



TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"CREEDS WITHOUT VIRTUE ARE PALTERING VANITIES."

ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS.

VOLUME 5.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 31, 1889.

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THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY. THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors. 8-W. Cor. of Plum and McFarland Sts. CINCINNATI, O. M. G. YOUNG, President. I. S. MCCRACKEN, Treasurer. C. C. STOWELL, Secretary.

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THE ROSTRUM.

Discourse by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham. Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists of New York. (Specially Reported for The Better Way.)

WHAT AND WHY WE ARE.

You exist, and this existence, this manifestation of your life, this visible expression of your life, or the expression of your being, brings to you many questions. Why you are here and why you are just what you are in temperament, disposition, character and tendencies. Know that you inherit many things, and you transmit much of your own life. No one can occupy an isolated position and live without affecting the lives of others. The world is always a little better because you are in it or a little worse because you are there. Either you are a light in the path of some one or you are a great, dark shadow, a pillar of cloud, which is not a guide exactly, but a warning; a black shadow falling into the hearts and paths of others, helping to make life a little more heavy and weary and bitter and hard to endure. You are yourself; you are peculiar; there will never be any one in the world just like you; there never will be any one in the world like you in future times. You stand alone, although we touch the lives of others. You help to form the picture of your neighborhood; of your immediate surroundings. Your life socially, your life morally, affects all your surroundings to some extent. Now these questions which you ask are perfectly natural. Just as from the hub of a wheel the spokes go out, slanting upward and out and downward, so your questions go from this centre of self, upward to God, asking what your duty is; outward toward the spirit world, asking if you are helping them and what you will be; outward toward your fellowmen; asking what your duties are there; downward toward the life that surrounds you, remembering that you are connected with the lower grades of life, and if you cannot understand something of the feelings of the creatures who cannot speak, yet who can love and remember, if you cannot cultivate kindness but show harshness and cruelty even toward the brute, you are like a wheel with some of the spokes broken, and you lack strength. Straight downward your thoughts may turn, asking what life is in its selfishness and in that which belongs to the earth and is of the earth, earthly. But your life is more than the hub and the spokes. There is the tire, the great

encircling rim of the wheel. What is that, pray? It is the love of God, it is the law of God, and runs through the universe and encircles everything. There is not a question that you can ask that does not touch Delty somewhere at its remotest point. Not an interest that does not reach it in some way—reach the divine presence that circles through the universe. Why are you here in this world and life, conscious, developing? Were you somewhere in the vast everywhere, as the poet says? And have you come from everywhere into here? Did you come to be born? Did you ask to belong to a certain race or nation? To have a certain woman for a mother, and a certain man for a father? Did you choose your brothers and sisters? Did you choose your temperament and disposition? Not at all. But you woke up and there came a day when you found what you were, and you did not find it out all at once. You began to understand something about yourself, and you have continued to grow in understanding, but there is no one in the world who knows all about himself. If you know all about yourself you would know all about God and humanity, but that is impossible. No man can know all about himself. Your life touches all other lives, and reaches out affecting in some way everything that has had existence. Because you do not know what effect certain things will have upon your lives, you should be as careful as the chemist is in making his experiments in bringing about strange combinations, because you do not know what will be the consequences of these things. How blind man is! How careless, how indifferent, taking these great gifts and passions and possibilities and dealing with them with a blindness that seems almost if not quite like idiocy. It is said, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." And how true it is when you come to consider human life. Now there is one thing that we are led to believe from looking at the world, from considering matters at their greatest extent and breadth; we know that through the ages one purpose divine exists. There is a spirit that in the atom works to build the glory of the snow, that in the little particle makes the crystal ice of the rivers. There is a wonderful intelligence that through rain and sunshine, a strange, unknown and unnamed force, will build up the blossoms and flowers of the spring. How restless this presence of Infinite Will. If you could stand in the midst of a denuded forest where the great trees have been holding their hidden forces for months, you would look around you and think, and you would touch this circle of the divine if you only thought long and far enough. Here are the trees, the great oak trees, with their branches reaching horizontally, showing their strength as though they were glorying in it. Here are the pine trees, and when the wind blows through them there is a sound of the sea in their great green branches. Here are the beautiful, graceful silver birches, that make their thread of white in the landscape, each one with its buds waiting to unfold. There are the beeches, and there the maples with their sweet life, waiting to answer questions to those who shall punctuate exactly in the right way, or shall pierce the tree and find the sweet answer. Each would tell us that it is waiting under a law of growth; the leaves and blossoms are shaped according to an eternal purpose. There is no turning from that. It is this that makes the difference between the pine and the maple, it is this that makes the difference between the silver birches and the oaks, something unknown. Did you ever think where a tree comes from? The question was asked, where does a tree come from? Take, for instance, an elm tree. How slender the trunk is in comparison with the spread of its branches. Now think what a space its

roots must occupy. You say, "Why, it came out of the ground." Did it? Then do you not think there must be a great loss from the giving of so much material? It did not come out of the ground, the soil is there the same as before. Men have experimented. They have weighed a certain amount of earth, they have placed a tree in the earth and let it grow for years, or as long as it was necessary to complete the experiment, then they have removed it and taken the earth that clung to all its tiny roots, and allowed the moisture to dry out of the soil, and weighed it and found that it had lost nothing. Where did the tree come from? Not from the soil, but the soil is the medium through which a certain energy works and enlarges the area of the tree. This spiritual force forms the tree and makes it what it is. It is the unknown in nature, it is the influence of spirit, of the divine, that shows itself in these ways, in all these immutable and glorious laws. In just a little while, at the roots of the various trees, little flowers will wake up and blossom. The arbutus buds will expand and show their pale pink tints like seashells. They are all ready. They have been ready all winter, they were asleep under the snow. Nature prepared them and they are ready under the snow. And as soon as the sun shines and the skies are warm and the winds come winding softly up from the south, they will hear the call of nature's voice, and they will open their eyes brightly, their little leaves will push the snow aside, and there they will be. It never forgets to bloom or exhale its sweet breath of fragrance, it is always true to itself. It comes from the love of the intelligence that we call God. The hepatica will wake—all the darlings of the spring—each one clothed in its own peculiar beauty, and each true to itself, to its own pattern. Now can you not believe that you are worth as much as a tree, as much as an arbutus blossom? You will live when the tree is dust, when it changes under its curtain of green moss into the roots of some new and grander tree. You will live forever, and you ought to live. There is enough sleeping in your nature, unawakened, like these buds under the snow, to make heaven's sweet by and by. You underestimate the possibilities in your nature, and you overestimate some other things not worth mentioning. It is time that human nature should be introduced to itself, and so when you ask the question why we are, and why we are what we are, we answer, you are immortal beings. Why do we exist? That is only known to the divine spirit. You do not know what you are for. You are for something, and whatever demand the hour has for you you may know that it is a part of what you have to do, and do it well. If you were to go to a country across the sea, where the mountains rise in their majesty under God's law, you would find people at work, toiling, for life is toil with many. You would find that these different people make the different parts of the watches. Here is brass, and here steel, and here are jewels, but every little wheel must be made perfectly, each cog must be in its proper place, and then at a certain time, when everything is ready, the watch is put together, and regulated and wound, and it runs. Now day by day, year after year, God gives you something to accomplish. It may be a little wheel or spring, it is some part of this great watch of your existence. Some say, let us leave these things and do something greater, and more intricate and more noble. Do you not know that the little wheels are as necessary as the great ones, and the little duty of to-day—it may be nothing more than properly preparing the food for some little child—overcoming some tendency in your own disposition, or some temptation in your own life—but do it faithfully and well and you will find at last, in the great hereafter, that your beauty and

glory and brightness and happiness all come from duties done, from lessons properly learned, from correct application made, and you will know then that there is nothing in the world that you do to-day that shall be counted as little or nothing. Why are you here? You are here for growth. What is the flower here for? To grow. But when we say "grow" it means not only to grow tall, but it means to answer the demands made upon it by other things, nothing lives wholly to itself. And so you are here for growth, for development, for good for you to do, for the influence upon the lives of others. This is the great opportunity, the noble purpose of your existence. Just as we might take a number of jewels just as they come naturally. We know that the sheen and light and glory of the e things must be brought out by cutting and polishing them. But then we see how beautiful they are. But nothing, not even a diamond, with all its glory of rainbow tints, is so beautiful as a human soul. Your lives are like jewels in the rough. Until this trial has cut an angle there, until that grief has cut there, until that disappointment has cut there, you never can shine in the beauty and glory of a better and brighter sunshine than you have ever known on earth. When your lives have grown and deepened and thus grown up through the beauty and glory of this process, there is happiness in it if you only can understand it. The song of a little bird when it commences, is not like the song of some songster developed in strength of tone. But how very sweet it is. Have you ever heard the young robins learn to sing? The song is not like that of the older birds, it has little strength in it, but it is beautiful and precious to us. And so the lives of men and women, striving to bring out the good in their lives, seem like the songs of the young birds. They do not know their songs, but they are learning to sing, just as the young robins learn, all the music of the beautiful land beyond. So it is that you ask your questions and you wonder what life is and what it means. But oh, friends, if you would know what this happiness or what this boldness can mean, go into your being and earnestly and faithfully ask what you are. You are born with certain inheritances, certain traits transmitted or handed down to you. Faults, you do not know how far off, generations unknown to you, tendencies and perversities have come down that you do not know of until the process of unfolding takes place. But some trial or temptation may bring them to life. Some sudden trial or temptation comes, and if you have not cultivated self control, if you have not developed the highest and noblest principles in your life, it sweeps you into an evil condition that darkens all the days of your earthly existence. And it is for that reason it will not be safe or brave for you not to prepare yourself. You must strive to develop the good within you to overcome the wrong and evil in you. Develop truthfulness, purity of thought, cultivate the noblest expression of unselfishness, overcome the tendencies to greed and avarice, and when at last life is rounded and beautified and strengthened you will know what the kingdom of heaven means, you will not need to dream of some far-away place, it will be within yourself. CASSADAGA CAMP NOTES. During the past week the numbers in attendance at this camp have largely increased far beyond the corresponding days of last season. Last Sunday 2000 tickets were sold at the gates against 1500 of the same day a year ago. This rate of increase is also maintained on week days, and gives our beloved camp an air of material prosperity, which, added to its prosperity, spiritually, makes it the most desirable place in this region in which a

