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THE BETTER WAY.

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THE ROSTRUM.

Blossoms of Thought
In Lectures by Miss Jennie B. Hagan, at Grand Army Hall, on Sunday, March 25th, 1888, before the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.

Reported Expressly for THE BETTER WAY.
INVOCATION.

Our Father, Thy mercies are kind, sweet and pure; Thy ministrations, our Heavenly Father, our hearts receive, and we feel the blessed pulsations of all kindness through Thee. We understand in our weak way that Thou art ever kind and good to us, and that Thy demonstrations around and about in all of nature's expressions, are sweet and overflowing with tenderness. We know, our Father, that it is in all Thy wisdom and Thy love that the storm and the sunshine follow one another; and the calm and peaceful days, touched with the glory of Heaven, are passing; that all their beauty and sublimity of the wild storm-capped tempest around us are passing by in their majesty; that nature with all of these characteristics is but a part of Thy great truth, taught to us day by day and hour by hour. Thy sweet and wondrous scenery of nature, made into revelations divine, is ever before Thee, and of them we partake, and sometimes we stand and view Thy mightiest works, huge mountains, arising with their broad white shoulders covered with the everlasting mantle of snow, or bending gracefully down in some shadowy valley, where rise the butter cups and daisies, touched by the same finger of Thy hand and nature. As we look forth upon the broad and wondrous ocean and hear its strange mysterious murmuring, bearing away our hopes or bringing home some treasure from afar; as we watch some tiny streamlet, as in its strange and pleasant way it wanders through the soft, green meadow land, we find a link between the ocean and the little stream, between the mountain with its snow white grandeur, and the nodding flowers of the valley; as we look upon some grand and glorious type of manhood or womanhood, standing high in the great avenues of truth and progress, knowledge and understanding, and as we see some wayside wanderer, weak and simple, falling almost in the very dust, we trace along the chain of Thy great love, and know that everything from high and low, from far and near, are linked to Thee in the great mission of Thy love. So let us turn to Thee, our Father, feeling that we are all bound with these great and eternal ties of divine and human sympathy, knowing that often the sentient heart of life is brought through nature and Thy comprehension, and with our grateful hearts this morning, when nature outside seems filled with storm and weariness, when the clouds look dreary and the day seems somber, let us awaken in our souls the singing birds of hope and love and trust, and as their sweet voices shall arise and our souls grow glad and full of confidence in the coming spring time, of which this is but a prophecy for us, oh, let us give thanks with gratefulness and joy that we are Thy children, and that the sunshine of Thy eternal love is shining upon us just the same to day as the sun is truly shining above the cloudy atmosphere around this part of our little world. Let us know, too, oh, our Father, that the angel friends, the sweet and holy spirits of the departed who have lived here and love us still, are gathering around us with all their affection, and that they would lead us from the paths of wrong and error into that glorious light of morality, virtue and truth; and let us know, also, oh, our Father, that the sweet smile of the tender and loving Christ child is bending above us here to-day, and that in every drop of rain that falls, in every snowflake that lies

upon the earth, there is an emblem of his own pure sympathy and love for humanity, with all its sorrows, and let us feel that we are wrapped in the mantle of that divine and tender love as sweet and fondly as nature is to-day wrapped in her misty garments of the rain and storm, and when they are separated and dropped from us we may come forth as graceful, bright and beautiful, if our lives have been true, as they will when on the morn the sun shall come forth, changing this stormy day, unwrapping the garment of night and letting the full glory of the sunshine fall upon the thousand sparkling diamonds that have been left by the experience of the storm. Amen.

SERMON.
Text. "If Spiritualism be true, why is it not an inborn instinct in the human mind, as the idea of God is?" (Question from the audience.)

My friend, I would like to inquire if you have seriously thought for one moment upon this subject or this question. If so, I would ask you if all the varied and different teachings of religious theories which in and of themselves point directly to the fact that man is a spirit, or something more than a mere physical type of existence, what these all mean? Why is it throughout the length and breadth of earth with almost every class of people you can find, ancient or modern, the same truth of a life beyond this, of an immortal existence, is very closely connected with the fact that there is a God? In fact, you do not in your belief in God, which you claim is in-born, a natural instinct, intuition or feeling—you do not recognize as you should that in that you are ever claiming relationship to this same God. If you believe in a Heavenly Father, you also have a feeling that you are the child of this Heavenly Father, and that in your existence here and now you are a part and portion depending upon this great universal inner power, this present existing power, this eternal power of the past and the future. If you feel your relation to this All Wise Being and that you are the child of God; if you have realized that this world is only a part and portion of his dominion, I claim that in the fact of your belief in God, in that very truth that you realize there is a power beyond this which comes whispering tender promises that you also have something more than mortal existence; the very fact that you can believe in this Heavenly Father, and that you should reach out with your own hand toward such a power, is something in and of itself in the nature of an argument that your relationship is more than that of mere earthly existence. In fact you are something more than a living piece of machinery here to-day. There is a tomorrow ever in your mind; you are ever waiting for the revelations that are to be; you are constantly standing in the doorway of the present, looking with earnest, eager eyes into the next room of life so far as you can, and this is of itself one of those natural, spontaneous answers, that man is something more than a physical entity. If this is true, and you and I are something, we must be somewhere in the great universe; and if it is true that we are still to be somewhere, and have at once an individualized existence, feeling, powers and abilities to a lesser or greater degree, then the great fact that what we are we shall not lose, and we must gradually be expressed more and more, in perfect harmony with the law of progression, which is all through nature so perfectly and beautifully illustrated; but you may possibly think this has no special connection with the thought of Spiritualism.

In our opinion it has just this connection: In every structure that is well built, you will find there is as much importance attached to how the foundations are laid as to any part or portion of the building, and if you have this great fact as a foundation principle, you will find that you can gradually build from it into the highest possibilities of heavenly truth or spiritual wisdom. If you are an immortal being, that is a truth; if you are not, what of this life here? Is it simply to live, have our joys and sorrows, and end in the change called death? If so, indeed life were a failure, but we can find no proof of the end of life. It is impossible for any person to make a statement that really life ends with the physical body; even with the physical body you can not tell where the end is. It simply passes through these

changes, still clinging in some manner to have its place in the great universe. There is no end to our physical bodies when we come to the real truth of the matter, taken in its most careful and earnest investigation. If this is true of the physical body, then it must also be true of the more important part, the spirit, the soul, the will of man; and it is impossible for any person, I care not how wise he may be, to prove that the soul of man, or the spirit of man, ever has an ending. If we have no end, if we are to continue on into the great eternity of all time, then it is a perfectly natural truth that having faculties and abilities as we have here, we shall use them. If we can go across into immortal life, is there any reason why we should not return here? I know many have said that the dead shall not return. I agree with them fully, but I am anxious to find out who the dead are, for so far as the spirits are concerned, they certainly are not the dead. The only ones that we can truly call the dead are those who in sin, ignorance and crime are existing in a condition of death right here in our present material world, upon the same stage in the great drama of existence with you and I. I have met with individuals whose lives were so cramped and blackened over with sin, that indeed they were dead. They had but a little glimmering light of the great goodness of our Heavenly Father in their lives, and had certainly to be aroused from their death, crime, sin, and error, into a condition of light and understanding, before they could really live. But God is good to us all, and in His own infinite time those who are dead to-day shall awaken from their slumber, or their death, into the knowledge of life, and into a growth from their present condition onward and upward. We have misconstrued that word when we have said a person who has passed out from this tenebrousment of clay is dead. He is simply translated from a life of mortal to immortal joy; from a life where we are limited in all our efforts and desires, to a life where great and unlimited goodness, truth, and understanding shall be before us in their broadest and best possible manner. That life which is to be ours beyond the shadows of this world, across that change from physical to immortal conditions, is then the dearer and higher life of man, and when he has entered it he shall not be obliged to remain away from this world, but can and will return, and if you make a study of all ancient doctrines of religion, of the different theories taught by the different nations and peoples, you will find that this great truth runs through them all as a natural fact and expression, coming spontaneously from different parts of the world; that they who have passed out from this first condition of life still are capable of returning here and giving expression to their thoughts in varied manners and ways. In a great many of these thoughts are strange and mysterious things, and much is placed in the most curious and a far-fetched language. For instance, we take our Bible, and I say this with all due respect, and read certain passages in connection with the return of angels;—if we should take that same statement and write it out in simple language, such as we use to-day, and not in that peculiar style in which it is written there, and read it to some good persons, they would say, "Oh, I don't believe that. That does not seem right; that seems like a matter of some common occurrence in the present day"; but phrase it in the peculiar wording of the Biblical statement, and they at once read it and say, "This is true. This is the word of the great mysteries of God's designing, and I can believe this, because it is touched with the type of mystery, and there is something blessed about it, or that makes it seem away off from the general rule of nature." Now this is a fact over and over again. If you do not believe it, my good friend, I will ask you to, sometime with your friends, simply take a Biblical statement, write it out in your own usual manner, read it to them, and see what they will say. I think you will find they will hardly recognize it, and imagine it is something more modern altogether. It is the way these things are put before us, in many instances, that make us understand or look

upon them as something wonderful, strange, or beyond our comprehension. The fact that Spiritualism is a truth has been demonstrated by the fact that you have been a Spiritualist in a certain unconscious manner all along, unless you place yourself among the class of materialists who believe in neither spirit here nor hereafter. You are a church member, and earnest in your belief; then, my friend, to a great extent you are a Spiritualist. You are indignant that I should tell you this, but if you will use your own common reason for a few minutes you will find that the truths of Spiritualism are in perfect harmony with what you have in your church. If you take Spiritualism out of your church doctrines you will have so little left that you will not be able to tell one church from another, or one creed from another, save in its peculiar wording. The principles of Spiritualism, then, I claim, are natural. They are in every human being's heart, and they are coming forth in different manners and ways from our varied teachings, which are just as so many types of the same great principle. What is there in nature that is more simple and more true than the fact of immortality and of Spiritualism? We find that man is living here and now, and that by and by he changes from his present condition into a better one; that the physical body which he has occupied is laid away, and that the man has gone somewhere else. Now, when our friend has passed from this life we at once feel that he has gone, that this body that is left is only a poor, tangible relic. How may a mother feel, as she bends over that sweet child's form she has loved so well and fondly, and asks, "Where is my baby gone? where is my little boy? where is my little girl?" She feels that there is nothing left but the casket in its casket, and the true instinct of that loving, tender heart of a father or mother reaches out with all its earnestness after that real child, the bright, happy, loving one who has gone away, and the soul of that loving parent reaches with all its eagerness to know where and in what place they shall find their darling.

I believe a true reason, an intuition that is perfectly correct, lies in the hearts of parents if it lies anywhere in the world, for if in this there is not a natural reaching out for that child in a future life, for that spirit which has passed from this world just as spontaneously and just as naturally as there is toward the worship of a God, then I do not understand human nature as well as I ought. When you, fair woman, or when you, young man, have stood some day beside your mother's silent form, have watched her dear old face as it lay there in its calm quiet, have united those hands which have worked so faithfully for you and are now so silent upon her breast, when you have watched that inanimate clay and felt that utter desolation sweep through your soul as that form is laid away in the earth, and some one hath said "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, and the soul to God who gave it," you have felt at that moment, no matter what your own belief has been, that your mother's soul was the real part, and that in its going away, even to a happier world than this, it carried your desire with it, and you reached out with all the earnestness of a soul in despair to gain something from that mother who had gone. This is a type of the spontaneous truthfulness of your own nature reaching into spiritual truths.

Again, when that father has gone from home, or any other near and dear one was gone, you have felt that same uprising within your being, that same sensation that they had gone somewhere, and almost a desire to follow them into that dwelling wherever it might be. These are natural feelings. They are true because they come from the innermost recess of your heart, and reaching out after your parent, after your child, after any one whom you loved, was not an ideal fancy; it was not a mirage of the mind, but one of those substantial truths that the real fact of God's goodness and of Spiritualism in its best quality and essence gave you to continue from your first life through to your life beyond this.

Again, in all our nature there is some-

thing that reaches earnestly ever toward the future. None of us are entirely devoid of this surrounding desire, and have feelings that there is something more in the life beyond that there is in the life of the present. With all these things comes the answer that there surely must be a truth as natural in our souls in regard to Spiritualism as there is in the great fact that we have a God. Some one may say we have not touched upon the main fact, especially upon the return of spirits. In regard to our understanding of this, it very much depends upon the way that we are educated. There are a great many persons in this world who naturally have a belief in God, and yet, through a false education, are the worshipers of idols; we have an understanding and belief in the fact of spirit return, but through a false education have been taught that only evil spirits can return here, or that the devil walks abroad while good angels stay in Heaven. The one who believes in idol worship is to be pitied; but the one who believes in such a class of demons is equally to be pitied. The fact of idolatry and demonology might well stand side by side. Some believe in a certain kind of spirits. They are "angels of the Lord," and they are permitted to come back to earth. Another class believe in the direct manifestations of God. All these are varied, and yet each one, to a certain extent, touches upon the God-ordained nature of truth. If there had never been a God to worship, there never would have been an idol formed by any class of people. If there never had been truth in spirit return, there never would have been a person to believe in such a thing, and these two elements stand forth as arguments in this philosophy—true, earnest and satisfactory. If a good spirit can return, a bad one can, and vice versa. The important question is the class of associates we would draw about ourselves, both in this world and the next. According to our own deeds and desires our associates will be formed. We may, to a certain extent, be the victims of errors through our ignorance and mistakes, but it is not quite so excusable to be ignorant as some people think. There is a great deal of ignorance that results from carelessness of truth. Instead of excusing it and forgiving it, overcome it and crush it out, and put knowledge in its place. When we become fully acquainted with the truths of Spiritualism we shall do a great good to the world, because we shall throw away so much that led us in the line of mysterious, strange, weird and uncomfortable things. Spiritualism has neither ghosts nor goblins in connection with it. Neither strange, miraculous things, nor anything at all out of the line of nature. In fact, instead of such things as these, it most heartily condemns them. There is a natural explanation for every natural thing, and spirit return, communication and demonstration are just as natural in their results as the fact that we have flames in that stove produced by natural results. If we had never seen a fire in any place and some one coming into this hall should perform incantations, make motions and say strange words and do strange acts, and then, with a loud sound produced by a friction match, all at once bring before us that gleam of light from a flame, we would say it was indeed marvelous; but if we understood a little of the law which had produced it, we would say that the fire was very comfortable if we did not come too near, and take it as a matter of course. It is the same way with everything strange and marvelous, until we understand it. Nature is willing for investigation to go on. She courts it. She puts strange things before us, gives each person curiosity in his make-up that he may try and find out all there is to know. One of the greatest mistakes, I believe, Mr. Chairman, that we have ever had to deal with, is that we must not search into the mysteries of God. God wants us to know all we can about his operations. Nature desires that we investigate, and the more perfectly we understand nature and God, the nearer we get to goodness and truth, and in this matter of spiritual things we want no curtain between mortal and immortal, further than that which hangs between us because we

are of a coarser and they of a finer quality of existence. Let us raise ourselves day by day until the natural truths of Spiritualism which are unfolded influence us just as fully with understanding and comprehension as the light in yonder fire. Let us learn how to understand these things as to-day we understand the process by which the sunshine comes to us, not knowing in full, not pretending that we understand all, but learning enough to know that nature and God are good and kind to us.

At one time the people of this world looked with especial awe and wonder upon the sun. They thought that it was some special god, and we are at the present time still recognizing this idea in the way that we speak of the sun in our expressions of poetry and in our demonstrations of art. A short time ago there was a most marvelous picture, recognized as exquisitely artistic. It was a mythical story told in a curious picturing of the sun. All this was very beautiful, and came from the old-time ideas of worship. The art expression was beautiful. We love to have these things, and at the same time it told to a more enlightened age the story of an ignorant and superstitious past. The spontaneous reality in this fact of the truths of immortality is just as real to us as the great and earnest truth, the grand and eternal principle of God, that both in our own souls lie spontaneous, earnest and everlasting; and we have only to bring them forth and through understanding and true education in each to be better fitted for a comprehension of this world and the world to come in our lives now.

Chief Justice Waite.
On Sunday the following subjects were suggested by persons in the audience and used by Miss Hagan in combination, as the text of an improvisation: "Morrison R. Waite"; "The Resurrection"; "Somewhere." Our report scarcely does justice to the poetic outcome:

A goodly man and one of kindly state,
This friend of other years whose name was Waite;
Man of the world in one sense, but severe
In reverence for that great souls reverse.

He was an earnest, simple, striving one,
Who saw good deeds; was pleased when they were done;
Had a grand mind; active in deed and thought;
To all his friends the joys of life he brought.

Fair thoughts and aspirations filled his brain;
Ambitious man on him could make no claim
In lieu of highest worth. He lived in deeds,
And in life's garden counted all else weeds.

Gone, has he! 'Twas a grim summons, do swell
The ranks of Him who doeth all things well;
And when he reached that grand, celestial shore,
He found that of the Best he made one more.

Gone somewhere! Then we find this fact will be
In all its strength and all its pure degree;
And in its thought we see a grand perfection—
That all shall find a welcome resurrection.

A resurrection of the past in right;
A resurrection of the truth in might;
A resurrection that shall stand and stay
When earth and time and all have passed away.

That soul will wend its way in endless flight,
With earnest action and intent aright,
And through the great grand realms of God's own love,
Find its fair place in mansions up above.

Somewhere, this morn, on heaven's eternal shore,
He walks in peace and joy forevermore;
Somewhere the grand, sweet triumph of his heart
Attains diviner joy and nobler art.

Then let us feel, though we have lost a friend—
Though one has gone on whom we could depend—
The resurrection of his soul shall be
Ages eternal in the realms made free.

We cannot mourn 'neath truth's more perfect ray,
But should rejoice for this, our friend, to-day.
To know that he has gone where strength and right
Shall use for him their power in God's great might.

Ah, well, the brave good man, the earnest heart—
'Tis hard from such an one on earth to part.
We feel rejoiced that in the soul's perfection
He stands with sweet, immortal resurrection
Touching his brow with its fair, kindly glow,
And peace on him its fullness doth bestow.

The loss of life in India from man-eating tigers was appalling last year, and some study of the fierce beast has lately been made by English officers. Tigers, it appears, do not attack human beings until they become very large and old and unable to run down animals that are fleet of foot. One of these creatures is known to have killed 108 persons in the course of three years. Another caused thirteen villages to be deserted. A third is credited with killing 127 travelers on a public road.

Written for The Better Way.

A Poem On The Fortieth Anniversary Of Modern Spiritualism.

BY DR. DEAN CLARKE.

We greet again the joyful day,
We oft have hailed before,
And with another thankful lay
We'll sing its praise once more.

Just forty years ago to-night
A voice from Heaven came,
Which said once more, "Let there be Light,"
And light began to flame.

At Hydeville in New York occurred
Some strange peculiar "knocks,"
Whose weird-like sound at first was heard
By Kate and Maggie Fox.

'Tis that event we meet to-day
To celebrate again,
'Tis that for which we pour our lay
With joyous tongue or pen.

"How strange!" you say, so small a thing
Should cause so much display,
But list my friend, these raps did bring
Good news from far away.

Those startling raps, however small,
A mighty truth revealed;
A secret long concealed from all
Was then by them unveiled.

"Glad tidings" were by them rapped out
From those we thought were dead,
Which proved the fact beyond a doubt
They are alive instead.

"The day of small things," we have heard,
No one should treat with scorn,
'Twas from it came the ancient word
Whose truths are now reborn.

"Through babes and sucklings," we are told,
"Did God perfect His praise,"
Revealing truth to men of old
By humble means and ways.

"The weak and foolish did he choose
To then confound the wise,"
If tiny raps he now do use,
Why should the world despise?

Across a dark and dreary abyss
Which has for ages yawned,
Another world has come to this,
From which great light has dawned.

From Heaven to earth a bridge doth span
The flowing tide between,
And spirits cross it when they can,
And oft they now are seen.

Is not this fact enough to make
Mankind rejoice away?
And should we not all else forsake
To glorify this day?

