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THE BETTER WAY.

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

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THE ROSTRUM.

Questions and Answers. Extracts from Answers by Walter Howell, to Questions, at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, Sunday, November 11, 1888, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists

Oh thou eternal one, whose presence we implore; thou who art unchangeable through time; we enter the temple of the soul and would consecrate upon the shrine of the spirit our purest aspirations, and also offer our thanksgivings for all thy beneficence. We thank thee for every season that brings its changes, its glad tidings and its beauties, and especially for the spring time of our cause when angels scatter broadcast the germ of celestial truth over the land, and the sun of righteousness and truth with its rays rekindles in human hearts nobler thoughts and leading them on to higher deeds of manhood and a universal uplifting of mankind. Amen.

What of slowly developing mediums under painful circumstances? If there is a class of persons in the world which needs the tenderest of sympathies, the most kindly expressions, and the most generous thoughts entertained for them, it is those of that sensitive nature or that class of beings known as mediums.

How often are crushed by opposing elements and stabbed to the heart, those who possess latent powers within, which if but permitted to unfold by a little true benevolence shown them, would help the car of human progress, but who have to bear sorrow, hardships and trials instead, and no bards to sing of their heroism.

But let it be known that the muses of heaven chant their praises instead, for those who possess one spark of mediumship deserve to be surrounded by the best of influences to develop the possibilities within them, and such are cared for spiritually. Their sensitiveness often makes the cross appear too heavy to be borne, but naught can obliterate that which God has implanted in the soul, and so we must be patient. The development may seem retarded, but through suffering it attains full fruition. Remember the radiant rose does not send forth its fragrance, nor is the sweet aroma of spices made manifest, until crushed, and so mediumship must pass through trials before its beauties may be known. But the sympathies of heaven are with those who come in this category, and to every honest medium comes the ministrations of angels to comfort, inspire, and strengthen, and all this to compensate for the acidulation of their earth life. And to such they can and do come just because they are mediums, the companionship between the two beings something natural. Therefore we say, labor on, and if the development is slow, it is all the more sure, and sure because it is slow, therefore genuine. By and by the results of these tribulations will evolve into the tenderest sympathies for those who are passing through the same ordeal, and

the very fact of being able to give such positive soul delight, creates the individual heaven—it being a force of sympathy, which could not have been generated except through tribulation. What could have been the possible condition of Cotton Mather, when he arrived in the spirit world, or what is the fate of a spirit under such conditions?

We need only to say that all cruelty, arising from whatever cause it may, brings upon its perpetrator its own punishment, which, however, is commensurate with the mental and moral development of the individual. Its intensity is determined largely by the light and knowledge which the individual possessed, and in proportion will ultimately suffer more than when impelled by ignorance or a purely conscientious motive in believing himself to be doing a justice to some cause, as Cotton Mather did in leading on a crusade against sensitive persons. The Inquisition and other atrocities of mankind upon one another have a similar foundation. All of these may have been sincere in doing what they thought was right at the time, but whatever personal ill-feelings existed in conjunction with their actions must return to them when reviewing their past and then come the great pangs of conscience and remorse, making an unsought hell for them.

Those who love evil though, do not begin to suffer at once, as the indulgence of it is their heaven, and in that state they may continue to produce a psychological influence on kindred natures of earth a long time after, and as the persecutions of mediums to-day very plainly show. But as the light of tolerance and liberality spread through out the darkness of the earth sphere, such realize their situation and begin to reform. Thus let us free our own spirits from intolerance so that our conditions shall become ennobled and emancipated by the example of those miserable souls who have gone before in that benighted state, having the phantasmagoria of their past atrocities before them as companions, whether through ignorance or otherwise.

Is there any relation between healing by the aid of spirits, and by aid of mental or Christian science?

The methods are one and cannot be separated, only that in the latter case it is healing influenced by embodied spirits, while in the former it is influenced by disembodied spirits, and through a mortal instrument who possesses more or less healing power himself; but whether the embodied spirit takes the credit to himself or not, there are angels co-operating with him nevertheless, for it is spiritual healing under all circumstances, and any form of mediumship enables the spirits to act in conjunction with the operator, whether he desires it or not, or whether he is aware of it or not. The Christian scientist simply claims all the power to himself, while the poor unpretentious medium puts it all on the spirits. Now if the force of psychology can heal to-day, it could heal thousands of years ago, and thus it is really a Spiritual science, and cannot be claimed as the gift of a limited or special state of existence. Some claim it who possess no power at all, and are veritable vampires, absorbing more vitality than they give out, and proves that all the knowledge of healing or all the learning in the world does not make a man a doctor. It has to come naturally, and those who possess it, or in whom it exists as a power, will feel it manifesting itself without the necessity of undergoing any special training for its use in this life.

What of the spiritual truths embodied in the Book of Revelations?

The contents of the Apocalypse are, to the majority of church people, a sealed book, and simply because no body understands it. A revelation is generally understood as something which gives us light, but how can that be called a revelation which is incomprehensible?

If John was the writer, he may have comprehended it, but we wonder what he is talking about—so cabalistic and mystical are his productions. Underlying it though may be found an esoteric significance not dreamed of—something having a spiritual meaning but which to us can be of no great consequence to-day, as we have material and spiritual truths revealed to us, which are not only comprehensible but suited to our present condition, and more we don't need. Our scientists prophecy things which are fulfilled daily, while our philosophers reveal truths to us as they exist, without veiling them in such darkness as to make them meaningless. So let us enjoy that which we have, with a desire and hope for more.

What are we to be saved from, and how? From time immemorial men have had an intuitive idea that they are to be

saved from something—that some sort of salvation is in store for them. But how this is to be accomplished has been a theme for much speculation and spiritual theorizing among the various religious sects of the world's people—one of the latest being that of the Christian era, and founded on the fallacious idea that without the trinity there can be no atonement. But when we consider that error is a product of truth perverted, we must conclude that man is responsible to himself for his misdeeds, and no form of existence outside of himself or individual belief can do anything to save him from the errors he has committed or the effects these may produce in his being later on.

To judge by the average human being man is not the highest or most perfect existence of divine nature, and if he is to be saved from anything, it is first of all from ignorance, superstition, inherent weakness, passions, conventional acquirements, self love and many other things that retard his physical, mental, moral and spiritual development. If anything, he is to be saved from himself and by his own exertion.

Salvation may be regarded as existing in planes or degrees of operation. Those on the animal plane want to be saved from animalism, those suffering from the weakness of physical habits, need exertion to overcome this, while those addicted to lying must be saved by being initiated into the paths of truthfulness.

To meet the various requirements, therefore of saving man from future suffering is to deal with him on the plane of his greatest need; let him correct the little inharmonies that exist around and about him; unfold the latent possibilities within, and he will find his savior within himself. This is an axiom which makes God and man one. He can only be saved through himself and not through any one else, whatever the belief or ceremonies existing in connection with such a being. In proportion as he frees himself from self-buss, he will be saved from its effects, and in proportion as he is charitable and just he will meet his reward, and that is happiness.

BENEDICTION. May infinite peace and love, wisdom and truth be upon us, inspiring our spirits to day and forever. Amen.

IN THE EVENING

A large congregation was present to hear the discourse upon "Our Evidence of Immortality." As usual an invocation preceded it, and was particularly remarkable on this occasion for its wonderful effect on the assembly, a beautiful harmonic wave coursing throughout the hall during its delivery, and which could not have escaped unnoticed except by those who are strictly non sensitive.

The principal argument of the discourse was, that as immortality is a fact, it must sooner or later be recognized as such, and because all absolutely existing facts in the universe reflect themselves on the minds of men in due time, and thus will be accepted as something belonging to the natural order of things. But prior to this will be evidence given which point out the possibilities and probabilities of such an existence, and as already has begun to manifest itself among non-believers in immortality. Clairvoyance and mesmerism are already conceded to be possibilities, and if once accepted and acknowledged will lead to more. If one person can see material things at a distance, another will want to do the same, and it won't be long before they'll see something spiritual too. If one mind can control another by mesmeric power and they see persons under mesmeric control without a mesmeric being near, they will begin to believe that an invisible mesmeric (a spirit) must be somewhere around; and in this way a belief in immortality will come to many who wouldn't touch Spiritualism—oh, no, that's another thing.

However, in the mean time Spiritualists can enjoy the light they have, while the material world is playing with the alphabet blocks that once form a part of the former's philosophy. But above all in the way of attaining proofs of immortality is to develop the latent potentialities in self. It leads to individual conviction and to happiness—immortal love!

After the lecture the Chairman of the meeting announced that here was a young medium, Mr. H. F. Warner, present, who desired to exercise his powers, by giving a few tests, and was thereupon inited forward to begin his work. After a few preliminary remarks he proceeded to delineate character, give description of spirits, and prophesy coming events in the usual form observed by psychometrists or clairvoyants of this class. When finished the doxology and benediction closed the services.

Mrs. Reynolds' Explanation.

To the Editor of The Better Way. In the Golden Gate, of October 6, appears an affidavit sworn to by one Mrs. J. J. Hoffman, on the 24th day of September, 1888, wherein she affirms that she went in with me for the purpose of exposing my tricks. She says: "We hired No. 1330 Howard Street, and that I agreed to bear one-half the expenses in furnishing the house. She further swears that: "I engaged Mr. Wanzer for her; that he made a trap and charged her five dollars for the work;" that "she refused to pay so much, but gave him four dollars, I paying him one dollar." She says she and I held seances alternately; she acting as spirits for me, and I in turn crawled through a trap and played for her.

Now, allow me to give my side of the case. Some three or four years ago, Mrs. Hoffman came to my seance rooms and represented herself as a test medium, but said she did not make money enough to support her, and asked me if I would send any one who desired plain sewing done to her. I told her I would be glad to do so. She said she preferred mending gentlemen's clothes, as they would pay a better price for her work. Upon leaving, she asked me if I would allow her and her daughter to attend my seance that evening, and I accorded her the liberty. This was the first I ever saw or heard of her. She came, bringing with her a woman equally inferior looking. I was told by parties present that she acknowledged two or three forms that appeared as her friends.

I left San Francisco soon after this, and was absent some months. Upon my return, she called upon me and seemed to be quite accommodating. She loaned me her sewing machine, for which I was grateful, and a slight friendship sprung up between us. I again left San Francisco, making Los Angeles my home. Soon after this, she, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Peet, and one Mr. C., left San Francisco, for the southern part of California. She wrote, asking me if I would give her tests on the people in Los Angeles, if she came there and took the platform. I answered: "No!" She did not come, nor did I see her again, until last February, I think about the 10th or 15th. I have two notes in my possession, in which she invited me to call and see her on important business. This I did not do, but I can prove that she called on me after she had given Dr. Gould a sitting, which she speaks of in her affidavit.

I was looking for other rooms where the rent would not be so much, and she begged me to wait and give her time to get a house and take rooms with her. She said she would rent rooms cheap. I agreed to this. She rented the house, paid \$27.50 per month; gave Mr. C.—'s name as reference; got a receipt for the same, and wanted me to lend my influence to get a certain man to furnish it for her. I was in Mt. View when she and Mr. C. went and looked at the house and decided upon taking it. I was absent two days, and when I returned she had engaged Mr. Wanzer to make frames for her windows, for the purpose of making her seance room, (a back one), dark and for tacking down carpets, etc., etc. In her statement she says she paid him \$4.00. I rented the front room and a small bed-room upstairs and have in my possession a receipt for \$27.50 from Mrs. Hoffman, for room rent.

I had my cabinet, (a cloth curtain,) hung across the corner of the front room, my seance room, and paid Mr. Wanzer one dollar for covering the glass panels with boards. In this room, I always held my large seances, such as generally gathered on Sunday evenings. Mrs. Hoffman hung her curtain across a closet in the back room, and never held a seance in any other room while I was in her house. The front room had a large bay window, extending almost entirely across the front of the building which made it impossible for me to darken it; consequently I gave my Wednesday afternoon seance in Mrs. Hoffman's seance room; also held my small seances there. I gave seances from the latter part of February to the 25th of April, in Mrs. Hoffman's house.

About two weeks, as near as I can remember, before I left, I heard her tell Mr. Wanzer, (who was then rooming in her house,) that I was going to "give her trap away," and wanted him to stop it up the next day. I went to him and asked an explanation, and he told me she had a trap and was afraid I would "give it away," and wanted him to stop it up. He told me, also, that he was to cut a new one in another part of the cabinet, as soon as I left for San Diego, which I did on April 26. Mrs. Hoffman had the new trap cut; hired confederates; advertised materializing seances, and gave seances; taking the people's money from that time up to nearly the middle of July; never omitting to say upon all occasions that I was a genuine materializing medium.

I left San Diego May 28th; arrived in San Francisco, June 1st, rented a suite of rooms and began holding circles. I told Dr. Bowman that Mrs. Hoffman had a trap and confederates. I told E. G. Anderson, Col. Hopkins, and many others; also told Mr. Palmer. I forgot to say that I sent for Col. Collins, Mr. Gibbs, and others, the day I left Mrs. Hoffman's house and told them about her trap.

This information of mine caused the sitters at Mrs. Hoffman's seance to investigate her cabinet so closely that she got nervous, and became ill. Her patronage dropped off until she had nothing but empty chairs to play to, and nothing to pay her confederates. She, in the presence, of witnesses, said I had given her trap away, and broken up her business, and she called down the curse of God upon me. When she could no longer make money, out of spite to me, she went to Mr. and Mrs. Palmer and told them she was a fraud, and that I also was a fraud! She sold out her furniture, and in company with a young man by the name of A. F., ran off out of the city, going into solitude, where she remained until her stock of money, I suppose, was exhausted, when she concluded she would come home and make her statement public, thereby working herself into the good graces of that class of Spiritualists who do not believe in materialization.

She will attempt to dupe the people with platform tests, which are all "put up" before hand, every one of them. Now, readers, did she expose me, or did I expose her? If her statement is true, and she really did go through a trap and play spirit for me, why did she not come out while personating, bring her trap and presents out with her, and expose me then and there? Why did she have a trap made the day after I left, hire confederates, (every one of whom is known,) advertise materializing seances, hold circles, and take people's money and presents for three months after I left her house? Was told that she was a bad, dangerous woman when I first went into her house but I was in for two months rent, and I staid my time out. My sympathies are with Palmer, Slater and McGuire, in closing out all such frauds, and I clasp hands with them and give them all the aid I can; not only against fraudulent materializing mediums, but in all phases, and all mediums that practice fraud.

Yours for truth, MRS. ELSIE REYNOLDS, San Diego, Cal., Oct. 9, 1888.

"Thou Art the Man."

To the Editor of The Better Way. In answer to J. W. Dennis's criticism on my article, "Spirit Identity," I could say, "I told you so," but will not say it. My "brand" was not thrown at honest mediums. All such I say God speed. J. W. D. should not have been in such bad company, and he would not have got hit.

When I first became interested in Spiritualism (about May last), I wrote to several mediums for information in regard to what phase of mediumship, if any, I was best adapted to.

Hudson Tuttle, Fred. Evans, Dr. Schlesinger, of the "Carrier Dove," J. W. Dennis, and several others replied. Each letter, except that of Mr. Dennis, advised the same course to be pursued. His advised a directly opposite course. He also offered to sell me "magnetized developing paper," and directions for curing toothache and healing disease, for which he asked two dollars. Suffice it that I did not buy his "magnetized paper" nor follow his advice, but did follow the advice of Hudson Tuttle and others, getting results such as Brother Dennis said could not possibly occur in my case.

At the end of six months we have a good, clean circle, giving from simple raps to trance mediumship and messages, all home talent, developed in our own circle, and never detected in it a single untruth or misstatement.