person can profitably spend a summer's vacation. The lectures on Sunday were given by J. Clegg Wright and Mr. J. J. Morse, both well known as earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism. Two of the largest audiences ever seen within the camp greeted the speakers on that day, and the people were enthusiastic and prolonged in their applause. Dr. J. C. Street, our former chairman, left us on the 17th inst., and his place is now filled and ably so by Mr. H. D. Barrett, of Meadville, Pa. On Monday morning of this week the annual election of officers for this association was held in the auditorium. The reports of President Gaston and Secretary A. E. Gaston were very encouraging, and showed that the net assets of the association are over \$30,000. There remain only 886 shares of unsold stock, and this number will be smaller before the season closes. The amount of indebtedness is \$1225 less than in '88, and the total receipts of the year were \$5911.57; expenses, \$4579.62, balance, \$1331.95. This year's ('89) receipts will largely clear the association from debt, they being in every particular larger than last year. In addition to the ground owned by the association, about twenty acres of land was added last year, and before the season closed a dozen lots were sold and seven new and handsome cottages have been erected, ranging in value from \$800 to \$2000. The prosperity of the camp is a fact, and may it live forever to do its work. All of the trustees of last year, with the exception of Mr. W. J. Innes, of Oil City, Pa., who has retired at his own request, were re-elected, thus proving that the people are well satisfied with the present able management of the business affairs of the camp. The board of committees for the year will consist of A. Gaston, Pres. P. J. Skidmore, M. R. Rowe, Mrs. Marrian H. Skidmore, J. W. Dennis, D. S. Merritt and C. B. Turner. Mr. A. E. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., was re-elected Secretary, a fitting compliment to a very worthy official. Thursday evening Miss Katie Hennessy, a blind vocalist of Dunkirk, N. Y., gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the auditorium; she was ably assisted by Miss Nellie Nichols, of Meadville, and Miss Lillie Hiller, of Dunkirk. Miss Hennessy has a sweet voice of much compass, and it is rarely that one hears so much power of sympathetic expression. Miss Nichols' recitation carried the house by storm, her subject being "A Ride Against Time," an extract from Tourgel's "Fool's Errand." She is an elocutionist of marked ability and power. The lectures given this week by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, J. J. Morse and Miss Jennie B. Hagan have been very interesting and have held the closest attention of their hearers. Mr. Morse, in his last lecture, gave an extensive treatise upon the so-called wonders of Spiritualism, theosophy, re-incarnation, Christian science, etc. He did much to stir up the mental activity of his auditors, and cause us to do some solid thinking ourselves. Brother Morse left us on Wednesday evening and will soon be on his way to his home in England. The good angels abundantly bless him in the earnest prayer of his many friends. Mrs. Hyzer and Miss Hagan are up to the times, and have given the best satisfaction. Mr. W. S. Rowley gave an exhibition on Monday of his occult telegraph before a large and critical audience, the instrument ticking off several remarkable messages without the aid of mortal hands, and gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of unseen power. The expert telegraphers attempted to obtain the same results by manipulating the box in the same manner as did Mr. Rowley, but they could not produce a single sound. Mr. Moor, of Rochester, N. Y., Union

Advertiser, and H. D. Jones, of the Democrat and Chronicle, of the same city, have prepared several fine sketches of our camps and of its officers, which, together with a three column article, descriptive of the grounds, history of the camp, etc., will be published in the Union Advertiser the 24th inst. This is a move in the right direction, and will give our camp quite an extensive advertising such as our camp merits. A committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of changing the name of this association from the Cassadaga Lake Free Association to that of the Cassadaga Lake Spiritualist Association. Walter Howell, Mrs. Anna Orvis, Mrs. O. Cook, Mrs. T. C. Gaston and Mr. H. D. Barrett constitute the committee. PHILLO. The Coming Conflict. A conflict between the corporations on the one hand, and the people on the other, is sure to come. We older ones may not live to see it, but the boys of to day will have to fight the battle. The war of the rebellion wiped out the disgrace of slavery, but gave birth to a money-making creed which has grown into mammoth monopolies, many of which are more powerful for evil than the government is for good. Some day a great god of mammon will arise, who will consolidate all the corporations, seize the powers of government and declare an empire. Then the people will awake from their long nap, and a conflict will ensue which will dwarf into insignificance the war of the rebellion. Let us view the present situation. Capital is consolidating. It has already seized the reins of State and National Legislation. It purchases legislators as a meat corner purchases cattle. It controls elections by buying votes in markets, openly, as a shop keeper buys an article of trade. It has driven, and is driving, from competitive trade, individual enterprise. It dictates the price we shall pay for the bread we eat, for clothes we wear, for the sugar we sweeten our coffee and tea with; the price of the grain we produce by sweat and toil, and offer for sale; and the wages we shall receive for our day's work. The truth is, we can do nothing, get nothing, go nowhere without touch our hats and bending a knee to the master-capital. Before the war of the rebellion the white Americans were free and the black Americans were slaves. Now we are all slaves—slaves to the money power. This monster being the result of less than thirty years growth, this change in our situation having been wrought in so short a time, what may be reasonably feared to ensue within the next quarter of a century? We sound a warning note to the people. Money is a greater tyrant than ever was monarch who wore a crown, and trampled upon millions of people as to his will seemed most satisfactory.—Workman, Dayton, O. Her Only Doctor. Who is your family doctor, George?" "Dr. Smoothman." "How did you come to have that hair braided creature?" "Oh, my wife once asked him if he could tell why she always had cold feet, and he told her they were so small they couldn't hold blood enough to keep them warm. She won't have any other doctor.—New York Ledger. "Pat, is this true that I bear?" "An' what's that yer honor?" "That you are going to get married agal." "That's so yer honor." "But your first wife has only been dead a week." "Shure, she's as dead now as she lver will be yer honor." "Who is your family physician, Freddy?" asked Mrs. Hendricks of the Brown boy. "We ain't got none," said the boy. "Pa's a homeopath, ma's an allopath, sister Jane is a Christian scientist, grandma and grandpa buy all the quack medicines going, Uncle James believes in massage, and brother Bill is a horse doctor." "Well, which one would you prefer in case of sickness?" "Oh, brother Bill, because he's so nice and tender with the horse."



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If you were to go to a country across the sea, where the mountains rise in their majesty under God's law, you would flud people at work, toiling, for life is toil with many. You would flud that these different people make the different parts of the watches. Here is brass, and here steel, and here are jewels, but every little wheel must be made perfectly, each cog must be in its proper place, and then at a certain time, when everything is ready, the watch is put together, and regulated and wound, and it runs. Now day by day, year after year, God gives you something to accomplish. It may be a little wheel or spring, it is some part of this great watch of your existence. Some say, let us leave these things and do something greater, and more intricate and more noble. Do you not know that the little wheels are as necessary as the great ones, and the little duty of to-day—it may be nothing more than properly preparing the food for some little child—overcoming some tendency in your own disposition, or some temptation in your own life—but do it faithfully and well and you will flud at last, in the great hereafter, that your beauty and

glory and brightness and happiness all come from duties done, from lessons properly learned, from correct application made, and you will know then that there is nothing in the world that you do to-day that shall be counted as little or nothing.

Why are you here? You are here for growth. What is the flower here for? To grow. But when we say "grow" it means not only to grow tall, but it means to answer the demands made upon it by other things, nothing lives wholly to itself. And so you are here for growth, for development, for good for you to do, for the influence upon the lives of others. This is the great opportunity, the noble purpose of your existence. Just as we might take a number of jewels just as they come naturally. We know that the sheen and light and glory of the things must be brought out by cutting and polishing them. But then we see how beautiful they are. But nothing, not even a diamond, with all its glory of rainbow tints, is so beautiful as a human soul.

Your lives are like jewels in the rough. Until this trial has cut an angle there, until that grief has cut there, until that disappointment has cut there, you never can shine in the beauty and glory of a better and brighter sunshine than you have ever known on earth. When your lives have grown and deepened and thus grown up through the beauty and glory of this process, there is happiness in it if you only can understand it.

The song of a little bird when it commences, is not like the song of some songster developed in strength of tone. But how very sweet it is. Have you ever heard the young robins learn to sing? The song is not like that of the older birds, it has little strength in it, but it is beautiful and precious to us. And so the lives of men and women, striving to bring out the good in their lives, seem like the songs of the young birds. They do not know their songs, but they are learning to sing, just as the young robins learn, all the music of the beautiful land beyond.

So it is that you ask your questions and you wonder what life is and what it means. But oh, friends, if you would know what this happiness or what this boldness can mean, go into your being and earnestly and faithfully ask what you are. You are born with certain inheritances, certain traits transmitted or handed down to you. Faults, you do not know from how far off, generations unnumbered have come down that you do not know of until the process of unfolding takes place. But some trial or temptation may bring them to life. Some sudden trial or temptation comes, and if you have not cultivated self control, if you have not developed the highest and noblest principles in your life, it sweeps you into an evil condition that darkens all the days of your earthly existence. And it is for that reason it will not be safe or brave for you not to prepare yourself. You must strive to develop the good within you, to overcome the wrong and evil in you. Develop truthfulness, purity of thought, cultivate the noblest expression of unselfishness, overcome the tendencies to greed and avarice, and when at last life is rounded and beautified and strengthened you will know what the kingdom of heaven means, you will not need to dream of some far-away place, it will be within yourself.

CASSADAGA CAMP NOTES.
During the past week the numbers in attendance at this camp have largely increased far beyond the corresponding days of last season.
Last Sunday 2000 tickets were sold at the gates against 1500 of the same day a year ago. This rate of increase is also maintained on week days, and gives our beloved camp an air of material prosperity, which, added to its spirituality, makes it the most desirable place in this region in which a

person can profitably spend a summer's vacation.

The lectures on Sunday were given by J. Clegg Wright and Mr. J. J. Morse, both well known as earnest workers in the cause of Spiritualism. Two of the largest audiences ever seen within the camp greeted the speakers on that day, and the people were enthusiastic and prolonged in their applause.

Dr. J. C. Street, our former chairman, left us on the 17th inst, and his place is now filled and ably so by Mr. H. D. Barrett, of Meadville, Pa.

On Monday morning of this week the annual election of officers for this association was held in the auditorium. The reports of President Gaston and Secretary A. E. Gaston were very encouraging, and showed that the net assets of the association are over \$30,000. There remain only 886 shares of uncollected stock, and this number will be smaller before the season closes. The amount of indebtedness is \$1225 less than in '88, and the total receipts of the year were \$5,911.57; expenses, \$4,579.62, balance, \$1,331.95. This year's ('89) receipts will largely clear the association from debt, they being in every particular larger than last year. In addition to the ground owned by the association, about twenty acres of land was added last year, and before the season closed a dozen lots were sold and seven new and handsome cottages have been erected, ranging in value from \$800 to \$2,000. The prosperity of the camp is a fact, and may it live forever to do its work.

All of the trustees of last year, with the exception of Mr. W. J. Innes, of Oil City, Pa., who has retired at his own request, were re-elected, thus proving that the people are well satisfied with the present able management of the business affairs of the camp. The board of committees for the year will consist of A. Gaston, Pres. P. J. Skidmore, M. R. Rouse, Mrs. Marrian H. Skidmore, J. W. D. Davis, D. S. Merritt and C. B. Turner. Mr. A. E. Gaston, of Meadville, Pa., was re-elected Secretary, a fitting compliment to a very worthy official.

Thursday evening Miss Katie Hennessy, a blind vocalist of Dunkirk, N. Y., gave a very enjoyable entertainment in the auditorium; she was ably assisted by Miss Nellie Nichols, of Meadville, and Miss Lillie Hiller, of Dunkirk. Miss Hennessy has a sweet voice of much compass, and it is rarely that one hears so much power of sympathetic expression. Miss Nichols' recitation carried the house by storm, her subject being "A Ride Against Time," an extract from Tourgelle's "Fool's Errand." She is an elocutionist of marked ability and power.

