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CINCINNATI, O., FEBRUARY 22, 1890

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ORIGINAL ESSAY.

Written for The Better Way.

PLATO.

BY R. RICHARDSON.

Not by birth an Athenian, but of Athenian parentage, this great man was born at Aeglia, one of the little islands in the Grecian Archipelago, in the third year of the eighty seventh Olympiad, B. C. 430, as some authorities have it, or, according to others and more probably, in the first year of the eighty-eighth, B. C. 428. The encyclopedists, to reconcile this discrepancy in dates, conveniently split the difference, and fix the time of his birth at about B. C. 429. He died at Athens, peacefully, on his birthday, and while attending a social festival B. C. 348.

As the light of his commanding intellect was of early, almost precocious, development, and was displayed throughout his entire life with unabated lustre, the curriculum of his mental work extended over more than half a century; and probably never did man wield, for such a length of years, a more acknowledged and autocratic sway over the thought of his own age, or exert greater influence over the thought of the ages which were to follow. Doubtless the distinctive character, as well as the limits of his intellectual strength have been much exaggerated; doubtless opinions of value, which have been attributed to him as their author, existed and formed part of the world's treasures of wisdom, hundreds of years before he was born; and many notions which are undoubtedly his may be properly classed rather as the dreams of a visionary than as the learning of a philosopher. But the Platonic philosophy still lives. It is no exaggeration to say that at no time during the history of the last three centuries of intellectual, ethical, and religious development in Europe and America; amid the decay of old creeds and doctrines, many of which are without support other than that of prescription; which are grounded on the crumbling substrata of despotism or dogmatism; which appeal to blind credulity only, the blinder the better; and noticeable preparations all along the line for a new departure; amid the advance to the front of new ideas and opinions, (many of which however, are not new but demonstrably old, and risen again with all the power of crushed to earth but eternal

truth), have the precepts and speculations of this philosophy been oftener referred to or more bruited in men's minds than now. Homage to the genius of Plato near the close of the nineteenth century, may be likened to that of the sixteenth, when learned men in Italy organized an institute for the propagation of his doctrines, aided by the patronage and munificence of Cosmo de Medici. His worth as a philosopher and greatness as a man never had more open, or at least tacit, recognition than at present, when even those sublime precepts of Christianity which vindicate the uncreated and incarnate Word, are from highest quarters openly or insidiously attacked by alleging them to be merely an offshoot or imitation of the Platonic system; and, whether in themselves correct or incorrect, such attributions certainly embody a tribute to the system itself, and to the constructive and lofty genius of its author. Reflections concerning that system—of its design, its content, and its character—and inquiries, (or at least attempts in that line), as to how much Plato was indebted to the past, and how deeply he left the world in arrears to himself personally, can at no time be deemed irrelevant or unimportant. Our readers may find much to censure in the performance of the task, but nothing in the choice of it. An article may somewhat explain, a volume would not exhaust it.

The most prominent leaders in thought have long leases on the world's regard which run for many years, and are renewable forever. It has been, is, and will be thus with him whom the world has honored for more than twenty centuries as the founder of what is called, par excellence, the Academic philosophy. Incidents in his life history apparently the most trivial, (we may even add apocryphal), which have been omitted, or slurred over, by character sketcher or encyclopedist, are nevertheless worth noting and worth remembering; for the life of no one can be correctly portrayed without just such limning, especially if they tend toward making up fidelity in the picture. Even defects and blemishes should, as a general thing, be inserted rather than omitted. If a noble life is worth being written at all it is worth being written accurately. Professed panegyric is apt to become mawkish from over sweetness; and what we may term biographical enmity, whether open or disguised, is apt to recoil on the head of the biographer. Sins of omission and of commission ought to be avoided alike. "Paint me as I am," said stern Lord Protector Cromwell to the artist, "if you leave out that wart on my nose, or anything noticeable about my countenance, I will not pay you a guinea."