I do not set myself up as a teacher of the spirit world or of mediums, as Mr. Dennis so ungraciously asserts, but simply denounce as an imposition, a certain idea that is being taught by some, but which bears on its very face the mark of falsity. I said, and here repeat, that the idea that makes disembodied spirits angry for their friends to ask some sign by which to recognize them, is unreasonable—preposterous, if Mr. Dennis wants to believe otherwise he is at liberty to do so, or if he can advance any convincing reason why it should make them angry I am willing to be enlightened.

So far from the egotism of which Brother Dennis so unjustly accuses me, I do not think my article contained a single reference to any personal experience of the writer. I might reply to his letter in detail, especially as he makes several statements

in regard to me that are grossly incorrect, but will endeavor to confine myself to the subject under discussion, viz.: Why should it offend spirits for their friends to ask some test by which to recognize them, provided only they ask with reverence and sincerity of purpose? Will Mr. Dennis explain? I am aware they can not always give tests, but that is a different thing altogether. We are willing to wait patiently till they can. But when a spirit takes a page and a half of note paper to describe itself so as to be recognized, instead of giving its full name, which would perfect the recognition, I have no confidence that there is any spirit acting in the case.

A gentleman once went to a medium to get a message from his father, and got one signed "Your Father." The gentleman said, "If you are my father, please sign your name." Another message was given, which contained these remarkable words, "My dear son, don't doubt me; I have not the strength to give what you ask to-day, but will at some future sitting." (Evidently this man had a very long name.) The medium then gave him a good deal of "paternal" advice not to ask tests of spirits, but to take whatever comes.

Out upon such mediumship as that. Yet, because I denounce this abuse, Brother Dennis turns upon me as if I had aimed a blow at some unimpeachable truth. Let me say to Brother Dennis that I always enter a circle room as I would a church, reverently.

I never demanded slate writing, nor any other phase of mediumship, but of course "desire the best gifts."

Brother Dennis has perhaps forgotten that he was thrown violently to the ground several times for persisting in sitting for slate writing, and once for getting on the table and trying to hold it when it was tipping. I think he got his own case and mine mixed. He should take some of his own "paternal advice," and pray for more charity next time he writes to a "wayward" brother, and not make so many positive assertions about things of which he knows nothing.

My "paternal" advice to you, Brother Dennis, is, use more kindness and less "bumcombe," and your criticisms will be better appreciated. S. T. SUDDICK.

This same medium asked the name of the gentleman's father, and was told; and gave it at a sitting next day, and then gave him quite a lecture about his incredulity and told him how "greeced" his father was. Phaw!

A Little Testimony

The Chattanooga Daily Times, under date of 24th ultimo, ventures the following very vigorous editorial comment:

CONFESSION OF THIEVES.

The Fox sisters, erroneously styled the originators of what are called spirit manifestations, are in New York exposing the fraudulent character of their performances of two score years ago. They call their present performance an "expose of Fox fraudulency." One of the women "thanked God" the other night that she had been spared to "expose Spiritualism;" when in point of fact the old harridan has merely found another and different dupes from those she had in her train when she was "on the make" thirty-five years ago; she now turns an honest penny; by parodying pretended proof that she as good as stole a fortune contributed in the shape of fees by those who attended her pretended spiritual seances. Thousands crowd to hear these roguish old Belshazzars tell what rascals in petticoats they were when their forms were plump and their faces fair; and of all this new crop of fools not one in a hundred stops to ask himself or herself: "How do I know that the pretended exposure is not a viler fraud than the Foxes confess they palmed off under the label of spirit manifestations?" and so runs the world.

"That these creatures, having lived upon their former ill-got gains, and are now out with a new sensation, the substance of which is their own thievish criminality, are 'exposing' anything is the veriest nonsense. The essentially fraudulent character of their rappings, table tipplings, etc., has been laid bare a hundred times in the last few years, and they and their immediate successors in that department of ledgerdom have about been forgotten; but there are developments in mind reading and other mental and extra mental performances that psychological and biological science has so far wrestled with in vain. These Foxes ought to be put in jail. They plead guilty to the most scandalous of petty paltering, but propose not a cent of restitution beyond a confession of their wickedness—and for that they demand pay."

A priest of the Romish church, a "fresh" foreigner, who had acquired but few English words, was sent to baptise an infant at the point of death: "Said he: 'I baptize you in the name of God de Fader, and God de Son, and God de —.'" Here the priest's English vocabulary failed him. Addressing the parents, he inquired: "Vat do you call de name of de oder gentleman?"

Cassadaga Reform and Temperance Union.

During the last week of the meeting of 1888, at Cassadaga Camp, a society was organized and entitled the "Universal Co-operative Temperance Union," represented by the following officers: Mr. Solon Lauer, Meadville, (widely known as a newspaper reporter) president; Mrs. Anna Orvis, Chicago, vice-president; C. Bird Gould, Cleveland, secretary; G. W. Lewis, Corry, treasurer. The aim of this society shall be the eradication of vice in all forms. It was decided that the members of this society should act as far as possible in forming subordinate unions in their respective towns. This was carried into effect at Cassadaga Camp by calling a meeting Sept. 12, 1888. About thirty persons met at Library Hall and organized a society for general reform work and literary culture. The following constitution was adopted:

This society shall be known as the Cassadaga Camp branch of the U. C. T. U. The officers of this society shall be a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer.

All persons in sympathy with the objects of the U. C. T. U. shall be eligible to membership.

There shall be no stated initiation fee, but each person shall make an offering to the treasury of this society at the time of joining it.

The society shall meet on every Wednesday evening at a designated place, and proceed with its regular order of exercises.

The constitution may be amended at any regular meeting by a three-fourths vote of the members present, provided a two weeks notice be given of the proposed amendment.

The officers elected were: President, Mrs. Harriet Rathbun; Vice President, Mrs. O. E. Tousey; Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. J. E. Hyde.

The first organized meeting of the Cassadaga Camp branch of the U. C. T. U. occurred September 19, 1888, minutes of which are as follows:

- 1. Calling of meeting to order.
2. Calling roll.
3. Congregational singing.
4. Inaugural address of president.
5. Address of vice president.
6. Music, (violin solo).
7. Original poem.
8. Discussion of methods to be adopted in the reform work of the society. Discussion opened by Solon Lauer. Mrs. R. S. Lillie and others followed with remarks.
9. Music, (voice solo).
10. Select reading.
11. Recitation.
12. Remarks concerning unfinished business.
13. Adjournment.

PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Gentlemen and Ladies:—I thank the assurance to feel that I can act, in the position you have placed me, in a manner satisfactory to you or to myself. But I am in so much sympathy with this movement that I accept the place resolving to do as well and all I can to aid you in it. Had the platform of this organization been less broad or had it been inaugurated as an auxiliary to the present existing temperance unions, I should have declined belonging to it as I have to them, though I have ever wished "God speed" to every movement that has tendered to agitate the mind beneficially on the subject. About one year ago a sister of a Woman's Christian Temperance Union told me that she was authorized to invite me to speak to them at a coming meeting, but said that I would be expected to limit my remarks to the subject of temperance. I declined, because I have always thought that the popular means which have been used for exterminating the evils arising from the use of alcohol was very much like a physician who would undertake to cure a sore by plastering over the outside without probing to the bottom to find and eradicate the cause. Or to a man who would seek to kill a tree by clipping off the leaves and twigs, that as the acorn had been planted the oak would spring up anew from the roots.

We have been told that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even to the third and fourth generation. And the world to day is verifying the saying I believe that the craving for alcoholic drinks and stimulants is the natural result of the ignorance of past generations in regard to the laws of their being and to their unbridled indulgence in their passions and appetites. I believe that the condition of all the victims of prevailing sins, is that of moral disease, and that it is inherited the same as any bodily ailment or produced under a similar law to that of epidemics that so often sweep over and devastate the land. And I believe that their remedy can be found only in scientific laws and principles. While it is painful to know that error and corruption have walked hand in hand with the rapid progress of thought and science until we have almost feared that evil would outstride the good, it is joyful to know that the angel hosts are our helpers, striving to open our eyes to lessons of truth and to encourage men and women to investigate the laws of human life and to bring science to our aid to regulate and make conditions for the higher growth of mankind. To this end we should labor earnestly with the prospective fathers and mothers that they may understand that the temple of the body must be pure and holy if the spirit would have a good expression through it, and that they may transmit to the world, through their offspring, a higher order of human beings.

We have witnessed the failure of organizations, of pulpits and press, of prayers and laws in reconstructing the social and moral condition of mankind. They have, to some extent, bettered or revised its condition. But all depends upon individual purity. The first construction, in all its parts must be right, or its blessings will be visible. The want of the knowledge of and the power to live up to the possibilities of our own individuality is the cause of the present condition of mankind. We

do not any of do as well as we know or approximate our ideal of what we ought to be as men and women. As ages have passed the various forms of moral disease, or so-called sin, have taken such deep root that we can but expect it to take ages to come to thoroughly eradicate them from the human heart. The question asked during our late meeting, "Why does not God kill the devil?" I answered, because he cannot. Evil and good are the opposing principles of his own creation. Our work is to grow out of evil toward good which is God and the work which we enlist in here in this union for reform and temperance in all things is of no small account. The four principle points in our platform are enemies worthy the steel of honest hearts to grapple with, beginning, as we should, in our own hearts lives and homes, rendering them consistent with our theory—then will others more readily receive our ideas and join in our work. The last clause in our platform, the suppression of malicious gossip, is perhaps the most difficult to grapple with, it being so prevalent, and for the reason that it is a close task to draw the dividing line between malicious scandal and a just disapprobation of the wrongs we see and abhor and to treat and speak of them void of expressions that could be properly termed malicious and prove an injury more than a benefit. In view of all these things I feel that the only effectual way to bring about the desired reform is to probe our own hearts and dispel malice therefrom, and by so doing, modify our expressions in what we deem wrong in others.

The field for this work is boundless. The words reform and temperance mean much. It means a battle in which we mean to win the victory. We cannot fail if we wear the shield of charity and love and use the weapons of persuasion and perseverance. Brothers and sisters, let us work in harmony and love, and while we work, and wait this moral growth to all, let us look in pity on the common brotherhood and sisterhood for we know not what hidden cause or subtle law of circumstances has set aside the good and developed the bad over which we must kindly draw the mantle of charity.

Friends: Thanking you for the honor you have bestowed upon me, I will say that I am unacquainted with the rules of my office and any corrections or instructions which you may offer will be thankfully received. We will now hear from our worthy vice president, Mrs. Tousey, whose remarks will serve as the dessert, which is always the most palatable part of the meal.

VICE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

Sister President, Secretary and Friend:—After Mrs. Rathbun's comparing of my remarks to the dessert following a feast, I almost fear to attempt to express myself lest you conclude that the culinary department is sadly at fault else something has spoiled on our hands. However, as Mrs. Rathbun has treated you to a substantial and palatable meal, if the dessert, so she is pleased to call it, is not the best, you have, perhaps, as much as your stomach needs and can get along quite well without it. Moments, my friends, are precious, inasmuch as they are the factors whose sum make up the eternal ages. Hence, we should waste as few of them as possible in preliminary or personal excuses, however great our ignorance or derelictions. I can truly say that nothing has occurred during the Camp season just passed that has given me more lively or healthful satisfaction than the move towards forming this co-operative association. It looks to me like the beginning of a great educational and reformatory work and I hail it with an earnest and heartfelt welcome. I believe that a greater responsibility rests upon Spiritualists as a class than upon any other people for the reason that they have greater light and greater resources than any other. We have not only the fact of immortality demonstrated to us as clearly and unmistakably as any other scientific or mathematical problem, but through the helps it has given us, we have been enabled in some degree to penetrate deeper than the surface of external manifestations of human character and to discover that every thought, every word and every deed, whether good or evil, are but the effect of an underlying cause and that all the errors that human flesh is heir to are entailed upon us through ignorance or are the result of circumstances over which we have no control except through the power of enlightened wisdom and understanding. Evil cannot be eradicated by destroying its effects. We must, as our sister president has so truly said, "lay the axe to the root of the tree" and not expect to exterminate it by chopping off its branches. Besides this our Spiritual philosophy has taught us that every individual is the arbiter of his own destiny, whether for weal or for woe, or in other words, that everyone must work out his own salvation; that no vicarious atonement or deathbed repentance can absolve us from the effect of our own acts upon our lives here and hereafter; it has taught us that we can attain spiritual and moral growth, excellency and happiness only through constant watchfulness over ourselves, constant self-effort in holding the selfish or animal nature subordinate to the higher or spiritual; it has taught us that our present as well as our future heaven or hell lies within our own breast; that heaven consists in the exercise of wisdom and love and that discord and strife wherever found whether in the palatial home of the rich, or in the hovel of the poor, will create hell. It has taught us that all mankind are God's children and legitimate heirs of all the good, true and beautiful things in his kingdom; that there is no death of the soul; that the spirit enters the next world in exactly the same moral condition that it leaves this; "that sins are not forgiven but outgrown by repentance and righteous living;" that those are nearest heaven who have cleanest and healthiest bodies and purest and most loving spirits—those who love justice and exemplify it in their daily intercourse with their fellow beings. Again: We claim to have the word of spirits for our teachers and guides that we may and do hold daily communion with them. If all this be true (and we know it is) should we not be to the world not only an example worthy of following but be ever filled with the fullness of charity, kindness, and love and so school ourselves in the lore of spiritual wisdom as to be able to do

something toward helping our human brothers and sisters to know the truth and to live in obedience to the laws of health and purity, thus setting them free from the terrible bondage of sensual and sinful appetites, and bring to their hearts and homes a condition of peace and happiness instead of shame and suffering; for "the whom the truth makes free is free indeed."

Friends:—Cassadaga Camp has been prospered and blessed far beyond our most sanguine expectations. I need not dwell upon this fact. You are only to look back over a few years and behold its beginning in a wild and tangled forest and then look at its present number of tasteful and inviting cottages, its commodious amphitheater, its library building and its flowered gemmed grounds to be convinced of the intelligence and thrift that characterizes our Cassadaga. But there is still the work of many years before us ere Cassadaga can approximate our ideal of what it should be. It must be made something more than a beautiful summer resort; something more than a center where spiritual manifestations abound and wonder or phenomena seekers are gratified, or where we can listen day after day to inspired speakers, however gratifying and needful these may be. We must have institutions of learning where not only the young shall be taught but where adults shall have an opportunity and receive encouragement in the exercise and culture of all their powers—in a word a place of integral culture and spiritual growth. I look upon this association as the beginning of a larger work, and if its members are not weary of well doing and fall not by the wayside, but are persevering and earnest, we may, by our united efforts, lay a solid and practical foundation from which future workers may extend and broaden the usefulness of Cassadaga. What we may each be able to do individually, may seem but little, at least I feel in that way in my own case, but "in union there is strength," and if we all do what we can, there will be no such thing as failure.

ORIGINAL POEM BY THE SECRETARY—A TRIBUTE TO CASSADAGA.

Fair Cassadaga! round thy hallowed name Are clustered memory's tributes rich and rare, Thy drops of joy that like bright jewels gleam Love-words that float like incense in thy air; Joy that no more the nation need to mourn Like Rachel for her loved one's gone before, For thou hast taught us that from death's sad hour Our friend's return as through an open door!

And what to thee shall be the meed of praise, To ring to pease o'er thy wood and lake? Shall not prophetic tongues through coming days Thy bread of life to all the nations break?

And when thy lakes with sails are dotted o'er And cottages, like flowers, deck all thy grounds, May not our Indian brethren as of yore Still find a peaceful welcome 'mong thy mounds?

Within thy soil to-night we plant a tree, A tiny oak, whose roots through coming years May grope and probe throughout its mystery Till they shall clasp the secrets of the spheres.

And as we fashion bole and branch and leaf, May angels guide us in our work of love, For we would bring to saddened hearts relief, Whose anchor reaches out to realms above.

Behold the perfect oak we fain would grow! We christen it "Reform," and hush its boughs Like Druids we would come to worship low, And consecrate ourselves with holy vows.