The lectures given this week by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, J. J. Morse and Miss Jennie B. Hagan have been very interesting and have held the closest attention of their hearers. Mr. Morse, in his last lecture, gave an extensive treatise upon the so-called wonders of Spiritualism, theosophy, re-incarnation, Christian science, etc. He did much to stir up the mental activity of his auditors, and cause us to do some solid thinking ourselves. Brother Morse left us on Wednesday evening and will soon be on his way to his home in England. The good angels abundantly bless him in the earnest prayer of his many friends.

Mrs. Hyzer and Miss Hagan are up to the times, and have given the best satisfaction.

Mr. W. S. Rowley gave an exhibition on Monday of his occult telegraph before a large and critical audience, the instrument ticking off several remarkable messages without the aid of mortal hands, and gave unmistakable evidence of the presence of unseen power. The expert telegraphers attempted to obtain the same results by manipulating the box in the same manner as did Mr. Rowley, but they could not produce a single sound.
Mr. Moor, of Rochester, N. Y., Union

Advertiser, and H. D. Jones, of the Democrat and Chronicle, of the same city, have prepared several fine sketches of our camps and of its officers, which, together with a three column article, descriptive of the grounds, history of the camp, etc., will be published in the Union Advertiser the 24th inst. This is a move in the right direction, and will give our camp quite an extensive advertising such as our camp merits.

A committee has been appointed to consider the advisability of changing the name of this association from the Cassadaga Lake Free Association to that of the Cassadaga Lake Spiritualist Association. Walter Howell, Mrs. Anna Orvis, Mrs. O. Cook, Mrs. T. C. Gaston and Mr. H. D. Barrett constitute the committee. PHILLO.

The Coming Conflict.

A conflict between the corporations on the one hand, and the people on the other, is sure to come. We older ones may not live to see it, but the boys of to-day will have to fight the battle. The war of the rebellion wiped out the disgrace of slavery, but gave birth to a money-making creed which has grown into mammoth monopolies, many of which are more powerful for evil than the government is for good. Some day a great god of mammon will arise, who will consolidate all the corporations, seize the powers of government and declare an empire. Then the people will awake from their long nap, and a conflict will ensue which will dwarf into insignificance the war of the rebellion. Let us view the present situation. Capital is consolidating. It has already seized the reins of State and National Legislation. It purchases legislators as a meat corner purchases cattle. It controls elections by buying votes in markets, openly, as a shop keeper buys an article of trade. It has driven, and is driving, from competitive trade, individual enterprise. It dictates the price we shall pay for the bread we eat, for clothes we wear, for the sugar we sweeten our coffee and tea with; the price of the grain we produce by sweat and toil, and offer for sale; and the wages we shall receive for our day's work. The truth is, we can do nothing, get nothing, go nowhere without touch our hats and tending a knee to the master-capital. Before the war of the rebellion the white Americans were free and the black Americans were slaves. Now we are all slaves—slaves to the money power. This monster being the result of less than thirty years growth, this change in our situation having been wrought in so short a time, what may be reasonably feared to ensue within the next quarter of a century? We sound a warning note to the people. Money is a greater tyrant than ever was monarch who wore a crown, and trampled upon millions of people; as to his will seemed most satisfactory.—Workman, Dayton, O.

Her Only Doctor.

Who is your family doctor, George?
"Dr. Smoothman."
"How did you come to have that hair-brained creature?"
"Oh, my wife once asked him if he could tell why she always had cold feet, and he told her they were so small they couldn't hold blood enough to keep them warm. She won't have any other doctor.—New York Ledger.
"Pat, is this true that I hear?"
"Ay! what's that yer honor?"
"That you are going to get married agal?"
"That's so yer honor."
"But your first wife has only been dead a week."
"Shure, she's as dead now as she lever will be yer honor."
"Who is your family physician, Freddy?" asked Mrs. Hendricks of the Brown boy.
"We ain't got none," said the boy.
"Pa's a homeopath, ma's an allopath, sister Jane is a Christian scientist, grandma and grandpa buy all the quack medicines going, Uncle James believes in massage, and brother Bill is a horse doctor."
"Well, which one would you prefer in case of sickness?"
"Oh, brother Bill, because he's so nice and tender with the horses."

Written for The Better Way.

Whatever is, is Right.
HELEN LAMB MARTIN.
The faintest tly, and the sweetest rose,
Have need of summer showers.

Written for The Better Way.

SPIRITUAL ESSAYS.
Healing Mediumship—What is it, and Who Have It?
BY HENRY H. WARRNER.
The subject of Healing Mediumship in reality covers more ground than can be taken up in one essay, but it is not our intention to give at this time more than a general resume of some of the most salient points.

Written for The Better Way.

Holy Springs.
Three springs in human bosom well
Out of one fountain head,
Their waters fall, their waters swell
As by surrounding fogs fed.

The Rational Use of Sunday.

The following interesting article on this subject is copied from the London Westminster Review:
On the Continent the public parks, gardens, museums and picture galleries are open each Sunday; concerts and all kinds of amusements for young and old are provided; families meet in pleasant, bright and lively social reunion; they take their pleasure together at home and abroad; and the day is really one of recreation, and generally speaking, healthful change.

Written for The Better Way.

"NEW KNOWLEDGE."
Vol. 1, No. 1. Devoted to the Discussion of the Gospel of the Age.
This number is an attempt by H. B. Philbrook to interpret the apocalyptic visions of St. John, otherwise called "Revelation." It is a strange piece of writing; but if we saw for the first time our Bible, with which we are now so familiar, we might think it a strange book too; so we will not be too hasty in judging.

Psychological Healing Power.

Alluding to a "miraculous cure" which has been discussed in the papers, Mr. H. Cooper thus writes to the Eastern Mail:
I should not have ventured to mention it if modern psychological research, both in Europe and America, had not at last enforced a tardy recognition of its existence, thus opening up vast fields of research hitherto not dreamed of in our materialistic philosophy.

A HEALTHY CONFESSION.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
Occasionally I read in THE BETTER WAY some one's experience, or how he or she became a Spiritualist, and as the experience of others always interests me, and, thinking that my experience may interest some one else, I have concluded to write a brief sketch for publication.

To begin with I was born and baptized into the Catholic Church, of which I did not become a full-fledged member, owing, perhaps, to my being sent by my parents to our public schools, instead of a Catholic institution. I was taught by my parents to pray and to study the Catholic catechism; I was required to pray at least twice a day, morning and evening. Little baby prayers, of course; for my mind at that time was not sufficiently developed to grasp anything of an inspired nature.

When about ten or twelve years old my baby prayers failed to satisfy me any longer. I felt an intuitive desire for something higher. My better nature, intuition, or something within, called for something better and more substantial than were the teachings of my childhood. I changed my course and attended the Presbyterian Sunday school. Afterward was a regular attendant of the Baptist Church, attending their revival meetings with a sincere desire to be benefited spiritually, but it all seemed like a diet of chaff and husks set before a hungry soul. I felt that if I partook of the proffered bread I should go away hungry. So I did not partake.

After this Christian friends manifested an interest in my spiritual welfare by offering special prayers for my sole benediction, giving as their reason for so doing that I could be the means of doing great good if I would join the church. While I appreciated the kind motives of my Christian friends I failed to see any spiritual growth in the church that would satisfy the demand. I felt that there must be some religion outside of orthodox teachings to satisfy my longing soul. I had heard of Spiritualism, but had never met a Spiritualist, nor read anything on the subject until two or three years after my marriage, which took place when I was but sixteen years old. When I was nineteen years old I met Mr. Levette of Eaton, Ohio, who was a pronounced Spiritualist and an excellent medium, who proposed having a circle at my house, to which I consented. The circle was composed of the medium, my husband, his brother and myself. This was the first time any of our family had ever sat in a circle.

Soon the medium became entranced. He saw and described my grandfather, told the manner of his death, etc. My grandfather having passed on from another State, and during his mortal life never was in the State of Ohio. The medium was an utter stranger in the place and to my family. He also described my mother who had passed on some time before. This grand test of clairvoyant power set me to thinking—set me to investigating the subject of spirit return. I was fast drifting into materialism when the truth was revealed to me through this medium. If by chance he should read this article, I offer him my thanks for his being the means of bringing me out of the darkness into the light and knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism.

All this may seem stale, as it is no rare thing to find clairvoyant mediums to-day who can give the same tests without creating wonder or surprise. Anticipating that some may think that this little narrative should have lain silently away on memory's shelf instead of being offered to the readers of a Spiritual newspaper of a high order and expect to excite wonder at the marvels of clairvoyance at this late day. Such is not the object of the writer. It is only given as our first step in the road of the truth and knowledge of spirit return, or as the Methodist would say, it was our conversion, or rather our probation (a state from which we have never fallen). Cumber by cumber gathered from the Father's table, until I was satisfied that I partook of the bread of life (spiritual knowledge). Such convincing proofs came to me that I no longer doubted the possibility of spirit return, as I was made aware that through my own organism spirits could reach and communicate with their mortal friends, of which I may speak in the future. I look back to the incident of my first clairvoyant test given by Mr. Levette as one of the brightest spots in my memory, one never to be forgotten. Hoping to hear from some one else in the line of experiences.

MRS. MAGGIE STEWART.

[Mrs. Stewart is well known in this region as a hearty worker in the cause, and we take pleasure in adding that she is a worthy medium and deserving of the highest regards and kindest feelings of all Spiritualists.—Ed.]

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

To arrive at a somewhat clearer understanding of the subject let us examine into the composition of man. We find man to be a triune being—soul, spirit, matter. We wish to state here, that we regard spirit and matter as distinct forms of substance; substance embraces all potentialities of nature, both in the realm of the visible and the realm of the invisible. Substance can then be divided into these three factors of existence, whose continued product is man. Man draws the sustenance of his material substance from the like qualities in the universe of substance about him, evolving in accord with the laws of chemical affinity; the same is true of the spiritual and soul powers of man, they deriving their sustenance from like qualities in nature. When these elements are vitiated in any manner the harmony of nature is disturbed and the result is decay, sickness, and so-called death. We are now speaking of so-called disease effects, which are more less traceable to an imbalanced spiritual, and not to those effects, which are physical, as gun-shot or knife wounds, fractures of bones and ligaments, and dislocations and deformities. These require the care of the educated surgeon.

The force which is used in removing disease effects is generated in the substances of nature and is automatic in a large degree, but is capable of direction. It is this force that is brought to bear by the man who rallies from the attacks of disease, unassisted by any agency foreign to his own organization and this force has received the name of the vis medicatrix nature—the healing force of nature. It is generated in the phenomena of life and growth. It is a soul force. Every breath we draw; every particle of nutritious food we absorb, either physical or spiritual, generates this force within us. The sun is a vast storehouse of this life-giving force and nature has stored vast quantities of this sun energy within the vegetable kingdom, and thus placed at man's disposal the means by which he may build anew the wasted tissues and forces of his being. Wastefulness of healing power there may be in winter drugs arises from this stored sun-force. And these drugs more often drive their healing properties from the magnetic contact with the physician's person and the faith of the patient in the healing virtues of the drug; hence it is an effect of spirit and soul force in the end.

