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THE LAST ENEMY TO BE DESTROYED IN DEATH.

Discourse by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Delivered Before The First Society of Spiritualists, New York, Sunday Afternoon, January 27th, 1889.

(Specially Reported for THE BETTER WAY.)

Persons who were present in this hall this morning and listened to the very beautiful sermon delivered here—a sermon which came from the highest levels of thought, it would seem—noticed what the text was and doubtless remember it. "He shall reign until He shall put all enemies under His feet." There is a little addition to that text, that the last enemy, which is death. He shall put under His feet. And the little time which we shall talk this afternoon will be consumed in considering that special part of the subject.

Many of our seeming friends on earth when they are analyzed, are found not most beneficial to us—not most truly our friends. Some who are not as pleasant to us, and whom we sometimes consider our enemies, may be those who do us good. We can learn from those whom we call our enemies of some bad habit in which we are entangled, where our friends love us too well to see the fault, and so help us in our religious or spiritual work. So opposition and censure often act upon us as a stimulus, rousing and awakening us to self study. Opposition and all that can be set against us make a light which shines within us, so that we may read ourselves and see what we are. See if we lack anything, for self examination is most beneficial.

Many of the enemies that have been considered most opposed to human welfare and happiness are only veiled blessings, and some of them have never been fully understood. They are like the chestnut burr, prickly to the fingers, yet holding within the sweet, white kernel, so that which seems to us to be a curse holds within that which is sweet and white oft times.

It has been said that the earth was cursed with briars and brambles and weeds; but, friends, there is not a weed on the earth but has some use and lives for some purpose. The rocks that are in the way of those who till the soil are often blessings in disguise. We find the sweetest land oft times in the mountain pastures, where the sweet, low grass grows fine and green, and the wandering flocks and herds feed and are blessed among the rocks. The richest metals, the finest ores, the most precious stones—where do we find them? We do not find them spread on tables, fine and cut and polished and ready for a golden setting, or ready for us to accept them and adorn ourselves with them. They are scattered beneath the sands of the rivers, locked up in the rocks, waiting for man to investigate, for man to seek, when he will find and have them to bless him.

It has been thought that labor itself is a curse of God given to those who have caused his burning, destroying anger. Yet we know this, that though the absence of toil is not a blessing, and the presence of excessive toil is not a blessing, yet labor, per se, is good. We here find the blessing to lie, not in either extreme, but in the intermediate state—which is good for both the body and the mind. Good for the outer life and for the inner life. An idle body, an idle mind, is just that which offers a

home for diseases—for evil conditions—for disturbed and inharmonious states. But where there is activity in a stream we find along the edge that the sediment does not gather; the swiftly flowing water rushing over the pebbly bed does its work perfectly. So if there is activity in the organs of the body, if the respiration and circulation are perfect, if all the vital forces are regulated as they ought to be, there must be activity and there will be health. So it is that labor becomes to us a blessing when it is rightly measured, rightly meted out. In this world are mountains too high and valleys too deep, but the frost and flames and winds and wandering streams and flowing fountains, with their power of attrition, are lowering the mountains and lifting the valleys, and so it is that the work of equalization is going on in nature.

So it is in social life. There are those who have too much ease, and those who have too much toil, and if only the mountains can be lowered and these valleys lifted, we shall have that condition of things which is a blessing to humanity, physically, mentally and spiritually.

So we shall find it with other things that are considered evils in this life. Lying in the great shadow we find some secret good—some blessing located where we least expect it. Pain is a curse, one says. And yet we know that pain is that which warns us; it is the voice of love which tells of the encroachments upon our bodies. Pain and weariness and hunger and thirst are curses, men say. And yet how should we know when we need the crystal water if it were not for that thirst; how would we know when we needed food if it were not for hunger, which grows to be pain if its first demand is not met. How know when to rest these bodies that need rest so much if it were not for weariness—deepening and broadening—weariness that becomes a pain, until at last we find some easy position if it is possible, and close our eyes in slumber and rest softly, like the quiet tide rising silently, bringing the silent benediction which makes us realize the blessed significance of the words, "He giveth His beloved sleep."

And yet there is an evil, men say, that is the greatest and most unconquerable one—the evil of death. There are those who shut their eyes to it. They will pay no heed to that thought, they plan, they strive to acquire, and they succeed; and then, as the speaker this morning said, they find the treasure they are grasping melting out of their hands; their earthly treasure they cannot carry with them; they have all the mortal surroundings, but in a little time they must go. There is no power in nature that can keep them in this world and amid mortal surroundings beyond a certain limited time. There is a certain kind of force stored up in life—a reserve force. When you wind a watch the force that entered into your body through your food that you eat and which gave power to your muscles and nerves, by the motion of turning the key is given to the spring and the watch is started. When you wind a clock the force stored in you goes out into the spring, goes into the wheels which it moves. When that force is exhausted in the watch the watch runs down; when that force is exhausted in the clock the pendulum ceases to move.

So these bodies of yours a certain amount of force is stored, and you wind this watch of life by your food, by the air you breathe, by the sunshine that falls upon you, by all the conditions that help nourish and build you up. But there comes a time when you can do this no longer, when this watch of life is worn out, when the clogged wheels cease to move, when the forces of life can no longer be stirred there. This is death one says. Friends, do you know that man has considered death an enemy? Perhaps some of you do, but we are perfectly sure that there are some her who do not fear it. In fact there

are some persons who think of it a little too much. We know as we look into your eyes that you who have known the bitterness of disappointment and the weight of increasing burdens and cares, that there are just a few who think of death, not as of an enemy, not as an unpleasant thing, but as something that you sigh for and dream of, and something that you long for just a little too much. Now we would not have you do this, but consider the subject in a rational way, not in the way of extremes. Not with interest and longing, or with dread and fear, but in a rational way, and for this purpose we have taken this statement for our subject this evening; that you may understand why it is the last enemy, which is death, that he shall put under his feet.

It is not an individual that is to put death under his feet—not a person who is to do this great work. It is a principle that was personified or expressed in that individual life, until some cannot draw the line between the principle and the individual. But, friends, strive for spiritual enlightenment, for spiritual understanding, till each individual may feel and know for himself, that the last enemy, death, is under his feet—that it towers over him no longer; it does not lure him too much, but it is under his feet, he rises above it, he understands it, he has weighed and measured it.

Death! What is it, that you should be afraid of it? There are some who say we are shrinking from the dreadful pain of dying. But friends, there is no anguish in dying, not the shadow of pain to those who die. The pain precedes the change called death. Ask the physicians who are most highly educated and they will tell you that as far as they can observe we have nothing to dread. When you draw near to a bridge, before you quite come to the commencement of it, you pay your toll, and then enter upon the bridge and you pass over—there is nothing more to pay, you can cross the river. Somewhere, it may be just at the edge of this great river, but not on the bridge, it may be some time before you come quite to the river's rim, you pay your toll—your physical toll of weariness or pain—but most of you have suffered at some time in your life much more than you will suffer when you draw near the change called death. And when that actually comes to you, will find its coming as peaceful as the sunset. Nay, as quietly beautiful as the sunrise, it is not the night but the day, not the gray of the evening twilight, it is the rosy dawn blossoming for you, it is the breath of the morning that men call death.

If then, you can be assured of this, you know that as you drift into sleep, just so peacefully and quietly will you drift at last out upon that great sea that rolls around your world. It has been called the unknown sea. It is not so now, since you have heard from those far, bright islands, since you have heard from the shores of immortality beyond this world—this world of physical conditions, and knowing this and feeling that that die is so to drift or so to pass, and that it is as natural as anything that occurs in your experiences upon this earth, does not death cease to be an enemy, is it not an acquaintance, and will it not become a friend to you?

But there are others who say, the grave is the thing we dread. Yes; but you have nothing to do with the grave, nor the grave with you. A mother may show to you in some chest or trunk or drawer, a little dress that once fitted a little child; she unfolds it, with its dainty tucking, its little lace or embroidered waist. She says, "the child is a man now, brave and strong and noble, but I keep the little dress in memory of his babyhood," and so she folds it away. Perchance a rose pressed and fragrant, is laid away in the folds of the infant's robe. Does it matter to the man where the dress is, whether it is in a trunk or bureau drawer? Does it matter to him whether it is folded or

creased? Certainly not. He has no need for it, he does not care for it, he has outgrown it years and years ago. This little infant's robe is to the great man just what the human body is to a spirit passed out of it. That body may be given to the waters, sunk down there where sea flowers are growing, it may be given to the purifying flames or it may be given to the slower cremation which takes place in the natural decay in the soil. What matters it if it lies encased in the green earth's quiet breast or in some marble tomb—what matters it? It is nothing to the spirit which has gone out of it but the garment that cannot fit it. Why, friends, you who have loved the form because of the spirit in it may lay the rose in the pale fingers if you chose, and lay it aside with tears, but don't say, "I have buried my friend." Don't say "I have lost my friend, this is the grave of my friend." It is not. It is only the trunk, it is only the drawer, it is only the place where you have put the robe which your friend used to wear, but which will never fit him again. And if you will know and feel these things do you not see that another shadow is gone from the face of death? One after another the shadows fade away, one after another the features of the face come out in greater beauty and brightness. This wonderful truth that death is birth, that slumber is followed by awakening, that night is followed by day, that death is only the ending of one stage of your existence, just as on a journey you change cars. You leave one car and enter another—a long train stands waiting. You are just the same that you were before you changed cars, before you reached this junction or stage of your journey. And yet when you leave this narrow place of earthly life, this rough road over which you have journeyed here to pass into that higher and better life, those who are waiting, who do not change cars, say, "Our friend is dead I wonder how he feels in the other life, I wonder if he is playing on a harp of gold, and singing the same song that the angels have sung for thousands of years." Why, friends, after the change you are just the same that you were before, only with an added experience, with a broader condition of existence, with brighter light. They have passed beyond these shadows, and if you can know these things, then something more of the darkness of death dies out and you feel that the grave has nothing to do with you.

Oh, death! where is thy sting! Oh, grave! where is thy victory? There is no victory for the grave, only the dust is committed to the dust; but, as your speaker said this morning, the substance or the spiritual force is that which projects and propels the soul, evolving through the shadow of death into the light that goes on and on forever, and nothing can stop its progress.

The last enemy which is to be slain is death. And here are the arrows that are to slay this enemy whose name is death. The arrows of truth, the arrows of comprehended law. But, friends, it does something more than all that, it takes away the shadow of death. You know there is a beyond; you have heard from that beyond; it is no longer a matter of conjecture, and dream and vision. Men speak of faith, broad and bright, in the love of God and humanity, but man needs something more than that; he asks if there is proof that after death he shall live, he asks if there is proof that he shall not die. And we answer, yes; but the only proof positive lies in that subject so often condemned and despised—that subject of Spiritualism.

Yes; but you say, one of the wisest and most profound thinkers and speakers has taken that as a subject, and twice expressed his views, his experiences, his investigations, having been present at two seances. Why, friends, suppose long ago that Kepler had just taken two hypotheses and acted on them. Would we have had those three bridges that Kepler built? No; but he took one hypothesis, labored and worked

from that, and then he would take another and toll inductively, and then another and another, all to be rejected until at last he made his discovery. After taking one or two he did not say, I am perfectly convinced now that nothing can be known of the motions of the planets; I have had two experiences and I find nothing more to be learned from these things. In no science where results are to be attained can men work other than patiently. They toil together untiringly, they have labored unceasingly.

But we will find it is the coming of truth that the world wants, and it is true that we must seek for it patiently, diligently, and then finding the results you will understand how valuable they are to humanity.

Just so patiently Spiritualism is to be considered. For it has not only to demonstrate life beyond the grave. You have had Spiritualism, not only within the last forty years, but years and years ago, centuries ago, in different sections and at different times, messages have been received and there has been light flashing through the darkness of death; but men looked at these things as mysterious and supernatural events, as beyond the reach of human observation and analysis. The ancient Spiritualism was wrapped in mystery and shadowed by fear. Modern Spiritualism is a vigorous investigation. Modern Spiritualism asks that the people shall consider and study it, and it holds a sure reward for all those who patiently and earnestly analyze it. It says, out of this shall come to you personally the demonstration of life after death, and when you know there is no such thing as death, that that which you call death is the open door through which your friend can find the better and broader land; in the light of that consolation do you not feel that the last enemy is under your feet? It is under your feet as an enemy, yet as something translated, something understood, something that no longer towers over you, weighing down upon you like some dark cloud.

You have read the story of a man confined in a room, and who, after a time, noticed that the room seemed smaller than when he first entered it, and on watching he found that the walls of the room were contracting closer and closer, until at last he was suffocated and crushed. Not if you are afraid of death, if it is the mandate of divine anger, can you not find the walls closing in, a little closer all the time? Your friends becoming fewer, the names most familiar seldom uttered now, and the names you loved most graven upon the tomb. So it is that life grows narrower and narrower and narrower, the walls come closer and closer, you lose your sight, the walls are drawing in more and more, you grow lame and weak, narrower and narrower are those walls closing in, until at last there comes—what? One says death. Is this the great unsolved problem? No; it is as though the shell of an egg is broken, partly by the life within and partly by the parent bird without; and so it is the shell of your bodily conditions are broken, partly by the outward struggles of a soul seeking its liberty, and partly by the multitudes of angels that help you at last into the higher life.