And through its branches may the voiceless air Breathe forth thy charity, good will to all, Thus may our tree be like a golden stair, That reaches up to heaven, from which none fall.

Beneath its shade a bubbling fountain flows, Whose chrysal water cools the fevered throng; And peace and love and happiness bestows, Till myriad voices swell in rapturous song.

Behold the corn less names upon the leaves, Of those who've found beneath its shelter, peace; Life's loom for them no checkered fabric weaves, For destiny have wrought a glad release.

From all the evils that old time hath brought; And beauty dwells where sin erstwhile prevailed, For we have learned that from the inner thought Are outward lives and destinies exhaled.

Then let us come with faith and firm resolve To better grow, and grow; thus, mankind Shall see that 'tis not a mist, a foam wreath that dissolves, But love uniting all with thought refined.

MR LAUER'S REMARKS.

Mr. Lauer spoke at some length upon the best method of carrying out the reform work of the society. He said the home is the best place to commence spiritual reform work. When it has renovated our homes and brought their inmates into harmony with themselves and others, its influence will be better felt in communities and nations. He deprecates the growing tendency to a disregard of religious sentiment. Thinks that as a people we are losing reverence and veneration, as we advance in free thought and a wider conception of deity. Again, as the body is the temple of the indwelling spirit, it will be necessary to first cleanse it of physical impurities, in order that the spirit may have opportunity for full expansion and untrammelled action. He suggested the adoption of a series of pledges or resolves that should act as so many reminders (like strings around our moral fingers) to prevent our falling into remissness or forgetfulness to follow after our higher moral ideas. These resolves shall not be restrictive in the ordinary sense nor obligatory to membership or recognition in the society, but shall serve merely as symbols.

THIRTEEN RESOLVES.

Our Motto: "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Our Ideal: The practice of the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you; do ye even so unto them."

Resolve 1. I resolve to repel all evil thoughts and their outward expression. 2. I resolve to cultivate a spirit of reverence for the true and divine; and to endeavor to exemplify it in my daily life. 3. I resolve to always and everywhere perform to the best of my ability what seems my highest duty.

4. I resolve to refrain as much as possible from inflicting mental or physical pain upon any creature, and to strive to alleviate suffering; also to endeavor to instill the same humane principle in the minds of my associates.

5. I resolve to work for social purity; and to keep before my mind the ideal of chastity.

6. I resolve to refrain from the passion of anger as much as possible; and to strive by gentle answers to subdue the anger of others.

7. I resolve to refrain from the use of profane or otherwise improper language, and to discourage its use by others.

8. I resolve to discourage detracting

conversation, and to direct my own mind, and, as far as possible, the minds of others, into elevating and profitable channels of discourse.

9. I resolve to use my influence as parent or teacher to convince humanity, from infancy up, that the sexes are co-equal in every line of thought and action.

10. I resolve that, as I believe the ballot to be a lever for woman as well as man, to use for abolishing many evils sanctioned by voters, I will work earnestly until she take and use the ballot power guaranteed by our constitution to all free citizens.

11. I resolve, that, as the body is the temple of the soul, I will study to make my diet, dress, and all my physical habits such as will maintain its healthfulness and natural symmetry.

12. I resolve to refrain from the use of tobacco in any form; and to use my influence to prevent its use by others.

13. I resolve to abstain from the use of alcoholic beverages and to exert my influence to prevent their use by others.

Written for The Better Way. Meet Them Half the Way.

Do you seek communion With the angels fair? Bright the heavenly city And their homes are there, Climb the heights above you Toward that perfect day; When you ask their presence, Meet them half the way.

Think how great the contrast 'Tween those realms sublime And this lower region With its sin and crime. Leave the clouded valley With its mists so gray; On the mount of wisdom Meet them half the way.

Rise above the shadows, Leave the mist and gloom; Seek the sunny meadows Where the flowers bloom, Live in spheres of Beauty, Where truth's fountains play; In the realm of spirits Meet them half the way.

Think how damp and heavy Is your atmosphere When compared to heaven's Sunshine pure and clear. Ask them not to breathe it, Near your side to stay; If you wish their guidance Meet them half the way.

Leave the gross conditions That may give them pain, Leave the superstitions Binding like a chain, Rise, by worthy effort, Higher day by day; In the light of progress Meet them half the way.

Greet them at the portal Of that higher shore, Ask them not to enter Through this mortal door. Catch the heavenly anthems That about you stray, When you wish their presence Meet them half the way.

Transcribed for The Better Way. Joseph Hoag's Vision.

"In the year 1803, in the eighth or ninth month, I was working one day alone in the field and observed that the sun shone clear, but a mist eclipsed its brightness. As I reflected upon the singularity of the event, my mind was struck into silence, the most solemn I ever remember to have witnessed, for all my faculties were low and unusually brought into deep silence. I said to myself: 'What can this mean?' I do not recollect ever before to have been sensible of such feeling. And I heard a voice from heaven say: 'This which thou seest, which dims the brightness of the sun, is a sign of the present and coming times. I took the forefathers of this country from a land of oppression, and placed them here among this people of the forest. I sustained them, and while they were humble I blessed them and fed them and they became a numerous people. But now they have become proud and lifted up, and have forgotten me who nourished them and protected them in the wilderness, and are running into every abomination and evil practice of which the old countries are guilty, and have taken quietude from the land and have suffered a dividing spirit to come among them. Lift up thine eyes and behold. And some of them dividing in great heat. The division began in the church on points of doctrine. It commenced in the Presbyterian society and went through the various religious denominations, and in its progress its effect were the same; those that dissented went off with high heads and taunting language, and those who kept to their original sentiments appeared exercised and sorrowful. And when the dividing spirit entered the society of friends, it raged in as high a degree as in any I had before discovered; those who kept to their ancient principles retired by themselves. I next appeared in the lodges of the Free Masons, where it broke out in appearance like a volcano, inasmuch as it set the country in an uproar for a length of time. Then it entered politics, through the United States, and did not stop until it produced civil war, and an abundance of human blood was shed in the course of the combat. The Southern States lost their power, and slavery was annihilated from their borders. Then a monarchical power arose, too the government of the states, established a national religion and made it societies tributary to support its expenses. I saw them take property from the friends to a large amount. I was amazed at beholding

all this, and I heard a voice from heaven proclaim: 'This power shall not always stand, but with it I will chastise my church until it returns to the faithfulness of their perceptions.'

Thou seest what is coming upon thy native land, for their iniquities, and the blood of Africa, the remembrance of which has come up before me. This vision was sent for many days, I had no idea of writing it for many years, until it became such a burden that for my own relief I have written it."

JOSEPH HOAG.

I copy this prophetic vision from one of my own, old scrap books, and if it is accepted by our worthy editor, many of the readers of the good BETTER WAY, will see it for the first time. I offer it to you, dear readers, as a matter worthy of your serious attention. This circumstance took place away back in the year 1803, before most of us were born, and it will be observed by the attentive reader, that all the predictions then made by this prophet, have been literally fulfilled except the last one, and sad and sorrowful as the thought is, I believe that calamity is yet in the line of destiny among the "coming events," which have "cast their shadows before" them. Joseph Hoag was a highly esteemed minister of the Society of Friends, (sometimes called Quakers). My own ever dear father and mother, and their six children were members of the Society of Friends. Friend Hoag lived in one of the eastern states, and as was often the case with the ministers of this society, he sometimes made religious visits to other societies, far distant from his home.

I well remember a time, during the days of my childhood, when he came to the state of Ohio, and had a meeting appointed where we lived. I remember his engaging manner and the earnest and eloquent sound of his voice. And now it seems to me I hear some reader ask: "Well what of it, what has that to do with his prophetic vision?" Be patient dear friend, and let us "reason together" a few moments. It was in our Quaker meetings, and under the teachings of their inspired ministers that I received my first instruction, leading toward our spiritual philosophy. We attended our religious meetings regularly twice each week, were advised to sit in silence, withdraw our minds as much as possible for the time, from all business cares and disturbing things, and thus wait in silent prayer, for the mind to receive the "light within," or in other words waiting for the "moving of the spirit," upon our minds, to show us within ourselves what was the truth entirely independent of man or of books. We were often instructed in the matter of spirits and angels appearing to men, and some text of scripture would be quoted, to support the idea. So you will perceive we believed "angel visits" had sometimes occurred in the past, and yet we were induced to suppose that they must be "few and far between," because we did not often see them.

Our Quaker meetings were in some respects quite similar to spiritual seances; and the most gifted among our ministers were at times enlightened from the same divine source of inspiration, as that which enables such brilliant messengers of truth as Jennie B. Hagan, Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, Mrs. Richmond, and many others to speak such soul cheering words of angelic inspiration to listening multitudes.

The "inward light" of the early friends, was only another name for the same thing the Scotch folk used to call "second sight," and what in our own day we call clairvoyance, or inspiration. It is well for us to remember that in Joseph Hoag's day, the only spiritual literature to which they had access was the Bible and New Testament, and it is not very surprising, that when a guardian angel spoke to them they believed it to be the voice of God.

You have observed that after he had learned the fact of this republic being overthrown, and a monarchy substituted in its place, he says: "And I heard a voice from heaven exclaim, this hour shall not stand, but with it I will chastise my church until it returns to the faithfulness of the forefathers," etc. Now let me say, I am not unmindful of the fact, that there are among the many readers of THE BETTER WAY, some persons all the time on the sharp lookout to see if there may not be found in every article, from a religious or church source, some evidence of superstitious, mistaken opinions, and if they find such evidences are inclined to trust the entire subject as one more deserving of ridicule than serious consideration. If my readers should be inclined to take such a view of Joseph Hoag's prophetic vision, I would suggest the thought that there has been in most religiously inclined and seriously devoted church members, some fragments of opinion not founded upon a rational, or scientific basis, such as we call superstition. They are not to be justly blamed for their honest opinions; they were all at one time helpless little children like the rest of us, and having no opinions of their own, that were satisfactory to self, they could do no other way at the time, than to believe in the truth of whatever those near them, in whom they had confidence told them was true, and the fact of their lacking correct knowledge upon some subjects, did not hinder them from being sensitive, and impressionable to the influence or from hearing the spoken words of their own guardian angels. I have myself no belief whatever in the idea of an offended God helping to overthrow this best of national governments, and establishing a monarchy with which to "chastise" a church for their pride, sins and forgetfulness of him; but, when that calamity comes, (if come it must), it will originate from the designs of a selfish and intolerant priesthood, using as their assisting agents ambitious and cruel officers and soldiers, ready to murder all who cannot unite in sympathy with them in their unrighteous and despotic designs.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON, Posters, Warren, Co., Ohio.

MINOR TROUBLES.

The main point to be watched by the leader of a brass band is the foot ensemble.

A neighbor had so natural a picture of a hen that it laid in his drawer for a week.

The author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" evidently did not believe in "letting well enough alone."

The fragrant old beau who dyes his hair has no right to be writing to any girl about his undying love.

Dogs are said to speak with their tails. Would it be proper, therefore, to call a short-tailed dog a stump orator.

HOW WAS HELPED OUT.

Seedy person—Your fame as a philanthropist, sir, reached me a day or two ago. I am an able-bodied man, but I don't seem to be able to find work, and so I came to you to see if you could help me out.

Alleged Philanthropist—Well, I don't know as I can, but the boy will, James, show the gentleman the outside door—Tid-Bits.

NO FLIES ON THE WEATHER.

The air is growing chilly now. The nights extremely cool. And in the morn a hint of ice is on the way-side post.

We're finding overcoats and gloves in comfort quite luxurious. And noses red and ears to match. Are commoner than cucumbers.

How blithely doth the good housewife Now pile the screens together. Her season of content has come—There's no flies on the weather.

EVENING THINGS UP.

Mrs. Bank Cashier—Can't we manage to go to Europe, dear?

Mr. Bank Cashier—Not too bad. Mr. Bank President has spent the year abroad, and she just makes me sick talking about the American Colony in Paris and the one in Rome.

"Never mind, dear, if things go right we'll make them sick talking about the American Colony in Canada.—[Omaha World.

MADE TOO MANY TRACKS.

Enloe says Taylor reminds him of the old man and the boy hunting the cow, the old man on one side of the creek and the boy on the other. The boy hallooed: "Dad, she's over here; I see her tracks." "No, she's on this side; here's her tracks." "But she's over here; here's her tracks." "Come on," cried the father, "let's go home. I won't hunt no cow that makes tracks on both sides of the creek at the same time."—[Camden (Tenn.) Herald.

A SILESIAN MASCOT.

At the last drawing of the Prussian State lottery the grand prize of \$75,000 went to a well known Silesian. Curiously enough, his father won the grand prize just forty years ago, and fifteen years ago his uncle won half the grand prize in the same lottery. But the most startling coincidence in the whole matter is that in every instance it was the same number that captured the prize. That number ought to be one of the most popular heirlooms of the family.—[New York World.

DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES.

Returned Missionary (who piles it up pretty thick)—I was once captured by cannibals, and thought my time had come at last. Just as they were about putting me in a huge cauldron of boiling water, I tripped up the two guards, and started on a race for life. I ran steadily for three days and three nights before I distanced the last of my bloodthirsty pursuers.

Little Johnny (disgusted)—Why didn't you stand your ground and whip the whole settlement single-handed, as you did the other times?

Returned Missionary (turning it off)—Oh, I was afraid of getting in a stew, my young friend.—[Puck.

THE INFANT TERRIBLE.

Bennie waltzed into the sitting room the other day, where his mother and sister Rosina were busy preparing floral designs for the harvest home festival, and said:

"Ma, if you put salt on a bird's tail can you catch it?"

"You must not express yourself like that," said Rosina, a sweet girl graduate. "You should say chloride of sodium of a bird's posterior."

Next day at dinner Bennie convulsed everybody by requesting his mentor of the day before to pass him the "saddle of glor um," and later on in the evening sent Rosina into hysterics by straying into the parlor and remarking pleasantly to Mr. De Jones that the posterior of his coat looked like it had been chased some by a bull pup.—[Grip.

OUTWITTING A VIGILANT SPOUSE.

"What are you going to do with all that ice?" asked a Robey street man of a neighbor who was superintending the transfer of several huge blocks of ice from the side walk to his back yard.

"Not so loud," replied the neighbor, warningly.

"Going to build an ice palace?" "Hist!"

"Somebody dead?" "S—s—s; naw."

"What is up, then?" "Fixing a toboggan slide from the bedroom window. The old woman see, says if I go to see the boys now I'll have to jump from the window, as she has got the night key. I'm rigging this thing up to give her the slip.—[Chicago Herald.

TACKLED HIM TO THE FENCE.

A lady uptown, who is a devoted Catholic took her little girl to church for the first time the other evening. It was some occasion for children, and the little one was deeply interested. The priest told them all about what they were looking at, and the presentation that most took hold of the child was a picture of the crucifixion. In simple language the Father related the story of that momentous scene, and when the little girl got home she began to tell them all about it from her point of view. With intent earnestness, and eyes speaking all the wonder that filled her mind, she went over the incident as her infantile brain conceived them, and with a child's practicality she brought it down to the comprehension of her listeners, as she ended:

"And what do you think? They just took him and tacked him right on to the fence."



Be Kind When You Can.

Be kind when you can, though the kindness be little. The small letters make up philosophers' scrolls; The crystal of happiness, vivid and brittle, Can seldom be cut into very large bowls.

The atoms that dwell in the measureless mountains, The moments that sum up the century's flight; The but drops that swirl in Niagara's fountain, The rays, single rays, form the harvest-sun light.

Stone by stone builds the temple that rises in glory, Inch by inch grows the child till maturity's crown; The jewels so famous in bright, Eastern story, Have been sown, first by tint, in the bosom of Time.

It rains like the desert-rose, trackless and spreading; The but petals that deck every blossom-twined spray; There are leaves—only leaves—where the forest is shedding; Its gloom till the density shuts out the day.

