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THE BETTER WAY.

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RE-INCARNATION.

J. J. Morse. [CONCLUDED.]

We have one very plain question to ask. We do not wish to shock you, or to offend your sensibilities, but sometimes delicacy is a crime, and it is in the case in point. When the mother has within her the coming life that is to be the man or woman that shall bear the burdens of humanity, we want to ask this very plain and simple question, not when, but HOW does the re-incarnated soul get into that foetus? That is the question. Not when, but how. If it is breathed in, or absorbed in, or in any way you please, it would be very interesting to get the experience of the soul while going through the process. And if it can be thus got in why, there so many questions that suggest themselves to your mind that we need not go over the list. The question is, when and how, but more particularly how does the soul that has died and passed out of the life of humanity and gone into the spiritual world—how does it come from that spiritual world, get into this material world, and then enter the mother's womb, and become the central life of the foetus? We have not been able to get any answer to the question, and we utterly despair of any answer coming, and candidly confess that we have none to give you.

mystical and transcendental theories, that are too very profound to be discussed before the profane and vulgar multitude are hinted at, you may depend upon it the philosophers might be better employed. Supposing it is true? We will endeavor to be fair. We may, perhaps, be a trifle severe, but that cannot be helped. We would invite criticism ourselves. Supposing it be true. When a man and woman have pledged their troth they are bound together by the closest, tenderest and sweetest ties that can bind two human beings together in this world, and they are looking forward to that time when the mutual loves of their souls and lives shall be represented in the little stranger that is coming to them out of the depths of life. That little stranger comes. The dimpled cheek, the sunny smile, the laughing eye are all there, and that little bundle of humanity, that sweetest of all bundles of humanity to the mother that bore it, lies in her arms, she nestles it to her breast, she gazes into its face, and her whole soul fills with a nameless love that only a woman who has felt the joys of parentage can tell. And the father feels something warm in his heart, a new sensation through his inner nature which goes into his very soul and they say, "Look at our bonny child." Your child? Oh no. That is not your child. "Not my child," say the mother, "why of course it is my child." Oh no. "Not my child," says the father, and there seems to be an unconscious kind of tendency to contract his fist. "Oh, don't be alarmed, that is Julius Caesar." "Julius what?" Julius Caesar. "Great Caesar!" Yes, it is Julius Caesar re-incarnated. "But, my dear fellow, you are way off, it is a girl." Oh, that doesn't matter at all. Julius Caesar has got to have the experience of a woman so he has been re-incarnated in your girl. "Well," says the father, "if I was thoroughly satisfied that that was Julius Caesar I would take him to a foundling hospital, for he has come to the wrong house." "Not my child," says the mother, "why, man, you are a lunatic. My mother's heart tells me a different story to that." Never mind your mother's heart, never mind all those sentiments, my dear madam and sir, humanity are only vehicles through which the souls of immortals appear. "But," says the father, "who am I?" You, perhaps, were Ramses, the third king of Egypt! "Who am I?" says the mother. Oh, may be you were Judas, the apostle. "But I a woman, sir." That does not matter. Judas has to be uplifted and exalted, so his soul is made to enter a woman. "But who was my mother?" Your mother? Probably your mother was George the Fourth. "That is all nonsense." But, my dear sir, don't you see that in the divine order of existence re-incarnation is necessary, and can only be possible by souls being brought again into human bodies, and they can only be so brought by mothers bearing children, and motherhood is only a vehicle through which re-incarnated spirits are brought into this world? And you might go on until you get back to the original man and woman, which perhaps in this philosophy are the only pair of souls in the world who have ever belonged to it.

the physical body of her brother! So you may go on in these blendings till they are so horrible in their relationships that they are worse than any witches' dance that the most insane thought ever pictured. And you asked to believe these things because it is asserted they are the best way the Almighty Wisdom has for righting the trials and sorrows of humanity! Let us look at the sensible side of the question, if you please. Remember that we stand upon nature, God and Humanity in this matter. We claim that these are quite sufficient for all the practical purposes of life, and we now proceed to ask, on the moral side of the question, what is the cause of this? Supposing that one man is born to poverty and another man to affluence. For the comforting of this poor wretch here, who wears ragged garments, sleeps upon a hard bed, fares badly, and sorrows all his days, it is said he must be compensated for all this hardship by being born back again into this world in some wealthy condition, where he can eat turtle soup for luncheon, wear a modern suit of clothes and sleep upon a feather bed! While this man, who was born to affluence, must have a good solid chance at misery to offset the days of happiness he has enjoyed. This is the argument used; that, ultimately, all get a chance at the infinite variety of experience in this world. What absolute rubbish! To dignify it by the name of philosophy is the wildest perversion of terms ever indulged in. It is not a question of the man who is poor coming back and becoming rich, and the rich man being poor, after they are dead. It is a question for them and you now. Why is it that there is this great inequality between poverty and wealth here and now? When you have solved that question you will remove the cause of the trouble between wealth and poverty. You will have placed humanity upon a basis of justice, where each of you will have that which belongs to him. And when that day comes to talk about any body coming back would be absurd, because you will then all have got what belongs to you while here. But they will tell you that this vindicates the justice of God, and shows how good God is. How much do these pseudo-philosophers know about the justice of God? Do they know any more about it than you do, or than we do? Unhesitatingly we affirm that they know no more than you and we know, and we know nothing at all. You may talk about the justice of God, and say He ought to do this or that, but if you would be a little more just here from day to day yourself, you would be establishing the justice of God among yourselves. If you would do all the things that you say God ought to do the world would be the best kind of a world. But you are prone to say: God ought to do this, and we will do as we please. Really, there is no one in the counsels of God. God has no confidants. God has no intimate friends. God has not got a cabinet. And all you can know of the works and of the will and of the ways of God are as these things are revealed in nature and humanity. You should begin to study that book, and see the handwriting of divinity therein, and in obeying all that you there discover you will be giving the truest worship to the Source from which it all came.

Modern Mummies. The result of a recent experiment seems to warrant the conclusion that human bodies can be preserved in a life-like condition, without the use of cereclothes and antiseptic drugs, merely by the absolute exclusion of atmospheric air. A quarter of a century ago, the body of Mrs. W. I. Peters, of Frankfort, Indiana, was buried in an air-tight casket of zinc with an outer sheet of lead, the whole enclosed in a wooden coffin. Two weeks ago the grave was opened for the purpose of transferring the coffin to the new burial vault of the family. When the lid was removed from the glass frontpiece, only a slightly yellowish tinge of the skin distinguished the face of the dead from that of a sleeper. Her features were smooth and round, and her lips, though somewhat discolored, were neither sunken nor wrinkled. The use of similar caskets might have saved the Egyptian embalmers a good deal of trouble.—Drake's Magazine.

Candid Confession of a New Convert. To the Editor of The Better Way. In the interests of truth I wish to give the following facts. Two weeks ago I was no believer in what is called the phenomena of Spiritualism, believing it to be nothing more than legerdemain. But now I confess that once I was blind but now I see. On my way home through St. Louis, I was advised by a friend to visit some writing medium. I made inquiries and was advised to see Prof. Peters, 1308 Olive St. I called on him and this is what I experienced with the first medium I ever sat with. When I entered his office, he said a lady came in with you. I did not understand what he meant. He explained and told me it was my spirit mother describing her fully and giving her name in full. He then told me to go and buy a new pair of slates as he knew that I was a sceptic for says he, I want to convince you. I went and got them and put four screws in them and brought them to him. Now says he, hold one end of the slates firmly. After a few seconds I distinctly heard writing going on between the slates and also raps. Strange to say there was no pencil put between the slates as the medium said that it was not required. Soon the medium told me to open the slates. I unscrewed the slates and to my astonishment there was a long message from my wife in her own handwriting, signed in full, giving most beautiful and wonderful tests of her identity. I fastened the slates together again and upon opening them a second time there lay between the slates a most beautiful lily, my wife's favorite flower. Oh what comfort this has brought me to know for a certainty that those I love more than life are not dead but live and love me and can return and minister unto me. Once I was wretched in the belief that all that we love perish as the beasts of the field, but now I am filled with a joy I would not barter away for the wealth of the whole world. I say with my whole heart blessed be Spiritualism and blessed be its mediums. HENRY LONGLEY. St. Louis, May, 1889.

How She Became Happy. The following is the full text of a private letter, but being very appropriate for our columns, we have obtained permission to publish it: My Dear Friend:—You asked me how I became a medium. I will try to tell you as best I can. I had always been one but did not know it. Living where Spiritualism was unknown, I knew but little of its teachings. Had I not met with an old gentleman whose hair was white like snow and who had spent much of his time and money in the cause, I might never have understood my own being or enjoyed the beautiful truths that spirit communion teach us. Mr. E. M. Davis having heard that I was a writing medium, he and his kind wife called on me. I at first resisted their efforts to have me investigate the spiritual doctrine. A few months had passed since their first visit. I had begun to feel like a stranded being, not knowing how to reconcile my childhood's teachings with my own ideas of religion or my surroundings. In my trouble I took refuge at the feet of my old friend. I laid my case plainly before him, and my heart shall ever be full of the deepest gratitude for the gentleness and pains he took to explain to me all that he had learned of spiritual knowledge. I shall never forget the tears that fell from his clear blue eyes to the floor as he recalled a vision that had been so vividly impressed upon his mind and had worked wonders in his life. It seemed to me that one by one the clouds that had obscured the clearness of my sky were being swept away gradually. There came into my soul that sweet peace that money could not buy. I could feel the divine power and understand God's laws as I never expected to do on earth. The Christ love entered my bosom and filled it to fullness. I took up the lamp that had almost been extinguished and filled it with new oil, the light of which time can never dim. I sat in circles with my two old friends. One of them now walks the shores of Summerland, and the other is sightless and deaf, waiting to go home to "Birdie." I developed as a writing medium. The pure teachings that from time

to time have been revealed to me through angel communion, have made me a better woman. I enjoy life as I never could have done. There is that charity in my soul that I never would have possessed had I never been taught the spiritual doctrine. It is my desire to sow the seeds of truth. It is my every effort to rescue aching hearts and show them the bright star in the east that shines so brightly to day, making many hearts to grow warm in the new birth that has been born and breathed into thousands of homes through spiritual teachers or the sweet inspiration of angels. May this light that tells of immortality be made to shine in every home. H. B. M.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON FAULT-FINDING.

To the Editor of The Better Way. If Mrs. Allie Lindsay Lynch, that ever ready, easy and graceful writer, whose heart seems to be full and overflowing with love for the cause, and a burning desire to do good, does not see proper to read the Bible, or to use that book in her work, most certainly she has the right to take that course, and no one, I presume, will question that right, or criticize her, or call her hard names for not reading the Bible. I am sure that I would not, for that is her business and not mine. If, on the other hand, I, in my work, should see proper to use the Bible very freely in my efforts to bring about the conversion of Christians to Spiritualism, why should she object? and why should I be criticised for so doing, and held up in the public prints as a "Bible-loving Spiritualist, etc?" True, her remarks were general, and not of a personal character, but that makes no difference; it is the principle, and not the individual, that I am combating. I do not wish to be understood as objecting to genuine criticism, for I do not. It is like a good medicine, it may be a little bitter to the taste, but is beneficial in its results. It is like the refining fires of the furnace, consuming the dross but leaving the pure metal. No one should object to genuine criticism, for it is wholesome. Bit captious fault-finding, though bearing a slight resemblance to the genuine, is a very different article, and is very objectionable. It is like a poor medicine, sickening in its effects, producing no good results. It is like a counterfeit coin, of no value, and damaging both to the one that utters it and the one that receives it. Captious fault-finding corrects no evil, while it discourages the timid, begets coolness between brethren and leads to inharmony. It is obvious to all that the great desideratum to be earnestly sought after by Spiritualists at the present time, is a greater degree of harmony within our own ranks, and it is equally obvious that so much fault-finding does not lead in that direction. If the cause of truth could be promoted thereby, or any good resulted to each other even in the slightest degree; if a single ray of light could be sent out, gleaming through the gloom of orthodox superstition, or thrown athwart the pathway of some benighted traveler along earth's pilgrimage; or, if it had a tendency to bring Spiritualists closer together in stronger bonds of sympathy, friendship and love, it would be well; at least it would be less objectionable. But, unfortunately, so such grand results flow from this favorite pastime of some of our brothers and sisters. On the contrary, bitterness is engendered thereby, and the day of our glory delays its coming. Do any of the fault-finders imagine that they can do the work of others for them, and better than they can do it themselves? As an humble worker in this, the grandest of all works, I respectfully suggest that if each one of us will do our own work well, we will have no time to look after that of others, and that nothing more will be required at our hands. The improvement of our own talent, not that of another, is what is required of us. If this whole matter of criticism could, by common consent, be turned over to our able editors, the work would go forward, it seems to me, with far less friction. They are our helmsmen standing at the wheel, with the chart spread out before them, and are fully competent to keep the "old ship" headed for the port. Then we, the workers, would have more time to drum up the passengers, and less time to quarrel with each other about the direction we should go to find them, or the methods we should employ to secure them. Then we could sing, "Light in the darkness sailor, day is at hand!" So mote it be! G. W. FEATHERSTON, Henrietta, Texas.

