

THE BETTER WAY

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Materialization at Onset.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The subject of materialization is one of considerable interest to many, and as such is being frequently discussed among Spiritualists, therefore I opine that a few words relative to some facts which have been placed under my immediate notice will not come amiss to your readers.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 16th, I attended a seance for full-form manifestations, Mrs. C. B. Bliss, medium. The circle numbered fifteen sitters, ten ladies and five gentlemen, besides a young boy. The cabinet is formed by a passage-way between the seance room and a room at the rear, a double locked door barring the way for the time the sitting lasted, the two keys being held by a gentleman, a stranger to all present. The weather was hot and sultry, though the room was well ventilated, having a door open on to the piazza; also the upper part of one window.

After a little music, the medium, who wore a dark cloth dress, retired into the cabinet, which has two wooden curtains across the entrance, and contains nothing but a chair for the medium's use. The floor is carpeted, and the walls are wooden, as all the cottages here are built of wood. The conditions were what the most critical investigator could not but deem "strict test."

The light from a lamp, such as is generally used in a seance room, and which was placed in the upper corner behind the sitters, varied with the requirements of the spirits materializing. It was raised and lowered by the cabinet spirits themselves, there being a string communicating from the cabinet to the lamp.

The medium had scarcely retired more than three minutes when the form of a man over six feet in height appeared between the curtains (the medium being five feet).

He was robed in white drapery, and had a long black beard, and was recognized as Hiram Abiff, the founder of Freemasonry. He remained for about a minute, then retired, presumably to gather strength, re-appearing and walking a few steps forward, stepped back and dematerialized in full view between the curtains. He seemed very strong and came in a good light.

Next came a tall Indian chief, the control of a gentleman present, who was called up to the cabinet so that the Indian might give him some magnetic passes on the spine. He came with a whoop and was decked in the costume of his tribe.

Following this appeared another male form, less tall, and in very peculiar raiment. His face was dark, almost as a negro's; he beckoned to a lady and bowed in assent when asked whether he was a Persian. He assists the lady's husband in giving magnetic treatments.

Harry Montague, one of the cabinet controls, then appeared. He is a tall young man with handsome features and fine bearing, and was, while in earth life, on the boards of Wallack's Theatre, New York. I asked him if he would give a message from a mutual friend to Lester Wallack, the noted actor, lately passed to the higher life, the purport of which was to ask him

how he liked the spirit world. "Harry" bowed and vanished, soon returning with the reply from "Lester" that he had heard so much of Spiritualism while in the mortal that the spirit world was not strange to him.

Later Billy, the boot-black, the medium's chief control, stated that Lester Wallack was in the cabinet, but could not then materialize.

Mrs. McCarthy, also a cabinet spirit came dressed to represent how she used to attend church on Sundays while here, with frilled cap and bow at her throat, and black silk apron. She told us that Mrs. Helen Western, another spirit of the medium's band had helped her dress up for the occasion. She had her picture taken last week through Mr. Louis F. Jones, the spirit artist, and she was greatly pleased therat, so she came as seen in her picture, which is a very good one of her, afterwards in her usual style, pure white, with drapery over her head. I asked permission to step up and shake hands, so had a good view of her face which is that of an old woman, thin and wrinkled, utterly unlike the medium, who has a round full face, and in figure inclines to embonpoint, Mrs. McCarthy being of slight build.

The wife and daughter of one sitter came and were fully recognized; also two daughters of a lady, the mother of another &c. Mr. Sidney Howe, a resident of Onset, lately passed on, came and greeted several of his old friends, as did also Mrs. Dr. Abbie Cutter of Wicket's Island. There is no possibility of mistaking the identity of this lady. I have seen her materialized through another medium, and it is unmistakably the same manner and gait.

Most of these forms which visited us, differed from each other and from the medium in height, size and general contour, and in some instances gave tests of identity, though my guides tell me the latter phase should not be expected in a materialization seance. The power is used in another direction, and it is the part of the sitters to recognize their friends by other means.

I have not nearly exhausted the relating of incidents which occurred at this particular seance, and which always have occurred in every conceivable variety whenever I have sat with this gifted lady. It is not possible to do full justice in a comparative short essay to all the various manifestations of phenomenal force, which are so instructive, and of which the least constitutes to me food for study and reflection. When sitters learn to ask their guides for help to understand spiritual truth, no matter how presented, and to look at and ponder over the lessons taught them from a spiritual standpoint, as an astronomer gazes at the starry firmament through a telescope with care as to which end of the instrument is placed upwards, then will the cause of Spiritualism make rapid progress, and will our spirit friends be able the more easily to utilize their forces for the advancement and the uplifting of humanity.

EXCELSIOR.

ONSET, MASS., Sep. 18, 1888.

Remarkable Manifestation Revived.

Confession of the Murderer, and Proof of Spirit Return.

In the early history of Spiritualism the following remarkable facts occurred near New Martinsville, Wetzell county, West Virginia.

John Gamble was murdered. Among the last persons seen with him was a man by the name of Mercer (or Messer), who owed Gamble money. No proof was found to hold the suspected.

During the fall of the year, as some men were returning from a husking Bee, one of them (Mr. Hindman) separated from the company and took a short cut which led across a large meadow. The moon was full and the sky clear. As Hindman walked along he became conscious of the presence of another man walking by his side. Presently the stranger said: "I am John Gamble, whom Ed. Messer killed," and gave a detailed account of the time, place and manner of the murder; told where he was buried, by which the body was found.

Messer, when confronted by Hindman and charged with the murder, made no answer. Hindman had him indicted, went into court and swore to the interview, which, added to circumstantial evidence fixed the guilt on M. indelibly in the public mind. But he could not be held on the testimony. Messer took himself to parts unknown, and I think, assumed a new name. When the war broke out he enlisted and escaped death. Later on his deathbed he made full confession, then confirming all the spirit had said.

I wrote up and published the facts at the time. If it was not the spirit of Gamble who met Hindman and revealed the facts which have all been verified in detail, then who or what was it?

JOHN B. WOLFF.

Washington Letter.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I am glad that "our John" finds good even in a Savage; sorry if I have hurried him. I took him in bad company, and have seen no protest from him against the use of his name in that connection. Until this is done he is responsible and should be held.

He may be a very good man, but his career as an investigator is not creditable to his common sense as an investigator with the books, mediums, and said material within easy reach he should long ago have reached definite and satisfactory conclusion. Instead he is still groping around in the fog and allowing his name use by improper persons on the wrong side.

"TUDOR CASTLE" ON THE DECLARATION.

I did not write the declaration, and should have put it into a short paragraph, as radical and liberal as possible. The Board thought otherwise. One main object was to furnish for circulation a concise statement of our teachings. In this regard it will, I hope, be useful. We are just a little sorry that the "Castle" is not pleased, but we have long since learned that the "Castle" is not infallible to truths or facts, and hence bear gracefully its feeble attempts at sarcasm and ridicule, a sort of mongrel *reductio ad absurdum*.

We claim no authority to bind, and have no inclination to hinder the "Castle" in its divine dictum. We have had enough of creeds, authority and exemplars. Jesus and Confucius may have been good men, in advance of their eras; but they were only men, with no patent on the truth, and no right to bind future generations.

It is a grave mistake to lean upon or imitate man, God, or pseudo Gods. It destroys our individuality and prevents growth. If any one has higher truth, all right.

A correspondent asks "Can mediumship be protected against error?" That depends. I know a number of mediums who get error all the time; one, an educated woman, who gets profanity and obscenity. In many of these cases the cause is within themselves. Some persons are so constituted that they get (understand and express) the highest mathematical truths and reason logically. Others get only the lower and common, and constantly blunder. This is applicable to every faculty and subject. In many cases it is simple obsession, and curable. In others it is a simple combination of elementary conditions for which no one is responsible. That is, lack of adaptability in the parties sitting.

The first thing to be done is to ascertain the cause, before any intelligent attempt to cure, can be made. C. S. is simply favored, not in the protection of an indwelling personal God, who is always ready to answer his call, but a constitution which enables him to repel the evil and bring the good.

God would have a busy time in attending personally to the appeals of all his children on earth, 500,000,000, and countless billions on the spirit side of life.

The simple desire to be protected is the prayer that brings to our aid all possible help at the moment. Our own positive protest against using or being used for error or wrong, is another form of protection. If these fail, then we should find out and remove the cause or cease to exercise our defective gifts. Errors and wrongs have their uses. Out of them comes our progress. They are our chief excitants and stimulants to growth.

Perfection is impossible in this life or the other. Absolute perfection would be death, mental and physical. It implies the exhaustion of all the forces and incentive to motion, action and existence.

C. S. is still within orthodox straddling bands. "Our Father" attends individually to no one. He is not around constructing mantles for special protection of individuals who cry to him for help, any more than he was in the garden playing tailor and making skin garments for the first pair when the figleaves were out.

Had he desired he could have excluded evil from the system. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. At the beginning was the time to provide against the devil and his imps (angels) who go about as lions seeking to devour. If not good and useful, then the wisdom and knowledge of "Our Father," is impeached. If necessary and useful, it is then our duty to discover and apply the good of evil, which is only disguised good.

We open next month with Bro. Brooks to the front, and all our time provided for, and will make due report of our progress.

J. B. WOLFF.

Sept. 1888.

More Light Wanted.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Fortunately or unfortunately the writer of this does not understand latin, and consequently cannot fully translate the heading of Ruel Keith's article which appears in your valuable paper of Sept. 8th. It seems to me however that in commenting upon the declaration of principles of the First Society of Spiritualists at Washington, that he or she has succeeded in making a "Ridiculous Mus" of the whole matter. There are a good many unregenerate heathens out west who want more light; they can not see the utility nor the desirability of forever trying to attach Spiritualism as a tail to the Christian kite. If Spiritualism is true, Christianity is false, and as Spiritualism is true, Christianity is false.

We want information in regard to the assertions made by the writer of that article, and in all kindness wish to notice some of the statements made. We are told "that our Jesus of Nazareth in spirit, has by other spirits been kicked and cuffed and dragged out of the hall".

If I mistake not, this writer has upon another occasion stated in the columns of THE BETTER WAY, that this same Jesus was the only authorized ruler of the whole spirit world. Such being the case, this only son of God does not seem to succeed in holding his own on the spirit side, any better than his Father has on this side the line in his encounters with the Devil and the powers of darkness wherein He has usually been put to rout wherever there has been a fair field and no favor.

As regards the matter of responsibility, we are not only responsible to ourselves but to each other, and it will be time enough to teach a responsibility to any other power when it is demonstrated that finite man can in any way injure any party but himself and his brother man. As to the definition of a "universal beneficent power", will the writer of that article give a better one? Again, we are told that the writer of the declaration of principles "seems unable to comprehend God," "who is an individual spirit," which is on a par with the assumptions of Christianity. Just how an individualized God can be possessed of the attributes of omnipresence we have never been informed by orthodoxy, and it seems to me that Ruel Keith has not succeeded in throwing any light upon the matter. But when we are told that there is a personal God who has often been seen in these later days by many clairvoyants, it simply out-Herods Herod. Spiritualists, as a rule, do not concede the personality of God, as it has always appeared unreasonable, and the assumption of an individualized God has never until this late day been susceptible of proof. It has been said that in the mouth of two or three witnesses all things shall be established, and now that God has really often been seen by many clairvoyants, we are in a fair way to have this much mooted question settled.

Is it true, or is it a Munchhausen story? If true, we want the particulars. Who are the clairvoyants who have seen God? and when, where and under what circumstances did they see Him? How does He look? Is He anything like the old testament picture of the Jewish Jehovah, or does He look like a modern Americanized citizen? Is he tall or short; thick or thin; blonde or brunette; and which particular nationality is made nearest in his likeness? We are in earnest in this matter, and if Ruel Keith is right, these questions can be answered, and the matter settled for all time.

As to a remission of sins, they are remitted as fast as we outgrow past undeveloped conditions, ceasing to do evil and learning to do well, and any other remission of sin is simply to put a premium on crime.

If King Henry the Eighth really is, spiritually, a lineal descendant of King David of the scriptures, and is any happier on that account, we would not if we could deprive him of that distinction.

Finally, we are told that everywhere "there is systematic effort being made by evil spirits to control humanity in opposition to Jesus of Nazareth, who is, spiritually, the only begotten son of God, the Father", which is only another rehash of the assumptions of priestcraft, without a shadow of proof. As we view the matter, such teachings are entirely consistent with Jesuitism and the Christian church, but

have nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism, which repudiates every one of them in toto, and which has come in response to the demands of humanity everywhere, and in spite of the church, the priest, the God and the holy books of Christian theology, and it has evidently come to stay.

Just why a person cannot make anything out of Modern Spiritualism, without studying and leaning upon the ancient article, is not clear, and for one we are willing to rely upon the light afforded in the nineteenth century, without reference to the myths and superstitions of the past, and perfectly willing to take the chances of falling into the ditch.

WILL C. HODGE.

ALBANY, WISC., Sept. '88.

Open Letter to Mr. E. F. Curtis.

TUDOR CASTLE, Sept., 23, 1888.

What's the matter with you? I hope you're not a very bad man; it seems to me you're mortally afraid of something. What is it, your letters? Why you don't display the sense of a common ordinary individual. You say you wrote a "vigorous letter" to somebody for something, and again you say you wrote a vigorous letter to Henry Tudor. Maybe you did, I don't know, I believe you wrote some sort of a thing to C. M. Keith which I never read or heard read, for I, Mr. Curtis, am physically blind, and would not read your letters, or touch one if I could. Letters of importance which come to King Henry are known to him and not to me.

I neither know nor care how many letters you wrote to him, nor what was in them. As for my being a young girl, I am over twenty-five. As for you, sir, you must have a thoroughly bad heart, to try to condemn one physically afflicted, doing good in this world. You say King Henry is selfish, domineering and a Jesuit. My very matured sir, when seeing people look into a mirror, they see their own image. King Henry must have held up a pretty large mirror before you, for this article of yours shows that he has crossed your path somewhere.

Mr. Curtis, it's a pity you've lived all these years and haven't seen God. It's a pity that the Christ principle, "do unto others, etc.", has passed over you to such a degree that you consider all living under it black and deceitful. It's a pity that in Tudor Castle, the refuge for the desolate and the oppressed, as I know it, you find nothing but fraud, jesuitism and a desire to lead men wrong, and you a sensitive medium.

Henry Tudor came to me when I was in sorrow. He is gentle, loving, and I may say, holy, so far as I know him, and I may know him best. Now, Mr. Curtis, excuse me; I'm not very churchy, but I'd a great deal rather have the church than your Spiritualism.

The principles of the church, love to God and love to your neighbor, taught by Jesus of Nazareth, are my guide. Spirituality and a desire for perfect life here and hereafter will ever be my attainment. Mr. Curtis, don't take matters so seriously. Every letter written to King Henry is consigned to the flames, after he knows its contents. I wish I did know the contents of that very vigorous letter, but unfortunately I don't. King Henry does not permit me to know, so of course I never shall.

Mr. Curtis, if you are a man, you will ask that very young girl's pardon, for accusing her of furnishing a "common" source for Henry Tudor to speak through. Mr. Curtis, could you have made my brain any better than the great chemist did? True, lack of eyesight may be in your eyes a very great deficiency. If my lack of eyesight keeps me from reading "curious" articles, I thank God for it. I am also thankful that I am only responsible for acts of good which I may do day after day, and for filling my storehouse with as much good and profitable information as I can for King Henry to use.

I have never written for THE BETTER WAY, nor ever used my powers expecting a reward. When I gave myself to Henry Tudor, it was to do good for God's sake. Go and do likewise.

Please print my autograph as I sign it:

HELEN MARR CAMPBELL.

Iconoclasm in physiology is almost a necessary consequence of the acquisition of knowledge; and too often the exact student must fall to substitute anything to supply the places of the broken images of antiquity.—[Austin Flint, M. D.]

Judging a Tree by its Fruits.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The only true way to judge a tree is by the fruit that it produces, and the only true way to judge any rule of human action is to watch the result in individual cases that may come under our personal observation.

While I am a thorough believer in both the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism, and never expect to be anything else, having passed the period when I need any more "tests," (not that I object to receiving them), to convince me of the grand and glorious truth of spirit communication, yet I can not commend the indiscriminate and often harsh condemnation of what is most sacred to others, some of whom, at least, show by their daily lives that their faith or belief has had a spiritualizing effect upon them.

A great many good people can not accept Spiritualism. It is against all the teachings and traditions of their past lives; and they look upon it as something evil, something emanating from the very Devil himself, and therefore to be shunned and avoided as one would a plague or a pestilence. They honestly and sincerely believe that they would be endangering their whole future spiritual welfare by tampering with it; hence they could no more believe in it than a year old babe could lift a hundred pound weight.

The thought that I had in my mind when I began this short article was just this: That if the reading and study of the Bible (or for that matter, any of the sacred books in the world), leads to conscientious endeavor to apply some of the best precepts contained therein toward the regulation of conduct. If the contemplation of the beauties of the character and life of Christ tends to spiritualize, and make us better men and better women than they would otherwise be, why condemn it in toto. And I believe that very many are made better by their belief in the Bible and their faith in Christ, many of whom could be reached in no other way.

I do not forget that Spiritualism and its believers have been denounced, in no measured terms, by some of the shining lights of orthodox theology; yet, for all this, it is none the less adhered to, none the less cherished in the hearts and homes of millions who have received the light of the knowledge which is so freely bestowed upon those who earnestly seek it.

For myself, it is all I can do to keep in "the better way," and I have neither the time nor the inclination to denounce any one for their belief, even though it differs very much from my conception of what is the truth. I deprecate a spirit of intolerance, no matter where exhibited, and I do not believe that any cause is benefitted by it. Neither can we convince any body of the truth of what we know to be a fact by the denunciation of any other creed or belief. We must first get them to investigate for themselves, and whenever we can induce them to do this in the right spirit, our or their friends on the other side, will do the rest far better than it is possible for us to do.

Then, while we claim freedom for ourselves, let us be careful that we accord to others the same privilege that we enjoy; and if we find our brother going in what we think is the wrong way, try to convince him of it in the spirit of love, and do not drive him farther away by a spirit of bigotry, which, to my mind, is just as reprehensible in a Spiritualist as in any body else.

Yours for the truth,

WM. E. CUNNINGHAM.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., September 20, 1888.

Minor Tribulations.

"What were the last words of Brigham Young?" asked the teacher.

"He never had any," replied the smart bad boy; "he was a married man."—Burdette.

Rev. Mr. Hirsute—"The hairs of your head are numbered, Mr. Scantlocks."

Mr. Scantlocks—"Well, it comforts me to think how little trouble I give the recording angel lately."

Ex-boarding house keeper at heaven's gate—"May I come in?"

St. Peter—"Afraid the children would annoy you; the place without children is over to the left."

Rastus (a late acquisition from the cornfield, on presenting a visiting card to his mistress)—"Mum there's two of em waiting at the door."

Mistress—"Why on earth didn't you invite them in?"

Rastus—"Sartinly, mum, you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?"

He (excitedly)—"By Jove, did you see that left feller catch that fly?"

She (petulantly)—"Of course I didn't. I don't see how you can see a fly so far away, when it is all I can do to see the ball. What do they do with the poor flies, anyway, John, when they catch them?"

MURDER OR MERCY.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

It was half-past four, and the morning room at Milton Court was dotted with confidential groups. Huge logs blazed in the two fireplaces, but no lamps or candles had been brought in to disturb the intimacy of the twilight hour. Tea at Milton Court was always drunk by firelight on winter afternoons. "Darkness is such an aid to scandal," Lady Milton used to say: "How can we pull our neighbors to pieces in the glare of those odious lamps? Half of the best things I ever heard were told me in the dusk."

The hour of tea was a sociable one, and the surroundings thoroughly feminine. The morning room was furnished in that heterogeneous manner which is characteristic of our time. There were many screens, and palms in brass pots, Indian mats and Japanese tables, Turkish divans and Smyrnae carpets, while a number of the R-jon etchings, framed in black, made a sad note on the Pompeian red walls, giving the otherwise over-luxurious room that touch of studied pathos which is ever present in the complex and many-sided life of to-day. The curtains were not yet drawn, and far off, apart from the group of dainty figures who were clustering round the tea table and the fire, stood a young girl with her face pressed against the window. It was a cold, melancholy afternoon, and outside a heavy white fog was gathering over the frost-bitten ground, making a fine contrast to the gay and cheery scene within doors. Suddenly she turned with a cynical little laugh from the window. "What a fool I am!" said the girl to herself. "I have been standing at that cold window for exactly twenty minutes. And for what reason? Because Dr. Brooke chose to go out for a walk over the moors on a particular impossible day, and hasn't come back yet. Is that a reason why I should go without my tea, not to mention the awful possibility of catching a cold in my head, and having a red nose? Oh, thanks, Captain Egerton, I shall like some tea, awfully!"—and repeating the last sentence aloud, Alison Bligh came forward into the fire light.

Even in the flickering fire rays she revealed herself as a very striking girl. There was an unmistakable touch of sensuousness in the full lips, and in the clear cut nostrils, which were the best part of a nose which was somewhat too thick for a woman, and in the fine curves of her shoulders and bust. But intellect was not wanting, as her broad, well-marked forehead proved; nor determination, which was revealed in the square lines of her jaw and chin; nor a certain amount of idealism, which looked out of her somewhat dreamy eyes—dark, Southern eyes which were in direct contradiction to the twists of pale red-gold hair which crowned her head. In sum, a very dangerous young woman, whom Lady Minton was wont to declare she would not trust with her own husband, although Sir Francis was past seventy, and a model of the conjugal virtues.

Miss Bligh felt her spirits rise suddenly as she took her place in the cheery circle round the fire, and she smiled with the thought of her watch by the window just now. How cold and miserable she had felt—how ridiculous to have ceded to such a sentimental impulse! That was not her way either; she, who had long ago made up her mind to snatch every moment of happiness—every pleasurable emotion even—that life could offer her. And then the soft voice of Lady Minton was heard saying: "Alison, when you have quite finished with Captain Egerton and those muffins, pass them both on. And do, like a dear child, sing us something."