A word or a glance which we give without thinking; May show or lighten some sensitive breast; And the strength from the well-spring is wine in the drink; If quaffed from the brim that affection has blest, Then be kind when you can in the smallest of duties.

Don't wait for the larger expressions of love; For the heart depends less for its joys and its heat; On the flight of the eagle than on the coo of the dove.

"I Want My Cow." I am not quite sure of dates, but it was late in the fall, I think, of 1777, that a foraging party from the British camp in Philadelphia made a descent upon the farm of Major Rudolph, south of that city at Darby.

Having supplied themselves well with provender, they were about to begin their return march, when one of the soldiers happened to espy a valuable cow, which at that moment unfortunately made her appearance in the lane leading to the barn-yard; and poor Sukey was immediately confiscated for the use of the company.

Now, this unfortunate cow happened to be the pride of the farm, and was claimed as the exclusive property of Miss Anne Rudolph—the daughter of the house—aged twelve years. Of course, no other animal on the estate was so important as this particular cow, and her confiscation by the soldiers could not be tolerated for a moment.

So Miss Anne made an impetuous dash for her recovery, but finding the men deaf to her entreaties and the sergeant proof against the storm of her indignation, the high spirited child rushed over to the stables, saddled her pony, and was soon galloping off toward the city, determined to appeal to the commander-in-chief of the British army, if nothing less would save the life of her favorite.

Meanwhile, poor Sukey trudged along, her reluctant steps quickened now and then by a gentle prick with the point of a bayonet in her well rounded side. To reach the city before the foraging party was the one thought of the child, as her pony went pouncing along the Chester road at a pace that soon brought her within the British lines.

She was halted at the first outpost by the guard, and the occasion of her hot haste was demanded. The child replied: "I must see the General immediately."

But the General cannot be disturbed for every trifle. Tell me your business, and if important it will be reported to him. "It is of great importance, and I can not stop to talk to you. Please let go my pony, and tell me where to find the General."

"But, my little girl, I cannot let you pass until you tell me whence you come and what your business is within these lines." "I come from Darby, and my business is to see the General immediately. No one else can tell him what I have to say."

"So—your brothers are away from home. Now, tell me, child, where they can be found." "My oldest brother, Captain John Rudolph, is with General Gates."

"And your other brother, where is he?" "Inquired the General. "Captain Michael Rudolph is with Harry Lee."

"The girl's eyes fairly blazed as she spoke the name of gallant 'Light-Horse Harry Lee.' Then she exclaimed, 'But, General, my cow!'"

"Ab, ha! one brother with Gates and one with Lee. Now," said the General severely, "where is your father?" "He is with General Washington," frankly answered the little maiden, "but he is a prisoner now."

"So, so. Father and brothers all in the Continental army! I think, then, you must be a little rebel."

"Yes, sir, if you please—I am a little rebel. But I want my cow!" "Well, you're a brave, straightforward little maiden, and you shall have your cow, and something more, too."

Then, stooping forward, he detached from his garters a pair of brilliant knee-buckles, which he laid in the child's hands. "Take these," he said, "and keep them as a souvenir of this interview, and believe that Lord Cornwallis can appreciate courage and truth, even in a young rebel."

Then, calling an orderly, he instructed him to go with the child through the camp in search of the cow, and when he should find the animal, to detail a man to drive her home again. So Miss Anne returned in triumph with her cow. And those sparkling knee-buckles are still treasured by her descendants as a memento of Cornwallis and the Revolution.

—[N. Y. Weekly Witness.

Schoolroom Smiles Desultory Notes From the Tablets of a Teacher's Memory.

It was the day on which clothing for the poor was brought to school and the teachers had made a touching appeal to the little ones, saying, "Bring anything."

"A little boy in the D primary came in fifteen minutes late. 'Why, Tommy,' said his teacher, 'where have you been?'"

"Tommy held up one lone and much worn stocking and as the tears burst from his eyes he answered, 'I was hunting for the other but I couldn't find it.'"

A bright eyed little curly head about the size of a pint of cider met one of the supervisors in the hall of Rockwell school early in September.

"Will you please show me Miss Smith's room?" asked the child. "What in the world do you want Miss Smith's room for?"

"She's my teacher." "Why! How old are you?" "I'm 4. I'll be 5 next month."

and sitting down on a chair that happened to be near by she explained the meaning of the word "aunt" and had Frankie name his aunts and tell how they came to be so.

"Now, is this little boy your aunt, Frankie?" Frankie's face broke into a smile as he looked at the child and taking him by the hand to go he answered: "No'm; he ain't my aunt at all. He's my god-mother."

The word stepmother occurring in a sentence read in a certain class, the teacher asked: "What do you understand by that—what is a stepmother?"

Little girl: "My mother is a stepmother but my children were all born after the first wife died."

Teacher: "What kind of flowers are wild flowers?" A poor forlorn little chick, ragged and barefooted, looked straight into her teacher's eyes and meekly answered: "The wild flowers are flowers that nobody planted."

A teacher reading to her class from the Bible had selected the trial of Christ in which Pilate asks: "What is truth?" She read: "And Pilate remarked—'Stop that, boy!'"

In a loud voice, at the same time jumping from her chair and pointing at the offender. "But when the sun his beacon read, Had knuded on Benvaricia's head."

was interpreted as meaning that the sun was shining on a redheaded boy named Ben Vorlich.

"The human body is composed of the head, trunk and limbs. The upper part of the trunk is called the chest; the lower part is called the abdomen and contains the stomach and bowels, which are five in number, a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y. This occurred in an essay written by an A grammar pupil on the subject The Human Body."

The grazing products of Ohio were said by a youngster to be cows and swains. A little 8 year old had been spoken to several times about using tobacco and the teacher began to lose patience when passing him one day she again smelled tobacco.

The boy was asked to step into the cloakroom and a moment later the teacher came in and said: "Show me how much tobacco you have."

"I ain't got a bit, sure." The teacher gave him a lecture as seriously as she knew how to. In the middle of the scolding the boy slid one hand into his pocket and raised the other for permission to speak.

The teacher rested and holding up a handful he asked, "How did you know I had it?" "Oh, a little bird came and told me that it was there; and now if you will put it in the coal bucket you may go to your desk."

"Do you care if I keep it and give it to my father? I won't chew it." "But you have broken your word so many times that I don't know whether you will or not."

"Wouldn't that bird tell on me?" The teacher explained that there was no bird connected with it; that she smelled tobacco and knew that he had it.

The child seemed utterly incredulous and promised never to touch tobacco again, and for some time at least he kept his word.

"Charity seldom don't sit on her house in cold velvet," says Carl Prezel.

Teacher—"Correct the sentence. 'The liquor which the man bought was drunk.'" Smart Boy—"The man which bought the liquor was drunk."

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Elsie Ainslie, a Victim of Social Wrong, by Caroline Lee Hentz, Sarah L. McCracken, scribe. pp. 108. Price, 25 cents; postage, 2 cents.

The History of Jesus and the Mythical Genesis and Typology of Equinoctial Christianity, by Gerald Massey. This book is written to show the identity of Christianity with the astrological myths of Egypt. The evidence is taken from the monuments of Egypt and from the Egyptian "Book of the Dead."

Gerald Massey proves irrefragably that Christianity is a borrowed cult from the ancient Egyptian religion. pp. 230. Paper 50 cents; cloth, 75 cents; postage, 8 cents.

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THIS PAPER may be FOUND at F. ROWELL & CO.'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau 110 Spruce Street, New York, contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

MEETINGS. Secretaries of Societies are Respectfully Requested to Send us Brief Reports of their Meetings.—Ed. B. W.

Cincinnati, Ohio. The Society of Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati, hold meetings at G. A. Hall, 115 W. Sixth street, every Sunday morning at 10:30, and Sunday evening at 7:45; also Wednesday evening of each week, to which all are made welcome.

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

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

Boston, Mass. 1031 WASHINGTON STREET.—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday. Private sances for members only, first Friday in each month. Public meetings every Friday evening at 7:45. Mrs. B. D. Torrey, Secretary.

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

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall. Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Richard Holmes, President; Albert F. Ring, Secretary; O. L. Rockwood, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Exeter streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will commence its public lectures every Sunday at 3 p. m. The Temple Fraternity School for children meets at 10:30 a. m.; afternoon services at 5:45, and Wednesday evening social at 7:45.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA ASSOCIATION, LADIES' AID PARLORS, 1031 Washington street—Sunday meetings at 7:45 and 7:30 p. m. Solicits correspondence from mediums everywhere, through whom interesting phenomena may occur, suitable for a public platform. J. H. Lewis, Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10:30 a. m., 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. Eben Cobb, Conductor. EAGLE HALL, 216 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays, at 2 and 7:45 p. m.; also Wednesdays at 8 p. m. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Dr. E. H. Mathews, Chairman.

Berkeley Hall, Berkeley street.—The First Independent Club holds lectures every Sunday at 3 p. m. Mr. Gerald Massey will lecture Nov. 11 and 18—his theme on the first-mentioned date being "Man in search of his soul." F. V. Fuller, Secretary.

Wells Memorial Hall, 987 Washington street.—The Independent Club meets every Wednesday at 2 p. m. Sances for members only, first Friday in each month, at 6 p. m., followed by entertainment. W. W. Fletcher, Grand Master; Mrs. Ada Simmons, Treasurer; F. V. Fuller, Secretary.

Ladies Aid Parlor, 1031 Washington street—Sundays at 7:45 and 7:30 p. m. F. W. Mathews, Conductor. America Hall, 724 Washington street.—Services each Sunday. Dr. W. A. Hale, Chairman.

Chelsea—Spiritualist Meetings are held in Pilgrim Hall, 934 Fellows Building, each Sunday evening, at 7:45 o'clock. Mishawum Hall, City Square, Charlestown.—Mediums' meeting Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45 p. m. Dr. Mark Smith, Chairman.

Cambridgeport.—Meetings are held every Sunday evening at 8:00 Fellows' Hall, 548 Main street. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

New York, N. Y. The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 219 West 43rd street, New York City, on each alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. All Spiritualists are cordially invited to become connected with the Alliance—either as a resident or non-resident member—and to take an active part in its work.

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

Nelson Cross, President. J. F. JEANREY, Secretary, 43 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Columbia Hall, 878 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th streets.—People's Spiritual meeting. Services every Sunday at 2:45 and 7:45 p. m. Mediums and speakers always present. F. W. Jones, Conductor.

Arcanum Hall, 47 West 55th street, N. E. corner 6th Avenue.—Meetings of the Progressive Spiritualists are held every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:45. Reliable speakers and test mediums always present in spirit phenomena gifts. Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn, Conductor.

Ashabi Hall, corner 22d street and 7th Avenue.—First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Admission free. A General Conference will be held every Monday evening at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Morrell.

Newark, N. J. The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7 o'clock at 139 Congress street. Mrs. G. Dor, Secretary.

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. T. J. Ambrosia, President.

Cleveland. CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1—Meets every Sunday at 10:45 a. m., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Liberals earnestly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend.

FRANK RICHARD CARLETON, Conductor. Spiritualist meetings, Memorial Hall, 170 Superior street. Every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Speaker for November, J. Clegg Wright; December, Mrs. Edie Power; January, Walter Howell; February, J. Frank Baxter; March, J. J. Morse. Children's Lyceum every Sunday at 10:45 a. m. Richard Carleton, Conductor. Friends and public cordially invited.

The Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Good Temple, Hall, 485 Pearl street. Public invited.

Toledo, O. First Alliance of Progressives Thought meet every Sunday in Clark's Hall, Cherry street. President, J. B. J. non, 2018 Locust street; Secretary, W. M. Smith, 949 Dor street.

Chicago, Ill. Avenue Hall, 159 22d street. Children's Lyceum Sunday, at 1:30 p. m. Spiritualists and Mediums' Meeting, 3 p. m. Mediums' sances, first and third Tuesday evenings. Society Sociables, second and fourth Tuesdays in each month.

The Young People's Progressive Society of Chicago, hold services Sunday morning and evening in their hall, 134 Wabash Avenue and 22d street, at 10:30 and 7:45. The best speakers and mediums are always engaged.

Peoples' Spiritual Society meets at 116 Fifth Ave. every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. All are made welcome who visit Chicago. G. L. S. JENNER, Pres.

Detroit, Mich. Fraternity Hall, corner State Street and Park Place. Meetings held every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. ANNETTE DAY, Manager.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Johnston Building, Flatbush Avenue, corner of Nevins street.—Brooklyn Progressive Spiritual Conference every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Troy, N. Y. Progressive Spiritual Association No. 2, meets at Star Hall, corner of Third and Fulton streets, (entrance on Fulton) every Sunday.

Albany, N. Y. First Spiritualist meeting, in Van Vechten Hall, 115 State street (first floor), every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Admission free. Ladies Aid meets at the same place every Friday at 8 p. m.; supper served at 6 p. J. D. Chien, Jr., Secretary.

Brockton, N. Y. First Spiritualist Ladies Aid Hall, Bay State Block 57 Centre street, Meets every Wednesday at 7 p. m. Sundays, lectures at 7 p. m. Mrs. M. G. Fletcher, Pres. Brockton Spiritual Instructive League at 1:15 p. m. every Sunday. T. H. Loring, Conductor.

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PERSONAL.

Dr. S. S. Baldwin is the only authorized agent in the city to solicit subscriptions and advertisements for THE BETTER WAY.

Movements of Mediums. [All announcements and notices under this head must be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.

Mary L. French is open for engagements for 1889.

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

G. W. Kates will lecture and give tests during the month of November in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Frank T. Ripley is lecturing and giving tests to large and enthusiastic audiences at Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. T. J. Lewis, seance and test medium, 35 Harrison Ave., Boston, will answer calls in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Sallie C. Scoville, psychometric reader and test medium, has now taken parlors at 115 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

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

Miss Josephine Webster, Trance and Platform Test Medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park Street, Chelsea, Mass.

Dr. Delavan De Voe, the renowned automatic slate writer and magnetic healer, is now located at 205 W. Fourteenth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Sallie Scoville, the well-known psychometric reader is again in the city and can be found at No. 115 Olive Street, St. Louis Mo.

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

Frank T. Ripley, trance lecturer and platform test medium, is open for engagements for the months of December and January next. Address him in care Banner of Light, Boston.

Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, Slate-Writer, is now at his home, Rockville Centre, N. Y., devoting his personal attention to the development, through his pamphlet by mail, of mediumship throughout the country.

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 906 Sixth Avenue, New York.

Dr. J. E. Mikesell, trance, clairvoyant, and independent slate-writing medium, has returned to Cincinnati and permanently located at No. 328 Race Street, where he will be pleased to see his friends and the general public.

Dr. Dean Clarke, a veteran worker and one of our most eloquent inspirational speakers desires immediate engagements for the winter months. Let all who want an energetic and highly-endowed spiritual teacher send for him. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the well-known slate writing medium who spent the summer at Cassadaga Camp, has returned to Boston, to pursue his studies in the Monroe College of Oratory. He is now located at 566 Columbus Avenue, and will devote a portion of his time, afternoons, to the exercise of his gifts as a medium.

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., on the third Tuesday of November until January 1889. Address No. 4 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Mr. Fletcher accepts engagements in New England only.

Mrs. Ada Foye, the distinguished platform test medium, of San Francisco, is to occupy the Spiritual rostrum in Cleveland during the month of December. Friends in the surrounding towns, wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, can negotiate for her services on week evenings by addressing Thos. Lees, 105 Cross Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan is now ready to make engagements for camp work in the months of July and August, '89. She may be addressed at South Framingham, Mass. During the month of April and half of May, '89, she will speak on Sundays in Ohio, and will engage to speak week days and evenings of this period at points in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, giving a course of six lectures at a place, as she is now doing in New England, or a less number, as may be desired, at moderate charge. Regarding such engagements she respectfully solicits correspondence.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS.