Healers may be divided into three classes: 1. The magnetist, 2. The medium, 3. Faith, Mental, Christian and Spiritual Science healers. We thus classify these last named together because they are only different names for the same effects.

The magnetist is simply a person possessed of a superabundance of vitality— is charged to overflowing with this soul force of which we have before spoken, and imparts that force by manipulation of the afflicted person. The magnetist, pure and simple, is not a medium, all his powers coming from within his own organization. The healing is an effect of the combination of the spirit and soul aura of the healer and localized, generating a current that proceeds on the lines of least resistance, thus equalizing the forces and restoring the harmony which means health. The magnetist is not necessarily a person of large physical form.

The healing medium is one who admits his dependency on de-carated spirits for aid in the healing work and who has the psychic forces capable of being used by the de-carated spirits who make a specialty of the healing art. They are under the control of the spirit agencies and their own innate powers are thus augmented by a strong power from without. The true mediumistic healer in addition to his magnetic qualities is as a rule highly clairvoyant or clairaudient. In the former case the medium sees the condition of the patient, in the latter he perceives his condition by the avenue of spirit sensation—being placed temporarily in rapport with the patient—suffering in the same manner. This is, however, only temporarily, the spirit forces throwing these conditions off and rendering the healer powerless.

The methods employed by them are as varied as the mediums and their controls. Some employ only manipulation and others use drugs. Some require personal presence, others treat at a distance. In any case the force is a spiritual one, no matter how it may be applied.

The third and last class is such only in name and to the student of the modern spiritual philosophy readily resolves into their proper position under one of the first two classes. The essential truths they teach have been taught by spirit communion for years. With the meaningless and vague terminology employed, we have no concern as they neither add to nor detract aught of the value of the truth. This is only a general statement and necessarily incomplete, but in a future number we hope to touch upon some of the omitted points and to more fully discuss others.

PHENOMENAL SPIRITUALISM.

Phenomenal Spiritualism, like Friendship, mysterious soldier of the soul—I owe thee much. I do not owe anything else as much. It always makes me feel grieved when any Spiritualist says, or hints that the phenomena; the real spirit manifestations, are of secondary importance and not to be throned as high or near the philosophy or the teachings of Spiritualism and yet such hints are made by most all the platform lecturers and echoed by their hearers, as trifles, as A, B, C's, as no longer needed in the growth of the human soul. I am led to think and sometimes to say to such relegations, "that talk is cheap," and I am more interested in a few raps that are intelligent and not the work of a human being in the form, than I am with the brightest uttered thoughts by some of our speakers, with the possibility of a Parker, a Beecher or a Shakespeare pulling their mental strings.

When those mysterious raps say, "I am your sister and am still alive" and give evidence of it, the unwritten suggestions make all mortal eulogies pale because one is fact, the other talk. I am not casting any reflection on the ability or the usefulness or the teaching of our platform speakers, but if one is to dry up and be a lost art, I would prefer it to be talk and not the fact of the physical manifestations. The world is full of fine teachings and always has been and the teachings have grandly improved with the ages and the world without our aid would not starve for intellectual food, for of making of books there is no end and of speaking the same but put out the grand light of the spiritual phenomena and we would be without hope and without God in the world, we would have to fall back on faith or be a materialist or an agnostic.

I make no hesitation in saying that without the intelligence back of the physical manifestations, there is no proof that man survives death. I admit that with our phenomena there are many things in human nature that are corroborative of future life, but without such phenomena these "many things" drop into the realm of hope, faith, or imagination, but are not substantial facts, only become so because of the proof of our phenomena that the man is not dead when the body is. I am not alone in putting the accent on the phenomenal syllable. What does Prof. Wallace, the eminent scientist, care about the philosophy or teaching? He is interested and most any scientific man would be in the phenomena; he studies them and finds in them what he finds no where else, the proof of a future life and says so. He is ever ready to investigate them; never wants to waste his time listening to platform talk, but is most interested in the same of my friend the late E. J. Sargeant. It was ever on the go to witness the manifestations and he saw them of every kind. I used to wonder that he never came to the meetings. I know that he preferred facts to talk. I am sure if he had heard the platform stars speak as many now do of the phenomena he would think, if not say, that they were spilling their own faces, for many a time he has said to me that he would give more for an independent movement of a slate pencil with its message, the painting of a picture without human or mechanical aid, the intelligent raps and movements of ponderable bodies without physical contact, than for all the inspired utterances that fall from the lips of a thousand orators.

I think that the two names mentioned who were interested in the phenomena and I put myself, but low down with them, that they appreciated philosophy, eloquence, logic, intellectual thought and would say as I do now not that I love them less, but I love the phenomena more.

Some call us wonder seekers, interested in trifles; they forget that trifles become sublime from their source. It is a trifle to see a table move even intelligently if a man or machinery moves it, but it moves itself apparently and tells us unaided by the alphabet, that spirit does it, it is no longer a trifle but a phenomenon of surpassing value. I can conceive of nothing more so, for the trifle is then the wire on which is working an intelligence, the end of which is over the river and it is the only communication there is from that Summer Land and announces the fact that there is a Summer Land,—a continuous here after.

A Word About Books.

There is an Arabic proverb, that "a wise man's day is worth a fool's life"; and another, that "The ink of science is more precious than the blood of martyrs."

Macaulay, who had all that wealth and fame, rank and talents could give, yet, we are told, derived his greatest happiness from books. Sir G. Trevelyan, in his charming biography, says, that of the feelings which Macaulay entertained towards the minds of bygone ages, is not for any one except himself to speak. This debt to them was incalculable; they guided him to truth; they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; they stood by him in all vicissitudes—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude. The old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and obscurity.

Cicero described a room without books as a room without a soul. "Books," says Jeremy Collier, "are a guide in youth, and are entertainment for age. When we are weary of the living, we may repair to the dead, who have the advantage of peevishness, pride or design in their conversation."

Petrarch says of books: "Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some one has said that 'In books we have the choicest thoughts of the ablest men in their best dress.'"

Carlyle has wisely said that a collection of books is a real university. It is as if he had said that he does not wander at what men suffer, but he often wonders at what they lose. Ignorance is the prolific mother of loss in this sense, and our misery has but one cure—philosophy.

As Alonso of Aragon said: "Age is a recommendation in four things: Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust and old books to read." We read important qualifications to this, and we are weary of the freedom of choice determines the question of enjoyment for each.

A READER.

The Jackal and the Lion.
A jackal met a hunter in the forest, and at once began to pour out such vials of wrath against the lion that the hunter was amazed.
"Why!" exclaimed the jackal, "the lion is a liar, thief, robber, ghoul and murderer, and is not worthy of the friendship of the plebeian!"
"Did he ever abuse you?"
"O, no."
"Ever injure you?"
"O, no."
"Then whence this malignity?"
"Well—ah—well, I can't get over it that he was born a lordly lion and I a miserable jackal."

Christianity vs. Orthodoxy.

We have great respect for the true Christian religion, but have but little respect for the modern Phariseism practiced in most of the churches of to-day. It is ridiculously absurd to compare the church methods of to-day with the teachings Christ. His mission was among the poor, and He continually reminded the rich of their duty to the poor. The poor of our land are virtually without the gospel to-day. Their shabby appearance when compared with the richly attired aristocracy who run the churches, present such a contrast that it requires more "grace" than many possess to attend very long, they drop out. We are not asking for charity but justice. It is simply hypocrisy to indulge in long prayers and sermons with nicely rounded periods, and yet remain indifferent to the administrative policy of the government that breeds poverty, immorality and crime. The churches, by their indifference to the ruling influences of the plutocracy, is its greatest ally to-day. The ministry—with rare individual exceptions, is bound hand and foot to mammon. Even if convictions should prompt them they do not dare preach as Christ commanded them for fear of offending the aristocratic members in their flock. The most of them are making preaching a matter of business—the dollars and cents in it, and to assail the hypocritical pretensions of the masses in the church is simply to cut the bread and butter supply at the nation-gate. God is not deceived in the nation-gate.—Laborer's Tribune, Carthage, Mo.

Perhaps few who have heard of the "Black Hole of Calcutta," know the terrible facts that have rendered the place famous and made it the synonym of all that is to be dreaded from foul air and overcrowding. At eight o'clock on the evening of June 20, 1780, one hundred and forty-six prisoners, officers and men, black and white, and of different nationalities, were thrust into a room eighteen feet square—with two windows on one of the four sides, heavily barred with iron—giving to each inmate forty cubic feet of space. In ten hours one hundred and twenty-three were found dead—only twenty-three being alive!

Another instance is where, in 1742 the High Constable of Westminster, London, committed twenty eight persons to prison, where they were thrust by the keeper into a hole six feet square and five feet ten inches high—the windows being close shut. In a very short time four of the inmates were suffocated. These facts show the poisonous effects of the human breath—of respired air. Prof. Brown Sequard has recently made some experiments that are not only highly interesting, but show why the expired air of man and animals is so deadly. From the condensed vapor of the expired air he produced a liquid so poisonous that when injected beneath the skin of rabbits it produced almost instant death. This poison he found to be not a microbe, but an alkalioid. His conclusions are that the expired air of all animals contains a poison more fatal than carbonic acid.

It is well for the people to understand these facts. They cry aloud for better ventilation and purer air—for less crowding in home and church, and hall and school room.—Board of Health Bulletin, Iowa.

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Chicago, Ill., Aug. 15, '89. R. NEELY.

That's the key-note to nine-tenths of the slanders.—Carrier Dove.



Written for The Better Way. Strategy of a Dog.

While visiting at my uncle's some years ago, my attention was suddenly brought into play by a cat that shot by closely followed by a dog. An empty barrel lay half way across the hotel yard between the house and barn, and into which the cat, closely pressed, ran, and, turning at bay, faced the dog, who was afraid to attack her in such a position. The dog settled down in front and seemed to be in deep meditation as to the next move to dislodge the cat. At last he laid his plan of attack. He turned around and commenced to back into the barrel, evidently preferring to risk his posterior in preference to his face. The cat, however, was equal to the emergency, and bounding over his back, reached the barn in safety.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

Written for The Better Way.

The Lost Child.

While sitting on the porch I heard the voice of a man saying: "Where did you find him?" "Away down by the engine house; he said he was hunting his pa."

Soon I heard a child scream, accompanied by the sounds of a spanking, and the father's voice saying in anger: "Run off again, will you?" Thus is anger cultivated in the human system. Here was a child having sympathy and parental affection crushed out of it in its infancy. The child having committed no crime or wrong except to show strong affection for its parent. A little reflection will surely show us a better way to cultivate the little buds of beauty coming on our life's tumultuous waves.

A STUDENT OF NATURE.

A WATER TELESCOPE.

How to Make an Instrument with which You Can See Under Water.