Just think how great the boon we hold,
What truths of priceless worth,
Our spirit gifts are manifold,
Bestowed from Heaven to earth.

The sick are healed, the blind restored,
The dumb can use the tongue,
The spirit on all flesh is poured
As when the prophet sung.

The gift in divers tongues to speak
In trance or as inspired,
Is heard in Sanscrit, Hebrew, Greek,
Or any tongue desired.

Again we have the "Living Word"
Through seer and prophet given,
Once more are angel voices heard
As erst they came from Heaven.

The Psalmist strikes again his lyre
And sings his sacred song,
As angel bards his soul inspire,
While spirits round him throng.

As angels come in raiment white,
Appearing as "young men,"
So spirits come to us "by night,"
Oft clad as they were then.

As Samuel came to Saul of old,
When filled with doubt and fear,
So spirits now a converse hold
Through many a modern seer.

As Moses and Elias came,
And one on Patmos too,
So spirits visit us the same,
God's will on earth to do.

Yes, every "sign," and "spirit gift"
By Paul or Jesus named,
Is now in use our souls to lift,
As was by them proclaimed.

We need not go to fountains dry,
Nor live on mouldy bread,
We've new baptisms from the sky
And manna flesh instead.

The olden "faith" is changed to sight,
Belief we need no more,
We know we talk with spirits bright
More oft than those of yore.

We hold "communion with the saints"
In fact, and not "by faith,"
And when a seer a "vision" paints,
We know 'tis not a wraith.

The proof is found all o'er the earth
To demonstrate our claims;
He'll find, who calls our writings forth,
An hundred million names!

Then who shall say we are deceived
By fancy running wild?
No truth of science is believed
From better proof compiled!

For forty years our cause has stood
'Gainst foes on every hand,
Who can't destroy it if they should
Unite throughout the land.

It stands on Nature, firm and strong,
With Science for support,
Though all the world's against it strong,
'Twill bravely "hold the fort!"

In faith made strong by knowledge given
Why should we not be glad,
Our souls are filled with Truth's new lesson
And naught should make us sad.

We're every reason to rejoice
At this auspicious hour,
If half our blessings we invoke
Or count but half our power.

Our minds from Superstition free,
No more have fear and doubt,
For Truth has won our victory
And cast those demons out.

The fear of God by us is spurned,
The Devil now is dead,
And Hell to Shool has been turned,
And that we do not dread.

"The monster Death" no terror brings,
When now we hear his call,
We know the Soul hath Phoenix wings
To rise from matter's thrall.

The grave is but the door to life
Immortal in the spheres,
We yield our bodies without strife
And enter without fears.

Beginning there as we have here,
We on and upward press;
By mental toll, from sphere to sphere
Forever we progress.

How glad are we these truths to know,
How grateful we should be,
Oh! let us ever thanks bestow
For Truth that makes us free.

Come let us join with Spirits brave,
Who come far truth to fight;
'Tis Truth alone the world can save,
And change the wrong to right.

Her standard let us raise on high,
And challenge all the world;
The hosts of error we defy,
Our flag shall never be furled.

With God and angels on our side,
With truth for sword and shield,
We'll wage her warfare far and wide,
And win the battle field.

Something More for Brother Wolf.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Our citizen, John B. Wolf, reminds me of a story of two Irishmen on a muddy road. Patrick on horseback, and Pat on foot. Patrick offered Pat a ride behind him on his horse, and rode up for him to get on. Pat made a spring, but slipped back again into the mud.

"Are you on?" says Patrick.
"No, be the holy Virgin!" says Pat.
"Well, get on that log and try again."

So Pat made a spring from the log, and this time jumped so far that he slid down on the other side.

"Are you on?" says Patrick again.
"Yes, faith, and more, too," says Pat.
So J. B. Wolf has jumped clean over Spiritualism, and got into the mud on the other side, but as he has built, in his trouble, a sort of wooden horse to ride on, instead of a well-proportioned temple to live in, I propose to show one, more consistent with the "better way."

Mr. W. complains that terms and names used are not defined. Premising that a certain amount of knowledge is necessary in the pupil in order that definitions may be intelligible to him, I will call Mr. W.'s attention to the fact that he calls for in others what he utterly fails to give for himself. There is no single sentence in his criticism of "Christian Spiritualism" in which some vague undefined term is not used.

To say nothing of "miscegenation, unfoldment, truth, God," &c., &c., he dwells a good deal upon what he calls "a new era," which he neither defines nor uses in such a way that a critical scholar would ever be able to tell what he does mean. In a historical sense this is certainly not a new era, but simply a diffusion among the masses of knowledge about certain facts in nature that have been known to a few all along the past ages. There is nothing new in the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals, but the general knowledge of their being able to do so is very much increased. The belief in ghosts is not confined to any country or age. It is quite common to talk vaguely about truth, and eternal truth, and still old Pilate's question comes back, "What is truth?" There is no such thing as concrete embodied truth, to be idolized and worshipped. Of two contradictory statements, one may be the true and the other not; but the truth in that case relates to the matter about which the statements are made, and has no necessary relation to any other matter or necessary relation to any other true statement about any other question.

God cannot be defined. The absurd talk about "Father God" and "Mother God," or a God both father and mother, shows that the spirits out of the body are as unable to comprehend him as those in the body. The only step they have made towards it is to learn practically that there is a spirit-body in a new condition of thought and progress. The animus of Mr. W.'s burden of words seems to be that all men are already half-gods, and by proper unfoldment will, after a while, be whole ones, and that therefore they are all of them too good and too great to be in subjection to anything or anybody. He conceives, however, that there is a something (which he calls truth) which dominates God, devils and men. Well, if Mr. W. has that thing as a sort of police club, or thinks he has, how does he differ from the Pope?

The fact is that the honest opinion of any man is to him truth, although that opinion may be, and usually is, error based upon false premises. But all talk about truth in the abstract is visionary and vague. What we are concerned to know is something of the polity of the spirit state. There is abundant evidence for me that human beings do not pass into the invisible state to be freed from the restraints of higher and better beings. The human will, when it has goodness, kindness, and right on its side, has a great and well-recognized power over the evil-disposed even in the visible state, and this same power of will, backed by higher conditions of goodness, has still greater power in the invisible world. This is not opinion, but fact, proved every day in my experience. This great power does not reside in the being except as the being represents the qualities above named in obedience to the law of Christ—"love God (or goodness) with all thy heart and thy neighbor as thyself."

Many spirits that come to us have this power, which was recognized in the days of the Nazarine as the power to cast out devils. But these spirits, without exception, all recognize Jesus of Nazareth as their superior—in earthly parlance, their king—because his superior

sensitiveness as to right and wrong, associated with a superior will power, has given all others a position of subjection to him. This great king is as keenly sensitive to moral inharmonies as the leader of an orchestra is to musical inharmonies, and his power is something of the same sort, that is, to suppress and cast out inharmonies.

This is Jesus of Nazareth as a human being, whose birth was in no way discreditable to him or his parents, although on account of their difference in social position much was then unknown that is now known.

When we reach Jesus of Nazareth in the spirit state we reach the highest exponent among human beings of the law of Christ's kingdom, and *ipso facto*, the king himself. But as Jesus himself said, "I am not alone," "I and my Father are one;" so we have had tangible knowledge of the existence of a Christ spirit, a being antecedent to all human beings: the Jehovah of the Jews, the power that worketh for goodness, the one described by the prophet as being of such exceeding brightness, as to do away with all other light. This is the spirit that Moses could not be allowed to fully see, as the brightness was too much for mortal vision, even if clairvoyant. The same thing occurred in my presence, a clairvoyant being almost suddenly thrown down by a glimpse of the intense light emanating from Him. His Christ spirit has unlimited power over nature, all nature being his work and sustained by his constant will power. Here, then, is a genuine apostolic succession from nature's creator down to the humblest and weakest being who keeps his harp in tune with the grand orchestra of the kingdom, who loves goodness with all his heart and his neighbor as himself.

REUEL KEITH.

Another Dissent.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

My attention is called to an article entitled "A Friendly Dissent," by H. W. Boozer, in your issue of the 17th, calling in question the statement of secretary Potter, in his report of the Annual Convention, with reference to the status of mediumship in Grand Rapids.

I quote the secretary's own words, from the printed copy of report: "We have, to the surprise of almost every one who attended the Convention, found among our own mediums all the elements necessary to make a success of such a meeting." It will be seen by the above that the secretary was simply referring to that particular meeting, and not to the wide field of public work in mediumship: as Mr. Boozer would have you suppose. Mr. Potter's statement is substantially correct. The Convention was a success, both financially and as a representative meeting. Mr. Boozer was not seen to be present, though living very near, to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. L. V. Moulton, and Dr. Charles Andrus are among the old and well developed workers, and are not often surpassed as public speakers, and there are some among the other names mentioned, who have long been in the field of public work, and are not surpassed by any others in their special phases, while the later developed mediums, bid fair to rival those of older experience.

Mr. Boozer alone is responsible for the statement that there is constant repetition of the fact that we have ample home talent for successful public work.

Nothing of the kind has been put forward, or anything that should lead outside workers to suppose that they would not be welcome among us; nor do I think that said outside workers, however brilliant, have received any such idea.

This is a free country, and a few mediums of acknowledged or unacknowledged ability, can never build "Chinese walls" to shut out the free action of any who may choose to make Grand Rapids the field of their labors. We have an unorganized meeting which has been in operation for two years, twice a week, with constantly increasing numbers of investigators, and our hall with seating capacity of five hundred is packed until many are obliged to stand or go away—a meeting for durability and enthusiasm, unprecedented in any other city in the state, merely dependent on local talent. We have now engaged in this meeting, with other workers, Mr. Reid, recently settled here, who is a most remarkable and reliable test and slate writing and healing medium; fully equal to Chas. Watkins, who is giving half hour platform tests, free every Sunday evening. Sealed letters, in the pockets of investigators, in the audience, are correctly answered with full names and particulars, without a mistake so far as we know. Much good work is being done in spite of our friendly dissenter who stands outside, with the "developed and refined" workers; but however much developed and refined, do not seem to have enough executive ability, or numbers, to go to work and build up that representative presentation of the cause which Mr. Boozer so confidently maintains they are repelled from doing here. Again, let me repeat, our city is large and free, and plenty of places can be secured for money, in which these remarkable personages can have ample room to display their development, which one would suppose had reached a climax in their case, where nothing further could be learned.

Certainly the "credulous and undeveloped" who humbly think they do not know it all, will not hinder them from any public work they choose to inaugurate, neither will any amount of "friendly dissent,"

prevent the "undeveloped" from a steady effort to become more progressed in the unending ascent towards higher truth and broader experience. Fraternally, one of the "undeveloped,"

MRS. C. H. HINCKLEY.

Written for The Better Way.

A Thousand Years.

INSPIRATIONAL POEM.

BY MRS. C. H. HINCKLEY.

With a present vision I look down the gleam,
Of the flowing tide of future time's stream,
And my glance is forecast as one in a dream,
Who feels and who hears.

And over the inevitable arched of the powers,
That inhere in the measured tread of the hours,
I live, hope and fear, in the mighty powers,
Of a thousand years.

My form is enwrapped with a nameless thrill,
And my soul is alert with a positive will,
And I feel the heart-beats of millions still,
Unborn in the spheres.

What grandeur of growth hath enlarged the sight,
What depth hath the soul who hath measured the light,
Of the wonderful leaps of man in his flight,
To a thousand years.

Flow on, flow ever, Oh river of life,
Let me feel your gladness, and join in your strife,
For I know that thus cometh the age that is life,
With wisdom and seers.

I know by the grasp of a glorious ken,
There will be with you then in that distant then,
Those angelic women, and heroic men,
Of a thousand years.

Not a trace, not a trace, of foul bigotry's sway,
But a trine power with a beautiful play,
O'er the destiny of nations, in yonder fair day,
Seen far and clear.

Then intellect, wisdom and love shall be God,
And the worshippers stand on the fair green sod,
And he, and she, are the equal synod,
In a thousand years.

There's a cloud of light and a pillar of fire,
Decent from above, in whose glow shall expire
The last lingering trace of a fleshly desire,
And instant appears

The radiant form of the transfigured soul,
For death will have lost his victorious hold,
And the triumph of mind over man shall then hold,
In a thousand years.

And angels shall walk in the valleys and homes,
Scarce difference be seen 'twixt the one who comes
From the beautiful light of the spiritual domes,
Which Earthland rears.

And they of the earth in their growth and powers,
Brought through the evolving throes of the hours,
From night into light by the depth and the powers
Of a thousand years.

Oh, glorious future, come gather me in,
From the tide of years, and the gloom of sin,
My soul would burst through the fetters and din
Of the life that is here.

But an answer comes back like an echo again,
And I thrill with the strain, "You'll be living then."

'Tis the united voices of millions of men,
Saying, "thou'lt be living then,"
In a thousand years.

Testimonial to Miss Hagan.

Last Sunday evening's service at Grand Army Hall closed the engagement of Miss Jennie B. Hagan with the Union Society, although she remains through the Anniversary services, at which she will speak and improvise poems. The following testimonial to her merits was unanimously adopted by the Union Society at the close of her address on Sunday evening:

CINCINNATI, O., March 25, 1888.
The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, desire to testify to the benefits they have derived from services upon their rostrum by Miss Jennie B. Hagan, on the Sundays of March, instant, and to their gratification at her successful labors wherever she is called to minister in the active work of Spiritualism. Those who have listened to her inspired utterances in this city, in prose and verse, will unite with us in the declaration that her exposition of "the word," as Spiritualists use the term, is clear, concise and exhaustive; that her eloquence is persuasive, and her poetry brilliant and soothing; and her logic convincing to the apprehension of all unprejudiced minds. Since last she ministered unto this people, one year ago, her good controls have grown stronger in their comprehension of human needs; and they come to us with soul-flood which is wholesome to our minds and cheering to the hearts of all who receive it in wisdom. We have been blessed in its receipt and assimilation, and it is hoped we are wise enough to make the most of its grand and noble significance.

We sincerely thank this minister of the better revelation for all she has done for us, and for the cause of Spiritualism here and elsewhere; and especially do we thank her for the kindness of heart which has prompted her to give her valuable services to the celebration of the anniversary of the Fortieth Anniversary of Spiritualism—services of great value, as we well know from experience, and services which should be appreciated all the more on account of the liberal spirit in which they are given.

To spiritual societies and congregations in all parts of the world—we wish to say that Miss Hagan's services are especially valuable and effective upon the platform, and that their commendation by Spiritualists is a personal presence which is dignified, modest, gentle, and replete with those silent appeals of truth and goodness which are more eloquent than any language.

Fortieth Anniversary.

TO BE CELEBRATED IN THIS CITY.

As advertised elsewhere in the columns of THE BETTER WAY, the Fortieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in this city with more than ordinary regard for the importance of the occasion; by addresses from distinguished speakers, tests by famous mediums, good singing, and the best orchestra it is possible to secure.

Services on the opening day, Easter Sunday, April 1st, at Grand Army Hall, will refer, doubtless, to that resurrection which Spiritualism alone rationally explains. The morning exercises will begin at 10:30; evening at 7:30.

On the following day services will be held in the afternoon at 2:30; evening at 7:30.

On Tuesday the series of meetings will be continued at Greenwood Hall, every afternoon and evening at 2:30 and 7:30, respectively, closing Thursday evening, April 5th. It is probable that three services will be held on the last day.

Among those who will speak on this occasion we are able to give the following names:

Messrs. Walter Howell and George P. Colby; Miss Jennie B. Hagan; Mesdames Nellie J. T. Brigham and Helen Stuart-Richings.

The platform test mediums positively engaged are:

Mrs. Isa Wilson Porter, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, George P. Colby and J. K. Perkins. Several others will assist.

Hotel accommodations at reduced rates and entertainment at good boarding-houses at reasonable charges, have been duly agreed upon between the proper parties and the Committee on Invitation, and everybody will be well cared for.

Gleanings from Philadelphia.

Mrs. E. V. Paul again addressed a fair audience at the hall of the First Association of Spiritualists, Sunday, the 18th inst., taking her subject, as usual, from a poem.

The lecture was well received.

The Ladies Aid Society is making active preparation for their Fair, and are confident of success.

The Fortieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in our city by all the Associations; appropriate exercises are on the programme, and addresses will be delivered by some of our eminent Spiritualists.

In a recent editorial on "The Decline of the Pulpit," the Times, of this city, seeks to expose the degraded condition of the pulpit and ministers in general, and declares that the canting lip service is a hollow mockery, and hypocritical in the extreme. It says: "Into the seats of the church at an unmerciful rate and winds up by saying that 'unless a decided change is made in the church, the clergymen will preach to empty pews.'" In answer to this onslaught, the Presbyterian, an organ devoted to the promulgation of that sect, rises to defend the fast-waning power of churches, and insists that the Times is low and unprincipled and not to be relied upon either on religious or political subjects. In conclusion the Presbyterian hurries some very belittling language and altogether unprincipled and uncalled epithets at its adversary, but fails to prove whereof it affirms.

The Times, in answer to this very unchristian mode of operation, declares emphatically that it has nothing to retract, and can prove all it has said, and defies the Presbyterian to do the same. It handles the case from a liberal standpoint, conceding more justice than is actually deserved; while the Presbyterian views the subject, as usual, from a bigoted, narrow-minded standpoint, picking up all the slanderous reports it can lay hands on, and hurling them at the Times with a spite altogether unchristian.

We hope the Times will keep the subject before the public until the truth of its assertions are proved, and the knaves whom the church hides under its wings exposed.

How many men and women have lived and died in seclusion—good, noble and true—who never were looked upon as anything above "the common lot."

Hundreds of persons have passed beyond who were, in embryo, statesmen, authors and poets; in whose breasts lay the smoldering fires of grand, noble and pure thoughts, which, if wafted into flame, would reverberate throughout the world with fiery eloquence of sublimity, or that deep, tender pathos which stirs even the heart of the stoutest. These men and women who have souls are those who are held in seclusion, hardly, if ever, gaining an opportunity to give the public the benefit of their sublime thoughts and original ideas, written from experience, therefore retaining that tender pathos which only those whose trials and tribulations have aided in developing that talent by which their thoughts are arranged in such sweet, sad, aye, almost melancholy tenderness that they carry one back into the silent world of the past.

The nucleus of statesmen and those who could hold responsible positions in our government is invariably in those whose conditions in life will not allow of their departure from the old homestead, or, as is more frequently found, in those who cannot show their talent, and so they toll on, unnoticed, uncared for, in the busy whirl of a heartless multitude, until some day a silent train of a few friends carry their companion to a last resting place; how true are those tombs, supposed to have been cut in a tombstone, and found by the immortal Gray:

"Here rests his head upon this lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own."

"Large was his bounty and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven 'twas all he wished,—a friend."

"No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The beam of his Father and his God."

Some one asked the gleaner why THE BETTER WAY did not give its subscribers better paper. Simply because they do not pay enough money. Nearly all of the spiritual periodicals are high-priced when compared with THE BETTER WAY. If its readers wish stouter paper, let them pay for it. Perhaps our worthy editor may have something to say upon this subject.

By the way, we notice that the Eastern Star, a four-page weekly, has suspended its weekly issue, and will appear semi-monthly hereafter. We are sorry the Spiritualists of the East cannot maintain a paper devoted to the promulgation of their interests; it shows a decided weakness and indisposition in their efforts in a spiritual line. Perhaps if they could start the old-fashioned "revival meetings" they would probably add a few hundred to their ranks and bring some coppers into the pockets of the Eastern Star Co.: but Spiritualism is advancing rapidly enough without having "revival meetings"—all very nice for theory, but Spiritualism, so far as the Eastern Star is concerned, is advancing backward. Philadelphia Spiritualists are much the same way.

Christian "Scientism" is not advancing very rapidly in our city; in fact, very few practice it. Some one told the gleaner that there were several down town, but they did not make out very well. It is the gleaner's opinion that they won't, either, so long as the Quaker City remains as stubborn to new ideas as it has heretofore. Any one contemplating making this city their headquarters for Christian "Scientism," had better stay where they are. Fraternally,

ELLIOTT RAWSON.

