

THE BETTER WAY

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Spiritual Discourses.

Specially reported for The Better Way.
RELATION OF SPIRITUALISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

Anniversary Address at Sturgis, Mich., June 29, by J. M. Peables, M. D.

Conclusion.
"Brother, farewell. Careful hands and loving hearts will guard and deck thy grave, and keep thy monument whole and thy memory green. Farewell forever." Cold and icy is the cup that this materialism puts to the mourner's trembling lips, and doleful as the echo of an Arctic tomb are its final words: "farewell forever."

Naturally, just as naturally then as night's dew-laden flowers turn towards the light of the East in the morning-time do the sad and the sorrowing and the spiritually-minded turn towards the gospel of Spiritualism, with its psychic demonstrations of a future life, and its awaiting greetings and good mornings in heaven.

The other drift referred to is towards Christianity—not Roman Catholicism with its inflexible Pope, not Calvinism with its eternal decrees, not old-style orthodox theology—these are but priestly travesties of that New Testament Christianity whose exponent was Jesus Christ.

Such religious teachers, once Spiritualist lecturers, as W. Brunton, C. B. Lynn, A. J. Fishback, G. B. Stebbins and many others, who have entered Christian denominations, becoming preachers and lay members, have not renounced Spiritualism. It is well-known that a majority of some Unitarian and Universalist congregations are Spiritualists. In the Baptist, Methodist and Congregationalist denominations are many believers in the present ministries of spirits. The same may be said, to my knowledge, of the Episcopal Church, which by the way is the only religious body that has manfully grappled with and candidly considered the claims of Spiritualism.

At a Church Congress of the Established Church of England, held a few years ago, Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham presiding, speeches were made and papers read upon the "Duty of the Church in respect to the prevalence of Spiritualism." Here are some of the scattered gems gathered from this Church Congress: The Rev. Dr. Thornton said that Spiritualism "in its very nature is antagonistic to all Sadduceism and Materialism. It flatly contradicts the assertions of the miserable philosophy that makes the soul but a function of the brain, and death an eternal sleep. It tells of angels, of an immortal spirit, and of a future state of personal and conscious existence."

"Spiritualists claim to hold intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Now, I am far from denying the possibility of such intercourse; on the contrary, I believe that in God's Providence it sometimes does take place." "We are terribly afraid of saying a word about the intermediate state. We draw a hard

and fast line between the seen and the unseen world. In vain does the Creed express our belief in the Communion of Saints." "Here perhaps some one will say to me, 'You seem half a Spiritualist yourself.' Well, I am just as much a Spiritualist as St. Paul was when he wrote, 'I knew a man in Christ, whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell, God knoweth—such an one caught up to the third heaven.'

"Just as much as St. John, when he had his beloved 'try the spirits,' and said of himself that he was 'in the Spirit on the Lord's day.'

Let us thankfully acknowledge the truths of Spiritualist teaching, as weapons which we are too glad to wield against Positivism and Secularism, and all the anti-Christianisms of this age of godless thought.

"Churchmen must be careful not to imply that these phenomena were incredible because they were supernatural. The Church was founded on the belief of supernatural events having occurred at least 2,000 years ago. Therefore it would not do for them to say in the next breath that these things were impossible, because they were supernatural."

"He would only further say, that whatever Spiritualism was, at least it was not Materialism, and that it was Materialism which at the present day was the great danger that the Church had to face. Thus it was that Materialists like Bradlaugh were inimical to Spiritualism, because to prove that Spiritualism was true would be to put a final extinguisher upon all their doctrines."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce, after remarking that "Spiritualism was now undoubtedly exercising a potent influence upon the religious beliefs of thousands," further said: "Those who following Spiritualism as a means and not an end, contend warmly that it does not seek to undermine religion, or to render obsolete the teachings of Christ; that, on the other hand, it furnishes illustrations and rational proof of them, such as can be gained from no other source; that its manifestations will supply deists and atheists with positive demonstration of a life after death, and that they have been instrumental in converting many secularists and Materialists from skepticism to Christianity. In corroboration of this statement may be appended the remarkable testimony of Mr. S. C. Hall, the founder and editor of the *Art Journal*. 'As to the use of Spiritualism,' he says, 'it has made me a Christian. I humbly and fervently thank God it has removed all my doubts. I could quote abundant instances of conversion from unbelief to belief—of some to perfect faith from total infidelity. I am permitted to give one name—it is that of Dr. Elliotson, who expresses his deep gratitude to Almighty God for the blessed change that has been wrought in his heart and mind by Spiritualism.' When this is the standpoint of the believer in the higher aspects of Spiritualism, it is obvious that we have to deal with no mere commonplace infatuation, which can be brushed aside with indifference or contempt, but rather with a movement which is firmly established, and the influence of which is every day extending. Appealing as it does to the yearnings of the soul, especially in times of bereavement, for sensible evidence of the continuity of life after physical death, belief in Modern Spiritualism continues rapidly to increase in all ranks of society."

Canon Wilberforce refers to the "well-attested manifestations, and to the materializations of spirits as described in a pamphlet by the Rev. T. Colley, late Arch-Deacon of Natal, (a clergyman by the way whom I have met), and know to be an avowed Spiritualist. The Canon also refers to Prof. Barrett, of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, and certain evils growing out of a phase of mediumship. But the Prof. subsequently wrote this: 'I know and rejoice in the blessings Spiritualism has been to my own faith, and to that of several dear friends of mine. Moreover, I cordially recognize the fact that in bereavement and deep distress, numbers have been cheered and consoled by the hope that Spiritualism has set before them.'

To the above that eminently learned English Spiritualist "M. A. (Oxon)," makes this significant remark: "Prof. Barrett looks to Spiritualism, as I do, confidently and with full conviction, as

the handmaid and helpmeet of the pure teachings of the Christ."

True, this Church Congress noted some of the antagonisms and antagonistic teachings to the Church, afloat under the name of Spiritualism—but these were the crude ranting, semi-atheistic teachings of *Spiritists*—and not of Spiritualists. There is no antagonism between true Spiritualism and true Christianity, as I understand them.

Directly in this line of thought are some of the late and living utterances of the scholarly W. Stainton-Moses ("M. A. Oxon.") read at the London St. Nicholas Club: "Spiritualism is no new sect. It has proceeded by a process of permeation, and has rendered unique service to the cause of religion by adding to faith, knowledge. There is nothing in the broad truths which we are taught that is incompatible with what the Church requires us to believe. Indeed, there is nothing in what I have learned that conflicts with the simple teachings of the Christ, so far as it has been preserved to us. It is something to know that the whole fabric of religion, so far as it affects man, receives its sanction and stimulus from the doctrines of the higher Spiritualism with which so many of us have made acquaintance. And in days when it is the fashion to bring up every time-honored truth for proof anew, when man has largely lost his hold on the ancient faith, when religion, as a binding power, is losing so much of its vitalizing influence, it is something to feel that by the mercy of that God, who never fails to respond to the prayer of His creatures, we are being brought face to face with the reality of our spiritual existence by experimental evidence adapted to our understanding."

"It is not to be denied that in a scientific age a creed that shall commend itself to the thinking men of the day, demonstrated in its foundations by the scientific method, logically coherent and free from dogmatic encumbrance, will appeal with tremendous force to those who yearn for an union between Science and Religion. The faith that I have learned satisfies these conditions. I see in it no contradiction to that which I know of the teaching of the Christ. I see no reason why the old faith should be assailed. I am no iconoclast. As to the doubt of the age, I did not create it, and would not encourage it."

