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**THE BETTER WAY.**

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**THE ROSTRUM.**

**Questions and Answers.**

Extracts From the Answers to Questions Through the Mediumship of Mr. George H. Brooks, at Memorial Hall, Cincinnati, Sunday, January 6, 1889, for the Congregation of the Society of Union Spiritualists

"This world is full of beauty, As other worlds above, And if we did our duty, It might be full of love."

**INVOCATION.**

Oh, thou Spirit of Light, in whom is embraced those beautiful laws that unfold all that is so powerful and so little understood—we come this morning with a soul full of love to thee together upth influences that we may learn the lesson of life in store for us, and unfold in interior power that make life so divine. May we grow spiritually, so that we shall become ennobled and comprehend more of thy existence. May the divine lessons be implanted in every soul that are needed to beautify the spirit, and may we here gather up divine truths for the benefit of humanity and wherever humanity can be found, forevermore. Amen.

**PROLEGOMENA.**

As it is our custom, expressly in the forenoon, to take up subjects that are propounded by the audience, we shall continue on this line.

Some persons think that spirits must know everything; that, as they pass from the body they blossom out as gods; that they become angels immediately and consequently perfected beings. Such an idea is born of orthodoxy. Spirits reach the other shore just as they have left this; are governed by the same laws that mortals are, and which must be complied with mentally, spiritually, morally to obtain light and knowledge, if they wish to advance and not remain in the background. So whatever you ask for, let it be in the light of reason, and remember that spirits are not infallible, but simply answer in accordance with what they know and what may be deduced and inferred from this knowledge. We simply give opinions as individuals, and if we can appeal to your interior consciousness and inspire you to further investigation and unfoldment, we do all we can in that respect. The rest you must do for yourself.

What of the children in spirit life and their growth and development?

Development comes from within always, not from without. Go where you please and examine into that which has life, and it is ever the interior forces that are operating; unfolding it through the process of law. Many believe that the body makes the spirit; that if there were no physical organs there would be no thought, and that all thought is dependent on a material body. This is the greatest mistake of the age, and it is the doctrine of materialism. All life exists within and flows outward—unfolds from the internal and is subject to a law. An acorn, placed in the earth, possesses the possibilities of becoming a mighty oak, it

containing the life germ for its production. So it is with man. The spirit incarnated in the flesh unfolds to a certain degree, but does not cease because the body decays. The same law continues to act on the spirit after it leaves the body as if it remained here. Everything must seek an avenue for its expression, and the spiritual atmosphere that surrounds it in the spirit world furnishes the departed spirit with a body as matter furnishes it with a body here. Man in this world is a material entity, while there he becomes a spiritual entity. The body grows by the law of absorption—by the law of attraction and repulsion. And as the spirit must have a physical body in this life to manifest through, so it must have a body in the other life, and while it expresses itself materially through the physical, it expresses itself mentally through the spiritual body. There it receives its experience intellectually, but for all that the other life is one of stern reality and activity. A babe born to-day, at twenty-one is the same as it would be here at that age, and too dependent upon itself for intellectual and moral growth at maturity. There is no compulsion either. Those who think they can rest and let others do the work for them are in error. Only through individual desire is life progressive.

Orthodoxy teaches that God made the world of nothing and had lots of nothing left; and that Christ was sent to redeem man's sins and wash away his stains; and that all we had to do on the other side was to thump on a harp, whether God wanted to hear it or not. Spiritualism has proved the contrary. That spirit life is a continuation of this, and that your babe will continue to grow, expand and unfold, just as it would here in the physical body and cared for until it is enabled to progress individually. Nor would you like to have your babes to remain babes forever. The joy of seeing them attain to maturity is as great there as here, and also of seeing them attain an individuality of their own. If we were limited to expand in the physical so to say, we would also be limited in mental growth. But as the same law unfolds the being there that it does here, you will find your little ones grow to beautiful maidenhood, ripened into youths or attained to manhood as the case may be, and recognize them, as the mother's eye can never forget its own.

You live in the physical universe and are attired accordingly, but are there placed to lay the foundation for a continuous life in spirit, and whether you pass out in childhood or at maturity, you go forth to awaken unto a brighter life; a life where eternal progress awaits you; where there is no limit to unfoldment; and of which you already have an inkling, through the beautiful philosophy and new revelations made through Modern Spiritualism.

What are the possibilities of changes in the organism as relating to mediumship?

I know of none who have sought its development, but have undergone some change in consequence. Man is very much dependent for his unfoldment on the food he takes, the way he thinks and the life he leads. If much animal food is consumed by him, he naturally unfolds a coarse and crude physical body. If he partakes of the best and finest, a higher and more spiritualized organism is the result. So if every person would become a student in the arcana of life, they would find much to take cognizance of regarding this subject. Those who seek a higher development, as mediumship, make it presupposed that a change of diet would be an essential undertaking. The results may be slow and crude at first, but as the aim becomes higher, experience will guide. Spirit is an alchemist, and those who are mediumistic have a greater force of spirit pressure on them than others, and must of necessity live purer lives or suffer. Thus it is the duty of such to study the laws pertaining to physical life, that the interior in-

telligence may find an outlet to express itself, and to gain higher experience while here; otherwise life becomes burdensome in consequence of the action of spirit on them conflicting with impure physical conditions. Such are transitional or developing periods, and is generally one of intense growth and change in the being; and such, too, will find themselves impressed to abstain from gross food and obey the laws that act upon them for a purer effect.

But in many instances, when we touch upon a person's stomach, we touch their god, for too many are slaves to their appetites, and when a little abnegation is required they don't want to develop. But whether mediumistic or not, all will have to adopt this lesson as civilization advances—surrounding circumstances making it necessary, for it is not through the stomach, but through the brain only that spiritual progress is possible; and not before will man find or comprehend those divine truths for which his soul constantly yearns.

Those who are mediumistic, and desirous of becoming instruments for spirit communion, may hasten its unfoldment by obeying the laws of physical purification. They will obtain their reward in due time (not over there, as it is often said, and which is becoming rather sickening to hear repeated) but right here, in earth life, in your physical body—the reward being health, happiness, spiritual purity, all of which are needed before passing over to insure the spirit contentment in the life to come, and without which it is unprepared for the next stage of individual advancement.

Live right, think right, do right—better than than hoping for a golden city, with golden streets and golden houses, or one with a golden throne, and occupied, perhaps, by a golden god. It is your duty, not alone to pay attention to your mediumship, but to your spiritual unfoldment in general, and when you become fit to live here, you will be fit to live there—not before. You cannot become a true child of God except you attain that state which already insures your happiness on this side, for your reward is that which you gain by individual exertions, whether here or in the spirit world.

**BENEDICTION.**

May the search for eternal truth and the unfoldment of life for a spiritual effect, be your aim and object continually. Amen.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was read by Mr. Brooks at the evening services as an introductory mental harmonizer, when the question, handed in by one of the auditors, was presented to the speaker. It desired to know, "What has Spiritualism to offer better than what Orthodoxy presents to the world?" The speaker pertinently answered that he would feel sorry indeed if it had nothing better to offer than the latter. To begin, the very foundation of all orthodox principles was belief, while Spiritualism offered facts which needed no faith doctrines to be accepted. And whatever presentations orthodoxy did make in the shape of something that was to resemble facts, were speculative, unproven and unreasonable, while those of Spiritualism were tangible, demonstrative and satisfactory to the investigator, gratifying to the student, and consoling to the fearless supporter of the new philosophy. The comparisons drawn between the two, were in every respect finely delineated and left no room in the mind of the reasonable and liberal thinker to choose quickly and wisely. Past revelations though, said he, need not therefore be regarded as worthless. Many beautiful truths might be found in ancient sacred history, if rightly sought and properly analyzed, and as for the mythical creation of gods, devils, heaven and hell, they were fast losing favor for want of something more soul appealing. Spiritualism had already knocked the bottom out of hell, and would, in time, erase the other material ideas of the

people in regard to heaven. Instead of being revealed through a book, as Orthodoxy claims for God, Spiritualism exhibits him in the form of nature, holding in his embrace the universe of stars and through his laws governing the same with a precision and harmony beautiful to behold and to feast our intelligence on. As for the devil, he is right here, and may be seen by the individual at any time when in bad humor by looking into a mirror. (Laughter.) Of all the spirits that return to earth, not one has yet asserted that a personal God exists, and as a universality of opinion this fact may be put down as a universal or absolute truth. So we have other revelations equally as extensive in oneness of mind, and which have proved a blessing by removing from man his doubt of a future life, the terrors of death, and inspired with confidence and love instead. On the whole, the lecture was pleasing, instructive and impressive, and was listened to by over 300 people.

Mr. Brooks is an earnest speaker, pure minded, unassuming, and a man that the world would call a true gentleman, but which in the Spiritualist category is defined as one having a kind and gentle spirit, despite his large exterior, and might favor the materialist in his argument that a proportionate sized heart contained more love than those of average dimensions. But Mr. Brooks is all soul, as it were, tender and loving in disposition, with a genial influence, and inspires with confidence. He takes kindly to the Lyceum system, and has volunteered to become its champion while in this city. His psychometric readings, with which he closed, were of a high order and remarkable in result—acknowledged so by those who underwent his soul dissecting process.

Reported for The Better Way.

**Temple Fraternity School.**

Object lesson, Bibles of the past. The exercises to-day began with the singing of the "Cross and Crown" by our organist.

Mr. E. W. Emerson, the justly celebrated test medium, of Manchester, N. H., being with us this morning, was invited by Mr. Ayer to occupy a seat upon the platform. The invocation was given by the guides of this gentleman. After singing another hymn, Mr. Danforth read an instructive lesson for the school from the T. F. S. Progressive Educator. The children followed with their reading and recitations, one of them reading questions and answers on Bibles that were excellent. Mr. Randall interested the children with an essay on the Bibles of the past. Mrs. Churchill read an essay on the Bible of nature. Mr. Gregory's remarks were also on the Bibles of past ages, and of the different religious sects of the East; he said people had ever looked upon their Bibles as their moral guides; that thousands of years ago there were people who were highly developed spiritually; they went far into the fastnesses of Asia and there built a temple, the walls of which were beautifully decorated and covered with works of art; every where about the temple the symbol of goodness was seen, this being the virtue they wished most of all to cultivate and attain. It was emblazoned upon the walls and the banners of this temple, so that the people might have it eternally before their eyes. Goodness to them was something to revere and worship. Its emblems represented a Bible to them. This is also emblazoned upon one of the banners that hung before our school, and was pointed out to the children.