RARITIES FOR READERS.

A New York boy has ten grandparents living, two grandfathers, two grandmothers, two great-grandfathers and four great-grandmothers.

Seven varieties of fishes examined by naturalists of the Challenger expedition are found totally blind in the deep sea, but have eyes when inhabiting shallow water.

In Fannettsburg, Franklin County, Pa., lives a fifteen-year-old boy who is six feet and one inch in height and well-proportioned. His name is James Newton Alexander.

REV. MR. BACCHUS is conducting a big temperance revival in Laurel, Del. Rev. Mr. Smoker is preaching against smoking, and Rev. Mr. Husband, of England, has come out against the clergy marrying.

DANBURY, Conn., comes proudly forward with a prodigy. Little Minnie Van Wert, of that town, is only two years of age, but knows her alphabet, is able to spell simple words, and counts up to one hundred readily enough.

A RESIDENT of Summerville, Ga., is the owner of a pair of twin roosters. They were hatched from the same egg, never quarrel or fight, and flap their wings and crow simultaneously. They roost side by side, but one is black in feather while the other is dominique.

A MAN at Atlanta is peculiarly afflicted. One of his eyes is a dark blue in color and the other is a light gray. In the daytime, from sunrise to sunset—he can not see anything out of the blue eye, but can see distinctly with the gray eye; and from sunset to sunrise he can not see anything with the gray eye. He can hear on only the blind side; thus he can hear with one ear during the daytime and with one ear during the night.

A RECENT issue of a New Orleans paper gives an account of an aged and eccentric lady who recently died on her farm near Lexa, Ark. Among her peculiarities was the one of assuming masculine apparel. She gave her personal attention to her farming interests, and at the time of her death was the owner of a fine tract of land and the finest herd of cattle in the State, which she had raised herself. All of her work was done by herself. She had very little to do with her neighbors, living more or less a recluse.

ONE of the most extraordinary incidents in the whole record of longevity is reported from Pesth, in Hungary, where a beggar, aged eighty-four, tried to commit suicide by throwing himself into the Danube because he was no longer able to support his father and mother, who are one hundred and fifteen and one hundred and ten years old, respectively. When he told this story, after his rescue, it was laughed at, but a police inquiry showed it to be true. The family are Magyars from the extreme south of Hungary.

A GENUINE woolly horse is attracting the curiosity-seekers of Roxbury, Mass. The animal has the familiar form of an ordinary horse, but instead of having the hairy hide horses generally do, he is entirely covered with wool, like a sheep. The wool, which is pronounced to be of a fine quality, is of a light brown color close to the skin, and gradually becomes darker as it grows long. It is very curly and soft. The horse has no mane, his ears are small, and his tail, which is short, moves up and down instead of sideways.

FUNNY FLINGS.

The doctor: "Well, perhaps, Mrs. Ed-ringham, you eat between meals?" Mrs. E.: "Oh, no, sah; 'cep, ob course, I eat dinnah 'tween breakfas' an' supper, and eo on."

"I don't think, indeed, that you are very smart," said a wife to her husband, to which he responded: "No, indeed, wife; but every body knows that I am awfully shrewd."

"So you have broken off with Mr. Smith," said Mand. "Well, I never could make him out." "I found him a good deal of a conundrum myself," replied Clara, "so I gave him up."

"Doctor," she said, "it must require patience to be successful in your profession." "Yes, madam, patients," he replied; and as he dashed her off a ten-dollar prescription, added, mentally, "and rich ones, too."

"To what do you attribute the curative properties of your springs?" asked a visitor to a health resort. "Well," answered the proprietor, thoughtfully: "I guess the advertising I've done has had something to do with it."

CUSTOMER (getting measured)—"How much are these trousers going to cost me?" Tailor—"Twenty-two dollars, sir. How many pockets do you wear in them?" Customer—"None; I won't need any pockets after I've paid for the trousers."

Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Lyceums for the education of our children are the hope of Spiritualists, and should be the pride of Spiritualists. Communications for this Department should be addressed to ALONZO DAKFORTH, No. 2 Fountain Square, Roxbury, Mass.

Wendell Phillips.

His name stands upon the undying roll of fame, as a champion of the Right against the Wrong, of the oppressed against the oppressor, an apostle of freedom whose heart and voice and strength and purse were ever devoted to the service of suffering humanity.

As there is no earthly monument to his memory, what is proposed to do?

To erect in the city of Boston a memorial building to commemorate the services of the great pleader of justice for the people.

What should always be remembered?

As long as this country shall last, or there is a colored man in this country that can read and remember the outrages that have been perpetrated on him or his ancestors, there will always be millions of them who will have in their hearts a monument more grand and enduring than any cold marble that is possible to erect.

What would be a suitable memorial?

A Building which should be dedicated to Labor, Temperance, Woman Suffrage, and Reform.

Where was he often found?

In public Halls where he was heard in fiery denunciation of oppression and wrong, in eloquent vindication of the Rights of Man.

Then what shall we do to remember him as a man?

Let there be in Boston, the city where-in he was born, where he resided, and where he ascended from his earth-work, a hall which shall bear his name and which shall keep in living remembrance the sublime purposes to which he consecrated his great powers as a platform orator, and which shall furnish a forum where other men seeking to emulate his great example, may give voice to principles and to sentiments and aspirations kindred to his.

How was he a Hero on the world's rostrum?

Being gifted with genius, with eloquence, with wealth, with a distinguished lineage, with family influence and with a high social position, he disregarded the blandishments of power and the pleasures of popularity, and gave himself up, heart and soul, to the great work of making labor in America free.

What reward came to him and others who enlisted in the great work?

After a life of steadfast devotion he saw the shackles fall and four million men step forth from the darkness of bondage into the clear bright sunlight of Liberty.

Where do we find the true Hero?

Those who have been spurred on to do great things, to fight, to suffer, to die for humanity by higher motives than the hope of human glory or of a human monument.

What would we think his immortal spirit would say to us?

That he finds no pleasure in our praise or our plaudits, except as our praise or our plaudits come from minds aflame with the truth they talk, from men and women benefited by their instruction and pledged to profit by their example.

What inspired thought shall we give to carry on this work?

That a civic and social temple shall be erected upon the portals of which shall be emblazoned the name of the great and good man. It should be dedicated to purposes akin to those to which he dedicated his life, to freedom of discussion, which shall bring out the truth, to emancipation of labor, to furnishing the laboring men with opportunity to come together to discuss their wrongs, to seek a remedy for them and to pledge themselves to have no rest until the remedy is granted, and thus we shall be helping to carry on the work that he left unfinished.

To what would this Temple be likened?

To Wendell Phillips speaking upon the platform, speaking for Justice, Truth, Liberty, Universal Right, and Universal Emancipation.

How shall we conclude this lesson?

By saying he was one of those pioneers that in the history of Nations stand like one of the grand mountain peaks that soonest catch the glory of the rising sun and give promise of the coming day—and when the coming day shall have reached the full noontide blaze of its glory, when the Kingdom shall have come upon Earth, when there shall be no master and no slave, when the whole human family shall be one living brotherhood, then shall the magnificent figure of Wendell Phillips stand in many a niche in many a temple of fame, not merely in our land, but in every land, as one of the saints of humanity, whose lives, whose thoughts, whose words and deeds, have hastened the dawning of a Better Day, closing with the beautiful lines of Boyle O'Reilly—

(Come, workers; here was a teacher, and the lesson he taught was good; There are no classes of races, but one human brotherhood. There are no creeds to be outlawed, no color of skin debarred. Making is one in its rights and wrongs—one right, one hope, one guard; By his life he taught, by his death we learn, the great reformer's creed. The right to be free, the hope to be just, and the guard against selfish greed.)

Silver Chain Recitations.

The world moves, and humanity is marching onward, sustained by those grand souls who have gone before and who will still use their influence for wise purposes.

The character of the world's thought has been changed by the teachings of Spiritualism, and it has worked its own way by its own power until all nations have felt the power of its moral teachings.

The God of nature ordains wise and loving laws for the guidance of earth's children.

If laws are disregarded, suffering is the prompter, to recall the wanderer to the rightful track.

God is never angry, angels are never offended, but pain follows transgression,

by divine ordinance, not to torture the erring ones, but to lead them out of error into truth.

The age of liberty which can only be attained as the result of intellectual and spiritual growth has ever shone forth before the vision of enraptured seers and poets as the golden age.

No man or body of men have been able to lead or control Spiritualism, nor ever will be able, a fact which all Spiritualists, sooner or later, will be most thankful for.

The names of great men are like fixed stars that never set—clouds might gather round them, but when the heavens were cleared they would be found still shining.

Time on earth is measured by physical changes, as in the relations of the earth to the sun; time in spirit life is determined by states of mind and conditions of good and evil.

Ignorance is not a crime, but a state to be cutgrown; pain is a means to growth; atonement means harmony with the divine law in action, thought, and feelings. No law changes—the eternal cannot alter, but a man is constantly subject to a higher development of truth.

We must never deem any human being lost; all will at length be released from that which holds them down.

Maintain integrity, even if you fail in a worldly sense, you will at least have a clear conscience, which in this life and that which is to be of greater importance than all the kingdoms of earth.

Education is the great and only lever for the raising of humanity in the spiritual and moral scale of being.

Capital and labor must act together and in harmony for the best interest of humanity.

Death opens the higher attributes of the soul, not for rest, but for continued work.

The chariot of eternal progression will crush beneath its wheels every obstruction.

The church in this country is the church of the people and not of the government, and it is maintained by the people because they believe it is good to have it.

The police of this country are for the good of the people and not for the government, because they are for the protection of the people, and to murder the police is to murder the people themselves.

That which is too sacred to be discussed, is too absurd to be believed.

On fear has the religious world built its temples and erected its awful shrines.

All the churches in the country, all their members combined, all the intelligence of their clergy, all the money of their members, all the political forces they command, all the reasoning faculties of them put together, have not the power to crush the liberal sentiment of this age.

Republished by Request.

The Anniversary.

The Fortieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be very generally celebrated in the principal cities—in some localities beginning March 31, in others April 1, but everywhere enthusiasm upon the subject is great and wholesome, and the occasion promises more significance than is now fully discerned. It will mark the beginning of the fifth decade of a history which is full of that sympathetic fervor that upholds the hearts and souls of martyrs; which has opened

and established throughout the world an altar upon which the flame of an enlarged hope—a hope illumined by the rays of truth—perennially burns.

A brief historical resume may prove interesting. Early in 1848 the family of John D. Fox, at Hydesville, a small village in Wayne County, N. Y., was disturbed by mysterious rappings, which were heard mostly in one of the bed-rooms. Efforts to trace the noises to a tangible cause were fruitless, but after discovering that the strange presence could converse by answering to the call of the alphabet, the members of the Fox family were startled by its declaration that they were talking with a spirit.

The announcement of this fact produced great excitement at Hydesville, and the neighbors flocked to the residence of Mr. Fox to investigate for themselves. The wonderful presence continued to manifest itself by raps and was persistent in the declaration of its spiritual nature and occult power. It was at length ascertained that the raps came only when the two younger daughters of the family, Catharine and Margarette were present, and then the fame of the "Fox girls" spread far and wide, because they had a "familiar spirit."

Soon after these occurrences the Fox family removed to Rochester, N. Y., in which city the mysterious manifestations continued to accompany them, and they were soon known everywhere as the "Rochester Knockings." It was here discovered, by rapping out the letters of the alphabet, that different spirits were apparently using this channel of communication, and that almost any one, on coming into the presence of the two girls could get a message from what purported to be the spirits of departed friends, the same often being accompanied by tests which satisfied the interrogator of the spirit's identity.

In a few months a new phase of the presence was observed in the frequent movement of tables and other ponderous bodies, but still only while these two young girls were in the room. Such manifestations, all the time growing more remarkable, attracted numerous visitors from far distances, and the phenomenon ere long began to propagate itself, and to be witnessed in other families at Rochester and elsewhere, while as coincident circumstances, susceptible persons would sometimes fall into apparent trances, become clairvoyant, and reaffirm these raps and physical movements to be the production of spirits.

The public meeting held at Corinthian Hall, at Rochester, in November, 1849, was called at the request of the spirits for the purpose of submitting these phenomena to the investigation of a committee to be selected by the audience, with a view to the publication of a report concerning their nature and claims, whatever the decision respecting these might be. The phenomena were freely manifested through the Fox sisters, and were submitted to many tests, and the committee, after having continued their investigation for several days, reported that they were unable to trace them to any earthly source. Upon the announcement of this conclusion the excitement throughout the country was intense, and everywhere men marveled greatly at that which was very generally regarded as a new revelation.

In May, 1850, the Fox sisters visited New York City, and then these peculiar manifestations through their mediumship became the subject of extensive newspaper discussion, and it was in the speech of Americans everywhere. The facts were published far and wide in many tongues. Mediums through whom similar manifestations were said to occur sprang up in different parts of the country and were soon multiplied by hundreds, and since that date Spiritualism has been a prominent theme of public discussion by popular writers and thinking men and women. The manifestations in New York were sometimes accompanied by phosphorescent lights and noises like electric explosions, and as all the particulars were given in the newspapers from day to day, excitement of the people increased daily and reached fever heat.

In 1851 these weird sisters, as they were then thought to be, visited Cincinnati and held a number of seances at the Burnet House, and there were many converts to the spiritual revelation then made. Their manifestations were peculiarly convincing, and in this city and suburbs there are at the present time hundreds of families who have "sittings" weekly with their domestic lares and penates, and some go so far as to sit at a regular hour every night, and without the assistance of professional mediums they enjoy manifestations of wonderful power and remarkable significance.

We have no means of stating the number of Spiritualists in the United States, but there are many thousands who think more seriously of this doctrine than any other, but do not openly espouse it, and there are some millions who avow it in almost everything they do or say. They have no general organization, but are represented in every sect or religion and among non-religionists, for upon matters of speculative theology their opinions are as diverse as the thoughts of men. Among its avowed adherents in this country are many persons who have earned celebrity in the various walks of science, philosophy, literature and statesmanship.

There are forty-two spiritualistic publications in this country, weekly and monthly, and about one hundred and sixty in the remainder of the world. More than nine thousand books have been published on the subject. A few of these are very good but the bulk of them are almost too worthless to require condemnation. The same statement is true regarding the books written in opposition to Spiritualism, of which there are many. The best literature relating to its philosophy and phenomena is to be found in its periodical publications, and those who wish to see the other side of the question will run across it almost every day in the secular or religious press.

The anniversary exercises, which will have been held in thousands of cities, towns and hamlets before the next week is added to the record of time, will evolve many fresh thoughts upon the leading theme of spiritualistic speakers, immortality, and add new facts to the myriads already brought to light through the gifts, the labors and the sacrifices of our devoted mediums. We hope to be favored by prompt reports from many localities and will do our best to find room for at least the salient features of all that reach us.

Written for The Better Way.

An Oasis in a Sectarian Desert.

BEATING MY PASSAGE WESTWARD IN THE storm and among the atmospheric waves, I met a cold wave with snow in it at Toledo, O., just as the sun god was crossing the equatorial line to resurrect the dead and frozen vegetation of our hemisphere, and here I put into one of my old homes where I have often rested in my long journeys of "swinging around the circle," where among the papers, lay THE BETTER WAY, which every Western family ought to have in the house.

At this home of Oliver Stevens and Sarah E. Seeley and Hattie Wells, I found arrangements made and friends invited to celebrate the eighty-sixth birthday of my long-known and highly esteemed friend Stevens, whose life line has, in some respects, run parallel to mine. It fell to my lot to trace to the large and pleasant company these lines in a few sentences, after which we listened to many grand and heart-cheering sentiments from the spirit side of life through the inspired lips of Mrs. Mary Knight, who is most satisfactorily ministering to the society here, and doing a good work for our cause. She was followed by messages from several of our old friends and co-laborers in the pioneer work of Spiritualism in Toledo, given through Mr. M. Knight, one of the old and faithful mediums of this city, but no kindred of the younger speaker of the same name whose home is in Fulton, N. Y., and who gives promise to carry on the work which we old pioneers are, in bodies, about to leave. It was a grand social and spiritual treat, such as occasionally falls to my lot in my journey of life and pioneer work in this cause. Mr. Stevens came to this place from Oswego, N. Y., in the year 1832, and bought land on the south side of the river, now a part of Toledo. The deed was signed by President Andrew Jackson, in the same year that I walked sixteen miles to see him in Concord, N. H. In 1835 I came to the West, and being without money I settled in Monroe, Michigan, twenty miles north of Toledo, and in the celebrated Toledo War, which few people now remember. We then, unknown to each other, were on opposite sides, but not in armed conflict. In 1838 I moved to Wisconsin, and in 1843 Mr. Stevens began investigating mesmerism and I began the same work in the same year, and through it we both became in after years satisfied that we were communicating with the spirits of our deceased friends, and before the raps were recognized in Hydesville as coming from that same source. From that day to this my long-known and highly esteemed octogenarian friend has never doubted, never faltered in his faith, devotion or defense of spirit intercourse, for by honesty, integrity and a consistent life, no man in Toledo stands

higher among his neighbors. In 1847 began to defend spirit intercourse on the rostrum, taking the book of A. J. Davis published that year, noting divine revelation as a basis, with my own experiments—mine being the first name on the list of calls for the book from parties out of New York, where it was published, and long before it went out of press. In my early visit to Toledo as a lecturer, Mr. Stevens was one of the supporters of meetings, and as of late, ever among the supporters of the then unpopular cause, and now as he, like myself, is nearing the river Styx, and can hear Charon splashing his oars, he and I both know our friends are on the opposite bank, waiting to receive us with open arms, and these with social greetings of earthly friends in sympathy with us and the messages sent over to us from the other shore, are hours of sunshine in the autumn of our earth lives.

402 Adams Street, Toledo, O.

Written for The Better Way.

The Physical and the Moral Death of our Loved Ones.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

"Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

O Laws of Life! mysterious and grand, Could ye find final purpose understand And read thy silent workings everywhere, In peace and joy, in strife and dark despair; From highest pinnacle of earthly fame To lowest depths of mortal sin and shame; From wealth, with all the sovereign power of gold, From mad'ning hunger, poverty and cold; From education, with its guiding light, To ignorance, whose crushing, withering blight Has ever marred the fairness of our earth

And dimmed the purpose of sublimer worth; O, could we view the doubts, the hopes, the fears, The ship-wrecked lives, the bitter falling tears, And feel the night of undeveloped good— Those purposes so little understood— What sympathy and pity would we know For every weary wanderer here below! How petty selfishness would melt from view! And we would seek for wisdom pure and true That we might teach this living truth of heaven That sin and wrong can never be forgiven; But every soul must bear its scars and stains And feel its burdens even on higher plains. O blessed angels, give us strength this hour To trace these needed lessons with their power; Guide thou our thought while we would strive to draw

The bitter consequence of broken law. O, give love's impetus to every line And wing it with thy sacred strength divine, That it may reach the weary ones who stray, And safely guide them in the better way.

What is this strange mysterious sleep That holds our loved ones in its arms, Unmindful of the tears we weep? Unmindful of the world's alarms? That cools the burning, fevered brow And stills the ravings of the brain. That brings, we know not whence or how, A soothing balm for mortal pain.

It is a friend when understood, Whose grand and holy mission here Ever brings to all a higher good, Within a broader, better sphere. A law that sets the spirit free And gives to it a wider range, Within whose workings there should be Nothing mystic, sad or strange.

It is a law so true—so kind, So full of the All-Father's love, So sweetly, tenderly designed, So joyful to those bright realms above That when it hears our sorrowing moan, It bears the message safe and sure, And then it brings us back our own, And makes us feel their presence pure.

Unmindful no; it is not true. Although it seems to break the chain, It only joins the links anew Beyond the reach of care and pain. And if it brings us grief and tears, Because we do not understand, Within the future's holy years We'll recognize its mission grand.

There is no death save that of sin That comes from broken moral law. That mars and stains the life within, Before whose light we stand in awe. The death, not sent by hand divine, But wrought by human selfishness, That builds in fairest homes its shrine, And mocks at clinging love's distress.