When you know that these are true the last enemy is under your feet. It no longer overshadows you, shuts you in with its low, sullen doubt, but it is something transformed and translated, and you have a new world of spiritual things, and that which seemed to be death is life; that which was darkness is light, and out of the gloom of this earth you look into the faces of your spirit friends.

By their fruit you shall know them; and, therefore, the almanac makers are known by their dates.—Boston Gazette.

An Eastern servant has discovered that the human body contains more bones on Friday than any other day of the week.—Rochester Post Express.

Reported for The Better Way. Cincinnati Society of Union Spiritualists.

Synopsis of Answers to Questions by Mrs. Helen Stuart Hichings, Sunday Morning, March 10, 1889.

The following are some of the questions asked by the audience, the answers to which we give in synopsis: What should marriage be founded upon? Which is the best method of communicating with our spirit friends so that the medium mind has no effect upon the communication? Can not our spiritual forces be so developed as to guard against evil influences? When two persons are sleeping in separate rooms can their spirits converse with each other and they converse with their spirit friends? Is there a fourth dimension?

What should marriage be founded upon? This is a pregnant question, and one that ought to be more earnestly asked, and if it was asked more often and earlier in the day than it is, our divorce courts would close for a lack of business. There would be fewer marital mishaps if people would realize more fully the meaning of the vows they take upon themselves, when they stand before the clergyman, or before the judge or advocate, or whatever you call the officer. You promise to dwell together for better or worse, but alas for man and woman. When worse begins to come then they begin to kick in the traces. The lover looks at the object of his love through rose colored spectacles; he regards her actions as perfect and can't find it possible to think that she can err. We should remember that she is not perfect; that she is merely human; that we have not seen her in every part of the house and under all circumstances; that we have only seen her in the parlor where she has donned her best apparel and sweetest expression for our especial benefit. When the time comes that troubles cloud the rosy sky, there is a wild scramble to get out of the scrape. It is not from this aspect that we should view this subject. On what does marriage depend? True marriage depends on that love that places the beloved object first and self last. True love is eternal because of God. The soul that feels this love and not a beastly passion has within him the elements of a true godhood and this is what you should seek to develop yourself in—the godhood of a true, deep, abiding love. We see children of the same father and mother, who are divided in thoughts and feelings because of the division of the parents. The family is only an epitome of the great family of the universe.

Which is the best method of communicating with our spirit friends so medium mind has no effect upon the communication? We should say that it was almost impossible to get a message entirely unadulterated by the personality of the medium. The mind of the medium colors and dilutes the communication to a greater or less extent, as the perfectness of the control varies. Even in a trance medium who is perfectly entranced the personality of the medium is not annihilated. The medium's spirit, as we are informed, stands outside, as it were, while the foreign spirit takes control and does the work by the medium's organism. Now another foreign spirit tries to give its name. The medium's spirit hears the name and says to itself, that name must be wrong or it must be right, there can be no middle ground, and if the name is wrong I will be blamed for it. The result is the creation of a disturbance that effects the spirit as a stone thrown into a pond creates a disturbance in the smooth surface. This is one of the main reasons for the inability of mediums to give names correctly. A dream is vivid at the time of its occurrence and you feel that you could be able to relate it upon awakening, but you find that it has left only a shadow, so in mediumship what occurs during the trance leaves a faint shadow upon the mind of the medium. The medium should cultivate her spiritual passiveness and confidence in the guides power to give their work correctly and this is true whether of the physical or mental phases.

The power to protect ourselves against evil influences lies in our own grasp. If we cleanse our own natures, evil influences cannot effect us as they will find nothing to feed upon, hence will die of starvation. Spirit converses with spirit wherever it is found. It is the All of the universe.

Written for The Better Way. Voices From Spirit Land.

A friend, by appointment with Mrs. C. was favored with a slate-writing seance one Sunday morning. During the seance he has received some very intelligent letters written on the slate from friends who were noted for their prominence in scientific circles, during their sojourn in the physical sphere of life. But that which interested my friend more intensely than all else was reserved for the last. The spirit daughter wrote him on the slate as follows: "DEAR FATHER:—No doubt it will seem strange to you not receiving my promised letter. I can assure you, dear father, that I made many attempts to write, but unfortunately I have not been able to find our instrument in a favorable condition. You, I know full well, will appreciate what I mean by saying this, for your experience has doubtless taught you that in your communion with this higher plane of life you have not at all times been able to get just what you wanted, and many times had failures. In order to accomplish the writing of a letter we must find the medium in a state of mind perfectly at rest and in a purely passive condition. I think she has been overworked. Mr. Wilber Thompson will write you a note. Be pleased to place your paper tablet under the table, and a lead pencil also. You will on some future occasion receive a letter from your loving and affectionate daughter."

Our friend, although somewhat disappointed, yet was very much gratified with this manifestation of his daughter's love and affection. As requested, he at once placed the tablet of paper on the floor underneath the table. Mrs. C. and our friend holding the slates together at the same time. In a very few moments the slate was opened, and between them was displayed to their astonished gaze, the identical envelope which our friend had placed there four weeks previously with a letter enclosed to his daughter, and on the envelope was the marked postage stamp, which had been taken from the inside and stuck on the outside in the proper place. Now it will be borne in mind that when our friend placed that envelope in between the slates four weeks previous, he took unusual care in sealing it, and it is now as securely sealed, and perfectly dry. He cut the envelope open, and in it he found the letter which he had written to his daughter, and also written on three leaves torn from the tablet, the following:

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—Once more I am permitted to give to you this beautiful test of spirit power. Your loving daughter has given me the privilege; and I can assure you that your letter has been in her possession all this time. We are daily gaining strength whereby we are enabled to more satisfactorily demonstrate to mortals the truth of spirit communion.

Yours fraternally, WILBER THOMPSON."

The paper on which the above was written was neatly folded and placed in the envelope. We could not discover by the closest inspection that the sealing of the envelope had been in the least disturbed, yet the postal stamp had been abstracted therefrom and placed on the outside, and the note written by "Wilber" had been inserted, neatly folded.

As we had often remarked, it is useless for us to speculate as to how this miracle was accomplished. We know that it was done, and that no physical power was used. The letter spoken of had been absent from sight four weeks. Where else could it have been if not in possession of the spirit? And she—the spirit daughter—gives us the assurance that she had it in her possession all this while. Although we are a witness to these phenomena very frequently, yet they are wonderful to us as they are to our readers. We cannot in the slightest degree surmise the methods used by the spirit. The more we conjecture the more confounded do these things appear, and we have resolved to abide the time when our spirit friends will give us the desired information.

What better proof can any one require of the close proximity of the spirit world than the evidence often given us at the bedside of a dying mother, father, brother or sister? Many have had an experience of this kind. Well do I remember the scene at the bedside my beloved, sainted mother, just prior to her departure for the "summer" land, and if I had ever doubted a future existence, the evidence given me by my mother on that occasion would have dispelled all doubts. Being fully aware of the approaching end of her earthly career, being at the ripe age of eighty-one years, and feeling a calm and consciousness of having done her duty under God's providence, she was fully prepared to step into the new life about to open for her. As the time drew near for the dissolution of the spiritual and physical she called her children to her bedside; as we took our places around her bed, she called each one by name and extended her hand. When we were all in our places, she thus spoke: "Matilda, please make room for your sister Ada to stand between you and James; James, move a little so your father can stand near my head; Charles, make room for your brother Adam, Harry, there is your brother Samuel, who wishes to stand next to you, and now comes your grandfather and grandmother, and all the family are now

here. Oh, how beautiful they all are; now sing my favorite hymn. During the singing of the hymn, her exclamations of joy and happiness were beautiful beyond expression. "Oh, the beautiful gardens of flowers; why, I have never seen such beautiful scenery before; as far as the eye can see everything is splendidly gorgeous, the light is so brilliant. There comes brother James and Adam, Sister Hannah and Maria. How beautiful and bright are their countenances! Their raiment is as white as the light and dazzles my eyes, and there I see their mansions, surrounded by beautiful flower gardens, and there in are fountains of crystal water, and the spray sparkles in the light more than diamonds. See the luscious fruit, the gorgeous plumage of the birds! Their singing sounds like angel voices. O, yes; father, mother, brothers, sisters children, I am ready to come, I am coming, come—" Ere the last word was finished the Spirit joined her kindred spirits, and by them was borne to the heavenly mansion already prepared to receive her. The names given are those who had "gone before."

She certainly saw those persons named, and I firmly believe they were there, for as she named each one she spoke words of welcome, but not expressing by tone of speech any surprise as to meeting them. She was fully prepared for this from the fact that she had been educated from early childhood in the beautiful philosophy as revealed by Emanuel Swedenborg.

The knowledge we now derive direct from the fountain source, from the spirit themselves, is much better assurance of the truth of immortality than we can gain from what any one man can tell us. The world has arrived at that point in its existence and its inhabitants are getting into condition, both as regards their intellectual capacity and their spiritual organization, as to enable them to receive this great spiritual knowledge. This knowledge is not denied any one; it is open and free to all who can appreciate and understand. There is no mystery connected with revelations of the spirits; the knowledge they give us is not mystified by doctrines or creeds; they do not say we must believe this or that in order to be saved, for a man's salvation does not depend upon his faith or his belief; but we are made to know that our position as regards happiness or misery depends upon our works in the life we live in this mundane sphere. Our life, the one we form here, is not changed by the transition we make into the spirit world, for we begin there where we leave off here. If our life ends here on the scaffold, we step from the scaffold into the new life, just the same as we stepped in the physical life upon that scaffold; the laying aside of the physical body makes no change of character; if we leave this world a drunkard, we enter the eternal world a drunkard; if there is any change at all it is for better or worse, for the reason that the reality appears there, no veil of any kind to shade or hide any deformity of evil which we envelop us. Therefore it becomes necessary for man to make his life here as he wishes it to be in the hereafter.

When will man learn wisdom from the teachings of experience? When will he listen to, and understand the admonitions of the God within, which tells him that happiness can not be found in the pursuit of wealth, fame or powers, as an end of human attainment? When will he understand the wisdom and benevolence of that plan, which is constantly striving to win him from those low grovelling pursuits which tend to unduly develop his animal nature, and thereby crush and destroy his spiritual, and to attract him in the way of happiness and eternal life? When will he listen to that voice which is ever ready to bless him with the richest blessings of peace, joy and happiness, whenever he is striving from pure unselfish motives, to promote the well being, peace and happiness of others? The widow's mite, the cup of cold water, a kind and gentle word, or even look, are never without their reward. They are sure to bestow a quiet peace and happiness, the wealth of all the world cannot purchase.

The highest end of man's existence, being to ultimate an individualized immortal spirit, with capacity of infinite expansion and development in love and knowledge, attended with perfect and complete happiness in that expansion, infinite or perfect wisdom could not have ordained it otherwise consistent with that end, than that happiness should only be found in such pursuits as tended thus to the development and expansion of every other soul in the universe. It stands for an eternal memorial of the perfect wisdom and goodness of our Creator, that in his arrangements nothing will confer true and perfect happiness upon man, which does not tend to promote the well being of every created intelligence; and this innate desire for happiness which pervades every breast is the gravitating principle of the spirit, drawing it forward, and binding it to the heart of God, and thus love becomes to the spirit world what the law of gravitation is to the material world. Our higher nature demands love—universal, unselfish love; and wisdom, true knowledge, that it may expand and develop in the elements of its being. Deprive it of such food and it will famish; and its hungerings and thirstings will fill the soul with disquiet and dismay. The spirit world

"Lies around us like a cloud, A world we do not see; Yet the sweet closing of an eye, May bring us there to see."

APPARITION. HIS MARRIAGE A FAILURE. If I had lived a bachelore And of my money taken care, I might have been a millionaire. Instead I wed a daniel fair, And purchased various jewels rare, To ornament her arms and hair. The former often left quite bare To be admired beneath the glare Of an electric chandelair. We prove an ill-assorted pair, And now, with little cash to spare, That hide I with her must share, And look for more, the Lord knows where.

Letter from G. W. Kates. To the Editor of The Better Way.

Although somewhat silent in the literary department of our good cause of spiritual truth, I have been by no means silent in the labors to promulgate whatever of truth that has been vouchsafed to my comprehension. Wielding the pen while burning midnight oil, very nearly disarranged my nervous and physical system; but using the vocal organs and continuous change of scene and magnetism has recuperated my strength until in this direction all my labors seem concentrated. The press and public, which so profusely combine friendly associations for we are by no means forgotten.

Occasionally I shall peep over the horizon of the illuminant that now shine so brilliantly in the spiritual firmament, awaken reminiscences of faded glory. Progress never stops by the dropping out of one or of millions. No matter how much we may think the cause of truth is dependent upon us, our fading from sight scarcely causes a ripple. The warring factions for supremacy in society, state and all forms of organized association are but temporal in power. All forms and faces come and go. Why need we care so passionately for the things we deem are our own and desire for selfish ends? They flee away even as the dews of the morning before the rising sun.