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

A. Willis, materialization, No. 19 Broadway.

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

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

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

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

Mrs. Stewart, Trumpet and Independent Slate Writing. 10 Addison Street.

Mrs. Anna Owsen, Independent Slate Writer. 454 West Eighth Street.

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

Joseph Schweinberger, Trumpet Medium, No. 3 Corwin Street, between McMillen and Walnut.

S. S. Baldwin, Magnetic Healer and Developing Medium. 34 East Sixth Street.

Little Testimonials.

"In union there is strength." It is the same with "Union Vinegar," made by Messrs. S. W. & G. C. Jennings, whose firm is styled in the Union Vinegar Co., and whose location is at 47-59 Canal Street. They are distillers of wine and elder vinegars of best quality, and manufacturers of sweet and crab apple table sauces, catsup and French mustard. Their goods are of standard strength and quality, and as staple in this market as flour and pork.

Kline's Ink is the best writing fluid for counting-house use of which we have any knowledge. For many years it has been used in the public schools of Cincinnati, and is largely endorsed by business men everywhere. Manufactured in this city by C. A. Aiken, who bottles it for the trade and supplies orders by the gallon or barrel.

Millersville, Mo.

To the Editor of The Better Way. Notwithstanding I see in the last issue of THE BETTER WAY a brief statement of an eight days meeting at this place, conducted by our earnest workers in the field of Spiritualism, Brother Kates and wife, we would ask a little further space in your valuable paper, to state a few facts which, in our judgment, is justly due our kind friends and earnest workers mentioned above.

Not, however, that we expect anything we may be enabled to say would add to their reputation as workers in the cause of Spiritualism where they are known, but in the Western country where the harvest is ready and the laborers are indeed few; we would hope to be instrumental at least of introducing them.

Brother Kates and wife came among us at a time when—from causes not necessary to mention here—Spiritualism in our vicinity had become somewhat demoralized. But such was the interest awakened in the cause, through their earnest and untiring efforts, that many who treated us with cold indifference at the beginning, before the meeting closed came to the front and readily responded with the material aid to assist in defraying the expenses of the meeting.

But to those of us who had the pleasure of being present and hearing the forcible lectures and witnessing the convulsing tests, nothing would seem more natural than that a sensible and reasoning people should at once rally to the standard and support of a cause in such perfect harmony with all the noblest sympathizing and highest aspirations of the human soul.

Brother Kates is an inspirational speaker, going into the rostrum without notes or any previous preparation whatever, and is forcible and convincing in style, never at a loss for ideas nor for language to express them—a natural orator and logician.

Brother Kates is a trance speaker and platform test medium. Her guides generally lecturing from subjects presented by the audience, and are usually handled in a way to convince any unprejudiced mind that there is indeed a power behind the throne.

Her psychometric readings and clairvoyant descriptions were acknowledged correct in nearly every particular. Quite a number for the moment seemed to entertain doubts, but on reflection pronounced them correct.

We ask space merely to record one among a number of descriptions of spirits that were fully recognized.

This one she described as being the spirit of a man who had been shot in the knee while in the Southern army, and died from the effects of the wound. Stating further that there was a gentleman present who would recognize the spirit, and after giving full descriptions urged him to do so, and thereby relieving her from the intense suffering brought about through a psychical influence of the spirit.

The gentleman rose at once and stated that he had been associated with a man in the Southern army of that description, and that the particulars were all correct.

In conclusion we would state that Mr. and Mrs. Kates are not iconoclasts in their work, but seem to be inclined to utilize all the good there is in all religions.

Whilst they zealously claim Spiritualism to be superior to all other forms of religion, still they seem to entertain a kind and charitable feeling toward all who are honestly and earnestly combating ignorance and superstition everywhere, claiming these to be the great banishing stones in the path of life and doubtless those reforms and systems of reform that will most effectively remove those impediments and obstructions in life's pathway, will, in the near future, be recognized the greatest benefactors of mankind.

Their leading aim seems to be to place Spiritualism fully before the people, explaining its philosophy and teaching in a way that none need fail to understand.

A few words to our Spiritualist friends in the South and West. We cannot afford to do without such workers in the cause of Spiritualism. Mr. W. Kates and wife, and the only way to keep them is to give them employment. Could we not through the columns of THE BETTER WAY perfect an arrangement to give them an efficient mission work to keep them all the while in the field. This we think could be easily done through a united and co-operative effort, and that, too, at a much less expense than for each individual Society to act separate and alone.

However, I only wished to make the suggestion at this time, hoping that some abler pen will take it up and carry the work to completion.

What say you, Spiritualist friends, of St. Louis, Kansas City, Springfield, Topeka, Kansas, and many other places scattered over the South and West. Let us hear from you.

November 8, 1888.

Reported for The Better Way.

Temple Fraternity School, Boston.

SUNDAY, NOV. 11.—The Temple Fraternity School convened this morning at the usual hour. The exercises were varied and interesting. After the opening hymn the invocation was given by the guides of Mrs. Miller, of Cambridge. She afterward addressed the school under influence of spirit Theodore Parker, who had many good words to give; he also expressed himself as being much interested in the school, pledging his assistance and co-operation in the work. Mr. Danforth then read appropriate selections from the Lyceum Educator, after which the children were called to give what they had prepared upon the object lesson. That of to-day being "Truth," several of the little ones recited short pieces that were nicely rendered and in accord with the lesson. Each did well and evinced an interest in their part of the exercises.

After singing a familiar hymn Miss Grogorer spoke a few words upon the value of absolute truthfulness of character, warning the children against the foolish habit of exaggeration, that is easy to acquire and so hard to overcome.

At the close of her remarks, Mr. F. W. Gregory addressed the school. She spoke of the beauty of wisdom, love, justice, charity and truth, these being the object lessons since the opening of the school. He gave the colors that were symbolic of love, wisdom, and truth, and explained to the children the way in which to remember these gracious attributes by their colors, the white, the red, the blue, which they could see in nature, placed there by nature's God. His little talk was much enjoyed by the older ones, and I have no doubt by the children also.

Mr. Randall then spoke at some length on the subject of truth, and its value as a basis of character. As it is the object and aim of the school to familiarize the children with the phenomena of Spiritualism, as well as to teach them its truths.

Mr. Ayer invited the clairvoyant mediums present to speak of any vision that had been presented to them during the morning. In compliance with the request, Mrs. Shattuck described the spirit of our arisen sister, Miss Rogers, who was with us in spirit form last Sunday at this time, but who passed away quite suddenly the same evening. Mrs. Shattuck told the children that she heard the spirit speak before she saw her, explaining to them that this was clairaudience, or hearing with the spirit ear. Another clairvoyant saw the room filled with spirit children.

The exercises were closed with the reading by Mr. Danforth of short selections calculated to elevate and inspire. After the closing prayer, the benediction was pronounced by the guides of Mrs. Miller. The school was then dismissed to meet next Sunday at 10:30 A. M.—The object lesson for the day was Spiritualism.

MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL.

Boston Notes.

Mrs. R. S. Little before the Boston Spiritual Temple Sunday, spoke on the "Fox-Kane toe-joint exposure," and handled Mrs. Margaret without gloves, declaring that after forty years of humbuggery, it was rather late in the day to say that she had been compelled to play the part of a trickster. Mrs. Little was listened to with great attention and repeatedly applauded. She continued her story till about 11:30, to be followed by Mrs. Colby-Luther, who is without doubt one of the most radical and pronounced speakers upon the spiritual platform.

W. J. Colville lectured under the auspices of the Independent Club on Sunday. "Is marriage a failure?" was the subject, and he handled the theme in an able and concise manner. The hall was crowded to repletion, and he was frequently applauded. Mr. Colville has few, if any, superiors on the spiritual rostrum. He will probably return to Boston early in '89.

Mrs. Ada Foye met with flattering success during her stay in Boston, and she could have been kept busy for many months had she chosen to remain.

Mrs. Hatfield Staro, the recently developed materializing medium, is meeting with fine success under the management of G. T. Albro, who for so long conducted the affairs of the Berry Sisters.

The Independent Club resumed its weekly meetings in Wells Memorial Hall, 97 Washington Street, on Wednesday at 2 p. m. Mr. Colville gave the opening address on the "Higher aspects of Spiritualism," which was listened to with profound attention. He said in the course of his remarks, "I have lectured in Boston under every form of management nearly, but never have I passed so pleasant an hour as while appearing under the auspices of the Independent Club." He was presented with a fine, plush-covered volume, entitled "The Welcome Book," a beautiful Christmas gift, after a warm handshaking, took the train for Denver, where he is to lecture on Sunday. In the evening addresses were made by John Wm. Fletcher, Dr. J. C. Street, Mrs. Rich, Mrs. Lu, and Mr. A. G. Upton, the boy medium. Mrs. Rich will give the next seance on Wednesday at 2 p. m. An account of the meetings will appear in THE BETTER WAY each week.

W. A. Mansfield, the slate writer who created such a furor at Cassadaga Lake, is in Boston for the winter at the school of oratory. About the only way that mediums will be able to defy the Doctor's law, is to go to work and get a medical education as Mrs. J. J. Wm. Fletcher has done. Fuller and others have done. Then no amount of talk can affect the medium healer. The only way to circumvent the enemy is through intelligence. In that will be found the only hope of our cause. Mrs. Eugenia Beste is in Philadelphia, but, after visiting Washington, will probably return to Boston for the winter.

Gerald Massey delivered his first lecture in America in Boston before the Independent Club November 11th, subject, "Man in search of his soul." Mr. Massey kept silent for fifteen years, and is now prepared to speak with the confidence of a veteran lecturer. He will pass the winter in Call Point, address for November care John Wm. Fletcher, 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

AMUSEMENTS.

Hecks. Commencing next Sunday afternoon, H. Grattan Donnelly's latest effort in a laughter-provoking way, "Fashions," will hold forth at Hecks. One of the many stars announced in the cast is Arlie Latham, the St. Louis base ball player, who appears in a prominent role and is said to be as comical in it as ever he was on the green diamond. The Baltimore American says of the play and players: "A new satire on society, called 'Fashions,' was given at the Holiday Street Theatre last night before a brilliant audience. The play is by H. Grattan Donnelly, author of 'Natural Gas,' which proved so successful last season. 'Fashions' is a decided improvement upon Mr. Donnelly's first effort. His dialogue is full of wit and sparkle, and there is just enough plot in it to make it interesting. Every opportunity is given for the introduction of songs and funny sayings, all of which are, for the most part, in the line of popular comedy by a company of first-class comedians, among them the Irwin Sisters, George Murphy, the Jerome and Charles Seamon. These artists are favorably known in Baltimore, especially Miss May, who is a brilliant comedienne. She is a vivacious young comedienne, whose quaint little mannerisms and melodious voice please everybody. Her future should be very bright. Her clever partner is Miss Hilda Thomas, who rendered, by special request, and in a charming manner, 'Sally in our Alley.' Her other selections were also well received. Charles and Ella Jerome, the latter having contributed to the success of the play, as did George Murphy and Charles Seamon. Murphy is a German comedian of rare ability, and was formerly associated with the popular variety performer named Shannon; while Seamon will be remembered as a minstrel favorite. The rest of the cast is much above the average."

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Speakers and Mediums.

Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates NOVEMBER: Walter Howell. DECEMBER: Mrs. E. A. Wells. FEBRUARY: Mrs. N. T. Brigham. MARCH: Mrs. J. C. Street, Cincinnati. APRIL: Jennie B. Hagan. MAY: Edgar W. Emerson. JUNE: Edgar W. Emerson.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE BETTER WAY can be found on sale by the following news-dealers: Hopkins & John—162 Vine Street, City. J. F. Jones—272 Vine Street, City. H. Watkins—26 Longworth Street, City. A. Willis—10 and 21 Broadway, City. Prof. John Lyon—188 Richmond St. City.

J. Wm. Fletcher—6 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. Colby & Rich—9 Bosworth Street Boston. Brentano Brothers—5 Union Square, New York City. J. B. Westervelt—712 Seventh Avenue, New York City. S. D. Greene—132 Jefferson Ave., Brooklyn, New York. Dr. J. H. Rhodes—722 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia. Chas. McDonald & Co.—55 Washington Street, Chicago. E. E. Slocum—409 Randolph St., Chicago, Ills. Brentano Bros., 101 State St., Chicago, Illinois. E. T. Jett—302 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Thos. McAbay—727 Twelfth Street, Louisville, Ky. Geo. Ellis—11 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La. Thos. Lees—142 Ontario Street, Cleveland, O. Edwards & Mercer—10 W. First Street, Los Angeles, California. Thompson & Sweet, Arkadelphia, Ark. John Lang—221 Main Street, Memphis, Tenn. Chas. H. Fisher, 211 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

Testimonial.

Dimebox, Texas, June 18, 1888. DR. R. P. FELLOWS.

Dear Sir—Accept my thanks for the good you remedy has done me. I was almost ruined by a severe cold, but after using the External Application I have been improving every day, and can now truthfully say that I am a new man. Wishing you the success you rightly deserve, I remain, Respectfully Yours, J. L. P.

REMARKS.—When such testimony as the above is given, none should doubt that I have one of the greatest of known remedies (given to me from the spirit world) for the cure of men suffering from Nervous Debility, as the result of youthful errors and excesses.

DR. FELLOWS.

A Medium's Social.

More than a hundred ladies and gentlemen responded to the call for a Medium's Social, held in Mr. A. Willis's public room on Broadway. The meeting was opened by words from the venerable Dr. Wm. Rose, of Louisville. Many others gave startling facts in reference to the phase of materialization they had witnessed through the organism of Mr. A. Willis.

One lady was controlled by spirit John Morris, said spirit telling of the melancholy of his medium since the recent "Fletcher" exposure. Friends present testified by a personal experience to the genuineness of materialization through Mr. Willis. During the narration the noise of tin horns, or trumpets, was heard, also the rattling of paper, and faint taps in the cabinet. Mr. Willis was seated outside of it, and the curtains were drawn when he was called upon to speak.

After three hours demonstration of gratitude to Mr. Willis for his honesty and perseverance, those assembled dispersed with regret, and cheer for him before leaving his cabinet well examined, and a sheet of paper found on the floor, with the following message thereon:

KIND FRIENDS, ONE AND ALL; many loved ones are present, and heard your experience with delight. And it is the hope and wish of us that are on the other side that you may stand firm in the defense of this truth.

Your opponents are the cunning of paper, and unless you stand firm it will require many years to recover the ground the enemies of truth are seeking to destroy.

We, the control of Willis, keenly feel the opposition, which is partly due to the recent exposure of Fletcher, the impostor. The press, as well as priestcraft, are making desperate efforts to wipe out this truth; and it requires the combined effort of believers to hold the fort against such strong foes. If this is done in time the cause will prosper. And once we have this power the world will be a different place. Good-bye to all.

N. B.—The writer, a clairvoyant, while riding home in a street car that night, saw a tall spirit form of a large man, in loose white robes, with red cap (a cardinal), who spoke in English expression, as he extended his arms toward her.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe again spoke for this Society. The first question given was "Why is it thought has its effect the same as a blow?" Why should it not? Thought is a manifestation of mental energy. As this energy is communicated, it may be felt as forcibly as a blow. Though this is not felt between persons unless their atoms are attuned, John L. Sullivan would hardly depend upon his thoughts in his pugilistic encounters. Why are not mediums always able to give names correctly? All persons are not equally developed in language. Some mediums may be able to receive the impressions of words when they are connected with thoughts, but to them mere arbitrary names may be very difficult to catch. In reading a letter which is bunglingly written, if you come to a name you do not recognize, it is very difficult to decipher, whereas there may be half a dozen words equally obscure, but you readily decipher them from their relation to the rest.