No doubt a good many of our boys and girls, says the New York World, are ignorant of the fact that they can with very little trouble and at almost no expense construct an instrument with which they can plainly see what is going on under the water over which they sail their boats. The very idea of such a thing is attractive, and we propose to tell you how it can be done.

The water telescope may be made of wood or of tin, whichever you prefer, and will describe both. The tin is better, because it is lighter and more easily handled. Its manufacture is very simple. Get a tinsmith to make for you a funnel-shaped tin tube about three feet long. It should be eight or ten inches in diameter at the bottom and broad enough at the top for both eyes to look into. Into the bottom put a piece of glass, cut to fit and make it perfectly water-tight. Leave the top open. The inside should be painted black to prevent the reflection of the light upon the surface of the tin. Around the outside of the bottom solder on several suckers to offset the buoyancy of the air in the water-tight horn and make it easier to submerge. If it is not convenient to get a round piece of glass, have the large end made square and use square glass. That's all there is of it, and when you sink the instrument down into the water and put your eyes to the small end you will be perfectly astonished at the plainness with which you see all kinds of fish and water animals swimming around in a state of nature.

A wooden water telescope is made of a long, square, wooden box, say ten inches square at the large end and four or five inches square at the other. Make all the seams water-tight by means of putty and paint. Put a piece of glass in the large end and leave the small end open to look into, as you do with the tin instrument.

A great many of you will go on boating and picnic parties this summer, and you can imagine how much such a contrivance would add to your amusement and pleasure, to say nothing of the instruction derived from studying the inhabitants of the water at home. Using the principle of the water telescope, a well-known naturalist had a boat made with a glass in the bottom, through which he could see every movement of thousands of fish as they swam along through the clear water. Fishermen in Norway use the water telescope at their work with the best results, sometimes discovering a new kind of fish that might otherwise have escaped the notice of man.

A Tour in Palestine.

The tourist who visits Jerusalem never fails to take an excursion to the Vale of Eschol, some 25 miles to the south and near the southern border of Holy Land. "Many a year is in its grave" since the writer formed one of a party of six Americans and Englishmen who took that trip southward from the Holy City; but as changes are few in that land, the tourist to day will, no doubt, meet with precisely similar scenes and objects. The bright morning when our steeds were brought to the front of the Mediterranean Hotel in the city of David and Solomon is still fresh in memory. Passing over Mt. Zion, the western portion of Jerusalem, out the Jaffa gate,

we pass down the Valley of Hinnom, by the hospital newly built, which was founded by the American Israelites for the benefit of poor Hebrews, who gather to Jerusalem from all quarters of the globe.

Sir Moses Montefiore and a representative of the estate of Judah Touro, of New Orleans, who had bequeathed a handsome sum to the hospital, were there at the time of our visit, looking after the interests of the institution. A mile or two out from the city we leave the valley and are on the high table lands, which, as far as to Bethlehem, six miles southeast from Jerusalem, give no sign of human habitation.

The country is entirely open. No fields, fences or dwellings appear, though the time has been when this region must have supported a vast population. An hour's ride from Jerusalem brings our party to a small dome-crowned structure which our guide tells us is Rachel's tomb. It stands in the midst of a burying ground. A few yards away was an open cave on the floor of which were piled a number of human skeletons. As we look at the pretty tomb which marks the spot of Rachel's burial, and then at the loathsome sight within this uncovered cave, one of our party recalls the comparison of the Great Teacher, who said to the hypocrites of his day: "They are like whitened sepulchres, beautiful without, but full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness."

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

Rachel's tomb, without a doubt, marks the spot where Israel laid the remains of his beloved wife to their last resting place. There is the record as given in Bible history: "And they journeyed from Bethel, and there was but a little way to come to Ephrath. And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem, and Jacob sat a pillar upon her grave; that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." And in the after years, when the aged Israel was giving his parting counsels to the sons of Joseph in the land of the Paraoahs, he makes tender mention of that great sorrow which had come to him near Bethlehem, in these words: "Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when she was but a little way to come unto Ephrath, and I buried her there, in the way of Ephrath; the same is Bethlehem."

A 15 minute ride from Rachel's tomb brings us to Bethlehem, the most conspicuous object of which is the Church of the Nativity, built over the supposed site of the cave where Jesus was born. As this church has recently been described in the columns of the Dispatch, we pass it by, and proceed on our journey to Hebron and the Vale of Eschol. An hour's ride from Bethlehem and we come to a narrow valley containing three large ancient reservoirs, called the Pools of Solomon. These reservoirs are connected with Jerusalem by an aqueduct by which water is conveyed to that city.

The aqueduct was projected by Solomon and completed by Pontius Pilate. When Solomon was in all his glory in this now desolate valley was his retreat from the cares of state in the palace on Mt. Zion. Here he tried to make an earthly paradise. In his late years, after he had drained dry every spring of earthly delight, he said: "I made me gardens and orchards and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit; I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees; I got me men singers and women singers, and my delights were with the sons of men. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had labored to do, and there was no profit under the sun. Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit."

SOLOMON'S PARADISE.

As our party rests for an hour or two in this quiet valley, it is hard to conceive that here in the ages long gone the greatest of ancient kings had on this very spot attempted to make a paradise. Hither he daily came on his chariot from old Jerusalem, and here amid the beautiful scenes of nature had tried to dismiss the cares of state and revel in sensual delights. But it was all in vain. He had built the most splendid temple the world ever saw; the fame of his wisdom had gone forth to other lands, so that from afar the Queen of Sheba came with her offerings, and when she saw the splendors of Jerusalem, said, "the half had not been told."

The world's paradise was Solomon's, and yet there were aching voids within the heart of that glorious king that pleasure, fame and glory could not fill. When the fashion of that bright world in which Solomon lived for a few years, passed away, when desire had failed, "All was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun."

"A greater than Solomon" who was cradled in a manger but a few miles away from this summer palace, and who, on earth, had not where to lay his head, looking on the ill-fates of these Judean vales, said: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

But we must proceed on our way to the Vale of Eschol. For three hours or more south of the Pools of Solomon our route is through an open country with scarce a sign of life. After a long weary ride of three hours, unbroken by incident of any importance, we reach a valley of vineyards. The vineyards are enclosed by high stone walls, and in a half hour or so our tent is pitched on the plain of Manure, as Abraham's was 4,000 years ago. In this valley, along the eastern slopes, is the ancient city of Hebron, probably the oldest inhabited city in the world. In Bible story it is always mentioned as the city of Hebron. We could well understand this when we reached it, for, opposite our tent door, we could trace three distinct towns, separated by open fields.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

YES, SIR!

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Job, driven to desperation, made the following remark to his friends: "No doubt that ye are the people and wisdom will die with you."

So it is with a large number of contributors to the spiritual literature of the day, whose emanations would disgust any earnest investigator after the truth of your philosophy. One writer denounces the doctrine of re-incarnation, another upholds; another from his theosophical heights will say his little speech. The Christian Scientist is right in his way. Hard words pass between the Christian Spiritualist and those opposed to the re-negade Jesus. A bitter war has been waged against the materializing mediums. The different papers, exponents of Spiritualism, have their dissentions. The authors of your books have as many different views and ideas as there are writers, and on down to the individuals composing your numberless society, each one upon their own individual platform, with their Big I and little u.

A studious and thoughtful inquirer is lost in the cretan-like labyrinth of spiritual doctrines, messages and phenomena. There are now, after forty-one years of war for existence, almost as many schisms as the Christian can boast of. It is a good sign; it denotes strength. Spiritualism has lost its simplicity and is fast becoming as intolerant as its enemies.

I have heard it said that Spiritualism has come to save the world from cold materialism. It will have to change or consolidate its doctrines to destroy materialism. It will make an inroad into the ranks of the more ignorant and superstitious of the Christians. Spiritualism at present is for the masses.

The Christian religion is fashionable and intolerant. It is especially adapted to certain kinds of people to "be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

Spiritualism to-day is not the fashion, but who can tell of the morrow? It is human to persecute, ridicule and try to destroy a new doctrine or idea. A reaction sets in, it becomes popular and fashionable. Witness the Christian religion, Mohammedanism, Protestantism, anti-slavery and other great revolutions of ideas.

The phenomena is its great drawback to a fashionable success. Another evil is the cry of fraud echoed throughout the land which causes the educated to treat it with indifference. The superficial investigation of the Seybert Commission has not been forgotten. The great octopus that threatens to throttle the life of M. S. is found among the leaders in your ranks. It is appropriately named, but Christianity and Spiritualism can never blend and be one, only upon the surrender of M. S. I see only one remedy: the blending of science and M. S. if science proves the latter the truth.

I would ask these upon what grounds do they preach Jesus? He was no greater than Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Dr. Newton or thousands of other workers for humanity. He was a reformer—a man, not a God. Centuries before Zoroaster, Buddha and Confucius preached to humanity without the fires of hell.

Osiris, the Jesus Christ of the Egyptians, came to earth, taught humanity, suffered and died, was resurrected and became the judge of the world. The Christian cannot and does not follow the teachings of his blessed Jesus; neither can the true Spiritualist. It is time to let Jesus rest; he has enough to answer for. Those who profess to be "humble workers in this, the grandest of all works," should study the traditional mission of their unfathered God with understanding. To-day we ought to be the sons of God in the noonday lustre of advanced civilization. The spirit world to-day would be with us face to face and there would be no death but a rising to a higher plane of happiness and usefulness. We are now in the dawn of the glorious day, sung by poets, visioned by dreamers, promised by science and philosophy. Soon we all shall be free.

W. W. WELSH.

San Bernardino, Cal., Aug. 29.

GOOD WORK OF A GOOD MEDIUM.

To the Editor of The Better Way. Being a convert to Spiritualism only a short time, allow me space in your paper in which to speak briefly of what has been done for me through the influence of a faithful medium, and the denizens of the spirit world. The question is often asked by skeptics, "Of what use or good is Spiritualism?" I answer according to experience in my own case.

About eight months ago I was on the verge of insanity and desperation, having lost, as I then thought, my dear wife which to me meant the loss of everything that could make life endurable. Acting by the advice of an acquaintance, a Spiritualist, I called upon Mrs. Jennie Johnson, one of the true mediums of this city and who was at the time an entire stranger to me. The communications and identity of my wife through Mrs. J. since then have left nothing further for me to desire in the form of proof. I have therefore, been raised out of an extremely morbid and pitiable mental condition to one of rational calm rejoicing. Have also, by the help of Mrs. J. and her guides been so influenced as to entirely conquer the tobacco habits of chewing and smoking, which followed me for over forty years.

In addition to the foregoing benefits mentioned—through the work of this medium, my spiritual eyes are being opened, to the indescribable beauties and grandeur of life beyond the grave. Clairvoyance as well as healing and other gifts, is rapidly being developed. By such experiences I have lost all fear of death, and this alone ought to be a satisfactory answer to the question "Spiritualism, what good?" In conclusion I would ask our such mediums as Mrs. J. deserving of support in full measure, especially by Spiritualists? "Yea, verily." O. W. D. Haverhill, Mass., August 17, 1889.