Humanity has too much vaingloriousness; real and substantial ability are hidden beneath the commonplace; while the jewels that dazzle our eyes are evanescent and organized to deceive. The moral and spiritual are becoming more real and promising of utility in supplying actual needs than have heretofore the more sensuous promises. Progress is being made even amidst seeming destruction. Unity and organization are fast approaching, even though discord and rupture abounds. Order cannot be developed unless there is contention preceding it. Inharmony prepares the way for harmony. Without evil there cannot be good. All seeming disorganized conditions in the ranks of Spiritualists are tending more surely to the organized. Laboring in the North, South, East and West, I have seen one universal struggle toward the better condition, and each locality alike being reached by promulgation of individual rights and opinions. Abnegation of self for the good of all scarcely anywhere prominent. Even affairs of spiritual societies, mediums and speakers denominating all their acts from the standpoint of self-preservation in right to retain the forefront of labor and glory.

These remarks are suggested by being here amidst a contention of disagreeing Spiritualists, who have failed to harmonize upon the broader issues of human interest. But agitation will bring about higher convictions and more active labor. Brother Geo. H. Brooks has labored here earnestly during the month of February. He has done effective work, for his teachings have caused agitation. Truth is a monster to those who cannot comprehend him. He is indeed a poor starveling Spiritualist who tries to prevent other teachings than his narrow mind conceives to be correct. The valuable speaker is the one who gives thought not previously conceived.

Where is the compliment in being told that one has talked "just what is our belief?" Is it not indeed a compliment to hear that one's lecture has given new thought and told of the things whereof we are ignorant? No Spiritualist society will be vitalized with life if fossilized in opinion. The platform of freedom of thought is the true one for people seeking a culture. Some such conditions have caused friends of truth here to organize a second society for ethical culture.

Mrs. Kates and self commenced a series of meetings for them on February 21st, and concluded February 28th. The meetings were quite well attended. Brother Brooks closed his mouth of labor here on last Sunday night, to a hall full of attentive listeners, to his earnest talk.

We are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Teed, who are earnest workers and decidedly such hosts as a spiritual missionary feels heaven should bless the earth with for their benefit. Mrs. Teed is lecturing under spirit control quite frequently, and is being urged into the broader walks of the public work. We are sure that she will grace our ranks by her true womanhood, and add power to the cause of truth, because there are strong forces sustaining her as a medium for advanced minds in spirit life. Fraternally, G. W. KATES. Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1899.

Mrs. Popinjay—Socrates, why don't you say something to Angelina about sitting up so late with young Poseytoy? Mr. Popinjay—Me? Why I rather like it. It saves worry about burglars.

"That Campbell family are the very scum of the earth." "But, Harry, they move in the very highest circles." "Well, isn't scum always found at the top?"—Time.

"That's a fine wallet you have Henry." "Yes, M' wife gave it to me for Christmas." "Indeed! Anything in it?" "Yes; the bill for the wallet."—Harper's Bazar.

Hostess—I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler? Guest—Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I can eat most anything.—Boston Beacon.

The ancients believed that the whole earth was square, but up to the hour of going to press we have not heard that they expressed a similar belief in regard to the inhabitants thereof.—Norristown Herald.

Written for The Better Way. The Lessons of Spiritualism. H. H. WARNER. NO. IV. THE POETRY OF SPIRITUALISM.

How sweet to know that our loved ones are not dead, but are living still. When we sit by the side of one whom we love and watch the struggle going on between the spiritual and the physical during the change called death, is it not the poetry of life to know that the real life is now being entered upon by the soul; that the shadows that have surrounded the soul from its birth until now, are being left behind, and through dark clouds of materiality are breaking rays from the sun of eternal life.

The poetry of Spiritualism is found not alone in the cold forms of written or spoken language; not alone in the measured stanza of rhyme or the even flow of blank verse. It speaks to us from every department of existence. Its voice is heard in the merry laughter of innocent childhood; in the joyous accents of youth; in the graver tones of middle life; in the trembling accents of tottering age; in all of these is found the poetry of Spiritualism. But not alone in the glowing sunshine of life, but in the shadows there is a poetry beyond the power of words to express.

Life has been ever viewed from two standpoints. One highly optimistic; the other deeply pessimistic. To one view, life is all sunshine and flowers; all happiness and poetry. From the other, life is only a sorrow to be borne because it mus; only a fleeting shadow that leaves us ever in the darkness of doubt and fear; only an aggregation of associated molecules for the mere purpose of reproducing their kind; for the mere purpose of existing and then—puff—out goes the candle. Between these two extremes there lies a middle ground of reason, logical and scientific. This is the view of life which says, that man is an immortal being; that he is the product of all that has preceded him in the various evolutions of nature; placed here for the development of all the faculties of soul and body to the highest state of growth possible for him to attain, under the limitations of material conditions which surround the real man—the spirit and soul, during his earth existence. This view admits the stern realities of life; the necessity of work and ceaseless energy; the darkness of the shadows; but it says to us, the work only makes the rest more calm and sweet; the shadows only make the sunshine brighter.

Spiritualism, to us, is the basis upon which this last view of life, may be predicated. In its simplest, purest form, stripped of all unnecessary verbiage, and cold formalities of credal expression, Spiritualism holds to this middle ground as its corner-stone; but it builds upon this, a higher philosophy of life, and in this we find its poetry.

The call to a higher life; the urging of the soul to loftier aspirations; the bringing of harmony, love, wisdom, justice, mercy, and truth into closer bonds of union in the hearts of men; this is of the poetry of life; for "ism" is lost sight of in the march of truth. The sorrow of those who mourn is turned into joy; the husband hears the voice of his loved one, whispering again to him, in never to be forgotten tones of tender love; father and mother hear once more the merry laughter of their little ones; friends speak to friends and clasp hands across the river of death.

There is a darker and more tragic side to our muse; a side which tells of inharmony; of sorrow, degradation and crimes; but again there comes to us the assurance of a growth beyond the earth life, where the soul of him who has transgressed the laws of life must make restitution; must compensate in the life beyond for the wrongs of earth. And then comes the joy of release; of eternal progression; of the knowledge of the powers and possibilities of the soul.

Forty-one years ago, in a humble cot, in the little village of Hydesville, there sounded a tiny rap that has echoed and re-echoed around the world, rousing from their lairs, the sleeping lions, truth and reason. Roused them from their slumber of ages in the caverns of error and superstitious ignorance, to spring forth to a glorious awakening of the forces of free thought and true freedom.

From that tiny rap has grown, step by step, as unfolds the mighty oak from the little acorn, the grandest philosophy the world has ever heard. We say the grandest because it is based upon facts, and facts that teach the sublime principles of morality; of the universal relationship of material and spiritual substance. The phenomena demonstrate to us the immortality of the soul. The philosophy points the road to a higher mode of life. The two go hand in hand and one is utterly valueless without the other. The man who can bring such harmony into his soul as to do away with the angularities of his old life has felt the poetry of Spiritualism, and is expressing it in visible form of action as well as in language.

The growth and development of the child from infancy to old age is one of the grand stanzas in our poem of life; here and there gleaming with radiant light; here and there shrouded in shadows; but the poem is incomplete, without the knowledge that just beyond the gate of death, we shall live out our poem in the grander stanzas of immortality and progression, and this is the poetry of Spiritualism.

Strange Trances. Miss Annie Stidham, aged sixteen years, is the daughter of Richard B. Stidham, of No. 1323 North Carey street.

Until a year ago, she enjoyed good health, but about that time she began to go into trances, which have continued at intervals ever since.

Neither the father nor mother is or ever has been a Spiritualist, both saying they cannot accept the tenets of that sect. The father was brought up in the Roman Catholic Church.

They do not make a religion of their belief in their daughter's powers, which they say the spirits tell them they must not do. They do, however, regard her powers as something sacred, and have an almost superstitious horror of exhibiting them for money, believing that did they do so, the powers would be withdrawn.

A reporter called at her house to investigate the rumors of her wonderful power. Near the door, upon an ordinary parlor chair, sat the medium, who was in a trance. In this state her face usually looks like that of a woman of twenty-five or thirty years, though when this condition leaves her, she looks perhaps a little younger than she really is.

She develops all the peculiarities usually found in spirit mediums, and in addition, one which is probably peculiar to herself. This is that now and then her face changes utterly and takes on the appearance of the earthly physiognomy of the spirit which at the time is supposed to have control of her.

The reporter was fortunate enough to sit near Mrs. Stidham, the mother of the girl, who now and then offered an explanation of the things her daughter did. The medium sat perfectly motionless except for the gentle movement which her breathing gave her chest. Suddenly even this ceased.

"There is a spirit present," said Mrs. Stidham, seeing that the child no longer breathed. "There is about to be a manifestation."

For a time the manifestations were confined to slate writing, and several messages were noted down in radically different handwritings and signed with different names, most of which were recognized by one or another of those present.

The writing ceased, and again the girl's chest rose and fell as her lungs were filled and emptied. This cessation of breathing occurred invariably, and was absolute whenever there was a "manifestation."

Soon after the writing ceased the girl began to speak in the most peculiar voice. It was, it seemed, that of an old man, and it was noticeable for the breath given the vowels. The words were those of a sermon, and evidently intended as such, though some of the things said might not have been considered quite orthodox if uttered by a living divine.

The benediction closed the sermon and the voice announced: "I am John Loy, of New York." No one present happened to have known Mr. Loy in the flesh, but his remarks evidently set some of his hearers to pondering.

More written messages were shortly followed by a change in the medium's face, which was startling. The reporter had been watching her closely when he saw the change begin.

Her cheeks and temples became sunken, her lower jaw receded, her lips bent inward as though she had suddenly lost her teeth, her chin and nose became pinched and sharp, and she was a perfect picture of a very old woman.

Her hands, which had been lying loosely in her lap, were brought to her waist, and with the left she slowly stroked the back of the right with that peculiar motion which is seen in those who have been partially paralyzed. All efforts to stop this motion were futile.

"That is my mother," explained Mrs. Stidham. "She was seventy-eight years old when she died. Shortly before that she was paralyzed in her right hand, but she did not know what was the matter with her, and she was constantly rubbing it in just that way to try and restore sensation."

A cracked voice, perfectly in keeping with the appearance of the face, gave the spirit's name as Mary Jane Casey, which was the name of the medium's grandmother. After several verbal messages were given, the girl's face again returned to its original appearance. The spirit had departed. Again his hand began to move, and upon the slate which was put into her hands she wrote a name.

"Perhaps this is meant for you," said Mrs. Stidham to the reporter.

The latter attempted to take the slate, but the perfectly rigid hand which held it would not allow him to do so. The girl, moving the lower part of her body for the first time in an hour and a half, rose, walked across the room and handed the slate to a lady, who, however, could not decipher the name written upon it.

Suddenly the girl's body became rigid, and she would have fallen like a log had not her father caught her and leaved her against a chair. No other phrase expressed the boardlike stiffness of her attitude.

The lady to whom the slate had been given, seemed not sure of the name written on it, and asked some further manifestation. The one which was given was horrifying. The medium began to breathe in painfully labored manner, which grew worse and worse until it developed into death agony which was appalling.

If it was acting, it was a bit of talism which Bernhardt would envy, and which, could that young girl repeat it at will on the stage, would win her fame and fortune. Still the lady was not sure of identification and asked a further guide. In response the medium's head sank slowly to one side and rested in a rather unusual position. She seemed to sleep.

No sooner was the position assumed than the lady uttered an exclamation and declared that a relative of hers had ten in the constant habit of going to sleep just such a pose, and that her death had been just such as had been so vividly pictured a few moments before.

Apparently because of the strained position she was in, the girl seemed about to fall from her chair. Seeing this, her father laid her at full length upon the floor. She lay there as stiff as though she were iced marble.

The reporter tried hard to move her hands and change the position of her feet and head, but the effort might as well have been expended upon iron. In a few

moments she began to speak in a voice distinctly masculine and radically different from any she had ever used before. The words uttered were:

"I am James Anderson, of Frederick. I come thus because I was bedridden seven years. I have been dead seventeen years." There was a pause, and then the same voice said: "Anyone present can now move this body."

Acting on the suggestion, the reporter found that the entire body was as limp as a wet rag, and that he could move the arms, legs and head in any direction.

Again the child's lips moved, framing the words: "Now no one can move the body."

The reporter thought he would try to anyhow, and made the effort, but the hands, which seemed folded lightly across the breast, could not be forced apart, though he used all his strength. The limbs, too, were perfectly stiff, and the whole body so absolutely rigid that when he clasped his hands at the back of the girl's neck and lifted her nearly into a standing posture, there was no more "give" than there would have been in a crowbar. She was again laid upon the floor, and in a few moments her hands began to move, and she wrote several more messages on the slate.

Once again there was a pause, and all those present stood around watching anxiously for what was to come next.

Slowly the girl's eyes opened, for the first time since she had gone into the trance, and fixed themselves upon a gentleman who stood at her head and with whom the reporter was acquainted. Their expression was dreadful. No sooner did the one upon whom the look rested observed it than he exclaimed, under his breath:

"That is the expression which was in my mother's eyes when she was on her death-bed!"

A few moments afterward, without the slightest warning, the girl suddenly jumped to her feet, scattering the onlookers in all directions. The trance was at an end, and the child was evidently unconscious of what she had been doing.

"Do you not feel exhausted?" someone asked.

"Not in the least," was the reply. "Why should I?"

And in proof of this the whole party adjourned to the kitchen, and Miss Annie, who is quite a frail girl for her age, proceeded to give an exhibition which casts that gave by Miss Lulu Hurst into the shade.

To one of the gentlemen present was handed a stout stick, about two and a half feet long. He grasped it by the end, while Miss Annie caught it lightly in the middle, and without the slightest apparent effort pushed and pulled him all around the room.