Mr. Howe then led up to two more questions, "The physical, mental and spiritual relations of man and their development," and "Man's relations to the planetary systems." This latter question, he said, could not be fully answered, because the world could not understand it, but that there was, no doubt, from facts already known to astronomers, that these relations were closer than we are yet aware of. A poem on these subjects of unusual spiritual fervor, given in the evening Mr. Howe spoke upon the subject, "Why is God, and where is the utility of contemplating him?"

The meeting for manifestations in the afternoon, opened by Mr. Henry J. Newton. He discussed the subject of mediums and mediumship as connected with his own personal experiences. Dr. Lawrence said that the physical, mental and spiritual relations of man and their development, and "Man's relations to the planetary systems." This latter question, he said, could not be fully answered, because the world could not understand it, but that there was, no doubt, from facts already known to astronomers, that these relations were closer than we are yet aware of. A poem on these subjects of unusual spiritual fervor, given in the evening Mr. Howe spoke upon the subject, "Why is God, and where is the utility of contemplating him?"

Something New and Pleasing.

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Peoples.

Next Monday afternoon, at the Peoples Theatre, Frank J. Frayne presents his charming drama, "Mardo, the Hunter." Mr. Frayne is too old and favorably known to need any comment upon his sterling qualities as an actor. He has been before the public for years, and at every visit he pays a city, the community are always assured of a performance of the first quality. The play "Mardo," is also known. It has been produced here several times by Mr. Frayne, to the great favor. It deals with the life of a husband, unbeloved but loving; his following of his wife to Russia, where both are banished to Siberia by an edict of the Czar; their sufferings there and their final escape by the intervention of the American Minister, while the wife turns from her former ways, requites Mardo for his pain and suffering, her foolishness has cost him by reproaching his love. Throughout the play runs a most happy comedy vein, while the surrounding characters of the Czar, the American, etc., live out their incidents with the greatest interest and help in the rapid brilliancy of the performance. The company has been quoted as extraordinarily fine, in fact, one of the best that has ever been seen in this city. The question of acceptable presentation is settled. Incidentally, and to enhance the climaxes of the performance, Mr. Frayne introduces together in the play a pair of civillities; two trained bears; two hyenas; his acting dogs and horses. "Taken as entirely," the Baltimore American says, "Mardo is a play that teaches a great lesson, and is so judiciously presenting the vices, and no one could more profitably spend an evening than with it."

Des Moines, Iowa.

Dear Sir—I received your Melted Pobble Spectacles, and, on using them, I found them to be simply perfection.

MRS. MATTIE E. HULL.

Or in any State.

We learn that Miss Jennie Hagan has been engaged to attend the Mount Pleasant Park Campmeeting next year. She is a good lecturer, a fine poetess, and the busiest woman in the field. She will please the old boys and girls in the Hawkeye State.—(New Thought.)

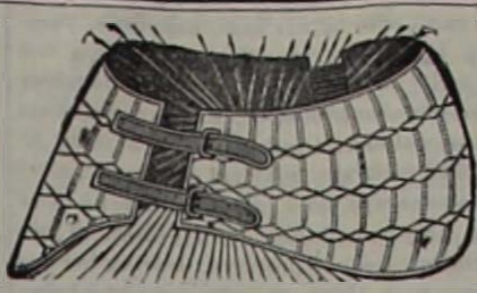
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DR. FELLOWS.



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The belt will make you warm, strong, vigorous and happy. Do not waste time with expensive entangling remedies. Our Magnetic Belt will restore vigorous health and relieve every form of disease. Thousands of people who have worn them tell us money would not purchase the Shields if they could not get others. The Belt is one of the best and most powerful Shields we manufacture. If you wish more light on this subject, send for our book. We will send you a new life for every man or woman who wears it. In no other department of nature can there be found such health and life-giving potency as these Magnetic Belts and other Shields impart. Every person who wears this belt prizes it above every curative principle ever applied before.

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SPIRIT MESSAGES.

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

1.

am Annie McGinnis; I was a medium; I seek communication with Daniel, my beloved husband. Now, Daniel, you should know that I am with you, and husband, I'll send you a private letter full of instruction about the child. Tell the gentle mother to have a care; loving ministry can alone cure that fault. Daniel, mother sends much love, and do you remember George M.? he says it was a long time, but you'll remember him. I do; he was connected with the happy days of our marriage. Daniel, give that to your earth wife. You know what I mean, and tell her Annie sent it. Bless you forever.

2.

I am Martha Abbott; I come to my husband, a frequent contributor to your paper. Now, dear one, we all unite in sending you greeting. I am moving right onward, and oh blessed knowledge I can uplift you as I move. Our Nephew desires to send you greeting earthward, and our friend T. P. says he comes very close to you, and impresses thoughts. Do not be discouraged, you are doing good.

3.

How remarkable! how wonderful! here I am, after so many years, when I was blown over into eternity! coming back and writing a message to my sister. Dear sister, tell Calvin, Susie wants a greeting from him. Oh, darling, it was a noisy time, but how I did treasure your last letter. Do you remember it? and the things the folks sent me? Indeed, home was the first thing I thought of when I found I wasn't dead. I can tell you we are the same over here; we don't die. I'm the same Joe that left you. Now, God bless you all.

4.

My name is Muzzy, and my niece is anxious about me. Now, I am happy; I have seen Mary; she sends you love. The first to greet me was my father and mother. The little one says, "tell mamma I'm growing nicely; I'm a big girl. Old Aunt Fanny wants to send her love to the lady who lives next door to you; please tell her. This is the message." I assure you, thankfulness was my first state on waking, when I knew that I would be freed from that old worn out body.

5.

My name is Finley; and Mrs. Binkley, I know they said many things about how I died. Excesses were the first cause and enlargement of the vessels of the heart the last cause, I think. That is the last that I remember. It seems to me that my mind was a blank for a long time, and when I came to myself in the spirit land it was long before I could pull myself together. Mrs. Binkley, I am very much obliged to you and your husband for being so good at that time. I hope I may be happier, but I've got a good many things to be sorry for; you all know that as well as I do. Please help me to be happy.

6.

I'm Dick; I rejoiced in the euphonious name of Richard, as I wasn't a euphony, my parents thought it best to call me Dick. Now, I am sure that my father, Mr. P., is looking too far for character if he expects it from me. Let me tell you, sir, I'm the same old Dick that went over. I'm blooming snug as a bug in a rug. I'm often sorry that I can't give you any more hay-downs in your house. Oh, father, how tired you got of them! Tell little Sis she ain't so glad to get rid of me after all. I've seen my dear old aunt, and a great many other people, father, belonging to you. This is a place, I tell you; nothing I know could compare to it. Some day I'll come back, "Richard P.," with all the manly dignity you wanted me to possess in this life, but I won't do it this time.

7.

Received Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Pearce.

I am Julia Ann Proctor; I was born in Hebron, Maine, in 1816. Married Joseph Benson when I was about nineteen years old. At thirty-two years of age I moved to Hainesville, O., by horse team, where my husband died a few years later. Then after a few years of widowhood I married James Proctor, with whom I lived a few years till we took a notion to go to Missouri (then a new country) by sailing down the Ohio in a small new steam boat—the name of the boat I forgot—when, without warning, the boiler exploded, and we, boat and all, went to the bottom, where the steamer and our bodies and effects now lie well buried in mud. We were unexpectedly left, but we were not killed, as supposed. Oh, no, we arose like birds and floated off—we hardly knew how or why then, but now through the blessed unfolding of the spiritual philosophy, we know a little about it; hence seeing the medial light shining so diffusely and brilliant have been drawn or rather found myself in the sphere of the illumination with a crowd of other spirits, all seeking the heavenly kingdom of knowledge and opportunity to let ourselves be known to mortality. The likeness of the spiritual state to the mortal or earthly is in no way alike. Mortals being born in the spiritual find themselves greatly mistified how to act, and what to do, so different it is. As to happiness and to misery, there is not, as far as I know, any such misery here

as earth affords. It is all happiness, varying in degrees, according to wisdom and capacity of the spirit. I have a daughter living in Zanerzille, O., who knows about these matters. Send paper to Martha A. Adams and she may get my message. I hope she will, for I long to comfort her, as she has had trouble lately—death of her husband, loss of property, leaving her (as I see) with three children, poor and helpless for means to live. Her health is very poor. I shall go from here to her, and she will know of my presence, for I shall let her know I am with her; also influence her to go to the post-office, etc. I am enjoying myself very much since I got out of troubles and cares of earth. We can and do live as spirits without meddling with such matters of earth affairs, except occasionally. Thanks to the medium, and my love to all Spiritualists and earth friends. Good bye.

Ha! Ha! Me Mer-on-a-wa-was, or as um you white braves call me, Fire Haird Red Jacket. Me cum like um as the waters run down hill, rushing along. Me be brave chief of many sannaps and squaws. They be plenty here as the leaves that fall off the trees, the Great Spirit make lock so pretty. Me see and know about your great talk-um leaf, [newspaper.] Red-skin learn to read the spirit side of it. Me was with the brave Tecumseh, when the white-face send shot at Me was near him. White-face etal red-skin's land way from them. They make lie scratches, cheat no-know-much Indian. Great Spirit will curse them with many evils to pay. They now—white-faces—trying to steal much red-skin's land. White-face strong—lie much—got yellow dust—no care what they do. The Great Spirit know how bad they are. Can't cheat the spirit live all about. Fashions the trees, and grasses and flowers and all we see grow. Is in the clouds and storms, fills the earth full of great knowledge and goes where sparks the light way overhead (the stars) with much to help Indian hunt and fish and do all his actions. Poor red-skin go all about. He come here with white squaw, meet scratchum last. Me most done. Me kiss my hand to all who see me, many white and red braves. We come scratch words here, let know red-skin lives and is the A-B-C of light that dawns to mortals. He be on the natural plane, meets nature in pale-face to make light to shine so the pale-face can come. Good me go.

William Worth to C. C. Stowell.

Dear Brother in the work of giving spiritual light to mortals: I have been in the sphere of all life about six years. You was a brother Odd Fellow, and one as I always liked, as I do now. I have visited you very often through the mediumship of Mrs. Stowell, perhaps, however, you have never recognized me, as sometimes it is very hard for some spirits to give tests that will be recognized. I am content and happy as a spirit of my capacity can well be. I was always full of my fun and making remarks which sometimes gave offense. I was a carpenter by trade; was about forty-six years of age when born to the spirit state—left a wife and two small children, a boy and a girl, to battle with earth. We resided in a little house, back from Blisket-street a little way. Wife and children live there now; they are hard put to it to get along; have to push along most any way, they work at the shoemaking business. I am at home with them most of the time. Try to encourage them all I can. I used to go about doing carpenter's jobs, logging my tools upon my back. It was a hard business. I took a bad cold, at the time of a great flood trying to do all the good in my power and after a few months of great destitution and suffering came to this state of being; where I am now happy compared to what my earth life was. I was a Protestant, and am now. Religions are only for earth. Their results amount to nothing but evil, or discomfort here. Discomfort because the expectations of believers are not found to be here. Do find and assist my dear wife and family if you can. Hope I have made no mistakes. Yours in Love and Fraternity.

A Dead Man That Ate Bread and Drank Wine—The Awakening.

An elderly gentleman residing in the Rue Rochecouart, Paris, who was supposed to be dead, has suddenly come to life. He has a nephew in Paris, who being duly informed of his demise on Sunday, repaired at once to the house with his wife to keep watch with the mortal remains of his uncle until they should be borne to their last resting place. On Monday evening, as the lady was tired, her husband sent her to the drawing room to take some repose on a sofa; and a servant having placed some wine and bread on a table, he threw himself into a chair and went soundly to sleep. On awakening at four in the morning he found that the bottle of wine was half empty! Becoming alarmed, he went to his wife in the drawing room, roused her and told her what had happened. She returned to the bed-room with him, but the pair had hardly reached the door when they heard a noise. They paused on the threshold and to their consternation, a voice bade them not to be afraid but to come in. The husband entered the room, but soon rushed out with his hair standing on end. He had seen his uncle's ghost. The old man was sitting enveloped in a sheet, on the side of his bed. The supposed corpse had the most difficulty in getting his panic-stricken relatives to understand that he was not dead after all. "I am alive!" he re-

peated, adding that the preparations for his funeral had not escaped his notice. He had been in a lethargy, and, waking, had helped himself to the broth which had done him good. Hearing some one approaching he had jumped into bed, as he was anxious not to cause any alarm; but Richard was himself again. He felt perfectly recovered, and certainly on closer examination the uncle's appearance by no means belied his words. The refreshments had come in most opportunely to restore him, and he was much pleased with the affectionate attention which his relatives had shown him after his supposed departure from this world, every thing was soon made happy and comfortable all around. The doctor of the Quarter has not yet officially confirmed the demise of the worthy uncle, who seems to have taken a new lease of life.—[St. James Gazette.

After Many Years.

How Thomas Jeffries Found A \$100 Subscription at the Bank.

The coming removal of that ancient institution, the Boatmen's Savings Bank, from Second street to the hum and traffic of Washington avenue, just west of the big bridge's mouth, has awakened recollections of the early finances of St. Louis and the time when its banks were few in number. Alluding to its changes wrought in local architecture and in local institutions, than which no more striking may be noted than this same classic pile the Boatmen's directors are about to rear, Theophile Papin, the real estate agent, remarked reminiscently: "It was some years ago that a man entered the bank on Second street with a somewhat diffident air, and looked inquiringly about him, as one not quite positive of his bearings. He scrutinized the building closely, looked about the interior and presently found his way to the cashier's desk.

"There used to be a bank here in the old times," he said, "called the Boatmen's Saving Institution. I suppose it is dead long ago; this bank, of course, has nothing to do with it?" "It is the same bank," replied the cashier, "only the name is a little changed."

"Ah!" exclaimed the stranger with surprise. "Well, when the old institution started I was one of the first subscribers, but I only put in \$100. I reckon, after so many ups and downs, that must have been wiped out long ago?" "Who are you?" the cashier asked, and "what is your name?" "My name is Jeffries."

"Thos. Jeffries," cried the cashier. "Yes, they called me Tom then." "Where have you been, Mr. Jeffries, these long years, and why haven't you written us?" "In California, and of course, I thought the \$100 was a dead duck, and its only your sign that called me in now."

"Well, Mr. Jeffries, if you have been idle," said the cashier, taking down and opening a great folio, "your \$100 has not; here it is. Your check on this bank to-day is good for \$7,875—you have only to get some one to prove your identity and we will pay it over.—[St. Louis Dispatch.

Mr. Brown—"Now just look at those flannels. If anything will shrink more from washing I'd like to know what it is." Mr. Brown—"A boy will, my dear."

SPIRITUALIST LECTURERS.

- Mrs. N. A. Andrews, Deiton, Wis.
Mrs. R. Augusta Anthony, Alton, Mich.
Mrs. M. C. A. Bebe, Bolton Landing, Vt.
Wm. H. Andrews, M. D., Cedar Falls, Ia.
C. Fannie Allen, Stoneham, Mass.
James Madison Allen, Peoria, Ill.
Mrs. N. C. Brigham, Colerain, Mass.
Mrs. E. H. Britten, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, Eng.
Mrs. R. W. Scott Briggs, 18 Alken street, Utica, N. Y.
Bishop A. Beas, 88 State street, Albany, N. Y.
Addie L. Bailor, Carney, Mich.
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Science

Held at the Residence of Mrs. Lease, 802 1/2th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., through the Mediumship of Miss Helen A. Simmons.

April 9, 1888. Reported for The Better Way.