HOW I BECAME ONE.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I too will accept of your invitation of a recital of experiences in Spiritualism but will condense as much as possible. But I wish first to say that I began alone, never having sat in a circle, never having read a line in Spiritualism. Was once treated by a magnetic physician now of San Francisco, Dr. McLennan, who while treating me told me he was a trance medium and that I was also one. Of course I denied it as I knew nothing of such matters, and he told me to form a circle of friends some-time and see what I could do. I never tried until my boy had been dead one year; lost him by a burning building. My daughter I had lost some six years before at the birth of her first child. But to my first experience.

One evening my four children and a servant, whom I call Ollie, came to me laughing saying "Mamma, we have been playing spirits." I said, "Come with me and I, too, will try." We proceeded to the dining room and seated ourselves at a large extension table. We sat for half an hour meeting with no success, when I proposed that the two smaller children, one the child of my deceased daughter, the other, my son five months younger should quietly leave the table, thinking them too young, and leave Ollie, my boy of twelve and girl of nine years to sit; in five minutes by requesting to know of the presence of my lost ones, by moving the table across the floor not knowing how to ask or how to receive communications, but immediately the table moved partly across the floor. I then asked several questions, such as could be answered by a simple yes or no. I received decided answers.

We sat I think three or four times when one evening I asked if there was a writing medium at the table having heard parties tell of such an one in the county next us. "Yes," came decidedly. I then repeated my children's names—no answer. I then asked if it was Ollie when up and down jumped the table as yes. I then placed paper and pencil before Ollie, saying, "Eddie if you are really here and it is possible for you to write to mamma if it is only a line, write. Almost immediately Ollie's hand grasped the pencil and began writing. I received instead of but one line, a whole page. I then received by asking another page from my Ollie, and oh, what a wall of sorrow went out from all at the reception of those treasured words. I supposed the girl knew what she had written but no she proved to be in a trance. I became frightened and not knowing what to do and thinking because my father was a mesmerist in his young days, that I also might possess his gift partly, made a few passes over her eyes and she came out of it. After that we repeatedly received messages.

But enough for this time as I have a variety of experiences—which I will give—if this be favorably received and you think it worth a place in your paper. I know my dead return, and I am not ashamed, nor do I fear the ridicule of others now.

MRS. N. ZIMMERMAN. Camanche, Calaveras Co., Cal.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The name of your paper always suggests to me a vast undertaking, but though vast, it is the high mission of life to teach a "better way," and it becomes the dominant impulse, if we comprehend what spiritual light and divine love are given to man for.

Gathering thoughts and sending them forth weekly to cheer and up-build, in a faith in the real value of life, is an important work, and must react upon ourselves in moral benefit, if conscientiously done. When we realize that "thoughts are things," and an expression of them is never without effect, how important becomes the work of selecting the jewels that are to embellish the lives of those who may be impressed by us, and what important requisites in the teacher are grace and culture.

The earnest observer of the times can but be gratified at the broadening tendency of the spiritual press, and its general demand for more utility, as a fruitage of Spiritualism. The time has past when the public will pay a premium for ignorance; and clean lives must clothe the teachers or the refined decency of this progressive age will not tolerate them. We get tired of being regaled continually by a recital of some marvelous tale of mysterious nothing, when the world is so full of valuable facts, that put mental and moral fibre in our characters.

To day, science by its keen scenting, separates the dross from the pure gold; and the charlatans, who have preyed upon the credulity of the uninitiated, must stand aside. Commercial mediumship must go in the main, and fortune telling and necromancy must retire into the shadows of mystery, as the light of a higher spiritual enlightenment reveals their monstrous pretensions. To day we are vigorously shaking off the nightmare of the ages, and beginning to comprehend the beautiful environments and possibilities of the earth life, and preparing to arise to our more exalted spiritual home; that more ethereal realm of pleasures and growth. The knowledge of our possibilities stimulates us to aspire to that atmosphere of universal love, which shall make us helpful and hopeful, and gather the golden treasures which are in our everyday path unnoticed and unheeded, when our vision is beclouded by the mists of selfishness or sensuality. The visions of what may seem fancy to the material sense, may become tangible symbols; and the more substantial ideas of virtue unsought, shall seem to be the treasures acquired, that shall not be subject to destruction by "moth or rust," and cannot be taken from us. The true Spiritualist should gather these treasures within their reach and love all precious facts and fancies. For myself, I must exclaim:

I love the poet's golden dream, When fancy paints a golden steam That flows through airy realms of light, Where seraphs bathe their plumage bright, And deck themselves as best they may To tread the starry, milky way.

I love the golden, more than gold For which the miser's life is sold; The golden thoughts that turn our life From grosser things of sense and strife, To golden actions fraught with good, Like that first cause, least understood.

I love the golden rule the best, Of all the precepts that have blest The universe whose broadest span Of manhood's stretch is loving man— The golden stair to higher spheres, Whose steps are trust loving here.

I love the golden words and acts That are the fruit of golden facts; Like lamps they light our pilgrim way, And lead us to that golden day, Revealed by prophet's faithful ken, Inspiring of the poet's pen.

I long to see the golden age, So often sung by saint and sage, When woe shall lie before the right, As morning drives the shades of night, And wakes the universe from sleep, And smiles on mountain, vale and deep.

M. J. PALMER. 2014 Adams Street, Toledo, O.

He was Benefitted.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Let me thank you personally for your article in your issue of April 6th, entitled, "All a Delusion—Another Exposure."

Crushed under the precise difficulties you name, and with which you grappled, I was spiritually enlightened as to my own difficulty and shown the way out, and I rise to tender you my warmest thanks for your word "in season." The word is peculiarly in season, for the seeing of your article was the result of the kindness of one of your subscribers sending me several copies of your paper, and I know how good it is to hear that one's word (given to communicate) has found lodgment with some struggling spirit, hence my impression to give you, from this eastern fringe of the American Continent, an encouraging word. Living where no others of like faith are to be found, and developing under great difficulties, I appreciate all such aids to spiritual progress, and shall hope some day to be free from such difficulties forever as light increases. Yours fraternally, JOHN M. HOCKIN. Truro, Nova Scotia.

A Hungry Philosopher.

She—Why do we only hear of lazy men and never of lazy women?

He (a philosopher)—A mistaken idea. This only appears so on the surface. Men are thinking, you know—and this requires time. We formulate propositions while at apparent rest; but the brain is all the more active and uses up the physical vitality needed by women for the lighter material duties of life. Mental labor, you know, is necessary for progress—and—

She—Well, if you expect any progress to be made with your dinner, you'd better chop me some wood. If you don't you'll find yourself formulating propositions on an empty stomach. Do you think you can?

Well, I guess I'll chop some wood, as a little physical exercise is healthful, anyhow, you know.

Man proposes and woman disposes.

THE WORK OF SCIENCE.

BY DR. R. P. WRIGHT.

Some years ago I heard a preacher of great eloquence and extensive erudition say: "Prove to me that religion is a science and I will at once embrace the doctrine of Spiritualism." Without arbitrarily asserting that religion (a system of faith) is a science, I would ask, "Why not?" The man of orthodox church standing would say that science has nothing to do with the inspired word of God, either to limit or interpret any of its teachings; that if anything of this character can be done it must be through the operation and dictation of the Holy Ghost (Spirit?); that laws are so plain that a fool need err therein. Yet this enlightened and intelligent religion is based on and thus it is defined: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen."—Heb. 11:1.

The intelligent mind, honestly inquiring, asks for something more extensive than this. Does it exist? let us see about this: What do we know about the physical laws of God? physical laws of nature? And if we respect we know anything, do we intuitively, have we absorbed it, reading the Bible or learned it from evidences presented by science? God's word sufficiently plain as physical laws that a fool need not err therein? Of course not, comes the answer. Then how do we know anything about these laws? Why, through the broad channels of science; by and through the accumulated knowledge of ages.

Think of it: ages rolled on and on; generations succeeded generations; nations grew into existence, flourished, and passed into extinction or underwent various changes, yet the earth was thought to be flat; and, that while it was stationary, the sun daily passed over it. And so firmly was this understanding of astronomy fixed in the minds of the people, that a papal edict went out declaring that it was so, hence a belief to the contrary became a species of heresy. What was the result? The Copernican doctrine to the contrary received the ecclesiastical frown of the Pope in a most decisive manner.

One hundred years subsequently a scholarly student of nature produced the telescope, which at once confirmed the Copernican theory. Immediately he was called to Rome and was released after having sworn to cease his sinful (?) experiments and satanic teachings.

But later on the grand old man—full of science—published a book illustrative of his telescopic discoveries. What then? He was again called to Rome, imprisoned by order of the Pope, and died in disgrace. However, he had kindled a fire that papal persecution could not quench, and its blaze finally consumed all opposition and the philosophy of the dead student of nature took its place in the most important realm of astronomical science. Did this important truth come through the revelation of God's written word?

From the dawn of creation steam was as much a physical truth as it is today, yet many centuries rolled through the window of time ere it was discovered in a tea kettle. Has man been benefitted by this discovery? Did the Bible give the formula for the generation of steam, or contrive the plans for its practical application? The telephone was as much a phenomenon of God's physical forces in the days of Adam as it was the day the hand of science snatched it from its hiding place. And thus the line might be extended ad infinitum.

Now let us contemplate how many generations appeared, grew heavy-headed and rolled back into limitless eternity ere man knew anything of his own physical nature. For ages and ages physicians arose, treated the diseases of the sick and themselves died without possessing the slightest knowledge of man's physical being. And to know the nature of man anatomically was among the chief desires of the earliest physicians, while the theological class were sure they knew all about man's spiritual being. At a very early day Hippocrates of Cos. asserts that "nothing should be asserted of man (physically) until after having acquired a certainty of it by the aid of the senses. And thus the great intellects of antiquity, from the sages of the Vedas, from Pythagoras and Plato, men have been found relying upon their powers of reason to unfold the hidden secrets of nature, for God's written word was not sufficient to reveal them.

God knew that health was necessary for earthly happiness, and we are told that the leaves of the trees are for the healing of the nations, (and we find an apostle laying an embrocation of figs on a boil to allay the pain) yet many ages passed before Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, through which so very many diagnostic phenomena of diseases flow. This discovery gave an impulse to pathological knowledge, and treatment of diseases became less difficult.

So it is, all we know of man physically we have learned through scientific research, unaided by the inspired Bible. It is vitally important in order to man's well being to thoroughly understand his physical nature; then why were not all the conditions and phenomena of his physical being made Biblically plain as is claimed for the conditions of his spiritual nature by orthodox religionists?

If, therefore, science was necessary to give us a more perfect knowledge of physical man, why should it seem improbable that it can give us a more perfect understanding of spiritual man? Again, what would be the condition of man if he grew up entirely unaided by the lights of science? He would be little in advance of the idiot, possessing but a vague, shadowy idea of his God. We therefore see that to science we owe everything for our knowledge of physical phenomena—absolutely everything.

Science began with the experience of the first man. Early in the sixteenth century Da Vinci, the architect, painter and engineer, asserted that in the search for natural truth we should consult experience—experience rather than reason. Those who in the study of the sciences do not consult nature, but authors, are not the children of nature. Nature begins in reason and ends in experience; but we must act on the reverse—begin with the experiment and seek to discover the reason. Theory is the general, but experiments are the soldiers." On this foundation is based the governing idea of science and philosophy.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said to direct the mind to this fact—man, by self-exertion, has developed all the knowledge of the phenomena of nature, organic and inorganic, that we possess; and if to-day the works and developments of man should be swept away from the face of the earth, tell us, oh ye orthodox sages, what would be left for the comfort and enjoyment of mankind?

We now come to the vital section of the discussion: If all we know of physical laws, animate an inanimate; if all we know of man's physical nature, has been learned through rational and scientific experiment, why, in the same way, may we not learn something of our spiritual nature? With these introductory remarks, I will close this letter, but will, in the next, I think, succeed in removing the scales from the eyes of some conscientious people who do not believe the philosophy of Spiritualism nor that it is possible for science to increase our knowledge of man's spiritual nature. Little Rock, Ark., May 30, 1889.

Vicksburg, Mich.

This camp meeting will commence on Thursday, August 8th and continue until September 3d.

The meeting this year will be entirely under the management of the association, which has been thoroughly organized. Determined that success shall attend the meeting they have taken the matter in their own hands, and arranged that all who attend can have pleasant accommodations and enjoy a feast of soul and rest of mind and body. All amusements will be arranged for the benefit and enjoyment of campers; promiscuous dances and games from the grounds.

The camp meeting will be held in a beautiful location called

FRASER'S GROVE.

It is a fine body of oak timber, forty acres in extent, is one of the finest grounds in the State for camping, and is located one-half mile south of the village of Vicksburg, on the G. & E. Railroad, is a beautiful natural growth of timber, and the grounds have been fitted up with new buildings. Carriages running to the grove from the village and Union depot at all hours of the day or evening. There is plenty of good water convenient, fine camping locations, commodious buildings for entertainments, seances, etc., ample hotel accommodations at reasonable rates, both at the grove and town. Fine boating and fishing on Sunset Lake. The Grand Trunk Road crosses the G. & E. Railroad here, half a mile from the grove.

SPEAKERS.

Frank C. Algeron will speak each day from August 8th to 15th. L. V. Moulton—August 11th. Mrs. A. Colby Luther—August 16th to 23d. Prof. A. B. Spincey—August 18th. Lyman C. Howe—August 22 to 27th. Mrs. Mary C. Lindsey—August 15th to 25th. Mrs. Carrie Graves—August 8th to Sept. 1. Mrs. Sarah Frith will deliver invocations and assist during the entire camp.

LIST OF MEDIUMS.