The death that vile temptation weaves Within its false, delusive snare; That lifts life's spirit like autumn leaves And strips the spirit nude and bare, That crushes friendship's choicest flowers, Unmindful of the tears that flow, That wastes the precious golden hours, And leads to darkness, crime and woe.

The death that avarice ever brings To those who, in their blinded greed, See but her gaudy, gilded wings— Thoughtless of their fellows' need. Who in material riches roll, And all their earthly coffers fill; But leave their never-dying soul A homeless, wandering wanderer still.

The death that makes the angels weep, In sadder grief than earth can know, While they a faithful vigil keep Above those awful depths of woe— And strive to reach the wanderers there With all their sacred love intense, To warn them, while their lives are fair, Of wrong's unerring consequence.

The death that reaches o'er the tomb And takes a darker form and shape, That builds a prison from whose gloom The victim vainly seeks escape; That shuts away the light above; That brings no savior to atone; That bars the door to weeping love And leaves the wanderer alone.

Alone with all his broken life Whose shattered idols lie about; Alone with all his sin and strife To work his own salvation out; Alone to shed his burning tears O'er every dark and sinful blot, Not one of which through all the years Has been forgiven or forgot.

Long years and may be ages roll Before the stains are wiped away, And that degraded, sorrowing soul Can catch one glimmer of the day, O Death! before whose might we shrink, What consolation can there be For those whose loved ones stop to drink The waters from thy poison sea?

What wonder that there should be joy, Upon the "silver hills" sublime, When one soul, freed from sin's alloy, Can rise above earth's wrong and crime! What wonder that the heavens resound With music never heard before, When that blest selfhood lost is found— The prodigal reclaimed once more, NORTH COLLINS, N. Y.

In Re Rev. J. C. Russell. To the Editor of The Better Way.

The letter to King Henry from the Rev. J. C. Russell needs a word of explanation from me in one particular: He quotes a sentence from one of my letters to him, that I had not the least idea what he meant by a seance. He asked me to get "the dear, young lady (meaning Miss Campbell) to hold a seance" for him. I did not, and do not know yet what is meant by "holding a seance." I am reminded of Lord Dunsyre saying, "fourth births of a feather flock together; one bird couldn't flock by itself." How can one person "hold a seance" by herself? I told him that Miss Campbell would repeat any message or messages which his friends might send, but that is all any medium can do. If he did not recognize the message sent, I am sorry, but it was the fault of the spirit who sent or the medium through whom it came. As we sometimes remember those who have forgotten us in this life, so it is possible in the other life. I was quite delighted to see in THE BETTER WAY of Jan. 21, 1888, an account of a personal experience which must have been satisfactory to Mr. Russell.

Fraternaly, C. M. KEITH.

Lovers' Names.

If your lover's name is Harry, 'Twon't be long until you marry. If he's the man on whom you're gone, You'll run no risk to trust in John. If Richard is your sweetheart's name, He'll likely bring you wealth and fame. Should you wed a man named Charley, Expect a temper sharp and snarly. If patient husband you expect, Joseph's the name you must select. There is no other name can rank For loving loyalty like Frank. If to domesticity you incline, To some sweet William take a shine. If you seek the fond and true, Albert is the name for you. Don't expect a steady head, If your fancy runs to Ned. If unruined life you'd know, Pick out faithful, honest Joe.

—OLD ALBUM.

There is nothing—no, nothing—innocent or good that dies and is forgotten; let us hold to that faith or none. An infant, a prattling child dying in the cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those that loved it, and play its part through them in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes or drowned in the deep sea.

Faith is good, if founded on certain knowledge.

"The paradise of fools"—Sam Jones's revival meetings.

UNCLE JOE:

If there is another world he dwells in bliss, If not, he made the most of this.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial 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 around 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 manifestations.

3. Before the sitting, each sitter 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 we 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 mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an arid feeling against them has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayer, 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 that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and let the arrangement be understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out the message?"

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9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric 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 at the first sitting of a circle a system of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH our large consolidated list it is found that the term paid for by subscribers expires weekly to the number of several hundred. Renewal is necessary at once to secure the continued receipt of THE BETTER WAY.

Upon the papers of subscribers, whose term expires with the current issue, a blue X is marked, and we trust that all who find this sign, will remit promptly for another term. We need all our old friends and several regiments of new ones.

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THE BETTER WAY.

THE WAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
Every Saturday.L. BARNEY, EDITOR
Assisted by a Corps of able Writers.

CINCINNATI, MAR. 15, 1888.

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

To those who have not yet subscribed for THE BETTER WAY—Now is the accepted time.

Easter services at Great Army Hall tomorrow will be well worth attending. None in the city will be more interesting and instructive.

A lady's toast to the President of the Union Society—"Beauty leads us by a single Hare." But, all the same, he is not single, and don't you forget it.

The yearly subscriptions to THE BETTER WAY received during the Anniversary and the month of April, will be numbered consecutively, for a purpose which will redound to the financial interest of the subscribers.

THE BETTER WAY for April 7-14, will contain full reports of the Anniversary services in this city, and comprehensive abstracts of those at all the principal points in the United States. Price for the two numbers, 10 cents. The record will doubtless prove invaluable for preservation. Orders by mail are respectfully solicited.

We are asked for a comprehensive definition of Theosophy. Literally it means—Divine wisdom, or knowledge obtained by direct intercourse with God and superior spirits. It is also used in the sense of immediate divine illumination or inspiration. The term is derived from the Greek, *Theosophia*—*Theos*, God, and *Sophos*, wisdom.

When mere opinions are proclaimed as indisputable axioms, those who attempt to affirm them become ridiculous in the eyes of the world. Our sacred oracles are for the declaration of truth instead of surmises, and for the disentanglement of facts rather than the multiplication of guesses. The more we remember this, the less danger will there be of dogmatism and uncharitableness.

The season for railway accidents ought to be pretty well over for this year, and means should be adopted to prevent their recurrence at any time in the future. Human life is worth even a considerable reduction of speed on our great trunk lines, and the adoption of a precautionary system which will prove efficient in attaining the end to which we refer. Railway casualties are by no means a necessary evil.

There is an unusual rush to Mr. Willis's seances at the Spencer House, and the manifestations there are pronounced good by the majority of witnesses. A few people dissent from this view, but Spiritualists ought not to occupy the seat of judgment with precipitancy. No one is yet a positive judge of mediumship and its results in a variety of phases, and there are probably hundreds of varieties yet to be discovered. It is best for all to see and test Mr. Willis's manifestations before forming an estimate of their worth.

Wisdom is needed among those who give direction to philosophical thought in these days of rapid conclusions, and theory must be reduced to practical results as rapidly as possible. Many who are laboriously attempting to set the psalm for Modern Spiritualism, will find when they look around a little that it has progressed beyond psalm-singing, and that it has for years enjoyed its best music from the more lively numbers of the angelic choir. So with all points in its progress, and if it does not weary in well-doing, the world, through its efforts, will be rapidly prepared for that millennial time when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together in comfortable siesta, and there shall be peace on earth and good will among men.

TO DANCE OR SPOUT.

We learn that a coterie of our young people are bent upon a dance next Friday evening, thinking it a fit ceremony (for them) with which to round up the great Anniversary celebration, while the older heads—and legs—have concluded that it will be appropriate (for them) to bring about a grand climax in a literary and mediumistic way. There is only one side to either question, and it favors the views of both parties! Those who wish to dance should be afforded every facility for the enjoyment of that pleasant and exhilarating recreation, and those who desire to trifle with the muses, spout a little sober prose, and commune with their spirit friends, should be given the privilege, with no one to molest or make them afraid. There will be plenty of people at both soirees and those who tire of one can easily betake himself and his devotions to the other. We favor the dance enthusiastically, and the literary entertainment with that deliberation which its importance naturally elicits; therefore, Messrs. of the Committee of Arrangements, please let us have—b-o-t-h. Ah, you consent. Thankee.

With the new revelation of facts cognate to the doctrine of immortality, now in progress throughout the civilized world, and the fresh discoveries which result therefrom almost daily, it would not be strange if something like a moral cyclone were to strike old orthodoxy before many months. This must happen ere the religious atmosphere of our planet assumes anything like a settled condition, and therefore the sooner it comes and topples over the musty superstition of creed and bigotry, the better for mankind—the better for the credulous and bigots as well as for people of sense and reason. Then orthodoxy will find, peradventure, that "Shapes which come not at an earthly call, will not depart when mortal voices bid," and that their old picture of

"A party in a parlor—
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
But as you by their faces see,
All silent and all damned,"

Will not "wash" as a desirable picture of moral depravity in the Great Beyond! Selah!

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

Our readers will bear with some rambling comment upon lines of thought usually more systematically treated than we have room for in these columns, and absolve us from intentional neglect on account of brevity. Whatever we may offer under this head will, we trust, be suggestive to the reader for some additional consideration.

The craze for physical manifestations among those Spiritualists who have witnessed and tested them for half a lifetime is one of the phenomena of that progress which does not advance. A gentleman who has grown gray in the cause related to us a month ago the *modus* he employed to heap test upon test by going back and forth between three mediums, from whom he obtained "confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ,"—in our estimation vastly stronger than any of these—of phenomena he had witnessed at the seances of one of the number. And he was still hankering after more tests, reminding us of the lubberly boy in his first experience at school. "What letter is that?" asked the teacher, pointing to the head of the alphabet. "Don't know." "Well, you must remember that is A." "Is that A?" "Yes." "How do you know it is?" "Why, years ago my teacher taught me it was." "How did she know?" "I suppose her teacher taught it to her." "How did she know?" "I suppose her teacher taught it to her." "Um! did, hey?" *Mebbe they all lied!* Thousands of people are equally incredulous in learning the alphabet of Spiritualism, for acquaintance with its phenomena is but the elementary step toward a realization of its stupendous truths.

Some fairly respectable people imagine it beneath their dignity to pray, and they declare they will not do so under any conditions. Still, there is not a person in all the world who omits prayer entirely, for even a week—probably not for a single day. Every honest, earnest wish is a prayer, whether expressed in words or by silent aspiration. Montgomery gives this idea in a stanza of rare beauty:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

The man who thinks it brave to boast that he never prays is not only a coward, but untruthful. He is afraid to appeal to the supreme power for that which he wants, but the consciousness of his neediness forces a constant prayer from his heart, which is much more effective than lip service, for it comes from the only source that can elicit a response.

"Of what use is prayer? It cannot prevent accident nor save a single life," was a question and comment from one of the auditors at Grand Army Hall last Sunday night. "How do you know it cannot prevent accident nor save life?" asked Miss Hagan, with more abruptness than is often heard in her speech. "How—do—you—know?" she reiterated, with studied deliberation. "Of course you do not know, and your assertion involves a great error. It proves that you do not know even the imperfect offices of prayer, although you exercise them unconsciously, it is true—and they redound to your good. The mere fact that you earnestly desire a certain good result is conclusive proof that you pray for it, and if you attain it, why may not its accomplishment be safely credited to prayer? Can you tell?"

"I would not give much for the medical student who failed to pray for success in his chosen profession, for he could not be successful unless he prayed for—or desired—success, and you would not willingly risk your life in his hands if you knew he was not desirous of success. The same thing applies, in a very appreciable degree, to every professional man, every merchant, every manufacturer, every mechanic, every laborer, everybody in the world, who does anything, and in some degree everybody in the world responds, either consciously or unconsciously, to the prime requirements of the prayerful condition. It follows that the greater number of prayers are involuntary, but they are none the less effective on this account."

We would like, did space permit, to reproduce all the thoughts of the lady upon this subject, for they were grand in con-

ception and eloquently expressed, and, so far as quoted, they seem to correspond with the better view entertained of prayer by those who have given it most serious thought. In this connection we are reminded of one of the most beautiful lines of Tennyson's "In Memoriam":

"Her eyes were homes of silent prayer,"

Miss Hagan closed her remarks on prayer in the following apt improvisation:

You say that prayer will not save life;
I think an answer true,
In kindness and in gentleness,
My friend, I'll give to you:
Where'er the sun shines from the blue
Upon the soft green sod,
There is a prayer of Nature there—
An answer straight from God,
The farmer in the spring-time sows—
The fields are filled with grain;
The summer comes with warmth and light,
With gentle falling rain,
The summer of the soul is now—
In answer seems to rise—
The growing wheat the weeds among
Looks yonder to the skies.

Your soul-growth comes in fruitful time—
And soon its ripening sheaf
Tells how prayer is answered there,
And the sower gains belief.
Again, in all the varied ways
Where nature holds her sway,
Beseech her well in prayer and praise—
She ne'er will say you "nay."

I never knew a prayer to rise
From earnest hearts and souls,
That did not go on gentle wings
To the land where love controls;
And what poor erring soul shall say,
When in the Master's care,
There is no power to save from death
In heartfelt, earnest prayer?

I know my mother prays for me
Far in her Eastern home,
That angels guide and God e'er watch
Her girl from their fair dome;
And I believe that mother's prayer
A saving influence throws—
An incense from the very air—
Against accidents and foes.

Your mother, too, may pray for you,
If you are far from home,
Her sweet prayer like some perfume rare
Ascends beside the throne;
And if your mother has gone home,
From out this world of care,
I know within that other world
She breathes for you love's prayer.

Then trust in prayer, oh, mortal friend,
In all its holiest ways,
For in the soul-world daily bends
An ear for thoughts of praise.
Lift up thy heart, make pure thy soul
By deeds of goodness rare,
And know that you have potent help
In simple, earnest prayer.

The Anniversary occasion to be inaugurated in this city to-morrow, for the celebration of the Fortieth Birthday of Modern Spiritualism, will prove especially gratifying to those who attended last year's Reunion, from the fact that many of the best speakers and mediums upon our platform at the Reunion will occupy the same places this year. Mrs. Brigham, from whom we heard so little last spring, on account of the limited time she was able to devote to us, will remain not only through the Anniversary celebration, and speak frequently, but will be with us till the end of April, as the regular speaker for the Union Society. Great good is anticipated from her coming to us at this time, and upon this point the preconceived notions of the Society were not a little intensified by the remarks of Miss Hagan on Sunday. Said she:

"Your speaker for the month of April, Mrs. Nellie Brigham, will endear herself to all your hearts by her grand qualities of womanhood, correct life, modesty and ability. She will come to you in the glad spring-time, to mingle her rejoicings with yours at the resurrection of nature from the chilly rigors of winter, but at all seasons the song birds of love and hope are singing in her heart, and the most fragrant blossoms of joy and consolation springing from her inspired lips. In her ministrations you will be blessed by some new ideas of life, some fresh conceptions of thought, some better interpretations of duty, some sweeter songs of immortality than are ordinarily afforded from any spiritual platform. In future years she will be fondly remembered by thousands as "one of the saints who taught and led the way to heaven." * * *

We give but a little scrap of this pretty speech. Other favorites of last year who will be with us now are—George P. Colby, Jennie B. Hagan and Isa Wilson Porter. Walter Howell, Helen Stuart-Richings and J. K. Perkins are sufficiently well-known to Spiritualists to dispense with a formal introduction, and other speakers and mediums, whose names we are not at liberty to announce, will be on hand to supplement the efforts of these brilliant lights of the Cause.

WANTS SOMETHING NEW.

Some good subscribers complain because Prof. Henry Kiddle's communications to THE BETTER WAY are infrequent, and because old G. H. Romaine does not write at all. We trust Prof. Kiddle will heed the warning, and that Romaine will so far mend his habits that he will get into THE BETTER WAY soon. That both these workers may know how it is themselves we append the following communication as a specimen of many of substantially the same sort:

"KIRKVILLE, IOWA, Mar. 14, '88.
To the Editor of The Better Way.

"I have often wondered why Romaine (I have forgotten his initials) and Henry Kiddle, who were regular contributors to the 'Offering,' are not so to THE BETTER WAY. I consider them a little ahead of all others, especially Bro. Romaine. I

think his controversy with the smart Irishman, Father Lambert, one of the very best things I ever saw. I would be glad to read two or three columns of his in each number of THE BETTER WAY. Am pleased to see in a recent number a communication from Prof. Kiddle, and hope he will continue, and if Bro. Romaine is still on this side, trot him out, and don't you forget it. Fraternally, A. B. C."

TOO MUCH INFORMATION.

It was said by Festus, in the ancient time, that Paul was mad with too much learning, but his madness was not of the hurtful sort. No mind like that of Paul is ever injured by cultivation, but rather strengthened and ennobled. He may have been slightly fanatical, not a little bigoted, and wiser in his own view than that of his neighbors; but he was a man of remarkably clear intellect for his time.

The fanatic of this age is mad with too much ignorance, and his chosen occupation is to find others who are a shade more ignorant than himself, and to found a yarty, cabal or society to further stultify the people. He has "gifts," and if you refuse to receive him as "one sent before," you are pretty sure to be damned, so far as a foul tongue and bad breath can accomplish the purpose.

Every church, every society, every doctrine, is pestered with fellows of this sort, and they set up a side show somewhere to make the rabble giggle and the judicious grieve. Spiritualism does not escape their octopetian tentacles; and within its boundaries they have been permitted to inaugurate their puppet dances, dissolving views and ghostly charlatanry until the public is almost ready to believe that these things are a part of Spiritualism, whereas they are but the most noisome weeds of its grand and fruitful garden. Those who call themselves liberal thinkers are the most illiberal of the lot, as they permit no one to differ from them without an ebullition of bad blood and ill-assorted adjectives too atrocious for repetition; and their lies about "messages" they have received and "spirits" they have seen, are quite beyond the most extravagant credulity.

We had a few of this kind of unruly cattle at the Reunion last year, and they ranted and frothed for two days, until they found themselves out of their element, and then some charitable people sent home. If they come to the Anniversary this year, it will be a mercy to induce them to retrace their steps before they indulge in speech, and let them betake themselves and their "gifts" so far from Cincinnati that they can never return, except as "immaterial puppets of the air." We want them not.

A FIFTY DOLLAR CHALLENGE.

MAKE IT \$500, BROTHER REYNOLDS,
And There will be Plenty of Acceptors.

We find the subjoined item in a letter from a Pennsylvania correspondent, who clipped it from a local paper, evidently. The good Christian brother who offers fifty dollars for something which has been done many times, really thinks too highly of his money, or he values the time of good slate-writing mediums at too low an estimate. If he will increase his offer to \$500, we will send him a slate-writer from Cincinnati who will accept his offer and bring back the money; or leave an equivalent amount for the benefit of any worthy charity in Meadville. Brother Reynolds has our address, for we mail him a copy of this paper, duly marked. Here is his proposition:

MEADVILLE, March 16.—While sitting in quiet discussion with some friends a few evenings ago, Hon. William Reynolds, one of our prominent citizens, had a pleasant tilt with Hon. A. B. Richmond on the subject of Spiritualism. Mr. R., who lately wrote a learned and somewhat sarcastic review of the Seybert commissioner's report of their spiritualistic investigation, warmly defending the mysterious phenomena. Mr. Reynolds is of the orthodox sort and has no confidence in spirits or spirit manifestations, as is shown in his proposition to give any medium desiring to do so an opportunity to make a public test. He will provide an elevated open-sided platform, to be erected in the center of the auditorium of Library Hall. The furniture of the platform shall consist of one plain deal table and two chairs—one for the medium and one for the person who shall represent Mr. Reynolds. In a sealed envelope Mr. Reynolds will place a written question and a fifty dollar bill, the envelope to be placed, with a small piece of pencil, between two slates. These slates must be sealed together to Mr. Reynolds's satisfaction, the test must be made in daylight, in the presence of one hundred witnesses, and the medium producing an intelligent answer between the slates gets the fifty-dollar bill, and Mr. Reynolds will bear all expenses. The proposition has created considerable discussion and we earnestly hope it may be accepted.