This was a simple and plain direction, but how often has it been departed from both by portrait painter and biographer. And if such proper rule be adopted in delineating the merely personal phase of a great man's character, how much the more should it be applied in estimating the originality, strength and value of the thought which the world's greatest thinkers inculcated in their own day, and which will entitle them to remembrance so long as memory remains a virtue and an attribute of our race. Whilst it cannot be assumed that this brief contribution will contain a biography of the most celebrated of the Greek philosophers, or anything like a complete view of his philosophy, it is yet presented as an outline sketch of his life, and an epitome of his system. Moreover, it is the writer's design, with what success in execution others must judge, to concisely indicate what features of the Academic system are un borrowed and essentially Platonic, what borrowed (and for the most part without acknowledgment), from the treasures of the past, and how much is the revealed New Testament religion indebted to it. Not the one hundredth part, we verily believe, of what skeptics to-day assert. Let us render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,

but unto God the things that are God's. That Plato was of noble birth we have the clearest historic evidence. His origin is traced back, on his father's side, to Codrus, the patriot hero of an early legend, and the last king of Athens, (from the time of his death the Arochous ruled), and on his mother's, through five generations, the illustrious lawgiver Solon. He had also the questionable merit of being descended from one of the thirty tyrants of Athens. This fact may be noted to attest how widely the principles of the descendant differed from those of his despotic ancestor. There was reason for the change and the reformation. Liberty is born of philosophy, and is a virtue belonging invariably to philosophers. The author of "The Republic," who in his matured manhood jeopardized his life in an attempt to meliorate the gloomy tyranny of Dionysius, the Sicilian despot, was not alone in his devotion to an enlightened freedom, and in the tremendous risk he incurred on account of such devotion. Nay, was he not more fortunate than many of his mental co-laborers? Socrates was compelled to drink hemlock by an Athenian verdict. John Huss, Bruno, Savonarola, and Servetus underwent a crueler death at Constance, at Rome, at Florence, and at Geneva. Galileo barely escaped through means of recantation. Cranmer recanted, but was unable to escape. Spinoza at one time virtually had a price set on his head; and John Locke, driven from home and taking shelter in Holland, wrote his essay on Human Understanding amid the quaint and humble surroundings of a Dutch garret. Mr. Locke, it will be remembered, was a pioneer in political reformation, and wrote the constitution of North Carolina, one of the freest forms of government of our earlier American commonwealths. Our countrymen will not forget the doom which was once suspended over America's greatest political philosophers, Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson. Verily, the book of martyrdom of all the world's sages, theologians and political reformers, were such ever written, would be a large one. It would embrace the names of men whose opinions will remain long after the power of their oppressors has fallen to pieces.

The name of the great philosopher which was to descend to posterity was a sobriquet. That of his father was Aristotle, of his mother Perictiona. His own was originally Aristocles, (strikingly similar to Aristotle), and derived from his grandfather. It was with him as with that pre eminent Hebrew Simon, whose surname of Peter outlives the ages. Plato (Greek *platus*, broad, whence also our somewhat perverted English word platitude), was the surname of the Academic leader, but whether given to designate the breadth of his forehead, his shoulders, or his diction, has been left undetermined. It may be used also to denote the breadth and transcendental, nay mystical, magnificence of his philosophy. From childhood he gave indications of a developing mind which was to rule the minds of men. When he had attained to fame, and when Greece was resonant with his praises, the after-thought of superstitious wonder ascribed to him a supernatural birth and supernatural characteristics. It was narrated of him that he was the son of Apollo and born of a virgin—mysterious concept of mighty foreshadowing, which to be realized, four hundred and twenty-eight years after the birth of Plato, in a star indicated birth at Bethlehem. Utterly at variance with his character and his teachings, for it never in the least affected either, was this wild fable; and it is even probable that he never heard of it. But that there had existed for many generations in the minds of men a vague belief that some one of preternatural attributes either had been or was to be born into this world, of divine begetting and of virginal maternity, must be chronicled as a most significant fact in the ideology of the human race. Before the birth of Plato (but whether antedating it by two or by twenty centuries no one knows) such miraculous birth was ascribed to Buddha, the founder of that religion professed by so many millions of men. Miraculous origin, more or less similar, had in the olden time, and long before the Christian era, been ascribed to other—those demi gods of human admiration and worship. Whether all such mysterious concepts and protean ideas of incarnation—foreshadowing the assumption by the divine being of a human body and human nature—are to shake the Christian's belief in the Christian Messiah, in whom, according to the fixed belief of the most enlightened portion of mankind, dwelt all the fullness of the godhead bodily, is a tangled subject for the mightiest intellect to unravel. Be all that as it may, one fact at least remains sure and steadfast, a fact of inconceivable importance, and that fact is, the Messianic idea, a concept of humanity which has existed perhaps from the time of creation. Was such concept derived from revelation or from consciousness? Was it of divine or human origin? If divine, then is the religion which Christians profess no longer a myth, but an absolute verity; if human, then, oh, Plato! we cannot but the more admire the amazing strength of your inventive genius, for gods and immortal souls dwell only in such airy domain as that of your ideal philosophy. Truly a knotty point to test the edge of the keenest intellect. We cannot believe, however; nay, we must remain ever incredulous on the subject (and here even a child may see the turning point of the battle between evolution and revelation) that any of Mr. Darwin's progressive chimpanzees, gorillas, apes or monkeys, or any of their fully developed and perfected descendants of the sweet by and by, will at any time hereafter on this side of eternity, ever have occasion to bother their heads with such abstruse theological questions.