Mrs. D. F. Smith, Vicksburg, Mich., trance speaker and platform test medium. Gives private sittings. Mrs. E. J. Wood, South Haven, Mich., tests and private sittings. Mrs. M. H. B. Snyder, Ewart, Mich., trance speaking, healing without visible contact, and developing. Mrs. E. J. Finch, Grand Rapids, clairvoyant and test medium. Private sittings and financial readings. Mrs. Lena Bible, Grand Rapids, clairvoyant and psychometric reading. Mrs. John Lindsey, Grand Rapids, reading psychometrically from a piece of black cloth. Charley Barnes, Chicago, Ill., materializing both in the light and the dark. Test and psychometric. Mrs. S. Z. Barney, Vicksburg, business test and magnetic medium. Mrs. E. L. Stevens, North Adams, Mich., inspirational speaker and test medium. Mrs. E. J. Brown, Cramer, Breedsville, Mich., trance and test. Charles E. Dent, Vicksburg, Mich., developing and healing medium. The Jones family, trumpet mediums, living five miles east of the grove. Will give private sittings.

SINGERS.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Roe, of Vicksburg, Mich., assisted by Mrs. Mina Bentley, of Ionia, Mich.; Mrs. F. E. Spincey, of Detroit, Mich.

REDUCED RAILROAD RATES.

On the following railroads from August 8th until September 3d, one and one-half fare for the round trip. Parties buying tickets say to the ticket agent: "I want a ticket to Vicksburg Camp Meeting and return." You can get a ticket at any time from the 8th of August, good to return on or before September 3d.

Chicago & West Michigan, Chicago & Grand Trunk, Cincinnati, Jackson & Mackinaw, Cincinnati, Toledo & Michigan, Detroit, Lansing & Northern, Detroit, Grand Haven & Milwaukee, Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic, Flint & Pere Marquette, Grand Rapids & Indiana, Grand Trunk (Detroit division), Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Michigan Air Line, Pontiac, Oxford & Pt. Austin, Toledo, Ann Arbor & Northern Michigan, Toledo, Saginaw & Muskegon, Grand & Western, Saginaw Valley & St. Louis.

Parties desiring to rent tents and bedding should apply as soon as possible; also, they should secure three dollars to secure the same, as last year orders for tents were sent which parties failed to take, thus making a loss to the society. Tents 75c. per week, two dollars; beds, per week, one dollar. Parties all booked up, ready for habitation in good shape. All orders addressed to Mrs. Emily P. Deming, Secretary. Admission, 10 cents; season tickets, one dollar.

Clinton, Ia.

The annual Grand Camp Meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association takes place July 27 to August 27, 1889.

OFFICERS.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, president, Santa Anna, Cal. Mrs. Sarah Jenkins, vice-president, Moline, Ill. Mrs. Elizabeth Harding, treasurer, Clinton, Ia. Dr. J. H. Randall, secretary, 229 Honor street, Chicago, Ill.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

H. H. Roberts, president, Jew Boston, Ill. Mrs. J. C. Blodgett, vice-president, Dayton, Ia. Dr. J. H. Randall, secretary. W. F. McCarroll, Ottumwa, Ia. B. F. Hart, Clinton, Ia. L. P. Wheeler, Moline, Ill. Dr. J. C. Badford, Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Mary McCarroll, Ottumwa, Ia., President Committee on Speakers. Mrs. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Ia., President Committee on Bazaars.

CLINTON, IOWA.

A beautiful town in the Mississippi Valley, is the place. Mount Pleasant Park, in the suburbs of this town, was selected many years ago as a spot combining more natural advantages and attractions for a camp meeting and educational purposes than any other within a radius of hundreds of miles. It is one of Mother Nature's choicest spots, located in the great valley of "The Father of Waters." It is an elevation to afford a view of the valley and river that is delightful. The water to drink is pure, cool and refreshing in the hottest weather, coming from deep wells bored into mother earth. The sanitary condition of the camp is particularly guarded, and ample provision has been made to enable the friends and investigators of Spiritualism to rest and find associations that will instruct and entertain.

The park will open to cottagers and tents from July 1 to September 1, 1889. The regular camp meeting season opens Saturday, July 27, 1889, at 2 p. m.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Clinton is a natural railroad center, and can be reached by the North-western, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and C. B. & Q. Railroads, and their connecting lines. Representative officials of the railroads connected with the Western States Traffic and Passenger Associations have assured us a rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan. To secure this visitors to the camp must ask the agent at the several stations where they purchase tickets, a receipt showing they have paid full fare one way. Horse cars will conduct you from the depot to the park.

HOTEL AND ACCOMMODATIONS.

Dr. J. Mansou, proprietor, of the Decker House, Maquoketa, Iowa, will have charge of the hotel, and will furnish a table board at \$1 per week; single meals, 25 cents. Tents for the season, or lodgings with those who have cottages can be had at reasonable rates. Daily admission to the grounds, 10 cents; season tickets, \$2, or 50 cents per week. Tickets to dancing parties, extra. Groceries of all kinds, bread, meat, fruit and milk can be purchased on the grounds.

OPPORTUNITIES TO INVESTIGATE—MEDIUMS.

Mrs. E. Wells, a noted test medium of New York City, has been engaged for the entire season. Mrs. Mott Knight, of Kansas City, a very reliable test, pellet, and slate writing medium, will be on the grounds during the entire season. Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, of California, trance and test medium, well and favorable known East and West, will be on the grounds. Harvey Mott, the noted materializing medium, formerly of Memphis, Mo., now of Kansas City, will be in attendance. Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., will teach a class in physical culture. Dr. G. C. Phillips, the noted psychometrist and magnetic healer, of Omro, Wis., will also be present. Mrs. J. C. Blodgett, one of the most noted independent slate writing and platform test mediums, will be at camp throughout the season.

LECTURERS.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan, of Boston, Mass., a noted inspirational speaker and improvisatrice, will deliver the opening address on Sunday, July 28th, and remain over Sunday, August 4th. Mrs. S. Lillie, of Boston, Mass., one of the best and most popular speakers on the spiritual realm, has been engaged for August 7th to 14th.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, of Yates Co., New York, one of the greatest mediums and lecturers, identified with Spiritualism since its earliest days, and a student of Harvard College student, who was unjustly expelled from that venerable institution, because of his mediumship, is engaged for the last week, from August 18th to 25th inclusive.

Prof. W. M. Lockwood, of Ripon, Wis., will give one public lecture, and at some time during the month deliver to a class a course of scientific lectures. Dr. Juliet H. Severance, Milwaukee, Wis., has been engaged to lecture some time during the month.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, of California, president, and Dr. J. H. Randall, secretary of the M. V. A. S., are engaged to lecture during the season.

LYCEUM.

Every Sunday during the season, at nine o'clock a. m., a Progressive Lyceum will be held in the interest of the children, which all, old and young, are cordially invited to attend. The services will consist of singing, silver chain, recitations, questions, and an Harvard College student, who was unjustly expelled from that venerable institution, because of his mediumship, is engaged for the last week, from August 18th to 25th inclusive.

MUSIC.

Prof. Fred. Kreyer's Band, which has given such general satisfaction the last two seasons, has been engaged to furnish the music.

Mrs. Frankie Bole, of Chicago, will have charge of the vocal music. Mail to reach campers promptly should be addressed Clinton, Iowa (Mount Pleasant Park).

Dancing parties will be held Tuesday and Friday evenings, closing promptly at 11 o'clock. For further additional information, address any officer, or send to Dr. J. H. Randall, secretary, 229 Honor street, Chicago, Ill., until July 25th; thereafter to Clinton, Iowa.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting of Spiritualists will be held on the grounds at the Natural Bridge Springs, on Lookout Mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., commencing Sunday, July 7th, and closing August 31, 1889.

OFFICERS.

P. R. Albert, Chattanooga, Tenn., Pres. J. W. White, Chattanooga, Tenn., Vice-Pres. J. Seaman, Chattanooga, Tenn., Treasurer. Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

Rev. Samuel Watson, D.D., Memphis, Tenn. E. D. Morrill, Chattanooga, Tenn. J. M. Geupel, Evansville, Ind. Jerry Robinson, Charleston, Miss.

Lookout Mountain is located about three miles south of the enterprising city of Chattanooga, and is about seventy miles in extent, rises to an altitude of about 2,600 feet above the level of the sea. Here was fought the "Battle above the clouds," and in the immediate neighborhood are many points of interest to the historian. Several States are visible from the mountain, viz: Tennessee, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and Kentucky. At Sunset Park we have Sunset Rock, a precipice more than 300 feet high, where may be enjoyed the finest sunset views it has ever been the privilege of man to behold. The Natural Bridge property abounds with wonderful and startling natural formation of rock. Among them may be mentioned, the Natural Bridge, about fifteen feet high and over sixty feet in length, back of the bridge and under a high wall of rock, the small cave terminating in one of the finest springs of water on the mountain. Near by are Uncle Sam's Letter Box, Lion's Mouth, Fat Man's Misery, and Telephone Rock. This immense rock is pierced with a hole through which one can converse and also behold objects on the other side. On the bluff, overlooking the camp grounds, with a face as placid as that of the sphinx of Egypt, stands the Old Man of the Mountain, which is the admiration of all tourists.

It is possible in our brief space to mention by name all the points of interest on the mountain, and will confine ourselves to enumerating Rock Village, Rock City, Lion's Mouth, and Telephone Rock. The view of the mountain is remarkably beautiful, the trees are simply magnificent and the climate produces most refreshing.

Many springs of cool, and some giving water abundant on the Natural Bridge property. The following lecturers have been engaged: Mrs. L. V. Richmond, of Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. A. M. Glading, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Samuel Watson, D.D., of Memphis, Tenn.; Geo. A. Fuller, M. D., of Lookout Mountain, Tenn.; J. Seaman, of Chattanooga, Ga.; and possibly Dr. B. L. Lawrence, of New York City, with his illustrated lectures on Spiritualism, travels, etc.

The finest music ever furnished by the Trio Orchestras of Cincinnati, O., consisting of the following artists: Mrs. A. M. Glading, pianist, Mr. C. C. Cooke, violinist, and Mr. M. M. Cooke, violoncellist. Parties occupying rooms must not expect to occupy rooms unless they bring a room mate with you, or you will be selected for you after arrival. Table board will be furnished for those bringing their own tents, or room elsewhere, at 50 cents per week. Single meals will be furnished at 50 cents.

MEDIUMS.

Mrs. Anna Cisana, the independent test writer, will be present during the entire meeting, also Mrs. E. Kibby of the same city, test and clairvoyant. Mrs. Clara A. Well known as a most honorable woman and excellent medium. Mrs. Lindsey of the same city, test and clairvoyant. Mrs. E. J. Wood, of South Haven, Mich., will be present during the meeting. Other equally as good and reliable mediums are expected.

HOTEL RATES.

The Natural Bridge Springs Hotel is under the management of Dr. Geo. A. Fuller. Thoroughly competent help is furnished at all times every day. The rates will be as follows: \$1 per day or \$50 per month; no deviation whatever will be made from these terms for adults. The usual deduction will be made for children. Parties occupying rooms must not expect to occupy rooms unless they bring a room mate with you, or you will be selected for you after arrival. Table board will be furnished for those bringing their own tents, or room elsewhere, at 50 cents per week. Single meals will be furnished at 50 cents.

RAILROADS.

Arrangements have been completed with the Southern Passenger Association for the parties coming over the roads under their jurisdiction and paying full fare to Chattanooga will receive return ticket for the third fare.

Parties desiring to obtain these rates may obtain from the agent of whom they purchase their tickets a certificate that they have paid full fare to Chattanooga, for the purpose of attending the camp meeting. Blank certificates may be obtained by writing to the secretary.

Negotiations are pending with the Trans-Atlantic Association, embracing all the lines east of Niagara Falls, Buffalo, and New York, and with the Northern and Eastern lines, covering the Northern and Eastern sections of our country.

Besides the above, excursion tickets Lookout Mountain at greatly reduced rates will be found on sale in the office of some of all agents in the large cities of the country.

HOW TO REACH THE CAMP GROUNDS.

After reaching Chattanooga, there are two ways of reaching the camp grounds by rail. If you wish to come by the incline and the row gauge, you take the street cars to the Union depot, marked Lookout Mountain and Incline, and proceed to St. Louis when you take the depot every 15 minutes, having reached this point you take the row gauge for Sunset Park (a ride of a mile over a mile), and you have the privilege of either a short walk or a pleasant carriage ride to the camp grounds. The other way is by the Broad Gauge Railroad; the depot is on Nuby street, only a short distance from the Union depot, and you leave on the mountain at the Natural Bridge Station near camp grounds.

NOTES.

It is always cool at night on the mountain and seldom at all uncomfortable in the time. It is one of the healthiest places in America.

The post-office is now located in the basement of Mr. H. H. N. McLane adjoining the mountain, and is one of the finest to be found in any country town.

Ground rent for those who wish to bring their own tents, will be furnished for a nominal sum of \$2 for the entire meeting. Provisions of all kinds may be obtained at the stores which are located at short distances from the grounds.

A memorial cottage, as a testimonial to the worth of Mrs. S. A. H. Talbot, is now being built on the mountain. The other man, Weigel, and will be most beautiful in its ward appearance.

For further particulars address GEO. A. FULLER, M. D., Secretary and Myrtle Street, Chattanooga, Tenn. Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

P. S.—On and after Monday, June 18th, trains on the Broad Gauge Railroad will leave the Union depot every 15 minutes for Lookout Mountain. Passengers and their baggage can be transferred from their train to this line without leaving the depot.

