which you can wisely build yourselves and your country's good, and for humanity at large.

NEW LISBON, O. J. P.

**Who are the Positive Souls or Beings?**

By Inspiration to A. F. MELCHERS.

Much has been written on this subject, and through this source, but not all take up the idea fully, or to its simplest comprehension—partly due to the unperfected state of the medium, and partly to the medium himself. An intuitive perception of causes is necessary to comprehend the absolute, and the nearer that both writer and reader come within range of the so called positive soul condition, the better and simpler the thoughts on this subject may be expressed, and the more readily comprehended. All is relative, in a measure, but even the absolute may be improved upon or better understood, as man advances in the scale of spiritual or soul progress, and thus the necessary reiteration of certain ideas or thoughts, in order to reach the various minds through different channels or fountains. Every spirit controlling a medium detracts from his standpoint, and either adds to the medium's knowledge on the same subject or expresses it differently. If progressive in soul culture, the medium receives a higher comprehension or additional light under every change of control. If not, he becomes a burden to both himself and his readers and hearers, and is often accused of having a hobby, if not made distasteful by self-conceit, or claiming to be in possession of the whole and only truth on the subject, is the part of an existing fact, and will find credence with those whom it fits, or are seeking light on that particular subject, thus interesting as a part of journals make-up or contents. To bring only individual opinions through its columns, or articles suited to a particular class of readers, would detract from a newspaper's universality, and disappoint those who expect to see in it a mirror of Spiritualism; and not of an individual philosophy. Every advocate of this sublime cause is an individual thinker, and comprehends its philosophy according to his make up or contents, and thus expounds it. But en masse it is Spiritualism in its true sense, and those who belittle the individual's comprehension or expression of the same, forgets that he is but an individual himself. No mortal being can arrogate to comprehend the whole, and to jeer at another's version of the subject is equal to commending himself as a judge. Of course, when tending to injure the cause by the admission of impure, and consequently damaging theories, it is natural to rebel, but whatever tends to good or has a moral bearing, is admissible—even if none but the printer or type reads it.

Now, such is the case in hand. Although elucidated before, this subject has been improved upon, from time to time, by an addition of higher light, and is still subjected to a further analysis. If not through this source, through one more profoundly penetrative to causes, and for which there are several in course of development at present.

To penetrate causes is to attain a soul-condition which is positive in nature, *i. e.*, positive to matter, and thus support with the supernatural side of nature (intelligence or life-in-the-cause). Now, man is an epitome of the universe—an essence of its positive and negative state combined. As such he naturally has a positive and negative impetus within, or an inherent soul condition which actuates for both, a positive and negative impulse—the positive for a purely intelligent effect, and the negative for a sensuous, or rather an emotional effect, that which is experienced through the physical body being strictly sensuous in nature, and at death of this appendage, through its counterpart, the spiritual body, or spirit so-called.

Man's aim in life is to reach a positive soul impetus which is superior in motion, force or activity over that of the negative (the sensuous or emotional), and consequently a freedom from animalism, or that which craves the material—the latter including worldly-

ism generally, as vain or selfish ambitions, slavery to worldly customs, hankering after popularity or material elevation, and that which tends to keep the spirit or soul bound to matter after its release from a fleshy body. The spirit-body into which the soul finds itself at transition from the material is not of flesh or matter as it exists in an atomic state, but of a magnetic order—being an essence of the physical body, and consequently too etherealized to be cognized by the mortal eye. Now, this material essence is not intelligence as that of which the soul-nature is constituted, but becomes intelligent as it is refined or purified from its material grossness or sensuousness—its animalistic impetus, force or motion.

This begins at birth of the soul into matter or a material body. When about fifty-one per cent. of the spirit-body has been converted from its animalistic or sensuous impulse, into a purely spiritual or intelligent impetus, force or motion, it becomes positive, as it were, *i. e.*, positive to its negative or material impulse. In this state the soul-nature becomes enabled to utilize, actuate or operate through it for a purely intelligent effect, and not be subservient to the material or sensuous cravings of its superior animalistic impulse with which it infuses the physical body, and with which it continues to act after its release from the same if not sufficiently purified or freed from its negative impulse, to become positive to matter, so to say.