At the close of Mr. Gregory's remarks the guides of Mr. Emerson addressed a few words to the school. Mr. Danforth read extracts from the different authors on the Bible of the past; he said the idea that God inspired fallible man to convey to humanity his infallible word is very ancient. Egypt, China, India, Lyria and Persia carried their gospels in symbols and hieroglyphics and penned them on scrolls. The Vedas is the oldest Bible now extant. Kersey Graves refers to twenty-seven bibles. A learned Chinese Mandarin, when asked, how far back the history of their sacred books extended, answered, "fully forty four thousand years.

Mr. Ayer invited Mr. Emerson to exercise his clairvoyant powers for the benefit of the children, but he was unable to do so, owing to the amount of work before him of that nature during the coming afternoon and evening, though promised to do so on another occasion. Mr. Ayer excused him, saying he could understand the wisdom of the guides in not wishing to exhaust the power of the medium when there was to be such a great tax upon it later in the day. He then explained to the children the clairvoyant power of Mr. Emerson, saying that he could see spirits as plainly as they could see each other. Mr. Ayer also gave a little experience of his own in clairvoyance; that he saw spirits occasionally; that a spirit sister had appeared to him recently as he reclined upon a sofa. She looked, when he first saw her, as natural and material as when in earth life, then she gradually changed and took on her spiritual body, which was more etherealized and beautified, and seemed to float away from him. He asked why he could not see oftener, and she made answer that when he had attained such heights that he could bear to be wrongfully accused and ill-treated and his work slandered and misrepresented and yet have the kindest feeling for them, he would be able to see spirits at all times.

At the close of Mr. Ayer's remarks the closing hymn was sung and school dismissed.

Our school is steadily growing; one week ago to-day saw three new pupils added. To-day saw two others come in—bright little ones, who are eager to take their part in the exercises. That the children who attend are interested in the school is evidenced from the fact that they are punctual in attendance, and always come prepared with something suitable to give, either in reading or recitation.

**The Occult Telegraph.**

On Sunday evening, December 22d, in connection with Mrs. J. J. Whitney's regular meeting for the exercise of her remarkable mediumship at Odd Fellows' Hall, in this city, Dr. D. J. Stansbury introduced his new occult telegraph for the second time to a large and intelligent audience, and his experiments were greeted with the most enthusiastic appreciation.

At the close of Mrs. Whitney's interesting and profitable half hour, during which eighteen tests of a truly spiritual and impressive character had been recognized by friends in various parts of the house. The always genial and affable doctor appeared on the platform and made a few explanatory remarks concerning the occult telegraph. Stating he was a novice in its use, it having been presented to him unexpectedly some three months ago at Denver, Col., while on his way home from the Eastern Camp Meetings, at which time he had not the remotest knowledge of telegraphy, but by close application, could now read by sound quite readily, and what he failed to get phonetically was usually received by impression. On a small table at the right of the platform stood the mysterious looking little instrument—a simple key, sounder and battery, just such as are in constant use by the Western Union Telegraph Company all over the land. The suspensions and convictions of the ever wise who understood exactly how a secret wire had been annexed to the paraphernalia and adjusted to produce the anticipated results, were unceremoniously put to flight by the sudden removal of the table a distance of some twelve feet toward the front and center of the rostrum.

The box, to which the key was fastened with two bolts on its under side, was an inch and a quarter deep to which was attached by hinges a cover of the same proportion. The upper and under sides being slate. The key was simply connected with the battery and sonder by a silk wound wire, and after exhibiting the box fully, Dr. Stansbury invited any and all who were versed in telegraphy to step forward and inspect the apparatus; when a score or more curious investigators responded and examined to their apparent satisfaction. Two representatives of the craft occupied the rostrum to take down the messages, also to state their opinions to the audience relative to the matter, which resulted in their complete endorsement of the claims made by the doctor. They occupied seats at a side table, about five feet away, while the doctor closed and locked the little box, placing his hands, which were plainly visible to every beholder, quietly on the outside of it; at

the same time requesting all who could to take down the messages, and in less than one minute the sounder sent forth a clear distinct click, click, click, proving to the uninitiated, as well as to those who understood that a spirit operator was at the helm manipulating the key inside the locked box, and for more than half an hour the uninterupting clicking continued, giving forth intelligence from the denizens of the unseen world to various individuals in different parts of the house.

The thoughts that came over the new line were readily transcribed by the two professional operators retained for that purpose, and also by others, familiar with the language of dots and dashes, seated throughout the audience. The first that came was: "Good evening."

Second: He is a fool who thinks he knows it all. Thomas Paine.

3d, To Walter R. Rosie: Don't blame the doctor. Wm. G. Buchanan.—The gentleman addressed acknowledged and said they had blamed the doctor.

4th, To Capt. Burns: I am always with you. Martha sends love to Tacoma. Lizzie.—Recognized.

5th, I lived to be 102 years old. Robert Magin.—Recognized by his son-in-law, saying he died in Ireland.

6th, The picture is all right. Willie Bushnell.—Recognized by his mother, who had felt disappointed with a life-size crayon of her boy.

7th, Father, a merry Christmas. Willie L. Baker.

8th, How are you, Tootsy, darling? Levi C. H.

9th, Papa, I am here. Frank Page.

10th, So am I. Mathew Coiby.

11th, What? Wm. L. Boyd.

12th, The new moon brings success. Biener (a guide).

13th, Mary Fowler.

14th, George O. Hobe.

15th, Dr. Alice Parker.

16th, N. M. (meaning no more)—All of which were acknowledged.

Prior to commencement, slips of paper were passed through the audience, and names of departed friends written upon them, when they were gathered up and placed in a hat and the hat placed upon the piano, some fifteen feet from the doctor and his instrument. At the close, the two operators acting as a committee, made a statement to the audience saying, "everything about the instrument and the doctor was open; plain and above board, and for all they could see we just what it was represented to be—a plain telegraph key being worked without mortal contact, although they were both skeptics as to Spiritualism, having never investigated it in any manner until the present time. Both gentlemen declined to have their names announced on account of their position in business.

Thus ended a splendid evening, a fitting prelude to our coming merry Christmas. It is needless to say that the messages were received with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval as each one was read and recognized.

S. BENYERMAH, San Francisco, Cal.

Written for The Better Way.

**An Idea of Heaven.**

"Ma, what do you think the Dunn boy's idea of heaven is?"

"I don't know, what is it?"

"He says if we don't do good here we will have to return to earth until we do, before we can go on to heaven."

There is good reasoning in this, for should it be possible to maintain order and government, which makes peace, comfort and health—heavenly influences by taking imperfection with perfection. Heaven is everywhere, but we cannot pass on into greater perfection, a more heavenly influence, which cannot exist in us until we make it. We should seek to establish it on earth in our individual selves thus combined, we introduce order in society and our daily work; which makes good government and health, leading on to a greater heaven, which again is a growth in itself. Reason teaches there cannot be a finished heaven anywhere, as that would be an end. Imagine you have all you want, what sort of a heaven would that be? We cannot feel a heavenly feeling in any part of our body if one part is suffering from pain. Neither can we be in happiness in the senses and feelings of nature, unless our sympathetic cord goes out toward those who are suffering under hereditary complaints, mishappen course led on to by the general faults of man in his self-government, and these are called crimes. It is this duty not yet discovered in ourselves that keeps us here or near the earth to learn that it is only through the gates of all life that we find the broadway to heaven.

A STUDENT OF NATURE. Cincinnati, December, 1888.



Special Report for The Better Way.

INDEPENDENT CLUB SEANCE.

Held at Berkley Hall, Boston, Friday, Decem-ber 28, John William Fletcher, Medium.

ADDRESS.

Friends, we are pleased to be present with you this afternoon in our old form and manner of meeting. We have watched those of you who were familiar with the work we laid down at your last meeting many months ago, and we have seen how many have been faithful to the trust that was imposed on them. You have been endeavoring, for some weeks, to arrange and systematize your work so as to take up the spiritual phase of the Independent Club. You have not succeeded until the present moment; therefore, we have been working at a disadvantage; and now we feel that we can begin the legitimate sphere of action and carry it forward, as we have done, only to a greater degree of usefulness and success. We therefore can say, that we are pleased to meet you, and we would indicate that the work in the future is to be a large and a comprehensive one, not governed entirely by ourselves, but rather the result of our united efforts. It is a great mistake on the part of many that when they come to a partial understanding of the subject of Spiritualism, that they imagine that they have transferred their duties to the spirit world, and that if their friends are around about them, all they have to do is to trust in them and their work will be done. This is a mistake; the spirit world have not come to do your work for you, they have only come to show you how you can better do that work yourself and to unite their forces with yours; for it is by the union of these forces that the greatest, the best and the most satisfactory result is gained.

We shall have our spiritual department, we shall devote the first part of the hour that we are with you, to the consideration of questions that have been sent and which we shall answer as briefly as possible. Then a number of spirits will be allowed to take control; but you must understand that we allow these spirits to take control, not because they are friends of yours, but for the benefit that will naturally accrue to them. There are many spirits who need to return, many spirits who need to come back and, by controlling, gain an added power and a help on their journey through the spheres of the spirit life. It is for them that this avenue is furnished, and they will be invited from all parts of the country, albeit that the atmosphere in which they find themselves will be somewhat theological to begin with; for we have been endeavoring to magnetize the walls of the room and the very air you breathe, so as to enable the spirits to come into direct connection without bringing back, as they must to a greater or less degree, the idiosyncrasies of their earth life.

Those of you who are present in the body, and are members of the club, are earnestly requested to follow out the old line of action that we gave you last season; have your appointed places, your usual seats; occupy them and keep your mind as quiet and as much en rapport with ourselves as you can; for we feel that in this our work, we may all gain much information that will be useful and helpful.

Now we are prepared to hear whatever questions you shall have to propose.

What is the mission of sorrow?

Some people have an idea that whenever sorrow sits by their fireside that it is because the infinite spirit whom they call God, is angry with them; that when anything goes wrong, misfortunes of any kind attend upon their footsteps, that it is because the infinite father, who holds and controls everything, is out of humor with them; and consequently they feel that a degree of injustice is done, or that some great wrong has been enacted against them. You will oftentimes hear a mother or a father say, "My children have gone; God has punished me by taking them away." And they sit down; and it would be difficult to tell whether they repined more at the loss of their child or were angry at the infinite for taking the child from them. The mission of sorrow to that heart is a small and limited one indeed. But in a broader and larger sense, sorrow as well as joy, has a great and important part to play in the affairs of human life. These flowers that are placed here before us, beautiful as they are to look upon in form and color, are not what they are because sunshine alone has kissed them into life, not alone because the warm breath of the summer has been around them. They are what they are because of the sunshine, because of the rain, because of the shade of the night, because of the chill, and one plays quite as important a part as the other. So it is with man and with woman; they are not what they are because they have never experienced misfortune, because the world and their fellow-men have always smiled upon them; but it is the result of all the experiences, light and dark, happy and unhappy, joyful and sorrowful, that is consummated within them in making them what they really are.