Miss Bligh thereupon sprang up and went to the open piano. "I will sing you," she said gravely, "a little romance which I heard once at the Varieties. I believe it has a moral. Judie used to sing it; and striking up a quaint accompaniment, she sang some words familiar enough on the Boulevards."

While the room was echoing with plaudits on her rather risky performance, the door opened and a man of about five and thirty came in and sat down in a rocking chair at the far end of the room.

"A fully good, by Jove!" cried Capt. Egerton, who was leaning on the piano. "I could have sworn it was Judie herself, only you aren't fat, you know." The last part of the gallant captain's sentence was a tender whisper intended for Miss Bligh's ear alone, but like many other soft speeches, was perfectly audible to the rest of the room. Dr. Brooke frowned as he moved from his seat near the door, and coming forward into the firelight, asked Lady Minton for a cup of tea.

"So glad you're back, doctor! We all thought you were lost on Exmoor," said Lady Minton, pouring over her guest as she poured him out some tea.

"Yes, we were all looking forward to seeing you brought home stiffly frozen on a shutter!" cried Alison, who seemed in the highest spirits. Had she forgotten her impatient watch by the window only half an hour before?

"Ah, the gods don't love me. I shall not die young," said the doctor, whose keen eyes were riveted on her face. Then the party broke up into small groups, and it was either by choice or chance that she found herself only a few minutes later, standing alone with him at the same window at which she had watched half an hour before.

"I am glad you are back," she said at last, half shyly, as the young man stood and gazed at her in the dusk.

"Are you? You knew that I was out, then?"

"Yes."

"None of the others missed me, I should imagine. They were playing some game that looked uncommonly like 'kiss-in-the-ring' when I left. Were you one of that lot?"

"Oh, no. I have been in my room all afternoon."

"Thank heaven for that!" Alison smiled at the fervor of his tone.

"Would you have minded much if I had been 'one of that lot'?"

The doctor frowned. "I should have been rather disappointed. I should have thought very little of you if you had."

that kept me from playing 'kiss-in-the-ring' in the hall. If it could possibly have amused me, I should have done so. I believe in amusing oneself. But somehow or other, that sort of thing doesn't entertain me. Perhaps I am too old—or not old enough; anyhow, I don't care for the infantine pastimes which are the fashion now. I suppose when I am getting on for forty I shall like them."

"No, I don't think you ever will," said Brooke, smiling down at her charming, upturned face.

"But I am afraid you don't understand me," she said quickly; "you think me better than I am. I have no moral aim, no aspirations, nothing of that kind. I simply enjoy the present. I suppose, if I wanted to pose, I should call myself an Epicurean. It is strange, but 'to-morrow' has absolutely no meaning for me; I believe in 'to-day.' I mean to enjoy every hour of my life. After all, what do we know of 'to-morrow'?" Nothing. But we do know that roses are divine!" And pulling a hot-house flower from her waist belt, the girl pressed it, with a pretty, unconventional gesture, to her lips.

"At that rate," said the doctor, "if you were to have some great misfortune—to lose all your money, for instance, or catch the small-pox—you would have very little to fall back upon. You might feel the want of the 'consolations of religion.'"

"No, I don't think I should. If any great unhappiness," she added, dreamily, "were ever to befall me, I should not want to live. I did not ask to come into the world, and why, forsooth, should I not go when I am tired of it? Life, after all, is very like a party to which some one else has insisted on our going. If we are bored, we are surely not bound to wait till the very end. We leave when we please."

Dr. Brooke looked steadily at her. "You are a very strange girl, Miss Bligh. Not one woman in a thousand would say such a thing as that. But I think you are right. There are cases when death is a release from torture, mentally and bodily."

"How did we get on such a lugubrious topic?" said Alison, shivering slightly, and turning away from the dark landscape.

There was a pause, then the young man said suddenly:

"Why did you sing that song just now?"

"I—don't know," said Alison, with drooping eyes.

"Do you know what it means?"

"Do you?" she said, raising her eyebrows innocently.

"I walked the hospitals in Paris for two years. I understood every word."

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought with my accent, and an English audience, that I should be perfectly safe."

"Don't do it again," he said; "for heaven's sake, don't. You can't imagine how dreadful it is to see you do a thing like that."

"I never will," she said suddenly, her face flushing scarlet from her brow to her chin.

"Thank you for saying that," he answered, gravely. "Sing something for me, now, will you?"

Miss Bligh answered by moving away to the piano. Brooke stood still by the window, looking over the snow covered grounds, and waiting to hear what she would sing. Alison's fingers strayed tentatively over the keys, as if seeking the strain which suited her mood best. Presently her clear young voice was heard in Handel's immortal air, "Lascia ch'io pianga."

"Handel, instead of Boulevard songs!"—Duncan Brooke smiled to himself—"that will do. Alison loves me. I know it—I can see it in her eyes."

II.

It was a passionate yet half paternal feeling that Dr. Brooke had for this beautiful girl; a feeling akin to that which the tiger cherishes toward its cub, and yet with a yearning tenderness, too. He felt that he would gladly have thrown his life away to save her pain, but as it was, he meant to devote his life to her pleasure. Nothing should be spared that could give her pleasure—this little Epicurean who believed so devoutly in the Now! There was nothing, too, which could stand in the way of an immediate marriage. Duncan Brooke had already made a brilliant reputation and a large practice, and Alison being an orphan with a fortune of her own, there would be no difficulties about their settling down at once. His house in Grosvenor street was a fair-sized one, and with Alison's taste in furniture and pictures, might be made one of the prettiest in London. He smiled as he saw a vision of her radiant face at the head of his dinner table, smiling at his guests, perfect in her young matronhood.

Somehow he always thought of her in connection with beautiful and pleasant things; with flowers and pictures, and music, and the sparkle of dinner table wit. She had told him that day that she loved roses; well, she should have roses on her table every day of the year. And then Brooke remembered that pearls were another hobby of Alison's. He would telegraph to town to-morrow for the finest necklace he could get.

That night when Lady Minton had sent her maid away, a neat pink robe figure knocked at her door and there knotted a pair of soft arms tight around her neck.

"My dear child, what is the matter?" she gasped in the midst of this impetuous embrace.

"It's all settled—and I'm so happy!"

"Indeed," said Lady Minton, laughing. "And may I ask who is the lucky man?"

"Oh, Dr. Brooke, of course. How can you ask?"

"My dear, all the men in the house are mad about you. I listen to their confidences—you know my way."

"Well, you shan't be bored with any more, you dear thing. Please let them know that I'm the happiest woman in the world!"

III.

A week later Lady Minton and two or three of her guests stood at the hall door to see the doctor and Miss Bligh mount the dog cart for a drive. Lady Minton was profuse in her advice.

"Now, mind you take care of Alison, doctor. That mare is rather frisky, and the roads are slippery to-day. You've got to bring Alison back safe and sound. We don't want to have a 'case' for you down here."

The doctor smiled as Miss Bligh came down the wide oaken staircase. A week's happiness had changed a handsome girl into a young goddess. In her tight-fitting, manly garments, and the soft furs at her throat, she looked the very personification of youth. Her eyes—always fine—seemed twice as large, had acquired a soft expression which was irresistible; the cynical little laugh, which had formerly been one of her characteristics, had disappeared.

Another two minutes and the girl was snugly tucked under a fur rug on the front seat of the high dog-cart, and Brooke, touching the mare with his whip, sent her flying down the long carriage drive.

"How ridiculously those two people are in love with each other!" said Lady Minton, with a little sigh. "Upon my word it is quite Acadian. I wonder how long it will last!"

"About six months, I take it," drawled Capt. Egerton; "at least I hope so. Miss Bligh absolutely won't look at any other fellow than Saw-bones. But it can't last long, that sort of thing. Quite unevilsed, you know."

"Well, they are to be married in six weeks," laughed Lady Minton. "So this time next year we shall see you 'making the running' with the beautiful Mrs. Brooke?"

"Nothing more likely in the world," replied Capt. Egerton, who had a royal idea of his own powers of fascination.

At the luncheon table two chairs were vacant.

"I wonder where our young people have got to?" said Lady Minton. "I wish Dr. Brooke would not take her on these long expeditions, it makes me very uneasy."

"They are probably lunching somewhere à deux, dear Lady Minton," suggested the 'frisky' marion of the party.

"I do not know where they will lunch out on Exmoor—and I don't feel at all sure about that mare. She is getting a regular jide."

The afternoon closed in, and there were still no signs of the girl and her lover.

Tea had been brought in, and Lady Minton was trying to hide her growing alarm as she chatted with her guests and did the honors of the tea table.

"I am sure I heard wheels at the front of the house," she said suddenly.

"Yes, but it's not the dog cart," said Capt. Egerton; "those were cart wheels I heard."

"Go out and see what it is, for goodness' sake. No carts ever come up to the Court after dusk!"

The young man hurried out of the room, and a minute later a scared footman came in and whispered to Lady Minton. Hurrying into the hall she was met by Egerton and Brooke. The doctor's face was destitute of every vestige of color, and his eyes seemed to have sunk back far into his head.

"There has been a bad accident!"

"Where is Alison?" cried Lady Minton; she is not dead?"

"No; not dead. But she is very seriously injured. Can you bear the worst?"

"Take me to her, my poor darling!" wailed Lady Minton.

"We have carried her here, into Sir Francis' study; and she must not be moved any more. Don't look at her face, Lady Minton. I want you to be strong—to help me."

A motionless heap lay on the sofa, and that heap was Alison Bligh. Pitiful groans came from her lips, and one side of her face was carefully bound up with a man's white silk handkerchief.

"Make up a bed quickly here. Call her maid—if she has strong nerves—to help you take off her clothes. I can tell you nothing definite till I have examined her. Bring some brandy."

These orders were briefly given by the doctor as he hurried from the room to fetch his case of surgical instruments.

An hour later the worst was known. The girl's spine was so badly injured that she would never be able to rise again. One side of her face had been so terribly crushed that she was hardly recognizable, and her suffering was acute. She might live, the doctor thought, but her life would be so many years of mental and bodily anguish.

IV.

The house of Minton Court broke up immediately, and by noon the next day the last carriageful of guests had swept down the drive. Silence reigned in the large rambling house, Lady Minton and Miss Bligh's maid taking their turn in the sick room. As for Duncan Brooke, he hardly left his patient's bedside. Always a reticent man, not even his hostess ever guessed what he suffered during those long days and nights of anxious watching. At night particularly, he would let no one else sit up with her, even if he snatched an hour or two's sleep during the day. For a whole fortnight she lay almost unconscious on the bed, unable to articulate, and only showing by her low groans that she was still alive—and suffering.

Then came a change, and Alison was able to speak again. One day the doctor was alone with her in the room where they had laid her down on the day of the accident. The great house was hushed into perfect stillness, and not a sound was to be heard but the occasional fall of a cinder on the hearth.

"Duncan," she whispered suddenly, with a weary little sigh.

"What is it, my darling?" said the doctor, bending his head to listen.

"I—I want to go to sleep."

"So you shall, dear. I will give you an opiate to-night."

"Oh, but I want to go to sleep for—always. I cannot bear it any more. It is all over for me now; all over, and I am only twenty-two! I should go mad, chained to a bed all the years I may have to live."

"And you would learn to hate me—how could you help it? I know I am a horrible, maimed mass, although you never let me see my face since."

"Oh, Duncan, and the pain! I can't bear it. I always hated pain; I am sure I feel it more than other people do. And what I suffer now is inhuman! What have I done that I should have to bear this terrible agony? We would not let a dog suffer what you all look on and see me endure! It is cruel—cruel!"

"Alison, I would give my life to save you one pang."

"Would you?" she said eagerly. "I know you are brave and good. Have

you the courage to help me now? Oh Duncan! when you give me that chloral to-night, give me enough to send me to sleep for always. No one will ever know. Oh, my darling, do me this one last service!"

"I cannot do it!" he whispered back, some inward voice telling him, even as he spoke the words, that there was the merciful euthanasia for this poor maimed girl. He knew that her life—even if she lived—would be henceforward a martyrdom, and that never again would she rise from her "mattress grave."

As night closed in Alison grew worse. She was evidently suffering frightfully. "I shall not leave her an instant to-night," said Brooke to Lady Minton, who stood with scared, white face at the bedside. "I cannot tell what may happen," he added at the door, having persuaded his hostess to take an hour or two's rest. "She might succumb now—from the shock—or she might live for years. I shall give her a strong opiate to-night. She must have sleep."

"Thank heaven for one thing!" said Lady Minton, "and that is that you are able to be with her—that is, here in the house. Think if we had been obliged to rely on the local practitioner! It is simply a mercy that you are here."

"A mercy!" repeated the doctor very gravely. "Yes, perhaps it is."

When the day dawned the house was all astir. Swiftly moving figures hurried up and down stairs, and the doctor, meeting Lady Minton in the cold gray light at the door of the sick room, took her hand and led her away.

"Alison is gone," he whispered. "She passed away last night without pain. I was with her; she died in my arms."

"Poor darling. It was a merciful release to her," sobbed the kind hearted woman.

"Yes, a merciful release," repeated Brooke, pressing his hostess' hand.

Next day Lady Minton went with a sinking heart to the doctor's door. He had locked himself in ever since Alison's death, and had refused all food, on the plea that he wished to sleep; but she found him sitting dressed at his writing table, having obviously never been to bed. Some medical books and sheets of manuscript lay about, and he seemed to be writing.

"I am so pained, Dr. Brooke, to speak of anything connected with this awful affair, but you know the usual formalities to be observed. Poor Alison had no near relations living, so we must arrange all the last sad offices. Here is the registrar's certificate. Will you, as you were her only medical attendant, fill in the cause of death?"

"The cause of death?" cried Brooke, rising from his chair. "I—I—cannot say—how should I know?" he shouted, throwing up his hands.

The next instant he was lying in a senseless heap upon the floor.

Six months after, the following paragraph appeared in one of the evening papers:

"A HERO OF THE HOSPITAL.—Once more one of our most eminent physicians has proved that heroism is not confined to the winners of the Victoria Cross. It is with the deepest regret that we record the untimely death of Doctor Duncan Brooke, of Grosvenor street, physician to the Whitechapel Hospital. It appears that an in-patient—a boy of eleven years of age—was suffering from acute diphtheria. The physicians agreed that there was a chance of saving the child's life if the operation of tracheotomy could be successfully performed. It will be remembered that in this operation the putrid and poisonous matter has to be sucked by the operator through a tube. In spite of the opposition of the other physicians, Dr. Brooke insisted on performing the operation, which was highly successful, the boy being now nearly convalescent. Dr. Brooke (who it appears, received a severe mental shock some six months ago) was taken ill shortly afterward, and expired this morning in the hospital. Deceased was widely known and highly respected."

—E. Hepworth Dickson, in the Woman's World.

Written for The Better Way.

Spiritualism as a Religion.

Religion is right living; it is devotion to truth; but this does not cover the whole ground. It includes a recognition of God in some way; a feeling of duty, of reverence, and of love. It is an element in the nature and constitution of man and should be carefully cultivated. Man is, by nature, a religious being. There is implanted in every child of earth a germ or seed, which sooner or later will be found growing and leaning toward the light. From this seed-germ of immortality will be unfolded cravings and aspirations for peace and harmony, for love and happiness, such as only a knowledge of and obedience to the divine laws of justice, harmony and love can ever give.

True religion consists in goodness, wholeness, real piety and brotherly love. It is virtue and morality demonstrated as the soul of substance, the unfolding principle of divine life. It is by and through soul growth, enlargement of capacity and progressive improvement in motive, purity of life and deputed spiritual power to enforce and control, that we are saved from ignorance, the occasion of sin, sorrow and discord, and enabled through persistent repentance to attain eternal life.

Some contend against calling Spiritualism a religion. This will appear idle when it is understood that religion is the aspiration of the soul to the higher good—to God. And no other system promotes this better, or as well, because it has the real data by which to understand man's future destiny. Is there any other way to know the reality of a future life, as well as by those who have gone there and coming back to tell us? And is there any other way as good to teach us how to prepare for that life? Religion is devotion to truth and right for itself alone, regardless of rewards or consequences; not from fear of an angry God, but fear of doing wrong. Not

the incentive of heaven, but the assurance of the peace coming from the triumph of truth.

That which can be absolutely tested and demonstrated to human conception and knowledge is a science, and Spiritualism can certainly be classed under that head. To us it is a philosophy, because we can reason on it. We can not only find a cause for Spiritualism, but a need, and we can reason closely upon it. It presents philosophical ideas for the consideration of man; it appeals to his reason and to the very finest sensibilities of his nature; it outlines for him a moral code of conduct, which, if he follows it closely and sincerely, will lead him up to diviner heights of knowledge as well as of happiness and experience.

Spiritualism is not only a science and a philosophy, but a religion, as, in appealing to the highest and finest senses of humanity, it calls out the best aspirations of the soul; it calls to man to look onward for something more holy and pure than merely material things can afford, and it most certainly directs humanity to the importance of a strictly good and righteous life, outlining a plan of right living, which, in every essential point and attribute means religion.

Thus Spiritualism is a religion, a science and a philosophy blended, forming a system vital with growth and commensurate with the needs of humanity. It tends to unfold, harmonize and bless the races of man, and assist them finally to attain and enjoy eternal life. As a religion it carries weight where no other religious system ever has, for it gives positive proof and assurance. It means "gates ajar" or spirit return. Our phenomena are born of an intelligence which produces them and we may know that immortal life is actually demonstrated.

The church believes in a future life, and Spiritualism demonstrates it. The church believes in future rewards and punishments; Spiritualism brings witnesses to prove it. The church believes in a Supreme Ruler of the universe, in ministering angels, in visions of seers and prophets, in materialized spirits, in hand-writing on tables of stone (now called slates), in phenomena which Spiritualism offers; and the dividing line between Christianity and Spiritualism in these matters, is a constantly decreasing prejudice destined to disappear with the old generation of believers. It is opposed to the churches that shift the responsibility of sins to the Savior, but it is not opposed to Christ. It means a practical application of the principles taught by Christ instead of the theoretical Christianity of the churches. It means forgiveness of sins only through growth out of and away from them. Spiritualism has had to battle with the most bitter opposition, from those who should have been its warmest friends—believers in immortality. The great wonder is that churches attempt to stand in open opposition to the very groundwork of their faith. Bible believers, for centuries, have been trying their best to convert the world to the belief that man is possessed of a dual nature—the mortal and immortal—and as soon as there is opened up to mortals a philosophy to prove that their teachings are thus far correct, that moment they turn round and throw their entire influence against it. In the judgment of doctors of divinity a man has no business to be inspired in these degenerate days; and if he is they are sure the devil is in him.

No science has made any advancement that has not been obliged to tear down the barriers to its progress raised by the supporters of the bible. The science of astronomy found opposition from this source, because it did not accord with the bible. The sciences of geology, chemistry and phrenology have all advanced against the bible teacher's opposition. Among the many curses that afflict mortal humanity, none are to be more deplored than sectarianism and dogmatic theology.

If Christianity with all its equipments of learning and organized effort can not convince scientific thinkers of even the existence of man after death, how long will they continue to misrepresent the only means by which a future life can be proven? Spiritualism has done this for mankind, and has done infinitely more; but this one point gives it the lead of all other religions. It has given to the world the divinest truths of the age. It is a quenchless torch to light the world, before whose glorious rays even the dark shadows of the valley of death are dispelled. Little disturbances are not going to stay its all-conquering progress.

That which appeared to be a miraculous event in bible times is a common event in the presence of good mediums to-day. Nearly all the wonderful things recorded in the bible are similar to that which is transpiring all around us in this wonderful age of human progress. There are those who believe in biblical narratives of the supernatural, and disbelieve the well-authenticated accounts of similar occurrences in modern times. But after all, human experiences are enlarging its limits every day, and the supernatural of one epoch is the natural of the other.

If virtue went out of Jesus, may it not also from every magnetic healer of these times? Many church members will scoff at the idea of any one living possessed of these gifts to-day. Paul very positively declares that some have the power of discerning spirits, some the gift of healing, and advises all to cultivate such gifts as they may be in possession of, and covet the best gifts; yet bible believers ignore that part of its teachings. We can not in Christendom find a Christian who carries out in practice the precepts of his Divine Master. The only morality which does exist among them is coupled, not only with neglect, but with the violation of those precepts the Gospel inculcates.

The development of spiritual gifts should be made a study—not only of the more sensitive, but every one should give the subject their attention. There is no knowing what the possibilities of

the human soul are until all the faculties possessed have been called into activity.

The foundation of all religions rest upon phenomena. It is supposed by many that faith alone constitutes the basic principle of the Christian religion. This is not true. Christianity rests upon phenomena, manifest through one medium, Jesus, the son of the carpenter. Take from his life the manifestations which took place and the whole structure would fall. Faith is simply confidence in another, and was perhaps the only thing that could be made use of as a stimulant until the dawning of an age when people want to know something; if there is a future life the world demands to know it as a fact, and not something to merely believe in and hope for. This knowledge can only be demonstrated through spiritual gifts. This what mediums are for. It is not to tell you where treasures of nature can be found, but where heavenly treasures may be found. People rise to the full station of manhood and womanhood in proportion as they make the development of their spiritual faculties a study; for the development of spiritual gifts means the unfolding of the higher qualities of our nature.

The church is no longer the leader of the world, but Spiritualism leads where the church has always feared to tread. To-day it challenges the scientist and philosopher. Upon it the whole world rests for its evidence of immortality. It courts the most complete investigation of its own principles; it is placed in the crucible of scientific investigation, and comes out of the ordeal clean and unstained.

Spiritualism does not condemn the truths of the bible; it simply condemns the arrogance of the continued misconception and misconception which assumes from its pages to teach a knowledge of the present and final purposes of the Deity with regard to mankind.

Of all men, our orthodox friends should be the most careful in bringing in question the education and intelligence of spiritual mediums, for in doing so they are digging a pit under their own feet. Their stronghold is in the assumption that a knowledge of God and godliness was withheld from the wise and revealed to babes; and they ask man to lay aside his reason and accept their teaching in blind faith.