WHY COUGH,

WHEN a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will relieve you? Try it. Keep it in the house. You are liable to have a cough at any time, and no other remedy is so effective as this world-renowned preparation. No household, with young children, should be without it. Scores of lives are saved every year by its timely use.

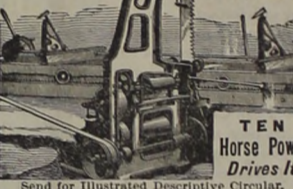
Amanda B. Jenner, Northampton, Mass., writes: "Common gratitude impels me to acknowledge the great benefits I have derived from my children from the use of Ayer's most excellent Cherry Pectoral. I had lost two dear children from croup and consumption, and had the greatest fear of losing my only remaining daughter and son, as they were delicate. Happily, I find that by giving them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the first symptoms of throat or lung trouble, they are relieved from danger, and are becoming robust, healthy children."

"In the winter of 1885 I took a bad cold, which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. Since then I have never been without this medicine. I am fifty years of age, weigh over 180 pounds, and attribute my good health to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—G. W. Youker, Salem, N. J.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thos. B. Russell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville District, M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

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A. F. MUEHLERS - - - - - EDITOR

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

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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., South West Corner of Plum and McFarland, CINCINNATI, O.

Intuition and love are one.

Inspiration is the revealer of facts hidden from mortal view.

Life is, and ever has been, for out of nothing comes nothing.

As physical pain purifies the spirit, mental suffering purifies the soul.

We have neither time nor space for quarrelling; both are too valuable for that.

We can more readily see the faults of those we dislike than of those we have a kind feeling for. Strange, isn't it?

True sympathy is silent and undemonstrative. Wordy sympathy may be more pleasing to the spirit, but has no substance.

Your morning's greeting is as you invite it. Your own ill humor or good feeling towards others attracts just what you deserve.

To be in the fashion a lady should dress as uncomfortably as possible—from the bonnet pinned to her back hair, to the shoes with heels under the instep.

Nearly all people want sympathy when in trouble, and to sympathize with another is to suffer also. Thus it is selfish to constantly demand sympathy without remittance.

To the intuitive minded neither actions nor words need be employed to make one's intentions known. The gift of intuition enables man to divine the feelings or opinions that others have of him.

Instead of sympathizing with a man who has an evil habit, some are wont to treat him with disdain, forgetting that contemptuousness is an evil also—virtually being hatred and a long distance from love or harmony with God.

Intuition becomes clouded as we lead a double life; i. e., one true and one false life; and in comparison we have to exert ourselves materially to make ends meet. The intuitive minded have faith, for they feel that they are being spiritually guided.

If you suspect a person of having a weakness and wish to know positively whether he has or not, tell him of it. If he becomes nettled or aggravated, your suspicions are well founded. Innocence laughs at accusations, and remains friends with the accuser.

Be just under all circumstances. By so doing you keep on the spirit side of life. Their influence and aid is worth most in the long run. Hypocrisy and injustice must eventually succumb to the angel world—either by direct action or by circumstances brought about to that effect.

Exercising the brain forces and heart's emotions for a positive or negative effect, decide whether mortals become angels or earth bound spirits in the future. Intellectual or mental labor vs. intemperance or sensualism, are the incentives or guides to the two above named conditions.

True inspiration contains nothing unreasonable, from the fact that only that which has absolute existence can be inspired or impressed from the beyond. That which appears incongruous is often but an effect of misconception or misinterpretation. But that which is unreasonable is not inspiration, simply.

If Sunday is the Lord's day let him have it. We don't want it. Any day suits us for rest and recreation; but let us have at least one out of the seven for that purpose. According to a move in religious circles it appears that they are prevailing on the government to rob us even of this by making it a sectarian holiday. Rest is not obtained by being forced to attend a church, nor recreation by staying at home. Open the parks and the museums and enliven them with music; let the theatres offer something that will temporarily relieve a man of business cares; let innocent amusement be the order of the day; and let those who choose go to church. The laboring man, the mechanic and the business man have but one day in the week to enjoy the nelves and that day is Sunday.

Circumstances should be taken into consideration before making accusations, for often the best of intentions are mistaken for wrong-doing.

If the Ohio Sunday blue law were to be carried out to the letter, none of those who voted in its favor, could have a Sunday dinner served them. But it's do as I say, not as I do, you know. There is as much hypocrisy in law making as there is in religion.

The materialist says "intelligence is a property of matter. Why not reverse it, and he will come nearer to the truth. Time was, when matter was not—proven by materialism itself through the evolutionary theory. The fact that it was created should point to the existence of a superior condition—a cause. The effects prove it to be intelligence; thus matter may be said to be a property of intelligence.

Curses like chickens come home to roost, it is said. This is probably due to a psychological reaction; thoughts sent forth that find no lodgment return to the owner with the effect that was originally intended for another. Good thoughts leave a vacuum which is filled by nature's intelligence as soon as they adhere to the one sent to. Maledictions do find lodgment at times, but nature has her curses as well in the form of disease and pain—like attracting like.

Man must expel a great deal of magnetism if he leaves a trace of it on everything he touches—even the ground he walks on not excepted. Where does it come from? Does he absorb it from Nature? Or does he generate it? These are questions which should interest every mortal and induce reflection. Self-study is the highest that we can devote ourselves to, and such thoughts lead to it. By this we also learn the nature of life, of God, spirit, soul and matter, even if but to our own satisfaction—intuitively, as it were.

Spiritualists are regarded by many as being "superstitious," because they "believe in spirits." It depends on how we apply this word. Self-sufficiency is, to a large extent, the incentive to its use. The term "fraud" is employed when the impulse is hated. But this does not apply to the outside world alone. Spiritualists often employ them against others, both inside and outside of their ranks. Not their actual superstition or fraud exists, but because it appears so to them—just as a belief in spirits has the appearance of superstition and physical manifestation the appearance of trickery to a materialist. It is the height of self-sufficiency, if not conceit to denounce another's belief until known by absolute and unbiased investigation if it be true or not.

'Bring on your spirits!' is again the cry by the secular press. They say it is very easy for Dr. Reid of Grand Rapids to win his case that is pending in the U. S. Court, and simply by proving to the Court that spirits can and do communicate. Why not charge a telegraph operator for claiming to send a message over the wires, and make him prove telegraphy to be true to the court without apparatus or the conditions required for this effect? If the Court or the Jury will adjourn for a series of sittings under proper conditions it could easily be done. If not, the medium will be as much at loss as a telegraph operator would be without his conditions. Will the Court give Dr. Reid a fair trial by investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism as it should be?

We often dislike people for expressing their opinion of us. What is the difference—the voice of the people is the voice of God—of the law—of the cause that is upon us, and whether expressed by mortal or not, the effects will be the same—only that some people are sensitive to the causes that surround others, and when in rapport with them by thought or otherwise, unwittingly give vent to these sensations in the form of intelligent expressions—words. They are naturally prophetic—telling that which is coming; but instead of putting it in that form, simply put it in the form of a hope or a wish. Of course, if bad, and accompanied by delight in wishing them bad, their prophetic vision is perverted by envy, prejudice or hatred. When troubled with the latter they seldom wish anything good, while those who have love or charity only hold their peace when sensing anything bad or ill, or that which will occasion suffering. But by being forgiving we aid our own cause—ameliorate our sufferings, for every kind thought or act adds to our divine or soul nature and relieves us of that much suffering which is necessary for soul development. Having the whole of our material nature in control relieves us from all earthly troubles, thus laying the foundation for a cause upon us that is spiritual in its effect or peaceful and comforting materially and spiritually. God provides accordingly.

The tallest bird known to ethnologists was found by Prof. Herbert in the lower eocene deposits near Paris, (France) It was over twelve feet in height, and could have bitten a man's head off as easily as a woodpecker can nip a cherry.

He lives best who loves most; in whose soul swell the broadest and deepest charity for all; and who acts out these principles in his contact with his fellow men.—Atty. C. Norton.

LILY DALE.

Suggestive name! And yet to be designated we must say in prosaic terms that it is a station, situated on the D., A. V. & P. R. R., a few miles from the city of Dunkirk, N. Y., in Chautauque County. It is where Spiritualists from all parts of the Union congregate every summer to regale themselves with spiritual food and enjoy nature in her maidenly beauty. The camp ground lies near a virgin forest, and as a summer resort cannot be excelled. It is known as Cassadaga, the appellation having been taken from one of the three beautiful lakes that form a part of the camp. Lily Dale is the Post office, which is within easy access of the grounds. The Cassadaga Lake Free Association is the name of the organization under whose auspices the camp meetings are held. The first was given in 1830, forty acres of land being then purchased for which \$18.45 was paid. Since then the extent of the grounds have been doubled. The members of the first Board of Trustees were L. Sage, M. R. Rouse, G. C. Rood, O. G. Chase, and D. S. Ramsdell. A. S. Cobb of Dunkirk, was elected president; T. J. Skidmore, treasurer; J. W. Rood, secretary. Mrs. E. Purple, corr. secretary.

The first meeting was held in nature's bower, with a speaker's platform made of hemlock boughs, adorned with flowers and their companions, the fairer sex. Since then it has become a most beautiful villa though not deprived of its original beauty—its beautiful trees and overhanging boughs. The beauties of Cassadaga have become widespread. Nature has been particularly lavishing in this region. Picturesque hills, valleys and lakes, a clear sky, an even temperature, a high altitude, beautiful walks and many natural advantages, make it an attractive centre for others besides Spiritualists, and thus has proven a prolific garden for raising converts, and an Eden for the regeneration of desponding souls.

Among the most active workers in the Association and for the good of the cause generally, are the Messrs. Gastons, T. J. Skidmore and wife, J. W. Dennis, Hon. A. B. Richmond, and Harrison D. Barrett, the latter a promising young man filling his position with grace and dignity and to the entire satisfaction of all.

A. Gaston, for the past two years the presiding officer, is a friend of the mediums and encourages phenomena as the fundamental principle of Spiritualism. He was born in Castle, N. Y., April 24, 1838, and has been interested in the cause for over thirty years.

T. J. Skidmore, is also a veteran in the cause, and a noble, generous, warm hearted gentleman of about fifty years. He has an elegant home on the camp grounds and lives there throughout the year. Mrs. Skidmore is a member of the Board of Trustees, and besides being a laborer in the vineyard of spiritual truths, labors among the flowers and superintends the decorations. She is friendly, sympathetic and modest, and ever ready to do a benevolent act.

Hon. A. B. Richmond is an attorney at law of Meadville, Pa., was born in 1825, and became a Spiritualist several years ago. He is a man of much force and highly respected in his resident city. As a Spiritualist he is honest, earnest, sincere, and an honor to the cause.

J. W. Dennis, of Buffalo, N. Y., was born in 1727. Having traveled considerably he became a close observer of facts and thus became a scrutinizing Spiritualist. He stands six feet, three inches, and weighs 230 pounds, is a business like looking man and is not given to sentimentality or trifling. He is sincere in what he undertakes or suggests, and means well in all he does. He is a trustee in the association, but constitutes in himself a bureau for general information concerning this camp. He is invaluable here for such work, is polite and affable to all comers, and therefore the right man in the right place.