"Some more of you catch hold," she said, and the reporter accepted the invitation and joined forces with the first victim. But, though every effort was put forth by both, the result was the same. While both pulled and blew and struggled until beads of perspiration stood upon their foreheads and every muscle was acting with the strain, Miss Annie laughed at their efforts and hauled them around at her own sweet will.

Not satisfied with this, she mounted the table, got one of the gentlemen, who weighed 140 pounds, to hold on to the stick, and then lifted him three or four feet from the floor half a dozen times, without adding a single beat to her pulse.

It has been claimed that Miss Hasm managed to push her subjects about by the aid of rubber-soled shoes. Knowing this, the reporter satisfied himself that Annie Stidham had no such aid.

Watching her closely, too, it was found that when she pushes and pulls those holding the stick she does not brace herself, as one would naturally expect, but keeps her feet together and apparently makes no muscular effort.—Baltimore special to N. Y. Evening World.

Man's Faculties, Matter and Spirit.

As a consistent reader of the Medium, and investigator of the science of Spiritualism for the last fifteen years, I take on myself to answer the "thesis" in the Medium of November 30, last: "If a knowledge of nature be the true basis of man's spiritual conceptions, why is it that our faculties are so materialistic?"

The question is a simple one to answer, simple as simplicity itself. Man, as man, is spiritual undoubtedly and absolutely, and yet, to speak a paradox, man, as man, is as undoubtedly and as absolutely material.

The surroundings therefore of man are material and spiritual; material principally, because most seen, and tangible; spiritual actually, though less seen, less felt, less substantial, and less tangible. Man, living in the material, requires of necessity material, in which and with which to exist; when the man spiritual leaves the material (videlicet), the material body, the surroundings are altogether and absolutely changed.

It has been demonstrated by chemist and the savants, that everything, from the hardest rock to the flowing river, is nothing but a compound of gases; that everything in fact is air; that the hardest rock beneath fire or pressure can be reduced to liquid; and that the liquid thus produced can be changed again until it becomes a gas. It is and has been a theorem, a proverb, and an old saying, that spirits are air.

Chemistry and science having produced the effects noted above, upon tangible material, may it not be possible that the so-called material is actually spirit in a different form. Such facts and ideas suggest the theory that nature is only spiritual, and that material is actually spirit in a tangible form.

This being so, it necessarily shows that man's faculties, so far from being material, or, if material, are at the same time spiritual in the highest possible sense. A knowledge of nature, in its materialistic or spiritualistic phase, is exactly like a knowledge of anything else to its possessor. It is power. The greater the knowledge the greater the power and often the greater the sorrow. With regard to the assertion that man's faculties are materialistic, the theory put forth above will explode it; as if that theory be correct, as I maintain it is, the materialistic faculties are materialistic only so far as they deal with that material, which I submit is spirit in a changed form. This being the case, the assertion in the question is proved so far as theory can prove ought to be an assertion only, and a shallow falsity, and the whole matter becomes but a question of terms.—John Rea, in Medium and Day-break.



MIND AND MATTER. A Spiritual Drama in Five Acts.

BY SUNNY SOUTH.

Dramatis Personae.

MORTALS: Frank Linden, a Philosopher. May, his devoted wife. Their two children, respectively seven and nine years old. Gustave Mills, a Theological student. Annie Hall, May's friend. Barky, a Sexton. Margaret, his wife.

SPIRITS: Uriel, Frank's guide. Sister Anna, May's guide. Spirits of Hope, Charity, Faith, etc.

UNDEVELOPED SPIRITS: 1 Spirit—Arogance. 2 Spirit—Conceit. 3 Spirit—Vanity. 4 Spirit—Selfishness. 5 Spirit—Self Love. 6 Spirit—Pride. 7 Spirit—Haughtiness. 8 Spirit—Doubt. 9 Spirit—Sarcasm. 10 Spirit—Sensuality.

ACT I—SCENE 1.

A handsome library and study, Frank asleep on a lounge. Uriel, a bright spirit, in the centre. Undeveloped spirits in the rear—costumed appropriate to their evil, vanity, arogance, conceit, pride, etc., and shading themselves from the glare of Uriel.

Uriel. Sad is his soul. God give him light; Inspire him to spiritual sight. Give him, oh, untainted truth, Clad in rays of beautiful youth. Give him life, spiritual life; His own is but an aimless strife. Let him feel untainted love, Which cometh only from above.

Frank awakes and rises. Give me truth—undiluted, life real, love pure. All the rest is arogance, chimeras and disappointment. All the sciences of earth have not satisfied the intuitive cravings of my soul—the trial proved ever fruitless. What we profess to know, is arogance; and what we do know, ends in conceit. All the pleasures of society have not given me that peace which my soul craves; all the senses which I have indulged have not satisfied my desires. All the loves which I have ever fostered, have not the permanency which the inmost essence of my being longs for. All seems mockery! Where shall I seek for knowledge, life, love?

Uriel. There is a divine spark within every human soul, which endeavors to reach the light, but it is obscured by matter. (Frank starts and listens.) This divine essence is enclosed in a shell woven by each individualized being, from evils which he has either developed, adopted or inherited. This God in man is the prompter of his conscience, the intuitive guide, and the moral elevator!

Frank. A voice from the vasty deep! Can my senses have belied me? Or is it but a wild refrain Answering to my morbid fancies?

Uriel. It is intelligence, individualized; and once a mortal like yourself, but in a higher state—a condition beyond that which your scientists of earth term matter.

Frank. 'Tis light! The first I've realized since I began this grovelling after truth! Oh could I learn more of this new condition.

Uriel. Not new—it is the real; Your own is but its shadow.

Frank. My own formulation. This life is a chimera!

Uriel. Here too dwells love in fairest purity.

Frank. Love, love, that emblem of an unknown heaven; Could I but realize the faintest of thy holy influence!

Uriel. And truth is only to be found in this pure entity. What you have is but relative!

Frank. Methough all here was arogance. Oh tell me, angel of the light, How can I come within thy realms—Can death accomplish it? If so, I am no more!

Uriel. There is no death; What you term death, Is but the opening of the portals to a higher life! But not by death alone, Can man seek entrance thereunto!

Frank. How then? I crave the light Which leadeth there.

Uriel. You have some light already gained; 'Twas by your own development.

Frank. And that was?

Uriel. That man cannot obtain the truth. This conclusion shatters the darkest veil That enshrouds his soul; And when this falls away, his higher faculties Have ripened unto a condition Leading to development. This is light, and light leads to the truth.

Frank. Through which portal, if I may ask?

Uriel. The portals of thy self. Be not guided by the man of earth, But guide thyself. The spark divine within you is the self—The rest is mortal matter.

Frank. Am I then not myself? Have I cared this form so many years to please? Have I indulged it to appease its appetites?

Uriel. Have I been racking up its brain construction, To find the truth—and have not found it after all?

Uriel. It leads to the desired result. Only through experience knowledge can be gained; And only such is knowledge for the man—'Tis all that he can claim.

Frank. Why have you not instructed me ere this?

Uriel. You have but in this hour ripened unto receiving further light!

Frank. Speak on; thy words go to my soul like truth can only strike; it gives me hope.

Uriel. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; Ask, and thou shalt receive.

Frank. You said: "There is no death; that death opened the portals to light!"—and further, that I cannot reach it thus. Why not?

Uriel. Real life, pure love and undiluted truth, Exist only in the higher spheres. Below, on earth, in the body or out, All is chaos, darkness, strife—A counterfeit of earth.

Uriel. By merely dying, nothing would be gained To enter such a sphere. In the mortal frame you are at liberty to go And come as fancy doth dictate; But the simple passage from the mortal to spirit life, would place you midst the souls of your own individualized pattern—Like attracting like! 'Tis only on your earth and in the purer spheres Where souls commingle as they will; And earth life's but a shadow of that spiritual freedom Which there exists in grand reality.

Frank. Then how to reach the upper spheres doth puzzle me—Pray give me light.

Uriel. Prepare yourself for what we term transition From matter free yourself before you leave this mundane sphere; Overcome your many evils; Let the soul, the inner self control your mortal form—'Tis the power of mind over matter. Your first step is well taken; The divinity has torn the upper veil! Light enters; this will give you strength and guidance.

Uriel. Study self, and trust to God. And, as you throw this shell of matter from your soul, The future will unroll itself before your mental vision; Influences of future bliss will gently touch your heart; Real life will dawn, and purest truth await thee. When this has been accomplished, transition will be thine—Adieu!

ACT I—SCENE 2 (Frank paces thoughtfully to and fro. Undeveloped spirits draw nearer. Frank seats himself at his desk and places his head on his hands.)

1st Dark Spirit. Tush! our feast will soon be o'er; our strongest influence has been crushed. How will we guide humanity with this subtle evil? Man thinks himself so wise—as we once thought ourselves.) But, in our darkness, we have reached the shore where death creates no terror. I cannot free myself from this dread evil, this arogance—my pleasure is to tease poor mortal man. When he arrogates, I can bask within his atmosphere and pass through all material life again. He now has gone beyond my reach—by self exertion has he this accomplished. My influence over him is broken like a reed. Shall I, like him, reform? Material life has yet too many charms for me—and only through a human organism can I indulge in earth's affairs.—(Exit.)

2nd Dark Spirit. Conceit has been cast off too. But what care I! There are plenty of fools on earth who still believe they have the truth—and only they! I'll find another whom I'll stuff and puff with wind to make his fellow man believe (that is, such who are fools like himself), that he alone is worthy of acknowledgment.—(Exit.)

3rd Spirit. But vanity lurks within his soul. This is my evil too. I am not yet cast off!—(Remains.)

4th Spirit. And selfishness. I still enjoy a life on earth with ease.—(Remains.)

5th Spirit. Nor me; I'm here and all about. Self love; that's man's weak point.—(Remains.)

6th Spirit. My pride I have not rooted out, therefore I'm also here.—(Remains.)

7th Spirit. And haughtiness is my delight. When he indulges so do I.—(Remains.)

8th Spirit. Doubt and despair; this is my life. I find in him much consolation.—(Remains.)

9th Spirit. Sarcasm darkens off his brow. I inspire him there with cutting phrases.—(Remains.)

(May enters joyfully and singing, leading her two children by the hand. Dark spirits withdraw to rear at her approach.)

May. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, We're so happy and so gay. Children, kiss your dear papa, Where going to make a merry day. (Children run to Frank, who starts from his reverie and endeavors to appear happy.)

May. Why, my dear Frank—studying and worrying again? Grovelling after something you cannot find, I'll warrant. Ha, ha, ha! You old philosopher!

Frank. Well, May, 'tis true; but I think I'll reach bottom this time; I've had a revelation!

May. Ha, ha, ha—a revelation! You are always having something. Well, my dear, what is this great revelation?

One of the Children. What's a revelation, mamma?

May. A revelation? Well, a revelation is a—well I don't exactly know myself. Let papa tell us all about it, then we'll know.

Frank. Well, I have been here the whole afternoon trying to find out the meaning of truth, and finally fell asleep over it.

May. The best thing you could have done. While I was asleep I dreamed that my guardian angel or spirit guide appeared before me.

May. How did he look?

Frank. Just have a little patience, and we'll get to that in good time. Well, as I was saying, my spirit guide appeared to me, and answered all the questions which have been puzzling me for some time. He looked something like a Roman in snowy white attire—intelligent, good, beautiful. When I finished with his speech, I awoke—and of course he was gone—evaporated—like all well regulated spirits do, when you try to get a good look at them.

May. Ha, ha, ha! You call that a revelation, that was a dream. I have had many such. One spirit in particular visits me in my dreams very often. I have become so familiar with her that I have given her the name of Sister Anna—she so favors a beautiful sister-of-mercy that I once knew by that name; and she is always clad in the purest of white.

Sister Anna. (Apparal in white, appears at the doors from whence May is used forth—holding up her hands in sweet reverence.) Sweet child—she speaks my name. I impressed her with it so often that she now knows me—heaven bless her.—(Exit.)

Frank. But you won't let me finish—this is not all of it.

May. Oh, I beg pardon.

Frank. Well, I awoke, wondered whether it was real or imaginary—began a soliloquy; and when it was finished, lo, a voice answered me—I saw nothing, but I heard it as distinctly as I hear you. He, for it was a man's voice, revealed to me the secret of becoming happy!

May. Of becoming happy? Why, Frank, are you then not happy?

Frank. Oh, oh, of course—but you know; I mean; well, you women don't know what a philosopher understands by happiness. You know it is a desire to have real, genuine truth.

May. Oh, I see; the philosopher's stone, or something of that sort. Well, did he give you a prescription how to become happy?

Frank. Well, yes; he told me to root out my evils.

May. Evils! why, Frank, you have no evils; dear old fellow! you are the idol of perfection in my opinion. (Dark Spirits approach within a few feet of May and Frank.)

Dark Spirit. No evils? We are the representatives of his evil; like attracts like. He will hide them under a mortal hide, but let him shake that off and he will find himself in our beautiful society—ha!

(Sister Anna glides in rapidly, waves her hand to dark spirits, who suddenly retire at her approach and shade their eyes from her brilliancy; she then places her hands over May's head.)