After Dr. Ward, the spirit control of Miss Simmons, had taken possession of her organism, Dr. Rowland, referring to a former conversation he had with the medium, asked Dr. Ward if he had any objection to a short hand report of his remarks being made by his son (Mr. J. C. Rowland) and afterwards given to Miss Simmons for her information and satisfaction, as she had in the conversation referred to, expressed a desire to have the opportunity of reading and knowing in her normal condition, what was said through her while unconscious. Dr. Ward cheerfully assented to the request, and at the suggestion of Dr. Rowland, an address on the subject of

MEDIUMSHIP.

especially so far as he felt that it would be of interest to his medium, Miss Simmons was then delivered as follows:

Mediumship is as varied as are the media; you never find two exactly alike. The phase of mediumship is very often dependent upon the medium herself. If I will use the feminine gender—if she be one who likes to find out things and their meaning, their source, there will be attracted to her a band of that kind of thought that will concentrate the forces of their spiritual power upon her, and give unto her many ideas that she never would have thought of, of herself. If she be one that likes children, and that likes to have them around her, she will be very apt to draw unto her the children spirits, those who in their innocence and beauty have passed from earth. That is why you hear so many media prattling forth in the language of childhood. And so, if she be sympathetic and would like to give comfort to any one in pain, in sorrow, or in any way that grief marks for her own, you will see that the healing power is given unto that medium, and so on through all its different phases. You may think that when an artist is developed out of a crude nature, as it is often, that I fall in that, and that that person was not an artist, and yet can produce pictures, which if they are not of high art, showed a great deal of skill. But if it is so, that they are crude in their ideas, for the reason that they never have had the idea of beauty in artistic painting presented to them, yet somewhere in the recesses of their brain, they have the idea of beauty, and it is wrought upon by those who are wiser than you or any that are in the body, and worked out the idea upon canvas, that was slumbering in the brain of the medium. You know that science often is helped a great deal by persons who give new scientific truths to the world, through the lips of their medium, and although you very seldom know the source, because it is not yet popular enough to have scientists acknowledge from whence it came, yet if you could trace out the first of the new class of ideas, as you might call them, that are presented to the world you will generally find, that it is given to people that are mediumistic, and if you question one who has given to the world a new idea in any science, and you ask him how he found it out, you will generally find that it came to him, and came with such force that he felt impelled to write it down. Many and many a time has the person been influenced after retiring for the night, and been obliged to get up and put down the ideas. And so with inventions, there is scarcely an invention that ever was given up, but that it came through spirit influence. And to show you that I mean more particularly, there never was anything given to the world in any form, I don't care what it is, whether it is of the grandest cathedral that ever rose, with its majestic spires toward heaven, or whether it is the simplest article of household furniture, it has existed in the brain before it is given to the world in the form that it assumes. You understand me I suppose by that, that in the brain of the inventor, it stands out strong, and he gives his thoughts to the world in models, and then afterwards it is perfected. I do not mean to say that every thing is perfect in the brain of the inventor at the beginning, but as he progresses onward and onward, new ideas come to him, and he finally gives the perfected instrument, or its form it may be, and it comes before the world as his invention. But there never was an inventor, I do not care whether he called himself a medium or not, but around him gathers a band who think alike with him, and who help along the invention.

Have I made my meaning clear to you all? If not, if there is any question that you would like to ask on it, I would prefer to have you ask it now. [A pause.] A person who is an orator—I do not suppose that ever one came before the public at first, however clear may have been the thoughts that stirred within, but it was not until, when he stepped up before the audience for the first time, that it was a task he would like to get away from. He would like to get back into privacy again, unless he has been taught from a child, as they are now-a-days, more than they used to be. But the point I wish to make is this: After he begins his discourse, whether he depends upon his harmony or not, you will generally see the lighting up of the eye and the expanding form, and he will rise up out of the difficulty triumphant, and will give perhaps, to the audience such an oration as they never heard before—getting out entirely from himself, and on the wings of eloquence, and giving to the audience such thoughts that stir them to a higher and a better purpose, that he was the way that his mind goes on. And you all know that the great danger to a people is when they have a leader that aways them and gives them the wrong impetus, and you will find that they will follow that leader even to death sometimes, just for the power

of his eloquence. And do you suppose that that one man unaided, has all this power for good or for evil? Ah! no. From the best of his mind, and by his make-up, around him gather kindred spirits, and if he is for the good of mankind, those that are for the elevation of the race will come around him, and press him on, we might say, and his words lead to much good. If, on the other hand he is an agitator and a malcontent, he will gather around him from this side of life, spirits such as will be in sympathy with him, and will lead him and those that hear him into the greatest of danger, sometimes both to himself, to those that follow him, and the world around them. People often, oh, so often, take credit to themselves when they should only be thankful that their organism is such that sympathizing minds of the higher life can take hold of them, and lead them into the path which they have vainly striven to enter alone and unaided; but when they once make up their minds to enter that path, help will surely come to them from the spirit realm, and sometimes, as I have before hinted, this help is detrimental to themselves and to those who heed and follow them. I do not know but what I have pursued that subject far enough. If there are any questions upon any other subject, will you please give them? Any of you.

Dr. Rowland.—Mr. Carpenter in his public addresses here, speaking of the power he exerts—how much he himself makes his subjects do—he says it is not his mental power that makes them speak when they become orators or lawyers, and speak or carry on an argument. He says he merely puts them into a psychologized or hypnotized condition and makes them believe—impresses them with the belief—that they are orators, and they go on and talk regardless of him or his wishes, or of what he himself would say on the subject. Now on the other hand, it is said, and I have heard it asserted, that spirits—that you for instance psychologize the medium—that a spirit psychologizes a medium just as Carpenter psychologizes his subject. Now the point of difference is, as I take it, you psychologize or influence your medium, but it is you yourself that is speaking, whereas Carpenter says it is not him that is speaking. He merely starts the machines running, and they go on. You are speaking, not the medium. That is the difference, is it not, between spirit control and a subject under psychological influence?

Dr. Ward.—It is a difference, and yet not such a great difference. Mr. Carpenter, or any other psychologist merely touches the key note and gives his subjects the spirit of the song, you might say, and they go on and sing it to the end. Now the difference with my psychology is this: I put my medium into a sound sleep sometimes, and then I let her soar away into the realms of spirit land; but I have explained that before—that when people go to the spirit world from out their physical body, they do not take their physical brains with them, and therefore, being impressed only on the spiritual brain, it is not remembered by the physical. I think I have explained that before. Do you understand?

Mrs. Lease.—There are some here now who were not present before, and probably do not understand.

Dr. Ward.—When my medium goes out into spirit land, the impressions are very vivid, just as vivid as they can be here in the natural body, on the spiritual brain, yet belonging only to the spiritual; but the spiritual body, cannot be brought upon the physical brain, and therefore when she comes back into the physical body, and resumes her normal state, there is no recollection of it unless she has been somewhat disturbed. Then there is a little glimmering, like a dream. But, I do not get into the brain. I am not in the brain here. I just stand outside, and in that respect, am like any other psychologist. But I give word to word, what I want her to say. I am the (for the present) the Ego of the brain, and control it as perfectly as she can with her spiritual brain when she is in the normal state. In that respect, spirit psychology often, more often than in any other way, differs from the psychology of any person in the body. The subject or the medium (for "medium" is the best word, because that which transmits through from spirit into the physical), I give my medium rest at this time. She was very tired when she came here this evening, physically. When she comes out you might think that she will be more tired, but she will not be.

I am all the time mesmerizing her, and you know how soothing all the passes of the mesmerist, and I always rest her when I come, and that is the great reason why I do not let others come. They tear the brain in such a way, and wrench the body that really it is very detrimental to her, and I found it so, and found that I could mesmerize and soothe; and I being the strongest, I have taken possession. When Mr. Carpenter gives the idea to a person that he is a lawyer, that he has a difficult case on hand, every energy of that man's brain is running in the channel of law, and often times when he is in this state, spirits gather around him from the outside and pour into the brain thoughts—legal thoughts, perhaps, that the young man never had in his brain before. And oftentimes when you see a psychologized subject up before an audience, giving forth words of wisdom and eloquence, as they do sometimes, you may rest assured that there is spiritual control as well as psychological control of the orator. Many and many a spiritual manifestation has been given through a psychologized subject—many a one. Did you ever think of that before—that perhaps spirits had something to do with it, when you see an ordinary person, a person whom you never have heard of before, get up and give impassioned words of eloquence, right to the subject, too, that he has been led to believe that he has been working upon? The possibilities of psychology are numberless. They can be used for the greatest good, and they can be used for the basest purposes. And it is a power that should not be used in this community. It is not right that every one should learn to psychologize. It should be those who are of a temperament that will give no harm to their subjects, and it is not right for Mr. Carpenter, or any other man, to give lessons to people indiscriminately, as long as they get their pay for it, psycho-

logy is used often and of on in this world for the basest purposes. I presume you may know to what I refer. There may be innocence and beauty combined in a girl of pure thoughts, and one who does not understand the nature of evil, and into that life comes a man who determines that she shall do as he wills her, and although he may not be a professional psychologist, yet many of them understand it, and they will psychologize and make her do their will, and she has nothing to do with it. And then before the world she is the one that is to blame, and he goes forth with head erect, and is the petted one, I am sorry to say, of the ladies; while she sinks down perhaps to the lowest infamy, and he is responsible. But think you he will go scott free? He may in this world of yours, but the law of compensation, and the law of retribution is the better word, will certainly take hold of him and throughout many ages, perhaps, of eternity will be explaining the worst crime that ever a man committed!

Mr. Held.—Are there not spirit bands or guides around such persons to protect them from harm?

I am glad you asked that question; it comes right upon this subject. If this person is a developed medium, and has around her an organized band they can protect her, but as a general thing these innocent beings are not surrounded by an organized band, only having a band drawn to them that sympathizes with their mental nature, and until they can be formed into a strong band, with a leader, they cannot do as they wish. But many a young girl has been saved by some dear spirit friend who has gone forth into the other world before her, and has seen her danger, and has gone around in the realms of light, and has gathered the spirits who would help her, who have saved her many and many a time. Sometimes a girl may be weak, but will rise superior to all temptation and come out from the furnace unscathed, and whenever that is the case you may know that some good spirit has helped her, by getting a band that will gather around her. But when they do not have this spirit friend, when they only have a sympathetic band that cannot work much without a leader, then they are apt to fall.

Mr. Held.—Why has this band to be controlled by a leader?

Simply for the reason that every organized band has to have a leader. In your world you understand that matter. Suppose that you should meet together in any place, and each one should have as much power as the other, each one be captain, each one be general, all would be giving orders, and nobody obeying, and consequently, there would be chaos in your land. And just so it is with us. When we control a medium there must be a leader to the band, whom the others recognize so there will be no conflict of authority. You, in your world, are not so very different from us in our world. We were once in the human body; we still belong to humanity, and having our brains like unto yours, we must have organizations, and if we have organizations we must have leaders. You have a leader in every human body. The brain controls it all, and that is the captain. As long as it remains intact, as long as it is not warped, as in insanity, that brain is always the captain of the body, and of the thoughts, and so it is just as necessary for us to have a leader, as it is for you here.

Mr. Held.—What is insanity?

Insanity is various. Insanity is sometimes obsession—very often obsession, and many a poor person is sent to the insane asylum who might be cured, if we only had people upon earth who understood the subject as Jesus was said to have done, and he could say: "I charge you to come out of him, and enter no more into him." But people then called it "possession of the devil," and I think that is one of the best names yet. But sometimes the brain gets hurt in some way; sometimes it is hurt by sickness, by fevers, and many other causes, and it cannot control the body as it did before, and ideas rush into it that have no sense to them, and they are impelled to do things by these disordered brains, and spirits have nothing to do with it. But oft it is obsession. I was going to say, one mistake that a great many Spiritualists make, is that spirits must be better when they are out of the body than they are in it. I tell you, friends, that as long as you send here into the spirit life, murderers, and thieves, and liars, and men and women of the blackest dye of crimes, you may expect them to come back in the same way that they leave, and so long as idiots, almost, are sent over, you may expect to find some foolish things enacted by a medium when such a spirit gets control of her. Every spirit is not good—"negative good" to the contrary notwithstanding. I never could see the sense of calling evil "negative good." As well might you call darkness, negative light; winter, negative summer; and so on. And I say that we understand things better by contrast than in any other way. If we had never been too cold, had never felt the cold freely upon us, we could not appreciate the warmth, and vice versa. And so, if we did not understand that there was such a thing as evil, we could not contrast it with the good. I say that we understand things better by contrast than in any other way, so much so, that when we speak of one extreme, we are very apt to think of the other. We speak of cold and we immediately think of heat; we speak of light, and we think of darkness, and vice versa. We speak of evil and think of the good that might be in place of the evil. And so I say unto you, that when spirits come back and would lead you into wrong, discard them if possible; and if you can not get rid of them, go to some one who has the power to exorcise, and let them be driven away from you. "Oh, but," one says, "we must help the spirits. They come back to get help." But I say to you, that we have missionary spirits that will help them if they choose to go to heaven; and I say that humanity, as a body, have enough to contend with in their own realm, without going to the spirit land to help criminals do better. Very often that is illustrated in the way of a person. They say: "I will go and help that person—

I will help him out of his difficulty, out of the gambling hell." He says: "Go with me to night," and they go down the street and they come to one of these beautifully fitted up places, and he says: "We will just look in, it won't do any harm." He drags the one who would help him in, and before he knows it, he too is gambling away everything he has, when he went for the purpose of helping him. And that is often the case when you want to help a spirit; instead of helping them, they drag you down to their level. And do not encourage any one to control your media who cannot raise them up higher than they are in their normal condition—never one that would degrade them by making them perform acts that they would snigger to do in their normal state, like swearing and drinking, or any other kindred evils, for I call them evils. And, as I said before, humanity has enough to do without going into spirit land to find criminals to raise up to a higher level. I guess I have talked long enough. Well, friends, I will bid you good night, and may those messengers who come from before the face of the highest angels, come to you and bring you peace. Getting away from the evil may you turn into the paths of good and may the light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, illumine your every heart, and give unto you the light of knowledge, the light of truth, the light of friendship and the light of love. Amen.

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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No subject could be more beautiful than the one which has been proposed for us this evening, though no subject could be more familiar to most of you than this one. Yet we never find an audience where there is not some person present to whom the subject is quite new, and who has formed some ideas concerning it in prejudice, and those ideas have need that much light be let in upon them to remove this prejudice against the subject of the beauties of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism is not materialism, as some have thought it to be. Some have imagined that with the setting aside of a part of the phenomena, which has been exposed and exhibited, the whole of Spiritualism died. Are you aware, friends, what kind of an advertisement was placed before the eyes of the public a few days ago? A notice where Spiritualism was to be exposed; and this printed notice was surrounded by a wide black border—a sort of obituary, as one might suppose. At that time and place the exposition took place; and how was Spiritualism—that is, the beautiful and religious part of it, the beautiful truths that it has given the people—how was that affected? In what manner was it set aside? If you could set aside all these underlying phenomena, all the physical manifestations, you would not touch inspiration, clairvoyance, or any of the intellectual phases of its manifestations. And really in these expressions of it, lie the greatest productions of the subject. Yet, friends, we would not say that the means by which we climbed, and those which have interested hundreds and thousands are not of any importance. They are important but we would not overestimate their importance; and we would say to you that the real beauty of Spiritualism lies in the spiritual and not in the material. It lies in the deeper interior life and not in the great externals.

Where do you think the power of religion lies in any church? Do you think it is in the broken bread, in the wine out-poured? Do you think it is in the baptismal waters, or in any of the externals that religion has revealed to the churches? Is it not rather in that which teaches us to live good lives and be true to our fellowmen? Teaches us the lesson of faith, hope and charity. The church says faith is the greatest of all things; faith is the sublimest thing that man has known; that one can not be religious without faith; that faith is pre eminent. But Paul did not think so. "Now abideth these three, faith, hope and charity; but the greatest of these is charity." He was not orthodox; that is, not in the common sense of the word to-day. He believed that the greatest strength lay in charity. And charity is not merely the giving of alms or the external expressions of helpfulness. It means this and something more. "Though I give all my goods to the poor, and my body to be burned and have not charity it availeth me nothing." And he believed in the Spiritualism of his age. "Though I speak with the tongues of angels and of men, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." The tongues of angels and of men! He knew whereof he spoke, for he had received from the higher realms the great gifts revealed before the people, but he knew the greatest strength lay in charity. Charity is really love, it is really the spirit of kindness, the spirit of gentleness, helpfulness, of love and patient forbearance and forgiveness in the daily duties of life. Do you realize how full of heaven this word is? In its divinest excellence it is the spirit of love. Why, friends, do you know what politeness is? Do you know what it is that makes the true gentleman or lady, as it is generally termed. Woman or gentleman is a fairer expression if you come to understand all it means. Why, the soul of all politeness is love—the golden rule carried out in daily deeds, and it is this in the church that is grander than all else combined.