Spiritualism on the other hand, does not accept anything coming through fallible mediums except it will stand the test of reason or science or positive knowledge. The position of the orthodox, respecting the immortality of the soul, could be made rationally tenable by accepting its teachings.

The Christian religion, in past ages, was the cause of numerous horrible wars, and in these modern times it has culminated into more than five hundred parties—selfish sects—divided and subdivided; thus demonstrating its inability to unite the conflicting, discordant elements. Is has done its utmost; it has spent its strength in this line with no success; and it will evidently be supplanted by something better.

Spiritualism proposes to unite the forces that are now scattered and wasted into one harmonious system, and by aid and guidance of the higher powers, supply a much needed, universal and unifying union and communion among mortals; and the angels assure us that this object will be accomplished. In its teachings and influence a bond of union is found, and higher and more powerful incentives to live a pure and true life, than can be found in other religious systems; and it is able to establish and demonstrate its truth, utility and beauty by many unerring proofs.

The fact of spirit existence and a future life is the chief corner stone of all religions. Spiritualism not only claims to demonstrate this all-important fact—a matter wherein all other systems of religion fail—but it brings home to humanity the highest and truest lessons of life. Though Spiritualists have been charged with not accepting religion, I say Spiritualism is the foremost of all religions, because it is adapted to the entire human race and supplies the needs of nations. We may not define it as the religion of a sect, because it is universal in its application.

That Spiritualism is to be the religion of the future, is the confident belief of nearly all who have studied its philosophy. It is adapted to all—it proclaims the brotherhood of man; it is the death-blow to superstition; it harmonizes religion with science and philosophy into one accordant whole; it overthrows all idea of a vindictive and angry God; it annihilates the doctrine of eternal punishment.

Spiritualism inspires confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth. It gives hope for the fallen and depraved, the vicious and ignorant. It makes of this life but a point in our existence, but still an important point. It gives positive assurance that truth is stronger than falsehood—the assurance that all laudable desire shall be realized.

When wisely interpreted it is a helper in all that is good. Its mission is to redeem the world from selfishness, from poverty and want; to emancipate from the bondage of soul-cramping creeds and the fear of death.

If mankind were taught that each and all must approve or disapprove all their own acts—that they can not conceal from the Spirit world nor from themselves their own record, but that it is so indelibly imprinted on their life-book of memory that it can not be washed out by any mere belief. The world would be better for it, and we could have full confidence in each other. We want teaching that will make this life better rather than look to its being so in the next. We should live this life as we desire to live the next, for that is born out of this,



Translated for The Better Way.

The Garden of God.

The child lay on its little bed, very pale, and with closed eyes. The mother bent over it weeping. The father stood near, very sorrowful. An angel held the little child by the hand, and, with sweet voice, spoke kind and gentle words to it; and when the child leaned confidingly on the angel, he took it in his arms and bore it upward into the beautiful blue heaven.

It was very still there. No sound but the rustling of the angel's wings, which echoed through the broad space like the music of spheres.

The angel checked his course before a golden cloud. At his command the cloud parted, and with the child in his arms he floated into a large and beautiful garden.

There flowers of all kinds were blooming. Large trees lifted their leafy branches on high. All around were low plants and shrubs, while many varieties of creepers twined themselves about the trunks of the trees, or ran humbly along the ground.

Among all those fragrant, blooming and fading flowers the angels of God were walking up and down, caring for them.

Bright and beautiful were they, these servants of God. Yet, while the faces of some were lighted up with great joy, the countenances of others were very grave and quiet.

The child saw the solemn angels were caring for the faded flowers and dying trees, and that they lifted some plants from the ground and carried them up so high that no eye could follow them, the joyful angels merely tending and watering all those plants which were fresh and green and strong, and giving support to those which were weak.

"Why do you leave the half-faded flowers, and carry away the rose just budding?" asked the child of a grave angel, who, with a gentle hand, was loosening the roots of a rosebush from the earth.

"The rose shall blossom above, but the fading flower must finish its course here," answered the angel, and passed out of sight.

The guardian angel carried the child to where a mighty tree refreshed all the earth around with its cooling shadow. It stretched its powerful branches abroad as if it would defy the power of centuries.

About its trunk a tender ivy clung lovingly, and at its feet fragrant flowers were blooming.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the child, "let us remain here."

But alas! an angel with a sad countenance gently shook his head, and placed his shovel at the roots of the tree, which trembled to its topmost branches, and would have fallen had not the angel supported it.

The ivy still clung to the tottering trunk, as if it would rather perish than be separated, but the angel gently untwined it and it fell helpless to the earth.

"Leave the tree here," entreated the child.

"It will grow and flourish above," answered the angel.

"But the ivy will die and the little flowers will fade when the hot sun falls upon them."

"The little flower and the ivy will be cared for," and the angel floated on higher, bearing the tree, through whose roots trembled a gentle sigh at parting from the earth which so long had been their home. Then other angels came and where the tree had stood they placed a glistening anchor and twined the poor ivy around it, and the delicate tendrils clung fast to the new support. The little flowers were watered with the angel's tears, and they lifted up their fainting heads and bloomed afresh.

Only one, a very small weak plant, blossomed no more, a hot sunbeam had fallen upon it, and it withered away, and an angel clasped it to his bosom and bore it on high to the tree, in whose shade it would awake to new life.

The guardian angel carried the child to part of the garden where gorgeous flowers were blooming. Their colors were beautiful and of many varying tints, but they gave forth no perfume. All the exquisite odor which filled the air came from one little flower that timidly concealed its blossoms, revealing its presence only by the delicious fragrance which rose from its bosom.

An angel took the modest flower and floated with it to heaven and when the child looked at the brilliant blossoms all around they no longer seemed beautiful.

"Why did the angel carry away the flower which gave the sweet perfume?" asked the child.

"To show how valueless beauty is unless glorified by goodness," was the answer.

The child lying in the arms of its

angel floated farther on. It saw a large bed of unwholesome weeds, among whose prickles and thorns a single lovely flower was striving to lift up its head to the light. An angel stood near watching the struggling plant with great tenderness.

"Why will not the angel help the poor flower?" asked the child.

"Because it must work its own way to the light, that it may bloom with greater strength and beauty. When it has attained perfection it will be twined in the wreath which surrounds the forehead of the Eternal One!"

The beaming eyes of the angel rested on the plant, and its leaves were covered with a heavenly radiance and it became more beautiful than all of the other flowers.

"Pull out that ugly weed, it will kill all the flowers," entreated the child, as it saw a hideous plant growing among a multitude of beautiful flowers, poisoning the whole air with its vile breath.

"Even the weed has its mission," answered the angel, "and until that is fulfilled, it shall not be removed."

Then the child pointed to a daisy, which was growing at the side of a proud tulip, "take away the little flower," said the child to an angel who stood near, "it will be crushed under foot by those who come to admire the splendid tulip."

The angel smiled kindly, "It shall be as you desire," he said; and, lifting the little flower gently from the earth, he carried it to heaven.

A rosebush full of buds touched the heart of the little child, for, alas! the buds all fell blighted to the ground; some while they were yet fresh and green, others faded and dry. Not one remained to become a rose. But an angel gathered them all, and when the bush was bare of leaf and bud, he took it from the ground and vanished with it.

"Why do all kinds of plants grow here together, so different from all other gardens?" asked the child; "and where are all the trees and flowers which are carried away?"

"You shall soon learn all," said the angel, and he pressed the child closer to his bosom.

And now a terrible storm arose, which the angel and the child did not feel, but all around them great trees were uprooted, plants and shrubs were blown to the ground, and many flowers, which so few moments previous had danced gaily on their stems, were broken off and left lying on the earth.

"Look, how the dreadful storm of war rages over the world," said the guardian angel to the child. "Those are immortal souls which it tears from the earth, and the solemn angels who gather up the broken flowers and break the few clinging roots which hold the overthrown trees to the ground, are the angels of death, but their rejoicing companions are the angels of life, whose duty it is to guard the welfare of man so long as they remain in God's great garden—the world! And now behold this little flower!"

The angel pointed to a forget-me-not that with delicate, child-like eyes was gazing upward, but its little leaves were hanging withered on the tender stalk.

"The poor little flower is sick; it is not happy here," said the child.

"It longs for other soil," answered the angel with a heavenly smile; "it is the flower of thy own life!"

And now they floated higher and higher, and with every vibration of the angel's wings the air became purer and more clear. The beautiful garden they left behind appeared desolate and colorless compared with the new glory which was revealed around them.

Now they beheld the true garden of God. Illuminated with the splendor and glow of a divine morning, all the flowers which had been taken from the earth were blooming here afresh, but with what infinite glory and beauty!

There was the modest daisy, glistening like a brilliant star; the rosebush had received its buds again, and they were unfolding in the glorious light of heaven; the stately tree stretched out its branches, giving protection anew to the delicate plants which bloomed with fresh beauty in the refreshing shade, and through the whole space of heaven echoed the sound of music so sweet and clear that it could emanate only from the presence of God! And there His countenance beamed so mild and loving that the child stretched out its little arms toward Him and He took it on His bosom!

At that moment a cry of anguish burst from the lips of the mother: "The child is dead!"

And the little forget-me-not was taken from earth by angel hands and carried to heaven!

CHARLOTTE PETERS.

The Story of a Bright Light.

Father takes care of the lighthouse, and mother and all of children live with him in the queer little stone house close up to the tall light.

It was Christmas Day when I first began to think about the great Light. Father had promised to take us all, except mother and the new little baby, that doesn't even open its eyes much over to church, if it was a pleasant day and not very rough. It was such a lovely day, with only just the slow sleepy, long kind of waves all over the water, and we could hear the bells ring in long before we came to the shore. It was just before the commandments that Miss Annie sang, "A Light to Lighten the Gentiles," and then "The People that Walk in Darkness Have Seen a Great Light." I wanted very much to know what was coming next; because I thought she might tell us why she was singing about the lighthouse on Christmas Day.

How funny it must be 'way up in the North, where Miss Annie says Christmas comes in cold weather, and there are no leaves on the trees or flowers; and how strange it would be to see anything but our beautiful myrtle and the palms in the church; but I suppose children are happy always wherever their father and mother are. So, perhaps, it's nice at the North for them, as well as down here in Texas.

It was the day after Christmas that Miss Annie's brother came over to the lighthouse for father to go after some wild ducks with him. Though father said he didn't "like the looks of the sky; and a wind was coming up," he got the boat ready. I heard him tell mother to be sure and light the lamp early, for there was sure to be a fog, and the Galveston steamer was due.

Mother was busy all day, and it did seem as if I should get a chance to ask why Miss Annie sang about the Light, but by and by I did, and she said it wasn't our lighthouse Miss Annie meant, but the Lord Jesus; that he showed every body the right way in a dark world; and just as she was going to say something else, we saw a boat coming toward the lighthouse.

It wasn't father, but Uncle John, who lives with grandma. Grandma was sick and wanted mother.

"Yes, I'll go," said mother; "but I wish father was home; but he'll be here soon, and I can light the lamp." After the lamp was lighted she got into Uncle John's boat with the baby.

"Elsie," she said the very last thing, "take good care of the children. Your father will be home soon; but till he does come, watch the lamp."

The children were real good, and so tired that they wanted to go to bed right after supper. But I didn't want them to, because father hadn't come home when the clock struck seven, and then eight. But when they were all asleep, and the clock said almost nine, I knew that somebody had got to go up in the lighthouse and look at the lamp.

How the wind blew when I opened the lighthouse door! It almost put out the lantern, and I screamed in the tower almost as loud as Nannie did sometimes. And then it was so dark, and the stairs were so steep; but I said, over and over, all the way up stairs: "The people that walk in darkness," and tried not to mind the long black shadows that walked on the wall after and all around me.

Oh, how the wind blew up in the light! The spray had dashed so against the glass that I could hardly see out at all; but the lamp was shining steadily, and that helped me not to be afraid. I knew how to wind up the clock-work that kept the oil running into the lamp, and it wasn't quite so lonely when that was clicking away. But it wasn't nice a bit; and I was going down again, when there was a crash, and some pieces of glass came flying in my face and all over me, and a poor dead bird fell dead on the floor. One of the windows was broken; the great bird had flown right against it, and the wind was coming in, making the great light waver about and act as if it were going out.

Oh, if father had only been home then! he could have done something, I know; and if the light went out, some boats would sure to get on the rocks.

There wasn't time to go down stairs for anything. The lamp would be out before I could come back again, and nobody but father and mother knew how to light it. So I stuffed the old piece of shawl I had over my head into the broken place, and until the wind blew it out the lamp would burn just as it ought to.

The only thing I could do was to hold it in; but, oh, it was real hard in a little while to do that; I was so sleepy; and taking hold of things in one way a good while makes you tired. I couldn't possibly help crying, because the wind made such a noise. But the hardest of all was to keep awake, and then I was glad that mother always wanted me to learn a verse every Sunday, so that I had a good many things to say over and over, till after such a long time I heard some one coming up the stairs; and when he got near enough, father called: "Elsie, are you there?"

Yes, I was there, and so was father, in a minute, wet and tired and cold, but safe and home again. And then he told me what a hard time he and Miss Annie's brother had; that they had been all night trying to reach home, and how if it had not been for the light they surely must have been wrecked on the rocks. Then, when father went for mother the next day, he heard that the Galveston steamer had passed the light in the night, and that was another reason for me to be glad about.

Miss Annie said she was proud of me. Father called me his brave Elsie; but mother said:

"My little daughter will never forget, I know, 'what walking in the darkness and seeing a great light' means."

And I never shall.

Nature has given man one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it to be a part of his temperament.

He that will believe only what he can fully understand must have a very long head or a very short creed.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fifth trial.—John Morely.

I am glad when I see any one avoid the infamy of a vice, but to shun the vice itself were better.—Ben Jonson.

Evil is like a nightmare, the instant you begin to stir yourself it is already gone.—Jean Paul.

A man proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering. True enough.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely; too much if expended foolishly.—Bovee.

This mystery of sleep! This great mystery of waking! If we could fathom them, we should have fathomed ourselves, and life and death.

Thousands whom indolence has sunk in contemptible security might have come forward to the highest distinctions if indolence had not frustrated the effort of all their powers.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard hearted, the false and the impotent, when called upon to assist; the really great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks see or pre-empt difficulties.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

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

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

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is not usually of 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, sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.

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

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but a cold feeling against "hem" has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and in that order should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

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

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask if the arrangement is 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 I want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put to test the accuracy of the statement. Spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person who is both sensitive and genial, and who is very sensitive to magnetic influences. The majority of mediums are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and 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 material influences of earth. Family circles with no strange persons present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a family circle of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

To Subscribers!

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To any person sending us five yearly subscribers, or ten one-half yearly, or part yearly and a part for six months and ten dollars we will send, post paid, one copy of "THE BANNER OF LIGHT," and one copy of "THE Common-Sense Work, \$4.50. We consider it well worth the price. You will not be disappointed in regard to the matter, style of type, paper or binding. It is first-class in every respect.

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May the volume go forth on its mission of Light and Love, until all eyes are lighted by the rays that shine from the centre of Light Divine, and many earth hearts receive the benediction of the higher spheres, waking longings for truth, which is eternal, is the prayer of EONA.

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A Boston gentleman writes: "It is the best gift ever given to the world."

M. E. Taylor, of Nebraska, writes: "Eona's Legacy is a book which I ever read. It is a spiritual eye opener, and truly a grand gift to humanity from the better life, and I bless the dear spirit Eona for the blessings it has conferred on me by the perusal of this book."

Mr. Sadle A. Carter writes: "I am a member of the Congregational church in good standing. I have spirit Eona's Legacy to the world. It is the grandest book ever written. Nothing earthly could induce me to part with it. It is filled with the choicest gems and more of them, than all the literature I have ever read. No person with intelligence can read this book, and exalted ideas and truths set forth in that matchless production, without longing for your experience, and feeling that every sentence is truth itself."

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WHOLE WORLD SOUL COMMUNION

OCTOBER 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

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

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

Anstett, 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.....	2:55 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	8:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	1:58 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	2:38 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany.....	8:43 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky.....	2:33 p. m.
Friedricksburg, New Brunswick.....	3:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, W. Ia.....	2:08 p. m.
London, Eng.....	1:11 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:03 p. m.
Mobile, Ala.....	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.....	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn.....	2:18 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn.....	2:18 p. m.
New York City.....	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	2:51 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:48 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:07 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	3:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	3:18 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	3:28 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Yeuana, Australia.....	9:48 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico.....	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter.....	11:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:38 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland.....	3:08 p. m.
Berlin Prussia.....	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela.....	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware.....	9:09 p. m.
Fort Kearney, Neb.....	4:18 p. m.
Georgetown, British Guay.....	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palest.....	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee.....	2:18 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	2:28 p. m.
Paris, France.....	8:19 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia.....	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	3:53 p. m.
St. John, New Foundland.....	2:11 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	3:18 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica.....	3:36 p. m.
Springfield, Mass.....	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake Co., Utah.....	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla.....	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss.....	2:08 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.....	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

Philadelphia, Pa.

The Second Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 3 p. m. at their church, Thompson Street. Seats free. Public invited.

Newark, N. J.

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

Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

The Lyceum for children and adults meets at G. A. R. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, Cincinnati, every Sunday at 10 a. m. All are cordially invited.



Translated for The Better Way.

The Garden of God.
(From the German of Elche.)
The child lay on its little bed, very pale, and with closed eyes. The mother bent over it weeping. The father stood near, very sorrowful. An angel held the little child by the hand, and, with sweet voice, spoke kind and gentle words to it; and when the child leaned confidently on the angel, he took it in his arms and bore it upward into the beautiful blue heaven.

It was very still there. No sound but the rustling of the angel's wings, which echoed through the broad space like the music of spheres.

The angel checked his course before a golden cloud. At his command the cloud parted, and with the child in his arms he floated into a large and beautiful garden.

There flowers of all kinds were blooming. Large trees lifted their leafy branches on high. All around were low plants and shrubs, while many varieties of creepers twined themselves about the trunks of the trees, or ran humbly along the ground.

Among all those fragrant, blooming and fading flowers the angels of God were walking up and down, caring for them.

Bright and beautiful were they, these servants of God. Yet, while the faces of some were lighted up with great joy, the countenance of others were very grave and quiet.

The child saw the solemn angels were caring for the faded flowers and dying trees, and that they lifted some plants from the ground and carried them up so high that no eye could follow them, the joyous angels merely tending and watering all those plants which were fresh and green and strong, and giving support to those which were weak.

"Why do you leave the half-faded flowers, and carry away the rose just budding?" asked the child of a grave angel, who, with a gentle hand, was loosening the roots of a rosebush from the earth.

"The rose shall blossom above, but the fading flower must finish its course here," answered the angel, and passed out of sight.

The guardian angel carried the child to where a mighty tree reined all the earth around with its cooling shadow. It stretched its powerful branches abroad as if it would defy the power of centuries.

About its trunk a tender ivy clung lovingly, and at its feet fragrant flowers were blooming.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried the child, "let us remain here."

But alas! an angel with a sad countenance gently shook his head, and placed his shovel at the roots of the tree, which trembled to its topmost branches, and would have fallen had not the angel supported it.

The ivy still clung to the tottering trunk, as if it would rather perish than be separated, but the angel gently untwined it and it fell helpless to the earth. "Leave the tree here," entreated the child.

"It will grow and flourish above," answered the angel.

"But the ivy will die and the little flowers will fade when the hot sun falls upon them."

"The little flower and the ivy will be cared for," and the angel floated on higher, bearing the tree, through whose roots trembled a gentle sigh at parting from the earth which so long had been their home. Then other angels came and where the tree had stood they placed a glistening anchor and twined the poor ivy around it, and the delicate tendrils clung fast to the new support. The little flowers were watered with the angel's tears, and they lifted up their fainting heads and bloomed afresh. Only one, a very small weak plant, blossomed no more, a hot sunbeam had fallen upon it, and it withered away, and an angel clasped it to his bosom and bore it on high to the tree, in whose shade it would awake to new life.

The guardian angel carried the child to part of the garden where gorgeous flowers were blooming. Their colors were beautiful and of many varying tints, but they gave forth no perfume. All the exquisite odor which filled the air came from one little flower that timidly concealed its blossoms, revealing its presence only by the delicious fragrance which rose from its bosom.

An angel took the modest flower and floated with it to heaven and when the child looked at the brilliant blossoms all around they no longer seemed beautiful.

"Why did the angel carry away the flower which gave the sweet perfume?" asked the child.

"To show how valueless beauty is unless glorified by goodness," was the answer.

The child lying in the arms of its

angel floated farther on. It saw a large bed of unwholesome weeds, among whose prickles and thorns a single lovely flower was striving to lift up its head to the light. An angel stood near watching the struggling plant with great tenderness.

"Why will not the angel help the poor flower?" asked the child.

"Because it must work its own way to the light, that it may bloom with greater strength and beauty. When it has attained perfection it will be twined in the wreath which surrounds the forehead of the Eternal One!"

The beaming eyes of the angel rested on the plant, and its leaves were covered with a heavenly radiance and it became more beautiful than all of the other flowers.

"Pull out that ugly weed, it will kill all the flowers," entreated the child, as it saw a hideous plant growing among a multitude of beautiful flowers, poisoning the whole air with its vile breath.

"Even the weed has its mission," answered the angel, "and until that is fulfilled, it shall not be removed."

Then the child pointed to a daisy, which was growing at the side of a proud tulip, "take away the little flower," said the child to an angel who stood near, "it will be crushed under foot by those who come to admire the splendid tulip."

The angel smiled kindly, "It shall be as you desire," he said; and, lifting the little flower gently from the earth, he carried it to heaven.

A rosebush full of buds touched the heart of the little child, for, alas! the buds all fell blighted to the ground; some while they were yet fresh and green, others faded and dry. Not one remained to become a rose. But an angel gathered them all, and when the bush was bare of leaf and bud, he took it from the ground and vanished with it.