No person can ever really sympathize with another until he has known the need of sympathy himself. When you see the hearse drive down the street you don't feel to say, "How sad my heart is." You look out of the window perhaps, but rarely ask the question as to who it is, or give the absent brother a thought. But by-and-by, when the hearse stops at your own door, and you see your own child carried down in the coffin, and you are

driven away to follow it to its last resting place, then it becomes a very important question to you indeed.

Now, the mission of sorrow is to develop in every human heart a sympathy for the sufferings of others. It is to refine, it is to sensitivize, it is to develop more fully the innate qualities of each human soul so that when one suffers you all will suffer, when one is happy you are all happy; for if you are attuned aright you are responsive to whatever note is struck upon the great instrument of human life.

The mission of sorrow, then, is to lead man upward to a higher state; to open his eyes not only to the joys of life but to the sorrows of life; to make him understand that sorrow can become a great educator if he will only rightly use its purpose, and thus prepare him for the still higher lesson which the spirit world holds in its keeping.

Is reincarnation compulsory?

We suppose that there will always be a question in regard to this reincarnation so long as a spirit returns from the spirit world. Some persons have an idea that because the theory of reincarnation is held as a fact, that spirits are driven into this life again whether they will or no. Now you find yourselves, my friends, in human form to-day. How did you come here? You don't know; you only know that you are here. When will you go away? You cannot tell; you have nothing to do with it. There is a power that placed you in the earth, there is a power that calls you out of the earth, and whether you shall call that power the divine will or not, we, for the want of a better word, call it the law of attraction.

So long as earth holds a stronger attraction for you, so long are you in the earth life; when the spiritual life holds a stronger attraction, then you pass into the spiritual life again. After you have been in the spiritual life for a length of time (it may be for years, it may be for days, it may be almost for an eternity), and then the physical life begins to attract you, because there are certain experiences that you need to receive, then you draw back into the earth life again; and that law of attraction is always operating.

You say, is it compulsory? Why, everything in the universe around you is compulsory. The very idea of things being from choice, is a very mistaken one. The law of nature is a compulsory law, the law of chemical affinity is a compulsory one; you cannot change it unless you bring into action another law. So long as that one law acts so long there must be an absolute result. So with this law of attraction; persons are drawn into this life because they cannot gain an experience and knowledge from being here which they could not arrive at in the spiritual world.

I know that there are many persons who are much disturbed about the idea of being born into the earth life again. Some persons cry out "Why, I should lose my individuality." Well, I don't think that some persons would lose their individuality. We know a large number on earth who haven't any to lose; they have simply an entity; they have not arrived at a state of individuality yet. That is quite a different thing. It only comes by experience, by being rounded out, by being educated; and you can never lose anything that rightfully belongs to you. Progress is the law; reincarnation is one of the means that the great law of progress employs to accomplish its result. If I can learn more and progress further in the earth life than you can in the spiritual life, you will be here in the earth life. I often hear people ask, "Why, this world is enough for me; I don't care about any other life; the other world will take care of itself when it comes." Whenever you hear a man or woman speak in that way you will find that there is a young spirit talking through their lips, I don't care how old the body may be in which the spirit is found. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned; and never until the law of spiritual discernment becomes developed and unfolded with the human soul, does that soul begin to attain any spiritual inheritance. The proof that men or women are nearly through with the earth life is, the hunger or desire for spiritual things. If they were simply living a physical life they would only care for physical food and physical enjoyment, as many in the world to-day. But those who, having the physical life, reach out for the spiritual, are the ones who are closing their accounts with the material and entering in upon the spiritual life itself. Jesus said, you will remember in almost the last words he is reported to have spoken, when they were in the upper chamber after he came forth as a materialized spirit, "Blessed are ye who have seen and believed." You see they were on the plane of physical understanding; they were blessed because they had seen and believed. There are millions of people in this world to-day who see but then who cannot believe after they have seen, they have such a small mental capacity to comprehend. But Jesus said, "Blessed are ye who have seen and believe; more blessed are those who have not seen and believed," because those who saw and believed had simply convinced their intellectual perception, but those who had not seen and yet believed were living in the power of intuition and had projected their spiritual life to a comprehension of spiritual truth. Now, that is the law of reincarnation; while you desire material things the material life is yours; when you desire spiritual things the spiritual life is yours. And the only compulsory law that there is either about this or any other matter, is the law wherein this attraction acts. What you need comes to you; what you desire may not come to you. The things that are absolutely for you are yours, whether in the earthly or in the spiritual life.

How can we honor the heroes of the past, such as Paine, Parker and others?

Well, the best way to honor the heroes of the past is to embody their teachings to your practice in the present. Some people have an idea that to build a great temple or a monument for a man is to honor his memory. Well, that does very well so far as it appeals to posterity, and we have no objections to seeing elegant monuments erected to great men. But there is a higher tribute that can be paid than the one that is outwrought in marble; it is when the hearts of men respond to the principles that the heroes sought to inculcate. No matter how great a monument you may build for Thomas Paine, no matter how mighty a monument you may build in Boston for Theodore Parker, the shrine that was placed in every human heart that sought to embody the precepts they taught, is a thousand times greater than that which any artist can make with mortal hands. One will crumble and fade away with time; one will be passed by and not noticed as the years shall go, but the other lives on and is perpetuated and every year adds unto itself. When Thomas Paine died they said, "A great infidel has passed on," and of course our religious teachers as they call themselves, were delighted and pleased. They used to tell a story, you remember, about Thomas Paine, in which they said that when he was about to die he called his old nurse to him and asked her what was the worst thing she had ever done. She said, "Well, Mr. Paine, I read a copy of your 'Age of Reason'; that is the worst thing I ever did." "Well," he said, "that was a very bad thing to do; what is the best thing you ever did?" She replied, "I dropped it in the fire after I read it, and burned it up." "Well," he said, "that was a very good thing." I agree with him; I don't care how much they burn the book after they read it; the mischief is all done then. The thoughts of the book when once in her heart could never be strangled; they would live always. Now, he had erected in her heart a monument; it might take a long while for her to realize it, but it was done. They also tell another story that when Thomas Paine was about to die he called two ministers to him and took one by each hand, and said, rolling his eyes up to heaven, "I will die as Jesus died." And one of the ministers asked, "Why?" "He said he had died between two thieves, and so I am dying about the same way." I don't know that either of these stories is true, but I think the last one would be almost as much like Thomas Paine as the first; at any rate, whether they are true or not, is of no consequence; but in the 'Age of Reason' and in 'Common Sense' Thomas Paine laid the foundation of a great and mighty truth. It has traveled its way down the years; and it doesn't matter whether you may build a monument or a building or a memorial to his name, Thomas Paine lives wherever the voice of freedom is heard; and that is the monument of Thomas Paine. (Applause.)

Now, Theodore Parker is another who here in Boston only a few years ago, dared in Music Hall to raise his voice against the lack of religion in the teaching of so-called religious teachers. He protested against the religious blasphemers, and I agree with him in that Thomas Paine nor Robert Ingersoll, in their wildest moments, ever uttered such blasphemy against heaven as John Calvin taught every day of his life. (Loud Applause.) The theory of infant damnation, everlasting punishment and hell fire are an insult to the infinite spirit we call our father and our mother, God. Theodore Parker saw that, and he realized, not the anger of heaven, not that God had to be reconciled to man, but that man had to be reconciled to the God within himself and to develop the higher elements of his own spiritual character. Theodore Parker saw in every man a brother, because God was the common father; in every woman his sister, because nature was the common mother; and out of this brotherhood and sisterhood he evolved the religion of a divine humanity; and it so shamed the narrow-minded theologians of his time that they tried to drag him down from the pedestal upon which his works had placed him, the same as every other narrow soul seeks to insult the truth that a broad soul has the courage to speak.

Theodore Parker is buried in a foreign land; the grass grows green above his head in distant Florence, and here and there some wanderer from over the sea stops to give the body of Theodore Parker in his last resting place, a thought. But is he dead? Oh, no. Where will we find him? You will find him in the liberal sentiment of the Evangelical church, which if it had not been for him would be as bigoted today as it was fifty years ago. You find him in the more liberal writings of the present day; you find him wherever a liberal truth is spoken. Theodore Parker was to Theology what Wendell Phillips was to the slave—the liberator from theological superstitions. The only monument that we can build is to remember their names, to remember their sufferings, and never because the sun shines over us, to forget that there are thousands in the world who are not blessed as we are, and that if we have a greater knowledge and a higher truth, we owe a duty to those who are less fortunate until they also are brought into the light.

Is Spiritualism in its present form destined to succeed? It is not destined to succeed in its present form; there is nothing on the face of the earth in its present form that is destined to succeed. St. Paul told the truth when he said, "I die daily." Death is the stepping stone to a higher form of life. The great trouble about Spiritualism at the present day is, that the majority of Spiritualists are as sectarian in their ideas as are the Evangelical church members in theirs. (Applause.) The difficulty that you will have to meet in the next quarter of a century is not the bigotry outside of your ranks, but the illiberality within. This may not be pleasant to hear; it is true all the same. Now what is needed is to have no limit to what your Spiritualism shall mean; to have no limit as to what phase of the truth shall be expressed beneath its folds. Modern Spiritualism forty years ago meant simply a rap that demonstrated the return of a human soul. By and by it meant a philosophy which the return of that soul has suggested. That philosophy of another life began to give a newer and higher purpose to this one; and then it meant a sort of a centralization of forces in a mild and meagre way. At the present time we are on the threshold of a new movement, and that is why we feel, friends from the spiritual side, the great importance of the work that you are doing here as workers in this cause; that you shall have unsectarian Spiritualism and that men and women who come to you shall be bound to believe nothing longer than it seems to them to be a truth. Some people have said, "I don't like," and they are always changing their minds; they are the only people that ever amount to anything, the people who have the courage to change their mind when they see a reason that good is to come out of that change. The enemies to the human race are those who never think enough and never know enough to know that there is something

better than what they have got; and there are a great many millions of people just like that who sit down and fold their hands and say, "I am a Spiritualist." What if you are? Are you any better than somebody else who is not? If you are not, then your duty is to make yourself so at once; otherwise don't put on that look of superiority on your face because it is deceptive, and don't assume that because you are something different, you have taken a step higher. True merit or true worth never has to advertise itself; it is always apparent in what is done, without employing the words with which to express the thought. Spiritualism soon will become a comprehensive movement; to-day it is confined to a very limited surrounding. There ought to be in the immediate future, there will be, an organized movement to recognize every phase of reform no matter how small, and no matter how great. The Spiritualists ought to be the friends of temperance; they haven't done a thing yet in the temperance movement. They ought to be the friends of women; they haven't done a thing on the subject of woman's reform and woman suffrage. They ought to be the friends of labor; they haven't done anything in that direction yet. They ought to be the great emancipators from past superstition, theological and otherwise.