So when we turn to Spiritualism, and one says, "Is not that Spiritualism that produces raps and mystic movements of pieces of furniture? Is not Spiritualism all represented in these things? Why, friends, these things are like the roots in the rose tree, the nearest the earth. And while we recognize their importance and believe in their usefulness, we believe they have been over-estimated by many.

In their eagerness for gross and the external, they have been interested in the phenomena and gone no further. This is only the open door by which the multitude shall come to something beyond, to which this leads. Suppose you say, "blessed be the door," and yet seat yourself in the door. Do you not remember where Jesus found those who were standing in the doorway and preventing others from entering in, and He condemned them? Do you know there are multitudes in Spiritualism who may find the door and seat themselves there, and they suffer not others to go in. They call their attention to the embellishments of the door, and they go no further. Beautiful as is the door, its beauty lies in its usefulness, and it is because it leads to something that is beyond.

We have told you before, we believe, that the sounds that are often called spiritual rappings, lightly or heavily given,

just as manifestations of force, are valueless. It is only because of the intelligence that they represent that they become beautiful, or useful, or valuable. We know that they have been imitated; we know that there are those who through their own follies and faults, have lost this gift, and who afterward try to imitate it and still produce it. They can produce sound; any one can do that, but can they give the evidence of personal consciousness? Can they give the names of those whom you love? Can they answer those questions? Can they recall from the forgotten past those incidents most interesting and serving to prove most truly the presence of these spirit friends, to prove that they are not dead? The motion of a table, where such motion exists without the contact of human hands, just as motion has no special interest if it cannot give us a communication. But if you ask and are answered, and these incidents are recalled, why, wherever we find through the gross and material the beauty of the spiritual, we are strengthened and comforted by that received.

Friends, the manifestations of force are those that have been very slight in this world. The hand of a man is very small when you consider it with its bones and muscles and tendons. It is quite a small matter; four fingers and a thumb, and the palm of the hand and the back of the hand. Now you may say the pen is a very small matter. It may be made of wood, or steel, or gold or ivory, or it may be just a quill, taken from the wing of a bird. Ink is just a fluid. It is not transparent, not beautiful. And yet the hand of a man once lifted a pen, and touching it in the fluid, wrote just a little. And since that time, by reason of that little writing, a man cannot be condemned unheard, but is tried before a judge and jury, is tried before his peers and has a reasonable hearing. Just by the movement of a hand this right was given, but it was the brain that sent the message—that formed the writing. Just the movement of the hand of Lincoln; what did that amount to? It was only a little writing, and yet when it was done, that small act (but a few words were placed upon the paper), it was as though the chains upon the millions had been broken, and men and women stood upright and felt that no one had a right any more to buy or sell them. So it is that the force made manifest by our mediums, the force shown in private homes, has broken the chains of doubt and prejudice and superstition, has given to us the clear light of reason, has taken away the fear of death and proved the immortality of the soul.

You know we have always told you that for those who will seek honestly and critically, also, the truth will come. It may not come at once, it will surely come to you in time. No man hath striven to find some fact in nature, some representation of the truth, who earnestly has studied and a few years of trial hath not found reward. How grand the result to be obtained from Spiritualism. Can you not be patient? Those who have been to one sitting say, I feel this is not worth my attention, I have received nothing convincing, I will have none of it. Suppose Kepler had given one little hour of investigation to the great subjects that interested him. Where would the world be to-day without the light of the truth that he saw? Without it, for it could only come by patient search and by careful and continued industry. And so if Spiritualism is true, of course you know it must be the greatest of truths, and people should be patient, and they must be if they would attain its greatest results. And not only patient, but earnest and honest and critical. Not ready to receive everything, but sifting and measuring and striving to understand, proving all things, and holding fast to what is good. One may say that you claim that Spiritualism proves life after death. Proves that those whom you love are not in their graves, yet they do not see any great good or glory in that. But, friend, we ask you if you have no interest in the truth of immortality? You certainly do not know what love is or bereavement is if you can speak so. If you have ever known what it is to feel that those dear to you are slipping away from you, that you cannot keep them, and though you shed tears until you are blinded, you cannot keep them. You may take all the gold that you have, you may watch them day and night, but you cannot keep them. They slip away day after day and life grows more and more lonely as the days go by. Are you satisfied to say and feel that you will see them no more and know them no more? Oh, no; because love is life in your heart. God is love, and the grandest in human nature belongs to His life. And you cannot give up your dear ones and have the grave close over them and feel that it is right. Though some may say, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But, friends, if you have known what deep bereavement is, it is hard to say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord." Yes, blessed indeed, but are you content? Can you feel that they are gone and it does not matter; that the world will move on just the same? There will never be anything just the same to you again.

The spring has lost something out of its brightness, and something is lost from the day. When you look at the flowers or the majesty of the hills, you will feel that something is gone out of your life. Now, if Spiritualism can prove to you that it is not gone or lost, only removed just a little way, and waiting for you and preparing for you; if it can prove to you these things, it would take the darkness and horror from death and from the grave. That is precisely what Spiritualism can do. It will not bring this beautiful truth to you at once, pouring it upon you like waves, you have something to do yourself. You could not understand it if you did not seek for it. You know there is a promise in the Bible, a promise that you will receive, but do you know it is conditional? It has always been so. Seek and ye shall find.

Now the fault of the multitude is, that they expect to receive without asking, and yet they themselves will search the past, they will find that such is not the case. But this truth of Spiritualism proves a comfort to you in this life. It teaches you to make this life true and noble, to lay the foundation of the future here. To do this you must be gentle and forgiving in all things.

You have been told that the unlovely side has been revealed. Was it Spiritualism, after all? Suppose you see a building, some beautiful structure, but it is incomplete and there are unsightly things upon the ground, mortar and bricks and rubbish which the masons have left, and on the sides of the beautiful building is the scaffolding. Now this does not add to the beauty, but it must be there awhile. If you have discovered anything belonging to

Spiritualism which is not lovely, it is only there because the work is incomplete; it is not really a part of the structure, it only belongs to it for a time while the work is going on.

Friends, this Spiritualism does not always contain this unlovely thing. Some one takes you to an oak tree in southern lands and shows you the beautiful leaves. And look, where this great branch comes out from the tree, it has little white berries. That is the mistletoe. That is not the thing for an oak tree to bear. We expect to find acorns, but not white berries on it. Oh, friend, that is not the oak, that is the mistletoe which is growing out of the oak. Well, it is a parasite. Where the dust had lodged the seed had found a place to take root, and there grew the mistletoe; but the mistletoe is not the oak. And so, friends, there is many a parasite on the religion of Spiritualism, and the world comes and climbs the oak the live-oak, that stands through the centuries, and brings down the mistletoe and exposes it to the public and says, "Behold it! just come and behold the death of Spiritualism." They have simply exposed the parasites, and nothing more than that. It seems to us there must be something of shame stealing over those doing such a thing, that we ought to pity them as surely as we must condemn. And yet when we condemn it is only for the falsehood and the degradation that our condemnation is brought forth. Suppose a man had been toiling in the mint year after year, and had labored there faithfully. You know how wonderful and beautiful is the work in the mint. How the little golden circles, flat and smooth, are slid on by such wonderful mechanism, it seems as though it could think; there is a lifting up of a piece to give it an impression, and lo! that which was a piece of gold a minute ago is five dollars now because the touch has been given to it. And so suppose a person who has been so engaged for years at last came out and then stood before the world saying, I will show you that in these years since I have left the mint I have been engaged in making counterfeit money, and the pieces which have passed as current are worth nothing. There would be a weary disgust that such a thing could be. These false things have been presented, and then the world has been told that all is like this. It is not by simple assertion that we believe. But we ask them to investigate, to assure themselves of the truth of all this, and when the truth is found how beautiful and precious it will be to those whose need and pain have been so great.

Friends, what do you think could have been the feelings of those persons who for years and years claim that they have been misleading and deceiving investigators. There have been mothers coming in their anguish, asking for some little message, and they have been told by the mediums that the spirit was present. Now, friends, if it was a falsehood, was there anything so cruel in this world; and if it is a truth, was there ever anything more comforting than the knowledge that death is only a change, that there is no deep, dark, long time in the grave?

The beauties of Spiritualism, aside from its practical teachings, aside from its material lessons, is that it purifies and strengthens and uplifts the soul. It lifts the curtain that hangs between the two worlds, and thus it has proven the heaven that it gives. I ask you patiently to consider it for yourself, and hereafter, when anything is given, find out for yourself the true or the spurious coin; whether it is the true or the counterfeit that each gives in the name of truth. And when from your earthly haven you are driven, like a little boat that sails out upon the sea, until no longer you hear the voices of your sweet ones, so can your loved ones (you call them dead) look back along the pathway over the years. Is there any one who has not wept bitter tears? Now, friends, if you can know that they are among you; that they have not forgotten you; if you can be assured that they still abide a little way off from you, will it not be a blessing and comfort to you? If Spiritualism is dead all the strength and inspiration of the Bible is dead. If Spiritualism is dead the very life of Christianity dies with it. Nothing will be left but tradition and forms and rites and ceremonies. No; it lives, its light shines along the pathway of the past, and you find that all ages have had their answering raps; that all times have had their inspirations and spiritual manifestations. And so, friends, you learn that the souls of your loved ones are busily caring for you; they are beside you though you do not see them; they are whispering to you though you do not hear their voices; but in some way the thought strikes down to this daily life, and sometimes in the midst of your grief and your sorrow, like a breath blowing over you you have been soothed, just as a little child, sobbing and crying, is lifted up in its mother's arms, its forehead smoothed and its tears are wiped away, and it is comforted though it knows not why.

Night and day these experiences have come to you in trials, and in the midst of temptation, and in your great troubles. When you were surrounded by clouds you have been guided and strengthened. And if you could have seen the influences about you, some dear one standing close to you, speaking to you, and though you do not hear the tones you feel their influence and are comforted, blessed and strengthened. What would this earth be without the revelations from above? The clouds are low, it is blue and bright above; and the crescent moon in its glory, or the full-orbed moon in its beauty, or the thousands of stars and the gleaming constellations are shining down upon you. So the constellations of thought, and the tender, watchful care of the angels and the beautiful heavens of God the Father are bending over you. The poet, you remember, said in his prayer: "The deep, blue, glorious heavens; in thy mine eyes and know that never yet there hath that face been clouded from my sight by stirring storm of night."

The influence of your unseen friends, the love of your dear watchers binds above you, shines upon you like the glory of the sun. Keep this thought in your hearts, and know that in this world truth cannot die. Personal folly and wrong will be so exposed but truth is imperishable. There was great wisdom in the sayings of Solomon—he sometimes looked forward "Take from us the Foxes, the little Foxes that spoil the young and tender vines." Now friends, the little Foxes have spoiled the young and tender vines of frail and tender feelings that have not grown wide or strong enough to endure the strife and trial of the times. Keep in your hearts, friends, the beautiful and the true. The tree of Spiritualism is too strong to be harmed by them.

Letter to Miss Jennie B. Hagan.

Dear Jennie, I have often thought of you, and what I said; and how my promise had been kept, as if your friend were dead.

For silence fell between us Where friendship's light had beamed; And now at this late date I trust My promise is redeemed.

I never shall forget the day When first your voice I heard; Some chord within my heart was touched, And thro' my pulses stirred.

A flood of loving thoughts for you Who stood like priestess old; And to my soul the truth revealed With words more pure than gold.

So true their import was, so pure, I felt their magic sound, And while I listened to your voice The angels hovered round.

And like some long forgotten strain Of music's hidden chord, Whose echo woke within my soul And sounded its accord.

Oh, Jennie, may the angels keep You in their care away; And lead with tender hands your feet Straight in the Better Way.

And may the words of love you speak Give some faint heart the right To feel their darkness of belief Change into heavenly light.

And may the heavenly truth that streams From you to those who hoar, Be with you in your daily walks And in the night draw near.

And keep you, as a priestess, pure From earthly taint or soil; For vessels must be pure to hold The sacramental oil.

That shall have power to heal the wounds That old beliefs have made, To cast the light of truth on those Who elsewise were afraid.

Dear Jennie, friend, I trust you will In these few simple lines, Find pulsing in them loving thoughts, That will our friendship bind.

And in the ebb and flow of life, O, tides of thought and lore, Our barques may drift a-pear and find Safe anchorage from above.

Till then, dear friend, accept with love, These written words, if few, In thought I press your hands and touch Your lips—and now, adieu.

LAURA A. WATKIN. Cincinnati, Nov. 9, 1888.

Seance with Mrs. Seery. To the Editor of The Better Way.

For the benefit of the cause of Spiritualism, I wish to give your numerous readers some of my experiences at seances given in our city by Mrs. S. Seery, of Cincinnati. This lady is an independent slate writer and trumpet speaking medium, and has visited our city two or three times during the last three years, and has given abundant satisfaction to investigators generally, as well as to Spiritualists.

On her first visit to this place I called to see her alone, for I wanted a private seance. She knew nothing of me or my antecedents, and I had never seen or heard of the lady till that day. I first had an independent slate writing seance.

I sat at the side of a table, and after examining the table and the room, and assuring myself that there was no machinery about the table and no confederate in the room, or any chance for any one to get in the house unobserved by me, I was given a double slate with a small piece of pencil inside, and requested by the medium to hold the slate under the table, while she had another slate and held it on the under side of the table where she sat. All this was in the blaze of gaslight. Something like a materialized human hand took hold of my hand, by which I held the slate under the table, and pushed it out. This was done three times. I then told the medium what had happened. She told me then to lay my slate on the table, which I did. She took her slate from under the table and held it near my ear, and I heard the scratching of the pencil inside, which very soon gave three little taps, by which I was told the writing was done.

I opened the slate, and there was a short letter or greeting from what purported to be the spirit of Dr. J. P. DeBreuler, a distinguished physician, who was well known to me in earth life, as he had been my family physician. And what was most wonderful, the handwriting was very like that he wrote in earth life, and his language was characteristic.

Then my spirit wife and children wrote short and affectionate greetings, as did other friends. The next day I went alone for a trumpet seance. This was a dark seance, as that is one of the conditions which must be observed for trumpet communications. Dr. Snapp, as he calls himself, the controlling spirit in Mrs. Seery's seances, first came to me, and after this my spirit wife and many other friends and relations came and talked to me about things which no one else knew, so as to identify themselves so unmistakably that I have no doubt but they were the very persons they purported to be. Just before the trumpet was picked up by a spirit, a beautiful light, about the size of a small gas jet, would come floating along in the room and disappear at the trumpet.

This was my first trumpet speaking seance with Mrs. Seery, but it created a memory so interwoven with my existence that it is not likely to pass away until my freed spirit passes out from the mortal and goes over to join the innumerable hosts who have gone on before us. In closing her seances, Mrs. Seery's guides frequently ask the sitters to sing the doxology or some other favorite hymn, and then some of the spirits join the sitters and sing with us. O, what a thought! Mortals singing with happy spirits! When I first heard this I was reminded of the song the angels sang to the shepherds when the Nazarene was born: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men." Fraternally yours

W. REAVIS. Evansville, Ind.

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