Written for The Better Way.

Archangels in the Rough.

BY CALLE HARCOURT.

My love to all the universe of God. To all the countless worlds by spirits tried. To every soul above me or below, To every form through which life's current flows; To all that was and is and still shall be, Though hidden by the mists that veil a finity.

I feel my kinship with the great and small From the humble atom to the soul of all. The saints above me are but of more polished stuff. The souls below Archangels in the Rough.

If in some world upon God's star-gemmed breast, There lives one soul more pure than mine, Whose deeds are darker far than mine's gloom, Whom the self-righteous would to hell send down;

If such a one exists, I say to thee, Thou art the light I dwell beyond my grasp. I love thee not for what I love to see, But for the good that sleeps within thy breast. To wake some day when thou hast learned enough.

To leave thy sins, Archangel in the Rough, I crave the love of saints for love's sake. But yield more the love of hearts that love mine, be the hearts condemned, misdeeds stood, In whom the blinded world can see no light. Outcast ones that never saw a friend, Believers God's love and mine, for you to blend.

And though your way be darkened here and low, And end will come to weariness and woe, Your heaven will dawn when you are free enough. To reflect its rays, Archangels in the Rough.

Were I in heaven, and from some world so low, Saw I a tear and heard a groan of woe, I'd risk my shining robes and crown, And risk as light to that poor soul below.

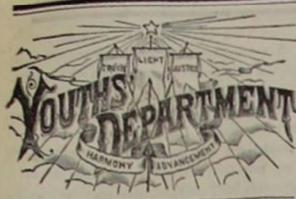
Could I not bring an angel back without, I'd leave at least my tenderest sympathy. And give my own compassion, though deep, for you and broad.

Is less than one tear on the loving cheek of God. He hath no end of gems, yet not enough. To lose even one Archangel in the Rough.

And after countless ages pass away, Our happy eyes shall greet that period of time, When we shall be united by an angel's hand. And every soul a well-tuned golden string. That shall, with heaven's divines, sing.

"Till God shall say, 'In all my vast domain, There's not one discordant note of sin or pain. The heart-gemmed crown I scarce can give, Holds all that were Archangels in the Rough.'"

Chesnut, Ill.



Written for The Better Way. DRIFTING.

A Story of Spirit Help.

BY MISS LIZZIE E. BROWN.

A ship! 'Tis he returning! Ah! thou beautiful sea bird that rides the waves like the foam of the ocean! Muttering these sentences, a young girl of eighteen stands on a high cliff, the bottom of which is laved and lashed by the waves of the grand old ocean. A brisk breeze is blowing; it seems to be playing hide-and-seek among the loose curls of the young girl on the cliffs, as they fly all around her shoulders; now and then a stray curl tosses across that bright, sparkling face, and those pretty dark blue eyes seem to flash with scorn at the rude behavior of the glossy ringlets.

She is now waving a large white hat, that she took from her head, toward the fast approaching ship. In return she sees an object, the same color as her hat, waving on the side of the vessel. 'Tis the return of a loved brother that Alberta Ferguson awaits on those high cliffs. It was handsome Ned Ferguson that stood on deck of the ship Lady Beauty, watching and guiding her into port.

Ned Ferguson was captain of the ship, and had been on a cruise in the Pacific for ten months. It was with a great deal of pleasure he beheld his native land stretching along the horizon and saw his sister standing on the cliffs—the first to welcome him. In one hour he had landed and was at his home, clasped in a mother's and sister's embrace.

What joy it gave them to once more behold their loved one seated at the hearthstone, and a prayer from each arose in their souls that the power Divine had returned them their only comfort and support.

Jasper Ferguson came to the town of B— after he was twenty-five and married a lady of refinement. Two children were born to him—Ned and Alberta. All his life he had been a sailor; and at the age of fifty-two years was wrecked in mid-ocean and found a watery grave. The family became greatly distressed, as the wrecked vessel was owned by the husband and father, and contained a valuable cargo which he was carrying to a foreign shore to sell.

Alberta was nearly eighteen when her father died. She was a tall, slender girl, with light golden hair and eyes of blue. She reminded one of a fair, delicate lily. Ned was very short and heavy built. You could look into his frank, honest face and know he was one you could trust. Ned Ferguson was then twenty-two years of age—and inheriting the father's desire for a sailor's life, he procured the position of captain on the ship Lady Beauty.

When only ten years old Ned had such a desire to be a sailor that his father often took him on long voyages. When at home he would sit on the cliffs hour after hour and watch the ships as they came and went, sailing for distant shores. Some ships would never reach foreign shores nor return to their homes, but would sail on, on to the river death, where balmy breezes would fill the sails and waft the good ship faster, until it would land all the souls on the shores eternal.

After the death of his father, Ned sailed away on his first voyage as captain and returned with a good cargo and excellent reports, much to the satisfaction of his employers. He only had four weeks at home; then he was to be gone some six months longer. While at home Captain Ned was visited by a gentleman and given a very strange commission to perform while at sea, who, before leaving, informed Captain Ned that he was the chief officer of a large detective force in the city. As Captain Ned was the only gentleman he could trust that was going to a certain port, he gave him the work with promise of a rich reward if he succeeded. In the city where Captain Ned lived was a very large ship owner that had a son of eleven years of age kidnapped. Mr. Cargile had a ship that had been at sea some months; and when it returned the ship was useless, as the men on board had been in mutiny caused by personal wrongs against another ship, much more powerful than the one owned by Mr. Cargile.

Of course he accused the captain of being the cause of such heavy damages being done; so the latter was discharged. Being of a very revengeful nature, he vowed to take revenge on Mr. Cargile. As his son was last seen talking to the discharged captain, it was thought he was the one that stole the child.

It was Captain Ned's last day at home, and a happy day it was, for it seemed as if that home circle was blest with the presence of angels. At four o'clock in the afternoon Captain Ned

bid his mother and sister a tearful farewell, boarded his ship, which was in harbor ready for his orders to start on another long voyage, which he did with bright hopes and high ambitions, like many a sailor lad—but he could not see into the vale of the future, or perhaps like many another, would have retraced his steps. Little did he dream of the events that he was destined to experience.

After being out at sea for five days, Captain Ned was pacing the deck about nine o'clock in the evening, when the cabin boy came running to him bare-headed, with a white, terrified face, speaking with great difficulty, hardly above a whisper, saying the ship is haunted—that the ghost of a man dressed as a sailor had walked into the cabin, and when asked what he wanted pointed out toward the door and disappeared.

Leslie, the cabin boy, was no coward, but the sight of such a thing chilled his soul with fright. Captain Ned laughed at his foolishness, as he termed it, and by making light of it, soon quieted the lad, and commanded him not to repeat what had been seen, as it might cause the other men to take fright and ruin the ship.

Things went on as usual; but in about two weeks the apparition made its second appearance, and said it would again come at the same time the next night. Leslie was very much terrified, but not so much as when it first made its appearance. After the first visit he had expected to see it at any time.

He was not long in reporting the second visit to Captain Ned, who agreed to keep watch the next night with him and see if they could not capture the strange intruder. Captain Ned had decided it was one of the sailors on shipboard who was playing a trick on the cabin boy, so they put out the light and waited.

They had hardly been waiting twenty minutes before they heard tiny raps all around, and after the raps came a soft noise like some one walking barefooted. The handle of the door moved and Captain Ned made ready to grab the ghost. The door opened—first on a crack, and by degrees until it stood wholly ajar, and a sailor advanced slowly into the cabin.

Where was the courage of the strong man and boy gone? Leslie said, "Strike!" but alas! his hand was powerless as well as the captain's. In a whisper Captain Ned said, "Father! father! is it you or am I dreaming? Speak! is it you?" "Tis I, your father, not dead but living! God bless you, my son! I cannot tarry longer. I will come again."

With tears streaming down Captain Ned's cheeks, he held out his hands towards his father and cried, "Stay, father, stay!" But he saw his father sink in the middle of the cabin and disappear through the door.

In Captain Ned's cabin was a large slate that belonged to Leslie, who, having but very little education, the captain occasionally passed away an hour in teaching him. They had just cleaned the slate preparatory to a lesson, when both were called out of the cabin to attend to some trivial matter. It was about three hours before they returned. Leslie went to the desk, and, picking up the slate, found some writing on the under side. Walking over to where Captain Ned sat, he started to read it, when he turned pale, his hands trembled violently and dropped the slate—he put his face in his hands and groaned aloud. Captain Ned picked up the slate and read:

"My Dear Son:—Be cheerful and helpful. I will help you. You think it strange that I can return from my home in the spirit world. Many times will I come, so you will recognize me. Leslie is what the spirit world calls a medium; and both of you must sit one hour every night around the table in a dark room, with the slate upon it. There are some black clouds ahead of your pathway. Trust to the angels to help you. Your loving father, JASPER FERGUSON."

Captain Ned did not know what to think. Leslie and himself had a long talk about the strange writing. They decided to sit around the table and see what would be the results. Neither one of them believed that spirits could return and visit their loved ones, the same as when in earth life.

They held circles for several nights, but did not get anything; so, believing that it was some one on the vessel that had done the writing, Captain Ned, through intrigue, got all of his men to write their names; and after examining the writings, found that none corresponded with that on the slate. Taking down a book from a shelf the next week, he found some of his father's writings, which was the same as the handwriting on the slate.

Night after night found them holding seances; sometimes there would come loving messages from departed friends, and then again there would be no results—which latter was very discouraging to the two investigators.

Five days more and they would be in port. Captain Ned had thought and thought until it seemed as if his power of thought was nearly extinguished from finding some way to recover Mr. Cargile's lost son. At last, as a final resort, he decided to ask his father's advice. The thought had never occurred to him before. So, when the sun had disappeared behind the blue clouds, and darkness had settled over the white-capped waves of the ocean, with only the sparkling stars shining in the heavens, Captain Ned and Leslie retired to their cabin and held their little circle. Soon writing was heard on the slate, and continued for about ten minutes. Turning up the light they read:

"Dear Son:—Trust in the higher powers; they will lead you. Aid will come when least expected. You will find the child. FATHER."

Four fair days they sailed until they arrived in port in the southern portion of Spain. Captain Ned had about a month to stay in port—then he was to touch further down the coast before starting on his homeward journey. He had been in port a week before he had a few spare moments to himself, on account of having such a heavy cargo to deliver.

One fine evening, about twilight, he was strolling along one of the principal streets of the town, when he saw a sight which aroused all the sympathy in his being. A young girl of about sixteen summers, barefoot, with ragged clothes clinging to a frail form, violin in hand, stood on the corner of the street singing for alms. Suddenly a gleaming knife in an upraised hand, and with a downward sweep, plunged in a drunken man's bosom. The girl threw up her hands in horror—the violin fell and was broken into a dozen fragments on the pavement. She stooped over the wounded man—terror was pictured in every feature of her face, which was a pretty one in spite of the old and careworn look. She tried to raise the dying man, while a crowd gathered around her, one little street gambler crying, "Oh, old drunken Freizand is killed!" At this the crowd laughed and shouted.

Captain Ned stepped quickly to her side and raised the man in his arms. As he did so, Freizand breathed his last. They carried him to a little dark alley and laid him on a bed in a wretched hovel. The little street singer leaned over and gazed long on the inanimate form of her parent. No tears dimmed her eyes, no words came to her lips; only a wild sigh of relief came; and, kneeling by the bedside, she prayed for help in her hour of trouble—prayed for succor to come to the dead man's soul. Vida's father was kind to her only when he was not intoxicated; it was two years it seemed as if he did nothing else but drink; and it was very little kindness she received from him.

After Captain Ned provided means for Vida to lay her father in his last resting place, he returned to the ship, feeling as if he was at peace with all the world. Leslie came to him and they retired to the cabin to open the doors of their souls for angel visitants to come in with their heavenly influences.

Things went on as usual. Captain Ned and Leslie searched everywhere and every place for Mr. Cargile's son, but it seemed as if all their efforts were in vain.

The next week Captain Ned was strolling along leisurely, when, turning in an alley, he found himself at Vida La Syre's home. He knocked at the door, as he seemed to be attracted, from some cause or other, to her. Pushing open the door, he found himself in a small, dark room, with scarcely anything in it. Looking toward the only chair in the room, he saw Vida sitting there weeping bitterly, with her face in her hands. Large tears ran down her cheeks. Walking to her side, he took her hands away from her face, and asked kindly why she was crying. "Ah, sir, I will starve, as my violin is now broken and I cannot get another."

Captain Ned comforted her with a promise of his assistance in buying a new instrument—telling her to come to his ship the next day. He then departed. Captain Ned intended to set sail the following week, if the storms, which had been raging along the coast, carrying great destruction in their pathway, would cease.

The next day Vida came on ship board, and kind-hearted Captain Ned went on several ships and along the wharves until he soon had enough to buy the promised violin. With grateful tears in her eyes, she thanked him, and, stooping down, kissed his hand with becoming modesty, and left the ship.

A few days later the ship was ready to start on its journey. Captain Ned had daily been searching for the child, it seemed very hard to give up the search in this town, as the detective told him the child was traced to this place.

(To Be Concluded)

A man may successfully dodge vehicles on Broadway all day long and then go home at night and smash his nose against the edge of a door.—New York Journal.