In that they have done a little, but they have only done what was necessary to be accomplished in order to find standing place for themselves. Now then, in the future whenever the great men of the country come together to settle this great question of temperance, no class of people on the face of the earth should be so strongly represented as the Spiritualists who know what the result of temperance is. (Applause.) When the woman question is brought to the front, who shall be there; the churchman that says, "Let woman keep silent in the churches," or the earnest Spiritualist who says, "We recognize not the sex; we recognize only the merit and the soul?" There ought to be representation there. When your Social Science Congress meets, you of all others should be the very first there; and when systems and methods are being devised for treating the insane and for dealing with the criminal, the voice of the spirit should be heard above every other pleading for justice and mercy toward the unfortunate. These are things yet to be done.

I do not look upon the present work of Spiritualism as very important; the fighting of God and the killing of the devil, and the putting out of the fire of hell, may have done well enough forty years ago; but it seems to me that these very powers have now exploded themselves and that instead of frightening myths the realities here claim our attention at the present moment. (Applause.)

The present form of Spiritualism will be superseded by a larger life; more intelligent men with larger and diviner minds will comprehend this truth, and so the work will go on until whenever a shadow is found, wherever darkness hangs her cloud, wherever sorrow and trial and misfortune reach, there the presence of the spirit will come, like the beneficent rays of sunlight, to dispel, to change and in the end to glorify.

Are the spirits of the departed helped by prayers?

According to the Catholic Church, they are, greatly; but the prayers have a commercial value in that church. They have masses, you remember, said for the dead, which are a sort of prayer; the more money there is left the more masses there are said. That shows how kind the church is to give you your full money's worth, even after you are dead. To our mind, the souls, whether of the departed or the present, are helped by every kind thought you can give them. I call a prayer a kind thought, an earnest desire, a holy aspiration. Those who are about you are made better by it, and the spirits of the departed, who are never very far away from you if you are thinking of them, are helped forward in that way.

It is a great misfortune for you to dwell upon the misfortunes of those who are dead; to say of that man, "Oh, he was such a drunkard," or of that one, "he was such a thief," because you see you bring around yourself that same element that he died with, and if he is near you it stamps that element upon him. If on the other hand you can say, "with all his sins he has some good in him, and I pray heaven he may be helped," and if you are sending out continually kind thoughts you help the soul to rise above itself and in the sunshine of a better and higher life. I answer, yes; that everything that lives, either this side or the other side of the line, is helped by the earnest, honest, hopeful desire of every true and loving thought.

MRS. DYER.

Good afternoon; I have a little fear of being an intruder in this place, but I see in spirit many of those who when I was here in the earth life came to me to help me in the work in which I was engaged and for which I can say I almost gave my life. I was not a friend to this medium; some people say I wasn't a friend to any medium, but in that they were mistaken. It is so easy for us to have our opinions shaped before we have had any opportunity of forming a just one, that many of us are surprised when we come to the spirit life and see how misled we have been by the thoughtless words of those who are around us. Since I have been in the spirit world I have heard more things said about me than I think would have been possible had I lived to be centuries old; that I had thought such strange things, that I had said such things so unlike my real self, and that pride and ambition and desire to rule, which were really foreign to my heart, had been the controlling elements of my life. I do not know that I think it is always wise to contradict stories that may be told, our silence gives consent to the statement; and therefore I felt as there was a present opportunity for me to come, and as my old friend Fidelity took me by the hand and said, "You are welcome." I would really make the effort. I am not familiar with this place; it is not like the old temple, or rather the new one upon whose platform I used to stand and give out my thought, and life, which some people think was the very height of my ambition to do. Still, perhaps, if you had the right spirit the words of the Master will prove themselves to be true, that "where two or three are gathered together in my name, I am with you," and there is more strength with two or three who work together, dear friends, than there is in a large multitude who have no purpose whatever in their work.

So I have come to you to-day to tell you that whatever other people may say in regard to me, this I say of myself, "My mistakes were many, because I was a human being living in a material world, but

I sought with all the strength of my life to serve the spirits as I understood them, that I never regret a single particle of the work they gave me to do; and those who ascribe to me repentance for what I said that was true, are giving me an honor that does not belong to me. I trusted my guides when I was here; I have found them to be faithful in the spirit world. Even those who are prone to assume to be my enemies say that their mistake was in telling too much truth. In a world so full of falsehood as this, I am not surprised that there is some one that should seem to be mistaken. All the same, it is the spirit of truth that Modern Spiritualism is supposed to welcome with outstretched hands. Too much truth can never harm you; for all the truth there is is only just enough to counteract the error that otherwise would exist. I have many friends that I will send most kindly greetings to, friends of old days, whose hands were placed in mine when I first began this work; friends who, as they read these words of mine, I hope will conjure up the memories of the past when we had confidence and faith and trust in each other.

It is sometimes difficult to tell. All the same I have no hard feeling, naught but well wishing for all the world. This is my first Christmas in the spirit life, and with a body of spirits attending came to my home to see the loved ones who will ever be true, came to the dear old spots that are hallowed by tender memories, and I now say to you, not because it is you alone, but because through you I can get word to the greater outside world, trust, trust ever in the higher power that speaks within. It is the voice of the father speaking into the child, bidding you to walk forth, bidding you look outward, bidding you to aspire upward, until at last for you as for me, as for every one, there comes the garden of Gethsemane, there comes the Mount Calvary, there comes the cross, there comes the bitter cup, there comes the tomb, and after it the resurrection morn, whose beauty is so great as to make you almost forget the dark night of pain that preceded it. You may put me down as Mrs. Dyer; by that name I shall be best known.

ASA WATERMAN.

Of Providence, Rhode Island.

Well, my name is Asa Waterman, of Providence, R. I., and I have been trying once I have ten thousand times to send a word direct to my folks; but there is always such a crowd a-hanging around that I just get my mind made up to speak, and then somebody does the talking, and I thought this time I would make sure and say that time for one who belongs to me on earth is comparatively short; it is almost over, and I shall be ready to welcome her when she comes to me in this life which you call the spirit life. Oh, I wasn't no stranger to this, I wasn't; when I came away I knew just what I was going to see; and I heard enough said about it, all the arguments pro and con, I made up my mind, and when I make up my mind that settles it for me; and I knew that when I got through with this mortal life that I should find all the folks that had gone on, because they'd got to be somewhere, and I was going to travel the same road; so when I went out to get the horse ready to go out, everything went round and round and round like a locomotive, in my head; next thing I heard was I was dead, all in a minute; no time to prepare myself, and I was glad I was all ready. And I heard them say then, that I understood about this, and I did. And now I just come to send home to the friends word that I am alive and well and happy as anybody can be who has got half the friends in one world and the other half in this. But I know they are coming to me, and I will have patience to wait.

DR. JOSEPH L. NEWMAN.

I don't know as there is much that I could say but I haven't got back again easy as I expected I should; and so I thought that to-day I would make the attempt. I can see in this room a number of persons that I know, and whose hands I should like to take and say, "I am glad to see you." I cannot do that. I knew perfectly well that I was coming away, although they thought I was unconscious. While my body lay there in that state, my spirit was in a sense, at rest, and I didn't suffer any physical pain after the first attack. It was a great surprise to me; and among the first persons I met was old I. P. Greenleaf. Well, it seemed good for sore eyes to see him. He looked the same as he did when he went away; but soon he changed and I found that he had taken on a new form that belonged to the spirit and was standing there as any one would be in the full strength of his life. And I saw also a good many others that I was surprised to see; my brothers, particularly my brother Lafayette who was also close at hand, and that was a happy meeting. I have been amused at some of the things that have been said for me since I have passed away, not at the things but at the people who said them; I was never aware that they entertained any such high feelings as some have expressed. Oh, I knew I had friends and I was glad I had them, and I remember every one of them with the kindest thoughts in the world. I have got a good deal to say, but tell you the truth, I don't know how to say it; so I think that I will go and come again.

ANNIE LEWIS.

Of Springfield, Mass. I would like to send a message to my father, and I want to be sure he gets it, too. This sending messages now and then and not having anybody get them I don't like; and I have tried and I thought it was all right, and I found they didn't get them. My name is Annie Lewis, and my father lives in Springfield, Mass., and he has been having quite a hard time lately with bothers in his business, and my mother having been sick so much that it has made it hard for him to know what to do. He has talked about me a great many times, and sometimes when sitting down there by the desk he stops writing to think, and when he is thinking then I am there close beside him as if I was on the earth. And I should like to tell him, because I said it before and I want to say it again, that I still keep to our pass word. When I was dying he knelt over the bed and he whispered to me saying, "Annie Annie, when you die and go to the spirit world, if you can ever come back again, come, and be sure you say to me these words, 'There is only a thin veil between us'; and I want to see it in print; and so I keep whispering to him every morning, every night, the old, old story, 'There is only a thin veil between us.' My brothers are here with me; many of the loved ones are here to-day and they all send kindest messages to those at home, and we feel that better days are coming with the new year.

And now friends, this closes the seance to-day—may angels guard and keep you until again we meet. FIDELITY.

In the evening there was a large attendance. Mrs. Case opened with a fine musical selection, followed by the few moments of silent prayer for absent members, and the usual announcements. Mr. A. Fletcher then introduced Mrs. Mary A. Hull, who began by saying: "I feel like telling you why I am a Spiritualist. When I was a child, there lived a family by the name of White who had a daughter about my age. The children used to pick upon her because her father was a drunkard. I didn't like her because she looked dirty, but my mother told me she was a poor child whose parents were poor. Later I came to Boston, and I met a young lady friend who told me that Maggie was very ill. I went to see her; she was very poor and thin and she said 'I shall always remember you—even after I am dead.' After a time I tried to sit and receive a communication by raps, running thus, Margaret White, I remember you even in heaven, you were kind to me when we were children. Don't you remember how kind you were to me; and to the ragged child came back to mind and I knew that she had found rest." Mrs. Hull was listened to with great interest, and warmly applauded.