Another and less aspiring fable concerning Plato relates that while he was yet in his cradle a swarm of bees gathered on his lips in prophetic indication of that honeyed sweetness of language which was afterwards to make him famous. One or two bees (if there was any such apary phenomenon) was perhaps the correct figure, which constructive superstition afterwards enlarged to one hundred; for it is probable such a number would hardly have alighted on and around the mouth of the infant philosopher and not left some stinging reminder of their visit.

A third fable connected with the youth of Plato is in itself so impressive and interesting that we might well wish it literally true. When, at the age of twenty, being smitten with the love of wisdom, and attracted by the fame of the wisest living philosopher, he sought and found the apartment where that philosopher was discoursing. Scarcely at the time, so the story says, relating to his pupils a singular dream, in which he had seen a young swan fly from the altar of Cupid into his lecture room and alight in his lap, whence, after remaining a while, he soared with enchanting songs into the air. Just as he finished his narrative the handsome youth entered, and Socrates instantly exclaimed, "See, here comes the swan." These minor details being despatched, we proceed with the narrative.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Postmaster-General—"Did you enjoy the Sabbath, your Excellency?"
The President—"O, yes; the fish bit like—ah—"
The Postmaster-General (coming to the rescue)—"I hope you caught a great many of them, your Excellency? Fishes that are so wicked as to bite on Sunday deserve to be eaten, I am sure."—Judge.
"If the world considers money such an evil," says Schnopske, "I would like to have enough of it to show how it can be made a virtue."

GOD—IS NATURE INTELLIGENT?

Discourse Delivered by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham Before the First Society of Spiritualists at Adelphi Hall, New York, Sunday Morning, Jan. 19, 1890. Specially Reported for The Better Way.

We shall always have questions asked us concerning the nature and being of Deity. Among the very first questions that men have asked of anything beyond themselves was this: They were seeking to know something about the soul of the universe, something about this over-soul, this all-father, as the Scandinavians used to call Him. When they saw the fading of the day and the coming of the night shadows, when they watched the fading blossoms of autumn, how did they know that new days would come, that a new springtime would be born? They had the story of the past, they had the record of previous experiences, but there were variations from the general order of procedure, and how did they know that the spring would always follow the winter, and that day would always be born out of the darkness of the night? So they looked at nature, they saw the movement of the leaves swayed by something that they could not see; the coming of the blossoms and of the fairy frostwork, and they did not know what it was that moved these particles of material form to grow into these rare and lovely combinations, and they began to think that there must be something more than their eyes could see, and this mysterious, invisible presence they worshipped in many ways. The old idolaters, taking a piece of meteoric stone, or taking from the earth any peculiar formation, believing that this was an embodiment of God, were groping like children after the light, and groping in the right direction.