Sufferers

FROM Stomach and Liver derangements—Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick-Headache, and Constipation—find a safe and certain relief in Ayer's Pills. In all cases where a cathartic is needed, these Pills are recommended by leading physicians. Dr. T. E. Hastings, of Baltimore, says: "Ayer's Pills are the best cathartic and aperient within the reach of my profession."

Dr. John W. Brown, of Oceana, W. Va., writes: "I have prescribed Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent. I urge their general use in families."

"For a number of years I was afflicted with biliousness which almost destroyed my health. I tried various remedies, but nothing afforded me any relief until I began to take Ayer's Pills."—G. S. Wanderlich, Scranton, Pa.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years, and am satisfied I should not be alive to-day if it had not been for them. They cured me of dyspepsia when all other remedies failed, and their occasional use has kept me in a healthy condition ever since."—T. P. Brown, Chester, Pa.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills, and deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these Pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main St., Carlisle, Pa.

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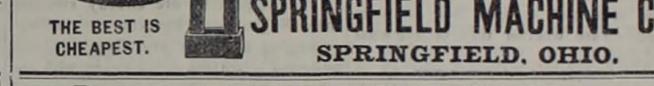


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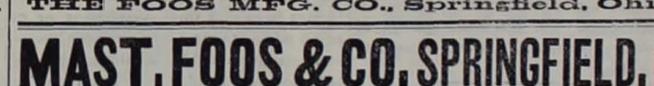


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A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - EDITOR

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application. In the United States The BETTER WAY will be sent Six Months for \$1.00.

The BETTER WAY cannot well undertake to touch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonorable or unworthy of action.

When the post office address of THE BETTER WAY is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as a future address. Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to THE BETTER PUBLISHING CO., South West Corner of Plum and McFarland, CINCINNATI, O.

Evil is due to ignorance.

Thought is intelligent motion.

An infant's smiles bespeak of love.

Spiritualism is the harbinger of light for all mankind.

Deny yourself nothing and there is no spiritual progress.

Spiritualism thrives best where the phenomena are given in private.

Be independent in your own belief, but without encroaching on that of others.

Every restraint put upon the press by an act of legislation is an obstruction to civilization and progress.

Do not send us so many postage stamps please, in payment of dues. They are not convertible into cash.

If truth cannot die, a lie cannot thrive. If Spiritual phenomena be true, it need not fear the false. The genuine will outlive the fraudulent or counterfeit.

When Christianity demands from us to have our mediums tested, we should demand from them to have their ministers tested—to see whether they believe what they preach.

If the phenomena occurring in spiritualistic circles were merely an effect of "magnetism," how do you (Materialist) account for the intelligent motion connected with them?

Spiritualists have no more control over their mediums than Christians have over their preachers. When either does wrong, we can do no more than ignore them and let them seek a support outside of our ranks.

Because your spirit guides are ignorant of a fact, it is not necessarily said that that fact does not exist. No individual spirit is omniscient. The wisest are ignorant of something, but not all are wise enough to know this.

Laws that require lobbying for their passage can never be for the good of the whole people, and law-makers who have no time to devote to a proposition without being button-holed and caressed as reminders are not true to their trust.

Prejudice is the incentive for bitterness, whether against creed, custom or country, and self-sufficiency the tempter for fault-finding or criticism without substitution. Neither is effective in argument for or against an assertion, a belief or a theory.

We do not object to any argument for or against a subject as long as it is logical, honest in opinion and freed from ridicule or puerile criticism against the writer or his belief, or the subject under debate. Under these circumstances none offend and all become instructors.

The guides of a true medium and active worker in the field of Spiritualism, said at a recent gathering at St. Louis that they would not only work in harmony with THE BETTER WAY, but wish to express their "high appreciation of its spirit, the ennobling tone of its editorials, and the broad charity which is its basis."

If spirit, as a conscious entity, can exist after its dissolution from the material body, why cannot this be the case prior to the formation of worlds or the creation of man? Or is spirit and matter one entity in the beginning, and spirit individualized an evolution from this state? If so matter-spirit or spirit-matter is the cause and must have the germ for intelligence inherent, for the effects (spirits) are intelligent.

It is a pity there are not more expositors giving exhibitions; for the more that the public is stuffed with them the sooner it will become nauseated. None but the willfully ignorant believe an exposer, while the more intelligent class harbor a secret belief that something is wrong—intuition whispering truth to them as well as to us. Spiritualists should not soil their hands trying to expose an exposer. If truth cannot be crushed out, then an untruth cannot stand, and will fall without aid.

Every uncharitable or unloving act, thought or emotion will have its reactionary effect sooner or later. We cannot take a brother mortal to task without suffering for the same—even if only in conscience. Spiritual law will find the discord created in us by the act, and being intelligent we will understand it as taking us to task about our lack of charity. Charity can only be practiced when an opportunity is at hand. To find no fault because there is none to find adds nothing to our soul or divine nature in the form of charity or love. Thus lose no opportunity to be charitable when moved to be otherwise.

We can be men without the necessity of exhibiting our fighting qualities. Success is not attained by truculence or malice. Dignity awes, while turpitude degrades and forfeits respect. When the latter is lost, we become the laughing stock of our opponents and our own supporters fall to stand by our side. Leaders in a movement should therefore always preserve their dignity, and if they cannot reply in words befitting the cause they represent, they should resort to silence until intuition aids them. Those who are honest and true to their principles or belief will always obtain the help of divine power if patient and prayerful. Not in words but in heart.

Not to discover or acknowledge a servant's true value until he is wanted by someone else is to have used him selfishly or misused him, and such will meet with direful results to the master if not compensated for past services. To use up a brother mortal's vitality or talents for self-interest is equal to murder in the light of the spiritual or spiritual law. At least the law of compensation will require a penalty which is equal in value to the above. Be conscientious with your help or those who are earning the daily bread for you, and value their services according to their worth; for remember the law of spirit makes no discrimination between individualized souls—immortal beings.

When American citizens may be arrested in their own country "on suspicion" by policemen, it is time for the people of that community to look after their rights as freemen. Such is not only an indication that we are losing ground as free citizens, but that oppression and tyranny has already begun, and one step towards an autocratic government has been gained. In that respect we are already stronger than England or France, and are approaching Germany and Russia in empowering guardians of the peace with absolute authority. This is both serious and dangerous, but is a fact nevertheless. Liberty is easily lost through indifference, and only to be regained by loss of life.

It was once said by a humorist that if you wished a woman to read a news item, send her the paper with the item cut out. She would make it her business to procure another copy of that especial paper. Whether this may be applied to all of the gentler or superior sex is doubtful, but this little bit of satire contains a vast deal of philosophy, which Spiritualists might practice on the outside world. By being reluctant to exhibit their phenomena or to admit people to their seances, more desire and curiosity would be manifested by the latter to be admitted. Such "conditions" of mind are absolutely needed for good manifestations and a more rapid growth and progress of true Spiritualism at present.

Those individuals who think they can run the paper they are reading better than the editor, ought to put themselves on trial. To furnish a page of editorial matter for the B. W., for example, take forty-two sheets of note paper, write very close on them, and divide your thoughts into about twenty to thirty subjects—the same to be expressed in items from one or two lines to one column or over. Continue this from week to week amidst other labor or tasks which require almost as much attention as the above. Do you think you could do all this without committing a little blunder occasionally? But some people see only the mistakes that another makes. He may do ninety-nine good things and nothing is said about it, but the hundredth time he is caught napping. This maketh glad the fault-finder's heart.

Our contributors are requested to have patience with us. We cannot publish all MSS. at once, nor all we have on hand. We are trying to oblige everybody and still some complain. We are trying to be charitable towards all, and would like to have a taste of it ourselves occasionally. But charity seems to be naught when self happens to be affected. A will child B for not being charitable to C, but B does not see it in the same light that A does, because B has been personally affected by C, and A has not. Charity under these circumstances is a hollow mockery, and goes for naught like a wasted breath. There is more true charity in having patience with a fellow mortal than in the most beautifully expressed thoughts, but when censuring one for not obtaining all his attention and first consideration it becomes downright selfishness. Such may receive a temporary advantage, but will be all the more neglected or forgotten in the end, for the heart naturally closes on such beings and can only with difficulty be moved to act in their behalf in the future.

Astronomers probably use globe sights when hunting for new worlds.—Puck.

SABBATH LAWS.

A Sunday law passed by the general government is an entangling wedge to rob the masses of their individual religious belief or inclination, for it is legislation in favor of orthodoxy against every other class of thinkers. To say that the Fourth of July or Washington's Birthday are national holidays is one thing, but to enforce their celebration against the peoples' inclination is another; although this would not be as inconsistent as the enforcing of a Sunday law because few would remonstrate and the act could be justified as a desire to probe the loyalty of the people, against, perhaps a brewing revolution—if indications warranted any such suspicion. But even this would call forth a mirthful emotion from the masses and cause the makers of that law to be enrolled in the fable of the nine timid tailors. The makers of a Sunday law would fare worse, for they would be anathematized by the majority and most intelligent portion of the people of this country, and their names enrolled in a book that would be preserved as a relic and curiosity of the dark era of the United States, or perhaps bound in one volume with the blue laws of Connecticut. Though unsuccessful in the attempt, the active workers for such a law would already subject themselves to an unpleasant reminiscence that will not be permitted to rest for all time, but which will be brought forth as a reminder occasionally and as causes warrant. The advocates of such a law, therefore, had better be warned in time, and not impose upon the people what they don't want—at least, the majority. If they do, they will engender a question of religion in the politics of the future, and every reader of history knows what that means. We don't want a black page in the history of the United States at this late day, and it can be avoided by a little forethought and backbone now. To favor an unprogressive or damaging measure for fear of losing caste with a class is cowardly and selfish, and cannot produce results detrimental to the individual in the end. Life is too short to sacrifice principles, as there is hardly time enough left to regain them before passing over to the immortal shore, and thus a good name is better to have than fame or wealth when the end draws nigh. But this is seldom taken into serious consideration until too late, thus advising reform is one thing and actual reform is another. But as advice is cheap, we hope our Sunday reformers will not take this amiss. We do not believe in war measures when a question can be settled in other ways. And where reason rules there are plenty of peace measures at hand. War is an effect of unreason, and acrimony is a war in spirit. One is no better than the other in the higher sense, and those who love either have not yet outgrown their combativeness—their animal nature. Fear and selfishness are correlative with the latter, and the man who can be the most independent without bitterness is the highest developed in moral or spiritual culture. To the latter every day is a Sunday in its true sense, for the one who worships God truly, needs no fixed day for so doing.

SEEK AND THOU SHALT FIND; KNOCK AND IT SHALL BE OPENED UNTO YOU.

A QUESTION.—Mr. Editor:—Can you give me a reasonable answer if there are real spirits and I sincerely want them to come to me, why they refuse to come, but are always coming to professional mediums, as said to be. INQUIRER.

[No; we are not able to answer this question in the manner proposed. It is one we have often asked, but could get no satisfactory answer, though if any can be given we will publish it.]—Boston Investigator.

It would like to seem strange to us, and again silly to hear people still asking such questions, when it is the simplest thing in the world to find out for themselves. Not by going to a non-believer, but by applying to a Spiritualist. But no, a Spiritualist might tell them it is so, and the testimony of one who knows is not valued in a question concerning immortality or the soul nature of man. So they make inquiries of those who are totally ignorant on the subject and are generally told that there are no spirits. No, the earth does not rotate either, according to our opinion, because we have never seen it rotate, and we are not going to ask anybody who knows anything about it either, nor read any books that can give us the desired information. We simply don't believe it, and because we don't believe it, it cannot be so.

Now, we are not jealous of the Boston Investigator because the question was asked of them and not of us. In fact, we commend this paper highly for its liberal spirit in publishing the question, and its honesty in acknowledging that it doesn't know. If every one, who has not yet been convinced of the fact that spirits exist, would only be candid enough to do the same, there would be a good deal less conceit in the world, and substituted perhaps by a little more practical information. The man who honestly says I don't know, when questioned on a subject of which he is really in the dark, can always be relied on in the event of telling you something of which he does know. For to assert something positive of which you are ignorant is equal to direct lying, and a man who will lie about one thing—though he does it mischievously—will lie again unwittingly by force of habit. The Boston Investigator is therefore a reliable paper so far as the assertions of the editor or proprietor are concerned.

But would the B. I. publish the evidence if given? There are plenty of Spiritualists in Boston who would gladly furnish it light on the subject, and take its editors and proprietors to circles where they can obtain their own evidence of the existence of spirits, and thus be able to answer for themselves. But they must not wilfully close their eyes to facts and simply say they are not satisfactory in order to escape acknowledgement of the same. That would be like the wilful blindness of orthodox preachers, who don't want to know for fear of being obliged to preach against their convictions.

However, we ought not to think it strange or silly for people to still ask questions, concerning the existence of spirits, for without proof or experience there can be no knowledge of facts—only we would like to say to the questioner that spirits do not refuse to come to him, but they cannot, or at least, he is not cognizant of their presence. Everybody is not a medium, and not being a medium, spirits can no more come and communicate to him than he can send a message over the wires without going to the medium, the operator. Now, this might be applied to both P—as it takes two to see well—for to be a thorough Investigator, one should investigate, and to be a successful Inquirer one should inquire at the right sources.