Miss Florence Rich was next in order, and recited with true dramatic effect. Her efforts are always warmly received. Miss Kate Stiles read a telling article on "Lo, a Savior is born" in which the theory of Christian Science was elaborated. Mr. Fletcher continued in a fine statement of the position of occult science. Mr. W. H. Randall followed in a very interesting manner and stated how he visited Mr. Chas. H. Foster, with a friend, believing him to be a humbug. As they stopped before the door, Mr. Foster opened it and said: "I cannot see you until this evening." "So we went round and found Mr. Foster smoking a cigar, who after speaking of many spirit friends, said: 'Did any of your friends die of a cancer?' 'No sir, I don't think so.' 'But there is some one here who wants to speak to you.' 'How long has he been dead?' 'So I counted until I had named seven, when they rapped 'yes.' 'Seven what? Seven days?' 'Yes.' All at once I remembered of a poor man who died seven days ago, whom we helped because he was dying of wast with a cancer. It was a very great test of a highly satisfactory character."

Capt. Richard Holmes congratulated the club upon their splendid success and the fine corps of officers, they have chosen for the ensuing year. He closed with repeating the following beautiful poem, written to:

A father's hope, a mother's joy  
 Was centered in that darling boy  
 Whose gentle spirit's gone to rest.  
 They for his comfort watched with care,  
 And for his life gave earnest prayer,  
 But something said, "God's way is best."

'Twas hard, dear friends, from him to part,  
 And pangs of anguish pierced the heart.  
 Your sorrow none can tell  
 But do not murmur or complain,  
 For this, your loss, has been his gain,  
 "God doeth all things well."

Then do not wish him back again,  
 For, free from sorrow care or pain  
 He has merely passed from sight;  
 Ever to you he will be near,  
 And something whispers in our ear,  
 "God doeth all things right."

I wish you could have had the power  
 To soothe him in that parting hour  
 And sealed it with a kiss;  
 But well I know an angel hand  
 Did at that time around him stand  
 To bear to realize his bliss.

The spirit of your darling boy,  
 Where radiant with light; love and joy,  
 It will live forever more,  
 And weave for you in heavenly bowers  
 Bright garlands of celestial flowers,  
 When you reach that happy shore.

A father's, mother's, sister's love  
 He bears with him to his home above;  
 And though by them unseen;  
 They'll cherish in their heart of hearts  
 His life so true in all its parts,  
 And keep his memory green.

Written for The Better Way.

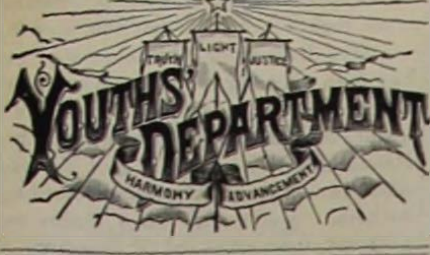
A False Step in Human Nature.  
 "You want a position in my store, do you, Miss?" said the kind-hearted merchant. "You don't look as if you had much experience in selling goods. I only have one place vacant now. It is in the soap department in the basement, and the salary is only \$1.75 per week. But my wife informed me this morning that she needed another girl in the kitchen. If you like that place, she will give you \$4 per week and a good home. Which will you prefer?" "I'll take the soap lady position, sir," was the haughty reply.—Chicago Tribune.

Where does the blame rest for the misery entailed upon the human system by this false idea of respectability? None own it, nor can they. It has been generating and growing all along down through past time; all being responsible for a share, but each must do it in him or herself, or it will lead us through the dark galleries of life's vortex, holding up before us the gay pattern of respectability, fed by moody flattery, such as being a superior being. Such a respectability is but a sham which deadens our true sensibilities, and steals from us our ideal life, leaving us floundering in the ruling of others. This will not feed, clothe and shelter us. Sooner or later it will shatter the mind and body, not respecting the possessor of millions as is too truly manifest in our midst to-day; who live on the respectability of the other extreme. The true nobility of the poorer class is to show not a shadow of shame in their honest life, and the sacredness of nature in the rich would be to share their surplus with the poor. Oh I know full well how impenetrable our earth mind is to the real substance of nature's life in us. We are constantly abroad from home seeking to set our neighbor right while our own sacred home needs our own direction.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

"You're an angel!" said a Harlem man, unguardedly. "No, I'm not," she responded, with conviction. "I'm a woman, and I want a new winter suit before the snow dies, sure."





Ob, the cornfield pumpkins three Covered in a glaucous bloom...

Plant a Vine.

Your young readers will find a good suggestion in the following paragraph from Vick's Magazine for December:

A Bird's Savings Bank.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them.

A Way Out.

"Mother, before you whip me for being with Jimmy Brown, I want to ask you something."

Self-Reliance.

There is no attribute of the human character that is so necessary to the well being and success of a person as self reliance.

The Elephant's Salute.

In the new "Zigzag" volume we find a very amusing description of the salutation with which the Siamese hunters and the elephants they ride, greet the presence of the King.

Taming a Bird.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, says Olive Thorn Miller in the Home-Maker.

Written for The Better Way.

God is as near the soul as matter to the sense; believes the canon of revelation has never been closed, that God has never become exhausted.

THE BETTER WAY.

Good Books FOR SALE AT THE OFFICE

The Better Way.

Faraday Pamphlets. No. 1.—The Relation of the Spiritual to the Material Universe; The Law of Control, New edition, enlarged and revised, by M. Faraday. Price 15 cents.

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By Samuel Bowles, late editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in Spirit Life, including Later Papers, Carrie E. S. Twing, Medium, pp. 91. Price 25 cents; postage, 2 cents.

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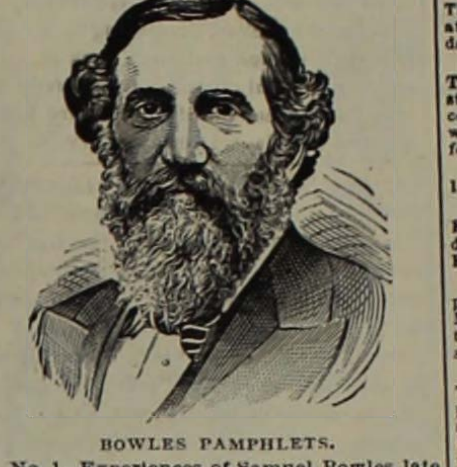
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MEETINGS. Secretaries of Societies are Respectfully Requested to Send us Brief Reports of their Meetings.—Ed. B. W.

MEETINGS.

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

MEETINGS.

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

MEETINGS.

New York, N. Y. The American Spiritualist Alliance meets at 219 West 42d street, New York City, on each alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Philadelphia, Pa. The Second Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia meet every Sunday at 2 p. m. at their church, Thompson Street. Seats free. Public invited. T. J. AMBROSIA, President.

MEETINGS.

Chicago, Ill. Avenue Hall, 159 22d street. Children's Lyceum Sunday, at 1:45 p. m. Spiritualists and Liberalists earnestly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend FREE. RICHARD CARLETON, Conductor.

MEETINGS.

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

Gleanings From

The Pages of History,

Articles in prose and in verse, with music, constitute the contents of this volume. Among the prose articles are: "Platform of principles and a general basis of the coming church"; "Statement of facts and a compend of evidence"; "Spiritual truths recorded in the Bible. Single copies are sent to numbers of Volume I. and II. will also be supplied at 5 cents each. Also The Weekly Discourse, containing fifty-two numbers in each volume, handsomely bound in Half-Round, Gilt-Edged. Volume I, \$3.00; Volume II, \$3.00. For sale by THE BETTER WAY.

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THE BETTER WAY.

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L. BARNEY, EDITOR. CINCINNATI - - - JANUARY 12, 1889.

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

THE BETTER WAY cannot well undertake to touch for the benefit 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 dishonest or unworthy of notice.

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 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.

Life is love. Health and happiness are co-existent. Health may be attained without drugs if the laws of spirit are observed.

Love is the origin of existence. All life struggling for happiness by trying to overcome the material proving this.

Man is an embodiment of spirit in matter, and his aim is therefore to reach a spiritual or soul impetus which is superior to that of the material.

Spiritualism is the new revelation, intended for those who have outgrown the religious teachings of the past, and therefore require a more advanced method of salvation, so-called.

"Light On The Way," George A. Fuller, editor, will be issued from Chattanooga, Tenn., hereafter, having removed from Dover, Mass. We wish our good brother success in his new home.

"The World of Cant"—a companion book to Robert Elsmere—is before the public. The world of cant has been from time immemorial, and will continue forever, although people everywhere have had more than enough.

Dr. Talmage still insists that Spiritualism is witchcraft. Who is worrying the Rev. Dr. with bewitching arts? There are many Spiritualists in his congregation, and it should be ascertained who of these has put a spell upon the good man. He is evidently in a pitiful condition.

Reports from Spiritualist Societies in various parts of the country are now reaching us with considerable promptness and regularity. We want more of them, from every locality where there are workers. Make them brief and pointed, and let them come at the earliest possible date.

A Trumpet Circle will be given at Grand Army Hall, No. 115 West Sixth St., Cincinnati, Wednesday evening, January 30, by the leading mediums for physical manifestations, for the benefit of the Society of Union Spiritualists. Tickets fifty cents. No tickets at the door. There should be a full attendance.

The Banner of Light declares that it ought to have 50,000 subscribers. This is but half of the truth. It should have 100,000 at least; and, in view of the grand work it is doing for universal humanity, why cannot this idea be realized? There should be not less than 1,000,000 subscribers to Spiritualist journals in this country.

How many things there are about us which are indescribable; which seem most familiar and are yet untranslatable; which enter into the most intimate recesses of our lives, and yet never find expression in words. No language can express their thought, and these are cheers and motions of the infinite, which we can neither avoid nor disregard, and which really induce our best and happiest aspirations.

George H. Brooks, now speaking and giving tests every Sunday morning and evening at Grand Army Hall, Cincinnati, is a lecturer and medium of remarkable power, and every Spiritualist in this city and neighborhood should hear him and take note of his successful and satisfactory tests. And he is one who will furnish skeptics a full supply of food for thought, and a desire to know yet more about the truth of immortality.