Such constitutes a positive being in its spiritual sense, and common reason must tell every one that indulging the sensuous beyond the dictates of nature, must keep the negative alive and active, and prevent the spirit-body from freeing itself from the same, and that curbing the appetites must have an opposite effect, thus aiding the soul to reach its aim. Whether this can be accomplished in one lifetime on earth or not, is indifferent. But the fact is, that many do not reach it, and regret their last opportunity, and whether it can be attained in spirit-life or not, will be known to all in due time.

Matter is the medium through which the soul has to individualize itself, and as well as the soul-unity can pass through an evolutionary process, from primitive conditions to reach the human state, it may be granted that this can continue through a few more human incarnations to reach the positive condition, co-called: *i. e.*, enable the spirit-body to purify itself from its animal or sensuousness, which must be active in its primitive human state. Obsessions are not mere whims on part of the spirits or to indulge the material exclusively; but in most instances an earnest desire to free themselves from the rest of their negative impulse, and this can hardly be accomplished through mortals who have the same desire, and as like attracts like only, the minority find opportunities for this effect. The greater part of humanity indulge their animalism freely, and it is only a smaller of the unenlightened races that practice abnegation. "The Christians' doctrine teaches to 'overcome,'" but hardly one-half take up the idea fully, or practice it. The Spiritualists are brought to it by force of circumstances, in order to insure good conditions for their spirit-communion, and thus the majority of mankind pass over with hardly ten per cent. of spiritual purification accomplished. Obsession for this effect is impossible. The unenlightened, half civilized or savage races, and the few abnegating or morally inclined Buddhists, Christians and Spiritualists can so accommodate, but comparatively few spirits, on the whole, and of the lower races none at all, because they have no spirituality in common with them.

If those who are inclined to believe that the law of evolution or progress provides for such otherwise than by reincarnation, well and good. But this does not make it so, nor explain any process by which it is accomplished. Nor has any method been yet elucidated which can be so simply expressed or understood as that of reincarnation.

Such enables the spirit to continue its purifying process, and when freed from sufficient material or sensual impulse to enable the soul nature to operate through it for a purely intelligent effect, it has reached a state which makes it a positive soul-being.

January 24, 1888.

**Dressing Her Bridal Clothes.**

The San Francisco *Alta* says: A remarkably strange scene was enacted at the depot opposite the broad gauge ticket window, yesterday.

A party of Italians, consisting of four women, one of whom was a pretty young soul of twenty years, had come off the boat. It was a wedding party, or rather the damsel had come from the country to meet her lover and be married. Dusty and travel-stained as she was she could not possibly meet her intended husband.

Accordingly the party slipped out of the stream pouring from the ferry, and gathering against the bullhead, the young lady commenced to divest herself of her clothing. Regardless of the crowd which soon collected, she proceeded to strip herself until she was standing in a state of Eve-like simplicity. Then she commenced to don her wedding trousseau. This was soon accomplished, and when the young woman found herself completely arrayed for her nuptials, she walked off with her party through the laughing crowd, unmindful both of the laughter she excited or that she had done anything immodest or indecent.

She was, indeed, an exemplification of the saying, "Where ignorance is bliss," etc.

There is only one wealth in the world—character; and there is one poverty in the world—loss of character. And character cannot be bought in the open market; it is not for sale. There is no machinery invented by which you can put a gold dollar in the hopper and have character come out in meal bags. Character comes with conduct. If you are to carry thrift and industry and integrity; if you are to carry faith, hope and love into the homes that are dark and sorrowful, it can only be done by the personal contact of men and women that have these qualities in them.—[Lyman Abbott.]

**Mrs. Richings's Comment.**

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It is not often that one public speaker has the opportunity of listening to another. So the writer feels that she has reason to congratulate herself that circumstances recently combined to afford her the pleasure of hearing three other co-workers on the spiritual platform.