Men always believed in God in some way, and when their thoughts began to grow larger and more distinct, they began to picture to themselves a being like themselves, only a little greater, but possessing the same qualities and characteristics, even the same weaknesses and follies—but great and strong—and this was their God—the maker of the day and the maker of the growth and beauty and bloom of earth. The maker of the night and of the cold of winter was to them a power opposite to good, that they feared and dreaded, while they worshipped the wise and beneficent spirit of the universe. So the Jews had their Jehovah, and all the people of whom we have read in the darkness of paganism believed in the deity in some way. They often had many gods, believing that in nature there were various revelations, incarnations and embodiments of the natural forces.

It was a great step for man out of the crudest of idol worship when they advanced thus, and weaving out of the Grecian fables, they believed in the spirit of the forest and the spirit of the waterfall and the spirit of the springtime—these invisible presences that guarded the woodland and the sea. It was a great step, because they had grown from a mere material perception to a spiritual perception.

There came along among the liberators of the world one whose name was Jesus, the man of Nazareth, and he taught men of God; he gave them a broader ideal than they had ever had before; he illustrated it in many ways. Not content with one, but by pictured parables he taught them, by references to nature, from the consideration of the lily of the field to the tufts of the sun rise and sunset—he taught them of this one great Spirit of the universe. He taught them that God was love, that God was good, that He was a spirit of kindness that helps us and loves us and pities us like a father pitieth and loveth to give good gifts to his children. He taught men of this great Presence—the spirit of truth and of love—and that wherever they worshipped truth, wherever they sought to embody truth they were worshipping God. That is the teaching of Jesus; man was to worship God, and He is a spirit in spirit and in

truth, and it is in spiritual perception, in consciousness of the truth, that we come into harmony with this highest and divinest revelation; this is what Jesus taught, and it is the simplest and purest religion that could be given. Men took it and wove it into the cloth of theology, they mingled its silken thread with their crude fancies and superstitions, and they present to us today a fabric which they call Christianity; but when we look at the real spirit of the teacher, at the real spirit of the one whose name has been given to the religion of the day, we know that he taught men of God as the spirit of truth. God is nature intelligent. There is nothing outside of or above or beneath nature, is there? Think of it! Have you limited the conception of nature to this little planet, one of the innumerable pebbles that lie on the seashore of time and eternity; one of the countless blossoms that grow and unfold in the meadows of the forever—that is all your little planet is.

Nature extends beyond this. It takes in all the starry islands in the infinite sea of space; it takes in ether and atmosphere, the grossest of all visible forms and the finest of all conceivable forms. Nature! Why, your bodies are natural, the spirit is natural. Men have drawn a line in their fancy between the physical and the spiritual, and they call one natural and the other spiritual. You will find in the New Testament, in the interpretations of the words of Paul, "There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body." The spiritual body is just as natural as the material one; it should not read in that way, but there is a material or physical body and there is a spiritual body. The spirit of man is subject to the laws of nature, and the laws of nature reach to the finest as well as outward and upward to the grossest and crudest of all physical things in existence.

So God is the spirit of nature, of that nature which has given to us to-day these exquisite blossoms, through light and shade, and moisture and the rich, brown earth, and that sweeter human nature which was prompted to bring these fragrant teachers of inspiration here this morning. One is the cruder and the other the finer, one belongs to the realm of the external and the other to the realm of the interior, but both natural. So God is the innermost, the spirit of law, the soul of growth and system and order, the divine circle of existence outside of which and outside of whose loving act nothing in the universe can ever stray. We are thankful to believe in this Infinite Spirit of harmony and goodness, and the discord of that which seems to us hard and cruel and only rises from the mists that lie in the valleys of our human undevelopment. Some time you will understand these things aright, some time these discords of human life, dropping like notes of music into their place, will be revealed to you as a strain of good, although it may seem hard to-day to understand that. Light is indeed shining in the darkness; the darkness comprehendeth it not, but it shines as the morning light shines, and the thoughts of anger, envy, jealousy and bitter hate, those things which belong to the mold and darkness and dampness of your undeveloped nature are fading away, and instead of these we have the consciousness of the divine presence, the consciousness of infinite harmony, which some time prove to us in evenness and in order the presence and the wonderful control of the spirit of universal good.