These sentiments, from this illustrious Spiritualist, are comparable to pure gold. It is hopeful and inspiringly encouraging to witness the growing sympathy between representative Christians and representative Spiritualists. Their extending hands already span the abyss. They see eye to eye. They quite agree in the fundamental principles of religion as the following quotations prove: "Christianity is supremely the words and life of Christ, and these may not be compressed or expressed within the compass of any creed or confession of faith, whatever. Modern formularies of faith are essentially fragmentary and one-sided."—Bishop Potter, New York. "Christ's salvation then—and indeed the only possible salvation—is salvation by conduct. All that the religion of Christ asks of us is to perfect ourselves."—Rev. Dr. A. W. Momerie, London. "You will be saved, brethren, neither by opinions nor by observances, but solely by your character and life."—Archdeacon Farrer, London.

"To be a fulfilled man is to be a Christian, and a Christian Church is the fulfilled human society. Christ came to fulfill."—Rev. Phillips Brooks. "The broad ethics of Christianity can never be narrowed to village theologies. Let us cease to limit heaven's shepherdly care to this small mote in the universe, or usurp its gracious privileges for sectarian advantages, or claim a monopoly thereof for the select enjoyment of one particular fold. God loves all, and His ministering angels minister to all."—Archdeacon Colley, Natal.

"God's mercies are over all. And his salvation is not from the penalty of sin, but from sin itself. The only salvation possible is salvation from sin. And while the saved are all saved there are manifold degrees in salvation. Every child born into the earth is a possible Archangel. God destroys no man. He has built no hell. Men are their own architects. They make their own hells. They reap what they sow. Men are

saved and men are damned as a visible fact, here."—Rev. Prof. H. Miller Thompson.

"The Christian religion is neither a science, a philosophy or a theology; neither is it a dogma or a creed, but a life."—Rev. O. A. Burgess.

"Christianity so fully taught in the Sermon on the Mount is a life upward and onward. The tendency of things in the Christian world is towards goodness. The higher a man climbs the further he can see."—Rev. Dr. Badford.

"Christianity is a life, and to be a Christian is to appreciate the Spirit of Christ and seek to imitate his example. Salvation is not a crown, a robe, a harp, a palace. Character is salvation, and there is no short and easy way to it. The Bible does not represent the happy land 'as far, far away'—but the heavenly Jerusalem was let down to earth. The stars may be peopled with angels and spirits. And whatever other worlds or lands may be opened to the winged spirits, the earth is not closed to them. They are all ministering spirits. We live and walk in the midst of them. Accepting this conception of the spirit world as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, the story of the Transfiguration ceases to be a strange episode, a breaking in upon the order of nature and the supernatural."—Rev. Lyman Abbott.

"Christianity is not to be confounded with ecclesiasticism. The water of life is not the same as the cup from which persons drink. The Protestant Episcopal Church stands pledged not only to unsect itself but to unsect everybody else. The spirit giveth life, while the letter killeth."—Rev. E. E. Campbell.

"Christianity embodies all that is religiously good and true. That the spirits of the departed have returned to earth is a belief that is all but universal. Those eminent in the Church for learning and piety have cherished this common faith. Two worlds met in Bible times. But does the communication between the two worlds continue to this day? It was the opinion of Wesley that Swedenborg was visited by the spirits of his departed friends. And it was Paul who said: 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'"—Bishop J. P. Newman.

"Christianity, with its revelations of God and unfading glories to come, assures us of recognition and reunion with friends hereafter. The soul wakes up in the future world, or passes into it as it passes from one city to another, with a little interruption of its faculties—retaining personality, intellect, emotion, will, the real manhood. Multitudes there stand waiting to receive us, expecting our arrival."—Rev. Dr. W. Morley Pugh.

"Spiritual manifestations are, so far as I know, in agreement with Scripture and observation and sound sense. We are, all of us, mediums, our bodies curiously and wonderfully made, are acted upon by forces intelligent, passionate and mysterious. Remember that all intelligent Spiritualists of the present day are accustomed to listen to the messages from the unseen world very much as you, my friends, listen to preachers. I have come to the conclusion, from investigation, that that spiritual manifestations are in themselves incredible and to be rejected, but that is truly wonderful that we meet with so few of them."—Rev. T. K. Beecher.

Now listen to the testimony of some of our representative Spiritualists: "Spiritualism is the complement of Christianity; spiritual phenomena are the witnesses of Christianity; all thoughtful observers, when convinced by these phenomena, will be Christians as soon as they make sharp distinction between the simple grandeur of Jesus Christ's teachings as given in the synoptical gospels and the Augustinian version of Paul's theology."—Hon. Robert Dale Owen. "Christianity, as we understand it, stands upon precisely the same basis as Spiritualism, and whatever destroys modern manifestation must, with unprejudiced minds, do the same with ancient, though they may have become hoary with the veneration of antiquity." Of the teachings of Jesus Christ he says: "They are laden with the rich fruitage of spiritual philosophy, requiring only a knowledge of spiritual things to be understood. No Spiritualist can afford to cast aside these teachings, because they

contain lessons of wisdom and inculcate principles of action which will bear the most rigid scrutiny of every phase of skepticism. Christianity, as promulgated by Jesus and his Apostles, and true Spiritualism are in spirit and purpose the same."—Dr. Samuel Watson.

"The Fatherhood of God, the confraternity of all intelligencies partaking in the divine life, the immortality of all souls, the supremacy of the law of love and of the law of right—such are the great realities which Christ came to teach, and such are what Spiritualism reaffirms."—Epes Sargent.

"Spiritualism is not the opposer, but the handmaid of pure Christianity. It adopts the essence of the sublime institution given to the world by Jesus and his disciples."—Mary F. Davis.

"The grandest development of spiritual religion that the world has ever seen was that of Jesus of Nazareth, the great Commander in the army of heaven. And if there are any Spiritualists present who are disposed to neglect or ignore his moral authority on earth, I would call their attention to His authority and rank in heaven. Interrogate the wisest spirits whom you can reach and you will find that they all recognize His lofty rank and His pervading power."

"In professing to be a Christian I profess a desire to imitate Christ—to live a divine life and do all that is possible to help and uplift all around me. This is not limitation, it is expansion. To object to Christianity in this sense, for fear of limiting our own transcendent genius and love, seems as rational as to object to the sky through which comes our light, for fear it might come into rude contact with our uplifted heads."—Prof. J. R. Buchanan.

"Spiritualism, like Christianity, teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. One involves the other, and each requires us to conceive of God under a personal relation to ourselves. Certainly if God is to be recognized as our Father, He is to be conceived as self-conscious personality, not as an abstract principle, nor a blind, unintelligent, senseless, unconscious force."

When the Spiritist becomes a Spiritualist, by the due cultivation of his spiritual nature—by the acceptance and practice of those principles of virtue and charity—principles which the ethics of both Spiritualism and Christianity have ever comprehended, enforced by love toward man and God, recognizing the Fatherhood of the latter, and as its corollary, human brotherhood, he must necessarily learn that spiritual union and common fraternity, in word and deed, do not need absolute sameness of view in intellectual matters, and charity becomes the natural result, which charity, the Christian Apostles pronounced that more excellent way.

"Christianity and Spiritualism are in essence the same, and could Christians and Spiritualists rise above prejudice—rise to be truly Christians and truly Spiritualists—they would stand together and be illumined by the same great central sun of truth. Jesus died to accelerate that ascent, and the angels of God are ever striving to consummate it. Let us work with the angels."—Professor Henry Kiddle.

These few sketchy selections, among the many before me, from bishops, archdeacons, from representative preachers in different religious denominations, and from representative Spiritualists, plainly teach and tell in tongues of fire of the inspirational trend of spiritual thought. There is no mistaking it. Take warning, watchmen. Fall into line with the divine current, and work with God's angels and the overshadowing inspiration of the day and the hour. Having no sect to sustain, no committee to please, and being socially and financially independent, I can afford to write, to speak, the whole truth, and God palsy my pen and tongue when I cowardly cease to do it.