Charles Dawbarn.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It is with feelings of pleasure that I sit down to write you a few lines in commendation of an honest worker in the ranks of our beautiful philosophy. Worcester Association of Spiritualists have had for a speaker during the month of March our brother, Charles Dawbarn, and a more clear, concise exponent of the truth your scribe has rarely listened to. During the last terrible storm the soul of our good mother, aged 77, and a strong disciple of John Calvin, passed on to a higher life, and we invited Bro. Dawbarn to conduct the funeral services, which he did in an able and eloquent manner. Were there any of our Pilgrim Fathers present, they must have been somewhat astonished at the "revised edition" of this nineteenth century. Since the ascension of Uncle William Denton we have been somewhat cramped for bold, free thinkers and speakers, and the advent of Bro. Dawbarn has filled a long felt want in our midst. Keep the grand soul busy, Spiritualists of America, and give him a royal welcome when he comes to your midst.

Yours for Freedom, FRED L. HILDRETH.
Worcester, Mass., Mar. 25, 1888.

Capital Punishment.

So many errors crept into this extract last week, that we are impelled by a sense of justice to reproduce it, duly revised and corrected:

Extracts from Lecture by Miss Jennie B. Hagan, at Grand Army Hall, on Sunday, March 11, 1888, before the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists.

"Should capital punishment be abolished? If so, why? If not, why not?"

If we could have the cause which invariably leads to capital punishment abolished, that would be best of all. Then we should have a land so full of people of moral strength and power that the question would become one of a bygone time. There would be no murders then. This is an important question, and one which should be looked upon with great care and consideration.

I believe that it is time in many of the states where capital punishment has been abolished, there is less of this terrible crime of murder; that people do not, in fact, seem to take advantage as some have said they would, of the fact that they can still live after committing this crime. Speaking upon strictly moral ground, I believe that every life is sacred. That creature who commits the great sin of murder unquestionably shall be punished. It is a better punishment, in my opinion, for that man to be incarcerated in some place where he, day by day and hour by hour, shall be face to face with the deed, where he shall have no possible chance of escape. The only thing that ever makes me feel that perhaps there is a side to capital punishment is the power vested in the hands of governors of states to redeem criminals from their cells and let them go again free. The man who has committed the sin of murder is not a person to be let loose upon our land, and if we could have such a law that, after he had once fairly been proven guilty of this deed and placed behind the bars, there would be no possibility of his ever becoming again a free man, I should at once say, let capital punishment be abolished; but in this country where these matters change about so often in the hands of our political parties, it is a more serious question than this; indeed, one that should be very carefully considered. I do not know of a question that may come before us that merits more careful attention or more honesty in its answer.

The causes of crime lead out in so many directions that I am free to say I pity all criminals. I have visited most of our large prisons in the East. I have been from cell to cell. I have learned the story of a great many of those men, and I have learned this, that in almost every case, if you can trace carefully you will find that they are not carrying the burden or their own sins, but the burden of their parents before them. We have a marked case of criminality in a youth in our Eastern States, made famous in his early childhood by his murderous deeds—Jesse Pomeroy, who inherited his bloodthirstiness. Not long ago I was at Charlestown and saw this young man. He is a large, well formed man, of intelligent capabilities and easy conversation. As you stand and talk with him, you are almost persuaded that he cannot be the Jesse Pomeroy who would torture to death every dumb creature that crawled into his solitary cell; and yet when you read his story, when you learn the facts of what he is, the question arises whether that boy or his parents are most answerable for the terrible curse that lies upon him, and it becomes a problem whether he should not be laughed, or whether he should live in the prison throughout his life. Only a short time ago some of our people had the courage to present a petition from his mother asking that this fellow might be freed, so there is the great and important point that there should not be the possibility of freeing a criminal who has committed murder. There are so many different branches of this same terrible evil. There is the hot passion of hatred; there is the cold designing cruelty of men who simply for the greed of gain take lives in the most cold-blooded and terrible manner, there is the frenzy of insanity, and there is that class of men who, under the influence of intoxicating drinks, do this, and their souls are sick with sorrow when they contemplate the act. All should be pictured fairly to our minds, and then the question should be asked: "What shall we do with this class of criminals?"

I do not believe it right to usher souls and redim them with the hot boiling of their passion, into the world of the hereafter. I believe it is right only when they retain them in this life until nature in her manner bears them out and away from existence, and should I have my way I should say, "Let every murderer be safely incarcerated, and let him be educated just as far as he is capable of receiving and understanding that which concerns his own soul and the deed he has done, and to be useful to humanity in work of some kind in his labor. Let him work out his own way while he lives, and at last, when he shall pass out of this life by nature's own design, let him go and meet that which God has for him." I think it was better to put a mark on Cain than to have any thing else happen to

him. I think that we still should remember that and not have our minds wise in the end.

Capital punishment must be thought of in more than one direction. Do you ever think that you did not know all about justice yet? There have been cases in which men were not capital judges, and when we hear so much about justice, some of us grow tired of hearing the story and long to see what justice is, and the more we search the more we are confounded, for in many cases I have known of, both in the East and the West, this question of justice has been put into the scales, with what as a balance? Dollars! and they have won. It was only a short time ago that a murder was committed. One man deliberately shot another, and the victim fell dead. That man was a prominent physician. He had wealth, he had opulence. His victim was a working man. The penalty that this man received for shooting another in cold blood, instead of a life sentence, was two years' imprisonment. There is justice!!

Well, we have time to grow, but this is not all; there is no possibility of stopping. There was a time in this country, and many others when, if a man was in debt, he had to go through some comfortable arrangements. A certain article was brought out called "stocks," and the party was locked by hands and feet, and if he had a sweet heart she came and consoled him, and tried to cheer his lonely life while sitting and waiting. A great many other things of a more barbarous nature already have gone from our customs. The rack was used in another country, but I believe that it now has taken its place among the myriad things of the past. When men and women have grown a little more, when the justice and understanding of God and what our spirits are in their divine sense shall come, every real good man will come out in opposition to such barbarous things as these, and the gallows will no longer cast its black shadow against the sunlight of our land, but stronger and better means of judgment and justice will adorn our country. I do say that in the light of God a time will come when men's lives will no longer be taken by judge and jury hangman, but that the eternal justice of God will be meted out by a wise and perhaps a more just people than we have yet grown to be.

Easter Thoughts.

"If a man die will he live again?"

This question has engaged the attention of philosophers, skeptics, and agnostics all ages; but after disputing and arguing they have failed to reach a result satisfactory to all, each one insisting on his own opinion as the right, both leaders and petitioners, however, from a minimum of a community.

Where, then, shall we resort to for an answer?

The truth lies on the surface and in the depth of human nature, and is emphatically affirmative in the belief of nations entirely different in origin, language, and so far apart for inter-communication. The ancient Greek had his Hades* with late subdivisions in Elysium and Tartarus; the Teutonic mythology its Valhalla with braves fallen in battle, drinking mead and fighting their battles over again while cowards and vicious were banished to murky Niflheim; the Moslem by the Koran expect to dwell in beautiful gardens with cool fountains, and to indulge the embraces of voluptuous hours; the Indian warrior in pain of sickness or under torture by cruel enemies, shows an unflinching courage, in order to obtain mission to, and enjoyment of, the pleasant hunting grounds; the Chinese bring gifts and sacrifices to the spirits of their ancestors; the orthodox Christians hope to see Christ and to sing hymns in praise of Him and the great Jehovah, whilst their happy, wicked brethren burn in an unquenchable fire of brimstone; finally, the Esquimaux fancies a hell of ice and colder temperature than his usual frigid climate, for the poor sinner. We could continue this immortality catalogue to infinity through most of the fifteen hundred millions population of the globe, civilized and savage, of course with various dependent on culture, habits, conditions and occupation of the masses. This is most universal consensus of the race; significant; it proves that the belief in survival after death is an instinct, a law of nature, and as such warrants realization gratification.

After these preliminary remarks let us now approach the Bible!

The legislation of Moses confines all our words and punishments to this terrestrial existence. When it mentions a Hebrew worthy having been gathered to his fathers*, it means nothing more than that he was buried where the corpses of his ancestors were departed. Even the word Sheol which in later times (in translation) was used as equivalent to Hades and Hell means, originally, grave. The Sadducees, contemporaries of Jesus, who were strict constructionists in interpreting the Law taught, according to Josephus, that the soul of man perishes with the body. The only instance of belief that the dead do live found in the Old Testament, is in the case of king Saul calling on the women

Endor to conjure up the deceased Samuel, former regent of Israel.

After the building of the Second Temple and a return of at least a part of the Israelites to Palestine, there sprang up in their midst a new sect, patriotic in policy (for independence) austere in manner, but adding traditions of its own to the fundamental code of Mosaicism; among these modifications was also one probably borrowed from the Zoroastrian of the Persian Zoroaster, the doctrine: "Death of body ends not human existence; the virtuous enters then the heaven of Ormuzd, the soul of the wicked is pushed by the Dews into hell to suffer eternal torments." This sect, the Pharisees, was the dominant party, and this was the popular belief of the Jews at the time of Jesus, and not disapproved or disowned by him.

The veil of the future is somewhat lifted in the books of the New Testament by Moses and Eliazah, who had departed this life hundreds of years previously, appearing to the Prophet of Nazareth in a critical moment of his career, and were visible not only to him but also to three of his disciples, James, John and Peter. Profane history, so called, private records and family traditions, furnish incidents of similar apparitions, usually styled ghosts, and denounced as superstition, yet nevertheless stubborn facts. Spiritualism affords them now-a-days in plenty witnessed by thousands of spectators in various localities as one of the many phases and phenomena recently developed or discovered and throws a flood of light on the mysteries of the Hereafter.

In view of these premises and revelations, what are we to think of Jesus' Resurrection? Endowed with unique magnetism, manifested in wonderful cures, and with the gift of clairvoyance, he could foresee his death and re-appearance succeeding, and so he predicted, and so it happened. Stripped of all adventitious, perhaps fictitious, details in the narrative written down decades later, the grand fact stands out not as supernatural, but as natural as his birth, an every-day occurrence, not observable as the multitude, but recognized by clairvoyants on many a death-bed, and seances in forms visible, often tangible, to an observant, critical public. This phantom or spiritual body moved and went through door and wall, like other spirits, surprising his friends, disciples and adherents far and near, addressing them, and vanishing as he had come—evidently Materialization.

After he had expired on the cross, the intense interest in his cause held him still bound to the earth, as we learn of other persons actuated by more or less ignoble motives, to accomplish his mission; yea, his re-appearance was due to all his followers as a fulfillment of a sacred promise and condition of their faith. In fact the whole success depended upon it. The Apostle Paul himself declares: "If Jesus is not risen, our faith is in vain, and we are the most miserable of men." It is not too much to surmise without the phenomena celebrated in the various churches—as Resurrection and Ascension—Christianity would have never been established as a religion. For more than all other of his teachings, however so excellent, was the doctrine of a future life and that a future of compensation, verified by the Master himself, was apt to make an impression effective to encourage the disconsolate and depressed, to convert the doubtful, sustain the persecuted and let the martyr even die triumphant.

We acknowledge therefore thankfully this act of the good and wise Nazarene, the noblest of his race; but we see in it only a confirmation of a general law in force before and after that event, and since the last forty years, repeatedly demonstrated in humble as well as in conspicuous individuals, and as in the case of commemoration as a means of intercourse between the living and the departed—a common heritage of humanity.

In conclusion, we beg to notice that transition from death to life again, is neither in time nor space so far apart as some creeds will have it, for Jesus assured the repentant convert: "This very day thou shalt be with me in paradise." C. B.

*The Greek word *Hades*, by its etymology, means nothing more or less than the invisible world.

†It was not on account of creed, but of avarice and hypocrisy, that the great moral Reformer inveighed against them; yet also his peaceful policy of improving not alone Jews, but also gentiles, mankind in general, was opposed to their agitation against the Romans, which seventy years afterwards brought about the destruction of Jerusalem and the dispersion of the Nation, which considering the disparity of power, could easily be foreseen and prophesied.

‡The spectre of Caesar haunting Brutus.

TWO OF THE ANNIVERSARY DAYS.

A CONDENSED PROGRAMME.

Following is the programme for to-morrow and Monday at Grand Army Hall, in commemoration of the Fortieth Birthday of Modern Spiritualism. Programme for the three succeeding days will be duly announced:

SUNDAY MORNING.
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Invocation.....Helen Stuart-Richings
Music.....Orchestra
Anniversary Poem.....Nellie T. Brigham
Sermon.....Nellie T. Brigham
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Tests.....Several Mediums

EVENING.
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Invocation.....Jennie B. Hagan
Music.....Orchestra
Address.....Nellie T. Brigham
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Tests.....Mrs. Porter and Mr. Colby

MONDAY AFTERNOON.
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Invocation.....Jennie B. Hagan
Music.....Orchestra
Sermon.....Helen Stuart-Richings
Poem.....Nellie T. Brigham
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Tests.....Mrs. Porter and Others

EVENING.
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Invocation.....Helen Stuart-Richings
Music.....Orchestra
Address.....Geo. P. Colby
Poem.....Jennie B. Hagan
Hymn.....Choir and Congregation
Tests.....Mrs. Richings and Others

AVAILABLE FOR WAR.

The Military Strength of the States of the Union.

Instructive Figures Concerning the Organized and Unorganized Militia—A Gigantic Army of Over Eight Millions of Men.

According to the latest returns received at the War Department and sent to Congress by the Secretary of War, the total number of men in the United States available for military duty is 8,021,605, exclusive of those in the regular army. Of this number, 100,837 are enrolled in the militia forces of the various States and Territories. The remaining 7,920,768 are the able-bodied male citizens of the United States over eighteen years of age and under forty-five years, who are liable to be called upon under the law to perform military service. This number is as nearly exact as possible in the absence of definite reports from the Adjutant-Generals of a number of States. Where these reports have not been received, careful estimates have been made in the office of Adjutant-General Drum. The number of men in the organized militia is more easily got at, and the figure given is substantially correct. New York heads the list of States in the number of enrolled militiamen, having more than 4,000 more troops than Pennsylvania, which stands second on the list. The following table shows the number of enrolled militiamen in each State, including commissioned and non-commissioned officers and privates in the cavalry, artillery and infantry branches of the service:

States.	Organized.	States.	Organized.
New York.....	12,634	Louisiana.....	1,916
Pennsylvania.....	8,367	Kansas.....	1,800
Ohio.....	5,624	Minnesota.....	1,747
Massachusetts.....	4,731	Mississippi.....	1,733
South Carolina.....	4,437	Missouri.....	1,447
Georgia.....	4,333	Tennessee.....	1,374
New Jersey.....	3,881	Kentucky.....	1,317
Illinois.....	3,851	New Hampshire.....	1,279
California.....	3,794	Rhode Island.....	1,263
Virginia.....	2,961	Nebraska.....	1,217
Texas.....	2,586	Colorado.....	1,211
Connecticut.....	2,234	North Carolina.....	1,193
Iowa.....	2,447	Maine.....	1,041
Michigan.....	2,308	Vermont.....	790
Alabama.....	2,305	Florida.....	701
Indiana.....	2,280	Delaware.....	571
Wisconsin.....	2,188	Nevada.....	559
Maryland.....	1,947	West Virginia.....	233

Total.....94,736
No returns were received from Oregon and Arkansas, and their forces are not included in these figures. To the organized force of the States and Territories add 64,683 men and the District of Columbia 1,418. The grand aggregate of the organized militia strength of the whole country is, therefore, 100,837. New Mexico heads the Territories in the number of militiamen, its strength being 1,676, of whom 1,404 are cavalrymen. Dakota follows with 1,014, all but 49 of whom are infantrymen. Washington has 913, Montana 578, and Arizona 502. There are no returns from Idaho, Utah or Wyoming. Included in the total of 100,837 are 50,693 infantrymen, 5,691 artillerymen, and 5,695 cavalrymen. They are commanded by 1,297 commissioned officers. The returns from Alabama, Indiana, Kentucky and Mississippi give only the totals for all arms, aggregating 7,461. How many of these are infantrymen, cavalrymen or artillerymen is not known.

New York also leads all the States in the number of able-bodied men available for military duty not in the organized militia. An emergency call in that State would bring out 650,000 men. Pennsylvania stands second in this respect, as it does in the organized militia, but as will be seen by the following table, the relative standing of the States as to organized and unorganized strength varies greatly:

States.	Unorganized.	States.	Unorganized.
New York.....	650,000	California.....	145,041
Pennsylvania.....	579,000	Minnesota.....	145,000
Indiana.....	463,000	Mississippi.....	140,000
Ohio.....	450,000	Louisiana.....	138,439
Illinois.....	450,000	Maryland.....	125,000
Kentucky.....	325,000	Alabama.....	125,000
Missouri.....	320,000	South Carolina.....	115,000
Texas.....	300,000	Nebraska.....	102,981
Massachusetts.....	296,025	Maine.....	93,446
Wisconsin.....	282,000	West Virginia.....	85,000
New Jersey.....	281,887	Connecticut.....	81,694
Tennessee.....	282,801	Colorado.....	81,118
Michigan.....	235,000	Rhode Island.....	47,000
Iowa.....	225,805	Vermont.....	44,146
Kansas.....	212,559	Florida.....	42,393
Georgia.....	200,000	Delaware.....	38,200
Virginia.....	200,000	Oregon.....	35,000
North Carolina.....	170,000	New Hampshire.....	25,000
Alabama.....	150,000	Nevada.....	11,942

Total.....7,773,682
In addition to this number the Territories furnish 205,800, and the District of Columbia 41,298, making the entire number of unorganized men available for military duty 7,920,768, and the grand aggregate of available men in and out of the militia force 8,021,605. Dakota leads the Territories in the number of unorganized and available men, it being credited with 85,000. New Mexico has 27,000; Montana, 26,000; Utah, 22,000; Arizona, 15,000; Idaho, 13,000; Washington, 10,000, and Wyoming, 7,000. Indiana, which ranks third in unorganized strength with her 463,000 men, drops to sixteenth in organized strength, her militia numbering only 2,287. Ohio retains nearly the same place on each list, ranking fourth in available men, and third in enrolled militia. Massachusetts also makes an excellent showing from a military point of view, rising from ninth in the unorganized list to fourth in organized strength. The most noteworthy showing of all the States is made by South Carolina, whose 115,000 available men place her twenty-sixth in point of available strength, while her 4,437 militiamen take her up to the fifth rank in organized forces.

An opposite showing is made by West Virginia, which stands above nine States in her unorganized strength, but brings up the rear in the column of enrolled militia.

Two Little Grasshoppers.
Once, at a White House public reception, when the crowd was immense, Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague, the last son of the Duke of Manchester, tried to make their way into the Blue Room along with the general crowd. The policeman on duty waved them back. "Do you know, sir," said Sir Edward, in his most important manner, "that I am Sir Edward Thornton?" "And I," said Lord George, who was a meek, inoffensive little fellow, "I am Lord George Montague." "Go away," responded the policeman; "don't tell me two little grasshoppers as you are Sir Edward Thornton and Lord George Montague."

Evidence of Genius.
The impression that the man who wears long hair is unusually profound is probably a mistaken one. While there are men of genius who wear long hair, there are also patent medicine fakers and gentlemen who sell soap of marvelous properties which will remove grease from clothing, and while men of great erudition are seldom found in that kind of business, they always wear flowing tresses. There are a great many discerning people who consider baldness a greater evidence of genius than locks a foot long.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

ELECTRICITY furnishes employment for 5,000,000 people.

St. Louis capitalists are to sink a shaft for coal at Millstadt, Ill.

Beds of excellent marble cover 120 acres in Larimer County, Col.

The mines at Sparta, Ill., are turning out large quantities of coal.

The Macon County Coal Company of Decatur, Ill., has been chartered.

At Cayuga, Ill., a three-foot seam has been found at a depth of 179 feet.

AKRON (O.) bricklayers want forty cents an hour for a nine-hour day after May 1.

GEORGIA negroes are said to be leaving the farms for the towns in large numbers.

C. W. WOODFORD, of Keesville, N. Y., will establish a rolling-mill at Kokomo, Ind.

The carpenters and masons of New Jersey will demand nine hours as a day's work on and after May 1.

The Lookout rolling-mill, of Chattanooga, Tenn., on account of the increase in orders, will shortly begin to run double turn.