God manifest in the flesh?
Yes; God is manifest in everything, as we have said. Jesus, God exalted, representative of the Christ Principle? That is right; for Christ is a principle and Jesus an individual.
While Adam represented the Lowest Type of Man?
The very word Adam is explained by Josephus as referring to the earthly, so this may well be so.

Concluded on Page 8.

CORRESPONDENCE

Montreal, Canada. W. W. Waldron writes that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing...

Youngstown, O. Allow me here to express my sincere appreciation of your most excellent paper...

Haverhill, Mass. The First Spiritual Society of Haverhill and Bradford held their meeting in Red Men's Hall...

Chicago, Ill. The Peoples' Spiritual Society, at Banner Hall, 151 S. Peoria street, at 2:30 p. m.

Worcester, Mass. The First Society of Spiritualists of Worcester and the public had a great treat Sunday, February 21 and 22...

Chicago, Ill. A large audience was in attendance at the evening service of the Progressive Spiritualists at Bricklayers Hall...

Lookout Mountain, Tenn. The Southern Association of Spiritualists will celebrate the Forty-second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism...

Decatur, Mich. The Liberals of southwest Michigan will meet their quarterly convention at the Opera House, this city, on March 1 and 2...

New Castle, Pa. Doubtless few of your readers have heard of this benighted city. The population numbers more than 15,000...

Watertown, N. Y. We have had a treat at this place Friday night, February 7th, hereafter to Mr. Carrie Telling...

Indianapolis, Ind. Mr. D. A. Halston writes that he has just surrendered the chair of his society to Bro. A. L. Storer...

Watertown, N. Y. Mrs. Carrie Telling favored us with a short address on Friday evening, 7th inst., and it was very fine indeed...

Sumnerland Notes. We have been too busy to write of late, so many events have occurred...

Brooklyn, N. Y. Among our most noted mediums at present is Miss Jennie C. Blake. She was born in Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Boston, Mass. Miss Emma J. Nickerson has just closed a short but very successful engagement with the Boston Spiritual Temple Society...

Mantua Station, O. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough how they come." Right principles, purity and progress are inherent attributes...

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The difference between clairvoyance and psychometry was next touched upon, the speaker giving an account of a clairvoyant's seeing a distant room...

Quite a large number of persons assembled at the afternoon meeting for manifestations, which was presided over by Mrs. M. E. Williams...

Prof. W. McDonald spoke in a decidedly interesting manner on different topics germane to the subject of Spiritualism...

Mr. J. Free, of Chicago, related his experience with the phenomena and exhibited to the audience pieces of lace which he said were out of him from the garments of his spirit wife...

In the report of the afternoon meeting two weeks since the reporter made an error in reporting what Mr. Newton said about Dr. Bachman...

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In the report of the afternoon meeting two weeks since the reporter made an error in reporting what Mr. Newton said about Dr. Bachman...

The citizens of this city are in a state of intense excitement over one of the most inexplicable events of a supernatural nature that ever transpired in this section...

As the family sat at breakfast some small lumps of coal fell seemingly from the ceiling, on the table, making a noise in passing...

The leading ministers and citizens of Hopkinsville have visited the house, and all alike admit their inability to explain or solve the puzzle...

From the earth-home of her brother, C. W. Judd, Miss Lucinda Judd, of this city, aged about seventy years...

Miss Judd was a devoted Spiritualist, and has always endeavored to exemplify her religion in her daily life...

Man is often deceived in the image of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using Hall's Hair Renewer...

"Do you know Italian?" "By sight only; I am not on speaking terms with it." Harper's Bazar.

Harrison D. Barrett, is open for engagements to lecture for spring and summer months. Address 82 Grove street, Meadville, Pa.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan will make engagements for fall and winter week evenings for 10, 12 and 14 lectures...