The daily newspapers are rapidly taking the place of books, whether for good or ill, and the demand for books is consequently diminishing. Therefore the daily newspapers should be more instructive and cleanly than ever before. They should omit the details of scandal and the demoralizing record of crime, and note with greater particularity the progress of those arts and sciences which are civilizing and ennobling.

Religious vulgarity is often excused upon the plea that vulgarity is inherent in religious teaching, and that the first religious book recognized by Christians—the Old Testament—is substantially a record of vulgar things. The argument is false. No system of teaching can be pleaded as an excuse for this demoralizing tendency, and if the Old Testament is a record of depravity, it should be promptly relegated to the domain of all uncleanness, far away from the remotest influence upon the education of to-day.

Maintain the desirable features of your individuality intact. Imitators are people of slavish instinct. True manhood is full of very decided personal traits, and it is these which shape life and mold its elements into sublime character.

Ignorance is the cause of much that seems unspiritual in this life, and the greatest difficulty lies in knowing how to counteract it. It requires a variety of educational forms to reach the various minds and thus the manifold methods employed by the spirit world to teach mankind.

Do not seek to maim or defeat a proper impression regarding anything of importance. It may be contrary to your preconceived ideas upon a point at issue, and, if so, probably all the more worthy of heed. Impressions represent the wishes and desires of our spirit guides, and it is unsafe to disregard them.

A beautiful picture FREE, to every old and new subscriber to THE BETTER WAY, who promptly remits the price of subscription for 1889. Here is the way each subscriber will obtain it: Write and mail us a pleasant letter, containing \$2.50 and your best wishes, and then look at yourself in a truthful mirror. It will reflect as beautiful and self-satisfied a picture as you will find in a day's journey. Try it.

Plenty of people permit inestimable blessings to become moldy from disuse. Some Spiritualists do this, in the fact that having learned the truth of Spiritualism, they rest content and do nothing to spread the glad tidings. They were blessed in receipt of the truth. "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It is their duty to give testimony of the truth, and, if they practice this for a little while, they will find more pleasure in it than in anything else. Spiritualists, do not allow the greatest of blessings to become moldy by disuse.

"Argus," in New Thought, criticises some "grammar," as he calls it, used in spirit messages which are reproduced in THE BETTER WAY; and he makes quite an article upon this remarkably entertaining subject, and goes so far as to affirm that "Thomas Paine must surely be delighted with the elegant grammar and spelling that is used over his signature." How surely Argus delighted over his grammar? He must now begin to sense the great fact that even the best things are a little colored by the medium through which they pass.

When we contemplate the principle of cause and effect, it is impossible to conceive of an operative cause; but this is not a world of causes. Positively, we comprehend nothing but effects. It is sought to defice power, but we have no idea of it—only of its results; therefore definition is impossible. Explanation of spirit phenomena is sought in the question as to how it is produced. Who can tell? We enjoy the outcome, and it is redolent of glory in every humanizing aspect.

There is a wild rumor abroad upon the winter atmosphere that Madame Dias Debar will ply her spirit mediumship under the auspices of the holy Roman Church, with Archbishop Corrigan as sponsor in chief. Let no one be misled by this report. Joey Bagstock was sly—"devilish sly," but the holy R. C. is devilish, and that which it may profess to do for Spiritualism will turn out to be that which the Irish gentleman designated "the reverse of the contrary." Spiritualists should carefully stand from under.

To discourse on humility and then arrogate to one's self an apostleship is not consistent with the principles of Spiritualism. The humblest medium brings forth the highest inspirations, and in comparison to this the names of controlling spirits lessen in value and assumption, finally giving no name whatever—high and exalted spirits being only known by their thoughts and prove their true greatness by genuine humility. But names will be assumed as long as mediums have self-love enough to believe themselves humble, and at the same time the associates of great minds.

"Oh glorious gift of brotherhood; Oh sweet elixir of the blood That makes us live with those long dead, Or hope for those that shall be bred Hereafter!"

With Confucius and Buddha, the obligation of morality was acknowledged as the highest law of man's being, irrespective of any future life. Confucius laid down that a virtue regardless of any future reward was a higher virtue than that which was motivated by reward. And Sakyamuni, though the morality he taught was of a narrow and negative kind, led his followers on only by the hope of extinction at the end of their lives—an extinction of all sense, if not annihilation. Morality has stood instead of a creed, properly so called, for hundreds of millions of inhabitants of the earth for ages innumerable. This is the most remarkable fact which an enlarged ethnographical knowledge has imparted to the present generation, and one of the most difficult to reduce to consistency with theories nominally established. It at least puts an end to the favorite argument from common consent, as applied to deity according to the usual definition, and it ought to put an end to that expedient of modern barbarism to govern men by fear of everlasting calamity, which is an invention of implacable bigotry and the dernier resort of priestcraft.

The thought of Spiritualism is overfull; why not express it? Its best thought is that which is not expressed, as every intelligent Spiritualist knows. But why? We are told that it is lost for want of appropriate words. Nonsense! There is a subtle attraction which often carries us away into the unknown and undefinable, and gives shreds and patches of ideas which are sometimes projected upon the public in a maudlin way, apparently in the belief that what the writer does not understand the reader will; but all this is miscarried literature. It can never ripen nor bring good to anybody, and is better lost than found. We do not want it in any form, not even as theosophy. But there are deductions from solid facts, with the facts for a text, which thousands of Spiritualists have the power to express in graphic terms, and the ability to illustrate with incidents so apt that they would make the best reading on earth. Communications of this kind are in demand now, and it is impossible to produce an over-supply. Just that which we have defined will come in a very limited quantity, if at all; but the power of production is large. Only a few days since a Spiritualist said to us, "If I could only write, you should have such an account of some of my experiences as would certainly interest your readers." Then he recounted a few of these experiences. We told him to write them down just as they were then related. He protested that he could not; said he had tried fifty times, but the story was lifeless on paper. The only remedy for this is dictation. Not as if he were dictating, but telling the story as he would to an intimate friend. It will command success and plenty of readers, and blessings upon his head if he gives it a fair trial. And this ought to be a good hint to many others.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear, Which says I must not stay; I see a hand you cannot see, Which beckons me away."

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

A few words of commendation from authoritative sources encourage us to continue the consideration of this question. It is of the first importance, just as self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Happily, that all-important part of education which goes to secure direct self-preservation is in great part already provided for. Too momentous to be left to our blundering, nature takes it into her own hands. While yet in the nurse's arms, the infant, by hiding its face and crying at sight of a stranger, indicates the dawning instinct to attain safety by flying from that which is unknown and may be dangerous; and when it can walk, the terror it manifests if an unfamiliar dog comes near, and the screams with which it runs to its mother after any startling sight or sound, shows this instinct still further developed. Moreover, knowledge subserving direct self-preservation is that which it is chiefly busied in acquiring from hour to hour. How to balance the body; how to control its movements to avoid collisions; what objects are hard and will hurt if struck; what objects are heavy and will hurt if they fall upon the limbs; which things will bear the weight of the body, and which not; the pains inflicted by fire, by missiles, by sharp instruments,—these and various other items of information, needful for the avoidance of death or accident, it is ever learning.

And when, a few years later, the energies go out in running, climbing and jumping, in games of strength and skill, we see in all these acts by which the muscles are developed, the perceptions sharpened and the judgment quickened, a preparation for the safe conduct of the body among surrounding objects and movements, and for meeting those greater dangers which occasionally occur in the lives of all.

Being thus, as we say, so well cared for by nature, this fundamental education needs comparatively little care from us. What we are chiefly called upon to see is that there shall be free scope for gaining this experience and receiving this discipline, that there shall be no such thwarting of nature as that by which stupid schoolmistresses commonly prevent the girls in their charge from the spontaneous physical activities they would indulge in, and so render them comparatively incapable of taking care of themselves in circumstances of peril.

This, however, is by no means all that is comprehended in the education which prepares for direct self-preservation. Besides guarding the body against mechanical damage or destruction, it has to be guarded against injury from other causes—against the disease and death which follow breaches of physiological law. For complete living it is necessary not only that sudden annihilations of life shall be warded off, but also that there shall be escaped the incapacities and the slow annihilation which unwise habits entail. As without health and energy the industrial, the parental, the social, and all other activities, become more or less impossible, it is clear that this secondary kind of self-preservation is only comparatively less important than the primary, and that knowledge tending to secure it should rank very high.

Here, too, guidance is in some measure already supplied. By our various physical sensations and desires nature has insured a tolerable conformity to the chief requirements. Fortunately for us, want of food, great heat, extreme cold, bring promptings too prepotent to be disregarded. And would man habitually obey

these and all like promptings when less strong, comparatively few evils would arise. If fatigue of body or brain were in every case followed by desistance; if the oppression produced by a close atmosphere always led to ventilation; if there were no eating without hunger, no drinking without thirst,—then would the system be but seldom out of working order. But so profound an ignorance is there of the laws of life that men do not even know that their sensations, or impressions, are their natural guides, and—when not rendered morbid by long continued disobedience—their only trustworthy guides. Not only are they mostly ignorant of this truth, but actually they deny it when propounded. Judging from various prevalent ascetic doctrines which have sprouted from musty theological dogma, the current belief would seem to be that our sensations exist not for our guidance, but for general misguidance, and that they should be thwarted as much as possible. So that, speaking teleologically, though nature has provided efficient safeguards to health, lack of knowledge and the ignoring of truthful sensations or impressions make them in a great measure useless.

"Pleasures life thickets where no pleasures seem; There's not a leaf that falls upon the ground But holds some joy, of silence or of sound; Some sprite beguiles of a summer dream."

MEADVILLE, PA.

This beautiful city has a Spiritualist Society composed of several of its leading merchants and professional men, people of thought and culture; and one of the cosiest Spiritualist halls we have ever seen, fitted up to accommodate an audience of one hundred and fifty persons. It may be that city folks par excellence will say this is not a large capacity for the growth of truth, but the quality of the Meadville Spiritualist audience is a merit for which numbers in a city audience would furnish but a dreary substitute. In the important item of intelligence, it is not excelled by an assemblage of the same size anywhere. And its members are "sagacious of their quarry."

We greatly enjoyed a few hours in the company of some of these Meadville thinkers one day last week. One who is widely known, for his eminence at the bar as well as for some recent contributions to the literature of Spiritualism, Hon. A. B. Richmond, was entertainingly explicit and instructive in recounting the details of phenomena that he has personally witnessed, and which will soon form the basis of an appendix of about one hundred pages to his already famous book, "What I Saw at Cassadaga." Oddly enough, but very gratefully to Spiritualists, this appendix will prove the grand point d'appui of the book proper, and render its chain of testimony irrefragable. It will contain incidents which we would be delighted to present to our readers in these columns, but are estopped from giving them away.