The bigotry of confession-bound sectarists and materialistic Spiritists are equally deplorable. But neither of these bigoted classes can block the wheels of spiritual truth, nor destroy the heaven-inspired tendency to unity in spiritual essentials—unity of Christianity and Spiritualism, which in essence and purpose are essentially one.

The divine spirit is moving mightily upon the great surging sea of thought. The times are ominous. Vast social, political and religious changes are im-

pending. Old monarchies are crumbling. Labor is threateningly facing monopoly. Ecclesiastic dogmas are dying. Presbyterians, brushing the dust off from their seventeenth century Confession, have commenced revising it. And when they have revised, re-revised and whittled it down to the New Testament standard, it will stand thus: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples if ye have love one for another." This is Christ's test of Christianity. In the words of a late sermon by that erudite English Churchman, the Rev. Dr. H. W. Momerie, Professor of logic and metaphysics in Kings College, London: "I say Christ's Christianity, for there are plenty of other Christianities in the world. But Christ's consists entirely in a plan for perfecting the individual character. His salvation is neither more nor less than self-development. Christ's plan was a very simple one. It is all summed up in a single word. He taught that men were to be saved by love. And if you look into the rationale of this, you will see that His plan of salvation is profoundly philosophical, perfectly in harmony with the best ethics and the highest metaphysics of to-day."

When Christ's Christianity prevails, when nominal Christians become Christian and nominal Spiritualists more spiritual, the chasm of sect, the chasm of shibboleths and dogmatism will be bridged, souls will be baptized afresh, estranged hands will be clasped, unsympathizing hearts will be warmed by the pentecostal flames of love, and all the peopled realms above and below, mortal and immortal, will be recognized as constituting a vast fraternal commonwealth of gods and men—and love, pure, unselfish love, Christ's universal love, will then be the creed—the one acknowledged creed that endureth forever.

I may not live to see this glad day, and yet why not? Though looking westward towards the fading sunset of life, I have only reached the borderline year of seventy, and you say to me: "How well you look, how well you are preserved?" Yes, and why? Because I use no liquors, no tobacco, no pork, no coffee, no tea; in brief, I behave myself. That's why I am so hale and healthy, that's why I can bat a ball and run a foot race with any of you. True, my life has been a very eventful one: I have been vilified, lionized, angelized, have twice circumnavigated the globe, have preached the gospel of peace, universal brotherhood and angel ministries to nearly all nations and in nearly all lands, have taken part in all the truly great reforms of the last half century, have been in perils by sea and by land, and among "false brethren," and yet have never noticed their envious, jealous, lies and libels. It would have been paying them altogether too much honor and momentarily have stopped me in my onward, upward march. That great humanitarian, Greely, said: "No gentleman; no superior, would libel me, and no inferior could."

These later years are the sunniest and happiest of my life. They are full and brimming with reformatory work. I average three lectures a week the year round, have the medical care of a Hygienic Sanitarium, am editor of a weekly newspaper, a correspondent for several medical journals—a genuine everyday hard worker. And yet old friends here continue to repeat, "how well you are preserved!" Long life, you remember, is promised to the obedient, and why then should I not live to see a century! Live to attend another anniversary in Sturgis thirty years hence! Live to see Christianity and Spiritualism one, and the "greater works" done in our midst that were promised by the Christ, who was and is the Rock, and the brightness of the Father's glory.

During the past thirty-five years I have been your lecturer at intervals by the month and by the year, and our confidence has ever been mutual, our harmony unbroken, our sympathies and our friendships as abiding as the stars! We have known and loved one another here, and we shall know and love one another over there, for memories are undying and pure love is immortal.

"If Mr. Jamieson, Mr. Underwood and others of less distinction, have recently modified their opinions, becoming Spiritualists, and believing in a future conscious existence, I shall rejoice in the information and do rejoice already in the many brave words they have spoken in behalf of investigation, free thought and free speech."

Written for The Better Way. STATESMANSHIP, NOT SELFISHNESS, THE BASIS OF FINANCIAL LEGISLATION.

It is greatly to be deplored that the Money Question has been mixed up at all with politics. It is not a question of politics—partisan politics least of any. It is strictly an Economic question and should be considered and treated as such, that is, be divorced from all party association.

Freud from the domain of politics and regarded simply as a business matter, it would very naturally receive the attention it justly deserves and which its primary importance demands. Championed by either of the two leading parties, it is quite sure to receive the opposition of the other, while its real merits are apt to be lost sight of, if not sacrificed to score a party success.

The poison that runs through all of our financial legislation, was originally caused by, and has since been maintained through, the potent influence of the money power. The interest of bankers, bondholders, etc., has invariably been sought, rather than the interest of the multitude, the producing or debtor classes. The successive steps in the history of our monetary legislation since the breaking out of the rebellion, prove this conclusively.

It would be an easy matter to specify and enumerate these various steps, beginning with the unwarrantable discrediting of the U. S. Treasury notes (Greenbacks) to the demonetization of the silver dollar, one of the Constitutional coins of the country—though the task would be an unwelcome one, as the weather is warm, the list long and the space limited. Suffice it that every President, every Secretary of the Treasury, every Comptroller of the Currency, and naturally enough every Director of the Mint we have had, alike under Republican rule, unswerving Andy Johnson's regime, or the Democratic interregnum of Grover Cleveland financially, all have equally represented Wall street, which in its turn has responded to the money power in England.

This power has indeed ruled with more than royal prerogative and despotism. Secretary Windom's vicious proposition to Congress to again destroy silver as a money metal, thus reversing its partial restoration by the act of 1878, to which proposition he succeeded in securing a sort of half-way endorsement of the President, appears to be solely in the interest of gold—of bankers, capitalists, money lenders of the country. It was this effort to legislate in behalf of a dominating, selfish power, always exercised to the disadvantage of the people, that so thoroughly aroused the opposition of the West and other portions of the country to the injustice of his proposed plan, and which has caused them to go to the other extreme and to demand free coinage of silver.

The business of the country, represented by the agricultural, the industrial, the productive interests generally, suffers for the lack of active money. The output or product of our silver mines, about 60,000,000 annually, is all required by the increasing necessities of trade. If this amount were coined, under like conditions to that of gold, it would soon restore to a proper ratio the relative difference now existing between these two metals, facilitate exchange, increase prices, and prove an incalculable blessing to the whole country.

Financially, there can be nothing better or juster than a sufficient amount of paper currency resting on a sound metallic basis, composed of both gold and silver. If these metals were treated alike, instead of one being favored at the expense of the other, one enriched and the other degraded, they would naturally keep, as they always have, at a parity with each other, they regulate and balance each other. This is the testimony of every political economist worthy of the name.

Written for The Better Way. THE CRIME OF WALTER E. REID.

Walter E. Reid has been made a martyr in the eyes of a large class of people, whose opinion has more than ordinary value, for they are thoughtful and given to independent action and are not held by party lines when the principles they hold dear are ruthlessly assailed. On the other hand it has been ardently argued that Spiritualism was not on trial; that it had as little interest in Reid's going to the work house than as they had in the churches. He was a fraud, and they ought to rejoice that the law had taken him in hand. Before we decide our judgment may improve by studying the situation, we may learn that under similar rulings the liberty of thought and action becomes a fiction to be dissipated at the pleasure of a bigoted court and prejudiced jury.

The rulings of the judge before whom Reid was convicted perhaps have no parallel outside of the courts in the South during the reconstruction period, when ignorant, inflated negroes presided as the exponents of law and justice.