J. Wm. Fletcher lectures in Brooklyn, N. Y., February, March, May and June, in Springfield, Mass., during April...

Mrs. Mary C. Knight will be pleased to correspond with those wishing to engage her services as a lecturer and test medium...

Mrs. Clara A. Field Conant has located at Washington, D. C., 210 4th street, N. W. where she will be pleased to see her friends...

Gen. A. Fuller, M. D. will very soon start on a lecturing trip which will take him as far as Van Buren, Ark.

Give fools their gold, and knaves their power; Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a field, or trains a fow; Or plants a tree, is more than all.

Suit Exactly. B. F. POOLE, CLINTON, IA. Your Malted Pebble Spectacles received. They suit exactly and enable me to read by lamp light...

We have not wings, we cannot soar; But we have feet to scale and climb; By slow degrees, by more and more, The cloudy summits of our time.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past As wholly wasted, wholly vain; If rising on the wrecks, at last To something nobler we attain.

WALTER S. ELDRIDGE, M. D., Of Boston, Mass., Is Located at 123 West Ninth St., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FRED EVANS' Magnetized Developing Slates MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES RESTORE LOST VISION...

Having returned from Australia, I have been instructed by Guides to announce to his friends and the public...

Ask Your Druggist for BRYAN'S GUM ARABIC GUM PURE GUM ARABIC GUM PURE

MRS. C. A. SPRAGUE, Magnetic Healer, NORTH COLLINS, ERIC CO., N. Y. If you are sick send 25 cents for two trial sheets...

A. L. STANFORD, DEVELOPING MEDIUM 120 Plum Street, Cincinnati, O. Public circles every Sunday evening at 7:30 at Penderly Hall...

A. WILLIS, MATERIALIZING MEDIUM 33 WESLEY AVE., CINCINNATI, O. Will hold seances every evening at 8 o'clock, Thursday and Saturday evenings excepted...

MISS M. A. SAXON, Medium for Independent Slate Writing, Trance AND TRUMPET, 234 East Fifth Street, Cincinnati, O.

PROF. J. D. LYON, BUSINESS & TEST MEDIUM Sittings Daily from 9 o'clock until 4 for Business and Social Information...

MRS. J. H. STOWELL, TRANCE MEDIUM, No. 468 BAYMILLER STREET, Cincinnati, Ohio.

MRS. S. SEERY, Trumpet Medium 890 Central Ave., CINCINNATI, OHIO. Sittings daily from 9 o'clock until 4 for Business and Social Information...

AN ASTONISHING OFFER! Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, name, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power...

A LIBERAL OFFER. Send two 2-cent stamps, your name and age, and a lock of your hair, and I will send you a clairvoyant diagnosis of your disease, free. Address J. C. BATDORF, PRESIDENT MAGNETIC INSTITUTE, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

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DR. P. FELLOWS, VINELAND, N. J. What We Know of Dr. Fellows. Inquiries are frequently received asking what we know about Dr. Fellows, of Vineland, N. J. First, we know that he is a reliable gentleman of rare professional skill, who has earned success by good work...



Where is She? Frisky as a lambkin... Modest as a violet... Happy as a robin...

Stanley's Narrow Escape.

On the bank of an African river, upon a tiny clearing which—scooped out of the vast blank forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye could reach—betokeed the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone, taking notes in a small book...

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish-black hair and beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his followers.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes which he was making that he never saw the black, scowling face and fierce eyes which peered out at him suddenly from the inclosing thicket.

But Stanley's quick ear had caught the rustle of the leaves, and taking several strings of beads from his pouch, he advanced to meet them, uttering the long, shrill, bleat-like salutation of the country.

"The stranger's words are not straight," answered the savage, fiercely. "Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us, and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him?"

"A ferocious growl from the rest, and a significant brandishing of spears and bows, added fresh point to this last remark.

For one moment the bold traveler stood aghast. To destroy his valuable notes, gathered with so much toil and suffering would be to fling away the whole fruit of his weary and perilous journey. Yet to refuse might cost him his life and the lives of all his men.