SEATTLE, W. T., is importing Chinese-made brick from British Columbia, paying the duty of from \$1.20 to \$2 per thousand.

CANADIAN cigar-makers average four dollars per week. They are required to pay for gas out of that sum, whether they use it or not.

The underground system of railways in London, Eng., has a length of over twenty miles, nearly three-quarters of which is absolute tunneling.

An order has been received at the saw works of Emerson, Smith & Co., Beaver Falls, for large planer-toothed circular saws for Burma, India.

An organization of over 200 Allegheny (Pa.) women has decided to boycott every store that keeps open after six o'clock on Saturday evenings.

The employees of the LaBelle glass works, at Bridgeport, O., have reorganized the old local union of that place, and in future will be known as No. 81.

The directors of the Greencastle (Ind.) iron and nail mill have decided to remove the works to whatever point offered the greatest inducements.

The Canadian Labor Commission, after a visit to the Convent of the Good Shepherd at Montreal, says that the work done there does not affect similar work done outside.

The capacity of a locomotive is seldom rated by the horse-power, but rather by the number of pounds or tons load it will haul at a given speed on a level or on a given grade.

TWO CONCERNS engaged in the manufacture of stamped and japanned tinware in Pittsburgh estimate the increase in capacity and output since 1885 at twenty-five per cent.

COBE'S Iron and Nail Company, of Aurora, Ind., have resumed the manufacture of nails, after a stoppage of three months, due to scarcity of coal through low water on the Ohio and Kanawha rivers.

TUBES of German manufacture are said to be made of iron of first-class quality and splendid finish, and in some instances obtain a preference over English and Scotch tubes, and that, too, at advanced rates.

FLOTHING-MILLS are becoming more numerous in East Tennessee. New mills of large capacity have recently been erected at Bristol and Home Depot, and others are to be built at Whitesburg and Newport.

INVESTIGATION by the Canada Labor Commission shows that in some factories the bosses have whipped boys and girls and placed them in the "black hole" for hours without food. A girl of eighteen was spanked.

THERE are three great anthracite coal mining regions in Pennsylvania—in the Schuylkill, Lehigh and Wyoming valleys respectively. They cover 450 square miles of territory, give employment directly to 105,000 men, and produce annually about 35,000,000 tons of coal, though the product varies greatly even in these big figures.

EDWARD McHUGH, general manager of the Powell furnaces at Saxton, Pa., has received orders to put the works in operation at once. The works were closed on January 1, owing to the refusal of the men to accept a reduction of their wages of 10 per cent. The employees will go to work at the reduction, with the promise of a raise in two months.

THE consumption of grocers' bags in 1886 was over 2,000,000,000; the yearly increase is 10 per cent.; hands employed, 1,500; value of materials, \$8,027,770; value of products, \$9,726,000. The Bethlehem (Pa.) Times says: "The first patent ever issued for paper bags was issued to a Bethlehemite in 1852, and since then Bethlehem has led the world in this industry."

ELECTRIC lights are being placed in the Hoosic tunnel. The men have imperative orders to cease work as soon as a train is heard approaching and to seek safety in the manholes on the sides of the tunnel. They are also compelled to remain there until the smoke shall have partially cleared away. About sixty miles of wire will be used for main cable and lamp connections. There will be 1,250 lamps of twenty-five candle-power each.

OMENS OF DIRE EVIL.

Twisted Trees Raise the Mischief with Superstitious Southerners.

Ever since the present year set in, writes a Savannah (Ga.) correspondent, there has been great trepidation among the superstitious, both colored and white, in the region between the junction of the Ocmulgee and Ochopee rivers, in Tattnall County. About five miles back from the Ochopee there is a field which is an almost arid waste of sand. In the center of this field stands four trees. One of them about four years ago was struck by lightning and is now a leafless stump. The other trees are what might be called twins, being double trees which have grown around each other. It was while returning from a camp-meeting early in the fall of last year that some negroes stopped near this field, and to their eyes the trees, as seen against the morning sky, read: "1885." The stump was a perfect figure 1, while the other trees, twisted around each other, made good figure 8's. The discovery struck terror into the minds of those simple folks, and, returning to their brethren, they narrated what they had seen. A deep awe seized upon the whole party, and they felt that something dreadful portended from the figures. They meant that in the year 1888 something mysterious would happen, the end of the world, pestilence or war. So settled has become this feeling that any unusual disturbance of the elements sets the population to praying in a most fervent manner. The news of earthquakes and other dire events are listened to with avidity. In the midst of all this excitement the trees stand together as sentinels in the middle of the deserted field, while the road which passes near by is seldom used, for the people dare not pass the omens of evil which show up so grimly.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, is stopping at the Walnut Street House.

Warren Chase, lecturer in Evansville, Indiana, the first Sunday in April, and may be addressed there, and in May and June at Cobden, Ill.

All visiting mediums are respectfully requested to send their names and home addresses to the office of this paper promptly, and it is not improbable they will hear something to their advantage next week.

The idea of twelve ushers and only one Porter at the Anniversary is ridiculed by some of the knowing ones. They forget that there is only one Porter in all the world who can insure the success of the undertaking.

It is said that Mr. Walter Howell will deliver three lectures in Cincinnati within the next five days. How well he will do it is known from a series of pleasant experiences during the winter months, when he spoke twenty times for our people.

G. W. Kates and wife, closed their engagement at Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sunday, March 25th, to a large audience. They are dated to hold test meetings at Washington D. C. on March 27th, and Baltimore, Md., March 28th. Thence to Brooklyn, N. Y. for the Sundays of April.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will speak at points in Illinois on the 8th and 15th of April; for the First Spiritualist Society of New York City on the 22nd and 29th of April; two Sundays in May at Trenton, N. J.; two remaining Sundays in May at Lynn, Mass.; on the Sundays of June at Worcester, Mass., and one or two Sundays in July at Hanson, Mass.

There is a legend in all languages we have translated, Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, Persian and Italian, which applies to one of our good citizens in a remarkable way at just this season—especially the Anniversary season—and our friends who are visiting the city as well as those who live here, should "remember them of all his gracious parts" when they read it. It is neither occult nor poetic, but very practical. A literal translation reads as follows: "You who wish to be well dressed—a term which implies good material and well-made garments—will leave your orders with that prince of merchant tailors, Mr. L. Lippert, No. 100 Plum street, Cincinnati."

AMUSEMENTS.

HEUCK'S—Mazum.

Sunday afternoon the initial production in this city of Imre Kiralfy's revival of the Ravel pantomime Mazum, takes place at Heuck's Opera House. Mazum is the piece in which the Ravels made their reputation both in this and in the countries across the water. It gives the actors a wide scope for their pantomimic ability, and offers possibilities for scenery and ballet displays rarely afforded. The name Kiralfy is almost synonymous with gorgeous spectacular production. They have never, since they have been catering to the public, disappointed in these matters, rather the reverse, more than carried out their promises. This time will prove but a repetition of the above. Their scenery, according to our exchanges, is something magnificent, beyond conception. Their ballets are all newly arranged, beautiful, but too numerous to be given special mention here. Many, many, new, novel and original features, each and all bearing the indelible stamp of Kiralfy genius, will embellish this already complete production.

In the way of specialty diversions come the Dare brothers, famed through all Europe and America as the most finished of acrobats; the Valdis sisters, the most intrepid of all aerialists. These artists give one of the most skilled as well as daring trapeze performances ever attempted, which is terminated by Miss Lizzie Valdis diving from the proscenium arch to a mattress on the stage below, a distance of 85 feet.

This is but a few of the many. But why enumerate. A Kiralfy production is above criticism or comment. They always have been—they always will be. So go to see Mazum and you will not miss it.

People's Theatre.

Sunday afternoon Reilly & Woods Monster Aggregation of Vaudeville Brilliance opens a week's engagement at the People's Theatre. Never, since vaudeville has become such an important factor to the general amusements, has such a company been gathered together. Not only is this true for its size, but also for its merit. It is without a precedent, without an equal, without a peer. Each and every artist engaged has an international reputation, and, taken as an entirety, the company is simply incomparable. It is headed by the renowned crayon artist Pat Reilly, whose work has made him illustrious in the world of art. The Nelson family of daring and intrepid acrobats, who, as everybody knows, are without equals; Adele Wilson, on her revolving globe; Excelsior Quartette, vocalists of excellent quality; four emperors of music, whose instrumentalizations are most harmonious and pleasing; Florence Miller, a song bird of excellent quality; Mlle. Fogardus and her flock of trained birds. But why enumerate further? These can serve as a criterion for the rest. Suffice it to say, they are of equal merit, and their specialties are as novel as those cited.

Do not forget the day of their opening, Sunday afternoon next. The place, People's Theatre.

Speakers and Mediums.

Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates named:

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

MAY: Mrs. A. M. Gladding, speaker and platform test medium.

JUNE: J. Frank Baxter, speaker and platform test medium.

SPECIAL.

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Fortieth ANNIVERSARY

—OF—

MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

—AND—

WILL BE CELEBRATED AT

CINCINNATI, O.

BEGINNING ON

EASTER SUNDAY, APRIL 1, 1888,

ENDING

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 5th.

—THE—

Opening Services on

Easter Day and Evening

And the Services of the Day

and Evening following will be held at

GRAND ARMY HALL,

No. 115 West Sixth Street,

And the Services on Tuesday, Wednesday

and Thursday will occur at

GREENWOOD HALL,

Sixth and Vine Streets.

Some of the

Best Speakers and Mediums

Now in the public work of Spiritualism have been engaged for this occasion, and other engagements will be made, sufficient to insure an array of talent rarely enjoyed by Spiritualists anywhere. When we say the best speakers and mediums, there is no secondary interpretation of the words.

In addition to the Anniversary Exercises, it is decided to make this occasion memorable by the formation of THE OHIO VALLEY ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, the object of which will be the systematization of Spiritualistic work in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, and in such other States as have adopted few measures for the advancement of our cause; and it is the intention to make this organization the nucleus for thorough and widely extended labor in the vineyard of humanity. Societies and neighborhoods are respectfully urged to send good delegates to unite in this prime movement for a better defined advancement, and to actively assist in its successful inauguration.

Come to our Anniversary. Induce your friends and neighbors to come. The occasion will be elevating and instructive, and we feel assured that it will result in the beginning of a movement which will bring untold blessings to our fellow men. Those who join in it heartily will bless themselves as well as humanity at large.

Ample hotel accommodations will be provided at reduced rates; and good boarding-houses will entertain visitors at reasonable charges.

Information upon all points involved in this demonstration may be obtained by addressing any member of the undersigned Committee, in care of THE BETTER WAY.

Fraternally,

E. O. HARE, Pres.,

C. C. STOWELL, Sec.,

MRS. I. S. MCCracken,

M. G. YOUMANS,

L. BARNEY.

Beneath the Hood.

Beneath the hood, her eyes were bright,
I shyly watched her where she stood,
Her tresses looked like scraps of night
Beneath the hood.

Such smiles would stir a hermit's blood,
Such lips—like flowers warm with light—
Would quickly melt the iciest mood.

I stole behind her—"It wasn't right—
I call it neither wise nor good,
I put propriety to flight
Beneath the hood."

WILLIAM H. HAYNE, in the Century.

A Baby's Epitaph.

April made me: Winter laid me away asleep.
Bright as Maytime was my daytime: night is soft
and deep:
Though the morrow bring forth sorrow, well are ye
that weep.

Ye that held me dear behold me not a twelve-month
long:
All the while ye saw me smile, ye knew not whence
the song
Came that made me smile, and laid me here, and
wrought you wroth.

Angels, calling from your brawling world one un-
defined,
Homeward bade me, and forbade me here to rest
beguiled:
How I sleep not pass, and weep not here upon
your child.

—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The War on Mediums.

To Spiritualists and friends of Medi-
ums, and to persons desirous of knowing
what persistent efforts are being made
to crush or destroy faith in mediums,
the following may not be uninteresting.

I have lived in the city of New York
most of the time for the last seven or
eight years, and I have known Mrs.
Eliza A. Wells for about two years, and
I have known that she was a medium
for materialization, but I have never at-
tended any of her seances prior to the
time of the occurrences hereinafter
stated, except two or three about two
years ago, and one of her private seances
held last year, and that one I attended
only by request to play the organ.

On the evening of Monday, the 19th
of December, 1887, I called at her apart-
ments, number 522 Sixth Avenue, in
the city of New York, between seven
and eight o'clock, alone, going first into
the kitchen. That room opens into her
sitting room, where she has a cabinet
for seances, and from the kitchen I
passed into that room. Those are the
only rooms in her apartments or in that
building that I was in that night. I
did not know that a seance was to be
held that evening, but very soon
persons began to come in to attend the
seance, which I then learned was to be
held there, and I left and went home,
going out of the kitchen door into the
hall and right directly down stairs and
out into the street. As I was going out
through the hall, before reaching the
stairs, a large, tall man came out of the
parlor into the hall and stared at me,
but did not speak to me or touch me. I
did not know him at the time, but have
seen him many times since, and I now
know he was Charles D. Lakey. I did
not that night go into any bedroom
or closet in that house nor was Mr.
Lakey in my presence once except
when I passed him in the hall, as I be-
fore stated, nor did he touch or speak
to me at all, nor to any one else in my
presence or hearing. The charges that
Mr. Lakey has since made that I was
a confederate of Mrs. Wells, and per-
sonated spirits at her seances, and that
I was there that night in a closet, that
he put his hand on my head in a closet,
and put his hands on me and spoke to
me in the hall, and everything else he
has said about me in that respect are
all absolutely false and untrue, and
without any foundation whatever.

I know nothing of my knowledge of
Mrs. Wells' seances except the little I
saw at the one seance I attended in the
Fall of 1887, and those I attended about
two years ago, before mentioned, and
those were public seances, and Mr.
Lakey was not there then. I do not
know that she ever had a confederate,
or a human assistant who personated
spirits, nor do I believe she ever had.

I have never had any reason to be-
lieve Mrs. Wells to be untruthful or dis-
honest, and as the charges against me
of being a confederate and personating
spirits at her seances I know to be false,
I have good reason to believe and do be-
lieve the charges made against her by
the same person are false also.

I have never interested myself par-
ticularly in Spiritualism and did not
know until on the evening of Monday,
the 5th of March inst., that Mrs. Wells
had been charged with having a con-
federate, or confederates, to assist at her
seances, but on that day, while I was at
the house of a friend in the lower part
of the city, about four o'clock in the
afternoon, I was told that a lady and
gentleman had sent for me and wanted
to see me at another house. I put on my
hat and cloak to go, not knowing what
was wanted; but before I had started to
go the man and woman called where
I was. The woman first spoke to me,
a young, "Are you Miss Chasey?" I said
yes. She then said, "They are waiting
for you."

I did not know what they wanted, or
what it all meant, but it seemed to me
that I must go with them and I went.
When they got to the foot of the stairs
with me they stopped and the man,
whom I afterwards learned was Charles
D. Lakey, asked me if I knew
Mrs. Wells. I said I did. He then
said, "Did you ever see me before?" I
looked at him for a moment, not being
sure, I then said, "I think I have."
When speaking to me he stared at me,

looking right into my eyes in such a
stern, fixed way that he startled and
almost frightened me.

Then the woman said, "This is no
place here; come along," and I went
along with them, not knowing where
they were going nor what it all meant.
Then they said they wanted to talk
with me and consulted between them-
selves where they should go. Mr. Lakey
proposed that they should go to his
office in Nassau street. The woman
asked me where I was going, and I said
I was going home. She said "where?"
on 83rd street?" I said yes. She then
said it was rather late to go down and
open Mr. Lakey's office, and she said
we would go to Mr. Lakey's house on
59th street. I said I would rather do
that as that would be on my way home.
I did not then know what they wanted
of me, nor the name of either of them,
but I did not know any better than to
go with them, supposing that I must,
and I went. On the way in the cars
Mr. Lakey would stare at me as if he
would look me through and through,
and would say to me, "You are such a
little body. How much do you weigh?"
and other similar questions, and not
yet telling me who they were or what
they wanted. I asked the woman if the
man was her husband, but soon after
learned that he was Mr. Lakey. The
woman told me her name was Mrs.
Champlain and that she was a detec-
tive, but I have since learned that her
real name is Phebe Hull, and that she
is an agent in the employ of John
C. Bundy, the editor of the Religio-
Philosophical Journal, of Chicago.

When we arrived at the house I was
introduced to Mrs. Lakey. Then the
three, Mr. Lakey, Mrs. Lakey and Miss
Hull, alias Mrs. Champlain, began to
question me and to press me with ques-
tions about Mrs. Wells, asking me if I
knew Mrs. Wells, how long I had
known her, what I knew about her,
and how well I knew her. Lakey asked
me if I had met him in the hall. I
said I thought I had; that he looked
like the person I had met in the hall.
He questioned me particularly about
the time. He asked me if I kept my
clothes in Mrs. Wells' closet in the hall,
on the top shelf. (There is no closet in
the hall but a water closet.) I said no.
Then he asked me where I did keep
them. I supposed he meant when I
happened in, and I said on a table or
chair, or anywhere it was handy. He
said I was a confederate of Mrs.
Wells, and charged me in the most
emphatic manner with being such con-
federate, saying that I had assisted her
in her manifestations, and he com-
manded me in the most positive man-
ner to own up.

I positively denied it, and he got
angry and glared at me so ferociously
that his appearance to me seemed ab-
solutely frightful, but knowing that what
he said was untrue, I told him so, and
positively denied, as I do now, that
there was any truth in what he said, or
that I had ever acted as a confederate
or assistant at any seance, or that I ever
knew of anybody else ever doing any
such a thing. He then charged me
with telling a falsehood, and told me
that if I should swear to any such thing,
I would go to State Prison. He wanted
me to admit to be true what I repeat-
edly told him was not true. He and
Miss Hull, alias Champlain, as a further
inducement to me to say that I was such
a confederate, said that if I would own up
or admit it I should never be harmed,
and that I should have all the money I
wanted, that money was no object; that
they would always be my friends, and
that I should never want; that they
would always stand by me and protect
me in whatever trouble I might have.

Mr. Lakey also proposed to get up
bogus seances, saying they had one good
performer and that I should be a helper,
and for that they would pay me at first
fifteen dollars a week for two nights in
a week, and more afterwards.

I told them I could not and would
not do any such thing, and utterly re-
fused to have anything to do with it.

They finally left me for that night
and I went home, the woman, Miss
Hull, alias Champlain, going with me to
the 59th street station, where she left
me, saying she would be up to see me
the next day.

I was then staying at the house of
one Mrs. Brown, who was sick. The
woman came there the next day and
talked over the whole thing before Mrs.
Brown, saying among other things that
they were fully convinced that I was
a confederate of Mrs. Wells; that the evi-
dence was all against me, and that the
circumstances were strong enough to
convict one of murder. She said there
was a gentleman by the name of Tice
who might call to see if he could iden-
tify me. I told her that I could not say
any more than I had said, that I knew
nothing wrong about Mrs. Wells, and
that I had never acted as a confederate
and did not attend her seances, and
that all her charges were untrue. She
stayed about an hour, and her talk
and conduct and her charges against me
worried Mrs. Brown very much.

Mrs. Brown was not a Spiritualist,
and did not know that Mrs. Wells was,
and when she heard what the woman
said about Mrs. Wells and me it trou-
bled and excited her.

The woman, Miss Hull, alias Cham-
plain, bluntly charged me with false-
hood and fraud, and told me I must not
go near Mrs. Wells nor any of her
friends until they (she, Lakey, Tice and
others) had learned the truth, saying
that if I did there was nothing to save
me; that I was watched and the house
where I lived was watched, and she ad-
vised me never to go near Mrs. Wells
again, and said that Mrs. Wells had no
friends. I supposed that she was a detec-

tive, and that after she had forbidden
me to see Mrs. Wells or her friends
until they had got done with me, I had
no right to do so, and that I was obliged
to obey her.