Sister Anna. Pure heart! B-a-utiful soul! Ripe for heaven and still on earth! To the pure in heart all is pure! She judges all mankind by herself. Her soul is ready for transition, but wise Providence retains her on earth. God give her strength! (Blesses her and retires. Dark Spirits show signs of relief.)

Frank. Well, I believe I am a good sort of a fellow—I don't know that I'm so bad, as he thought I was. What do people say of me anyhow?

3rd Dark Spirit. Ah, vanity! Now comes my turn I feel the attraction—he calls me; I will inspire him.

May. I don't know what people say of you. But why the people. Now, my dear Frank, don't you think it's a little vain to wish to know what the people think of you? What do you think of yourself?

Frank. Vanity! That strikes me just like those truths which that invisible voice uttered.

May. Then it is truth. Truth always strikes hard; but out pride will not allow us to admit it.

Frank. Stop, stop! You have hit me again, May. Have you turned philosopher, too?

Sister Anna (at the side door). No, not philosopher—but she is intuitive enough to feel the impressions given to her by the spirit-world. She is but the instrument through which we speak. (Exit.)

May. No, Frank, I am too practical for that, you know; but have I said anything so striking? If so I'm not aware of it. I merely said what came to my mind suddenly; I don't know how it got there, but I felt it, like a—I don't know what.

Frank. Well, that is the way I heard that sage talking to me, like a, I don't know what; and yet I heard it, and I became so inspired that I began to answer him;

May. Well, glad I'm alone again, anyhow. I'll still enjoy with him hours of sweet selfishness. No time to please the others, all self—self!

Frank. Now for the truth. Truth strikes, eh? I wonder if that truth was meant for me? Vanity! That's a queer sort of an arrangement. I wonder if it's an evil? I hope not. Then I've got it, sure. Solomon had it, or must have had it, otherwise he wouldn't have known so much about it. That's some consolation. I've got a companion.

3rd Dark Spirit. Yes, you've got me as your companion; but not Solomon—he's over it by now, I hope.

Frank. Then she said something about pride—that hit me, too—well, I guess more besides myself have it. But the sage—by the way, I must get May to give my invisible guardian or guide a name, too—the sage said I should free myself from these evils. But how in the thunder is that to be done? I am what I am, and can't change my color like a chameleon. So it is vanity to look for praise! Well, I'd like to know who don't? But it is no use arguing, I am not contented, and don't know why. Something wonderful will have to turn up or I'll turn inside out to see if I can find the evils that cause it. Another thing, when May is with me I feel brighter and better than I do when alone; and yet I want to get rid of them so as to be alone. I wonder why that is? Can it be because her guardian spirit is always with her, and mine not? Or is it because she is better than I, and has no evils, and her influence overshadows mine?

Dark Spirit. I hope he will never find out. If so, our time is up and we must go. Her influence keeps us away from him. This makes him feel better.

Frank. Well, I think I'll pay my friend Gustave a visit and give him the benefit of my late experience; he, also, is in search of the truth. Poor fellow, he is studying hard to obtain a diploma for the ministry. However, my experiences may furnish him with a subject for his maiden sermon.

(Takes hat and stick and passes right through the line of dark spirits, without seeing them—they following in his footsteps.)

End of First Act.

ACT II. Street Scene. Enter Frank.

Frank. What is life but a dream, a passing dream? Yes, it does seem so, when we review the past. Instead of laboring for our individual development, we are roaming in the clouds. But this is a common error of mankind, and I am one of them. But how in the deuce shall I begin? Well, I suppose circumstances will furnish opportunities. (Starts to go, but is stopped by a peddling beggar, who offers her wares.)

Peddler. Shoestrings! Blacking! Pins! Buy from me, I am a poor woman!

Frank. No time now, leave me alone! (Peddler Exits.) What is that? I feel a current passing through my whole system. A moment ago I was happy; now I feel conscience-stricken and sad. It seems I've committed a crime. What is it? Oh give me back my peace of mind. God help me!

Uriel (invisible). God helps those who call on him for aid and light.

Frank. That voice! It is the sage. Oh, my invisible friend, help me; tell me, what have I done?

Uriel. Question your conscience. Is that the mode of freeing yourself from your evils?

Frank. Tell me, what are my evils?

Uriel. Study self. We are not permitted to instruct you directly. Search your heart for the cause.

Frank. I wonder if that peddler had anything to do with it? Probably I should have been more conscientious and listened to her pleadings. Probably she has children at home who want bread, and I was heartless enough to think only of myself. That is self-love or haughtiness, which? I see it all now. I was wrong. Oh, miserable creature that I am—selfishness is my evil, and that makes me unhappy.

Uriel. That is truth!

Frank. It is truth. (Exit.)

SCENE II. Gustave's attic, scantily furnished.

Gustave. I am heartily tired of studying. The more I dive into theological matters the more I seem to dive into darkness. I feel that this is my calling, but there is too much religion of the head and not enough of the heart in it for me. My friend, Frank, although a free-thinker as far as religion is concerned, has more true spirituality in his soul than the majority of our strictest churchgoers. Where he has developed that I don't know. It may be a natural gift, or it may be the outcome of his philosophic turn of mind. He seeks philosophy and I seek religion, and he finds more true spirituality than I do. I am almost despairing at this dry orthodoxy.

(A knock at the door.) Walk in—the door is open.

(Enter Frank.) Ah, my dear brother, happy to see you. Be seated.

Frank. Well, my dear Gustave, I am very unhappy.

Gustave. And what have you to be unhappy about?

Frank. Oh, everything—I'm disgusted with myself.

Gustave. Don't say that. Why, you enjoy the love of your wife and pretty children; and of your friends, and so forth.

Frank. Well, I'll tell you; I have come to the conclusion that no truth is to be found on this mundane sphere.

Gustave. That is what I've always been telling you—truth belongs to God. We are here to prepare ourselves for a higher life, where truth awaits us.

Frank. Hum—I believe you've got the stick by the right end. I suppose, by preparing ourselves, you mean root out our evils.

Gustave. Overcome, overcome, is the Christian principle. You are beginning to understand me, I see.

Frank. Well, I didn't see it in that light; I thought you meant by overcome to give up our pleasures, act against nature, reverse your inclinations, etc.

Gustave. You misconstrued the letter for the spirit of its definition in this case, at all events. But, in your general make-up, there is a high spirituality, a freedom of soul freed from mental slavery and orthodoxy, which I admire in you. I am compelled to follow the religious teachings according to the dogmas of our creed. I often feel cramped under its restrictions and at times seriously think of changing my profession, but I am in hopes the church will liberalize under the demands of progress and advanced ideas. People are hungering for light and true spirituality. The present condition of religion does not satiate their inward longing; the heart is not appeased. A regular orthodox sermon has about as much effect on me as the effusion of one of the mythological gods, or like something belonging to a routine of ceremonies. Both preacher and hearers being delighted when finished. The sermons of to-day should be instructive, interesting and practical, with a text from the book of nature.

Frank. Well, you know that is what partly brought me here. I have had a revelation, which has convinced me that man is immortal, and that spiritual teachings are not only moral guides for this life, but a necessary preparation for the future.

Gustave. Indeed, and are you becoming a believer?

Frank. Not a believer—that term smacks too much after your Christian faith, so-called; but which I denominate a sort of blind credulity. People profess to have faith, and couldn't give you the slightest definition of its true meaning. The best condition of faith that I know of is that which a child has in its parents—a trusting, confiding spirit—a sort of complete surrender to another being for support. Now, supposing all mankind would adopt this condition, where would be progress? Where would the man himself be? They may say they have faith, but if you were to ask one to give up his worldly goods and trust to an unknown something for a replenishing of stock, faith would fly to the four quarters of the globe.

Gustave. That is the fault of the people. They lack in spirituality and regard true faith as a sort of compulsory belief.

Frank. According to that, you are not a Christian up to the standard of orthodoxy.

Gustave. And that is where my doubt begins. My heart differs with my head. Instead of dying in the faith, people should live in it; instead of believing that Christ died to free man from his sins, he should free himself; instead of the mere belief in him, man should follow him practically. It would be wiser for himself and of more benefit to his fellow-man. What I understand by faith is a trust in God that he will care for us as he thinks proper; that he will guide us as our development will permit; and that his love extends to all mankind alike. Now tell me your revelation!

Frank (Aside). I haven't the heart to speak of it. My last act of selfishness has so perturbed my conditions that I am at a loss to begin.

(Knock at the door.) Gustave. Who can that be? (Opens the door and admits the female peddler.)

Peddler. Shoestrings, blacking, pins. Buy from me. I am a poor woman.

Frank. Here she is again; I must redeem myself!

Gustave. Well, my poor woman, I have no need for anything to day, but I will try and aid you—if I can, (embarrassed,) but I am afraid I have no change about me.

Frank. Never mind, Gustave, let me do that for you. (Takes out his purse.) Here, my good woman, take that and God bless you.

Peddler. Many thanks, mister. (Aside.) The same man I met on the street a short while ago. I thought he was a good man. Bless him, bless him! (Exit.)

Gustave. You are a good fellow, Frank. Your good works will precede you to the future life.

Frank. Oh, well, I hope so. Well, Gustave, I feel happier since I've been with you; and if you will take a walk with me to the park I will tell you the whole story from beginning to end.

Gustave. Very well, I am at leisure now. Let us go. (Exit both.) (Room darkens. Enter Dark Spirits.)

4th Spirit. My hopes are on the wane—he, whom I've so long cherished has now begun to cast me off. He thinks of others beside himself.

5th Spirit. Yes, self-love—'tis man's weakest point; but in-piration leads him to the light and illuminates the darkness in his soul!

6th Spirit. Humility will lead him to the truth and lend strength to break the chains of evil.

7th Spirit. Sentiment, ha! I do despise that which the world calls pure. Even you are moralizing now and bent upon reforming. Puppets! Bah; untrue to what you have developed. Would I could unbind myself from this condition; but stink or swim, we're bound by mutual evils, to drag this mortal down; by the law of affinity he has attracted us to his side, and now, curse on him, he tries to cast us off! Reform, ye cowards, with him if ye like—I'll stand if all hell should open upon me!

8th Spirit. And I'm in doubt to know what I shall do. I dread the future. Is it life or annihilation? Are we absorbed in that great central mass which they term God? Or are we what we are? I dread the light—in despair to go on or halt. Shall I now follow and take with him the risk, or sink into the darkness with my boon companions? Which power will overcome my soul? Have almost courage enough to call on God for aid.

(A bright spirit appears. All immediately shade their eyes and stand in silence.)

Bright Spirit. Those who call on God for aid call not in vain; each soul to him is bound in love; they are all his own. (Exit.)

8th Spirit. My prayer is heard. I've hopes to meet once more those whom I love. On earth I had been taught that either to heaven or hell we go, and there remain forever. (Exit.)

9th Spirit. Indeed, our company suits this moralist no more; a grain of truth has made him wondrous wise—and now the world must dance because he pipes! Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(All the spirits in chorus): Ha, ha, ha, ha!

7th Spirit. Ha—a—a—a—! (derisively.)

9th Spirit. And what befalls our Beelzebub? In grand haughtiness he towers above us all and sneers at all the brethren on his level. What pleases us does not please him—'tis too diminutive in his—ah-estimation.

7th Spirit. Fool! If in thy mind we are all fools, why stay within our circle? We know that on the mundane sphere you moved in high society; there, money ruled—here morals rule; and you, my friend, have neither—therefore 'tis not your choice to be with us; but like attracts to like, you know.

(Spirits in chorus): Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

3rd Spirit. Thought is free. All think. Why cannot I? I must display myself, else I will be forgot! I have not much to say, yet I must say—

9th Spirit. How vanity will itself display!

4th Spirit. A nice place is this parson's room—his aura does a poor fellow good.

5th Spirit. Nothing but theology, theology, theology; and his is all philosophy, philosophy, philosophy! The devil takes them both! Why don't they please the senses more? This would be food for me as well.

6th Spirit. Why not become great men in some small place, like I was once? But either one has too much brain for that. Oh how I would once more delight to be a constable for one short hour, just to indulge my pride.

9th Spirit. Conceit, you mean. Mistake not that for pride.

6th Spirit. Shut thee up, old sarcasm.

3rd Spirit. And may I have a word to say? I know you all think well of me.

9th Spirit. Display yourself—but oh, not here; you'll find none to appreciate your talents nor your wisdom, so hold thy peace old vanity.

3rd Spirit. Not a word can I edge in—on earth with rapt attention I was always listened to; of course I thought I knew a deal and there displayed my wares quite often and heard of praises sung to me. But here it seems they know me better than I really do myself.

(Enter Arogance and Conceit.)

1st Dark Spirit. Hurray! hurray! what evils congregated her! Old Haughtiness, as grim as ever, and you here, too, dear Vanity? Oh loved ones, we go hand in hand. Amongst them is Sarcasm too—with Pride—a motley crew.

9th Spirit. And his arrival makes our hell complete—the place is well selected, sure; a parson's room in which the devil's impa hold sweet communion—full of harmony to study or destroy theology.

2nd Spirit. Aw, haw! A parson's room, I'll vow—'tis not the first wherein I found myself. Like doctors, they, too, have conceit and and believe the church must rule the people; they seek poor sinners to come in their fold; 'tis their ambition—attendance must be large, and why? Increase of salary their motive be. The congregation, aw, instead to God, devotion pay unto the minister upon the stand, and him they worship like a saint, especially if he be unmarried!