What was Walter E. Reid's offense, for which he stands condemned as a felon? He professed to be a medium, and that he could through his sensitive state give messages from spirits to their friends on earth. He published a paper, and advertised on that receipt of sealed letters containing the questions, he would obtain answers from the spirits to whom such questions were addressed without breaking the seals. That he fulfilled his promise is established by a host of witnesses.

But he committed a grave mistake, as he bravely acknowledged in an issue of his paper. The subscription dragged, and he had used all his means in its publishing. In desperation he announced that for every new subscriber he would answer a letter. He thought it might bring in sufficient funds to continue his paper. What was his surprise when more than three thousand letters came! With the assistance of a stenographer he attempted the tremendous task of taking each letter separately, entering into its sphere, and obtaining answers to the questions it contained. The most superficial knowledge of psychic laws should have prevented this waste of energy, and taught him that failure must be inevitable. After the vain attempt he saw his error and deeply grieved over it. It was a most conspicuous example of highly wrought sensitiveness, brought down to the shambles of barter and trade, and thereby degraded in the dust. A student versed in psychic phenomena will at once understand the causes of failure, and not find it necessary to impugn the truthfulness of Mr. Reid preceeding this severe trial, nor find dishonesty essential to explain his subsequent failure to do that which in the nature of things was impossible. A medium may receive one or several communications per day, but his vital force is rapidly exhausted, and if pressed beyond a narrow limit, the spiritual influences yield to other forces.

Because he failed, he was arrested for using the government mails for purposes of fraud, and although defended by such brilliant legal talent as A. B. Richmond, the rulings of the presiding judge made conviction a certainty and the trial a farce.

If it was simply justice that the court desired to establish, why was the proposition of Mr. Reid to demonstrate his ability to answer sealed letters before the court peremptorily and seemingly denied? Mr. Reid was anxious to have this claim tested. It was the proposition of a man believing in himself, and conscious of his own honesty. It would silence the voice of opposition or bring ignominious defeat. It would do away with the necessity of the numerous attendant witnesses, the plea of lawyers and charge of the judge. The jury could have had the main fact directly before them and decided the case from certain knowledge. The judge does not refuse this on the grounds of its being irrelevant, but because any one who claims the ability to answer sealed letters is a mountebank. He thus prejudices the case and loses it.

above the narrow confines of party, and casts his vote for the man and measures he considers best. Not many years ago the partisan press assailed the religious belief of the nominee for Governor, of a party in the minority for the great State of Ohio. It declared him a free thinker, an agnostic, an infidel. The attack was brief, for the editors at once saw the blunder they had made and were silent; but the blow could not be recalled, and every liberalist and Spiritualist voted for that candidate as they would resent a personal insult. The present administration, conspicuous for its narrowness, bigotry and manifestation of a spirit of persecution, which closely approaches unbearable tyranny. If we may forecast the future by the past, it will meet with a merited rebuke at the polls from the host who regard liberty of thought as of infinitely more value than party victory.

Written for The Better Way. A LESSON.

BY ALICE LINDSAY LYNCH. The grace that abounds in hearts is the cause that enforces kind acts and sympathetic speech. We may not always know how much in need man is until it is forced upon us. Such a case I would relate.

One winter I resided next door with just a wall to separate to a physician; supposedly a quack. He was a dissipated man, and kept a class of working girls that bore the stamp of boldness. After six weeks of illness he passed away at about 10 a. m., March 27th, and at 4 p. m. of same date was removed to the cemetery. On the following morning the house was stripped of everything by creditors.

On that Thursday the 28th—my usual circle was held, there being six women present. The conversation had naturally drifted into remarks on the death and hasty burial, etc., and before we took our seats around the table one of our number was controlled by a spirit purporting to be Dr. X., who addressed his remarks to me. That night I jotted the words down as I recalled them to mind, and now copy, viz:

"Mrs. Lynch, you need not have been afraid of me. I would not have wronged you. I knew I was not a good man, but I had been more sinned against than sinning. Had my wife remained true to her marriage vow, 'to love in sickness or health, poverty or wealth,' I had been a different man. But when poverty came she spurned and forsook me, and I took to whisky. I sunk beneath the better walks, but I felt my position. Ere I passed over I did wish you would come in and say one kind word. The last week I so much wanted a virtuous woman, like my mother, at my bedside. Your husband came once, and I was so thankful."

Said I: "Dr. X. I would have gone had I known you felt so. 'Never do so again. You know not the good a friendly word from a true woman can do. Do not withhold them. I will not haunt these rooms to disturb you."

The evidence, that it was Dr. X. lay in the fact that the medium did not know I had been afraid of him.

But I was not through with him. When my husband came home I related the above, and as he commented, this spirit controlled me. Being a conscious instrument, I heard his further remarks. After some moments of moaning the old Dr. said:

"It was shamefully quick. I was not so mean as that would indicate. Dr. (addressing Dr. Lynch) I thank you for your visit. It did me good. Had I been blessed with a good and true wife when hardships came to me, I, too, would have been a man. Oh, you don't know what it is to have the woman you love and marry abuse you! I know I sunk low, but I never lost the feeling that I should have been a man, and it always stung me when I was laid down on my back. I want you to think as kindly of me as you can. I want her (myself) to do so. It is better that I left the flesh. I would have sunk even lower. But it was shamefully quick work. My blessed mother met me. She brought me here to day. She had been here before. She could come into this

Written for The Better Way. PENUMBRA COGNITIONS.

BY JOHN W. FARRER. Evangelical ministers, with a few exceptions, do not like Spiritualism or Spiritualists, and yet the latter only offer proof positive of the former's every day assertions. They steal our thunder and have no revelation for it, except from Spiritualist teachings. The epitaph in every graveyard all point down into the ground where the "dead man" rests well, or as the clergy states it,

"Each to his narrow self forever laid. The souls foredoomed of the hamlet shade."

Waiting for the trump of the resurrection. That has been the belief for almost 1800 years, and the "word of God" closed with the last verse of the book of Revelations, and there has been no revelations since. Where, then, is the authority, even to evangelical ministers to assume as they do at funerals, and often also in their preaching, that the dead are all arisen spirits, discounting thus the resurrection day, perhaps thousands of years. This, of course, is wisdom, progress, but whence the authority? The amount of it is, human nature is wiser in its intuitions than its creeds, and the truth today is in the air, and sensitive souls have sensed it for a century; such souls have been the "morning stars" of Modern Spiritualism.

A warm-hearted Methodist minister, whose church is in my neighborhood, said, among some things, that I do not think he or any body else believes; said also some things that were profoundly true. He said there were angels in our homes—in every home interested in our comfort and happiness. They are ministering spirits, invisible, but present with us. If he had said spirits instead of angels, and I suppose he meant the same thing, he would have been preaching the modern spiritual idea. I don't believe he thinks angels are, sui generis, a distinct creation, but are the spirits of our departed friends, as Leigh Hunt said three-quarters of a century ago in these lines:

How sweet it were, if without feeble flight, Or dyed of the dreadful, bounteous sight, An angel came to us, and we could hear To see him issue from the silent air. At evening in our room, and bend on ours, His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers Scenes of dear friends and children who have been dead indeed! as we shall know forever. Alas we think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be. Or may be if they will, or we pray. Their souls and ours to meet in happy air— A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

This was written before the dawning light of Modern Spiritualism, so it was the intuition of the "morning stars" of which I have spoken. This same Methodist minister said also that he did not expect when he died to be asleep a thousand years, but as the thief met his Lord in paradise the next day, "I expect," said he, "to meet the Lord and my mother; next to Jesus I want to see her and other departed friends. I had rather spend a thousand years with Jesus and my mother than to be asleep and unconscious a thousand years." This minister is right, but where is his authority outside of Modern Spiritualism and the "morning stars" that point to it?