"Why do all kinds of plants grow here together, so different from all other gardens?" asked the child, "and where are all the trees and flowers which are carried away?"

"You shall soon learn all," said the angel, and he pressed the child closer to his bosom.

And now a terrible storm arose, which the angel and the child did not feel, but all around them great trees were uprooted, plants and shrubs were blown to the ground, and many flowers, which so few moments previous had danced gaily on their stems, were broken off and left lying on the earth.

"Look, how the dreadful storm of war rages over the world," said the guardian angel to the child, "those are immortal souls which it tears from the earth, and the solemn angels who gather up the broken flowers and break the few clinging roots which hold the overthrown trees to the ground, are the angels of death, but their rejoicing companions are the angels of life, whose duty it is to guard the welfare of man so long as they remain in God's great garden—the world! And now behold this little flower." The angel pointed to a forget-me-not that with delicate, child-like eyes was gazing upward, but its little leaves were hanging withered on the tender stalk.

"The poor little flower is sick; it is not happy here," said the child.

"It longs for other soil," answered the angel with a heavenly smile; "it is the flower of thy own life." And now they floated higher and higher, and with every vibration of the angel's wings the air became purer and more clear. The beautiful garden they left behind appeared desolate and colorless compared with the new glory which was revealed around them.

Now they beheld the true garden of God. Illuminated with the splendor and glow of a divine morning, all the flowers which had been taken from the earth were blooming here afresh, but with what infinite glory and beauty! There was the modest daisy, glistening like a brilliant star; the rosebush had received its buds again, and they were unfolding in the glorious light of heaven; the stately tree stretched out its branches, giving protection anew to the delicate plants which bloomed with fresh beauty in the refreshing shade, and through the whole space of heaven echoed the sound of music so sweet and clear that it could emanate only from the presence of God! And there His countenance beamed so mild and loving that the child stretched out its little arms toward Him and He took it to His bosom!

At that moment a cry of anguish burst from the lips of the mother: "The child is dead!"

And the little forget-me-not was taken from earth by angel hands and carried to heaven! CHARLOTTE PETERS.

The Story of a Bright Light.
Father takes care of the lighthouse, and mother and all of children live with him in the queer little stone house close up to the tall light.

It was Christmas Day when I first began to think about the great Light. Father had promised to take us all, except mother and the new little baby, that doesn't even open its eyes much, over to church, if it was a pleasant day and not very rough. It was such a lovely day, with only just the slow sleepy, long kind of waves all over the water, and we could hear the bells ringing in long before we came to the shore. It was just before the commandments that Miss Annie sang, "A Light to Lighten the Gentiles," and then "The People that Walk in Darkness Have Seen a Great Light." I wanted very much to know what was coming next; because I thought she might tell us why she was singing about the lighthouse on Christmas Day.

How funny it must be 'way up in the North, where Miss Annie says Christmas comes in cold weather, and there are no leaves on the trees or flowers; and how strange it would be to see anything but our beautiful myrtle and the palms in the church; but I suppose children are happy always wherever their father and mother are. So, perhaps, it's nice at the North for them, as well as down here in Texas.

It was the day after Christmas that Miss Annie's brother came over to the lighthouse for father to go after some wild ducks with him. Though father said he didn't "like the looks of the sky; and a wind was coming up," he got the boat ready. I heard him tell mother to be sure and light the lamp early, for there was sure to be a fog, and the Galveston steamer was due.

Mother was busy all day, and it did seem as if I should get a chance to ask why Miss Annie sang about the Light, but by and by I did, and she said it wasn't our lighthouse Miss Annie meant, but the Lord Jesus; that he showed every body the right way in a dark world; and just as she was going to say something else, we saw a boat coming toward the lighthouse.

It wasn't father, but Uncle John, who lives with grandma. Grandma was sick and wanted mother.

"Yes, I'll go," said mother; "but I wish father was home; but he'll be here soon, and I can light the lamp." After the lamp was lighted she got into Uncle John's boat with the baby.

"Elsie," she said the very last thing, "take good care of the children. Your father will be home soon; but till he does come, watch the lamp."

The children were real good, and so tired that they wanted to go to bed right after supper. But I didn't want them to, because father hadn't come home when the clock struck seven, and then eight. But when they were all asleep, and the clock said almost nine, I knew that somebody had got to go up in the lighthouse and look at the lamp.

How the wind blew when I opened the lighthouse door! It almost put out the lantern, and I screamed in the tower almost as loud as Nannie did sometimes. And then it was so dark, and the stairs were so steep; but I said, over and over, all the way up stairs: "The people that walk in darkness," and tried not to mind the long black shadows that walked on the wall after and all around me.

Oh, how the wind blew up in the light! The spray had dashed so against the glass that I could hardly see out at all; but the lamp was shining steadily, and that helped me not to be afraid. I knew how to wind up the clock-work that kept the oil running into the lamp, and it wasn't quite so lonely when that was clicking away. But it wasn't nice a bit; and I was going down again, when there was a crash, and some pieces of glass came flying in my face and all over me, and a poor dead bird fell dead on the floor. One of the windows was broken; the great bird had flown right against it, and the wind was coming in, making the great light waver about and act as if it were going out.

Oh, if father had only been home then! he could have done something, I know; and if the light went out, some boats would sure to get on the rocks.

There wasn't time to go down stairs for anything. The lamp would be out before I could come back again, and nobody but father and mother knew how to light it. So I stuffed the old piece of shawl I had over my head into the broken place, and until the wind blew it out the lamp would burn just as it ought to.

The only thing I could do was to hold it in; but, oh, it was real hard in a little while to do that; I was so sleepy; and taking hold of things in one way a good while makes you tired. I couldn't possibly help crying, because the wind made such a noise. But the hardest of all was to keep awake, and then I was glad that mother always wanted me to learn a verse every Sunday, so that I had a good many things to say over and over, till after such a long time I heard some one coming up the stairs; and when he got near enough, father called: "Elsie, are you there?"

Yes, I was there, and so was father, in a minute, wet and tired and cold, but safe and home again. And then he told me what a hard time he and Miss Annie's brother had; that they had been all night trying to reach home, and how if it had not been for the light they surely must have been wrecked on the rocks. Then, when father went for mother the next day, he heard that the Galveston steamer had passed the light in the night, and that was another reason for me to be glad about.

Miss Annie said she was proud of me. Father called me his brave Elsie; but mother said: "My little daughter will never forget, I know, 'that walking in the darkness and seeing a great light' means." And I never shall.

Nature has given man one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it to be a part of his temperament.

He that will believe only what he can fully understand must have a very long head or a very short creed.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fifth trial.—John Morely.

I am glad when I see any one avoid the infamy of a vice, but to shun the vice itself were better.—Ben Jonson.

Evil is like a nightmare, the instant you begin to stir yourself it is already gone.—Jean Paul.

A man proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is.

By suffering we may avoid sinning; but by sinning we cannot avoid suffering. True enough.

The use we make of our fortune determines its sufficiency. A little is enough if used wisely; too much if expended foolishly.—Bovee.

This mystery of sleep! This great mystery of waking! If we could fathom them, we should have fathomed ourselves, and life and death.

Thousands whom indolence has sunk in contemptible security might have come forward to the highest distinctions if idleness had not frustrated the effort of all their powers.

Evasions are the common shelter of the hard hearted, the false and the impotent, when called upon to assist; the really great alone plan instantaneous help, even when their looks see or pre-empt difficulties.

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 mental powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

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

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

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

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against "them" has a weakening influence.

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

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

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

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

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 mediums are of this kind. 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 are not the result of the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

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WHOLE WORLD

SOUL COMMUNION

OCTOBER 27, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

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ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

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

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

Anstett, 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.....	2:55 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.....	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.....	3:43 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa.....	9:26 p. m.
Chicago.....	2:50 p. m.
Detroit, Mich.....	3:18 p. m.
Frankfurt, Germany.....	4:43 p. m.
Frankfurt, Ky.....	2:33 p. m.
Frederickton, New Brunswick.....	3:44 p. m.
Galifax, N. S.....	3:18 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa.....	3:03 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia.....	2:08 p. m.
London, Eng.....	8:11 p. m.
Leamington, Kan.....	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark.....	2:50 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.....	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb.....	1:38 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn.....	2:51 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn.....	2:51 p. m.
Rome, Italy.....	2:45 p. m.
Savannah, Ga.....	1:07 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.....	1:48 p. m.
St. Domingo, W. I.....	3:53 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn.....	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chile.....	2:28 p. m.
Siox Falls, Dakota.....	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal.....	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria.....	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mex.....	2:50 p. m.
Wallis Walla, Wash. Terr.....	1:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine.....	3:33 p. m.
Baltimore, Md.....	3:08 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland.....	8:41 p. m.
Berlin, Prussia.....	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey.....	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	2:26 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio.....	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela.....	3:46 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island.....	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland.....	7:46 p. m.
Edinburgh, Scotland.....	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware.....	3:09 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo.....	1:58 p. m.
Georgetown, British Guiana.....	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba.....	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.....	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine.....	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal.....	7:49 p. m.
Lima, Peru.....	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee.....	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind.....	2:18 p. m.
Montreal, Canada.....	3:18 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.....	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada.....	2:53 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.....	8:58 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.....	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.....	3:01 p. m.

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CONDITIONS:

Self must be lost

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THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

EVERY SATURDAY.

L. BARNEY, EDITOR.

CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

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

Those who are conscious of no faults possess them most plentifully.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Or is thy heart oppressed with woe untold?
Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief?
Four blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

Carlyle says that our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Whoever makes a great fuss about doing good does very little; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when doing good will not do it long.

The man who is not able to make a respectful bow to his own conscience every morning, is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

A DIALOGUE.

Presbyterian—I won't believe that all men will be happy in a future state.

Spiritualist—What part of man will be eternally miserable.

P.—The soul.

S.—What is the soul?

P.—It is a spirit.

S.—What is the spirit of man?

P.—Part of God?

S.—Then a part of God will be forever miserable?

P.—(Starting to leave)—I am in a hurry, but you cannot convince me all will enjoy a state of felicity after death.

S.—I can do it as easily as you can convince me that an Omnipotent Being will inflict upon himself, or an All-merciful Being will inflict on his offspring, unending torment.

In the history of one's belief, no period is without interest. Those things which illustrate the progress of humanity necessarily fashion its creeds, its constitution, laws and social usages. When we are in sympathy with this advancement, even the most remote and minute events are accepted as instructive, for they excite our sympathy, and sympathy is equivalent to active partisanship. We go wherever sympathy leads, and properly so, for it is the leading of the spirit, and this must always have heed, if good results are desired.

Just now a question is started which involves the truth or falsehood of that phase of spirit phenomena called materialization, and a desire seems manifest to drive it through to instantaneous solution or disastrous defeat. It cannot be defeated, neither can its explication be unduly hurried. Natural law must take its own pace in this as it does in the recurrence of the seasons, and nothing like belief or unbelief will hasten it. Materialization, or etherealization, is an established fact with millions of people, and it will become so with everybody who will let it take its proper course. It will go at its own pace only, not at yours, and therefore everything like crowding is energy wasted and likely to retard rather than accelerate things hoped for. Regarding manifestations in this phase of phenomena, our correspondents say many interesting things in the current impression of THE BETTER WAY.

A STARTLING PICTURE.

The London World has a long article on "British Workingmen," in which some rough and remarkable statements are made. Among other things it is charged that the ordinary British mechanic purposely slights his work from motives of revenge upon his employer, for harsh treatment and inadequate wages; that he gloves over his product to show a fair outside for the weakness or lack of finish within; and that it is his delight to boast of swindles perpetrated upon his employer. Among assemblages of mechanics, he who can tell of the greatest "cram" upon his boss is the hero of the hour.

This condition seems bad enough, but the World goes further, in a strain still worse. It states that the arbitrary rule of the employers and foremen over the men in shops, factories, warehouses and mines, is reflected in the barbarous tyranny of the men in their own households, where they assert supremacy with a rod of iron. "The British workingman," says the World, "is reduced to that state where his only recreation consists in getting beastly drunk at the tap-house every Saturday night, and then going home and beating his half-starved and helpless wife and children until he is compelled to desist from their exhaustion. It is not strange that there are many murders. Wife-beating is not punished, and often it is easy for the embittered head of the house to bring the process to a permanent quietus. Who is to blame?"

The American mechanic and his family are interested in finding out what influences have brought the British workingman and those dependent upon him to this condition, so that the causes of so much calamity and demoralization may be studiously avoided. Do we want these things reflected in the lives of our own free people? If we do not, let the interests of labor be carefully studied and zealously protected.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is said that in this country insanity is increasing more rapidly than in any other part of the world, and that the increase is due to the greater mental activity of our population. If the fact and its cause are correctly stated, mental growth is scarcely a benefit, but the increase of insanity among us is really chargeable to mental excitement. Healthy mental activity is wholesome and the reverse of insanity.

In the United States there are two hundred and forty thousand lunatics, about one hundred thousand of whom are idiotic, and another hundred thousand are unbalanced through religious frenzy. Insanity has always most largely prevailed in those countries where the people have enjoyed the conditions known as "civil and religious liberty," where every person exercises the right of free inquiry in matters of conscience, has liberty to engage in the strife for the highest honors and stations in society, and where the road to wealth and distinction is equally open to all. There is but little insanity in those countries where the government is despotic. The inhabitants of such countries enjoy but little mental activity compared with those who live in a republic or under a representative government. There is but little insanity in China and next to none in Turkey. It is uncommon in Spain and Russia, outside the large cities. Very few cases were found among the aborigines of this country. Among the peoples mentioned the spirit of progress and inquiry is seldom awakened, or is soon stifled when it is, and they exhibit little more mental excitement than the brute creation.

Religionists are the most excitable people, and it is not strange that they furnish the majority of madmen. Methodists take the lead, closely followed by Presbyterians and Baptists. The percentage of insane Spiritualists is smallest of all, yet at the same time good people regard Spiritualism as a promoter of lunacy. This idea is persistently encouraged, in face of the truth. On 21st instant, one of our local journals gave it fresh impetus by a sensational account of the illness of Mr. J. C. Hopple, which, the journal states, was superinduced by Spiritualism, and details were given to supply the foundation of illusion in the brain of Mr. Hopple. It is also charged in this newspaper—which is nothing unless sensational—that a spirit medium predicted that Mr. Hopple would die on 19th September instant, which prediction affected him so unfavorably that it came very near verification. (He died on 23rd September.) But the medium who thus prophesied cannot be pointed out, and the story is quite generally discredited. To predict events is a new business for real mediums of the spirit-world, and had they this power, it is not likely they would point out disaster to their clients. Ill conditions come fast enough without anticipating them at all, and this is the idea which all well-balanced mediums give their sitters, in response to inquiries regarding the future. If one fixed the time for the demise of Mr. Hopple, and made the date with such particularity as is represented, it was one of the light-headed mediums, and the ungracious augury ought to have been treated accordingly. But, really, there is no evidence that such prediction was made, and it seems scarcely possible.

We have no intention of denying that people have been crazed through Spiritualism, but it was the weakness of the individual mind, not the fault of the doctrine, which brought this result. Methodism, Baptism, Presbyterianism, any of the vainities of creeds, would have produced the same or worse effect upon this grade of intellect, as they are constantly doing without reproach, and more than a hundred of their communion become inmates of mad houses while one Spiritualist is getting there. At the same time we must concede that it is not the peculiarities of belief which drive them mad, but the fact that their minds are not strong enough to hold and doctrine and remain entire; especially if the doctrine is provocative of mental excitement.

Insanity has increased in times of great moral and mental commotion, in all ages and countries. The Crusades and the spirit of chivalry which followed, the reformation of Luther, the civil and religious discords of Europe, the French Revolution, the American Revolution, our civil war, all greatly multiplied cases of insanity. So true is it that moral and mental action excite this disease, that Esquirol says he "could give the history of the French Revolution from the taking of the Bastille until the last appearance of Bonaparte, by that of some lunatics whose insanity relates to the events which distinguished this long period." A similar result may be obtained from lunatics produced in the war of the Great Rebellion.

There are no more productive "feeders" of insane asylums than those spasmodic but off-recurring revivals known as "revivals of religion." They are usually ridiculous, always exciting, and, in a majority of instances, grossly immoral. It is not religion that they "revive," but the unholy sexual passion and the zeal of lust. The animal nature is excited, girls are ruined and mad-houses filled—for the glory of God! If we take the testimony of Aminda Sleek and Praise-God-Barebones, young people are "born again," or procure somebody to be born for them; are "hopefully converted" or hopelessly demoralized; become partakers of a "saving

change," which "saves" them till they change their minds regarding the form of pleasure they will pursue; but they are all right provided they steer wide of Spiritualism! So they are told. Poor creatures, indeed. Spiritualism is the only refuge they can find from their own gross nature and that of priestcraft, and the only saving change they need. Priestcraft, ignorance and bigotry are as near insanity as anything ever gets before toppling into the vortex of minds diseased, but Spiritualism is saving thousands from these calamity-breeders. It will save all who intelligently recognize the light of its better dawn. Those whom it makes insane have so little mind that they cannot endure mental action, and are scarcely worth saving, from an economic standpoint. Spiritualism elects the survival of the fittest, and such is the law of the universe; therefore those who fear to take the chances in such a contest will do well to remain with Michon, Belphegor, and their orthodox mutton. Still, we protest against foretelling anybody's death by spirit mediums.

RAPINGS AT THE "GOLDEN GATE."

With some doubt as to the wisdom of the act, we publish in the current impression of THE BETTER WAY, two letters from Mr. A. B. Brown, of Philadelphia, addressed to the Editor of the Golden Gate. The longer letter is in answer to a communication published in the Golden Gate of June 30th last, signed by one "Culshaw"—probably an alias—regarding which we have received a large number of letters for publication, but down to this date have declined to become a party to the controversy. Yet it is our belief that every medium mentioned by Culshaw was cruelly libeled, and, if this view is correct, it is the duty of Spiritualists and Spiritualist journals to demand proof or its alternative, and to insist upon immediate action.

The article in the Golden Gate was indecent as well as untruthful, and how brother Owen was induced to publish it, has been a problem to us for almost three months. Unquestionably he supposed it to be truthful, at the date of publication, but its forms of expression are prima facie evidence that it was not written by a clear minded man, and it follows that he was a dirty falsifier. On this point there will be no dispute.

The Boston Rhadamantnos charged all materializing mediums with social crimes of the first magnitude, and denounced every manifestation through them as vilely fraudulent. He more than hinted that materialization is to be "crushed out." If we substitute Spiritualism for "materialization," the meaning of this threat will be understood, but it is only an empty sound. A combination of all the raiders in the world would be powerless to injure the fact of spirit manifestation, and as for "crushing out" anything, they must obtain consent of the spirit world before this can happen. Materialization is as thoroughly established in the phenomena of nature as vaporization or gravitation, and its proof is quite as available as that of either of these. Then how is it to be crushed out? Has brother Owen the least idea that the crushing out process can be made to work? Does he desire that it prove successful? We have no idea that he does. Our view is this: That he has published the opinions and assertions of a correspondent who "lies by the watch," as a mere mercenary; that he has done this inconsiderately, and should now apologize to the maligned mediums, his readers and the general public, and declare that which he knows in the premises, to wit: that materialization is one of the grandest truths of Spiritualism. Evidently he must do something, or his journal will lose the esteem of Spiritualists, and this would not only be a serious matter to him, but a very unfortunate thing for the cause which is dear to his heart. The Golden Gate is deservedly popular for a vast amount of good work well and promptly performed in the past, but it is not worthy of the support of Spiritualists if it permits the libeling of mediums through its columns, without an effort to right the wrong thus perpetrated. We expect brother Owen to do the right thing in the premises, and hope and pray that he will do it promptly.

The terms employed in Culshaw's lying tirade were more disreputable than any we ever knew to be used in the secular press, in such connection, and they certainly outraged decency; while the unavoidable innuendoes from his vile phrases would, if true, consign their subjects to the deepest depths of degradation. We know that most of them are horrible falsehoods, and have no doubt that all are false. How could it be expected that such publication could answer any good purpose? The more we think of it the more are we surprised that this article could find a place in any newspaper published for the perusal of decent people. Explanations and apologies are certainly in order.

Blessed influence of one true loving human soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, nor deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and burst forth into tall stem and broad leaf and growing tasselled flowers.—George Elliott.

Inexhaustible "good nature" is the most precious of all gifts, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather. No man should so act as to take advantage of another's folly.

LAST SUNDAY AT GRAND ARMY HALL.

A Short Reference to Mrs. Richmond's Morning Discourse—Summary of Answers and Questions.

Thinkers are questioners.
Questioners are investigators.
Investigators, if they are intelligent, get wisdom.

Investigation is just now the order of the day, and investigators are the pioneers of moral and intellectual advancement.

At Grand Army Hall in this city last Sunday morning there was a grand army of earnest, thoughtful investigators, who seemed to be moved by a powerful impulse to seek the truth. An audience of six hundred ladies and gentlemen gathered to listen to the address of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, and it is not too much to say that there was not a more intelligent, respectable and well-behaved assemblage in Cincinnati on that day.

They were in eager quest of instruction upon the subject of immortality, and in a mood to receive the best that could be offered. Under these conditions a beneficial result was easily realized under the invaluable instruction of the speaker.

Several questions were asked by the audience and promptly answered by Mrs. Richmond. The first of these was the following:

"Is there a personal God? If so, where is he located? If there is no personal God, are we not justified in supposing that there are many Gods?"

The lady opined that this questioner was not a thoughtful person. Had he been thoughtful the question would not have been couched in these terms. There is an individual God, but infinite. We speak of the infinite universe without understanding the term, for we do not comprehend many finite terms. It is easy to state that there are billions of worlds in this universe, but the sum of "billions" is beyond our mental grasp. In our view, God is the infinite conscious power which pervades the universe. But in referring to this power we are apt to misinterpret and misapply terms; to suppose that this individuality is personified in a visible form rather than an existence in a universality of infinite power, and hence we are misled. There is but one infinite, omniscient, omnipresent power. All other powers are finite.