Mr. Richmond bravely confesses to the fact that less than eighteen months ago he was a scoffer at Spiritualism, and Spiritualists aver that he was a veritable Judas Asmonæus in his attacks, but in August, '87, he was induced to visit the camp at Cassadaga, "and he who went to scoff, remained to pray," or words to that effect. He remained to witness those phenomena which appeal to intelligent minds with the most irresistible force, and of necessity became a Spiritualist. There was no other logical conclusion.

Only a few years ago Mr. A. Gaston, a prominent business man, acted as the leaven which leavened the whole loaf of Spiritualism at Meadville. At least this is the impression which has gone abroad, and our observation seems to confirm it. At the period mentioned, business considerations induced him to locate here. He found but half a dozen Spiritualists, and these were far from demonstrative. The impression we have obtained is, that upon this subject of subjects they were conspicuous by their silence. But our good friend Gaston lost no time in seeking the antipodes of this condition, and it was not long before he had given several competent minds some wholesome food for cogitation, and it was readily assimilated. The truth of immortality was eagerly sought and readily found here, as it will be everywhere when sought in the same spirit, and with something like the same degree of alert intelligence; and brother Gaston was greatly cheered at the result of his humane efforts and wisely ordained evangelism. His work at Meadville, and in behalf of the Cassadaga Association, of which he is President, is constant and well-ordered, and Spiritualism is fortunate in the possession of an apostle who is at once so willing and so able. As we view it, no man's work has been more abundantly blessed in genuine practical outcome.

Were we to give our personal impression of all these Meadville Spiritualists, the ordinary perils of eulogy would be defied; so we may say in brief that they rank with the masterful jewels of humanity, as emeralds and diamonds rank with those in inanimate nature, and that from their standpoint of reasoning they command the thought which shall ultimately control all forces and govern the universe. Their society is a prime factor in a court which comprises the whole of nature, and embodies the great and all-absorbing thoughts and impulses of man; and those who take fellowship in it are at once in direct communion with the most advanced thought of the age,—just as they are when in fellowship with any association of really in-

telligent Spiritualists. The dedication last month of their hall in the Richmond Block attracted the attention of Spiritualists everywhere, for in the reports of these exercises it was discovered that gentlemen of distinguished ability participated and gave eloquent expression to their views; and yet the reports did not do full justice to the facts. We are promised an abstract of two of the addresses for early publication, and shall anxiously await their receipt.

The speaker who made the most lasting impression at these exercises was one of the prime favorites of Cincinnati Spiritualists, Miss Jennie B. Hagan. She spoke and improvised poems during three successive evenings, gaining fresh laurels on each occasion, and warm encomiums from hearers representing many shades of belief. Her improvisations are the wonder and delight of all who listen to them, and the more cultured the community, the more are these unique and brilliant productions valued. She is accompanied by poetry everywhere she goes—the clear sighted Homeride of the muses—and she distributes its treasures as impartially as the morning breezes scatter the dewy jewels of the flowers. In pursuance of this gentle mission she dispensed some keenly-relished blessings at Meadville. It is cheerful to note how eagerly that people hold them in remembrance, and somewhat serious to mark the expressions of regret that these gems of the muse were not stenographically preserved.

Meadville Spiritualists are promising themselves another prime intellectual feast, at an early day, from the sublimely inspired ministrations of Mrs. N. T. Brigham. They will not be disappointed in the highest estimate they may form of this lady's gifts, nor of the ability and complaisance of her vigilant guides. They will be edified in the large augmentation of spiritual perception under her apt guidance, by instruction which is not hackneyed in form or expression, but which bestows discipline upon life and imparts vigor to character. Her improvisations are grand combinations of musical words and lofty sentiments, and undoubtedly utter the song language of the soul from the innermost heart of melody.

There is a good deal of that admixture of sweetness and light in the Spiritualist domain of Meadville which wide-awake people look upon as the strong element in true progress, and there is bound to be a good deal more of it, here and elsewhere. The more of it there is, the less burdensome will be our earthly load, and the pleasanter our path toward that better inheritance which fadeth not away.

"'Tis not a wild chorus of praises, Nor chance, nor yet fate; 'Tis the greatest born with him and in him, That makes the man great."

MRS. UNDERHILL AND SPIRITUALISM.

The heaviest trust is often incurred by inheritance. The elder of the Fox Sisters is Mrs. Daniel Underhill, of New York. She was Miss Leah Fox, always a good spirit medium and a superior woman. Her social position in New York to-day is as honorable and estimable as anyone could desire, and yet the recent proceedings of her sisters, Margaretta and Kate, fill her soul with grief.

A few days since she stated to the writer that her mother, grandmother, great-aunt and great-grandfather, were spirit mediums; and that probably spirit mediumship was in the family for many generations previous to any record of the fact. She gave instances which were marked by the most convincing manifestations of spirit presence, characterized by system and superior intelligence, and resulting in a profitable discovery. A question had arisen about the secretion of a sum of money by an ancestor who had passed away. This matter was much discussed, and one day the ancestor "appeared" to a member of the family, who greeted him with a scream; whereat he vanished. Instructions were given that, if he appeared again, the money was to be asked for, and in a little time he came. Instructions were followed. The "appearance" went to the orchard, beckoning his interlocutor to follow, and bending down a branch from a tree, indicated with the extremity of that the spot where the money was buried. It was there found!

This happened in the family of the great-aunt. Other instances were graphically told, some of which related to the remarkable mediumship of Mrs. Fox, mother of the Sisters. The rappings were recognized in the family for many years previous to the birth of the girls who made them famous, but means of intelligent communication with their source by mortals were not understood until 1848, when it was discovered that questions were correctly answered by calling the alphabet, and that intelligence behind the phenomena was quite as alert as that of the mortals with whom it came en rapport. This was only an incident in Spiritualism, but of great importance in its utilization, just as the electric light, telegraph and telephone are important in utilizing the wonderful powers of electricity. But only to that extent to which Edison may be credited with the invention of the electric current can the Fox Sisters claim to be the founders of Modern Spiritualism. This is substantially the view of Mrs. Underhill, and it will be recognized as the correct view.

As we have heretofore asserted in THE BETTER WAY, the two Fox Sisters who have recently essayed to "expose" Spiritualism, are, through their own fault, without social position or moral status; and to

such an extent have they degraded themselves by intoxicants, the use of which has made them untruthful, that this good sister, Mrs. Underhill, who for many years has been untiring in noble efforts to reclaim them, has at last been forced, in dire torture of heart, to give them up as irreclaimable. Her agony of soul expresses itself in outbursts of grief indescribably pathetic. She knows these sisters have perjured themselves while overcome by alcohol, and that almost involuntarily they are forewarned; but by their own act they are beyond the reach of reformatory influences, and in their case moral effort is of no avail. They are the slaves of strong drink, and are to be pitied; but there is one who needs pity more!

It was refreshing to enjoy some of the wholesome old-time raps in Mrs. Underhill's pleasant home. They came in the sweet old way, indescribable,—quite as impossible of production by toe-joints as genuine thunder by a Chinese cracker quite as impossible by artificial means as the electric chain which sometimes spans the firmament! The spirit of Robt. Dea Owen came with kindly greeting and several emphatic messages. Among other things he declared that Katie and Maggie Fox would come to grief. Mental questions were promptly answered. Part of the time the raps were upon the table, and then upon the walls of the apartment, always distinct, and in intelligent response to various interrogatories. It was good to be there, to hear the spirit summons, the rustle of spirit robes, and to sense the continuity of that realm which is screened from mortal environment by only a thin veil. Spirits were there in force, and their invisible hands were as apparent upon our head and face as was ever "love pat" in a mortal caress; again reminding us that death is but another birth.

The strange sensation superinduced by the raps, and the impossibility of a perfect imitation by artificial means, were discussed at this sitting. The conversation reminded Mrs. Underhill of a pathetic incident in her early experience as a medium. It occurred at Buffalo. Many skeptics had gathered in the parlor of a hotel there to "try the spirits," and the Fox Sisters—the three were together then in a common interest—had tried to try them for more than an hour, but without response. This apparent failure excited the sympathy of an old lake captain, himself a skeptic, and he reached his arm behind a sofa and improvised three raps with his fist! "Those are not spirit raps," exclaimed Leah. "Please do not repeat such an attempt. But, O, God!" she ejaculated, in fervent prayer, "do not desert us in our need. If ever the raps are to come to us again, in mercy let them come now!" And they came!—loud and sharp, upon the table, the walls, ceiling and floor, answering questions and bringing independent communications, till all the skepticism of the visitors was conquered, and they were happy in the truth of immortality. It is not a wonder that this good woman has always had faith in the efficacy of prayer.

In this relation, it is far from our heart to injure anyone. We are aware of but a single purpose—to preserve Spiritualism from contumely through the ill-advised position of two women who know its truth, but who do not value the sanctity of truth. Mrs. Underhill and all true Spiritualists sympathize with this purpose. Still, Mrs. Underhill regards her sisters with sisterly tenderness, and has been, for a long series of years, their mainstay in time of need. She says, "We are children of one mother, and a dear good mother she was. I could not forget this, if I wanted to. I do not want to. I shall always love those girls, and pray for the improvement of their sad condition. Oh, it is sad enough." As is well known, Mrs. Underhill is author of that capital book, "The Missing Link," which gives a detailed account of the mediumistic experiences of the Fox Sisters—every word of which the good lady now reiterates with decided emphasis. It should be read by all lovers of truth and justice.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Dean Clarke is at Denver, Colorado, for an indefinite term, possibly several months.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter speaks at Willimantic, Conn., on the third and fourth Sundays of January; at Cleveland, Ohio, on the Sundays of February.

Mrs. Ada Foye holds meetings, in Boston and near-by during January, February and March. Spiritualist societies desiring her services for week evenings are requested to address at No. 10 Orange St., Boston, (care H. Lewis).

On Sundays of the current month Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan is speaking and giving poems for the Spiritualists of Haverhill, Mass. Next month she will occupy the pulpit of Mrs. N. T. Brigham, at Adelphi Hall, New York city, and Mrs. Brigham will speak for the Union Spiritualists, of Cincinnati.

Lyman C. Howe speaks for the Spiritualists of Patterson, N. J., on the Sundays of the current month. Readers of THE BETTER WAY have recently enjoyed several of brother Howe's excellent lectures, which were reproduced in our columns, and they are hungering and thirsting for more of the same sort. Reports from Patterson will be gratefully received and kindly treated.