Hoping that both may be successful we bid them Goodspeed.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

A day ever to be remembered in the annals of American history. Not simply because it tells of an event that made the United States a republic, but because it laid the foundation for the world's future progress. Any country may be converted into a republic without further significance—often only to benefit the inhabitants of that country especially, or to temporarily break away from tyrannical oppression. But when a spiritual cause underlies the motive it takes a world wide range and becomes of universal benefit—an effect that is unchangeable because the spirit of the movement is imbibed by all people and produces a centralization of forces to a definite point of action. This is analogous to law. Law is absolute, and all that which has a spiritual origin is law in a sense. The United States government constitutes such a condition of existence and cannot be overthrown by either internal dissension or invasion. Any outside nation that would therefore make the attempt would be baffled by the spirit world; and if more than one engage in the onslaught, they will be given other matters to engage their attention in order to debar successful operations.

Now, the truth of this is evident in both cases; for both have been attempted and resulted in a more glorious Union than ever, showing that the pulse of the spiritual world beats in harmony with this portion of the material world, and like in the individual, when the internal becomes aroused in conjunction with the external it always results in a victory for the former with greater activity added and a firmer hold or control over the material. So every contention, whatever it be, will always strengthen this surface law, that has centered itself on the American continent where now lies the United States. The day itself may finally be disregarded as a holiday, for people are gradually rising above celebrations that have a mere calendared significance;—as birthdays for example, which are also the effects of chance, the true birth or creation of the spirit being all beyond man's power of knowing—all causes being implanted long before the effects manifest themselves, and as man becomes cognizant with causation he will lose interest in recognizing dates as records worthy of commemoration. Through his understanding or knowledge of causes he will feel that he is in an atmosphere or condition incompatible with the real truth or cause of the event that is being celebrated by the effect. To enjoy a thing we must be in rapport with its cause, and to positively know that we are not, we cannot go into the spirit of the event as we could otherwise. But until a general understanding of this is attained we need not expect to have a spiritual celebration of events. There will first come a transition period in which one-half of the people will intuitively cognize this while the other half will be on a material plane, and between these two counteracting influences, there will be a cessation of celebrations according to dates as given by the almanac. After that, things will be changed for an entirely different effect. The "new world" has hardly reached its transition period as yet, but when it does a "new heaven" will dawn, and the dawn of this heaven will portend the control of the spiritual over the material through the direct agency of man himself. When that period arrives Spiritualism will have completed its mission. It will then be placed in the charge of mortals entirely, who will then find no difficulty in elevating the rest of the world to their level; in fact, it will become their mission to do so. This might be regarded as a sort of millennium by those who feel so inclined, but as it is some time off yet, no preparations need be made to celebrate the event. It will celebrate itself by the beautiful and gratifying changes that will be continually in process, and every day will be a holiday, or a day worth commemorating—changes that will make the Fourth of July but an ordinary calendar day, and by which time the true natal day of this event will probably be made known to all mankind, and not celebrated as an event of one day only but as an event that is to be celebrated every day in the year, and in the hearts of all true freemen—materially and spiritually considered.

POLITICAL REFORM.

To remove an evil, we must remove the cause. Temperance will not become universal until the manufacture of liquor is abolished; disease will not vanish until right living becomes an individual incentive; wars will not cease until the people themselves protest against them; bad legislation will continue until men with "political influence" shall be ignored; lawlessness will prevail as long as Justice does not practice justice; political wrangling will not cease until impartial office holders have the reins in hand; and men and women will not discontinue to find fault with each other until each one sweeps before his or her own door—looks within and begins the study of self.

Man looks entirely too much to the effects when making war on an evil, and in a raid where his fellow man is concerned the least guilty generally have to suffer for the investigators or those who are responsible for the whole. In riots, for example, the misguided or the casual pedestrian is often shot down while the originators are safe and far from the scene of action. Of course, riots must be suppressed, but wise legislation can prevent them taking place. Wisdom though, is seldom an attribute of men with political influence; thus its conspicuous absence among our law-makers. A good stump speaker is not always a wise man, but that is the cream of politics now-a-days. The rest of most of the commonly prevailing evils to-day, may be traced to the above, and especially to the last named. If the real voters would manipulate the political machine, instead of being led to the poles by wire-pullers and corner politicians, things would take a different bearing in all the departments of city, state and national government, and a wrangling about the loaves and fishes would cease; for as the people obtain control, appointments to office would be in accord with this state of affairs. No more for political influence, but for merit, and those who are enabled to furnish the best moral record with proofs of competency will be the men selected for the positions. But how shall this be brought about? Spiritualism must lead or point out the way. It has effectuated a more liberal and tolerant spirit in the church; it constituted the incentive to the liberation of slavery; it must purify politics. Not necessarily by becoming politicians. They did not go bodily into the churches preaching liberalism to effectuate it, nor made abolition speeches to free the slaves. The influence which Spiritualists exert in their surroundings is sufficient to conduce reform. But to make their influence felt they must simply give out truth and hold a dignified bearing towards the world in so doing. Truth calmly told finds its way to the hearts of the masses sooner than when trying to force it on them. Give them something to digest and it will sooner or later have its effect—even if Spiritualism is not credited with it. We desire no worldly glory. Our mission is to bring truth into the world and reform will follow naturally. As soon as the world begins to quarrel over these truths, the indications are that they have taken root, and to take part in those quarrels is to retard our own progress and prevent the next truth from being announced. Let the outer world revolt. Out of chaos comes harmony. If the people will not accept the truths as we give them let them dish it up to suit themselves. The effects will always be the same. If scientists choose to call Spiritualism hypnotism, let them practice it as hypnotism. The result will ultimately lead to a proof of immortality—and what then? Why, all intelligent people will be Spiritualists despite themselves, and we will be preparing to work another racket on them. Let the coming suggestions be for reform in politics, whether in the form of theory, by inspiration or otherwise.

Man is spiritually weakened in comparison to the gratification of his material or mortal desires, tastes and needs. Deprivation or self-abnegation has the reverse effect and often make such the happiest of beings. Those who are too weak to practice the latter individually are made to suffer deprivation, by their spirit guides, these consoling their charges with what has almost become a platitude in the form of "suffering purifies the soul." In reality the soul never becomes tainted; for this is the divine spark in man which gives him individual consciousness. It is the spirit body which partakes of the impurities indulged in by the physical, but which are released again by pain, disease or organic troubles. Soul growth is necessary to free man from earth bound conditions or the attraction for, and of matter in the future state; and only by overcoming or depriving himself of the material can this be effectuated—this being synonymous with soul or what has generally been termed spiritual strength (absolute will or the control of mind over matter). When the force of soul or the interior will becomes superior in energy (or bulk, materially understood) to that of the exterior—man's physical nature—the energy of the spirit body included—he has attained the aim of life—angelhood so-called.

Exposers are meeting with dreadful endings recently, one having died in a hospital of cancer of the tongue, and the other by being carved up while in a trance state. Spiritualism is a law, and transgressors of that law should be warned in time by these two cases.

THE SCIENCE OF COLORS.

A reader asks for some information in regard to colors in connection with spirits. Though the sun shine bright and the day be fair, all seems dark to the consciousness stricken soul. Colors, we are told, bespeak the spirits' state. According to the hue that surrounds objects, or as it appears to the spirit, they may be gauged as accurately as the barometer gauges the weather. Even in the body, by a steady and somewhat dreamy stare at an object it will take on a tint other than its natural one, and according to this an idea may be obtained as to the definite form it would have were we in spirit. To the strictly materialistic mind (non-mediumistic) things simply look dark or bright according to circumstances. To the mediumistic, and most especially to those who are inclined to clairvoyance, the various hues take quite a definite form and may be readily designated as such—the golden being the highest and the silvery sheen connected with an object, person or thought being the next in order. White generally signifies purity, this increasing in splendor until it reaches the purest silvery sheen. Gray and sombre hues tend downwards towards black, although there are modifications in the dark which bespeak of virtues commingled with the vices of a being, or buried in their darker condition. When inclined to take a brownish or pinkish hue it bespeaks of love hidden or perverted by materiality; i. e. being still of the earth earthy—not strictly spiritual. This, when it attains its purest state, takes on a golden hue, and when surrounded by a silvery aura, indicates that love and purity have been attained. A greenish hue commingled with a dark aura indicates lustfulness in connection with a material condition. The same tint in a bright aura bespeaks of the evil neutralized, or that the being was once possessed of it. Purple tells of double virtue: love and faithfulness. It increases in beauty it indicates a rise of the possessor out of earthly conditions, and as it becomes clear or transparent, a color, it tells of purification from his after effects or human weaknesses the sometimes follow a spirit into the positive or spiritual condition of nature. Pink bespeaks of love; not in the form of benevolence or benignity, but as charity, generosity, liberality and good will. Pink signifying the thinker or mental worker in connection with love, and red the good samaritan and one possessed of the will needed by workers generally. Blue tells of the trustworthy soul, and as it becomes clear or transparent in hue, the owner is rising out of mental and material darkness or earthbound conditions.

This is as much as we know of color—gained by individual experience and compared with the experience of others. Seeing certain colors in connection with persons' aura, and finding that those of like colors are consistent in character, we can readily form a little philosophy on color in connection with spirits.

WHY? BECAUSE!

Someone asks why God gave this new revelation (Spiritualism so-called) to Spiritualists alone and not to Christians and Jews and other people. We might ask God, he did not tell us why. But we will rather say, God did not give this new revelation to Spiritualists, He gave it to the world, and those of His children who accepted it simply called themselves Spiritualists. There are many though who have accepted it, but are not identical with Spiritualism as a movement. The are Non-ists whose religion is called Non-ism, and are happy because they have no wrangling to do to defend a cause; no pew rent or society arrears to pay; no deny or avow their belief in Spiritualism as circumstances demand, and in fact can for little else than self. Then comes the church member, who knows all about it but dare not give up his seat for obvious reasons. But there are some who cannot take an active part in the movement, because their husbands or their wives, as the case may be, won't let them, not believing in it themselves. These and those who have household matters and other material troubles burdening them, may be excused by us; the rest—well—they will excuse themselves—to their own satisfaction. But when they pass over, they too will be troubled to bring excuses why they cannot communicate with their loved ones on earth. The aura they weave around themselves by their exclusiveness will be the bar between themselves and the medium (these faithful and untiring workers in the cause, whose aura is just of an opposite nature and cannot interblend with selfish aura.) But this need not trouble us. Those who prefer earthly bliss to future happiness are entitled to the choice. And those who prefer orthodoxy to Spiritualism, have the privilege of choosing between the two. And we suppose the ignorant will always continue to ask why this and why that, and why God did this and not that. Well, because! Ask God yourself. Every man has a right to question him. Or have you more faith in the Spiritualist's plea? It seems so. Investigate for yourself and you will know.

Those who have love themselves send it in everything they handle, touch or come in rapport with. All nature is impregnated with love, but it requires a condition in the intelligent being actively developed in order to cognize it. With love sufficiently unfolded to reach the surface senses, man may be happy wherever.

He does honor who honors him who knows not how to honor.—Sid. of Natch.

CORRESPONDENCE

Cleveland, O.

The Spiritualists of Ashtabula have accepted the invitation of Mr. Rice to hold a series of meetings at his summer resort on Lake Erie shore.

The twenty-fourth annual picnic of the Cleveland Children's Progressive Lyceum will take place at Geauga Lake, Sunday, July 7th, starting from central depot by special train at 10 a. m., returning by 7 p. m.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon, who has been speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists here for two months, to good acceptance gave two very interesting discourses, on Sunday, June 18th.

In the morning he began by reading the twelfth chapter of first Corinthians, wherein the great variety of Spiritual gifts, such as healing, working miracles, prophecy, etc., are mentioned, was ascribed to Paul, it is known to have been in existence for over sixteen hundred years, and probably was written much earlier.

The discourse following was on "Mediumship and the manifestations of spirits through various instruments." The power is felt but not seen. The many phases of mediumship were described.

In the evening the first chapter of John's gospel was read, which is identical in ideas with a work of Plato, written hundreds of years before the time of Christ. Theosophy was the subject of the lecture following.

The advocates of theosophy claim it to present a superior theory of philosophy to Christianity and other systems, but the speaker held that Spiritualism is superior in its teachings to all of them. Theosophy teaches that there are certain sages in the wilds of Tibet, who, by mortifying the flesh and living as ascetics, attain to great holiness and spiritual powers.

The number of Hotels and other facilities for accommodating visitors are ample. Hotel Onset has been refitted and refurnished and the furniture is new throughout. Open by the middle of June. Special rates on application. There is also the Washburn House and five other hotels. Rooms can be hired in cottages at all prices, according to location, and there are a number of dining rooms.

North Collins, N. Y.

The second annual Spiritual Festival convened at Forest Temple on June 15th. The morning was very rainy and unfavorable, despite which quite a fair audience was present at the conference, which was called to order at 10:30 by Levi Brown, acting chairman. The meeting was opened by B. R. Train, who spoke of danger threatening the country from oppressive laws seeking enactment through the influence of the church—that it behooves all liberal people to be on their guard and take measures to prevent such from appearing on the statute books.

Another very interesting and instructive thought was brought out. Susan B. Anthony, of Rochester, New York, gave the morning lecture on the subject "Woman wants bread, not the ballot." This was a very remarkable discourse, full of pith and point, and all the way through went to prove that without the ballot bread was hard to obtain. She told of the rolls upon rolls of petitions for worthy and much needed reforms signed by the women of the nation presented to Congress only to be scoffed at and laid on the table because they were not backed by the ballot; that more than one-half of the citizens in a great country where taxation without representation is considered oppression are disfranchised and no better so far as political influence goes than serfs and slaves. Twice two always make four. Miss Anthony is still, despite the years which have worked her brow and whitened her hair, a remarkably fine looking woman; the strong mouth and square chin bespeak the firmness of character that has carried her through so many conflicts in the past when the principles she dared to advocate were so unpopular that clubs and stones were not an uncommon accompaniment to the hisses of an enraged audience.