The second question was more considerable:

"How are we to attain the best results of our lives spiritually?"

By doing the best we can to-day, to-morrow, and every day, spiritually. The results sought do not come from intellectual power, nor from anything but healthful, wholesome growth from within. By living daily the highest and best any individual knows. There can be no selfishness nor self-seeking in real Spiritualism.

In response to the third question, some eloquent remarks were made upon the possibilities of mediumship. She said that mediumship is not affected by the physical or moral condition of the medium. At the very verge of death mediums have brought good manifestations, some of the best ever witnessed. There are many good mediums among strictly healthy moral people, and just as many among those whose physical and moral conditions are quite defective. It is not a question of personal morality nor of physical health, but whether the organism of the medium is adapted to the production of the desired spirit manifestations.

"Heaven and hell—where are they located?"

If the kingdom of heaven really exists, it is within you, and if you conscientiously believe in the other place, that is within you also.

All these questions were treated amply and to the satisfaction of every hearer.

The subject proposed by the intelligences speaking through Mrs. Richmond was as follows:

"Is there a Sixth Sense?"

This is the subject of a recent agitation in the French Academy of Sciences, where something inexplicable through the five senses is recognized but not "placed," and science is in quest of means through which it may be positively designated. This is only an expedient, the lady contended, to find another name for Spiritualism, which science has found but dare not own, through fear of Mrs. Grundy, orthodoxy and the newspapers, and hence this makeshift to unload the responsibility upon a new nomenclature, through which it may be conveniently shelved. The arraignment of these turgid scientists who tremble in the presence of ignorant bigotry, and fear to call things by their right names because priestcraft will frown upon truth, was eloquent and well-timed, a grand hit at those conventionalities of society which have ripened into bitterness, conceit, and all uncharitableness.

The services at Grand Army Hall to-morrow morning and evening will conclude Mrs. Richmond's present engagement in this city. Those who desire good seats must go early.

The soul that lingers in contact with sin is in the greatest danger of becoming hardened and punished for its evil. There is no safety save in separation from every form of wickedness.

We owe much to what we are and what we have to those who came before us, and in our hands rest the destinies of those who will come after us. It is under the sense of this universal responsibility and in that world-embracing spirit that the highest intellectual work ought to be done.—Max Muller.

Man has a right to speak, think, and write with freedom upon all subjects; but he has no right to force his opinions upon others, or to persecute and censure those who differ with him in belief or inclination.—Machaivel.

From Our Reporter's Note Book.

Dr. Rothermel.

His Wonderful Success in Demonstrating the Power of Spirits—A Remarkable Test through Slate Writing.

Dr. Rothermel's public seance at G. A. R. Hall on Wednesday evening, Sept. 19, in this city, was remarkable for the variety of spirit manifestations that occurred in a bright light, and the extraordinary test given at the close, which was witnessed by a large audience.

Facing the public, a cabinet composed of iron frame work, surrounded by cloth of a dark fabric, and about ten feet wide, eight feet high, and two and a half feet deep, had been constructed, in which stood an ordinary pine table, with a zither, some blank writing paper, a quantity of loose flowers and several other articles, on it.

The curtains of the cabinet were thrown back to expose the interior, with permission to skeptics to come forward and examine the same, and of which quite a number availed themselves.

Here upon Dr. Rothermel had his hands tied up with strips of homespun and sewed on to his pantaloons, in order to make it utterly impossible for him to use them. The gentleman who performed part of this operation was a skeptic to spirit manifestations, and by request of the doctor, permitted himself to be made hors du combat in like manner, and placed himself beside the doctor in front of the cabinet, on a chair.

The curtain was then lowered over both, with only their heads protruding through an aperture. The music was then ordered to begin, whereupon a delicate white hand came forth from one side of the curtain and started the music box which stood on a table to the right of the cabinet—the BETTER WAY reporter being seated sufficiently near the cabinet to notice the slightest movement or hearing the faintest sound that occurred around and about it. The next instant another hand arose through the opening in the cabinet, just above the heads of the two gentlemen, and tapped both on the face, somewhat startling the skeptic.

Immediately after this writing was heard inside and a lot of paper slips were thrown out on which were legible messages written in a female hand. Following this the cut flowers were thrown out, but neatly tied up in little bouquets. Then an air was played upon the zither, apparently by an artistic hand, for the music was sweet and charming. When finished, the instrument was held up and handed out—the circle manager taking charge of it and placed it on a table to the left of the cabinet. Immediately a hand came forth from the cabinet and played another tune upon it, in full view of the audience.

The next moment the table in the cabinet was handed out, and so left the same bare; and then a request made for a number of handkerchiefs from the audience. A dozen or more were collected, and among them was the reporter's. Shortly after having been handed in, they were thrown out again, and on each was inscribed a message written in an ink, the color of which is not to be found in the trade. Upon that of the newspaper scribe's was written: "Love to you is all I have."

When these had been gathered up, a loud thumping was heard in the cabinet, and ending by both gentlemen being violently thrown from the aperture, followed by the chairs on which they had been seated, and both tied up exactly as they were at the beginning.

This concluded the first part of the seance, of which but one-half has been here related.

When released from their bonds, the medium, Dr. Rothermel, called for slates, saying that he would try and obtain some spirit-messages on them. Quite a number of those present had provided themselves, and among them, a gentleman, who was also skeptical to this manifestation of spirit power. Stepping up to several, the doctor placed his hand on their slates in turn, and immediately writing was heard inside, and upon opening them, a spirit-message was visible.

After returning to the cabinet, the skeptical gentleman from the audience walked up to the medium, placed a five dollar note on a double slate, which he was holding in his hand, and informed the doctor in a determined manner that he was welcome to the money if he could procure him a message on the inside of the slate without taking it from his hands. The doctor took hold of one end of the slate with both hands, while the owner held fast the other with firm grip, and watched every movement of the medium. After a few moments the doctor told the gentleman he was too positive to get into rapport with, and was therefore compelled to obtain assistance from another medium. He then requested a lady present, who is also a well known medium for independent writing, to step up and place one of her hands on the edge of the slate in order to charge it with more magnetism. The request was graciously complied with, and in a few moments, in face of the entire audience, writing was heard between the slates, followed by the three unmistakable spirit raps on the same, which indicates that the invisible intelligence was finished. The mediums then took their hands off the slate, leaving it in charge of the owner. This gentleman then opened it, and nodding his head gravely, said he was convinced.

Being requested to state the purport of the message he acknowledged that it was from the first husband of his wife, the spirit not only giving his own name, but in the message mentions his wife's name correctly—winding up with the postscript, "have you any more five dollar bills to invest?" Amidst the greatest surprise and at the same time much gratified at the convincing test given to the stranger, the audience was respectfully dismissed.

Dr. Stansbury's Spirit Telegraph.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It was my pleasure to attend the Spiritualist service at Music Hall Sunday Sept. 16th, when, it had been announced, Prof. W. S. Gray, a trance speaker, would lecture and give life readings, and Dr. J. Stansbury would give independent writing and introduce the "Occult Telegraph" for the first time to the people of Denver. The large hall was well filled with an intelligent audience. Mr. Gray, who is a resident of Denver, possesses fine mediumistic powers, and his controls are frequent and logical, while his 'life readings' are remarkably correct.

Of Dr. Stansbury's wonderful independent writing your readers are familiar.

I had previously witnessed two public exhibitions of his powers in that phase of mediumship with great satisfaction. The principal interest, however, centered in the occult telegraph. The program proved to be of a varied and most entertaining character. After music, Prof. Gray announced that the controls would lecture upon any subject selected by the audience. A number were presented and the following chosen:

"What good has Spiritualism done?" This subject was ably handled, and in the brief half hour allotted the controls, all the salient points of the subject were tersely and logically discussed. After this Mr. Gray gave several life readings among the audience, which were pronounced substantially correct in each individual instance. This medium's style of reading reminds one of E. V. Wilson, the former well known lecturer and medium.

Dr. Stansbury next came forward and exhibited a pair of slates. These he carefully washed with sponge and water, and handed them to Messrs. Rice and Rhodes, the telegraphers, who were upon the platform.

These gentlemen pronounced them clean. The slates were then secured by a rubber band and stood upright upon the organ in plain view of the audience.

The doctor gave a brief account of his development and experience as an independent slate writer, including timely advice to those sitting for this phase of mediumship.

He then proceeded to exhibit the new telegraphic instrument. This, the doctor explained, was the latest invention on the part of the spirit world to convince skeptics of the reality of communication between the two worlds.

It consisted simply of an ordinary key inclosed in a case between two slates, and secured against the possibility of human contact; to this was attached a "sounder," the same as used in every telegraph office in the world.

The instrument was placed upon a table and freely inspected by Mr. A. O. Rhodes, principal of the Denver school of telegraphy, and Mr. L. C. Rice, manufacturer of telegraph instruments and supplies. These gentlemen stated to the audience, that the apparatus was such as is used everywhere for telegraphic communication, and that there were no hidden connection with ground wires, so far as they could detect.

The doctor seated himself at the table, simply placing his hands upon the box. The experts seated themselves, one on either side. In a few seconds the first click was heard. This was repeated and then followed a rapid succession of telegraphic dots and dashes, and soon the operators were busy taking down the messages. The clicking of the instrument, which was a new Western Union sounder, could be heard in all parts of the auditorium. The position of the box was frequently changed working equally as well on the doctor's head as on the table. The principal message was from Samuel Bowles, formerly of the Springfield Republican, and was as follows:

"I have a message for you. Ladies and gentlemen:—The spirit world comes into closer communion with you to-day than ever before."

"Extraordinary methods are being devised by the higher intelligences to attract the attention of the scientific world, in order to oppose the materialistic tendencies of the age. The spiritual telegraph will demonstrate the immortality of the soul." (Signed.) SAMUEL BOWLES.

This message was corroborated by each of the operators as well as by a gentleman in the audience who had taken it as received. Mr. Rhodes stated to the audience, that he was not a Spiritualist, and that he could not tell how the instrument was operated, unless by a combination of human magnetism and electricity. So far as he could detect, there was no opportunity for, nor attempt at fraud. He believed it to be an honest instrument, and just as represented. This statement was loudly applauded.

The slates were then opened and found to contain twelve closely written messages, all of which were read and recognized by persons in the audience. Altogether, this seance was a marvelous one, and produced a profound impression upon the audience.

At the close of the meeting scores of persons came upon the platform and congratulated Dr. Stansbury upon his success, while others critically examined the instrument and slates.

The doctor has proved himself a wonderful medium for the spirit world.

He is a genial gentleman, and with his estimable wife, is doing a grand work. The local papers gave lengthy and impartial reports of the meeting.

No. 825 Seventeenth Street, DENVER, Colo., Sept. 20th 1888.

Ob, Liberty, that knows no law of passion, but that of following our highest, best and noblest impulses; which knows no fear but that of injuring a fellow-creature ever so slightly, and which knows no motive but the good of the entire race, is one of the secrets of Life.—The Hidden Way.

PERSONAL.

Dr. J. F. Williams is at his new office, No. 42 Cutter street, and, we learn, is meeting with a good measure of success as a magnetic healer.

Dr. R. C. Flower, the celebrated physician, of Boston, was at the Grand Hotel on Thursday and Friday of this week.

On October 1, proximo, Mrs. J. H. Stowell will remove from Findlay street to Bates Avenue, near Colerain. A more definite address will be given hereafter.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is at No. 40 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, where he is holding seances for full form materialization every evening with distinguished success.

G. W. Kates, and wife lectured in Lawrence Kansas, Sunday September 23. They will hold meetings in Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 30 and Oct. 7. They have been doing good work in the West, and are being urged to remain there during the entire season.

Movements of Mediums.

[All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office 1 Monday to insure insertion the same week.]

Mrs. Nellie Coffran is located at Onset.

Prof. C. W. Peters, 1308 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mary L. French is open for engagements from 1888.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

A. S. Pease will make Saratoga his home for the summer.

Mrs. L. A. Logan conducts meetings Sunday evenings at Harmony Hall, Denver, Col.

Mrs. Fannie Ogden, 618 Main street, Peoria, Ill. Trance, Test and Psychometric reader. Can be engaged for the season of '88 and '89.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight can be secured for lectures or grove meetings, by addressing her at Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, speaker and test medium, 235 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 88 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. Sallie C. Scoville, psychometric reader and test medium, has now taken parlors at 1115 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. D. Webster, late of 1604 Pine street, St. Louis, has now gone to Chicago, on account of ill health.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 208 W. Fourteenth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. A. D. Webster, the renowned trance, test and platform medium of the East, is now located at 1604 Pine street, St. Louis, Mo., where she can be addressed in regard to lectures and sittings.

Mrs. Sallie Scoville, the well-known psychometric reader is again in the city and can be found at No. 1115 Olive street, St. Louis Mo.

Frank T. Ripley, speaker and platform test medium, can be engaged for the month of March and April, 1889, by addressing him at Banner of Light office, Boston Mass.

Miss Lizzie D. Bailey, trance lecturer and psychometric reader, is open for engagements. Reasonable terms. Address Dr. Thos. McAboy, 77 Twelfth st., Louisville, Ky.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium, will speak in Providence, R. I., during October; in Williamamette, Conn., the first and second Tuesdays in November; in Springfield, Mass., from the third Tuesday of November until January 1889. Address No. 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Mrs. E. A. Wells is now ready to make engagements to lecture, or as a platform test medium. Societies desiring to make engagements must state time after first January 1889. Address 990 Sixth avenue, New York.

Our good friend, J. W. Fletcher, the well-known materializing and trumpet medium, now located at No. 55 Carlisle avenue, has kindly volunteered to give a seance on the last Friday of each and every month for the benefit of the Society of Union Spiritualists. These seances will be first-class in every particular, as all of brother Fletcher's seances are, and they should be largely attended by Spiritualists of Cincinnati and neighborhood. Remember, the last Friday evening in every month.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury was engaged to lecture and give independent slate writing and test messages with the "Occult Telegraph" in Salt Lake City, Sunday evening, September 24. He had a very successful season in Denver. He will arrive home, in San Francisco, October 1st, and may be addressed at 305 Scott street, in that city.

Mr. S. E. Mikeswell, the slate-writing and trumpet medium, of St. Louis, has taken rooms at No. 308 East street, and has many callers, who are enthusiastic in his praise. He gives trumpet and musical seances every Tuesday and Friday evening, open to the public.

Mr. C. E. Watkins, the independent slate writer, is to remain in Boston, where he is devoting his time to his wonderful new gift, diagnosing disease by independent writing and occult telegraphy, the latest wonder of the nineteenth century.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan speaks at Worcester, Mass., on the Sundays of October. On 4th, 5th, 18th and 19th of October, and 8th and 9th of November she speaks at Attleboro, Mass. She will speak at points near these places, if desired, on evenings other than Sunday. Will meet her friends at her home in South Farmington, Mass., every Wednesday, and will give sittings for psychometric readings on same day and evenings.

Geo. P. Colby is visiting his plantation at Lake Helen, Florida, and we learn with much pleasure his health is much improved.

We hear many good words of Dr. R. P. Fellows, the well-known medical specialist, of Vineland, N. J. His benevolence, skill and promptness are characteristics which elicit unmeasured commendation. He is deservedly prosperous.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance. Bates Avenue, near Colerain.

A. Willis, materialization, No. 19 Broadway.

Mr. M. Reinhardt Trumpet Medium, 543 W. Court St.

Mrs. S. Seery, 34 Gest street, Trumpet and Slate Writing.

Dr. J. F. Williams, Vital Electro Magnetic Healer, No. 62 Cutter street.

Mrs. A. G. Kuball, 308 Baymiller street, between Poplar and Findlay streets. Trumpet.

J. D. Lyons, 188 Richmond street. Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc.

Mrs. M. Englert, Trumpet. 67 Marshall Ave.

J. W. Fletcher, materializing and trumpet medium. No. 55 Carlisle avenue.

J. E. Mikeswell, trumpet and musical, No. 308 East.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eight street.

Mrs. Stewart. Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing. 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Anna Ciesna, Independent Slate Writer. 454 West Eighth street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent Slate Writer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Winchester, 371 Elm street. Trumpet.

COPPER CITY, SHASTA, CO., CAL.

S. F. Poole.

Dear Sir:—The spectacles you sent came to hand four weeks ago, and I find them to be superior to any that I have ever worn.

Very respectfully, H. C. McCLURE.

The First Society of Spiritualists, New York.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Very good audiences attended the meetings to-day. Mrs. Brigham spoke in the morning upon several subjects selected by the audience. It is amusing to see the great variety of subjects presented for a single lecture, and quite instructive to see with what ingenuity and precision Mrs. Brigham, through her control, will weave them into a single discourse, and accomplish such happy and logical conclusions. To show the comparison I will quote two out of five subjects this morning: "Have spirits ever visited the polar star? If so, can they explain its apparent immovable position in the heavens?" And, "One Mr. Philbrook takes emphatically that a spirit is nothing more than nitrogen gas. What are your views on the subject?"

In the evening Mrs. Brigham spoke upon the subject, "The Open Door;" she referred to spiritual phenomena as the open door to immortality. She improvised three poems, subject: "If a man die shall he live again," "The future" and "The way we are drifting."

Mrs. Brigham will occupy the platform next Sunday morning and evening, and during the month of October. In the afternoon, next Sunday, 30th inst., Mrs. E. A. Wells will reopen for spirit manifestations, by delivering a lecture on the subject, "What is Spiritualism?" After the lecture she will give platform tests. An elegant programme of music is arranged for the occasion. The success of these afternoon meetings for manifestations the past year under the direction of Mrs. Wells, assumes the popular sentiment of the people in support of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and should the same success follow the management this season, it is predicted that in a few weeks Adelphi Hall will not be large enough to hold the people who will there assemble every Sunday. May God speed the work, is the wish of—

Fraternally yours, PATTERSON.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1888.

Boston Lyceum No. 1.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 23, 1888.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Although a stormy day we were favored with a large audience. After a selection by Professor Milligan's orchestra, the school opened with singing and lesson from the instructor. Ninety children participated in the march. A donation of five books was made for the Lyceum library by a friend, which were received by Conductor Weaver, who kindly thanked the donor in behalf of the Lyceum. The following children gave recitations: Allie Cummings, Mark Straus, Dora Plumb, Freddie Sterns, Rosa Wilbur, Ed. Haseltine.

We were pleased to see on our platform this morning our old friend and co-worker, Bro. A. A. Wheelock, who, being called on by the conductor, spoke at length to both old and young, taking for his subject, "How shall we use to the best advantage the power we possess?" which he handled well, treating on liberty, both civil and religious, progression and other topics. He urged upon all to look well to the children's interests, and to see that the attempts being made by other parties to destroy educational liberty should not be carried out. His remarks were listened to very attentively for a half hour, and frequently applauded. May Bro. Wheelock be with us often, is the wish of all. After calisthenic song and target march, closed a beautiful session.

Yours for the cause, RICHARD LAUNDY.

Opening of the Lecture Season, Cleveland, O.

Preliminary to opening the regular lecture course in this city, Mr. W. J. Colville, the distinguished inspirational speaker, will give two lectures here Tuesday and Wednesday, October 24 and 25.

On the following Sunday, October 7th, Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings, the well-known speaker, medium and elocutionist, will open the regular lecture course in Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street, and continue during the entire month, followed by Mr. J. Clegg Wright in November and Mrs. Foye, of California, during December.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. The evening meetings commence at 7:45 P. M.

E. W. GAYLARD, Sec'y.

O. V. A. Meeting.

The Ohio Valley Association of Spiritualists met at the residence of I. S. McCracken on the 23d, to formulate plans of operation for the missionary work of promulgating the truth of Modern Spiritualism.

After the business of procuring a charter and constitution, it was unanimously agreed that THE BETTER WAY, of Cincinnati, represent the O. V. A., and that a portion of said paper be used for O. V. A. news every week.

It is recommended that some one in every city and village where Spiritualism is known, organize a Developing Circle, each member of the circle to become a member of the O. V. A. by payment of \$1 per annum into the treasury of the Association. This money to be used for the purpose of sending missionary workers where they are needed and for the dissemination of spiritual literature.

This is the plan of operation for the first season of what we hope in time will be means of much good.

J. H. GROOMS, Pres. C. C. STOWELL, Sec.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24, 1888.

Spirit Picture.

We learn that during a seance at Dr. Rothermel's parlors, on the 19th inst., Dr. Walker, of this city, in the presence of fifteen sitters, took a picture while the form of "Emma" stood materialized in front of the cabinet. This picture is now for sale by Dr. Rothermel, at No. 420 West Fourth St.

Materialization—Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, Medium.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

In view of repeated and continued attacks on materializing mediums, through the columns of the Golden Gate, and the refusal of the editor to admit to his columns articles in defense of such mediums, thereby causing it to appear to those who are unacquainted with the facts that the charges of fraud made against them are admitted as true by both mediums and their friends, because of their silence; and, whereas, Mrs. Elsie Reynolds seems to be the especial target at which the assaults aim, their assailers of slander; therefore, we, the subscribers, hereto, respectfully ask you to publish the following facts, in vindication of the mediumship and character of the said Elsie Reynolds, viz:

We have attended many of her seances for materialization, all of which were under strict test conditions, at which seances phenomena of the most marvellous kind invariably occurred. Phenomena, impossible to duplicate by any kind of trickery, no matter what number of trap doors, sliding panels, or movable mop boards and confederates were employed. We have frequently seen materialization and de-materialization outside of the curtain or cabinet; have had our friends dematerialize out of our arms; have often witnessed as many as five spirits, at one and the same time—some of us as many as ten—have often seen little children materialize, and several times have seen nearly every seance met, recognized, embraced, kissed and conversed with our spirit friends; they often sitting on our knees and conversing for several minutes at a time, while all this and much more has been repeatedly witnessed at these seances, we know, each for him or herself, that there was no possible means by which anything as large as a cat could have entered or disappeared from the cabinet without our seeing it; and therefore, aside from the materializations and other phenomena outside of the curtain, net, and many other things impossible for mortal confederates to accomplish, we know that each and every form that appeared was, of necessity, a materialized spirit form.