On Wednesday evening, 8th Inst., Prof. D. M. King, of Maumee, Ohio, began a course of lectures at the Cleveland Institute of Phrenology and Psychology, upon the interesting questions involved in the curriculum of the Institute. He is recognized as one of the best phrenologists in the country, and, as a teacher and lecturer, has earned a wide and well-deserved reputation for persistency and thoroughness. Those who attend this course of lectures, will find them well-adapted to the instruction and liberalization of the human mind and therefore we wish them unlimited success.







SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Given Through the Mediumship of MISS HELEN MARK CAMPBELL.

MORACE FLETCHER.

My home is in Madison, Wisconsin. I have a wife there. I was a tanner by trade, and desire to communicate with Jim Deihrr who attended to the vats. Tell Jim Messer Smith has a position for him. Tell him also that George Knarr would be reconciled to him. I do hope Bertha, my wife, will receive this message, and that Fred and Rache will be taught to think of me as living.

2.

MARY ADELIADE HEWITT.

I come to Horatio Hewitt, of Brooklyn, New York. I passed from earth when a very little girl, but do want to be remembered. Dear Rache, give my love to Adah and Carrie. Tell John I have by no means forgotten him. Tell Stella her mother sends much love. Now, Horatio, don't leave your present business, be sure and bring forward your last composition; it will bring you success and reputation. Mills is your friend, so is Levaro; seek them and commune with them. Remember always, Horatio, that "a rolling stone gathers no moss," and of all things, remember that life must have a purpose.

3.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

I come to reach Jennie B. Hagan, the medium. I have long desired close contact with her, as it is my purpose to complete the work through her organism. Gentle medium, suffering and pain have only made your spiritual life brighter, and the slight imperfection in the physical is more than compensated by the brightness of your spiritual existence. Therefore be of good comfort, dear one, you are like unto a beacon light which casts its radiance adown life's tempestuous sea, pointing many a shattered craft to a haven of safety. Once, again, I desire to come through you.

4.

ELEANORE SHECKELLS.

I desire to reach George Sheckells and his daughter Emma. We were formerly of Scotland, then removed to America, thence to Perryville, Maryland, where I passed away about eighteen months ago. Now, I want you all to know that I've safely passed the river, and am now happy and busy. I love you all. Dear Emma, Aunt Eleanore is no less interested in your welfare. Tell Tacie that mamma does not not like to see her so negligent about study, say to her that she must renew her energy with the coming year, and do better. I am with you always; death does not divide us.

5.

SARMATIA.

I am Alexenne Athaelia Robinson. I come to Wolfgang to warn him lest he betray a trust. E. S. de M. is in this city, flee to another. Wolfgang, I am anxious, you are needed; be not reckless. Try and meet John Rosemond; if you tell him he can help you.

Given Through the Mediumship of Dr. A. G. PEIRCE, Lewiston, Maine.

6.

JABE JENKINS.

I resided at Marion, O. Left wife and children there. I was in the habit of taking a little too much whisky sometimes. Did this time—fell over and hit my head against a stone, and that was the last I knew. Good deed for my wife and family I got killed; for they get along well now—before spent all our earnings could get for whisky. I am not tight now; am sober as a stump.

7.

FLORENCE BLAKE.

To her father and mother, Cincinnati, O: Aunt Ann tells me I have been with her over six years. I was eight years and a few months old when I died and came here. My throat was awful sore, and I trembled and shook all over I was so cold, but I soon felt warm and was all of a sweat when I left my body. It was hard work for me to get out of it, but I did not know when I got where aunt is. I have lots of little girls to play with, and we can go just where we want to, to see all the sights. Send this to my mother—High street.

8.

JOHN WRIGHT.

When I was in the mortal body I was John Wright, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, but now do not know who or what I am. I feel just as I used to do when I was kicking round the flower mill just before I got killed. That was sudden. It took me right off in the middle of my story that I was telling Jim Sanborne who was standing near me. We are both here now; come here because handy in the neighborhood of our old home in Old Town, Maine. I used to work in the Strickland mill there as a boss saw-man. Had been to the Emery mansion and knew of some of the wonders about there. It was amazing to me then, but since I have been here—now about six years—am not surprised at great and curious works done by the spirits. Why, spirits can do most anything they are disposed to do, only requiring the proper chance. I felt awfully mixed up when I first got here; did not know hardly anything—thought I was dreaming, was surprised, but now am more straightened out like and can see and hear as well as the best educated. Spirits cannot fool each other as mortals do. Each spirit is obliged to get along of one self best they can. I left

friends in old town, and Stillwater, Maine. I went to see them, but no one knew I was about; however I made them think of me, and that was great satisfaction. I was twenty-seven years old and a few months when I became a spirit. I am busy now trying to open peoples' eyes and ears to the truths of immortality. Heaven or hell is as a person or spirit does. I enjoy myself well here. I am not sorry I came here as I did. Good-bye.

DR. DERSTEN PAGE.

Of Charleston, Maine. I am a resident of the great realm of spirit. Nearly fifty years ago I was born to this state through an act of my own. I had just got out of college from Bowdoin. I had become disgusted with the schemes, tricks and deceptions of man against man. Saw no chance for myself in an honest way—must conform to the world's customs and ways to get along comfortably and live in it. This was too much for me. Did not know how to get along to do as others did without being found out. For the practice of medicine, though needful to be profitable must be deceptive, that any person can well know by the foreign language used to deceive the public? Then society is and was about the same. Self-conceit is more the ruler of mankind than another known power except this love of money. But I was mistaken. I have found out by experience that human life is needful, but is not a sequence for any creative principle, but a development, same as is earth and all other elements. I see now that I might have been of very great benefit to suffering humanity, besides to myself. Yet I may find duties in this life sufficient to engage all my attention. I would say here, and earnestly to all mortals, be sure to live in the mortal body as long as possible. Civilization as the methods of society are named is the cause of much that is wrong in shortening life. Its exactions sends millions every year to the spirit life that ought to have stayed longer in the mortal; hence it is principally a murderer and a cruel exacting tyrant for it professes power to assume old rolls of pride and superstition and passion and appetite every way to hold its supremacy over mankind. Civilization is not a virtue; it is an incorable tyrant, that no person can please, yet every one must obey to be honored by its adherents. True, outside of civilization the world is full of ignorance and animalism, because the civilization of to-day ignores nature's laws and establishes society statutes, which it is a great crime to disobey; whereas, if civilization had been founded upon natural laws instead of such as it proclaims, the world of mankind would have been millions of times better and happier than it is to-day. In this respect a change is growing fast upon mankind for the better. Spiritualism, or spirit socialized by man, is doing what all the Gods of man of the past could not do—namely; to save mankind unto himself. Fast will this power develop. There is much to say on this subject, which I may speak of at another time. At present I feel I have said enough. I was born in Charleston, Maine. My brother James lives there. Send this message to him.

The following messages will appear in next week's issue: George B. Thom, Bessie Gray, Victor Antoine Leglise, Nellie Grant King, Joseph H. Freeman, H. H. Squire.

Specially Reported for The Better Way.

Poems

By Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Unimproved and Delivered Sunday Morning, December 16, 1888, Before the First Society of Spiritualists, New York.

LIFE'S DUTY.

While we travel to and fro, As on life's rugged path we go, We find that which is full of beauty Is that which holds the highest duty.

DUTY IN OUR LIVES.

Duty in our lives below, Will make all beauty live and grow; It is the hand that lifts the soul above, And moves the blessing of God's perfect love.

THE CACTUS.

A plant with a stem or a leaf, that has no grace; Thorny and rough, with angles spread before our face.

And yet upon the edges of that leaf at last There comes a little point, that growing free and fast.

At last a glorious bud is brought to light, And then unfolds a flower before our sight, Peerless with radiance, wonderful in dyes; Tints like the glow of sunset in the western skies. How did it come? As vict'ry o'er men and peace From this life below. When sorrows cease, Out of the rough and the unlovely here, Grows life's glad bloom, to reach a higher sphere.

THE SPIRITUAL MEANING OF THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Across the ocean's waters moving free, Beyond the mists, the vapors of the sea, We had a distant land, another shore, That we in dreams have often wandered o'er— And there amid the flowers that glow so bright We hear a song that thrills the air of night.

The sun has gone to rest, Sunk in the waters of the ocean's breast, Shadows gather, and the night declines; Peace and calm to all its leaves and roses, And nature in the quiet English night reposes.

Then awakens full and sweet and clear, A song, vibrating on the listening ear, Rising far and high. The music melting in the evening sky, Is there a tone which can such thoughts disclose? Like the nightingale's sweet singing to the rose?

Bird of the night, Why didst thou not await the coming light? Why didst thou sing? While night was brooding with its dusky wing? Then answer the sweet sounds of love and rest, Of love and soothing, from the birding's breast, "I sing the song that taught me from above, The song of earth, the song of Heaven is love."

Oh, heart beside the moaning, sobbing sea, Oh, heart, in waiting, sighing to be free, Night cometh fast to thee with dusky wing,

Around thee in the quiet shadows cling. You say, "in the dark night of suffering No sweet birds sing." Night only gleeth through her dusky bars The faint, far gleaming of the quiet stars.

Oh, heart, that waits beside death's moaning sea, God bids the bird that sweetly sings to thee, It rises from the shadows, o'er the flowers and trees, It sends its clear sweet note upon the breeze, The song gains force and deepens, rising higher As though on wings of prayer and strong desire.

Then when deep gloom around thy spirit lies, When sets the sun and darkness veils the skies, If thou wilt listen, in thy heart thou'lt hear The nightingale's sweet song translated to the ear, And sweetest song that earth can ever know Awakens when the day shall cease to glow. It is the song of love and trusting faith, That fills with music e'en the night of death.

The man who buys bric-a-brac nowadays and pays for it may be pardoned for doubting if virtu is its own reward.

In the ballroom: He—"How is it that I see so little of you nowadays?" She—"My husband won't allow me to wear low-necked dresses any longer."

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MINOR TROUBLES

Jenkins writes to his girl in the apartment house as his suite heart. Twifkins—"What's the reason they always have rocky passes and all that kind of thing in Irish plays?"

Interesting Experiences. To the Editor of The Better Way. "All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses. Through the open doors, the harmless phantoms of their errands glide, With feet that make no noise upon the floors."

He answered, "She can never come any more within the house, for we have so prepared conditions, that it will be impossible." I breathed more freely and he continued in answer to my question, "She has gone into the next house."

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