I have an idea that when we pass over into the spirit world, we will find ourselves more at home, better acquainted and familiar with it and its associations than we are aware of now as mortals. When we wake up into those new conditions, and are spirits, it will not be much of a change for us; it will be simply a continuation of a life, in which we will find we have consciously existed ever since the dawn of our memories. We are often, probably daily, with our departed familiar friends; very likely when our bodies are asleep our spirits are with the departed in the spirit world. We may have lost our little sister or brother when they were only three, four or five years old. In the course of twenty years they have grown up into adults, men and women in the spirit world. How should we know of child of five when she is an old man of twenty-five? But if

and a bald head, but I saw him, said the seer, as he looked when he was thirty-five or forty years old. How strangely will the old familiar and ancestral faces appear to us in their improved conditions. Were we not familiar with them during the process of improvement, which may be gradual, more or less rapid. Oh, yes! when we get over there, as we all will, we will find it no new place, but one which we have been always familiar with.

Noticing what was said in a late BETTER WAY about the census and Spiritualism, I am led to say this. We will not get our credit from the figures that we deserve. We would have to multiply the number by ten to get the fact. How reluctantly people own up to being a Spiritualists. Some of the best call themselves investigators when they are Spiritualists. I have been more astonished at this manifest indisposition to be labeled than I am at the frauds which appear among the mediums. Perhaps as Mr. Savage says, one don't want to be thought a fool or a knave. Now, I remember Mr. and Mrs. F. — as being prominent Spiritualists for over thirty years, yet in the corner of a parlor at a stylish party someone asked Mrs. F. what church she attended, and she said the Parker Fraternity. She had never been there but once, but had paid a dollar for a year's membership, but had been attending spiritual meetings for over twenty years, and been a liberal contributor, but felt at the moment that it would be more respectable to say Parker Fraternity than to say "I am a Spiritualist." I had not been so long a Spiritualist as she had, and I had been a parishioner of Theodore Parker, and had been the president of the Parker Fraternity, but noticing this weakness in Mrs. F., so common with Spiritualists, that I managed to have it understood by the same coterie that I was a Spiritualist. I think to use a commercial phrase, the "visible supply," if the census shows it, will not begin to be as large as the "invisible supply" is. It will not always be so, you bet.

Written for The Better Way. ON THE WING.

BY MRS. S. I. L. I have been negligent about reporting "wing movements," because, like Micawber, I have been waiting for something to turn up. Well I have waited long enough and the thing I waited to report, and have expected every day for several weeks, seems farther in the dim distance than ever before.

Everybody likes this coast in winter, because it is not cold; then they like it in summer because it is not hot. This is the 17th of June and I have slept under from two to four heavy blankets, beside sheet and coverlet, every night—about as much cover as is ever needed. The air warm and balmy every morning; the warmth increases until about noon, when the trade winds set in and from that San Francisco, and in fact the whole coast, is fanned with breezes until night. A thunder shower, blizzard or tornado was never here. Earthquakes come occasionally, but old Californians rather enjoy being rocked to sleep by the earthquake power.

I left home with a ticket binding me to return within six months, but over seven months have elapsed and I am not home yet! Two weeks from to-day, however, I will be in Nahum's chariots, which "run like the lightning," and on my way home at lightning speed. A defunct wing, looking over my shoulder, says that prophecy does not apply to steam cars at all, but to our electric railways. Possibly he is right; I'll quote the text and allow every one to draw his own conclusions. "The chariots shall rage in the streets; they shall justle one against another; the broadways; they shall see torches, they shall run (prophecy fulfilled says) like the fire."

I will not logic globe ask

is a prosperous Children's Progressive Lyceum here, which meets every Sunday morning, conducted by Mrs. Adie L. Ballou, assisted by a corps of good and efficient workers.

Mr. Colville has left the city, but I think his meetings on McCaffrey street are kept up every Sunday morning and evening. Oakland, also, just across the Bay, has several Sunday and a few weekly evening meetings. I am speaking there every Sunday forenoon during the month of June.

There is to be a Spiritualist picnic and grove meeting in Fruit Vale, in the suburbs of Oakland, on the 26th and 27th of this month. I believe Mrs. Logan and Walter Hyde, her brother, engineer the affair. All the societies will have delegates there; all mediums and speakers being invited to be present. I have promised to be present and make a little talk each day.

I have had one sitting with Elsie Reynolds, the materializing medium. I do not know what to report concerning the seance. Mrs. Reynolds has many enemies and many friends, both of whom swear by her; one class knows she is an unmitigated fraud and trickster, another is equally confident that she never played a trick in the world. Each party tells very straight and apparently truthful stories about her and her mediumship, and I believe both parties are thoroughly honest.

Then there is a third party that believes that she is a first-class medium; but that it will do her no harm to watch her, as she will trick her best friends if she can.

Well, I attended one of her seances; for the time being I was "almost persuaded to be a Christian." I saw no one who could recognize. I have never, in all my experience, yet been able to recognize the features of any of my friends at a materializing seance. The manifestation in Mrs. Reynolds's seance seemed to be fair. Not only were there several spirits out at one time, but some of them apparently dropped down from the ceiling. One or two sprang up out of the floor one came up very suddenly between my feet. All in all, the performance was true, it would do me good to acknowledge it. On the other hand, if I knew it was fraudulent, no maudlin sentimentality should prevent my saying it. I believe there are genuine materializations, and I will continue at intervals to hunt for them.

Dr. Schlesinger is now out on the road giving tests. His tests are regular knock-down affairs. They cannot be denied, discounted or explained away. Such mediumship ought to be sustained the world over.

Mrs. Schlesinger stays with the Carr Dove. She is gold all the way through. She is a good editor and is making a success of her true magazines. Ever one who knows her regards her as the soul of honor. She works not only her journals, but in the society in every other way for the cause she loves.

I step into the Golden Gate every few days and meet Mr. and Mrs. Owen, both of whom are hard workers; their particular line. Everything prospers there, and the Golden Gate is getting a healthy circulation.

Of course, your readers know there to be a new paper down at Sumner on this coast. The first number is, perhaps, before this time on its way to the readers. I understand the enterprise opens with a joint stock capital enough to guarantee Professor J. S. Lovell's charge of year

THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE BETTER WAY PUBLISHING CO. Southwest Cor. Plum & McFarland Streets. A. F. MELCHERS EDITOR

CINCINNATI JULY 19, 1890

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The New York Herald wants a Southerner on the next presidential ticket. If the south constitutes a part of the Union there can be no objections...

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Wendell Phillips was a man who never failed to put in a good word for the laboring man when opportunity afforded...

FREE PRESS IN DANGER.

Mr. Sweeney, of Iowa, has recently introduced into the House of Representatives a bill to amend the law prohibiting the sending of obscene publications...

them the prey of the wealth and the leisure of another class. Give a hundred men in this country good wages...

HOW NEW PARTIES ARE FORMED.

Right or wrong, majorities rule. Minorities, though right, must grow into majorities before they can exercise such influence as the above.

HOW THEY TALK.

Concerning the tariff and the election bill the New York Herald says: With the McKinley bill they will make living so dear that only the rich can afford the comforts of existence...

THE FUTURE.

A monk who had great love for the art of painting, but lacked the physical grace to denominate him an artist in the material sense, was in the habit of daubing his convent cell with bad representations...

CLASS LEGISLATION.

Under this caption the Religio Philosophical Journal, among other things says: Law-makers have done much mischief by the laws which they have enacted...

THE SILVER BILL.