In all the many seances that we have attended with this medium, notwithstanding she generally gave as many as ten to twelve, some many sitting; the phenomena was the same, differing only in degree. At some seances, especially private ones, the phenomena being much stronger than at others, but never any of it of a fraudulent character. And farther, we take much pleasure in saying that we regard Mrs. Reynolds as not only one of the greatest mediums living, but a noble, kind and unpretending woman; and that we lack language to express our detestation and contempt for those who go about slandering and damaging her good name. And we further state that, from knowledge of the marvellous powers of her mediumship, we have not the slightest doubt but that all the cry of "fraud" and accounts of trap doors, sliding panels, movable mop boards, confederates, etc., published in the Golden Gate against her, are utterly false and malicious.

The house, in this city, in which Mrs. Reynolds gave seances for eight months or more, after being vacated by her stood vacant and unlocked, with all the doors wide open, for weeks after she left it, and was visited by hundreds of people in quest of a spirit doctor, etc. They even tore the paper from the smoothly plastered walls, and the mop board from its fastening, in their vain search for evidence. Mrs. R. has given many seances at private houses, and is now giving two or three such seances each week; in some of which houses she is, or was until giving the seances, an entire stranger, both as to name and its occupants. Some of the seances she has given at the homes of parties whose names are attached hereto; and in all of them the same marvellous phenomena appear, and entire satisfaction is given to all present, and knowing that there can be of no necessity or occasion for confederate aid, other than spirit confederates; we most positively and unhesitatingly declare that, in our opinion, all that has been published and said against the mediumship of this medium has been either misapprehension or misrepresentation of facts; and that the words, "cries of any number of fraud slanders," can have no weight with us against our own off-repeated experiences. Nothing short of individual knowledge can ever cause us to believe that so grand a medium and pure minded and kind and noble-hearted woman would or could resort to so utterly unnecessary and foolish a thing as to commit fraud in her mediumship. Feeling only mingled scorn and pity for her detractors, we unhesitatingly and cordially recommend Elsie Reynolds to all honest, truth-loving people, wherever her lot may be cast as one of the world's grandest and best mediums, and a pure, kind and noble-hearted woman.

Following are the names, address and approximate number seances attended:

W. M. Blaine, 1242 Fourth street, 125; C. W. Garland, northeast corner E and Sixth streets, room 40, 114; L. H. House, about 145; Thos. D. Newton, southeast corner Fifth and F streets, 125; O. B. Lisher, 1242 Fourth street, 100; S. Fairchild, H street, between F and A streets, 125; A. E. S. St. Cloud Hotel, corner Seventh and K streets, 13; W. W. Freeman, 404 E street, 5; M. B. H. Tobey, 846 Fourth street, 100; Mary A. White, Alpha House, Sixth street, 12 or 15; Melcolm Matheson, San Diego, corner E and Fifth, 5; F. T. Wright, 4; Val Fink, 20; J. C. Westcott, 813 Milton avenue, San Diego, 4; Robert Z. n. 2642 Fifth street, 150; A. D. Campbell, 1445 Union street, W. H. Armstrong, 35.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., Sept. 16, 1888.

Notice.

The spirits have reopened their Sunday afternoon Free Developing Circles at the American Health College, Fairmount. No admittance after 3 P. M. Fairmount cars pass the door. Regular daily lectures. Vitaphone practice commences on Monday next in the same college.

DR. J. F. WILLIAMS, VITAL ELECTRO-MAGNETIC HEALER.

No. 62 Cutter St., Cincinnati.

"A Cure-All, but will cure or relieve in all cases. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. Treatment by mail when desired. Those unable to pay will be treated on Mondays and Thursdays from 9 to 11 A. M., FREE."

Test Medium.

Clairvoyant, Clairaudient—Send 50 cents in stamps or money, and receive by mail a reading for yourself. Give full name, age and sex. DR. N. W. SMALL, Box 389, Marion, Indiana.

SOMETHING NEW.

Diagnosing Disease by INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING—{ AND }—Spirit Telegraphy.

C. E. WATKINS.

Celebrated Medium,

Is now making a Specialty of diagnosing cases where the Old School have failed. There is hope for all. At last the poor can be cured as well as the rich. Terms for treatment are very low. Send your letters of inquiry to C. E. WATKINS, No. 107 Falmouth Street, Boston, Mass. 2m

A. WILLIS, Materializing Medium,

19 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

Public Seances Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, at sharp EIGHT o'clock. Afternoon Seances by arrangement.

Modern School of Healing

—THROUGH—

SPRITUALISM

—MENTAL—

And Physical Treatment.

MASSAGE AND MEDICATION.

For particulars, call on or address MRS. ANNIE C. RALL, No. 512 West Liberty St., Cincinnati.

PROF. C. W. PETERS, INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITER,

—AND— Spirit Photographer.

1318 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

Opposite the Exposition.

Trance, Test, Developing and Healing Medium. Sittings Daily.

GEORGE V. CORDINGLY, TRANCE MEDIUM

For Tests and Dark Circles,

1620 Pine St. St. Louis, Mo.

Sittings Daily. Public Dark Circles, Wednesday and Saturday Nights. Lock of Hair by Mail, Diagnosed for a fee of \$1.

Speakers and Mediums.

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

SEPTEMBER: Cora L. V. Richmond, Inspirational speaker.

OCTOBER: Mrs. A. M. Glading, speaker and platform test medium; Walter Howell.

DECEMBER: Walter Howell.

Speakers Engaged.

The following speakers have been engaged by the Society of Union Spiritualists of Cincinnati:

Jan. 1889: Frank T. Ripley.

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March, 1889: Helen Stuart Richings.

April, 1889: Jennie B. Hagan.

May, 1889: Edgar W. Emerson.

June, 1889: Edgar W. Emerson.

Peoria Ills.

The Spiritualists are said to be a peculiar people. Be that as it may, the work they are doing here at the present time would indicate a degree of activity and enterprise that bids fair to place the new philosophy before our people in a thorough, dignified and comprehensible manner. The services of one of the most gifted exponents of their cause have been secured by the Spiritual Society, for a prolonged series of discourses on topics general and special, which will be given at their beautiful hall at 430 Main street each Sunday evening and at such other times as may be hereafter announced; and after the present month it is expected that the desk will be occupied jointly by both Prof. Allen and his equally talented wife, the latter being now under engagement in St. Louis.—[Peoria Call.]

In Memory of Dr. R. M. Thomas.

Whereas it hath pleased the All-Wise Commander of the universe to suddenly call from the ranks of vigorous mortal life, our beloved comrade, Dr. R. M. Thomas, who served his country as Corporal, 20th Pennsylvania Infantry, and by loyal devotion to his comrades and the flag in peaceful private life, therefore be it

Resolved, by James St. John Post No. 82, G. A. R. Dept. of Ohio, that in our intercourse with our departed comrade we have recognized many noble characteristics, such as a charitable disposition, limited only by his means to do acts of benevolence; a broad exercise of his citizenship unflinching by partisan blindness; a catholicity of practical religious faith, in which he exemplified a belief of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man untrammelled by creed; a true soldier; a true citizen; a true friend, and we quite with his kindred in cherishing his memory in the archive of our order.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the post, a copy be furnished the family by the commander, and also McCoy Post, No. 1, of which he was a member and that the country papers be requested to publish the same.

G. M. BROWN, S. C. KRAMER, N. N. MOSHER.

The foregoing resolutions were adopted and entered on the minutes of James St. John Post, No. 82, G. A. R., Dept. of Ohio, Aug. 27, 1888.

R. F. BARTLETT, ADJ. L.

Notice.

The spirits have reopened their Sunday afternoon Free Developing Circles at the American Health College, Fairmount. No admittance after 3 P. M. Fairmount cars pass the door. Regular daily lectures. Vitaphone practice commences on Monday next in the same college.

DR. J. F. WILLIAMS, VITAL ELECTRO-MAGNETIC HEALER.

No. 62 Cutter St., Cincinnati.

"A Cure-All, but will cure or relieve in all cases. Chronic Diseases a Specialty. Treatment by mail when desired. Those unable to pay will be treated on Mondays and Thursdays from 9 to 11 A. M., FREE."

Test Medium.

Clairvoyant, Clairaudient—Send 50 cents in stamps or money, and receive by mail a reading for yourself. Give full name, age and sex. DR. N. W. SMALL, Box 389, Marion, Indiana.

SOMETHING NEW.

Diagnosing Disease by INDEPENDENT SLATE WRITING—{ AND }—Spirit Telegraphy.

C. E. WATKINS.

Celebrated Medium,

Is now making a Specialty of diagnosing cases where the Old School have failed. There is hope for all. At last the poor can be cured as well as the rich. Terms for treatment are very low. Send your letters of inquiry to C. E. WATKINS, No. 107 Falmouth Street, Boston, Mass. 2m

A. WILLIS, Materializing Medium,

19 Broadway, Cincinnati, O.

Public Seances Sunday, Tuesday, and Friday evenings, at sharp EIGHT o'clock. Afternoon Seances by arrangement.

Modern School of Healing

—THROUGH—

SPRITUALISM

—MENTAL—

And Physical Treatment.

MASSAGE AND MEDICATION.

For particulars, call on or address MRS. ANNIE C. RALL, No. 512 West Liberty St., Cincinnati.

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SPRITUALISM.

GRAND ARMY HALL.

Cincinnati.

TO-MORROW (SUNDAY)

And Every SUNDAY MORNING

and EVENING in the month of

SEPTEMBER,

MRS. CORA

L. V. RICHMOND, A Wonderful Discovery

Clairvoyant Optician.

Send 5-2 cent stamps, your age, and One Dollar, I will send you by mail one pair of Metal Pebbles Spectacles, that will restore perfect vision and strengthen the eyes.

Address B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa.

Of Chicago,

Will address the Spiritualists and Inquirers at this Hall. She is one of the most eloquent inspirational speakers upon the rostrum of Spiritualism.

Those who have heard addresses by the Guides of Mrs. Richmond will not need a second invitation to sit under their grand and profitable instruction, and those who have not listened to these

SUBLINE INTELLIGENCES

have the most exquisite mental and moral enjoyment in reserve.

THEY CANNOT AFFORD

To forego it nor miss any opportunity to realize all its advantages.

Morning Service begins at 11:00

Evening " " " " " 7:30

Morning Service, FREE. Admission in the evening, 15 cents. Good Music and the best of good order.

No Reserved Seats, therefore those who wish for a choice of seats should come early. Spiritualists should not fail to come out en mass.

E. O. HARE, President.

C. C. STOWELL, Sec'y.

CHILDREN'S

Progressive Lyceum.

MEETS EVERY SUNDAY at 9 A. M.

—AT—

GRAND ARMY HALL,

No. 115 West Sixth St. near Race.

Those parents and guardians who desire their children taught in the better way of this life and the next should urge their instruction at Spiritualist Lyceums. It will do away with the necessity of finally uprooting from their minds a great mass of prejudice and superstition. Do not forget that as the twig is bent the tree will grow. The "bent" of the young mind is of much greater consequence than is accorded to it. In this particular there is plenty of room for progress.

We may have a first-class Lyceum, productive of inestimable benefit, if Spiritualists encourage it by attendance and appropriate effort. This should be done promptly and heartily.

Come to-morrow and bring the little ones. If you have no little ones, bring those of your neighbor.

MEDIUMS.

Mrs. J. H. Stowell, TRANCE MEDIUM

Bates Avenue, near Colerain, CINCINN

[Published by Request.]

THE HIGHER VITAPATHY.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.

There is a wonderful and all-sufficient power in nature, operating by its own law and energy; as grand as it is mysterious, surpassing untold intellect; as extensive as the illimitable universe. All space is full of this power, and alive with its omnipotent energy; all nature is full of its manifestations, and reveals its power and presence in everything. It is heard in the murmuring breeze, in the howling winds, in the roaring ocean, in the quaking earth, and in the pealing thunder; it is seen in the shining sun, in the glistering stars, and in the flashing lightning; it is felt in the balmy air, in the mineral magnet, in the electric eel, in the charming serpent, in the magnetic man, and in the fascinating woman.

This wonderful power has been employed to some extent by the learned, wise and brave of all ages—by the African voodoo, the Chaldean astrologer, the Persian magian, the Hindoo fakir, the Egyptian priest, the Hebrew prophet, and by the wonder-workers of all ages and climes. But it is only in modern times, and but very recently, that this vast and unlimited power has been known and employed successfully. True, wonderful results have been produced by it in former years, and by those who did not know or understand the power.

Much good has been done with it, and much harm, for the vicious and selfish have used it for evil purposes; but the wise and good, the noble and the pure, have employed its sublime powers in doing good, in relieving the needy and distressed, in curing the sick, and in mitigating human woes, and this while its highest powers and best methods of its application were known. It took a long time for humanity to progress up to the comprehension and fullness of the power. They did not nor could they understand the height and depth of this mighty power. It was too high for the limited knowledge of even modern philosophers; with all the light of the ages shining down upon them it was to them still a hidden mystery. Ancient sages and medieval philosophers strove in vain to solve the problem and find the power. It remained for the present-day scientists, with their better knowledge, clearer light and higher perception, to break the seal, unlock the door of nature and reveal its method of operation. This now has been done, making a plain science of what was an impenetrable mystery, and making its processes so plain that any intelligent man or woman can learn to employ it with wonderful success, excelling the marvels of the past as day exceeds night.

And greater works than these shall men do if they learn, and know and use the power.

With it the learned, the faithful, the brave, can control the elements, suspend matter, overcome gravitation, organize worlds, produce and preserve vegetable, animal and human life, control the human passions, overcome objects at will, develop the intellect, and expand the powers of the soul, cure disease, prevent death, gain immortality, banish wrong, and bring general happiness into the world. So sure as all in the past has been fulfilled so sure will the future be. And the good time coming, so long looked for, is sure to come, and is already close at hand.

The wonderful discoveries and rapid progress in learning and wisdom, and the many remarkable inventions that have been made in the last few years, and that are now being made, all proclaim its coming. The great progress that has been and is now being made in the use of electricity and magnetism proclaims its near approach, and prepares the way for a grander manifestation of vital power that is close at hand and now coming. Its signs appear. The starry heavens radiate its glory; air and earth throbb with its scintillations of living force; intelligent man feels its presence; all nature is ready for its coming, and why should we delay? Prophets have foretold it. Our souls yearn for the good time coming; and the people are looking with piercing eyes, anxious gaze, and longing hearts for the power about to be revealed.

What shall we call this great power through which we are to do these wonderful things; this ever present power, that is ever ready to be used in doing good; that is not only around us, but is also within us? We have not named it, nor does it matter much about a name, as names of the same things differ in different languages, and the same thing is held in different estimation by different people, tribes and nations. But all, or nearly all, agree that there is a higher power than matter, and if it is not matter, what is it?

We believe that the power higher than matter must be spirit, and spirit is found to be an imperishable, vital essence or principle of life, pervading all space and filling all matter with its living energy and great power, and acting in and through matter to do all things that are done.

"Spirit Cure" is the highest method of healing the sick. It is the prophetic and apostolic plan. It cures all diseases and saves all life when all else fails, and gives to the Vitapathic system its highest powers.

Spirit is in the air, and envelopes us as a cloud, and surrounds us as the dews of night, and as the mists of morning. Spirit uses oxygen for its proper breathing, and may be taken in by proper breathing. The first man breathed it and became a "living person;" but by disobedience became subject unto death. But what has been lost by disobedience may be regained by obedience. The obedient to the laws of life may live forever, and can say to death, where is thy sting? and to the grave, where is thy victory?

Spirit is always present, and though it may change its quantity and position it is never destroyed, nor ever loses its power to act through matter, and is always acting through something or somebody.

Spirit is so light that it weighs nothing; so elastic that it cannot be measured; so expansive that it reaches everywhere; and travels so fast that it consumes no time; and goes so far that it overcomes all distance; and continues so long that it lasts forever; and is so powerful that it can do everything; and so full of life that it never dies.

Spirit is condensed in the material body, and formed into a spiritual soul, and, with the body, make a living being; spirit gives life and immortality to all things that continue to breathe it. All beings, however high they may be now, or ever will be, must have originated in this same way.

Spirit is eternal, and will last and live and shine in its own radiant glory and vitalizing energy, unconscious of decay or loss of power, after crowns and scepter and empires and kingdoms and hoary-headed dynasties—seemingly entwined with garlands of eternity—shall have passed away into everlasting forgetfulness; and sword and spear and shield shall have wasted away with the corroding rust of time; when rocks and hills shall have melted away in midsummer noon; when planets and stars may have dropped their glittering crowns, and dissolved a way into primeval nothingness; and if possible, all nature be wrapped in darkness that knows no night forever; and all gross material things be swept away by the devastating breath of ages; and the heavens be rolled up as a scroll, and disappear amid the general glow of chaotic darkness; and the last loud crash of pealing thunder reverberate through the empty vaults of the universe, sounding the dying requiem of all imperfect material things, then, even then, spirit will remain the same, unchanged and unchangeable, ever-living vital power, throughout the ceaseless and never-ending ages of eternity—still living on, and forever on, in its own fadeless and deathless immortality.

This spirit and all spirit, as great and all-powerful as it is, is not person or personal, or even local, only as it operates in and through material forms. The mistake of mankind is that they always personify every real or imaginary power or cause in nature that they cannot see or understand, calling them good or evil beings, as they imagined them to be, and have their priests and clergy to propitiate them accordingly. Mankind's strong tendency to personify everything is further exemplified in their personification of death, which, instead of being something, is really the want of something. Death is the absence or the want of life, yet mankind will persist in speaking of this nothing as a person or being, and call it "Man on the pale horse," "King of Terrors," etc., etc., and even make pictures of this imaginary nothing. And so they picture in their minds other imaginary nothings. Mankind call many things supernatural when there is no such thing as supernatural. Nature is all there is.

Spirit, being principle, not substance, can not have body, but can be in body or bodies, as magnetism is in the lodestone.

Spirit cannot have form, but can be in forms, as electricity is in the magnet.

Spirit cannot have person, but can be in persons, as soul is in the human.

We must speak of spirit as it is, and of matter as it is; but when both are united in a living person, we should then speak of them as he or she, as their sex may be.

Thus we can understand the origin and nature of person—personality only as long as spirit and matter continue together. When they separate, both go back to their primitive condition, as the rain drops go back to the ocean. And if spirit and matter can be always kept together as soul and body, then personality will always last, and the human being live forever.

We have learned to overcome darkness with light, and may learn how to overcome death with life. And it is a well-known fact that magnetism continues in the lodestone, and that electricity continues in the magnet, and why not spirit continue in matter, and soul in body, and humanity live on and ever on?

We have learned how to preserve continuous action with electricity; and we may as easily learn how to preserve continuous life with spirit. This will certainly be accomplished, and mortality be swallowed in immortality.

"All things are possible to them that believe." The true doctrine is—man must save himself, no others will or can. No one can die to save us; but we can live to save ourselves, by using nature's living forces now at our command.

Matter is the only substance, spirit the only power, Vitapathy the only system that can cure all disease, prevent all death, and preserve both soul and body alive.

Catholic Indulgences.

According to Christian doctrine, Catholic as well as Protestant, it is a sin for a man to marry his brother's or his sister's daughter. Under the laws of this and other States, and some of the nations of Europe, it is a high crime punishable by long imprisonment. The Duke of Aosta fell in love with his niece and desired to marry her. He sent \$20,000 to the Pope for a dispensation or indulgence to commit this crime against the laws of the church and of civilized governments, and the Pope has just sent him the desired permission in writing. The Catholics of Boston, who control the public schools of that city, have just thrown out Swinton's History as a text-book because it said the Pope sold indulgences to commit sin.

These facts show the Pope does sell indulgences to commit sin, and there is no doubt that those before him did likewise. In view of the latest proof of such sale, we fail to see on what grounds the Catholics of Boston or any other city can reasonably complain of the historical statements of Swinton's text-book. The example of the Duke of Aosta and the princess Letitia Bonaparte, his niece, goes to show that \$20,000, in hard cash, will obtain Papal sanction for an incestuous intercourse that would send a poor man to the penitentiary and deprive him forever from access to decent society. There are a good many queer things in this world, and this is one of the queerest.—Cleveland Leader.

"My dyin' congregation, ah! I was ridin' along this mornin' a tryin' to study up somethin' to preach to this dyin' congregation, ah, and I passed the mill pond, ah, I saw an old snag stickin' up out of the middle of the pond, ah, lo and behold, ah, an old mud turtle had crawled up on the old snag, ah, and was a sunnin' of himself, ah, and when I got a little to him he jumped off of the snag into the water, kerchug, ah, there by providin' immersion, ah!"

Jasmine.

They bloom again, the fair white flowers,
They wreath the old familiar bowers
Just as they did a year ago;
I touch, but do not pluck, a spray.
How fresh it is! how bright and gay
Its tints of green and snow!

I touch, but do not pluck, ah no!
Gathered just a year ago;
The last white cluster I shall pluck
In all my life from the green boughs
That clothe the dear old rugged house,
And make it beautiful.

I plucked it, I, who used to stand
And wait, well-loved, for the first
Pick the first jasmine flower for me
So many summers—last but year
The jasmine bloomed and faded, dear,
Unseen, unloved, by the day.

But I, sore weeping in the day
Of desolation, found a spray
That lingered late, and bloomed alone,
I laid it, for the past dear sake,
The last sad offering love could make,
In thy cold hand, my own.

Oh! if there knowledge were then art,
Or both the dim, dread river part
These verdant from me and mine?
The glad sun shines, the jasmine bloom:
But not all my soul consumes,
Love lingers for a sign.

For one fond look from thee to me,
One pleading word from me to thee,
One, only one, it would suffice
To feel I kept my olden part
In those new musing of thine heart
At rest in paradise.

Oh! silent empty of a sign
Oh! gulf between my life and thine,
Firm fixed till I myself shall cross
The tideless waves, and find the shore
By angels guarded evermore—
Till death retrieve life's loss.