The afternoon session was called to order by Geo. W. Taylor, the esteemed president of the organization, who, with a few appropriate remarks, introduced Willard J. Hull, of Buffalo. Mr. Hull began by congratulating the society on the restoration of its president, who is with us again after nearly six months' painful illness. He said that he united with in thanking the angel woman who had aided in restoring one so much needed in the physical life. Mr. Hull then spoke on the subject of Spiritualism. His lecture was replete with fine thought and logical deductions. He said Spiritualists were to blame for the unfair treatment they received from the press, for if they had done their duty the press would have been educated in the beautiful philosophy long ago, and instead of giving false reports and ridiculous would respect this, the greatest light that has ever come to the world. If Jesus were to appear on earth to-day healing the sick and doing good as of old, he would be arrested as a tramp and violator of the medi-

cal law and sentenced to imprisonment and fine. To be a Spiritualist means more than a mere seeker after phenomena. It means spiritual growth and development; it means broader manhood and womanhood; it means charity, brotherly kindness and noble impulses; it means all that is highest and best here and hereafter, and we should be proud to know and acknowledge its truths, though all the world scoff and scorn. Music was furnished by Miss Lena Pierce, May and Grant Taylor, whose beautiful songs were appreciated and enjoyed by all.

Sunday morning the weather was fine and a large audience was on ground at an early hour. The opening exercises were given by the Lyceum children. Songs were rendered by Miss Marie Sprague, Irene and Pinnie Hibbard and Mildred Knowles, the last named tiny maiden of six years sang so beautifully that she was recalled and gave a second song. A very fine recitation was given by Birney Greter. These little ones did ample credit to their instructor, Miss Lucie Sherman, who is well known in the vicinity for her extraordinary and dramatic talents. Willard J. Hull was then introduced and spoke on the subject, "The insistence and persistence of Modern Spiritualism." This was a most wonderful lecture and about the most complete demonstration of the beautiful and harmonious philosophy of life. Although this was only the fifth time Mr. Hull has appeared as a public speaker, we do not hesitate to affirm that the thoughts he has given us are fully equal to the best ever expressed from our platform. Any society so fortunate as to secure his services need not fear disappointment. Spiritualism has need of such workers, and we hope soon to see Mr. Hull take his rightful place among the foremost advocates of the gospel of the ages. He has consented to be with us again in four weeks when we shall be prepared to receive another spiritual feast. Music was furnished at this session by Mrs. Nellie Brown and Mrs. Eva E. Sherman, and was an interesting feature.

At the opening of the afternoon session a letter from Miss B. Stebbins, the well-known worker for the cause of progress and reform was read by the president, expressing regrets that on account of severe illness he was unable to fill his engagement for the evening of June 23, but hoped to do so at some future time, and closed by wishing all success to this gathering. A resolution was passed that the thanks and appreciation of this meeting be extended to Mr. Stebbins through the acting secretary of the society, with the best wishes for the full recovery of his physical health. A motion was then fully rendered by Miss Nellie Rodgers, who possesses marked talent in this department. Susan B. Anthony then spoke from the subject "Who hinders?" For an hour and a half she poured forth words full of earnestness, showing the obstacles that have always stood in the way of franchise of woman—when ever a little opening was made, he and women have pressed forward to take advantage of the privilege accorded them the male citizens have rushed forward to close up the avenue in an awful fear for the safety of their votes which the voice of woman in the government would surely put away. She showed the ground that had already been gained, and urged all earnest women to press forward with vigor for the full and rightful place as citizens of a nation that is to become a government of the people in time, and therefore a republic in very truth. Miss Anthony has done us good, and her words will follow her into whatever field she may be led. This highly successful meeting was closed by a very finely rendered song by Misses Irene and Pinnie Hibbard.

The thirty-fourth annual meeting of this Society will be held August 29th, 30th, 31st, and September 1st, Lyman C. Howe and Mrs. R. L. Little have been engaged, and others are still to be added to the program. Yours for human progress, EMMA TRAIN, Sec'y.

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Onset, Mass. The thirteenth annual meeting at Onset Bay Grove takes place from July 14 to 14, 1899. Onset Bay Grove is located on the Old Colony Railroad, fifty miles from Boston, at the head of Buzzard's Bay. It is almost surrounded by the waters of Onset Bay, which rise and fall upon a sandy beach so gradually that bathing is at all times safe and pleasant; the water is at so warm a temperature that even invalids receive no shock on entering it. The facilities for boating and fishing are unequalled. Oak groves extend to the edge of the cliffs adjacent to the beach and overlooking the bay. The advantage of the location of Onset Bay Grove, the beauty of its natural scenery, its attributes for imparting and maintaining health are so self-evident and universally acknowledged that its growth is unparalleled in the history of vacation resorts. In accordance with a prevailing custom the following program for 1899 is presented for information.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

AS MANY OF OUR READERS will be prevented from attending the various CAMP MEETINGS, We have completed arrangements with our agents and SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS To have accurate and interesting REPORTS Concerning the same. Persons desiring extra copies of THE BETTER WAY, will please order them in advance.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., S. W. Cor. Plum and McFarland Streets, CINCINNATI, O.

Ask Your Druggist for DR. SYKES' CATARRH CURE. Has cured many cases pronounced hopeless by physicians. Send for Free Book "Common Sense Talk" and numerous testimonials. They will convince you.

MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES. RESTORE lost vision. My Clairvoyant Method of fitting the eyes never fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. State age and how long you have worn glasses, or send a 2-cent stamp for directions. Address B. F. POOLE, CLAIRVOYANT OPTICIAN, Clinton, Iowa. Mention this paper.

MRS. Dr. Augusta Smith, BY HER FAMOUS New Process Cure Treatment, IS GIVING HEALTH TO THE MOST CONFIRMED INVALIDS In All Parts of the Country.

Her treatment, which has given her so much celebrity, removes all POISONS and POISONOUS GERMS from the system and speedily restores the patient to health. MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN treated with equal success. She makes a specialty of treating diseases peculiar to women. The treatment of tape-worms a specialty. She is endorsed by the editors of The Great West, Tablet, Sun, Times, and many other leading papers. She can cure you at your home. She treats by letter. Charges low. Write for particulars and question-list. Inclose stamp. Address, MRS. DR. AUGUSTA SMITH, 320 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Under the Auspices of the AMERICAN ECLECTIC MEDICAL COLLEGE -AT- PENDRY HALL, 192 W. Fifth Street, SUNDAY, JUNE 30, PROF. J. CLEGG WRIGHT WILL LECTURE AT 11 A. M. AND 7:30 P. M. Subject, Morning—Some Problems in Psychical Science. Subject, Evening—What is the Spirit World? Admission 10 Cents.

MARY K. BOOZER, Poetic and Musical Improvisatrice, SEER & PSYCHOMETRIST. Gives sittings and seances at 409 Lyon Street, Grand Rapids, Mich. Take cable road. Sittings \$1.00, and admission to musical seance, 50 cents.

NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS. MRS. L. H. WOODHOUSE, TRANCE AND BUSINESS MEDIUM. No. 232 West 21st St., New York. CONSULTATIONS WITH ACCURACY AND FIDELITY. MAGNETIC SANITARIUM. 232 W. 21st St., New York City. PLEASANT HOME FOR THE SICK WHERE PATIENTS ARE ATTENDED, And every Comfort and Care rendered for speedy recovery. Send for Circular.

BRIEFS. E. W. M. Report received. Will appear in an early issue. John William Fletcher, the noted medium, is to be in Saratoga during August. Mrs. R. S. Lillie spoke at Chesaning, Mich., on Wednesday and Thursday evening of last week. Charles Dawbarn and Maud Lord both announced for Lake Pleasant Camp Meeting have both decided to remain in California. W. J. Colville, after great success in California, is to sail for Europe in October. He is one of the most brilliant speakers in the field. Mr. A. E. Blake, of Dayton, O., writes that Mrs. Seery has been giving some remarkable test seances in that city recently and gave general satisfaction. Mrs. H. S. Lake is speaking this month to fine audiences

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

Several well-dressed gentlemen were chatting pleasantly together in the North-western depot recently, each one waiting for the arrival of the train. None of them, evidently, were residents of the neighborhood about Chicago. Their conversation had been of a general nature and after a discussion of the Sullivan murder mystery, one of the party exclaimed:

"Speaking of the mysterious a great many people imagine that Missouri is the hot-bed of Spiritualism. I suppose it is because Mott has in his time created considerable of a sensation. However, I have traveled over that country extensively, and, to my mind, the belief in Spiritualism is quite extensive. I am not so well acquainted with the people of Missouri, not having visited the State since 1865. How is it, Mr. Day?"

"The gentleman to whom this remark was addressed did not reply at once. A look of sadness overspread his features, and, dropping his eyes slowly, he stood for a moment in a meditative mood. Then he spoke: 'I can not say that I care to discuss this question, gentlemen. I have been a resident of Missouri for many years, and her institutions are dear to me. It would be folly to deny that Spiritualism has a hold among our people, but whether to a greater extent than in any other State I can not, of course, say. I have paid little attention to the subject for the last five years. About that many years ago I had an experience that I shall never forget, not until the end of life. Oh, yes, I will tell you; it is just as well, for I do not brood over the occurrence so much in these late years.'

"Among my numerous acquaintances in the city where I then resided were several Spiritualists—ladies and gentlemen they were—and one or two of them were mediums. While I held not the slightest faith in their doctrine, can not say that I do now (and when I am done you will wonder that I do not) I attended many of their seances. These were held at elegant private residences, and the wealth and social standing of those engaging in them would certainly vouchsafe for the entire honesty of their proceedings. I have no doubt that to a great extent those who participated in these seances were honest in their convictions. Some of them 'died in the faith' so they say; others are still living, and are firm believers in this mysterious doctrine. I have seen many strange things at the seances. Faces appeared before me which it was hard to believe were those of any human being. Songs were sung and music produced, the like of which I have never heard before nor since. I connived with friends living at a great distance to assist in setting some trap for the mediums, but we could never succeed in confounding one of them. I soon found that much of my time and thought was being occupied by this foolishness, as I deemed it, and resolved to attend no more seances.

"Happening to be in a city some distance away where two of my friends resided I called upon them. Both were prominent railroad officials. The subject of Spiritualism was introduced, and both gentlemen evinced a desire to witness a seance. Neither one had the slightest faith in the doctrine, and were anxious, if possible, to expose what they termed a huge humbug. I told my friends that it could be so arranged that they attend a seance in my city, and promised to wire them the date when to come. Arrangements were accordingly perfected upon my return, and in a few days I sent them a cipher message that all was well. Both gentlemen arrived by a circuitous route late in the evening, and gave out the impression at the hotel that they had come on official business. Neither of them were known to the Spiritualists or the medium. We repaired to the residence of one of my Spiritualistic friends, and were ushered into the elegant parlor.

"A burly porter guarded the front door and an oppressive stillness prevailed the entire house. At last we were informed that the spirits were willing to communicate with us and an attendant led the party into a large room that was darkened, save that enough light shone to reveal the cabinet which was of the usual kind. One or two guests held communications with diseased friends. The two railroad officials watched the proceedings with evident amusement. Suddenly the attendant said: 'Mr. — is wanted at the cabinet.' 'It was one of his friends,' 'Who learned my name here?' he asked, 'No matter,' replied the attendant, 'a relative wishes to communicate with you.' 'Half reluctantly he stepped to the cabinet, gave one look and sprang back, uttering at the same time a low cry of horror. 'Go nearer' urged the attendant; it is your wife who calls.'

"None of us heard what passed between the two. Mr. — remained at the window some little time. He then came back to his seat and went like a child. 'At that instant the attendant announced a message had been received for Colonel —, the other friend. He walked boldly to the cabinet, stopped, and in a trembling voice, exclaimed: 'My God, Harry, you here?' and turned away. 'I can't look at him,' he cried; 'let us get out from this place.'

"Both the men insisted so strongly that we were allowed to depart. I tell you, gentlemen, those men were changed. They went to the hotel and sat around the bar-room all night. All I could get out of either one of them was the information that they had met dead friends face to face. 'Of course I laughed at them and tried to cheer them up. But it was no use. They returned on the next train, each one saying little, but thinking pretty hard, no doubt.

"But my turn came next. Not long after the experience which I relate occurred I lost by death my only child, a little angel girl. The blow nearly killed my wife, and she lay ill for many weeks. — Oh, I was almost crazy for a long time.

"One day I met the medium who had called the spirits of my friends' dead relatives. He came hurriedly towards me and whispered: 'Mac, come down to-night. I must have you come. Don't fail. I can not tell you more now, but you must come!' For the sake of pleasing him I promised to do so, but confess that I mentally resolved at the same time to stay away.

"However, as night drew on, I felt an irresistible something drawing me toward the medium's home. I walked rapidly in the direction, but it seemed as if some unseen force was urging me along faster and faster, until I almost broke into a run. I was hurriedly ushered into the house, and the doors were heavily bolted. I had been in that house many times before, but now it seemed a new, strange place. Moreover, I felt as if I were in a different atmosphere—or something. I can't explain it. Then they called me into the cabinet room. But I did not need any cabinet or any medium to convince me that some unnatural presence was there. I came close to the cabinet and peered into the dark recess. O, my God! There was my little Nellie! The same sweet face, the blue eyes, the golden hair! With a cry of joy I sprang forward, and the frail cabinet shook with my weight. Be calm whispered the attendant, Nellie calls you.