With the President's signature, became a law, but not as a free coinage measure. It simply becomes a market for 4,500,000 ounces of silver per month...

Organize and stand together. Claim something together, let the nation hear a united demand and then, when you have got that, go for another, but get something.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

J. W. K.—They are not at present; nor do we know where they are. Blind Tom is undoubtedly a medium for the effect that he manifests...

NEWS ITEMS.

P. T. Barnum was 80 on the 5th. President Diaz, of Mexico, has vetoed the Lower California Lottery bill. The government of Chili, it is said, has decided to purchase fourteen Krupp batteries...

Mrs. M. E. Williams, of New York, will spend the summer and give seances at "Holland Hall," Long Branch, N. J.

Dr. J. C. Phillips and Will C. Hodge of Chicago have gone in company to Clinton Camp where they will represent THE BETTER WAY.

Mrs. F. Mayer, slate writing and materializing medium requests to say that she will not be able to visit Lockout Mountain this season...

When a paper gets new type it is generally an indication of prosperity, and so we may congratulate THE BETTER WAY in the new dress...

Mrs. Pennel Hatch of Topeka, Kas., announces herself as a healing medium.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings was thrown from a horse at Somerset, Ky., on the 9th inst., and fractured her left wrist...

S.—As a Spiritualist paper we cannot publish partizan poems, there being Spiritualists in the south as well as the north...

Mrs. S. Seery, our trumpet medium, is at present located in Dayton, Ohio, at 31 Hydraulic street. Happy Dayton.

The Berlin police warn the Berlinese against American bunco steers and pickpockets who have arrived at the German capital for the Schuetzen fete in goodly numbers.

Now that Oxford University has thrown open its medical examinations to women, there will not perhaps be so much prejudice against female physicians in England.

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In his article on "Bismarck and his Time" the Rabbi Solomon Schindler says in The Arena of July: "We may and ought to venerate old age because we ourselves expect to grow old, but there is such a thing as 'old fogyism' which ought not to be tolerated..."

Two young ladies of Gallatin, Tenn., were awakened by a burglar the other night. Despite his threats to shoot them if they stirred, they jumped from their bed and grappled with him, and finally threw him out of the window head first.

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Mr. W. G. Figley, the medium through whom "Life in the Stone Age" was written, was married July 3rd at Defiance, O., to Miss Winifred H. Ryder.

Jos. Schwemberger, trumpet medium, holds circles at 471 Vine street, every Tuesday and Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, and at 278 Bremen street every Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Maria E. S. Twing will be at Onset, Mass., from July 12th to August 8th; at Lake Pleasant, Mass., from August 8th to September 1st; then at Queen City Park till September 14th.

the world, the world would forget him. But he still writes, working regularly till near midnight. He walks on the hills in the morning and dines alone in noon.

One of the features of military drill in the Russian army is the training of soldiers to swim in battalions, at the same time using their weapons.

The social democratic federation has now arranged to run a candidate for nearly every London constituency at the general election, and its wire-pullers talk of having a compact party of about thirty members in the new parliament.

Mr. John M. C. Marsh, one of the most prominent citizens of Plainfield, N. J., received an infernal machine by mail on Saturday evening.

New York Evening Sun: Fifteen years ago everybody in this country who drank champagne drank the sweet kind.

London and Paris will soon be familiarly calling "hello" to each other, as a telephone is already in successful operation between London and Calais.

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the decision of the congregation, in the building of a new church in case a majority vote against him. We do not believe in Christian or any other kind of socialism, but we are anxious to know what kind of Christians there are who do not want the gospel applied to social and labor questions...

STATES AND WOMANS' RIGHTS.

Under the caption of Man's Natural Rights by E. Hannum in the Independent Pulpit the following extract will be found to be very timely reading material...

Did congress intend by the word citizen in the 14th amendment to confer the right of voting to women equal with men in every state in the Union? I think not. Almost every state demands that right to women to-day, and yet no one will maintain that women are persons, and by that amendment they are citizens also.

Where can we find their authority for that? The constitution of the United States was made by the people of the states. Back of it, there was no United States. Until the constitution was framed and ratified by the requisite number of states, it, the United States had no existence.

Curious development of the "nickel" (or penny) in the slot machine has appeared in England. It is proposed to erect automatic photographing machines, corresponding in a general way to the other machines of this class...

A woman in Ohio gave birth to a second pair of twins within a year recently. An eleven year old girl in Orange, Va., has become a mother.

LITERARY.

Carrier Dove is our best spiritualist monthly. Phenological Journal for July is valuable in biographical matter, containing sketches with photos of Wm. McKim Jr., Gen. O. O. Howard, Dr. B. G. Northrop, Geo. Combe and others.

Rules and Advice for those desiring to form circles. This Little Book should be in every home where a circle is held and in the hands of every one desiring to investigate the Science and the Philosophy of Spiritualism.

The Banner of Light, Aug. 10th, says Mr. J. H. Young has published a new volume, containing hymns and songs for circles and social gatherings, rules for circles, and a declaration of spiritual principles, besides other matter of an interesting character.

A man who has practiced magic for thirty years ought to know stuff from sugar read by the nose.

Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way.

True Wealth.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTIN. Blessed is the man who sees the royal splendor hid in the landscape...

The home may be a palace, yet he loses the grandest blessing that life can impart...

Blessed is the man whose wise, grand soul has risen from the vain realm of sense...

TEMPLE FRATERNITY SCHOOL.

The season's work at this school closed June 29th; the attendance was very large, and a most interesting session was held.

The children to-day were to say what benefit they had received from their attendance the past year.

The harmonious health-giving influence of the Temple, in connection with the hygienic diet taught in the school...

There were so many who wished to testify of the good received that the session was extended much beyond the usual hour...

Mr. Danforth spoke of a Lyceum paper that he hoped to publish next fall in the interest of the children.

And now I would like to say a few words for myself. I would like to tell of the benefit that has come to me from attending the Temple school...

"What makes you think you are so old?" I asked. "I doan know, Massa; I's berry ole. I's more'n two hundred, I specs."

and to retain its hold on matter as long as it ought. Not only have the children been taught this needed lesson...

July 2d the Fraternity School went on a picnic, perhaps I would not record the fact as a Sunday school picnic...

We finally decided upon a room as the one in which we would watch and wait. It was an old-fashioned parlor...

A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED HOUSE.

BY ELIZA LAMB MARTIN. "Forsaken," said the traveler, as he looked at the old and weather-beaten house...

"That there is the house," said the countryman, whom we had overtaken and who had awakened our curiosity...

"I say uninhabited. Titled deeds become changed, but where is the vested right to property which prevents our ancestors from holding in mortmain still their old estates?"

We resumed our journey, and ere long reached a small tavern, where we inquired concerning the old house.

"The belief was prevalent that ghosts walked there in uncanny hours. We were directed by our host to the hut of an old negro, 'who would,' he said, 'tell us all about it.'"

"Uncle Nick was a specimen of humanity that is rarely seen nowadays. No white blood flowed in his veins. I asked him how old he was."

"I doan know, Massa; I's berry ole. I's more'n two hundred, I specs." "What makes you think you are so old?" I asked.

"What fur d'yer want ter know? Dey's all dead an' gone. I's seen 'em die an' I's seen 'em buried. Dey's all dun gone to Hebben—all but Massa Noel. He went to de bad place, where de debbel got him shoah."

His voice changed to unintelligible sounds. "Do you ever go back to the old house?" I asked.