Oh! shall I know thee, dear, above,
The Ode's undreamed of land of love!
Earth's whistling through the silence breathes,
"One waits there in those blessed bowers,
And from the wealth of Eden flowers
Thy fadeless garland weathers!"
—[All the Year Round.]

Written for The Better Way.

Songs for the Circle Room.

THE DAWN,
(By "PRIESTES,"
(Tune—Webb.)

Like dew drops softly falling
On parched and thirsty flowers,
Like rain, that, on the meadow,
Comes down in gentle showers;
So to the soul that thirsteth
The words of spirits are—
So to the hungry-hearted
Come greetings from afar!

The light of day is dawning,
The night is fading fast;
The long and dreary darkness
Of ignorance is past!
Now glorious sunshine's flooding
The earth with heavenly light,
And over all is spreading
The love of truth and right!

No longer shall we wander
In superstition's ways—
No longer to an idol
Our songs of rapture raise;
But to the God of nature
Who holds us in his care—
To Him we lift our voices
In singing and in prayer!

An English Fashion.

In England the courts interfere curiously
in the adjustment of religious questions.

The latest instance is the prosecution of a
clergyman for using water instead of wine
in celebrating the holy communion. The
clergyman was reprimanded by the Judge
and mulcted in the costs.

SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

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Mrs. R. Augusta Anthony, Albion, Mich.

Mrs. M. C. Albee, Barton Landing, Va.

Wm. H. Andrews, M. D., Cedar Falls, Ia.

C. F. Annie Allyn, Stoneham, Mass.

James MacGowan, Feoria, Ill.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Colerain, Mass.

Mrs. E. H. Britten, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.

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Dr. W. R. Joscelyn, Santa Cruz, Cal.

Dr. P. T. Johnson, Box 746, Grandwater, Mich.

Mrs. Etnia Jackson, Acushnet, Mass.

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O.

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Dr. H. B. Storer, 406 Shawmut ave., Boston,
Mass.

M. L. Sherman, Box 126

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

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

1.

I am Laura Burton, I have friends living in Little Rock. Please dearest Tiny, if Phil wants you to, why not go east with him, he knows best, and old prejudices should not keep you from obeying your husband. Dear Tiny, it was all right, I never suffered any pain, as far as can recollect, after my fall, and when I awoke, I found mother and aunt Bettie and uncle Frank, ready to meet me, so I was very happy and am still. Now, dear Tiny, remember, I can see your thoughts and am always with you, and remember to do what he wants you to.

2.

I am Theresa Ritter, and come to Annie Ritter my cousin. I come to tell you Annie, that I have baby Katie. Tell Carrie W. I am glad she got well so easily. Now Annie, make any alterations which you see best, the house will eventually bring you more. Give my love to Lullie, and tell her to continue in the church of Our Saviour. I love you all and come to see you more than you know.

3.

I am J. Beale Richardson, I have friends in Hartford, Bel Air, and in Baltimore. The Rev. Mr. Starr comes with me. Eleanor Evans, you should not shut yourself up because of your child. Could you see the rare spiritual beauty, you would learn better things. Why not be good to Zach? You could find great comfort there. Oh, dear Eleanor, your religion should teach you better things. Give the tenderest love to Carrie and Lily, and tell Milly Armstrong I've not forgotten her. I still love the old church, and visit it whenever I can do good, and aid in its services. I have found that the hymn "Too Late", contains wrong doctrine, for there is no such word as "late" in our life. Now, dear ones, God bless you. I am happy, for I have reached Beulah Land.

4.

I am Rachel Madari. I come to darling Florrie and to Mr. Wyson. I thank you, oh, so much, friends, that I was taught the way of life before that terrible disease consumption wasted my body. Florrie, my sister, I still "Sing of his Almighty Love" and "Love to tell the story", which I used to sing in earth life, I sing now as a reality. Give my regards to Dr. Reynolds when you see him, and ask him if he remembers the pretty pear tree with leaves. Now, dearest Florrie, I will come again and hope you may receive my message.

5.

I am Frank Campbell. In earth life I was noted for my minstrelsy. I come back to Professor, asking that I might aid him in his work. I can do little as a chemist, but can impress many persons. William and Doctor Pierce come with me and send love.

6.

I am Mercedes, and was burned in the Parisian fire. I come to Leonide Delarue. Ere I went back to France I worked with Madame, and I want to thank her for her kindness to me. Leonide, I hope it may be your privilege to befriend many girls as you did poor lonely me. I have met my mother, and the flames only brought me happiness.

MERCEDES LE CROIX.

Written for The Better Way.

Benefit of Persecution.

When we, in the beginning of this year, were informed, through "Les Sciences Mystérieuses," a spiritual paper printed in Brussels, that sixty-one spiritual publications were issued in Spain, we were astonished, and wondered how that could be possible in a country where the Catholic religion rules the state. Through the French spiritual paper, "Le Moniteur," of the 16th of July, we received an apparent explanation of this wonderful fact, and therefore translate it for THE BETTER WAY:

"A universal Spiritual Congress is to be held in Spain on the 8th of September of this year, and 'La Revue des Etudes Psychologiques' says that twenty-seven years ago (October 9, 1861), the Bishop of Barcelona, where this Congress is to be held, ordered three hundred volumes of Spiritual literature to be burnt on the Esplanade, where criminals condemned to death are executed. If a person considers this fact and its consequences, he will see that nothing more favorable could have been done for Spiritualism. The whole population heard nothing besides Spiritualism talked of for the time, and every one wanted to know what it was. Nothing could be more desirable. One can burn books, but not thoughts and ideas. Truth was in the air, and the Pyrenees were not high enough to prevent its spreading when multitudes of people were waiting for the spread of its grand and liberalizing ideas. Spiritualism has taken deep root in Spain, and the ashes of the funeral pile before mentioned gives it new power." C. G. HELLEBERG, CINCINNATI (MT. AUBURN), July, 30, 1888.

Freedom.

The only freedom which deserves the name is of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs or impede their efforts to attain it. Each is the proper guardian of his own health, whether bodily, or mental, or spiritual. Mankind are greater gainers by suffering each other to live as seems good to themselves by compelling each to live as seems to the rest.—John Stuart Mill.

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the King Sought out new sport to banish care, And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool, Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells, And stood the mocking court before; They could not see the bitter smile, Behind the painted grin, he wore. He bowed his head, and bent his knee Upon the monarch's silken stool; His pleading voice arose: "O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by guilt the onward sweep Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay; 'Tis by our follies that so long We hold the earth from heaven away."

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire, Gro crushing blossoms without end; These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust Among the heart-strings of a friend."

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept— Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung? The word we had not sense to say— Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask, The chastening stripes must cleanse them all; But for our blunders—oh, in shame Before the eyes of heaven we fall."

"Earth bears no balm for mistakes; Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool; Let him die will; but thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—EDWARD ROWLAND HILL.

Written for The Better Way.

Metaphysical Spiritualism.

Outside of its phenomenal and philosophic side, Modern Spiritualism may be said to have a metaphysical branch, and which may be compared to Theosophy—only that it is akin to Spiritualism or will continue to remain a part of it, because it finds its birth in the same. Theosophy per se stands aloof from Modern Spiritualism, and may be studied as a religion or a philosophy, and practiced as such, without ever knowing that such a thing as Spiritualism exists. But the Spiritualist who creates a form of Theosophy out of his Spiritual philosophy will always have the advantage of the lone standing Theosophist in knowing by absolute proofs that the soul is immortal, while the other can only know it by reason, or perhaps through faith alone. The Theosophy that arises out of Spiritualism therefore, is far preferable to that which is based on metaphysics alone, and as such we would denigrate it Metaphysical Spiritualism, as we speak of the phenomenal and philosophical, without designing to separate it from the original in the least, or leaning over to something that had pre-existence, in order to court favor from outsiders. No; ours is but to be a class in the old school, without forgetting for a moment that the tiny rap of Phenomenal Spiritualism is as much a part of us as the metaphysical branch, and that we owe it to this tiny rap that we have reached the eminence we now hold.

Let those who will, discard the primary teachings as useless in their present state, but let it remain an individual desire only, and not advocate it as a principle or policy for universal acceptance. This would be pharisaical, and debar those from entering the higher classes, whose chief happiness lies in the simple form of spirit communication, and where all their heart's comfort lie centered. The metaphysical branch shall simply be one of light, as the philosophical branch is one of moral development, and the phenomenal one of personal comfort and proof for the investigators.

Those who are content with the intellectual phase alone, and find comfort in knowing the causes of things, need not give themselves any concern about either the two lower branches of Spiritualism, or about those who desire to hold to them, and may thus become happy in their own way.

What we desire to see, is a school of metaphysics directly connected with Spiritualism, and which makes it its aim to illustrate to the world the ethics, the beauties and sublime teachings that have arisen from the Rochester rappings, and thereby constantly keep before the public something that is meritorious, intellectually and morally considered. There are many whose attention would sooner be attracted to Spiritualism from this source than through its material claims, and who may be gently let down as they become interested in the light that beams from the top.

Who will start the ball a moving? The Spiritualist papers are the mediums for such contributions, and it requires but the good will of our inspired writers and speakers to further this proposition. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and it will return to thee after many days," and so the latter named would reap the benefit that may arise from it, by the new influx of pupils into the ranks of Spiritualism, through the agency of a little intellectual benevolence, which we, with the reader's permission, have termed Metaphysical Spiritualism.

Respectfully, A. F. M. CINCINNATI, September, 1888.

The mediums of Philadelphia are in fear every day of being arrested for practicing "fortune telling," which is a misdemeanor under the laws of the bigoted State of Pennsylvania. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Powell have already been tried and condemned, and a menace hangs over the heads of the rest. Is it not time for the Spiritualists of America to unite their energies to protect all honest mediums in the exercise of their divine gifts? I have advised the First Society of Philadelphia to ordain all worthy media of the city as ministers of the Gospel, and thus endow them with all the privileges and prerogatives of other religious teachers, and give them the same protection the ministry of religious denominations are entitled to. When Spirit communion is made a crime in any State, it is time for Americans to assert their inalienable rights at any cost.—G. Stebbins.

What is Said of Psychical Phenomena.

J. H. Fichte, the German Philosopher and Author, "Notwithstanding my age (83) and my duty to bear testimony to the great fact of Spiritualism. No one should keep silent."

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London, "I have been so convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make it impossible, things called spiritual, which could not be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."

Dr. Robert Chambers—"I have for many years known that the phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures, and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters." [Extract from a Letter to A. Russell Wallace.]

Professor Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania—"Far from abating my confidence in the inferences respecting the agencies of the spirits of deceased mortals, in the manifestations of which I have given an account in my work, I have, within the last year, been made more fully convinced by the discovery of a new (this was written in 1885), 'had more striking evidence of that agency than those given in the work in question.'"

Professor Challis, the Late Plummer Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge—"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts, which have come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses. . . . In short, the testimony has been so abundant and so constant, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."—[Quoted in the "Lancet," June, 1884.]

Professors Torstenson and Eiland, the Swedish Physicians—"Only those deny the reality of spirit phenomena who have never examined them, but profound study alone can explain them. We do not know where we may be led by the discovery of the cause of these, as it seems, trivial occurrences, or to what new spheres of Nature's kingdom they may open the way; but that they will bring forward important results is already made clear to us by the revelations of natural history in all ages." [Aftonblad (Stockholm), October 30, 1879.]

Professor Gregory, F. R. S. E.—"The essential question is this, What are the proofs of the agency of departed spirits? Although I cannot say that I yet feel the sure and firm conviction on this point which I feel on some others, I am bound to say that the higher phenomena, recorded by so many truthful and honorable men, appear to me to render the spiritual hypothesis almost certain. . . . I believe that if I could myself see the higher phenomena alluded to I should be satisfied, as are all those who have had the best means of judging the truth of the spiritual theory."

Lord Brougham—"There is but one question I would ask the author, Is the Spiritualism of this sort foreign to our materialistic manufacturing age? No; for amidst the varieties of mind which are discernible in the human race, there are many who possess the highest faculties; to those the author addresses himself. But even in the most clouded skies of scepticism I see a rain-cloud, if it be no bigger than a man's hand; it is modern Spiritualism."—[Preface by Lord Brougham to "The Book of Nature." By U. O. Groom Napier, F. C. S.]

The London Dialectical Committee reported: "1. That sounds of a very varied character, apparently proceeding from articles of furniture, the floor and walls of the room, and the vibrations accompanying which sounds are often distinctly perceptible to the touch—occur, without being produced by muscular action or mechanical contrivance. 2. That movements of heavy bodies take place without mechanical contrivance of any kind, or adequate exertion of muscular force on the part of the person, and frequently without contact or connection with any person. 3. That these sounds and movements often occur at the time and in the manner asked for by persons present, and by means of a simple code of signals, answer questions and spell out coherent communications."

Cromwell F. Varley, F. R. S.—"Twenty-five years ago I was a hard-headed unbeliever, and I have since Spiritual phenomena, however, suddenly and quite unexpectedly, were soon after developed in my own family. . . . This led me to inquire and to try numerous experiments in such a way as to preclude as much as circumstances would permit, the possibility of trickery and self-deception. . . . He then details various phases of the phenomena which had come within the range of his personal experience, and continues: 'Other and numerous phenomena have occurred, proving the existence (a) of forces unknown to science; (b) the power of instantly reading my thoughts; (c) the presence of some intelligence or intelligences controlling those powers. . . . There is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late to deny their existence.'"

Camille Flammarion, the French Astronomer, and Member of the Academie Francaise—"I do not hesitate to affirm my convictions, based on personal examination of the subject, that any scientific man who declares the phenomena denominated 'magnetic,' 'sonnambule,' 'mediumic,' and others not yet explained by science to be 'impossible,' is one who speaks without knowing what he is talking about; and also any man accustomed, by his professional avocations, to scientific observation—provided that his mind be not biased by pre-conceived opinions, nor his mental vision blinded by that opposite kind of illusion, unhappily too common in the learned world, which consists in imagining that the laws of Nature are already known to us, and that everything which appears to overstep the limit of our present formula is impossible—may acquire a rational and absolute certainty of the reality of the facts alluded to."

Afred Russel Wallace, F. R. S.—"My position, therefore, is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety are real, and are further confirmed. They are proved, quite as well as any fact in the history of science, and it is not denial or quibbling that can disprove any of them, but only fresh facts and accurate deductions from those facts. When the phenomena of Spiritualism can give a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many who speak of them are deceived, they have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like result in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will they be entitled for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.]

Dr. Lockhart Robertson—"The writer" (i. e. Dr. L. Robertson) "can now no more doubt the physical manifestations of so-called Spiritualism than he could any other of the facts of nature. Admit these to the apper to the ground of which his senses informed him. As stated above, there was no place or chance of any ledgerism or fraud in these physical manifestations. He is aware, even from recent experience, of the impossibility of conveying such a record of their researches approaching in duration and completeness to those of its advocates; and when they can discover and show in detail, either how the phenomena are produced or how the many who speak of them are deceived, they have been deluded into a coincident belief that they have witnessed them; and when they can prove the correctness of their theory by producing a like result in a body of equally sane and able unbelievers—then, and not till then, will they be entitled for Spiritualists to produce fresh confirmation of facts which are, and always have been, sufficiently real and indisputable to satisfy any honest and persevering inquirer.—[Miracles and Modern Spiritualism.]

Nassau William Senior—"No one can doubt that phenomena like these (Phrenology, Homeopathy and Mesmerism) deserve to be observed, recorded and arranged; and when we read of the 'mediums' of Mesmerism, or by any other name, the science which proposes to do this is a mere question of nomenclature. Among those who profess this science there are few who are not, in fact, mediums, and their records, and their errors and defects may impede the progress of knowledge, but they will not stop it. And we have no doubt that, before the end of this century, the workers which perplex equally those who accept and those who reject modern mesmerism will be distributed into defined classes, and found subject to ascertained laws—in other words, will become the subjects of a science." These views will prepare us for the following statement, made in the Spiritual Magazine, 1864, p. 336: "We have only to add, as a further tribute to the attainments and honors of Mr. Senior, that he was by long inquiry and experience, well versed in spiritual power and manifestations. Mr. Home was his frequent guest, and Mr. Senior made no secret of his belief among his friends. He it was who recommended the publication of Mr. Home's recent work by Messrs. Longmans, and he authorized the publication, under initials, of one of the striking incidents there given, which happened to a man and dear friend of mine, and who is now a member of the Dialectical Society's Report on Spiritualism, p. 24."

Baron Car de Peul (Munich) in Nord und Sud—"One thing is clear; that is, that psychography must be ascribed to a transcendental origin. We are not (1) The place of preparation of the plates is inadmissible. (2) The place on which the writing is found is quite inaccessible to the hands of the medium. In some cases the double plate is securely locked, and the words inside form a perfectly morose of slate pencil. (3) That the writing is actually done at the time. (4) That the medium is not writing. (5) The writing must be actually done with the real of a superior level. (6) The writing is done by an intelligent being, the answers are exactly pertinent to the questions. (7) This being can read, write and understand the language of human beings, and is not such as is unknown to the medium. (8) It strongly recom-

bles a human being, well as in the degree of its intelligence as in the mistakes sometimes made. These beings are, therefore, although invisible, of human nature or species. It is no use whatever to fight against this proposition. (9) If these beings speak, they do so in human language. (10) If they are asked who they are, they answer that they are beings who have left this world. (11) When these appearances become partly visible, perhaps only their hands, the hands seen are of human form. (12) When these things become entirely visible, they show the human form and countenance. Spiritualism must be investigated by science. I should look upon myself as a coward if I did not openly express my convictions."

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To the Editor of The Better Way.

The enclosed letters to the *Golden Gate* will explain themselves; and, as the editor has refused to print the first, thereby leaving a great wrong to the mediums in Boston uncorrected, I take the liberty of sending the two to you, and asking you to print them; for, no doubt the second letter will meet the fate of the first and never find its way into the columns of that paper.

I feel that such slanders as the article in the *Golden Gate*, which I remonstrated against, should be condemned; and when truthful testimony can be given in favor of those mediums and it is offered for publication, the world should have both sides of this "raiding" question, and the base designs of the raiders clearly set forth to the reading public.

I have seen correspondence from over the waters, wherein eminent scientists ask why the *Banner*, or some other spiritual paper, does not give a brief statement of the "true inwardness" of these proceedings. In view of such inquiry, and seeing the assault carried from the seance room to the press, and sent over the Rocky Mountains to the *Golden Gate*, I sent the first letter to the editor of that paper in hopes that our friends who make such inquiry might see it, and from it learn that there were still honest mediums and genuine phenomena as well as sane investigators in Boston; but my efforts failed, and now I ask you whether you cannot come to the rescue and give to the spiritual reader, through your paper, the facts contained in the two letters.

No men or women stand higher in the estimation of those who know them personally than many of those whom the raiders seek to vilify, slander, libel and destroy. One of the mediums who was thus slandered has been an inmate of my family for the last two years, and my wife, as well as myself, esteems and respects her; and we know that she gives the world great and grand truths, unalloyed by the fraudulent methods set forth by Culshaw, and uncontaminated by even the desire to reap a pecuniary benefit from misrepresentation.

There is to be a fight in favor of the truth, and those who bring it to us from the invisible world; and I have decided to defend the assaulted, who, like Prometheus, bring the fire of divine truth from heaven to mortal man.

I bless those who gave me the evidence of divine love embodied in the truth of materialization, as well as many other spirit phenomena,—and I pity such as have not that evidence,—while I would bare my arm and strike down the villain who assaults any medium, or disturbs a seance where honest inquiry is called into play.

There are rights belonging to all American citizens, and among them is the right of honest research for the truth, whether such truth is supposed to be in the keeping of angels or of devils.

I would probe both heaven and hell, and if either is found to contain a truth, I am not afraid to confirm it. And in this matter of exposing mediums, I am frank to say that my experience has taught me that it is the exposer that needs to be exposed. Fraternally,

A. B. BROWN.

PHILADELPHIA, July, 1888.

Editor of The Golden Gate.

"A Word from the Raiders" heads an article in your paper bearing date of June 30, 1888.

Permit me, in defense of those who have been raided, and who, in addition to the barbarous and inhuman assaults made upon their bodies, when in unconscious trance, are now cruelly and indecently assaulted in personal character through the columns of your journal. I have no word of apology to offer for penning these lines, but I simply ask a hearing in behalf of those who, serving the commands of an invisible intelligence, and the demands of an honest and well-meaning class of the community, who seek to know the whence, the where and the whether of life, as revealed in the latest and most potent forms of philosophy and science, metaphysical as well as physical, through the agency of that class of mediums whom your correspondent, Culshaw, so disrespectfully assails that were they, even as he states, fraudulent, their crimes to mankind would be less heinous than his actions and accusations against them. Indeed, sir, I think I may justly say that, as no man or woman need be deceived in theory, or swindled in purse, without their own individual consent, the medium who plays false is far less an enemy to mankind than he who, in his anger because he has not silenced the voice of God, (which is spoken to man through the mouths of these mediums and the mouths of His angels), by his unholty and criminal assaults, seeks to bring public contempt upon the fair fame of honest and innocent women.

I shall not attempt to defend any one medium, nor decide whether their every seance has been held without a blemish or shade of suspicion, but shall speak upon general manifestations as they came to me in the various seances which I have attended, that were held by the mediums named by your correspondent.

And what I now say is that which

the strictest observer would find to be true, and hundreds will bear me witness of such truth who have seen the same or like phenomena.

There is not a medium named in your correspondent's tirade which has not, in my presence, been a medium through whom absolute and unmistakable materialized forms have come into objective life, being then dispersed again under such conditions that I know, as well as my own existence, that the medium did not personate such subjective beings. Detail of such phenomena would be too voluminous to be given in the case of each medium, and I will not tax you or the reader with long descriptions of any. I will give but a few, and I could produce sight witnesses to bear testimony in each case should it become necessary to do so.