"Behold, then!" cried the great leader, and with one jerk of his hand he

flung the Shakespeare into the fire beside him. In a moment it flamed up, shriveled away, and was gone.

The crowd broke forth with a yell of delight from the superstitious savages, as they saw the dreaded "magic" vanish into smoke.

"Blessed be the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," cried the priest, as he saw the smoke rise into the air.

The Home Fun of Great Men. "Blessed be the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," cried the priest...

A Human Magnet. The scientist connected with the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore are engaged in investigating the peculiar powers possessed by the fingers of Louis Humberger, the twenty-one year-old son of Phillip Humberger, a well known merchant of this city.

Delicately Done. "Ah, madam," he said, as he extended a hand to help her up. "I never saw a more graceful fall. You threw up your hands like a born actress, your little feet indulged in a shuffle, and down you settled with a swan-like movement which was superb."

Easy to Play. What's gran'ma doing? I asked a little tot the other day. Playin' on the organ, was the reply.

When a young farmer's wife made her first boy's pants precisely the same before as behind, the father exclaimed: "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."

The Speed of Birds. The vulture is said to fly at times at the rate of above 100 miles an hour; the wild goose and the swallow, in their migrations, make ninety miles an hour, and the carrier pigeon has certainly flown long distances at rates of speed ranging from sixty up to eighty miles an hour, and for many hours together.

Our thoughts are odors, and we cannot seal them. So close with action but they will creep out; and delicately fashioned souls will feel them.

The Two Thieves. Humanity always has been and is now crucified between two thieves—theology and materialism.

Miles of Various Nations. The Irish mile is 2240 yards. The Swiss mile is 9153 yards. The Italian mile is 1785 yards.

Thoughts are common property. The form of expression is individual.—Arthur.

It is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself.

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Control Yourself.

A gentleman sent his sweetheart, on the morning of her birthday, a china egg with a congratulatory inscription on it. Thinking it a rather unworthy present, she, in a momentary fit of anger and indignation, threw it out of the window into the street.

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Written for The Better Way.

A Two-fold Prophecy Fulfilled.

BY J. W. BIRDWELL.

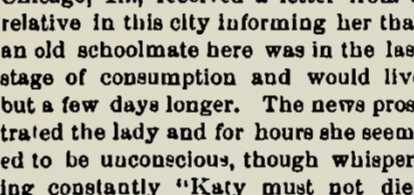
In 1838 I joined what I then thought to be the Christian Church in Tusculum, Ala. I remained in full sympathy with that church until January, 1876, when, in Nashville, Tenn., from a peculiar combination of circumstances, I was induced to pay a visit to a medium in North Nashville. The medium, before going into a trance, told me her control was an Indian named Red Jacket, a strictly truthful and reliable spirit.

During the year 1876 Mr. John A. Cooper, who resided in Edgefield, Tenn., invited me to spend a night with him. He was a confirmed Spiritualist and a medium. He went under control, and for nearly an hour the Indian controlled his organism. He was then a man of considerable wealth. The Indian said, referring to him: "We put you in the position that gave you your wealth, expecting in return that you would use it in the interest and promotion of Spiritualism. If you fail to do that we will take that wealth away from you and leave you poor and destitute."

Under the above caption the Rochester Republican publishes the following: On the seventh day of April last, Mrs. Carroll, of 51 North Sheldon street Chicago, Ill., received a letter from a relative in this city informing her that an old schoolmate here was in the last stage of consumption and would live but a few days longer.

Written for The Better Way. A Strange Coincidence.

Queen & Crescent ROUTE



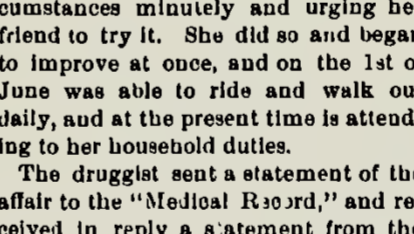
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Medium—I see a spirit with you; his name is Daniel. Investigator—Daniel—Daniel—I don't remember anybody by that name. Medium—He says you know him by reputation. Investigator—Is that so—well, what is his other name? Medium—McGinty.

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