Mr. Tice did not come the next day,
but in the evening the woman came
again and said that Mr. Tice, Dr. Hough-
ton and Dr. Northrup wanted to
see me at Mr. Lakey's that night, and
that I must go over there. I said I
could not go that evening, but she said
they were waiting for me and that she
did not know as any other evening
would do, and that I had better go then
instead of the next day, and have it
over with, and that if I was innocent
I would go then, and I went. This was
about eight o'clock. At Lakey's I
found Mr. Lakey, Mr. Tice, Dr. Hough-
ton, Mrs. Lakey, Miss Lakey, and an-
other lady. Miss Hull, alias Champlain,
went with me and was there also.

Then Mrs. Lakey took me into a
private room and talked to me a great
while alone, assuring me that I was a
confederate of Mrs. Wells, and that I
personated a spirit called Mabel, saying
that she was an artist and could not
mistake a face after she had once seen
it. She said my form, size, hair, face,
eyes and hands were those of Mabel, and
that it would be strange if there could
be two persons just alike. I told her
I knew nothing of Mabel nor of any-
thing she was talking about, that I was
not Mabel nor any confederate of Mrs.
Wells and never had been, and that all
such charges against me were untrue.

Notwithstanding all that, she urged
and even demanded that I should
admit it, saying that I must admit it,
that Mr. Lakey's reputation was at
stake. She coaxed, and urged, and
threatened, and plead with me for
about half an hour to admit it, but as it
would be admitting a falsehood, I
told her there was no use talking about
it, that I would not admit or say that a
thing was true that I knew was not
true. Still she insisted that I should
admit it, saying that Mrs. Wells had
admitted it to her and Mr. Lakey, and
that Mrs. Wells said it was very kind
of Mr. Lakey not to expose her.

I told her I did not know anything
about that; that I only knew that I was
not a confederate and knew nothing
of any such thing, and that the charges
against me were false, and that there
was no use in trying to get me to say
what was not true.

She finally stopped, seeming to be
very much disappointed and angry, and
vexed because of her failure, and she
then took me back into the parlor
where Lakey, Tice and Dr. Houghton
were, and then they began, and in suc-
cession pressed me with questions, ex-
amining and cross examining me until
nearly 11 o'clock, Mrs. Lakey joining
with them, asking me how long I had
known Mrs. Wells, how often I had
been there, what I knew about her
rooms, whom I seen there, whether I
had ever been to the houses of any of
her friends, if I had attended her test
seances, whom I had seen there, how
well I knew Mrs. Wells, and other
questions too numerous to mention.

Mrs. Lakey said she knew Mrs. Wells
was my friend, but that she was a bad
woman, and urged me to have nothing
to do with her, saying that I could have
better friends, or better society. They
told me that there was no doubt about
my being Mrs. Wells' confederate, and
no use in my denying it; that the sooner
I owned up to it the better it would be
for me, and that it would soon be
proved against me and I would get in
trouble, but that if I would own up I
would be protected, and no one could
harm me, but that they should arrest
Mrs. Wells for perjury.

I told them I had no fear of anything
being proved against me; that I knew
I was innocent, and that no such things
could be proved against me, as there
were no such things to prove, and that
there was no use in their talking more
to me about it, as I had said all I could
say.

They asked me to take off my hat,
cloak and gloves, and take down my
hair, which I did. Then they put an old
lace curtain over my head and made
me run across the floor three times, and
to convince them that I was not Mabel,
I supposed I had to do it, and I did so.
I don't know how Mabel looks, never
having seen her, nor do I know whether
my exhibition was satisfactory to my
audience or not. I only know that they
seemed to have exhausted their re-
sources, and they abandoned their ef-
forts for that night and let me go home.
Mr. Tice and Miss Hull, alias Champlain,
going with me to the door of my home.
It was then five minutes past eleven.

I then hoped they were done with me,
but the woman detective came again
the next day, intruding herself on Mrs.
Brown, and talked over the same thing
again for a long time, repeating her
charges against Mrs. Wells and me,
trying her utmost to get me to admit a
falsehood, insisting and declaring that
I was a confederate and engaged in
fraud, continuing and repeating her
charges of fraud, falsehood and dis-
honesty against me in presence of Mrs.
Brown, until I was affected and made
nervous and excited almost as much as
Mrs. Brown was. What excited and
troubled me was to have such charges
made against me to or in the hearing
of Mrs. Brown, in whose house I re-
sided, and by whom I had previously
been trusted and who had therefore had
confidence in me, and who beside was
unconscious of such unadvisable intrusion
and talk, and who under any circum-
stances did not want her private rooms
made a resort for detectives and for ex-
aminations of suspected persons, nor
would she naturally want her house
watched, and as I did not know that I
could prevent these things except by
going away, or inducing the female de-
tective and the others to see me, if they
must, somewhere else, I asked the
woman, Miss Hull, alias Champlain, not
to come there any more, and if they
wanted to see me I would see them at
Mrs. Schooley's on 134th street.

The woman Hull, alias Champlain,
notwithstanding all that, came back
again the next day, March 10th, and
again intruded herself into Mrs.
Brown's room, saying she thought my
asking her to go to Mrs. Schooley's was
a dodge, and so she had come there
again, and for about an hour she talked
and repeated her charges against me
and Mrs. Wells, declaring that I was
Mrs. Wells' confederate, that Mr.
Lakey had seen me there, that it would
soon be proved against me, and that I

had better own up. She seemed an-
xious to convince Mrs. Brown that I was
guilty and dishonest, and that my de-
nials were no proof of my innocence,
and so she talked as if she was an ex-
perienced detective, and expected me
to talk just as I did, and to deny it for
a while, but finally to admit it. She
said of course I would deny it; that
was natural. Even a murderer would
deny his guilt at first, but by persev-
erance could be got to confess. She said
I was watched and the house was
watched, and she told me that I must
not go to Mrs. Wells' house again, and
that if I did it would prove that I was
guilty, and it would go hard with me.
I could only deny as before that I
was a confederate or that I knew any-
thing about it, or that any of their
charges were true. She assumed in
all her talk that I was guilty, and that
it was for me to prove that I was not
and not for them to prove that I was,
and at the same time she refused to
take my word for anything, because I
denied their charges, but was ready to
believe me if I would admit them, not-
withstanding I told her such an admis-
sion would be false.

When she left she said if I was
proved innocent, Mr. Lakey would pay
me for my trouble, and would tell Mrs.
Brown that they were wrong. But the
mischief had been done. The annoy-
ance to Mrs. Brown was more than she
could endure. Besides, the false charges
against me affected her, and it became
necessary for me to leave, and I did so,
although I desired to stay, and should
have endeavored to do so but for the
coarse intrusion of that female detec-
tive, or pretended detective, into the
house almost every day, and her brutal
talk and conduct there, and the false
charges made against me.

I then left and went over to Mrs.
Schooley's, where I soon learned that I
was not obliged to submit to such abuse,
or to allow that woman Hull, alias
Champlain, to intrude herself into any
house or room where I might be, and
that I was not obliged to obey the or-
ders of that woman, nor of any of the
other enemies of Mrs. Wells, that they
had no more right to order me around
than I had to order them, and that I
could go where I chose, and I have thus
at last got free, and as I hope, entirely
rid of them; but if I am obliged to suf-
fer the loss and injury, and endure the
mortification and disgrace of it all, I
think the friends of Mrs. Wells and the
public should know the facts, and know
what efforts are being made by the en-
emies of mediums to destroy them, and
to what extent they will go to accom-
plish their purposes.

LAURA J. CHASEY.

Dated March 19, 1888.

Wrong and Evil.

Do not look for wrong and evil;
You will find them if you do;
As you measure for your neighbor,
He will measure back to you.

Look for goodness, look for gladness;
You will meet them all the while.
If you bring a smiling visage
To the glass, you meet a smile.

—ALICE CARR.

"Did you enjoy the opera last night,
John?" inquired his wife. "Not much,"
he answered, "I was lonesome, and was
sorry I was detained at the office so late
that I hadn't time to come for you. This
going alone to the theatre isn't what it's
cracked up to be my dear." No, I sup-
pose not returned the lady, thoughtfully.
"Still, you must have been very comfort-
able," she added, "as the two ticket stubs I
found in your vest pocket gave you the
advantage of more than one seat."—Puck.

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nature than heroism; heroism of one's
conviction.

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APRIL 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

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CREEDS.

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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
past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspira-
tionally communicated through THE WORLD'S
ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humani-
tarians throughout the world, regardless of race
and religious faith—the object being to invoke
brough co-operation in thought and unity in spiri-
tual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and
higher spiritual light—we give below a table of cor-
responding 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.....	3:18 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.....	4:18 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.....	4:18 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	2:45 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	2:28 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:29 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany.....	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.....	2:33 p. m.
Frederickton, New Brunswick.....	3:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.....	2:03 p. m.
London, Eng.....	8:11 p. m.
Leocompton, Kan.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.....	2:11 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.....	2:23 p. m.
New York City.....	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:28 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:51 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.....	3:33 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	1:58 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria.....	9:21 p. m.
Yere Cruz, Mexico.....	2:01 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.....	11:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:08 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland.....	4:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	9:01 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela.....	3:08 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Pover, Delaware.....	3:09 p. m.
Ft. Kearney, Neb.....	1:33 p. m.
Georgetown, British Guay.....	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.....	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee.....	2:15 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	2:28 p. m.
Montreal, Canada.....	9:09 p. m.
New Haven, Conn.....	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.....	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La.....	2:11 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada.....	2:11 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	2:03 p. m.
Paris, France.....	08:19 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	2:11 p. m.
St. John, New Foundland.....	8:38 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah.....	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.....	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.....	2:08 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.....	2:39 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.



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SPIRIT MESSAGES.

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

1.

I am Walter Ramsey, my home is in Hartford, Connecticut. I have a mother and two sisters there, and a brother, James Ramsey, residing in Knoxville, Tennessee. It is to my brother James that I speak. You would have done much better if you had listened to the man. Make terms, Jim, if you can, for you'll soon have no position. And to dear sister Alice I would say, that Will is not to blame, and that she should uphold him by all means.

Loved ones, I am happy, very happy, and my greatest concerns are you.

2.

I am Linney Leece, my home, and consequently my friends, are in Middletown, Frederick County, Maryland. I want to reach Mary Neimeyer, because her mother and father would both send love through me. Mary will remember me. I used to like the song about Russia and Poland. Dear Minnie, she was nearer my age. Mary, I have seen every one of your friends, and they are well. Most of my darlings are here with me. Have no fear, Mary, your book will make you independent.

3.

I am Margaret Stafford. I wish most earnestly to reach Josephine Stafford Woodward, of Baltimore. Have a care for Margaret, my child and namesake. I mean by that, the child over whom I have kept special watch. Josephine, David, thwart not true love. Mr. Owens is a man well worth your esteem. Once more, I charge you, take care of Margaret. We, all of us, unite in love, greeting and blessing.

4.

I am Augusta de Waele. I want a word to go to my mamma, and the Rev. Mr. Gibson, of St. Lake's, can give it. I passed away with awful spasms; but, dear mamma, I'm happy and learning many things. I have no pain; I am not hungry any more, and don't miss our carriage one bit. Tell my dear, dear sisters that work won't hurt them and it will make you better.

5.

I am Thomas H. Smythe; my home was in Albany, N. Y. I have friends there, in Washington, in Charlestown, in Norfolk, and in Richmond. I have friends in Sudan, Africa. I desire a friend of mine to interest himself regarding the change in Liberia. This message will be speedily recognized, I know. I would be glad if it reached Mr. Cromwell of the Metropolitan Literary Association. In that way would a paper be read.

6.

I am T. D. H. I desire T. D. H. upon the earth-side to repair to Pierre L. O. A. Keeler. I've something important to say to him. Go at once, make a legitimate call, or you will get into trouble. My message will concern I. S. J. H. I speak covered because it was my habit. Caution O., she is too free hearted, and go to Keeler at once.

7.

I am Pauline Hollingsworth, a native of Berkshire, England. I wish to reach Polly, my niece, and can do so through Emma Hardinge Britton, who has associated much with the Hollingsworth family. Therefore I will request any one who can to forward a paper to said medium. Dearest Polly, your father's possessions will most certainly be divided between yourself and Emma. If you ever hear of Anne Ogden, give her my love. Your children will do you honor, and you will lose nothing by your love for your husband.

8.

I am Virginia Dudley. I wish to communicate with the Rev. Bishop Thomas Dudley. I am well known. First, by reason of a long illness, and, secondly, by reason of my interest in orphans wherever I found them. I have passed into paradise some time, and come back now, with my heart full of love for those left upon earth. Look after Nettie, she is sick and needs you.

9.

I am Benjamin Wright. I wish to reach Sarah Wright, now ill in this city (Washington, D. C.) also Charles Wright, located somewhere, formerly, though, in the North. I knew the lad when small, and would be thankful if he in some way would recognize my message. I know something to his advantage, but cannot communicate unless he recognize my message.

10.

I am Eleanor Clarissa Pusey. I desire to reach Frank Patterson, also Helen Lenore Patterson. I desire to tell them that Lizzie wonders why she has not received letters. Leave her not lonely in that wild clime; Frank, you can find time to write. Lenore, every evening is at your command. My love to dearest Clarice. I am happy, and safe from all pain.

11.

I am Edward Wheat. I passed away of heart disease, and as an identification of me let it be said I was a bad speller. I have friends in New York, Pittsburgh, Columbus and Kanawha. I left a mother who mourns greatly my loss. My sister, also, would be glad to hear of me. I am happy, very, very happy. Dearest mother, give Georgianna my love when you see her.

12.

I am Harry Conklin. I wish to reach a relative in Frederick, Md., also to thank the daughter of Julius C. Grammer for her kindness and goodness to Alice. Alice needed a friend, and beyond all things she needed one to read to her. You, who are counted worthy to minister to the afflicted, have your reward here of happiness which comes from giving pleasure to others. I am not very far advanced in this life, but I asked God to be my friend, and though late, still I know him faithful who promised.

13.

I am Grace Cheatham. I passed away but a little while since. I come back because I am most concerned for a relative in Florida. Willis, if you value your reputation, stop singing corn songs and learn something better. I was the life of my home, but I stayed only a little while. Should my loved ones hear of this, tell them not to mourn. I shall continue my studies here in the other life.

14.

I am Gertrude Guerry. I wish to reach the Rev. G. Guerry, who is now stationed here in the South. The children need your help. My darling one, who cares for them, has more than she can do with her teaching. Norma is fast failing; take her, I beg you, and care for her tenderly.

15.

I am Charles W. Leslie, well known in the East, having spent a long life as a fine workman there. I have many friends with whom I would converse, and would value greatly an opportunity to do so some public good for humanity. I have always been known as a man of very few words, but I thought much, and now I shall try to give to the world some truths which I have culled. Dearest wife, I am ever with you, and will ever shield you from all annoyance. God bless the children.

16.

I am Mary Jane Henry, a native of Devon, England, but known here for at least fifteen years in theatrical circles. I come back with the hope of reaching Julia Daley and Julia Shelton. Dear friends, you are standing in your own light in the course which you are pursuing. W. P. Shelton, cease looking for flaws. Julia Shelton, labor more earnestly to make your husband happy. I have seen Fanny and she is well. Julia Daley, Tom will be more than happy to hear from you as a token of reconciliation.

17.

I am Arphaxazia Pertha Silynnski, a Polish Jewess. I wish to reach S. W. A. Polenski, at present a musician in New York City. He was a long time identified with the Seventh Regiment band. If the Italian piccoloist could reach him I would be most happy, as his sister and her children are about to sail for America. Bodisco, at present in Washington, could also inform me if he would, but he is a Russian. Will some Polish friend aid me in this undertaking?

18.

I am Margaret P. McKee. I have relatives in Penn. I have gone from this life some time, and would be most happy to let them know of my peaceful existence and my unchanging interest in them and their pursuits. More especially do I bless with my love and earnest efforts A. M.'s search after a higher life, and I can assure him that he can have no higher teacher and blessed example than Jesus of Nazareth the exalted, the faithful one, the wonderful, the counselor, the prince of peace.

19.

I am Harry Baker. I have a mother and three sisters left upon this earth. My mother, Rosa Baker, is a native of England. Dear ones, the disease which swept me out of my body so suddenly, did in no wise separate me from you. Oh, how eagerly I have watched your actions, and how often have I guided you in the right way. God bless you, dearest Rosa, in your efforts among the heathen; sister Rosa, this is your vocation; have no fear, Jennie and Fanny will care for mother in your absence. Mr. Springer is near me.

'Tis said that Nature has written a letter of credit on some men's faces. Query—Would such a letter go at the bank for dollars?

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This new volume consists of two parts; the first containing a series of articles by Spirit "Benefice," entitled "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint," on subjects of deep importance, which all thinking minds would do well to read and reflect upon. Also, the personal history of a spirit, entitled "Outside the Gates," in which the narrator graphically depicts her progress in spirit-life from a state of unhappiness outside the heavenly gates to one of peace in the "Sunrise Land"—developing on the way stories of individual lives and experiences as well as descriptions of the conditions and abodes of the spirit-world. This portion of the volume concludes with a personal narrative of "What I found in Spirit-Life"—by Spirit Susan—a pure and simple relation of the life pursued by a gentle soul in her home beyond the veil.

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CONTENTS.

PART I.

THOUGHTS FROM A SPIRIT'S STANDPOINT.

Number One.

Number Two.

CHAPTER.

I. My Death.

II. A Spirit's Woo.

III. The Penitent.

IV. Spirit in Darkness.

V. The Children's Valley.

VI. Within the Gates.

VII. In the Sunrise Land.

VIII. My Beautiful Spirit Home.

IX. Conclusion.

WHAT I FOUND IN SPIRIT-LIFE.

Number One.

Number Two.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

MORNA'S STORY.

I. First Conceptions of Spirit-Life; Its

II. Home, Governments, and Colleges.

III. Transition in the Sphere.

IV. Language, Society, etc., in the Spirit-World.

V. Preparing to Enter the Temple.

VI. Development of Mediumship in the Spirit-World.

HERE AND BEYOND.

I. The Hand of Death.

II. The Summons.

III. His Experiences.

IV. The New Home.

V. Struggles with Self.

VI. The Conquest.

VII. At Home.

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II. Confidences.

III. Spiritual Work.

IV. New Developments.

V. A New Move.

VI. Olive's New Home.

VII. A Glimpse of Heaven.

VIII. Revelations from Beyond.

IX. Olive Finds a New Friend.

X. Thanksgiving.

XI. Retribution.

XII. Spirit-life to an Erring Soul.

XIII. Breaking the Bonds.

XIV. Working Upward.

XV. "Going Home."

XVI. Among the Blest.

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WALTER HOWELL,

Inspirational Speaker at the Cincinnati Anniversary.

Human Character.

By A. F. MELCHERS.

There is no one condition or form of life so varied as that of man in point of character, and he not only increases in variety, but becomes impervious as he advances in the scale of human progress. Animals exhibit mostly a universal character, as far as species is concerned, but also become variable as they advance towards the human condition. A marked example may be found in the domestic animals, and primitive man is not as diversified in this respect as the superior races.

Now, much has been said about man's soul condition and his evolution through matter, and in that in which the real origin of his characteristic could not be understood. Thus a brief repetition is necessary to get at the causes of the same.

As an epitome of the universe, man's soul-nature is composed of a positive and negative condition—one acting for a strictly intelligent effect, and the other for an emotional, or sensuous effect, when operating in conjunction with the body (or rather, the spirit-body, which constitutes the sensorium of the human life entity.) The positive condition of the soul is purely intelligent in nature, and acts from within, or at the centre of the life entity it inhabits, governs, or constitutes. The negative, which surrounds it, is emotional in nature or impetus, and constitutes a compromise condition between intelligence and sensuousness—the latter being that which is known as electrical action in matter, and sensation or magnetic sensibility in animal and human life. The positive soul-condition acts in harmony with the positive or spiritual of nature on the whole considered, or universal nature, and the negative soul-condition acts in harmony with the negative or material portion of nature. Thus the compromise state—emotion, while the positive retain, its purely intelligent action because it vibrates in harmony with spiritual nature, and through which it is enabled to express itself intelligently, or for a self-conscious effect, but only known to the being or life-entity itself as its exterior, its spirit body, (which constitutes its third and outer covering of both the positive and negative soul-condition), becomes purified or freed from its grosser animalistic sensuousness, and also in harmony with spiritual, or the positive side of nature, (the interior, or law condition; causation, God, so-called.)