In the raid made more than three years ago upon the Berry sisters, when living in Arnold street, Boston, the spirit grabbed by the raiders (around the waist) fell into two parts and dematerialized before they got a rag of his garments, while the medium was seen immediately afterwards lying upon a lounge in a deep trance. She came out of the trance, and was led to the hall by a friend, when one of the raiders, who had secreted himself in the house, stood in the hall, and as she came out, struck her full in the face. He was the hired pugilist of these "honest" raiders. I will only say he was struck himself, and fell to the foot of a flight of stairs, and he afterwards begged to be let out and out of the house, with the others.

In the raid made upon Mrs. Houston, at the House of Dr. Aspinwall, the raiders began to show various articles of paraphernalia, which they claimed they found in the cabinet, and, when asked by Dr. Aspinwall what they intended to do with them, they replied that they should take them away with them. The doctor locked them in his house, and sent his wife for the police. The raiders did not dare claim them as their own, and were not allowed to take any article from the house, because they stated that they found them in it; but the doctor turned the trumpery over to the police with the statement that it was not his, nor was it in his house until the mob came in. Still they now exhibit trophies from this raid. It is unnecessary to say more. All who have witnessed these raids know how these articles get into the seance room; and none know better than themselves.

At the raid upon Mrs. Fay and Mrs. Bliss, the raiders had it about their own way, and they could state what they pleased, and show what they desired to exhibit as trophies of their unmanly assaults upon two women; but there have been several attempts to raid others, which proved abortive to the raiders, and two attempts, at least, where the raiders were raided themselves, and took away with them no trophies of their prowess, but sore heads and dishonored names.

The raid at the Berry sisters was a complete and positive illustration of full form materialization. The spirit was seized not less than twelve feet from the cabinet, in quite a light room, and it disappeared so quickly that the raiders said, "It went through the middle of the floor." They then drew fire arms to intimidate, while some of them went to throwing slung-shots at peaceable observers and attendants. But I will only say that they took so much of their own material away with them that they did not want to exhibit what was paraphernalia, nor what was bruises on head and bodies. They kept very quiet. Still they exhibit relics of this raid.

At Mrs. Cowan's they met with no better success. Their only trophies were such as they took to the seance, plus some cut scalps and broken noses. And now relics of this raid are freely exhibited at a house on Tremont street—tokens of their own shame and false declarations.

These raids are disreputable, and no medium wishes to be brought into print, and exhibited and taboed throughout the country by an unscrupulous press, and hence the policy of the mediums in the East has been to suffer and be silent, knowing that they are in the right, and exhibiting their powers as mediums rightfully, and infringing upon no person's liberty or rights. It is useless for the raiders to say it is wealth-getting business. It is down right martyrdom to be a spiritual medium; and he or she who persecutes a medium in this inhuman and unfeeling way, is inflicting a deeper pain upon such medium than he is conscious of, and degrading himself far lower in the scale of social worth than any of the persecutors of the race have heretofore attained, and, like Peter, will some day hear the oracle of truth proclaim his everlasting disgrace. These raiders who claim to be trying to protect the community against fraudulent mediums, are far greater frauds than any of the mediums. They are absolute enemies to the human race. They would retard the higher development of man, rather than it should be shown again, as a hundred times before, that nature has deeper truths and greater mysteries than man has heretofore discovered; and that, in the revelation of her hidden truths, nature always seeks the most ready material and source through which she may manifest those truths to mankind; and that now, as heretofore, she is no respecter of persons, and gives her children new light from the matrons' and the virgins' lamp, and assures a man of immortality through the medium and her seance, rather than through the minister and his pulpit.

This is where all the trouble lies. God chooses to-day, as of yore, to speak a new truth through the humble and un-

known of the present epoch rather than through the priest and ritualist; and hence these purchased raids, and, at the door of the haughty church, which flaunts at Spiritualism, lies the disgrace and shame of the physical assaults and scandalous abuse of those who, as mediums, prefer to serve God and honor their own souls, rather than live the life of hypocrites, catering to public opinion and denying the truth which God has called them to proclaim. Let those who will play the part of Peter, and deny their Master; for me, I know the truth, I speak it, and if not, I will learn what truth is by honest investigation, not by trying to prevent others from seeking it in harmony with their own consciences.

The false and indecent assertions of your correspondent, Culshaw, charging mediums with the gravest crimes, classing them with criminals of the vilest type, and giving false statements as the purest truth, is characteristic of the vile charlatan and degraded blackleg, and the public promulgation thereof a disgrace which any spiritual paper should hesitate to assume. Certainly such charges against supposed honest people should not be published until after a thorough investigation had been made, and were such made in this case, falsehood would have been stamped upon Culshaw's statements.

I will not follow Culshaw with a full analysis, or attempt to refute particulars, for all Spiritualists in New England know there are numbers of honest and well-educated men and women in their ranks, and that the standard of moral and intellectual worth of Spiritualists will compare favorably with any class of the community, and their claim holds good as to mediums as well as all others classing themselves as Spiritualists.

Professor James, of Harvard College, bankers, merchants and others, are claimed as supporters and approvers of these raids. Even were this claim well founded it would prove nothing as to the rectitude or necessity for such criminal assaults, or false and malicious charges, upon the character of any class of citizens. And as to the truth of this claim, I do not believe the methods of those raids are approved by any class of citizens outside of the ring of b'gots and blacklegs who are engaged in the daily work, either for revenge or for the money they receive as bully-pugilists from the instigators of these raids. Certainly it is a very unchristian and unbecoming thing for a scientist like Prof. James to adopt or approve in his investigations.

Certainly Culshaw cannot claim the support of the judge to whom the raiders applied for a warrant for Cowan's arrest on the ground of physical assault with a leaden billy, for it is publicly recorded that they received a severe reprimand from the judge in words like these:

"I cannot grant this warrant. If Mr. Cowan did the acts of which he is accused, it appears he did them in defense of his wife against a cruel and unwarranted assault; and, turning to the representative of the raiders, continued: 'What were you there for? You had no business to be in that house. Cowan did no more than his duty, and what every man should do—defend his wife.'"

I have sat in several seances with Prof. James, and will relate one phenomenon which occurred at a seance held by the Berry sisters, when we both were present.

Prof. James sat by my side. We were 10 feet nearer than ten feet from the cabinet. Thirty persons were present. Our backs were against a solid partition-wall, constructed of brick. During the evening the form of a girl, appearing to be some twenty years of age, came up from the floor between my chair and hat of my immediate sitter, and with such force as to crowd into the space with a noise of a sky-rocket as it issues from the cylinder's shell when discharged. The form rested in position when her head reached the height of mine, and, calling me "Papa," kissed me on the cheek, and then rose to the full height of a medium sized woman. At this moment, Prof. James upon one side, and the gentleman who sat on the other side of me—Prof. Fullerton, I think—arose, and I moved my chair, and the spirit form stepped into the room uttering the word "Belle," which was the name of my deceased daughter. The gentleman, whom I took to be Fullerton, said to James:

"There, certainly, is a phenomenon that appears to be genuine beyond a possible doubt."

James replied by asking the question: "Will the gentleman allow me to take that lady's hand in mine?"

I replied:

"Yes, with the spirit's permission."

The spirit consented, and I introduced her to Prof. James as my deceased daughter. He took her hand and greeted her cordially and appeared to be satisfied of her true and physical condition. He then sat down and remarked:

"This is the eleventh seance I have attended and no such object appears to me as my friend. Why is it?"

My daughter laughed and said to me in a whisper:

"Poor fellow; he don't know how his doubts and prejudices prevent his friends from materializing to him."

Since this seance I have seen Prof. James's letter in the *Banner of Light* wherein he stated that he had never seen any phenomenon in his investigation of materialization which he could not directly trace to the medium, or fraudulent action—or to that effect: I have not the letter before me. Now, I can call many persons of intelligence and respectability who were witnesses of this phenomenon. Still Prof. James is claimed, by your correspondent, as approving the raiding process with fire arms and bludgeons, whips and dark lanterns, to suppress such angel visits to mortals as above.

I am neither swindled, deceived nor deterred in my investigation by such methods, even though they have the claimed approval of bankers and Prof. James.

One more instance of materialization, and I will cease to burden you with this remonstrance against what seems to me to be a greater crime than history has yet recorded in the attempt to suppress thought, religious tolerance and scientific investigation.

At another seance held by the Berry sisters, more than a year after the one cited, when there was a full room of sitters, this same spirit daughter came from the invisible world, into objective life, in full materialized form, bringing in

her hand a cluster of nine pond lilies with water dripping from the stems. Let me particularize this phenomenon. It took place at Onset last season. With my family I occupied a cottage about forty rods from where the seance was held. A gentleman sat by my side in the seance who has since publicly asserted to the correctness of this manifestation, and hence I do not assume too much in referring to him by name in this article—he was Mr. Morse, of this city. He sat by my side, when in a reasonable light room, this spirit form came up, outside the cabinet, with the lilies in her hand, and, after coming to me and greeting me, said:

"Papa, I have done a very naughty thing, as the world's people think."

"Why, what have you been doing?" I asked.

She replied, "I broke into the house and took all of the lilies which were in the pitcher on the table; and here they are," placing them in my hands. I then stated to those present what she said to me, and Mr. Morse stated that he felt water strike his face, apparently coming from the lilies, which were dripping wet when put into my hands. At this point some one asked that the spirit would dematerialize without going into the cabinet. She consented to try, and Mr. Morse was chosen to stand in the door of the cabinet, to ascertain whether any object of any kind entered the cabinet while she was dematerializing. At this point Mr. Morse took a position directly within the cabinet door. The spirit then requested that she be allowed to enter the cabinet to reinforce her powers. She went into it, and when she returned, Mr. Morse being in the door, she came up out in the room in full view of all present, as at first. She then dematerialized, and disappeared without going into the cabinet, and Mr. Morse stated that no form passed him during the time.

Now I ask my reader, if, in view of these two phenomena, when a majority of my own personal physical senses take cognizance of these facts, am I not justified in assuming materialization to be a fact, and especially in the latter case where the phenomenon was proved to be real and actual by my sense of sight, my sense of hearing, of feeling, and of smelling, four out of the five methods of testing facts bearing witness of this truth, and especially when learning as I did on returning to the house that the lilies I left on my table, nine in number, had all disappeared in my absence from the house, when I locked the house up and had the key in my pocket, and none other had a key to enter the house, and every window was locked and covered with wire screening. The sworn testimony of many witnesses can be had to verify the above statement in its essential points.

Now, Mr. Editor, will you print this, not only in justice to the mediums, but to those of us who accept materialization and to the spirits who come to us under great difficulties to tell us of the sublime truths of an immortal existence, and to warn us not to retard our progress by indiscreet words or wrong living. To aid mankind to enter the fullness of life is the aim of mediumistic work under spirit influences.

Believing this to be true, and knowing materialization is true, and a fixed law, I have been led to pen these lines. Let those who will, like Peter, deny their Lord, or like Judas, betray their master, like Pilate's rabble cry "crucify him," or like Galilee retract his promulgation of a new truth under the pressure of the popular thumbscrew, or like the raiders seeking to prevent man from learning the true of heaven and earth. I envy not their laurels, nor future rewards. But I would ask of the Spirit of Truth power to comprehend its infinitude, and especially to keep my hands and lips from unwarranted efforts to destroy the character or retard the soul development of my fellow man.

Re-p., A. B. B.

PHILA., PA., Sept. 12, 1888.

To The Editor of The Golden Gate.

I write to say to you, that I have directed the post master of this city to return all papers from your office addressed to me, after this date; and direct you to cease to send me your papers.

My reason for thus stopping a paper, for which I have paid the yearly subscription in advance, is that I read for the express purpose of gaining correct information and reliable as well as truthful statements. Your course in regard to the statements of your correspondent, published in your paper, signed Culshaw, of the expose of certain mediums in Boston, wherein they were both slandered and libeled, as well as classed with the lowest and vilest criminals, as unwarranted in fact; and when many of your readers, as well as myself, remonstrated, and requested you to print a statement giving some evidence in favor of the mediums, you turned a deaf ear to such request, and have failed to print even one word in favor of them.

In the face of the fact that you were warned against the falseness of the Culshaw letter, and your promise not to print it, and then in two weeks putting it in type, sending it out to the world, blackening the fair characters of the mediums whose names were therein printed, and then refusing to print one word upon the other side, in defence of the mediums and the truths of spiritual science therein vilified, I have determined that I will neither help support a paper conducted on such principles, nor try to extract divine truth from such falsehoods as your columns in the letter printed contain.

Pardon me for hauling down my colors of praise in favor of you or your paper. I was mistaken in the earlier gilding, I thought you had golden letters of truth at its editorial headings, how quickly you have convinced me of my mistake, and I find again, that "It is not all gold that glitters," even though it is called the Golden Gate.

A. B. BROWN.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out during his prosperity.—La Bruyere.

God's Lighthouses.

BY LUCY J. BAUCHAMP.

Oh, sailor, far out on the sea,
Where the winds beat thy bark to and fro,
Dost thou fear in the dark some dread rock
May send thee and thy mates down below?
Have faith, over you stands the tower,
And the keeper tolls the dark way.
And at last he'll lit the great lamp,
And thy vessel steers safe in the bay.

O, soul, far adrift on life's sea,
Are the waves of thy guilt mounting high?
Does the darkness of sin strike a chill to thy heart,
And no light come to thee from the sky?
Have faith, though the thunders roll loud
From the storm King's dread far-away camp;
O'er you stands the lighthouse of God,
And He knows when to light up the lamp.

By inexcusable oversight the following excellent article, in a series of three upon this subject, was omitted in its order of publication, but it is good enough to publish at any time, and worth reading and re-reading by every thoughtful spiritualist.

Media and What I Know of them.

NO 2.

Independent slate writing, automatic and impressionist writing, and physical mediumship or manifestation, will furnish the matter for the treatise this time.

Shortly after my coming into the light, Madame Patterson, of Philadelphia, visited the hall in Baltimore, and it was then for the first time I knew aught of this mode called slate writing, and deemed marvelously wonderful by mortals upon earth. I wrote in all, three messages through her mediumship, one of them quite lengthy, the other very brief. This lady gave many true and clear demonstrations of the return of loved one to friends. She is elderly, and at all times perfectly willing to lend her services, and of her be it said, although so situated that the dollar is needful to her support, in the extreme, still, as I know her, she is generous and humane, intensely anxious to be honest to the smallest degree.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler has, through his wonderfully constructed organism, furnished me a wider means of communication than any other medium with whom I have come in contact. Through him I have written, spoken and acted in various ways. By means of the closed slates I have sent as many as ten messages to different ones, some of them near and dear friends, others spiritual acquaintances merely. Be it said, in this connection, friends, my script is difficult to read, and in every instance where the writing through the mediumship of friend Keeler has been compared with my signature and other matter written by myself in earth life, a true and complete similarity has invariably been the result. I say this for the satisfaction of those who desire new sensations to retain them proper Spiritualists, which sensations must occur once, twice or thrice per year in over doses; for such are required to keep said mentality healthy and in order.

Rampant minds, like rampant horses, need the check rein of mere sensation to keep them from flying off on a tangent. Luther Marsh will have his picture gallery. Oh, what a wonderful panacea that will be! even though the lady languishes in jail for the non-commitment of a crime. Pardon the digression; now to return to me ship and my experience. Through the same medium I have written independently upon tablet many times in his gatherings for the purpose of physical manifestations, sometimes throwing the paper over the curtain, and at other times passing it through the solid curtain by means of disintegration of the fabric. I have also clasped the hands of my friends, and upon one occasion, which I distinctly remember, I particularly materialized and spoke to Reul Keith, and a military gentleman of my acquaintance. My knowledge of Mr. Keeler is based upon almost daily presence with him. He is a gentleman, a man of honor, and a worthy instrument.

My farther experience from the disturbing of the physical elements, is in this wise: Through the mediumship of mine own Helen, Amelia Ponard and James Ogden, now a denizen of the spirit world, and Theresa Falkenstein, I variously manipulated a small round table, sometimes by means of raps, as in the case of James Ogden and Amelia Ponard, and for two or more years, I spelled messages by means of rapidly tipping the table while the alphabet was said. In this way, dear mortal friend, two years and a half were spent in an effort to comfort humanity, laboriously slow even under the best circumstances. At many times fifty souls in the mortal form, witnessed these demonstrations, and in numberless instances, messages which I spelled from the dear ones, were recognized and brought great comfort. I have also several times used a planchette, and twice a dial in the hands of Madame Martha Stevens, now a denizen of the spirit world. The use that we make of the planchette you already know, but a description of this dial may be of interest to some one. It consists of a smooth surface about as large as the face of an old-fashioned clock. Around the edge of this face the letters of the alphabet and the figures from 1 to 0 are arranged. Over this is placed a glass cover. In the midst is a hand or indicator which is movable.

This dial is placed upon a smooth stand, and a small cord is held in the hand of the medium, which cord is attached to the dial, and not to the indicator. Now, by means of this connecting link, the cord between ourselves and the medium, we, by means of the indicator point to the letter required, and thus give the message. The first experience upon this brought forward this message: "I was the greatest swordsman of my time, King Henry the Eighth." Afterward many others followed which I do not now remember.

In the next issue I hope to carry you still farther, and bring to your notice many other modes of communication between the two worlds. Let me say just here, discard not the slightest evidence of mediumship in any individual. Rather seek to cultivate to the highest, whatever there is, be it ever so small.

If this brief experience of mine will but afford the media, who are striving to attain to the fullness, encouragement, blessing, and a desire still farther to attain, I will thank that God innate, who has made me the instrument of a work so worthy.

Humanity's friend,
HENRY TUDOR VIII.

Dr. A. B. Dobson vs. Old School Practice.

Dr. A. B. Dobson:—You have no doubt recognized my hand-writing in the numerous letters sent you by Mrs. Julia Binkerd of this place. She and her husband are neighbors of mine, and her husband, Mr. John Binkerd, Sr., is a minister. Mrs. Binkerd asked me before I wrote to you for her, if I knew of a magnetic healer or spiritual doctor that I could recommend. I directed her to you and your spirit band, and she requested me to write for her. The diagnosis was so truthful that both she and her husband believed that your band could cure her; but when the first prescription came she was suffering so that it was thought she was dying, and no use to take the medicine; but her husband urged her to take it, and she did, with the happiest result. Mrs. Binkerd has had a house full nearly all the time since she has been taking your remedies, and she says she feels as well as she did when she was a girl; she is now over seventy years of age. She has recommended your treatment to all, and we hear the best kind of reports from those who are taking your medicine according to the directions of your spirit band. Truly and kindly yours,

OMERAL, HOLT, CO., N. C.

Dear Brother: I feel it a duty I owe you to let you know how I am since taking your remedies. I hardly know how to express my gratitude to the good spirits and you for the kind treatment I have received. I feel in better health than I have for years. I must say that I have been in the electric practice for more than twenty years, and must say again that I know but little about the practice compared to yours. I will ask a question: Can I be made a recipient of spirit influence so as to enable me to see into these things? Spiritually yours for more truth,

BENJ. JOHNSON, JR. M. D.
Hickory Station, Montgomery Co., Kansas.

Charles E. Watkins.

The most wonderful medium for independent slate writing of the present age, we understand will, in the near future, enter upon his new duties which will consist of a thorough course of the study of medicine, in order to practice his new phase of development. For a long time past his guides have desired to control him for the physical as well as the spiritual relief of suffering humanity.

His diagnosing by independent slate writing is Boston's latest wonder, and whoever his guides for this new phase are, we know not, but we must say they have proved themselves to be exceedingly accurate. If Mr. Watkins meets with the same success in curing all the physical ills of humanity that he does those of the spiritual, perhaps he will deserve no more credit; but he will have the proud satisfaction of being the instrument for accomplishing an additional amount of good.

As far as we are concerned, we who have known Mr. Watkins these many years and witnessed his victory over so many difficulties, which seemed almost unsurmountable, feel confident that his guides will make this new departure with him a perfect success. His guides are as truthful as those of any medium we have ever known, and all who know Mr. Watkins know him to be a truthful, whole souled, generous man, who would divide his last loaf, or give his last dollar in a worthy cause. Should we be so unfortunate as to be prostrated by physical disease, we hope Brother Watkins will be near us. May God and the angel world bless and help him in his new work.—[The True Messenger.

A Shrewd Woman.

One well authenticated instance in which the superior judgment of a wife was proved, is that a Southern woman whose husband went wild over the Tennessee coal and iron stock just before the drop in value. The wife had brought her husband a considerable property at their marriage and turned it all over to his care. Her judgment was against the buying of the stock in which he had become interested. She had a fair bank account of her own, and when she found that he was determined to buy the stock at a high price she drew out every dollar she had and sold the stock short. He came home three or four nights afterward with a face as long as the moral law and a disposition to commit suicide. It was quickly changed when his wife showed him a note from her broker, announcing the closing of her transactions with a profit double the amount which her husband had lost.

For a moment or two he looked as blank as an imbecile, turning over his paper in a dumb, mechanical way, and then a smile spread over his face, and his earlier humor returned. The event was fittingly concluded by a mutual resolve to be satisfied with what they had and solemnized by full preparations for a voyage to the Bermudas the following week.

Toledo, O.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It having been some time since I have seen anything from Toledo in your columns, I thought a few lines might be acceptable. The First Alliance of Progressive Thought, under the able leadership of Mr. J. B. Jouson, its President, is in the harness again prepared to do their part toward advancing the cause of Spiritualism. Our meetings are well attended and a good interest is shown by investigators. We have with us at present, Mr. D. A. Herrick, of Jamestown, N. Y. and Mr. C. J. Barnes, both of whom are good mediums and are doing a good work for the cause here.

I attended a seance given by them last Monday evening, at which we had very fine manifestations of a physical character, independent writing, &c. Mr. Herrick is a fine trance speakers and Mr. Barnes' tests from the platform are first class and have created quite a sensation here. We are a young society and having had a number of drawbacks had much to discourage us, but have put our shoulders to the wheel for a fresh start, and men to let people know that we are alive. We would be much pleased to hear from mediums and speakers who may be coming our way during the fall and winter and whose terms come within the means of a poor society.

Yours for the cause,
W. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

Sept. 24, 1888.

949 Dorr street.