9th Spirit. And when did you break loose? Your wisdom, here, is out of place. Ah, who comes here? (Enter spirit.) A visitor fresh from earth, I'll vow! He's clad in scarlet red tight fitting suit and bent just like the letter S. Come here, my friend. What brings you here?

(Spirits crowd around and scrutinize him closely.)

10th Spirit. Where am I? Is this heaven? (Continued on Sixth Page.)

THE BETTER WAY.

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

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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.

NOTICE!

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., 222 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

As we give so we receive.

Self-knowledge is the keystone to spiritual progress.

Evils may be converted into eccentricities by an exhibition of cash.

Let your actions be the answer to the one who inquires of you, "What is Spiritualism?"

To decry mediums is to decry the cause itself. Purify the mediums and you purify the cause. The two cannot be separated.

Instead of finding fault with a brother mortal, suggest something that will remedy it. If you cannot, then try to do it better yourself.

Spiritualists should have halls for the exclusive use of their mediums, and in which to hold meetings and services for spiritual purposes.

More criticisms are in order, as we've got quite used to them. In fact, we rather begin to like them; for they lend us animus to say something in reply.

As a brother mortal, we have the highest respect for Jesus of Nazareth; for he suffered and died like a hero for principle's sake—if history is correct regarding him.

Attempting to know too much, often results in knowing too little of a subject in hand. It is like stopping the flow by forcing too much through the outlet at one time.

The impediment towards organization in the past, it is said, has been the ever-recurring desire of individuals to rule or lay down the law. The next impediment will be the opposite.

A subscriber at Grand Rapids writes: "I rejoice in a paper at last we can recommend. You have evidently become acquainted with the spirit side of life through developed mediums."

We are beginning to realize that the rising generation of Spiritualists—those of the present and of the progressive order—is with us. Let us break away from all that is old, sapless and narrow in thought and trust to God for guidance.

Some people intuitively sense more truth than they can give voice to, while others profess to know more than they actually present to the world. If the former would give up their thoughts to the latter to be framed or expressed, much good might result from it.

When brothers or blood relations disagree, there must be a great lack of love between them. If souls belonging to the same sphere cannot harmonize, how long will it be before those of opposite or different spheres shall agree or harmonize with each other?

Catholics lament that there is not religion enough in the public schools, and Spiritualists that there is too much. Between the two Protestants hold on to the Bible as a last anchor hold to salvation, and will give up to neither as long as either makes a fuss about it.

Evil must succumb to good, the lower must subserve the higher; the finite must give way to the infinite; and therefore our friends need fear nothing that may appear a little dubious on the surface occasionally. All is for a purpose; every motive, even if temporarily perverted by mortals, mediums or missionaries, will be purified in the end; and nothing in which spirits play a part need cause apprehension. Above everything, there is something higher and better.

We would like our readers to bear in mind that we have no connection with the business portion of the paper, and therefore not a responsible agent in the matter. THE BETTER WAY is published by a company and the editor is appointed to fill a department in it as an employe simply. All we have to do is to select reading matter for our readers' enlightenment and see that nothing detrimental to the cause finds its way into our columns. All information outside of this will be kindly furnished by Mr. C. C. Stowell, who has the entire control over the former.

MRS. CARRIE M. SAWYER.

The well-known materializing medium, attempted to give an exhibition in Cincinnati one evening last week, in which she was to demonstrate how fraudulent spirit manifestations were produced; but as the small audience did not warrant expenses, it was dismissed by Manager Burks. Whatever the results may have been otherwise, we think the failure to attract people to such an exhibition, proves that but very little faith is placed in an exposé, and we would advise our good sister to return to her legitimate business and give only genuine manifestations, whatever others may do. The world is sufficiently enlightened as to the difference, and no sensible person visits a medium any more without first consulting a Spiritualist for guidance. And to our friends in the cause we would say, be charitable. We know nothing more than what we have heard of the lady, pro and con, and have never seen her; but our presence at the hall where the exhibition was to be held, convinced us that she needs all the sympathy that can be given to her before it is too late. Her spiritual surroundings were, or at least those we met around her cabinet on that evening at the hall, not of a high order, and satisfies us that exalted spirits neither take part nor advocate such a movement. We therefore do not harmonize with the principle involved, and hope that our mediums may be induced to substitute something better for it.

Since writing the above we attended a seance for genuine spirits materialization through this lady at Dr. Walker's residence in this city, and can, from what we experienced there, attest that she is a fine medium for that effect, whatever else may be said of her, or whatever else she proposes to do in addition to practicing her gift as such. Whether exposing the frauds of other mediums will either benefit her or the cause is a question which the future must decide. We are inclined to believe though that most of the so-called frauds emanate from the spirit side of life; and if all circles were kept free from inharmonious elements, or if none were admitted except by special permission, we would hear no more of simulations, and Spiritualism would advance without the necessity of guarding the public against that which is no fault of the mediums. And if mediums themselves live right and aspire only for that which is good and pure, they need not fear the approach of fraudulent spirits either. All effects are good where the heart is in the right place.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Clairvoyance is the soul peeping out of its material mansion, and those who possess this gift should therefore keep the windows of this mansion very clean, otherwise they see only distorted images—animals instead of human spirits; ugly instead of pretty faces; demons instead of angels—partly due to natural attractions and partly because we see things subjectively in spirit. Of course, a pretty spirit maiden will not take the form of an animal, but she will seem distorted to the clairvoyant, who has an impure aura around his or her soul, and when animals present themselves as an every-day occurrence, one's traits may be judged by the species—like attracting like. A favorite quadruped may be attracted through a love for it, but this is a higher degree of attraction and not infrequently the case. Only where they present themselves uncalled for or their company is odious, it is through the impurities or the animalism existing in the aura of the mortal. Otherwise there is no more evil in having an animal around in spirit than in mortal life. We know of a little clairvoyant who sees his pet dog quite often, but it is the only animal he does see; his other visions are all of a human order. So we know of an instance where a clairvoyant sees spirits according to the humor she is in at the time. If angry, she attracts spirits who jeer at her, and, if not exactly of the order that prophesied to Macbeth, have that appearance at all events. They may be really ugly in disposition, temporarily attracted by her ugly humor, or they may only seem so to her; but we hardly think that a loving spirit would resemble a malicious one, however distorted it may look for the time, when viewing it through a dark aura, or one that is temporarily overshadowed by anger. A sensual or selfish aura is worse; for either is permanently dark, and would likely cause the clairvoyant to believe that all spirits were dark, judging life and Spiritualism from his or her narrow conception of them. This latter is also possible with other mediums or persons. They estimate everything from their individual and often very limited standpoint. But such seldom have much yarn to spin out, and we can best get rid of them by letting them have their little say-so, and thus make them hors de combat by their own volition. However, this does not put clairvoyants at rest who are constantly seeing something spiritual. If their vision is clear and perfect, it is a blessing; otherwise it is not. All we can say is to take up the study of self in connection with what is seen and try to live in harmony with moral law. Out of all evil will come good eventually, just as from the vilest corruption a useful essence may be extracted. The spirit of everything is pure and may be brought to the surface by distillation. So we may unfold our own inner condition, and by doing so, cast off the dross, and finally be in possession of a useful gift—one of the most desirable of which is clairvoyance.

INFLUENCES.

Every psychological influence, thought wave or emotion sent out by one mortal to another is returned with the same compliment—be it love or censure; encouragement or contempt; reverence or disrespect; and those who are sensitive to this class of influences are immediately conscious of their action. Besides the above there are material influences, which also have a different effect on the sensitive, being either pleasing, disturbing or depressing. The latter, though are not returned as in the former instances; for these come from nature and are due to circumstances or surrounding conditions. All that the sensitive can do in this respect is to either enjoy the influence felt or make himself positive to it according to its specific nature—provided he possesses the necessary health to enjoy that which is good, and the will to reject that which is unpleasant. Like attracts like though. If he is in bad health he cannot enjoy nature's exhilarating influences when offered; for pure influences cannot amalgamate sufficiently with diseased animal matter to be sensed; while if in discord with nature through intemperance or unspiritual or impure tendencies or habits, he attracts only the disturbing influences to him, and if too weak to control these tendencies or habits, he also lacks the will or the positivity to ward off such influences. And if troubled with both ill health and weakness (or selfishness so-called, from which both originate) he feels the depressing influences of nature, as that which is conducted by the noxious or miasmatic conditions of matter, thus subjecting him to all manner of contagious diseases at the same time. On the other hand, if either in good order physically or spiritually positive by a life of purity or morality, he is in accord with the positive or spiritual side of nature (as a whole considered) and is thus protected from the negative or evil influences that are connected with it on the surface of planets. Such is being positive to nature or that portion of it which immediately surrounds him. And if not naturally so at the time of sensing disagreeable influences, he may make himself so by a little activity or mental labor as his capacities or qualifications are best suited to the occasion. Those whose labor is mostly material can best set their will in motion by bodily exercise, while mental workers can most readily accomplish this feat by reading, writing, or studying. Either keeps the interior life or soul in active motion and throws out a counter-influence, which opposes the negative or material influences and protects the body from disagreeable or disturbing ones, and frequently from disease or contagion. This state of activity also holds good in warding off unwelcome physic or mortal influences,—at the same time attracting the peaceful or happy influences of either spirits or mortals that may be thinking of us at the time. But not always knowing this or thinking of it for the moment, we are apt to fall into line or accord with the thought-wave or emotion that is being directed at us; and according to its nature will become irritable, angry, indignant, bitter, sarcastic, ill-humored, disdainful, contemptuous or even hateful toward the first person that happens to come into our mind; and in the majority of cases we will strike on the very person that is thinking of us, and in the same strain of thought, virtually returning the compliment almost at the same moment.

Such is frequently termed mind-reading; but this is more akin to intuition. It is the catching of a thought that goes out from a mortal without being necessarily directed to us, and thus no influence is perceived in connection with it. A keenly intuitive person may, by centering his mind on another, delineate character in this manner. But if both sensitive to influences and intuitive, may become a fine medium for spirit mind-reading or impression so-called, his sensitiveness aiding him in distinguishing the difference between the gradations of the spirits who come to him—drowsy, disturbing or depressing influences coming from sensual or selfish spirits, and animating, peaceful or hopeful influences coming from those of an opposite nature.

These are some of the little facts in connection with Spiritualism which are worth recording and should be closely observed by all who are sensitive to influences; for they are consistent and never fail to tell the truth concerning the character of a mortal, or the intention of one when thinking of us. And as they come from the spiritual part of a mortal being, spirits out of the flesh may be gauged by the same measure and serve as a protection against imposition. Impression alone is no safe guide, except we exercise our reason in conjunction with these impressions and govern them instead of being governed by them. But to take everything as absolute truth because it comes from a spirit is worse than no impressions at all; for our own reasons will never lead us astray while the former may. Intuition is a soul-sensing of the spirits' thoughts, and is not received on the brain directly as an impression. It is more of an interior cognition of intelligence and accompanied by a loving or peaceful influence. It is soul communicating with soul directly (not the spirit) and may be done even while another spirit is controlling the physical body, or rather, our spiritual body, spirits only controlling the physical body for directly physical manifestations, as in full trance, slate writing, materialization, etc. But these differences must be learned by experience, and the sooner they are known, the better for the individual; and as the individual, so the whole cause of Spiritualism.

PRINCIPLES—NOT PERSONALITIES.

We are not fighting personalities but principles. If we cannot win our cause on this basis we would rather turn the command over to another. Struggling with the individual, makes us lose sight of things that are vastly more important, with results difficult to amend; and to stoop to small things in a big campaign is unbecoming those who desire to represent a cause. We haven't time to resent personalities, nor do we wish to disturb the equanimity of our readers with cutting phrases that are only intended for individuals. If we cannot bombard a whole fortress at once we will save our powder for future use.

Many have been undoubtedly looking forward for a wholesale expose of "fraudulent" mediums through the columns of THE BETTER WAY. But they will look in vain. This is not a channel for the transmission of that which can only occasion sorrow and be of no benefit whatever to Spiritualism. If a medium is really so perverted as to sacrifice principle for gain or notoriety, it will be known without adding our infliction to one who needs sympathy rather than censure. For who could be so heartless as to tread upon an already fallen brother? Are we not all of one parentage, and appeal to the same God for forgiveness when we have erred ourselves? Why should we add suffering to one who needs forgiveness instead? Is this spiritual? No. Let us protect our mediums from inharmonious surroundings and the infernalism of fraud hunters, and we shall hear no more of their fraudulent spirit companions, who constitute the devils that drag our mediums into the mire. Lift them up again instead of hunting them down. That is the mission of true Spiritualism, and no true Spiritualist would have the heart to do otherwise if the opportunity was at hand. Let us not discard any of them; they need more sympathy than the heartless, cold or selfish phenomenalists, who pay his fee, and then demands to see a whole circus. The mediums are our entertainers of angelic visitants to earth, and we should ever bear that in mind. To drive them from our doors we may reap the reward of a curse; for the lowest fallen has an angel mother hovering near endeavoring to uplift her darling child; and, oh, the anguish of such a mother when ruthlessly repelled by the diabolical influences that follow the poor sensitive from mortal minds or uncharitable denunciations. Take care of the mediums and attend to those who would destroy them. None but mediums understand the true mission of Spiritualism, and they are the only judges in the matter. All other opinions are but idle speculations and have no accord with true Spiritualism at all, and should not be entertained by those who desire to see the cause progress. Such individuals may be rapped down, but let it be done by individuals. We will attend to the doctrines or principles they are advocating; and if they are unspiritual or without spiritual authority, we fear not the battle. This is part of our mission in our present position, and make this declaration to disabuse the minds of some who seem to think that we are preparing to spring a volcano on the poor mediums or unfortunate ones, and others who would like us to do so. We will oblige neither; as we are not dealing in personalities but principles.