"Then I heard that little voice calling to me: 'Oh, papa, I am so happy. Do you not see the angels that are with me? They go with me every where. They tell me I shall soon see mamma. Mamma is coming to me—she is coming to me!' 'I must have fallen insensible, for when I found myself I was on a sofa receiving attention from some servants. The shock to my system was a terrible one. Do you see this gray head? One night's work. In two weeks, Nellie, my wife, went to meet her Nellie—our Nellie. I did not know how I passed several months following her death. Some of my friends feared that I would lose my reason. I traveled everywhere, and finally, through good care of myself, and change of scene, restored my shattered health to a great extent. But I dropped Spiritualism. Do I believe in it? Well don't ask me that, whether I saw my Nellie that night, whether in a trance or a dream I know not.'—Chicago Times.

The Southern Society Again.

I wish to say to my numerous correspondents and others that may have overlooked our former notice, that we believe the present time highly opportune to locate or secure property at or near Stuttgart, Ark.

The boom is not on as it will be when the N. & S. R. R. is built.

The foundation for a new sectarian college is now being laid, and other substantial improvements inaugurated.

Stuttgart bids fair to be one of the star towns in the South. It will grow to 3,000 population in this its sixth year.

I will be there in August, and would be happy to serve Spiritualist friends in any way I can. But go and see for yourselves if you can. I have no pecuniary interest in view. Write to F. H. Leslie, Stuttgart, about the country or property only.

Meanwhile I will answer all correspondence relative to it as heretofore.

J. REINHARD ALTER, Clay, Iowa, June 15, 1899.

From Universal Theosophy.

Ques.—"What are the qualifications of real healing?"

You must heal yourself of pride, of selfishness, of carnality, put all Mammon worship beneath your feet, in place of sin rise to a life of righteousness; overcome all desire for personal aggrandizement, and cultivate a supreme wish to benefit all mankind. Before you can be truly a healer in the highest sense of the word, the understanding of truth and living a life in harmony with it, knowledge of the truth and the love of it are both necessary. The true metaphysician, whose works follow him and prove the divinity of the science, which he professes, is one who has first healed himself of all inordinate love of self, for then only can he go forward and heal his brethren. W. J. COLVILLE.

The True Way.

To reform a man who is on the downward grade, say something that you know good of him, and let it come back to his ears. Once he begins to believe himself worthy of notice, he will be ashamed to compromise his dignity by unspiritual acts, for fear of losing his laurels again.—THE BETTER WAY.

Yes, that is the better way and the true way. Our jails and prisons might have been strangers to many of their inmates to day if but some one had spoken some good of those found in evil ways, as good may be said of all at some time in their lives; this good is the hope that should have been watched and stimulated, and praised, until evil inclination was driven for very shame into banishment. All creatures are susceptible to the power of kindness, but man alone to the power of opinion. Hence, how cruel a thing it is for one to speak ill of another, or to repeat an evil report. If from eternity the soul may be privileged to look back and see the results wrought upon earth by its physical embodiment, we doubt whether any power therein vested, will appear so potent and awful as that of word and thought, that are one effect. Think well and speak well of all human beings, is a virtue that few attain.—Golden Gate.

Never judge a man by the coat he wears "Lulu, dear," said the lovely widow Hoskins, "at last I have settled my last summer's ice bill. It was an outrageous amount but I had to meet the emergency." "How did you ever settle it?" inquired Lulu Britize. "I have married the ice-man."—N. Y. Dispatch.

Daughter, aged thirty-three (facetiously)—"Papa, I found a dozen gray hairs in my head this morning and pulled them out. Don't you give me a quarter, though." Father (sighing heavily)—"Give you away, Emily? I've abandoned all hope of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Charitable old lady (to little beggar girl)—"There's some bread for you. It's a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter, and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it."

"But my turn came next. Not long after the experience which I relate occurred I lost by death my only child, a little angel girl. The blow nearly killed my wife, and she lay ill for many weeks. — Oh, I was almost crazy for a long time.

Venus and Our Earth—Striking Similarity of Residences.

While watching the graceful windings of the planet we naturally inquire as to its real condition. Readers are familiar with the idea that it is a world like our own earth, travelling in a smaller but otherwise similar orbit around the sun. On more minute inquiry we find that the likeness between it and our earth is in some points very great—greater in fact than in the case of any other planet. In the fundamental element of size they are almost alike, our earth being 7,900 miles in diameter and Venus 7,500.

The force of gravity on the surface of the latter is very nearly nine-tenths of what it is with us. Its density is almost the same fraction of that of the earth. These facts show that if transported to the surface of Venus we should feel more at home, so far as some essential features of experience are concerned, than on any other planet known to us. We should weigh just about nine tenths of our present weight, and should find distances bearing very much the same ratio to our muscular power of walking that they do in this world; while in all probability the surface rocks and earth, if such be found there, would be compacted and constructed like those we daily see around us. This would not be the case on planets so much smaller than the earth, as Mercury or Mars, or so much larger, as Jupiter, Saturn or Neptune.

Again, the year on Venus would be about 225 days in length, a good deal more like what we have on the earth than is the case on any other planet. In the length of the day we should still find a more homelike experience, as the difference would be imperceptible except to careful observation.

Venus rotates in twenty-four hours, twenty-one minutes and twenty seconds, and the earth is twenty-three hours fifty-six minutes and two seconds. The day, of course, depends a little on the motion of the sun in the sky, but the difference between this as seen on our earth and from Venus would not appreciably affect the similarity of the days in each. These likenesses to the length of our day and years and to our world's density would cause a similarity, in all probability, in important matters of mountain form and of vegetation. In fact, so far Venus is nearly the twin sister of our world.—Chambers Journal.

Written for The Better Way.

Soul, Spirit and Matter.

To my understanding Spiritualism proper, as a theme, has no parallel; and from the best information I conceive man's triune crown is body, soul and spirit. We may never be able to find the heart of Deity; but God is spirit and whether personal or impersonal, or the duals; mind and matter, time and space, and law and order constitute the indispensable whole, and our mighty universe, without any beginning or first great cause. However we cannot do without some supreme power, and that power, omnipotent mind, to design all forms, divine all laws and control all matter that swings in limitless space, the laboratory of suns, worlds and planets, ends, seen and unseen.

Mind, spirit and life are the same, but differently express, but there is no law for matter to give birth to mind, which is the great acme of all life. Spirit or mind deific has no dimensions, can neither be seen nor described; but is ever pure and without form and must be united with matter to individualize a personality. Matter or nature is the dual of deity, and all creation moves with such unanimity and mathematical exactness that there is no useless atom or anything made in vain. Hence we conceive of no beginning with anything, but all of nature is perpetuated by continual motion and change.

Adam, or the first man, was wafted from the realms of the infinite, a deific babe, and united to matter in the lap of mother earth, an immaculate conception and development; and started on his long journey back from sphere to sphere through the many mansions of the father's house.

You must remember that spirit is life and eternal with the father; and the object of incarnation is to build a form for the spirit to live in after the change called death. St. Paul calls this form the spirit body, and wisdom spirits call it "Soul" and the covering of the spirit. In the wedding of spirit and matter, nature's law evolves two-fold life—body and spirit. Then the involution of spirit and the evolution of body evolves the spiritual form and as the old book says, "Man became a living Soul"—three-fold, body, soul and spirit. The soul is the essence, or sublimated ether of the material body, and must be radiated, purified and deified before it is fit for the blending with pure spirit, and this takes durations of time. Hence the importance of the soul, to give form to the eternal spirit and the interblending of spirit and matter, animating the inanimate to give life and power to the soul over matter and master over self; 'tis the tabernacle not made by hands.

We say of the animal, he has no soul; the horse has life and he has knowledge; life is indestructible, and when he dies he must go back into the reservoir of all life and return to progress higher. I might compile and consume space in THE BETTER WAY but for information beyond compare, send for Eonia's Legacy; read and know thyself. Origin, destiny and the Karma of light and truth. Knowledge is the fadest wealth of the soul. For the good of the cause.

JOHN G. ARNOLD.

Weston, W. Va.

The Fifteenth Doctor Cured Her.

Extract from a letter from Harriet Flaeger, she says: "Dr. J. S. Lonics—Dear Sir: I now find time to write you. I am feeling so much better now, and have been very busy moving and fixing up our new home and working so hard that I did not take time to write you. Your last medicines helped me so, and the malaria and rheumatism are about gone, and the magnetized papers you sent me made me sleep so nicely, and I can truly say that you have helped me more than any one, and might say more than all put together, and I have employed fifteen different doctors—some of them doctored one year, some of them two years, and one of them four years. It is not a wonder that I am living to-day? May the good angels guard and bless you is the wish of me and mine. MRS. W. H. C. North Jackson, O., Oct. 10, 85."

Written for The Better Way.

"AN INSULT."

Taking up a daily paper this morning, my attention was attracted to the heading, "License suffrage for woman," and being one who believes in "equal rights" without regard as to the sex of the participants, I was at once interested. It proved to be a discussion between the senators of Massachusetts assembled in council at Boston as to whether woman, the mothers who gave birth to the wise solons, there convened; the wives who are in many, aye, very many cases, the power in their homes; and the sisters whose wise counsel and loving care guides their unsteady and wavering feet over many of the treacherous pitfalls of this world, are sufficiently enlightened to vote on the question: Shall our homes be broken? shall our boys be made drunks? shall our sweet girls be made outcasts by the demon rum? Of the traditional head of the family I've nothing to say. The specimens of them that I meet nightly here on the streets of Worcester are argument enough to debar the sale of alcohol in any form for one hundred thousand years if weighed by its merits.

Some spoke in favor of the bill, but Senator Symonds, of Essex county, knew of no woman in his circle who desired to vote on this question, and claimed that all the brothels of Boston would be emptied by the inmates flocking to the polls were this bill to pass. Good, my very pure and spotless friend, inasmuch as these poor, wronged, betrayed, unhappy sisters were, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, brought to their present condition of misery through the influence of the "License law which gives one man the legal right to spread sorrow and desolation broadcast throughout our land." It would be but natural that those who had drained the cup should ask for some relief from their unhappy condition. "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." "Neither can ye unless ye be without sin cast the first stone."

This senator also states that respectable women will be forced in self-defense to mingle with the outcasts of society. Mr. Editor, I blush for my sex. I mourn that here in grand old Massachusetts one can be found so little, so mean, that he will stoop to insult his sister woman. How came she fallen and who made her so? Can he find in the archives of the Bay State one single instance of where a woman fell without the aid of one of his constituents? If so I will tender an apology. But when one appointed by the votes of thousands of enlightened men and not one poor solitary woman (who, by the decree of this misguided man, are not fit to vote), so far prostitutes his high position as to insult and hurl down to lower degradation the poor, sad, suffering one that we, in our strong, self-reliant manhood, should be proud to help, thereby seeking to repair the wrongs that our sex have been guilty of, it is time some one protested. Enroll me as one who for all eternity will toil for the weaker side with tongue and pen, and never, never in this world or the next will I remain quiet until woman, to whom we owe so much, is placed on an equality with man. FRED L. HILDRETH, Worcester, Mass., May 17, 1889.

CONCENTRATION.

As yet we have not learned to concentrate and control our forces. We waste our vital forces in arguments, disputes, grief and fault finding, and in other passions of the lower nature. The concentration of our forces within our beings forms the nucleus of spiritual power. No force in nature can be utilized until it is concentrated and under control in some instrument. When a force is not under control it becomes a destructive power. For instance, fire under control is good and useful; but uncontrolled it becomes destructive. Likewise the living forces in us, concentrated and utilized for good can do wonders; but, if allowed uncontrolled sway, they burn up in wasteful passions and appetites.

Our passions demands gross feed-enters. Whisky, tobacco, meats, animal fats, etc., are craved because the uncontrolled lower nature wastes the forces of existence. Divine forces flow in to strengthen Divine Purposes; and physical immortality will be possible when all our works are divine. Now, at best, Divine Force only finds transient lodgement in the most advanced of the race.—Worlds Advance Thought.

Written for The Better Way.

Unselfishness.

What trait of character do we most admire in our fellow mortals? What draws us to them with cords of love and makes us feel that we are better for having known them? Is it not the quality of unselfishness? Though we ourselves may not possess it in a marked degree, we notice and admire it in others. Humanity in all conditions of life recognizes the worth of an unselfish act and the beauty of an unselfish spirit. Forgetfulness of self is a condition to which the reflective soul ever aspires, though hampered as it now is by the demands of materiality. It is many times long in realizing its aspirations, nevertheless the recognition of the beauty and worth of an unselfish spirit by the majority of mankind and a desire to attain thereto, is sure evidence that each soul will eventually possess that desired quality. Many adverse conditions must the spirit of man outgrow before it will be prepared to enter the other life to advantage, and none is so necessary to be rid of or harder to overcome than selfishness. It is the giant that stands in the way of the soul's progress, therefore it must be slain and buried past chance of resurrection before the spirit can don the shining robe that angels wear. MRS. W. H. C.

Europe is as peaceful as the mining-camp where every man is a dead shot.

Fat Basso—In which opera would you advise me to make a debut in New York? Lean Bartitone—"Bellysario."

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