This purification of the spirit-body, or so-called spiritual purification, already begins in the higher animal types, and is the advent of reason, or self-conscious action of the interior soul-nature, and when sufficiently active to permit a continued motion for this effect, becomes a human spirit as soon as released from its natural appendage, the physical body it may be inhabiting at the time. This may constitute but one per cent. in the effect, but is enough to insure advancement. Thus man enters life with an animal sensorium to within one or two per cent. of spiritual purification, and is all that his positive or intelligent soul-condition has to operate through. But once an outlet is found, the being is made self-conscious of its existence, and through its natural reasoning process widens this outlet, as it were, i. e., continues its spiritual purification by the simple act of thinking, or meditating, reflecting or perceiving positively, and not instructively or negatively, as the animal does. But prior to this, the soul is active, nevertheless, and by virtue of its perpetual motion, is slowly but surely breaking its way through to the light of intelligence or spiritual nature, and which constant activity (analogous to the action of time on space) finally succeeds in purifying its exterior covering sufficiently to manifest itself on or

through this condition for a positive or intelligent effect—hailed by that primitive form of self-consciousness in animal life known as self-preservation or the instinctive tendency to defend or protect itself, and which primitive form constitutes the negative soul-condition manifesting itself, but which, in consequence of its natural rapport with material nature, expresses emotion, a form of intelligence too negative to manifest a sufficient degree of reason to reach the human condition. But it leads to it as this emotion, which now exists in the spirit-body in conjunction with sensuousness, is transformed into positive intelligence on a sufficient reasoning force to keep up communication with positive nature from the exterior of the life-entity, or independent life-form, and in which event it becomes a human being. If no discord with spiritual nature occurs by exercising the positive soul-condition for a negative effect, the being frees itself from further incarnation in human form as soon as fifty per cent. of the spirit-body has been thus purified, for this enables a condition of harmony with universal nature—having as much positive impetus or force in the spirit-body as in the soul-nature; and one per cent. more of spiritual purification elevates the being above this harmonious state, and makes it positive to the negative side of nature entirely. Such constitutes the so-called positive condition, and enables the soul to rise above material influences altogether and away from earth's attraction, as a spirit in comparison to the surplus of positive force over the combined negative impetus of the sensuous or unrefined portion of the spirit-body and the negative or emotional soul-condition. But all human soul-beings have not this good fortune—many misusing their positive nature for unspiritual purposes, and thus they place themselves in discord with spiritual nature by adding negative impetus to their negative soul-condition, or animalistic or material impetus to their spirit body, thus giving themselves extra labor in neutralizing this again. If exercising their positive soul-impetus in conjunction with the spirit-body for a negative or animalistic effect, it adds to this a low desire to indulge beyond the natural dictates of the same, and may be known as sensualism, lust or intemperance. If in conjunction with their emotional nature, it increases the activity of the negative soul condition and makes the being unnaturally emotional, or susceptible to anger, irritability, perturbation, etc., and creates a desire for a repetition of that which first gave it life, as it were.

Anger is a natural attribute of the spirit body, and when roused in the animal, is simply permitted to exercise itself until allayed again. But man, through his self-consciousness, is enabled to control it, but at the same time retains a recollection of it, even after it has been allayed, and in seeking revenge by a misuse of his intelligence or positive nature, increases the action of his negative soul nature for this effect, and thus becomes unnaturally susceptible to it; and which has either to be neutralized by overcoming it on another occasion, or he remains in a so-called negative soul condition, besides being in a negative spirit condition (regarding this as being negative until purified to the extent of a fraction over fifty per cent.). If he believes himself right to exercise this unnatural emotion, and takes revenge every time his anger is roused, he develops haughtiness or arrogance, which manifests itself as false pride or self-righteousness in the more advanced human beings. If his positive intelligence is misused in purloining from others, he lays the foundation for selfishness, and which continues to act for this effect, finally manifesting itself as jealousy, envy,

hatred, avarice, etc. If received in conjunction with the sensuous pleasure of the spirit body, it leads to the so-called passions of the flesh, or sensual passion.

Nature dictates what is needed, and to go beyond this is unnatural, and man retards his progress towards the positive condition or release from material attraction, influences, etc. Now, a negative soul condition also retards progress, for it places man in stronger rapport with the negative or material side of nature, and is attracted to matter until the lost equilibrium is regained, by neutralizing these unnatural emotions existing in the negative soul, or adding positive or spiritual impetus to the positive soul nature, until the former is counterbalanced. Either creates a compromise impetus having intelligence and emotion combined. Arrogance or pride, for example, if neutralized by humility or a superior positive soul impetus, takes the form of deference or a feeling of kindness toward all mankind, and constitutes a human characteristic or virtue known as politeness. Selfishness neutralized becomes benevolence, generosity, charity, etc., while hatred or malice, (a combination of arrogance and selfishness) takes the form of nobility or high-mindedness in being both kind or gentle, and forgiving or generous. The sensual passions neutralized by spiritual purification, lead to the so-called spiritual gifts, mediumship, talents for music, art, etc., and in combination with any active soul-qualification, as above described, to genius, statesmanship, human greatness and characters of note generally. But then no active emotion, as hatred, envy, jealousy, false pride, conceit or self-love in any form, must exist unneutralized to mar the soul's harmony with divine or positive nature. Even when in the positive soul-condition, the being can have some strong negatively acting force in his lower nature which prevents him from getting away from matter as a spirit, and if in the form of a passion, is subjected to re-incarnation despite his surplus positively in favor of spiritual or divine nature. Such constitute the unfortunate beings of earth. Too sensitive to exist in material nature with any degree of comfort, and too positive to exercise their natural impetus for a living—thus becoming a burden to themselves or to others, if not cared for by the spirit world in guiding them to wealthy parents, who can afford to let them grow up in idleness. But those who are not thus cared for are enabled to keep themselves, and are also led through paths where opportunities are given them to overcome their unnatural emotions or sensations, and thereby aided in reaching the harmonious or positive state of existence. Those who have no such discords or evils, may be known as the natural beings of earth, and become male or female, according to the natural impulse of their soul-nature at the time of incarnating themselves, or becoming incarnated by the process of law and the aid of superior spirits, who are enabled to lead such souls to conditions most suitable for their coming career. An active, intellectual condition in mental impetus, so to say, makes the being temporarily positive in nature, while an active emotional condition—exercised for a natural effect, as in sympathy or affection, and not anger or selfishness, makes the being temporarily negative to the condition of harmony and love, and thus becomes a female life-entity. The masculine of all life-conditions is naturally positive in this respect, but not by virtue of any superior spirituality—such only being attained by positive good, and may exist in a female as well as a male entity. Sex does not exist in spirit as it does in matter, as there is no such thing as spirit-generation; but the material body takes this form according to the above impulses existing in the soul-nature of the being connecting itself to a physical body. If the natural impulses of the soul as a whole act for a positive, intellectual or a creative effect, as it were, i. e., for a mathematical, mechanical or controlling effect, it evolves a male body, or one through which its impulses are enabled to manifest themselves actively, while the opposite evolves a female body, and places the respective souls in a sphere of action where these qualifications may be best exercised or employed.

Now, either may possess a positive or negative soul impetus in point of characteristics without affecting its natural equilibrium as an origin of universal nature. Vice or passion simply adds individual impulses, forces or tendencies to the negative soul-condition and drops it to earth, while virtue, ambition unaided by selfishness or vanity, and humanity have a like effect on the positive soul-nature, and elevate the being above matter—provided the latter holds the balance of power at death of the physical body, and a sufficient portion of the spirit body has been purified to favor this balance. If a force of ten exists in favor of the positive soul-nature, and only thirty per cent. of the spirit-body has been purified, the being is naturally earth-bound by a force of ten in favor of material nature; but if forty per cent. has been purified, harmony, so-called, has been attained, and by a fractional per cent. if positivity is necessary to free the being from the low condition of nature. If ten per cent. of selfishness or pride actuates the negative soul condition over or above the positive, and sixty per cent. of spiritual purification has been attained, the being is also freed from further re-incarnation. This constitutes positivity in the main or on the average, but when both are attained simultaneously, even if by but one per cent., the being reaches the most gratifying condition, and if mediocrity, becomes both a sensitive and psychic agent for the spirit-world—positive spiritual purification making them psychometric, and positive soul condition clairvoyant, although both begin to manifest themselves before this state is fully attained, and is hailed by a feeling of happiness or peace, which become permanent as soon as these respective conditions are reached absolutely. Besides happiness, spiritual purification brings health of body if disease prevailed in the same previous to this event, for it places the same in support with spiritual nature, where neither pain, disease nor suffering exists. And

besides peace, soul purification (freedom from selfishness) brings light, truth and revelation of a purely spiritual nature—revealing to man the absolute of things, for this condition places him in rapport with causation itself—the spiritual or positive side of nature being the controlling power or life in its purely intelligent state.

Such we have been impressed to write. Whether true or not, must be left to future revelations or further investigation in the matter. If wrong, we hope somebody else will make it right. Negating or criticising it will not do it, and does not benefit the reader. Light is what we want and are all seeking; and by giving our highest thoughts in addition to those of others, we may reach the absolute finally—such being the aim of every soul, and it constitutes man's most natural characteristic!

Written for The Better Way.

A Modern Apocryphos.

Services at St. Mathews' Episcopal church—The Rev Percy C. Welber, from Boston, a young priest—will talk to the people at stated times during the week. Come and hear him—you cannot fail to feel that his enthusiasm is felt.

And so the word went round, and we too have enjoyed the eloquence of his earnest words.

I have just been reading "Lytton's Last Days of Pompeii"—my mind is full of the young priest Apocryphos; how he gave up the pleasures of the world, and took the holy orders—resigned all, without a regret, happy in the divine wisdom he should gain as a companion of the gods—filled with burning zeal and ready to lay down his life for the good of his fellow-man—gladly devoting himself a living sacrifice upon the altar. A worshiper at the shrine of Isis, he resolves on a life of celibacy—finds himself in a small set of wily Egyptian Arabs—is horrified, yet unable to retreat while that awful power of evil is about him. He learns that all is a delusion, and falls a prey to the sorcerers' enchanted hour—"drink, feast and love," for yonder skeleton admonishes all of the shortness of life. And was it thus to be a priest in the olden time? no hope beyond the vanities of earth? to revel until madness intervenes, and then sing the grim song to the image of death:

Thou art welcome, guest of gloom!
From the far and fearful sea!
When the last rose sheds its bloom,
Our board shall be spread with Thee.

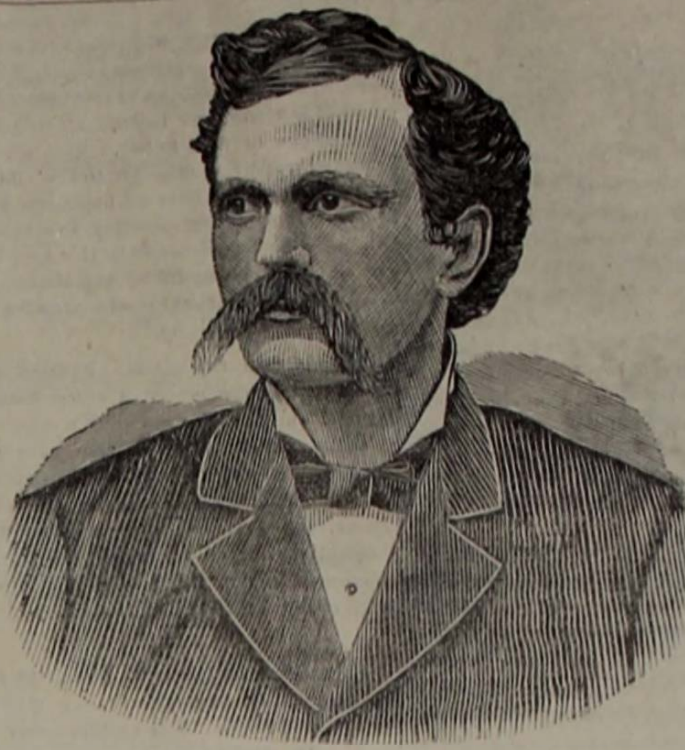
All hail, dark guest!

To feel that heaven was naught, and that a magic power over weak man was all of life? I cannot think that it was ever thus, but that Arabes and Apocryphos were but types of good and evil, abroad in those last days, even as we find them in our own time. I felt rejoiced that Christ was revealed unto him—and that in death some hand had dared to place the "palm branch" over his grave. It was a sad ending to a life so full of promise for good. But such lives, though seemingly cut short, go on and on forever, and their influence will be felt wherever a door is opened for goodness and truth to come from the other side.

But here I am in the presence of the young priest of our own day; and methinks he is another Apocryphos, for he too has vowed a life of celibacy; feeling that his power for good will be greater, he renounces the world for Christ's sake. I think I can feel the purity of his life—that could we look behind the veil, all would be well—a life as pure in its sacerdotal vows, as the white robe which envelopes his form.

I listen to his burning words, I feel that he is earnest; he pictures vividly the life of the "lovely one" in all its purity—an emblem, a symbol, a guide, an ever present help in time of need. How rare my soul becomes in the beautiful blending of the scene, the pretty room, the softened light, the evergreen, festooned on wall and chancel, the devotion of the hour, all combined with the peacefulness I felt from within, made it a very haven of rest—a rest that every tired mortal could receive and call it blessed. I gazed, I listened "I am the light of the world." "Come unto me, and I will in no wise cast you out." "I go to my father, but I will come again." "Seek ye first the kingdom, brothers, sisters, friends; do not neglect this great salvation; freely it is given, that ye may know the joy of the blessed in his kingdom."

A mist is gathering in the room; I see the young priest enveloped in a silvery light. Is he fading from my view? What means this illusion? and then I knew, or thought I knew, that spirit power was there; that hands were being laid upon the young head, that the church was filled with the subtle presence of bright beings from the other side of life; that holy priests were there, and inspiration from on high was flowing through mortal lips to cheer and uplift humanity. Almost was the veil lifted. Almost did my eyes the glory of the far-off behold; and then my vision cleared, and a new thought had entered my soul. How was my belief strengthened in that hour? How strong the forces from the other side; how ready to come and help poor, weak humanity, and how easy for them to make their presence known, where all is peace and purity. Was every word that came from his lips a great truth? I cared not. For the time all things were swallowed up in that higher law,



GEORGE P. COLBY, OF FLORIDA,

Inspirational Speaker and Platform Test Medium at the Cincinnati Anniversary.

FREE LANCE.

To C. H. Keith, Et Al.

ANTIOTH, COL., Mar. 17th, '88.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Permit me a word in your columns again, please. It seems that Bro. Judson's article has called out a great deal of comment. I like John B. Wolff's position on the question involved. I know many Spiritualists who feel as brother Judson does; still I can see no reason why it should call out feelings of bitterness or personal allusions of an unpleasant nature; and it seems to me the following is unkind and uncalled for. I find it in Keith's article in your issue of March 10.

"When the class of Spiritualists represented by Mr. Judson become a little less self-glorious, a little less like the Scribes and Pharisees, who shut up the Kingdom of Heaven against men," etc.

I claim to be one of that class represented by Mr. Judson. I am fully satisfied that the claims made, Christ, Spirit, goodness, etc., as being Christianity, or any part of it, are entirely false; that love, mercy, charity—every virtue that we find in the world to-day, was here before Christianity was ever heard of—that they are found among those who call themselves Christians because these virtues are inherent in humanity. Consequently, opposing Christian Spiritualism is not opposing one good thing. It is simply opposing a false claim to them. Another quotation:

"If Mr. Judson and his friends can bring any good reason for not loving Jesus and his teachings, it will be time enough to make slighting remarks about Christian Spiritualism. Even now he is at liberty to write articles opposed to the Christ principles of love, mercy and forgiveness, and send them to a paper (if there be one) that is supported by bad, rich men, and he will have the satisfaction of doing his best to lower the moral tone of his readers."

In the above there are two misconceptions, or, rather a misconception and an insinuation. The misconception is in supposing that the virtues named are opposed when we oppose Christian Spiritualism. We do not count them Christ, but human principles—virtues. The insinuation is that such Spiritualists as Mr. Judson and myself are necessarily lower, morally, than Christian Spiritualists. Is that kind? Is that "meek?"

That the virtues do not belong to, are no part of, Christianity, or Christian Spiritualism, I have only to cite the materialists of the country as a body. They neither believe in Jesus nor in a future life; but as moral men and women they are fully up to the average with any other class of people that can be named.

And as to loving Jesus, I see no reason (even if there was such a man) why I should love him better than I should any one else. As to his teachings, I find nothing that is in any special sense—nothing new—no principle or virtue that was not taught long before he is said to have lived.

Now a question to yourself, Bro. Barney. You quote: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." When? How? Where? It has never yet proved true, any more than poverty of body or spirit has proved a blessing. Again, in a previous issue you say in defense of Christian Spiritualism: "Every age has had its Christ."

And, brother, is not that what's the matter? They have followed—looked to some one else instead of themselves. Our good friend, Judson, nor any other rejector of "Christian"—as attached to Spiritualism—though respecting those who may advocate it, can never get any view of it that will make them accept that kind of "ism;" they have studied the question too deeply—seen the far-reaching design behind the movement—seen that with too many to begin with accepting what they call the Christ spirit, generally end in accepting the historical Jesus as the veritable "king of kings." C. H. Keith talks about shutting up the Kingdom of Heaven.

If every kingdom was so shut up that it could never be opened again, it would, as I see things, be better for humanity. I want no kings—no kingdoms here or earth, but the universal Republic, and certainly do not wish to go into a kingdom over there.

It is said: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I say it is the end of wisdom. Wisdom and fear are incompatible. The agitation of thought—freedom to agitate without fear of an end, is to me the beginning of wisdom.

Fraternally, LOIS WATKINSON.

* I do not mean that Christian Spiritualists are the designers, but Christian spirits who do wish to yield their power and place, so try to do the sides of evolution.

Another Correction.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

We feel impressed to write you a word this morning in regard to Mr. Potter, Secretary, of our State Association of Spiritualists. It is the opinion of every one most nearly concerned and those who attended the convention, that he rendered a fair report of the proceedings. We have many fine mediums in this city, whose names are not mentioned in that article, simply because they did not take part in the meeting. Among that number is Mrs. Booser, "W." can see no harm in the "Friendly Dissent," only that it might lead some to suppose that Mr. Potter was unreliable in judgment of the real worth of such a meeting. It was in every way the best meeting ever held here. We were all helped by it and pleased with its success. There were only two mediums from out the city here at that time. We have not reached as high a state of development as we aim for, but work steadily to that end. Those within our walls should come out and try to help us gain the summit. Respectfully,

MRS. EFFIE F. JOSELYN.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., March 24, 1888.

Boston Lyceum, No. 1

SUNDAY, March 26, 1888.

To day is beautiful. The clear blue sky and the warm and invigorating rays from the sun seemed to make every one feel happy. We were favored with a large audience, a great many strangers among them, and a large school in the opening song. Reading from the instructor, and the Banner March, over 100 participated. The following program was offered:

Readings by Grace Seales, L. Thorpe, Laura Kempler; song by Jesse Judkins; readings by Mark Abrams, Rosa Wilbur, Lillian Rich and Maud Judkins. Callisthenes, led by conductor Ben Weaver, who also offered some remarks in relation to the celebration of the 40th anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. Closing song and target march ended the session. Great preparations are made for the two days, celebration of the fortieth anniversary. I enclose programme.

RICHARD LAUNDREY.

A Shock.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

A skeptic undertook to "grab" a materialized form at a Sunday evening seance in Willis's circle at the Spencer House. The result was painful to the medium, Mr. Willis, and almost fatal to the would-be grabber, through a magnetic shock of remarkable severity. Mr. Skeptic will never repeat the attempt.

Respectfully, S. S. BALDWIN.

MARCH 26, 1888.