THE FORTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY

Of modern Spiritualism will be celebrated in Cincinnati as usual, although it was first intended to dispense with the celebration this year. But the strong pressure that bore upon the directors and trustees from Spiritualists throughout the Ohio valley, made it impossible for them to ignore the appeal. So preparations are being made to affectuate a success. Besides home talent several others will be invited whom our people particularly favor. The exercises will consist of two services on Sunday, Mch. 31st, and three on Monday, April 1st, at G. A. R. Hall. The Monday morning and evening services will consist of lectures and tests, and the afternoon will be devoted to conference. The public is cordially invited.

It is not the medium we are combatting when we fire an occasional shot in their direction, but the spirits attending them. A genuine medium cannot be a fraud, except when he or she actually simulates spiritual manifestations. Such are not Spiritualists, and we therefore have no dealings with them. But there are spirits who hamper our mediums, and commit most of the frauds that reflect on the mediums, and such need not be feared if the heart is in the right place. Both Spiritualists and mediums have it in their power to discountenance such deceivers if they only so will it, accompanied by a real earnest appeal to the higher powers for protection and force to aid them in directing their mental impetus against such influences. Direct a feeling of sympathy on the mediums and you not only dispense the evil influences surrounding them, but also lend them power to free themselves from spirit frauds.

Some Spiritualists regard Christians as tigers that are ready to devour them, while others hang on the Christian's Christ as if there is no salvation without him. Neither is Spiritualism proper, and no progressive Spiritualist desires to either hear, read or dream of any more such stuff in connection with his pure and beautiful philosophy that has only love to dispense with.

THE TRUTH MUST BE TOLD.

Some people seem to value very highly the opinions of departed clergymen who claim to have become Spiritualists on the other side and now return to announce it to the world through Spiritualist mediums. In the first place all naturally become enlightened as to their condition in a very short time after they get out of the body. In the second place if they wish to announce this for the purpose of converting the Christian world, they will never accomplish it through any other but Christian mediums or their own brother clergymen still in the pulpits. For us to publish such messages is useless as far as the Christians are concerned, it the object be to bring them to a belief in Spiritualism; and to voice any spirit who has been opposed to us on this side of the veil, is not our mission. Let them seek an avenue elsewhere—amongst their own people—in the churches, where they belong. Spiritualism is not Christianity, and by a promiscuous admittance of such spirit's opinions, we will, before long, have another cry of "Jesus" going up from our mediums. Not that we mistrust all Christian spirits, but it leaves a train by which some arrogant ones will slip in—kings, cardinals and clerical cranks, who begin by dictating anything but Spiritualism, and if not checked, would either run Spiritualism into ridicule or into something worse. If one wishes to communicate for the purpose of learning the art, or to honestly acknowledge that he is now with us, we see no objections. But when they arrogantly demand of us to announce their confessions through both spiritual and secular papers, as some of them do, we respectfully decline their further association. There is danger behind it, and we would advise mediums, who have such visitants, to be on their guard, and stop all further communications with them at once. It is no use being very ceremonious in this matter. The more lenient the medium, the more he will be trifled with, and so he might as well be firm in the offstart and show him the door. If the spirit's intention is really good and he has true love in his soul, he will not become offended—knowing the advantage he has over us. But if the medium is weak enough to feel honored because the spirit gives a Big name, why, further argument is unnecessary; he must learn by experience simply. But while learning we would advise all to keep their messages a little more private or not be too hasty in exhibiting them to the outside world.

Besides mortal influence, we have had spiritual influence bearing on us to take sides with one or the other extremes of Spiritualism. But as long as we know ourself, we shall not deviate from our course. Those spirits who come with an influence of love and have the good will of all true and truth loving Spiritualists at heart are welcome, and to them we lend an attentive ear. To all others we say, "get thee—not—behind us," but a mile away. Spiritualism is a revelation of universal intelligence (God), and does not pander to factions nor favor individuals. It speaks to all mankind as a brotherhood, and we have no desire to be outside of this circle.

We are being hemmed in by two lines of fire, one from the left and the other from the right wing of Spiritualism. In other words, by the two extremes: radicalism and sectarianism. One side showing their ill-feeling because we will not take up their iconoclastic views and ideas, and the other because we will not lean on churchianity, and both sides denouncing us because we tell the truth. Now, we mean to keep the middle course—the central current in which rational Spiritualism flows, and shall not be moved by either threats or money, potentates or devils. This course we believe to be The Better Way!

A little harmless conceit frequently makes a being very interesting, for it is an effort to know something. To believe we know it all and not wish to give anyone else the credit of knowing anything, is selfish, and converts our conceit into arrogance. And to believe that which we know is all that is worth knowing, is downright contemptuous; 'tis beyond criticism. Such are not worth arguing with and had better be left to their own sublime reflections and soap-bubbling imaginations. The more they puff up the sooner they will burst, and we will have several saints less in the world. It is modesty we want, and the more the better; for behind it hover angels bringing peace into the world, and this means organization.

Spiritualism has so much that is good and pure in it, that we have no timor room to spare for the ventilation of personal aggressions, the mistakes and apparent mistakes of mediums, uncharitable opinions of soothsayers and prophets, and much else that neither instructs, nor benefits the reader. We are trying to make every issue of THE BETTER WAY exempt from unspiritual thoughts and lamentations that no Spiritualist need be ashamed to pass it to his neighbor to peruse, no be afraid that it will contain anything reflecting on the cause.

To denounce Christianity on one side and melt in the arms of Jesus on the other, is unbecoming a true Spiritualist; for he is uncharitable and the other unmanly—or unwomanly, as the most of the latter are of the weaker sex—Jesus having been a man, we suppose, is the cause of this unyielding affection.

Reviews.

"Heaven Revised." A hundred page pamphlet just issued by the Religio Philosophical Publishing House, Chicago, Ill. Author Mrs. E. B. Duffey. This is a narrative of personal experiences after death, of a spirit that returns and gives graphically, through the above named lady. It is just the thing for a neophyte to read who desires to know something of the beyond, being one of the most common-sense productions we have seen in spiritual literature for many a day. Price 25 cents.

From Our Reporter's Note Book.

Cincinnati Brevities.

The cause of Spiritualism is making rapid progress in this city. Mrs. Adah Sheehan continues her lectures at Douglas Hall. Go and hear her. Mrs. Kibby, at 538 West Eighth street, is holding parlor meetings, with wonderful success. Mrs. Seery, the popular trumpet medium, went to Evansville, Indiana, recently, and the friends at that place, are looking forward with pleasure, to her return to that place.

The following is the program of music to be rendered at the services of the Union Society of Spiritualists, 115 West Sixth Street, Sunday, March 17:

- MORNING. 1. Overture - - - - - Elves - - - - - Mohr 2. Paraphrase - - - - - Adieu - - - - - Schubert EVENING 1. Overture - - - - - Norma - - - - - Bellini 2. Melodie Au Bord de La Mer (Am Meer) - - - - - Schubert

Personal.

A. H. N.—All of yours will be used in time and more as welcome. Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain requests to say that for the past two months she has been ill, and thus unable to answer the many letters that have been coming to her during that time, hoping that this will serve as an apology for the neglect.

In the Norwich report of Mrs. Blething entertainment (in B. W. of 2d inst.) the types were made to read as if this lady had written the report, and read as if simply an error, and the word "writer's" should have been substituted for "writer's." In justice to Mrs. Blething we are requested to say that she never writes up her own press notices. S.—We cannot promise to publish the article until we have read it, although we don't take much stock in birthday celebrations in the spiritual world. If you have only been a Spiritualist since last spring and have begun to write a book last October, we would advise you to revise the book about five years hence before having it published, and then even reconsider it well.

Briefs.

Berlin has three spiritual societies. Spiritualism of 1889 is not that of 1880. External progress belongs to the present. Prof. J. Madison Allen lectured at Masonic Hall, Kirksville, Mo., on Tuesday, March 14. Bro. H. Brooks is in Wheeling, West Va., and sends his love to all his friends in this city. Esoteric for March is replete with interesting reading matter—a veritable fount of gold.

"Onesimus Toole" is a new and thrilling story by J. W. Colville, which is to appear in the Golden Gate.

The first Spiritualist Society of Madison, Neb., meets every Sunday evening at Odd Fellows Hall in that place and employing home talent for its services.

Judge Featherstone delivered another of his brilliant lectures on Spiritualism before the Bernardino audience, and which the Courier of that city published in full.

Lizzie Bangs is giving sittings and holding semi-weekly seances at 224 Walnut street, Chicago. May is married and living in New York. So says New Thought.

Prof. J. S. Bailey writes: "Permit me to congratulate the managers and editor on the improved tone and general effect of your good paper. I am fully in accord with its present position and shall do all I can for it." Rev. W. J. Gill gives a course of lectures on mental healing at Minneapolis. Mr. Gill is a highly educated gentleman; was once a prominent minister in the Methodist Church, but embraced Spiritualism a few years ago as a higher revelation.

Rev. Hugh A. Pentecost, of Brooklyn, N. Y., surprised his congregation last Sunday by telling what he knew of Spiritualism as a fact. He not only spoke of its phenomenal phase and what he saw, but thought it a philosophy decidedly and in advance of Christianity. The world is moving and Spiritualism with it.

The Spiritualists of Buffalo have raised \$100 by subscription to prove to materialists that Spiritualism is a truth. Why not use that money towards building a hall and in the materialists pay \$100 additional to be permitted to know of this sublime truth? Let us be independent, and they will be all the more anxious to know.

Gone Before.

Sarah M. Howard, wife of George W. Howard, passed to higher life from her home in Amboy, Ashtabula county, Ohio, February 4, 1889, after a struggle of over three years with that dreaded disease, catarrhal consumption. She was born in Springfield, Erie county, Pa., July 7, 1838; was married October 24, 1850; was convinced of the truth of spirit communion about fifteen years ago, and occupied her remaining time since he was fifteen years old. She leaves a husband and seven children in this life, the youngest living here. Carrie, eight years, followed Randall to spirit life, who passed over October 12, 1884, aged eight months and eight days. She was a true mother and wife.

Amboy, O. GEO. W. HOWARD.

Cassadaga Camp Notes.

J. Frank Baxter is engaged for August, 1889. Mrs. R. S. Lillie is to open the meeting August next.

Jennie E. Hegan is engaged for camp work for August, 1889. Edgar W. Emerson is engaged for the season of camp work, 1889.

President Gaston is in Boston for a month. He reports that he is delighted with the Hub.

Cassadaga Camp has become a school district by itself, and has a schoolhouse already erected.

Thirty new houses will be added to the camp in the year from August, 1888, to August, 1889.

Our new post-office at camp is called "Lilly Dale," but we do not wish to drop the old name of Cassadaga.

Dr. Hyde makes Lilly Dale (Cassadaga Camp) his permanent home, and finds practice to take all of his time.

Boston Notes.

Mrs. Colby Luther has just closed a successful engagement in Providence, R. I.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie returned to the Berkeley Hall Society on Sunday and was greeted by a large audience.

Mrs. Emma Nickerson has begun a large engagement in Springfield, Mass., where she has been deservedly popular.

Mrs. Florence Rich addressed the Spiritualists to great acceptance Sunday, March 11th in Newburyport, Mass. She is fast becoming one of Boston's popular mediums.

Frank Algerton, the boy medium, lectured in Salem, March 10th; Portland, Maine, March 17th and 24th; Springfield, Mass., March 21st; Lynn, Mass., March 28th, and Boston, Mass., April 4th.

Lecture Bureau, No. 8 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Springfield, Mass. First Spiritual Society of Springfield was favored with two highly interesting lectures...

Worcester, Mass. Mrs. C. Fannie Allen has just closed her labors with us for the month of February with satisfaction and success...

Chicago, Ill. The Peoples Spiritual Society held their usual services last Sunday, with J. L. Jenifer in the chair...

Topeka, Kas. The Religio-Harmonical Society was addressed Sunday evening, March 14, by Will C. Hodge at Music Hall...

Grand Rapids, Mich. The fourth annual meeting of the Michigan State Spiritualist Association was opened on Friday afternoon February 23d...

Boston, Mass. Temple Fraternity School, object lesson, materialization. The exercises were opened with singing...

Waverly, N. Y. That the readers of your very excellent paper may know of the work in the spiritual cause...

New York City. At the First Society of Spiritualists, Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham occupied the rostrum at the morning services...

Notice. Notice is given that a meeting of the members of the Ohio Valley Spiritualist Association for the purpose of electing Directors...

New York, March 10, 1899. The Sunday meetings of the Progressive Spiritualists at Arcadium Hall, 57 W. Twenty-fifth street...

Chicago Magnetic Shield Co. The insoluble ether came to hand O. K. and I am highly pleased with them...

Philadelphia, Pa. The Second Association of Spiritualists finished up its February work with a test circle by Mrs. Adeline M. Glading...