Among the finest cottages and buildings on the camp grounds, are The Powell Cottage, The Todd House, The Grand Hotel, Mrs. Henderson's, M. T. Ramsdell's, Mrs. Judge Cook's, and J. T. Skidmore's.

Among other workers in connection with the camp this year, are Pierre L. O. A. Keeler, E. W. Emerson, W. A. Mansfield, Mr. J. T. and Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Elizabeth Love Watson, R. S. McCormick, Chas. Dawson, D. J. Carter and wife, David S. Ramsdell, Dr. E. A. Hyde (the camp physician), Fred B. Nichols, C. B. Turner, Dr. H. M. Taylor, O. G. Chase, Sara A. Burtis, and Mr. & Mrs. Caleb Todd of the Todd House.

The attendance this year has superceeded that of any heretofore and from present indications promises to become The Camp meeting of the next season.

Among the active mediums in camp at this writing are Messrs. P. L. O. A. Keeler and W. Mansfield, independent state writers, who are meeting with great success and have more than they care to do; the Bangs sisters of Chicago, who give sittings every evening to large circles. On Monday evening of last week Dr. A. W. S. Rothermill, of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave the first full form materializing séance to a select crowd. Some eighteen forms appeared, many at the feet of the sitters and dematerializing again on the same spot. At one time three spirits came out of the cabinet together, threw the curtains aside and exhibited the medium sitting passively in his chair.

Mr. C. C. Stowell our efficient business manager, is responsible for the contents of this article and the good things said therein, he having gone to camp on ten days duty and writes all this from the seat of war in a private letter to the editor. However, it is but a testimony added to that of many others, and we feel confident that the workers for so grand an achievement deserve all the praise that can be bestowed upon them, and we are therefore not unwilling to add ours to the shower. May they never say fail!

SPIRITS?—WHERE TO FIND THEM.

We had the pleasure, very recently, of attending a seance for physical manifestations at the home of a lady and gentleman in this city, which precludes all possible doubt of collusion, deception, or of being hypnotized by the host or hostess, or any other of the party that were present, who were also invited guests like ourselves. For, in the first place, there was no question of price involved, as the seance was an experimental one and only held for the amusement and investigation of the host and hostess. In the second place, only the most intimate friends of the latter were admitted to this circle, and every one known to us as people of unquestionable reputation and respectability, who were themselves as eager as the mediums to obtain light from the beyond. We say mediums because without being mediums no manifestations could take place. The lady of the house happens to be a trance medium, while her husband is an impressionable medium, though they were informed by the spirits that communicate through the lady, that if they sat together in a dark room and around a table, with perhaps a dozen good friends and believers in immortality, they would obtain physical manifestations—their combined mediumship creating a battery which would furnish them (the spirits) with the forces or magnetic emanations necessary to produce raps and spirit lights, move inert objects around the room, and speak through the so-called trumpet (a tin horn).

One experiment was sufficient to convince them that strange things do occur under conditions, when followed out according to spirit directions. After several weeks of regular sitting these manifestations increased in marvellousness and power, and we consented to attend a seance, with them. To facilitate the harmonizing of the human elements, the spirits manifesting at this circle had ordered a cotton rope, entwined with silver wire to be made, and to be held by the sitters instead of placing their hands on the table as is usually the custom at dark seances—this making the position more easy for all concerned.

About fifteen persons composed the circle on this occasion. A large dining or extension table was placed within the circle and on this table were placed: A music-box, a guitar, a bouquet of flowers, a call-bell, and a glass of water. After all were comfortably seated and had the rope laced across their laps, the light was turned down, and the music-box was wound up by the host for the purpose of playing while the spirits were preparing to manifest themselves. Before the music-box had run down, raps already began to be heard, and tiny bright flashes of light sparkled throughout the room and particularly over the table or within the circle. After the music ceased, accords were struck upon the guitar, immediately followed by the same being lifted in mid-air and carried over the heads of the sitters, and all the time being played upon. After being gently laid upon the table again by the unseen powers, a strong perfume, like unto the odor of roses pervaded the room, followed by a rose being thrown into the lap of each sitter. This was followed by the sprinkling of water on the party, and then the trumpet was heard to fall on the table. The next instant though it was heard to strike against the ceiling of the room, and from thence a voice was heard saying, "Good evening friends." A general response was given with "Who is it?" A name was given which was recognized by nearly all present; and after a conversation had been held with this intelligence, a change of voice was noticed. This was recognized as another spirit friend. And in this manner a great many spoke—the trumpet, however, during the conversation was carried about from place to place, often touching one of the sitters and calling them by name proving that this invisible intelligence could see in the dark. We were also addressed, the invisible voice giving three names which we recognized as spirit friends—all unknown to those present.

Finally, the call-bell was lifted up and struck upon as it floated about. But the marvellousness of this manifestation was that it moved about over our heads and across the table with such rapidity, that it not only created a vibration in the sound, but as no human being could have moved it by even a mechanical contrivance. Finally it was gently let down in the corner of the room, striking until it reached the floor. After this the heavy music box on the table began to shuffle about. Several times it was lifted but dropped again with a "bang." Then the lid was opened and the invisible hand made efforts to wind it up or set it in motion. But this was apparently too much for them and it was abandoned. But not to close too unceremoniously, as is frequently the case at these sittings, on account of the sudden giving out of the magnetism, the spirit lifted one end of the trumpet from the table and whispered "Good-night," then letting it fall, all was still. The quietude was broken by one of the circle saying "I suppose that is all," which was responded to by the host and hostess in the affirmative. A light being struck, we found the doors and windows of the room closed as they had been before the seance, but the table was disarranged as might be expected. All the flowers were scattered over the laps of sitters and half of the water had been drained from the tumbler.

Were we surprised at all this? Not in

the least, for we found it quite natural, and could relate more wonderful things than these even—things that would put the bible miracles in the shade. But we merely give this because the whole was a surprise to the lady and gentleman through whom they occur—they having been induced by the last expose of Spiritualism to find out for themselves, and without trusting to any professional medium, whether such things really occur or not. And they do occur, despite what they may say who have been only simulating them. And if they who simulate them had not been where the genuine were how could they have imitated or counterfeited them? Moral: Form your own circles at home and then you will know positively that spiritual manifestations are possible.

Since the above was written we attended several others at the same place. In addition to the aforementioned manifestations, the snapping of fingers in mid-air immediately over the centre of the table, was imitated, and sufficiently high enough to prove it of superhuman agency. And at the last sitting the medium was entranced and gave as a prescription for lung troubles for a party at least 700 miles from here, the only evidence of this need being contained in a letter which we had in our pocket at the time, just received that day, and of which no one present but ourselves knew. It gave us positive evidence though that some spirit present knew of it and proved it to us by the message given through the medium. Seek and thou shalt find—Spiritualism to be true.

BROWN-SEQUARD AND FAITH CURES vs. BREAD PILLS AND CALOMEL.

To judge from the manifold methods of healing that have sprung into existence during the past generation, half of the civilized world must be sick or ailing physically. As the cause so the effects. And every new method, whatever its nature, is met by an opposing element and greeted with its full complement of ridicule. The last "craze" is the Brown-Sequard science of healing and rejuvenating people troubled with age and infirmity. Like magnetic faith and mental healing, it undoubtedly will prove beneficial and successful when better understood; and like the first named will prove detrimental in the hands of experimenters and non-experts. It is the latter which bring odium and ridicule on every new discovery or system, and often to the extent as to becloud the good that is in them. Because some fail is no proof against the validity of a young science, and to bring arguments against a system that have no bearing on it rather turn the tables on its would-be judges and opponents. Absurdities originating with the latter are often greater than those offered by its would be advocates and inexperienced professors. Faith healing, for example, was met with a demand to heal a broken limb by faith. The foolishness of such a demand was never equalled by the most absurd notions that the quacks and non experts in faith healing ever created. Reason alone might have told anyone that such a very physician demands the confidence of his patient is nothing new, and none deny that this confidence, this faith, does much towards a patient's recovery. More than that, how many physicians have not given simple bread pills to cure a patient of imaginary ills? Either this is a form of faith cure, or the physician who resorts to it is a deceiver—receiving a fee under false pretenses. Bread pills have no curative properties and may be regarded as an imposition when prescribed. Faith healers are at least honest enough to acknowledge this, and withal, never salivate a patient with mercury when ignorant of the real malady. Because some fail and others pretend to heal are no worse crimes than when physicians prescribe mercury in the first instance and bread pills in the latter.

Homeopathy was certainly a relief to those whose more sensitive natures had outgrown the allopathic method, even if the old method was still good enough for those with horse natures. But homeopathy proved a happy innovation in the science of healing, for it succeeded in modifying the whole system from a wholesale method of drugging to a more eclectic form. Faith healing is an old system, having been ridiculed out of existence and killed over and over again, but as often revived and crept into allopathy as a bread pill cure, i. e. taking a temporary material basis in order to keep alive. Finally it attained a hearing by those who could grasp its fundamental principles, self-study. Those who lack will power resort to prayer, while the ego who do not, fight the disease and call it mental cure; and those who make abnegation the remedy call it spiritual science.

The magnetic curing system has already a grip on the medical world in the form of electric batteries, baths, chairs and other appliances and the rising generation of physicians are taking kindly to the natural process of rubbing etc., just as the younger ministers of Christianity are winking at Spiritualism.

Now comes the Brown-Sequard process of injecting essences into the blood. The discoverer has been successful in his experiments. Non-experts have failed, and quacks will undoubtedly bring odium on it; and on the latter the system will be derided and ridiculed. But for all that it will live; if not in its exact present form, in another and better.

All the year round—A dime.

HOW TO ADVANCE A CAUSE.

In relation to a religious scandal that lately occurred in the Baptist Church at Dallas, Texas, the "Independent Publisher" of Waco, Texas, among other things, says, in its July number:

"All preachers are not immoral; and to make wholesale condemnation of them because, forsooth, there are a good many like Messrs. Hayden and Hawks among them, is unfair and illiberal. There are many very excellent men in the ministry. The fact that we differ with those gentlemen in matter of religious faith and doctrine, and the further fact that they often berate us roundly for it, do not warrant us in resorting to wholesale crimination of preachers as a class. We believe in fair play and exact justice all around. To be eternally flinging into their faces the cause where men of their order have gone astray is no conclusive argument affecting the question at issue, for if they choose, they often do, they can find black sheep, our own flock, and what would it amount to as an argument against Liberalism? Simply nothing.

Our object is to discuss the points of difference between Liberalism and Christianity on a high moral plain. We are not given to railing or mud flinging, and we do not mean to adopt that style. We have always tried to treat our opponents just as we would be pleased to have them treat us, and wherein we have failed to do this, if ever, we have simply fallen below our own standard."

OUR EXAMPLERS.