"Sometimes it 'pears like I hears 'em callin' me, an' I have t' go. I's no account nohow, but de can't do widout me. By and by, when de Lawd say, 'come Uncle Nick,' den I 'spect dey nebber come agin to de ole house, kase I won't be on yerth. I'll be in de lan' of Canaan. We'll all be dar mos' all. Sometimes I see de angels aflyin' in de air. I see de lamps of Hebben come down close to me, an' they shine so bright I feel warm all fro' me."

The second night we spent in the haunted house. It seemed as if we were disturbing the dead as we walked through the unused rooms.

It was about eleven o'clock p. m. when we settled ourselves for the night. We joked about what we would do if a ghost appeared. After a while we became quiet and rather sleepy.

We slept for nearly an hour. I know not what unseen presence broke our rest; I suddenly awoke to find Mark wide awake.

"Hist!" he said in a whisper. The moon had gone down and we were in total darkness, excepting at the opposite side of the room and over the case of drawers was a round and electric light.

Lights floated about, and one, which seemed to rise from the floor, grew stronger and shaped into the form of a man, haughty in bearing, and with a look of evil on his face.

He drew a sword, there was a clash of steel, the sound of a heavy fall, the rush of many feet, cries and moans, and then all was still.

We were in deep darkness. Lighting a small lantern, we looked about the room. Before that we were as incapable of action as if chained in the prison of Chillon.

"At last he had heard the call, 'come Uncle Nick,' and had gone on to that heaven of hope where life would hold for him no more lonely hours."

"With others we went back to the haunted house, tore away the case of drawers, and discovered a secret place back of it. A few steps lead into an underground vault. There we found the skeleton of a man and woman, and there, too, was a broken sword."

"From events events are born again. Vaguely and disconnectedly was recalled the story of a supposed murder long ago committed by one in a jealous passion. It was hushed up and the people made to believe the parties to the affair had gone to England, where they were highly connected to the nobility. But Noel Redburn went away alone, with the brand of Cain upon his brow. The place fell into decay. The servants fled or other slave owners claimed them."

other slave owners claimed them. Uncle Nick remained true to the oath he had taken through fear, never to reveal the hidden vault and its ghastly contents.

Very many years have passed away since the night we waited in the haunted house. Mortal life holds many mysteries, but humanity is growing wiser and secrets are unfolding before the blazing torch of a spiritual science.

Lines Dedicated to Baby B.

Love is a spirit clothed anew When'er a blessed babe is born; A soul that shyly comes to view Like stars half veiled at rosy morn.

THE TWO TYPES OF GIRLS.

Take an English girl and put her beside an American girl whose ancestry is pure English, and there is a remarkable difference between them in shape, nature and color.

Certainly there is a great difference in the general appearance of the English girl and the American. There is something charming in the one as of a rose, and in the other of a lily.

It is the responsibility of choice is pressed upon us all. It is a part of the very greatness of our nature that we can choose the right and avoid the wrong.

A Fragment.

The responsibility of choice is pressed upon us all. It is a part of the very greatness of our nature that we can choose the right and avoid the wrong.

Yield to good impressions; desire for better things; aspirations for all that is pure and elevating, will surely lead to spiritual unfoldment and bring highest happiness.

Speak Out.

Enclosed a poem for your Ladies' Department. When I can command the time and strength, would like to tell what I know about Women's Departments in Philadelphia and Cleveland.

A Pittsburg drummer went into a Cleveland shop to talk steam engines to the proprietor. A pretty little woman entered in the same time, and the drummer, supposing it was the proprietor's daughter, stepped aside and allowed her to pass.

DR. RHOLES' FAMILY MEDICINES

PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICAL CONFECTIONS. ALL SUGAR-COATED. A Universal Blessing. Suited to Old or Young People. A perfect Liver and Kidney Renovator and Blood Purifier.

"Echoes From an Angel's Lyre." New and Beautiful Songs, with Music and Chorus, in Book Form, by the Well-known Composer, C. P. LONGLEY.

The book is now on sale at this office, and besides being a choice and appropriate work for the parlor of every aspiring person in the land, will be found a suitable gift for friends.

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DO YOUR OWN ELECTRIC LIGHTING. IF 25 LIGHTS OR LESS WILL DO IT, HOW CAN YOU GET STAYS FOR CIRCULAR BELL IN YOUR HOUSE OR SHOP?

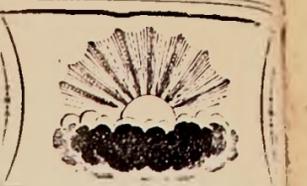
ALWAYS WITH ICE WATER LEMONADES, SHERBETS, AND ALL COLD DRINKS. It will correct indigestion, relieve the stomach, and give you a delicious pleasure.

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THROUGH THE CRUCIBLE.

An Inspirational Story. BY J. WHITTEMORE, M. D. CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"One day, when you were over to your father's Jane wanted to go out, and I told her I would arrange the parlor for her. I had just got done my work and was sitting down when Mr. Grant came in. He said he had a new kind of wine that he thought very nice and wished I should taste it. He said that you had come to be so prudish that you would not drink even a glass of wine with him. I went and got a glass, and, to please him, I drank some. It was very nice. He said it would not intoxicate like common wine, and I drank freely of it. Very soon a peculiar feeling came over me, a kind of listlessness or stupor. I started to go out and he followed me into the little middle room, and took hold of me, and I sat on his knees. He then gave me some more wine, and I felt drawn to him in a kind of stupid way as I never before felt. He then put his arm around me, and kissing me, drew me to his own room. I hardly knew what I was doing. After he got me there his outrageous conduct in some degree brought me to my senses, and I was frightened and begged him to let me go. I threatened to tell you if he did not desist and let me go. He then let go of me and made me promise not to tell you or anyone. Then I tried to make him promise that he would never touch me again in any such way. He made a kind of apology and told how much he loved me and how badly you used him. He said he would make me rich—that he would give me and mother a nice house and a good support for life if I would do as he wished me to. But I would not make him any promise, only if he would not molest me again that I would not tell what he had done. He then said he could ruin me by telling you that I had been to his room, and that I was a bad girl and so on. While talking I got terribly thirsty and said I must go for a drink of water. I had a suspicion that the wine was the cause of all. He said he would get me some cordial that would be better than water. It did not look nor taste like the wine he gave me in the parlor, and I drank it. But I began to feel just as I did before, but had sense enough to run out of the room. He followed me into the middle room and tried to coax me back. I felt stupid enough, but knew just enough not to return with him, that was about all. He made me promise, by flattery and threat, that I would let him come into my room to-morrow night, and I promised that I would keep everything from you. That's about all I can think of now."

Marion was full of sympathy for the girl, but was not so much surprised at the conduct of her husband as she would have been had she known less of his character. His evident design was to withdraw Maggie from Marion and provide her a house and living and make her his mistress. "Well, Maggie, what have you made up your mind to do next?" "I shall throw myself upon your mercy and do just what you wish; only this I have resolved upon, Mr. Grant shall never find me alive in my room." Marion then told Maggie the former course of her husband, and the reason why she treated him so coolly. She then asked: "Have you a plan of action, Maggie?" "No, not settled. I have thought of several things to do. One was to break my word as I have and tell you all about it; another was to take poison and let him find me dead; I have it ready. Another thought was to take the money he gave me and run away. But now I will do just what you wish me to do. If Mr. Grant should know that I have told you this would kill me; he intimated as much this very morning." "Now, Maggie, I don't think you have done exactly right, but I can't blame you much after all. I am sure the wine you drank was drugged. You had better let wine alone as I have done months ago. If you will listen to me this may all work for good. It has taught you a lesson which you will not soon forget. I am glad you escaped anything worse, and it may work for my release from such a man." "I say again, I will do just as you wish, if it is to kill myself." Marion could not suppress a laugh, although it was rather a sad one. After a little reflection she said: "My plan is this: Let Mr. Grant come into your room as you promised, and I will take your place and let him in. You and some of my friends that can be relied upon, will be hidden behind the dressing screen. The gas will be turned almost out; I will be at the door, and when he gives the four light taps I will let him in. He will take me for you in the dark. At the proper time I will cry out 'light!' then you spring and turn on the gas full head, and we will 'light him up.' Then he will be confronted with witnesses so that he cannot escape." "What do you think he will do?" "I am sure I can't tell you what he may do, but I am sure he will not dare to do us any harm; there will be too many of us to allow of that. This is not his first offense." Maggie was in a mood to agree to anything. That day and the day following