Special Notice. On the address attached to THE BETTER WAY is plainly marked the date of the expiration of every subscription...

New York. The Beacon Light meeting grows in interest and power. Prof. Baldwin will address a friendly message to the friends...

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

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

Dr. Dean Clarke may now be addressed at Denver, Col. and where he will be glad to receive calls in the west for spring and summer.

Societies desiring to engage the eloquent and popular inspirational lecturer, Mrs. S. E. Warner-Bishop, should address her at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, lecturer and public test medium, will answer calls for the fall and winter months. 98 Park street, Chelsea, Mass.

Miss Carrie C. Van Dazee, trance lecturer and medium, is now ready to receive calls to lecture from public, private, or missionary work...

Miss E. A. Vial, health and business medium, 216 West Fifty-third street, New York City, will give readings in the above and read character according to the new science of solar biology.

Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, psychometrist will lecture and give readings at Albany, N.Y., during March and April...

Mr. Harrison D. Barrett of Meadville, Pa., is especially recommended to us as an inspirational speaker of unusual promise...

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Any one suffering with cold feet I would recommend to provide themselves with a pair of four magnetic insoles.

I have not had cold feet since I commenced wearing them. V. resperitively yours. DAN MILLER.

CINCINNATI MEDIUMS. Mrs. J. H. Stowell, Trance, Bates Avenue, near Colerain. Mrs. S. Seery, 318 Richmond street, Trumpe and State Writing.

J. D. Lyons, 128 Richmond street, Trance, Readings from Letters, Photos, Hair, etc. Mrs. M. Engler, Trumpe, 67 Marshall Ave.

Mrs. A. Kibby, clairvoyant and test medium, 538 W. Eight street. Mrs. Stewart, Trumpe and Independent State Writing 10 Addison street.

Mrs. Laura A. Carter, Hawthorne avenue, Price Hill, Independent State Writer. Lavinia Knowles Douglas, Trance, Test, and Healing Medium, 80 West Seventh st.

S. S. Baldwin, Magnetic Healer and Developing Medium, 94 East Sixth street.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, of Brooklyn, New York, the noted medium, will give a medical examination and one lot of medicine free to all who subscribe for THE BETTER WAY for one year...

B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa. Dear Sir:—Enclosed find \$1.00 for another pair of your Melted Pebble Spectacles. They are splendid and have helped my eyes wonderfully, besides making my eyes strong.

He went to court a pretty maid In the spring, as a matter of course. In the fall he went to court again, But this time for a divorce!

Engene Stevenson, AS A Sealed Letter Answering Medium, IS A GREAT SUCCESS.

Try him everybody. Rates: three questions, \$1.00; six questions, \$2.00. Questions addressed to Captain Kidd, \$5.00. Box 135, Ellsworth, Pierce County, Wis. Also developing. Rates reasonable.

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

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written for The Better Way.
Storm at Sea—A Welcome Visitor.
 On the 12th day of March, 1873, I took passage in New York, on the barque "Serene," of Baltimore, laden with lumber and general merchandise, bound from New York to Montevideo, S. A., and commanded by Captain Segerman, with Mr. Gray as first mate. The barque was 800 tons burthen, and manned by thirteen seamen. She had four large staterooms for passengers in her cabin, beside rooms for the captain, his first officer and the chambermaid and cook. The passengers were Mrs. Segerman (the captain's wife) and two children; Mr. C. H. Spear, representing the house of Appleton & Co., New York, his wife and three children; Mrs. Moore and her little daughter, of Montevideo, returning from a visit to her friends in New York.

It was a cold morning when the little steam tug made fast to our vessel to tow her down to the "Narrows." East River was covered with floating ice. The tug left us outside the breakers. We made sail under a clear sky and an eight knot breeze. Going below for warmer quarters, we found no cabin stove, it having been taken down and stowed away after we left the wharf. The captain said we would not feel the need of it long, but we had a better explanation a few days later, when we learned that 1500 cans of kerosene oil were stowed directly below the deck where the stove had stood.

On the morning of the second day out, we saw a long line of steam rising from the water, and moving in a northwest direction. The thermometer, placed in a bucket of sea water, marked 44°; an hour later, when we had passed into that line of steam—the Gulf Stream—the thermometer, in a bucket of water taken there, marked 76°. After that our cabin stove was not needed.

The copious notes I made during this voyage, which lasted seventy-three days, would interest many; but as I commenced this article with the purpose of narrating a thrilling experience in and about latitude 32° S., longitude 44° W. in the 1st to 5th days of May, I will say that the help of the southeast trade winds left us in latitude 26 deg. S., after which we encountered varying winds, with alternate storms and calms, till May 1st, when a fearful gale called by the seamen a "Pompario." There are no fitful gusts in this storm. It commenced with such force as to require close-reefed mainsails, and furling of all lighter sails. The first night was fearful; the darkness was intense; the waves were mountain-high on every side, and the air was filled with a blinding mist. The second night was worse—the gale having reached a velocity of one hundred miles an hour. The waves were breaking on the deck with the sound of seven thunders. Consternation and despair was pictured on every face except that of our brave captain and his first mate; I may also modestly except the little children and my own. The third night approached with no abatement of the gale. I disrobed and occupied my berth each night as usual—singularly I had no emotions of fear. A light was burning in my room; my anevoid and compass, given me by General Gremitt, hung on the wall. The captain came to my room to borrow my field glass, as it was a better night glass than his. I did not ask him about the weather, because "You should never ask questions of a sea captain during a storm." Mr. Spear was fearfully nervous, and came to my room about every fifteen minutes to look at my barometer. It marked about 27 inches. I frequently told him to go to his berth and not be so foolish. He said he had been twice around the globe, and never had encountered a storm like this. "And then," said he, "you must remember I have my wife and children on board. Then I was left alone, my light still burning."

Suddenly my son Henry appeared, standing in the middle of the room in his blue army suit, but neither cap or hat upon his head. He looked serious, but his eyes were bright, and the large scar on his forehead, occasioned by the kick of a horse, when he was a lad, showed plainly. I felt no other emotion than that of pleasure at seeing him. I said, "Why, Henry, I am glad to see you. You have come to help us out of this trouble." He answered distinctly in his well-remembered voice, "We will do the best we can." I then asked, "Is anyone with you?" He said, "Yes, I am not much of a navigator, but I have brought a young friend with me." "Where is he?" I said. "He is at the wheel," was the reply. I immediately sprang out of my berth, determined to go on deck and see the "young friend," but Henry was gone. (He left his body on the battlefield at Chancellorsville.) Members of the Grand Army of the Republic who belonged to the 5th O. V. I. will remember him well.

Within a half hour after the above experience, a fearful crash came on deck. She trembled fearfully, and I felt that our ship was doomed. I waited for the latest news, but did not get out of my berth. Soon Mr. Spear came in to look at the barometer. He fairly danced with glee. "She is rising up two points." As he left my room I heard the captain coming down the gangway. "Captain," said he, "has the gale broke?" The captain gruffly answered, "Spouse so; the bulwarks have." This was past midnight. The crash was the breaking of the starboard bulwarks, from the quarter forward, half the length of the ship.

The sun rose clear on the morning of the fourth day, and for the first time in a week we gathered around the breakfast table and partook of a cooked meal. At the table conversation was animating, as each one related something of their experience during the storm. Poor Mamie Spear, thirteen years old, had been so frightened that her screams were often heard amidst the thunders of ocean waves. She was quietly sleeping now, and not with us at the table.

When asked why I requested the captain not to call me if the ship should founder, I answered that I had no fear whatever the result might be; that I preferred to remain in my comfortable room and there meet my fate rather than take my chances on a small life boat in utter darkness in the midst of such angry waves. I knew that good spirits were around me, and though I felt anxious for my fellow passengers, and for the seamen, I had for myself no fear. At such times the multitude seeking to save their lives, lose them by rushing into the jaws of death. When he that will lose his life or is willing to lose it shall keep it unto life eternal.

The good spirits were there—not to conduct us to the harbor of eternal peace, but to calm the nightly storm, and say to the waves and winds, "Peace, be still!" Many ships went down in this awful storm. I made other voyages between Montevideo, New York and Boston, by English steamers by way of Europe, in 40 to 46 days, landing at Rio Janeiro, Baltic, Pernambuco, St. Vincent, at the Cape Verde Islands, Lisbon in Portugal, Santander and Corronna in Spain, Pauliac* on the river Garonne, in France, then to Liverpool or London. I simply mention this as a much more pleasant and no more expensive route than that by sailing vessel.

E. JACOBS.
 Mt. Airy, O., Feb. 12, 1889.
 *Head of navigation for ocean steamers, 20 miles from Bordeaux.

Written for The Better Way.
Effort and Success.
 We are all traveling the journey of life and learning its lessons. We are in the school of experience and being taught by what we enjoy and suffer.

Effort is the base of life's monument while success is the capstone. Whatever we may wish to accomplish, we must try and keep trying until effort is crowned with success. Many failures occur in life for the want of well-directed effort to reach the result. In a good cause, failure never should be mourned over, but used as stones, all chiseled and fitted for the foundation of success.

Experience gives us knowledge to do, and ability to perform more perfectly what we fail to accomplish without repeated trials. Progress, in usefulness and goodness, should be the aim of all. Some persons are entitled to more credit in their failures because of the obstacles they have to contend with, than others who are successful. Success is very shy when effort is not well directed. Hard work without thought and study blinds the senses. To reach perfect health and usefulness, the mind should have its due share of daily exercise. Mind wealth is superior to gold, for it will pass through the death scenery and be of use in the "mind world." Physical strength is of use in our present condition of life, but mind power is good, rightly used in all conditions of existence.

Experience gives us knowledge to do, and ability to perform more perfectly what we fail to accomplish without repeated trials. Progress, in usefulness and goodness, should be the aim of all. Some persons are entitled to more credit in their failures because of the obstacles they have to contend with, than others who are successful. Success is very shy when effort is not well directed. Hard work without thought and study blinds the senses. To reach perfect health and usefulness, the mind should have its due share of daily exercise. Mind wealth is superior to gold, for it will pass through the death scenery and be of use in the "mind world." Physical strength is of use in our present condition of life, but mind power is good, rightly used in all conditions of existence. We know not what is to be, but we are sure that mental worth and goodness will never fall below par. Health and physical strength is necessary for mental worth and effort; so it becomes all who wish to make the most of opportunities as they pass to take proper care of the body. We should wisely care for self, but not overlook the just welfare of others, as far as our mental happiness depends upon association. Success depends largely upon surroundings and opportunities that arrive from our associations in life with human beings like ourselves, so we should conduct our department in such a manner as to merit conscious approval, and public esteem provided we are respected for being truthful, honest and faithful to convictions. We do not consider the man much of a success who has labored hard to lay up a fortune by depriving himself and others of the necessities of life; for the simple reason in mental or soul worth he may be, and often is sadly deficient.

Poverty of mind is one of the great misfortunes. A strong desire to improve is the chief corner stone to successful mental unfoldment and culture. Desire is the prompter of effort, and often leads astray, because it is blind, and needs to be guided by wise judgment that success may crown the actions of life. Judgment is a superior unfoldment of the mind, which is the outgrowth of all the others taught by experience, reflection, and reason combined. To perform all known duties should be the main object in life. Every duty performed is a success. A life well spent in usefulness is a grand achievement. GEORGE F. BAKER, Granville, N. Y.

Wavelets.
 How many people there are in the world who appear blind to the difference of assertion versus argument.

Autumn always reminds one of old age. Then comes winter, the (to use our poor word) death, which is but the dark hour that precedes the dawn of eternal spring.

The way to shoot the many rapids which are to be encountered during the course of a lifetime is to man your barque with truth, honesty, courage and energy; and to save hope at the rudder.

Throughout life follow your highest instincts, and there will be no danger of your running off the metals.

Hope is the lubricant with which the wheels of life frequently need anointing. Many a smiling face hides such secret sorrows as "would make the angels weep."

One of the great blessings God can bestow on one on this earth, is—a true friend.

Happiness, true happiness is gained by making others happy.

Bear in mind that the result of an action—either good or bad—is undefinable; therefore, before acting, pause and think.

Once having determined in your conscience that you are sailing under the right colors, nail them to the mast.

Never express an opinion unless you have a good reason wherewith to support it if required.

The silent voice of conscience is the best monitor to guide our moral course. HARRY COLINS.

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PART SECOND.

CHAPTER XI.

A WARM DISCUSSION.

"They have all left except James and Mary, the kitchen help, who sleeps out," said Anna to her mistress as she tried to persuade her to take some tea the next morning, "but we can manage I dare say. Why not get outside help to come during the day?" she added inquiringly as Madame lay staring at her, not accepting the offered cup.

firm determination on his face. "Madame I must not know what you intend doing nor must you expect me to help you. A lawyer's duty is not to violate the law, and I cannot help you."

"I beg you, Madame, not to place any credence upon any one of these things. Dreams are the result of disordered stomachs and over worked brains, and Herr Paulus is known from one end of Europe to the other as an impostor of the most insidious class. I fear your trouble has worn upon you more than you realize."

Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Spring is upon us, and we are busy preparing for the summer campaign, which holds many pleasant anticipations, I trust, for those contemplating a trip to old Lookout Mountain. Trailing arbutus is in bloom, also violets and various small flowers. Several weeks ago we had two inches of snow; but old Sol came out in all his glory and soon the coat was a thing of the past.

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