First harmony, then organization. Be as long as there are some in our ranks who hold on to old opinions and ideas, or will not advance with the liberality of the age, harmony is out of the question. There are many in the ranks of Spiritualism who are as unrelenting and intolerant as are the old fogies in Christianity, and who should turn the field over to the rising generation instead of continuing to be shot at whatever turns up. When they can find nothing more outside, they quarrel with something within, and manifest a spirit that is not in harmony with Spiritualism of to-day. Those who have had the advantage of spirit teaching for thirty and forty years, should now stand as the pillars of strength and emblems of purity, so that we may point with pride to what Spiritualism can do for man. What higher mission can anyone demand than to represent a cause in this way? Let the older ones exhibit a god-like spirit, and there will be no trouble to reform their followers.

From Our Reporter's Note Book.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Cincinnati Camp, June, 1899.

Turn out Sunday and hear the lessons and tests.

Mrs. A. E. Kibby, has returned from Lookout Mountain and will be pleased to meet her friends at her home 16 Sanden Street, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Trio Orchestra have returned from Lookout Mountain, and will once more add to the beauty of the occasion by a fine program of music. They will meet with a hearty reception.

The Society of Union Spiritualists open their regular services on Sunday at the Hall, 115 West Sixth Street. The speaker will be Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston, Mass., a fine inspirational and well known medium.

Mrs. Adah Sheehan returned on Tuesday from Lookout Mountain, where she has been giving great satisfaction as a lecturer and psychometrist. She will lecture at the Douglass Hall, Sixth and Walnut, Sunday, at 3 p. m.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will hold its regular services at 9:30 a. m. at the hall of the Society of Union Spiritualists. Parents are requested to send their children and to attend themselves. Liberty Group will discuss questions propounded by the members of the group.

Prof. G. G. W. Van Horn gave his closing lecture on Sunday evening. He is not an ornate, flowery speaker, but got straight to the point dealing sledge-hammer blows of logic and reason. The rest given were pointed and direct, and some of them were remarkable, the spirits speaking in French and German, languages the medium is unacquainted with. He has behind him the impression of an honest and sincere medium, and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Who is this Marvellous Man Dr. A. B. Dobson.

This question has been asked by many. The following letter will throw some light on the question:

Long Lake, Hennepin County, Minn. Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa. Dear Doctor: Your remedies and pictures have done me good for two weeks, and I am getting well.

For five months I was confined to my bed, unable to turn over without assistance, but since taking your remedies I could sit up to have my bed made. I had been given up to die. The doctors said my supposition had set in and I had my clothes made, but thanks to you and the good spirits, I will not need them yet.

I did not believe in spirits nor Spiritualism, but I do now.

I am gaining so fast that the neighbors can hardly believe it is myself.

I have sent you a great many pictures and will send many more.

I had twenty calls on Monday to see your picture, and to see if I was really gaining as fast as reported. They all know what to make of it, as they were all expecting me to die. They say this is a miracle. Who is this man who can work such wonders? I want to know such questions. Send remedies soon, as they will reach me before this letter reaches you.

I wish I could tell to the sick all the good news I have. I have done for the whole world, what you have done for me. God bless you, my prayer.

Truly yours, HELEN

A DAY DREAM OF THE UNIVERSE

Probably a majority of the people will consider it a gross heresy for anyone to dissent from the orthodox cosmology now laid down by our most learned divines and astronomers and clinched with Newtons celebrated law of gravity...

The so called wandering stars are no doubt the nucleus of comets which come into view suddenly and are abruptly changed in their course by the polarity of some sun which caused them to quickly disappear in space.

This theory of the universe leads naturally to a reasonable conclusion as to the formation and magnetic life and motion of planets and their final dissolution.

The meteoric matter which we observe drifting around the sun and which some claim to be spots on its surface, is material for a new planet which is now forming in the matrix of planet incubation some millions of miles away from the sun.

It is well known that similar poles repulse, and dissimilar poles attract each other, and that the North pole of the sun points to the true polar North, and hence the earth, with its comparatively small amount of magnetism, cannot point to the true North, because of the overwhelming polarity of the sun which throws the North pole of the earth off at an angle which gives an inclination to its equator of nearly twenty-three and one-half degrees to the suns ecliptic.

From December to June, the North pole of the earth is nearer than its South pole to the North pole of the sun and the natural repulsion of these similar poles, causes the earth to recede from the sun, on the contrary from June to December the South pole of the earth is nearer than its North pole to the North pole of the sun and the mutual attraction of these dissimilar poles draws the earth towards the sun, thus giving the earth an elliptical and oblique course around it, which produces the changes of the seasons.

The earth in its orbicular course around the sun, is fifty seconds late annually at the vernal equinox, which is equal to one degree in seventy-two years, or 370 degrees in 25,200 years which completes a full precession of the equinoxes.

The modes of motion of electro-magnetism is attraction and repulsion. Without magnetic attraction there could not be any gravity.

A horseshoe magnet weighing one pound, will hold ten pounds of iron in suspension, while the gravity of the earth is unable to separate the iron from the magnet.

We have no mechanical means to obtain accurate or even approximate knowledge of the laws governing the visible universe, except a vague theory of the law, governing the motions of the planets in our solar system.

We do not know the condition of the interior of the earth nor the composition of the Sun, and we must use our mental faculties freely in order to comprehend the constant active and infinite force of electro-magnetism as it manifests itself in all matter and in every phenomena of life and being.

We know there is no life, force or motion without magnetism, and that its source is infinite and its force external. We conceive time and space to be relative to the earth only, externally to the earth time is eternity and space is infinite.

We know that matter cannot be created nor annihilated, and hence it must be eternal.

We must concede that the infinite laws which govern the universe, wherein in the eternal life material electro magnetisms.

Governed by these conceptions of natural laws, we can make an extensive and scientific survey of the universe.

Mentally, the universe appears as an infinite ocean of luminous magnetism, in which innumerable suns and their planetary systems float in harmony and all is light save in the shades of the planets.

We conceive that all sun are composed of electro-magnetism and that all sunlight is pure white.

We conceive that the North Pole of every sun in our system of suns point directly to a great central body in the direction of Polaris, which body holds the suns and their systems of planets, true to their polarity and in their respective polar positions.

There is evidently no drifting of polarized matter in space, but when the planets of two solar systems get in conjunction, they attract their suns towards each other, until in their orbicular course, they pass out conjunction and then the suns repulse each other and thus cause a grand vibration of solar systems.

Suns inhale diffused magnetism from the infinite ocean of magnetism in which they float and exhale condensed electro-magnetism which gives life and motion to every planet and to every living thing upon them. It is evident that all the heat there is in a sun is generated by friction in the inhalation and exhalation of magnetism, as heat on all the planets is generated by the friction of magnetic rays from the sun passing through their atmospheres and impinging on their solid surfaces.

and brilliancy of stars and suns is no doubt caused by meteoric matter drifting around them as similar matter drifts around our sun and gives various colors to its rays of light.

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"SPIRITUALISM—WHAT IS IT?"

The appellation of Spiritualism is generally used to define a believer in the communion between spirits in the body, and those who have passed on to the next life; but the commonly accepted definition makes no distinction as to the effect of spirit teachings upon the morals of the recipients. It is a grave mistake to designate as Spiritualists those people who are merely curiosity-seekers and phenomenalists, who, while they have an unstable belief in the manifestations of spirits, do not seek to cultivate spirituality within themselves.

The gobsomouches who cannot transact the ordinary business affairs of this mundane sphere without spirit advice,—who consume the time passed in circles by propounding silly questions, to equally silly and frivolous spirits,—who present jewelry to materialized (?) spirit visitors, and who witness with wide glaring eyes, and open mouths, the wonderful and fantastic tricks of "ancient spirits," are not spiritual; they hold the same relation to pure Spiritualism that worldly-minded men, who support churches to attract trade to their shops, or women who comply with church observances because it is "the thing" to do, in order to maintain standing in fashionable, hypocritical society, bear to altruistic, primitive Christianity.

The Spiritualism that fails to spiritualize and elevate humanity is of little value to the world and ought to be let severely alone. It is not a valid excuse for any medium who is guilty of deception, or who indulges in sensuality, to charge their lapses from truth and their vicious practices upon de-carated spirits. The adage that "a man is known by the company he keeps," applies to mediums equally with other mortals, and the medium who attracts low influences should not be countenanced or sustained by a cent people, or permitted to practice as teacher of a truth so sacred as that of communion with the loved ones who have passed from mortal sight.

We hear much senseless twaddle about sweet charity—the virtue which is used to shield the vicious,—it is right that charity be extended to those who are earnestly striving to overcome evil tendencies, even if they do occasionally stumble by the wayside; but the tricksters who persistently trifle with sacred matters deserve to be dealt with by strict justice.

The words of Christ to the woman taken in adultery have been frequently perverted to palliate the offences of mediums who are living in sensuality, of practicing fraud upon the stricken mourners who were seeking consolation in their time of bereavement. The admonition to "Go, and sin no more," drew the veil of forgiveness and charity over past offenses, but offered no excuse for continuance in wrong doing.—Physic Studies.

Secession of a Catholic Priest.

It is not often that a priest secedes from the Church of Rome, as the Rev. Jerome Mathews, of St. Mary's, Bath, has done; nor, if he does, is he often candid enough to give his reasons. Here is what has been in the mind of this particular priest.

"After long and anxious thought and study, I have arrived at the conviction that the Jewish and Christian Scriptures, though possessing many excellencies, are full of legendary and mythological statements, and that they possess no claim to, and manifest no evidence of, Divine inspiration; that the Roman Catholic Church has no claim to be regarded as a Divinely-constituted authority; that the Papacy is a human institution, gravely compromised by error and superstition, and therefore injurious to the spiritual and welfare of mankind; that Jesus Christ, though a holy man and ardent reformer, was not the great God of the universe, but the son of Mary and Joseph; that neither demonical spirits, nor a place or state of elevating torment have any existence in fact, but originate in mythologies. With these convictions, which I have striven against for a long time without success, it would be dishonest for me to continue as a priest, teaching only the pure theism of natural spiritual religion, which I profoundly believe and desire to promote. I therefore this day return to our excellent and kind Bishop the sacerdotal faculties entrusted to me by his lordship."

Christian Science Cures.

Dr. Depper, of Philadelphia, in one of his clinical lectures—subject, a case of nervous dyspepsia—said:

"There is a state of fixed attention to the suffering part always present in this class of cases which often continues after the disease is cured. It is the recognition of this condition which forms the basis of what is known as the 'faith cure,' a therapeutic agent which has, gentlemen, claims on our most serious study, and I will go so far as to say that without 'faith cure' you cannot treat cases of nervous dyspepsia with success. I have seen cases which have been for months under the care of intelligent physicians, to be completely cured after two or three interviews with the faith healer, who says, 'There is no such thing as disease, therefore you are not sick, you are not suffering, you must not suffer.' This is a line of argument which, in the hands of skillful physicians, is a powerful remedial agent, but when used by unscrupulous persons degenerates into the most quackery. By its means you obtain the confidence of your patients, you get their attention removed from the affected part, and you break up the habit. You cannot overestimate the importance of the emotional element in these cases; but if you are content with removing this alone, you are merely the most superficial empiric."

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