both Maggie and Marion were under considerable excitement. The arrangements were made complete and the witnesses in their places at an early hour. After dinner Maggie encountered Grant in passing. He whispered softly, "You will not fail me to-night?" She replied, "No, sir," and passed on. The plan was carried out to a perfect success. When the four signal light taps came, Marion was close to the door and opened it softly. Grant stepped softly in and said, "Maggie, lock the door;" then he flung his arms around the supposed Maggie, whispering, "I knew you would not go back on me, dear," and he half carried her across the room to the bed. The persons behind the screen held their breath in suspense. Soon came the sharp cry "light!" Maggie sprang to the gas, and in an instant the room was flooded with light, and Maggie stood trembling under the burner. The villain sprang up in utter amazement. Maggie recoiled a little into the shadow as Mrs. Mowry and Edna came forward and confronted him face to face. Grant was the first to speak. "What the devil does all this mean? Where's the girl that coaxed me here? She bewitched me. She kept coming to my room and I could not get rid of her." This aroused Maggie, and she came forward like a beautiful fury and cried out: "You miserable, lying scoundrel! If I had anything I would kill you, I would!" Then Marion said: "No; go, you vile, lecherous wretch! I have had enough of you;" then she went to the door and unlocked and opened it and repeated, "Go out, sin, go!" He left the room muttering between his teeth, "You will hear from me later, all of you." Marion had made preparations to leave the house early in the morning. Her most valuable things were packed in a large trunk; her jewelry and small articles in a box inside of this. This had already been sent by a servant to her father's house, but the watch and chain, of which we have heard so much, she had forgotten to put in the trunk, and to make sure that it should not be left behind, she put it into her pocket. When she came from Maggie's room she called up Annie and told her all that had happened, and invited her to go with her next morning to her father's house. The five ladies spent the night together in Marion's room. As soon as light Mrs. Mowry and Edna went home. Early in the morning Marion ordered her own carriage, but before the party were ready to start Mrs. La Rue made her appearance apparently in deep distress. She had heard from her son his version of what had transpired. She besought Marion not to leave the house; she did not in the least blame her, but she assured her Lucian had been taking too much wine; that now he was very penitent, almost heart broken; he would make all the amends in his power. Marion made very little reply. If he were really penitent she would know it in time, and would be glad of it; but for the present she should make a visit to her father's. In future she should try to do right and act wisely. While thus conversing Mrs. La Rue chanced to notice the chain about Marion's neck. She was passionately fond of jewelry, and she put out her hand and took of the chain, and, adjusting her eye glass with trembling hands, closely examined the pendant charm. She made an effort to speak, turned pale, dropped the chain and fell fainting to the floor. Marion was alarmed and called the servant for aid. Lucian was sought and brought in. The woman was with some difficulty brought to consciousness. The first word she uttered was, "Where did you get that chain?" Marion replied, "I bought it of Lucian." Then the three women entered the carriage and were driven to the house of Louis La Rue. Mr. La Rue was astonished to see Marion and her company at so early an hour in the morning. He was only just dressed, and had not been called to breakfast. Marion put on the appearance of gaiety and said: "Dear pa, we have come to take breakfast with you; will you give us some?" Mr. La Rue surmised that something was wrong, but said nothing. He called a servant and ordered breakfast for three lady visitors. At Marion's request her trunk was carried into her old dressing room. No more questions were asked until breakfast was over. The house-keeper was as much a friend of Marion as she was an enemy of her stepmother, and she shrewdly guessed that there was some trouble at the Grant mansion. When Mr. La Rue learned the facts in the case his rage against Lucian and his mother was almost uncontrollable; but when Marion proposed her design he was much appeased, for money was with him the principal thing. Let us return to the home Marion and her ladies had just left. The scene there is not particularly inviting, but nevertheless we will go in and see and hear what we may. The first and all absorbing interest with Mrs. La Rue was the watch and chain which she had seen in Marion's possession. She seemed to have forgotten Lucian's troubles, but seemed almost insane about the watch and chain. She asked, "Lucian, did you give your wife that chain?" He replied, "No; I sold it to her long

before we were married. I had forgotten all about it." "Where did you get it, my son? I never saw you have it." "That may be, but you knew I had it. I held it a long time as security for borrowed money I lent Had Harvey." "Yes, I remember something about it; but where did Harvey get it?" "I am sure I don't know nor care. Maybe he stole it from some woman it's a woman's watch." "Can you buy that watch or the chain back?" "I don't want it. What ails you, mother? how you shake!" "Now, my son, I do want that watch, especially the chain, and I must have it, and have it I will somehow." "I don't know how we'll get it, I'm sure. You never would wear such an ancient affair if you had it, mother." "That makes no difference. I tell you I must have it, and you must in some way get it for me. Will you? I will give any price for it, even a thousand dollars." "Well, I begin to think, as La Rue says, you are possessed. The thing is hardly worth two hundred dollars. It cost me only fifty. I know the chain is heavy and solid gold, and the diamonds are valuable, but you don't want such a thing anyway." "Well, Lucian, say what you will, that watch and chain I must have if it costs all I am worth. The question of life and death may hang upon its possession." She was getting terribly excited. "You must get it for me somehow; get somebody to purchase it for me at any price. I know you will not refuse your mother this one thing. Will you get it for me, my son?" "No, I shall do no such thing. It's all nonsense. You can do as you please, but I shan't make a fool of myself." "Oh, Lucian, my son, you will kill me!" "I guess not; but if I do you will come to life again; you have that habit. You have been killed a hundred times, and are pretty lively yet; you'll survive." Mrs. La Rue rushed out of the room both grieved and angry; but she did not for a moment think of relinquishing her purpose. She consulted a lawyer; one whom she thought under special obligation to her. She commissioned him to get the watch and chain at any price he could. He took the case in hand and waited on Marion. She did not wish to sell. He offered a large price, which was refused. His bid was raised successively until it reached into thousands. Finally the lawyer was assured there was not money enough in New York to buy it; then he desisted and reported failure. She next in her desperation endeavored to bribe Mr. La Rue's chambermaid to steal it for her, offering a thousand dollars for the service. This was declined, but the girl's silence was purchased pretty dearly. But the truth came out at last in an indirect manner. The girl advised Marion to be especially careful of her watch, as some servant might be tempted to steal it. Surprised at this, Marion asked, "What watch—of this?" pointing to the one in her belt. The girl colored and said: "No; the one with the heavy gold chain." "How did you know I had any such watch?" "I saw it when you wore it the other morning, and some one talking about it." A long time after this Marion found out what this all meant, and heartily thanked the girl. It is possible this warning saved her the watch, although she thought little of it at the time. The earnestness of the lawyer to get possession of the watch did a little surprise her, and she thought there must be some hidden design at the bottom, and possibly in some way concerned Dr. Harvey. Then it occurred to her that the lawyer was probably her stepmother's attorney, and the scene on the morning she left home came back to her mind. She wondered what that could all mean; but Marion's mind was exercised upon so many more serious matters that this was soon lost sight of as a matter of interest. (To be continued.)

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