January 15th, en route from a season of rest and recreation in the Gulf States, to my labors in the North, I stopped in Cincinnati, and, morning and evening, attended the services at G. A. R. Hall, to which Messrs. Howell and Emerson were attracting large audiences. For the first time I listened to the eloquent and earnest words of Walter Howell, as he outlined a national system of education, and urged his hearers to see to it that the edifice of intellectual and spiritual culture was built upon the foundation of a well-balanced physical organization. Apt in illustration, keen, logical, humorous and vigorous, he impresses you as first feeling himself the truth of that which he seeks to make you feel.

To say that I enjoyed Mr. Howell's lectures scarcely expresses the degree of pleasure they gave me.

Mr. Emerson, as usual with this fine spirit instrument, gave tests so clear and unmistakable, so minute in detail and lucid in expression, as to electrify the audience. One could sense the thrill of mingled wonder and sympathy that stirred the mental atmosphere as names and incidents followed each other in rapid succession, and were recognized as "true" by the sometimes bewildered but always pleased recipients.

The music, both vocal and instrumental, at these meetings, deserves more than passing mention; and the spirit of harmony that seems to rule in the hearts of the members of the choir and orchestra may well be regarded as a potent factor in the production of the harmony of voices and instruments.

January 28th I reached Pittsburg, Pa., and the following day (Sunday) attended the meetings of the Pittsburg Society of Spiritualists, for which Frank T. Ripley has been ministering the past two months.

That Mr. Ripley has added his quota to the interest previous speakers and mediums have roused in this city was seen in the large evening audience. The hall was crowded, and many went away, unable to obtain even standing-room. Mr. Ripley's tests were strong, abounding in matter that, as the control facetiously put it, "could not be obtained in the graveyard."

This being the closing night of his engagement, a beautiful testimonial in the shape of a diamond ring was presented Mr. Ripley by his friends and admirers, both in and out of the Society, the President making the presentation speech in a few well-chosen words, expressive of their appreciation and esteem.

HELEN STUART-RICHINGS.  
PITTSBURG, PA., Feb. 1, 1888.

**Confidence Men on the River.**

George Divoll got a little piece of tin-foil, wrapped it around some salt, and sitting down near the stove, warmed it and put it up against his cheek. He'd hold it there awhile, warm it again and put it back. Presently a passenger, who had got acquainted with one of George's pals, observed his actions and inquired what he was doing. George said he was curing his neuralgia, and explained the cure. After he had done so he kept up the thing for awhile, and then he left the cure on the stove hearth and went out. Then George's pal marked the package and suggested that it would be a good joke to change the salt for ashes, just to observe what strength Divoll's belief had in curing his neuralgia. The passenger, a planter, fell in and changed the salt for ashes and left it on the hearth. Divoll comes back and begins his monkey business over again, and the planter comes around and guys George about the cure being no good, and finally George is so dead sure he is curing himself that the planter gets hot and says he'll bet there ain't any salt in the tin-foil. George puts him off and his pal shows the planter what a dead sure thing he's got, and works him up for George in great shape. They finally bet—\$300 was the money—and, of course, George shifts a duplicate of his first package on the planter and shows up the salt. The planter was clean "cornered," but he was working George on a dead sure thing himself and couldn't squeal.—[Memphis Avalanche.]

**Two from the Schoolroom.**

A teacher in a city near New York had a small class in easy physiology. They had several lessons on the ear, and had been so thoroughly drilled on the names and uses of all the parts, that when some visitors dropped in the teacher was glad that it happened to be the hour for this class to recite. After asking several questions and receiving prompt and satisfactory answers, she said:

"What is the name of the canal in the ear?"

The child hesitated a moment and then spoke up, loud and plain:

"The E-rie canal!"

The visitors thought that if she judged by the sound it was no wonder the child thought the canal ought to be in the ear, and were perhaps better pleased than the teacher with the answer.

Another teacher in the same city asked one of her scholars the meaning of the word "vicissitude."

"Change," was the reply.

"That's right," said the teacher; "now give me a sentence with the word vicissitude in it."

"My mother sent me to the store to vicissitude a dollar bill."