

THE BETTER WAY

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Spiritual Discourses.

SPIRITUAL GIFTS.

A Discourse Delivered at Cassadaga, July 27, by Hon. Sidney Dean.

Specialty Reported for The Better Way.

The facts of Spiritualism have vindicated themselves. The phenomena, for so these facts are designated by the thinking world, appear in such varied forms and with such persistence and insistence that the mind of the world has been forced to examine and to speculate as to their causes. Sound, with no visible cause of concussion, and sound harnessed to an alphabet for the spelling of intelligent words and sentences, have set the mental wonder-mongers at work. The hypnotic, or trance condition of mediumship, where an intelligent personality, independent of the hypnotic subject, recounts the incidents of a life lived in the mortal, and speaks with seeming authority of things pertaining to the future of this life, as well as the character of the life unseen by mortals; diagnosing diseases of the absent and prescribing curative remedies, in a word, entering into the details of our daily lives, has disturbed the old mental philosophies and philosophers most profoundly.

The intelligent, evolved brain of the world, has seemed to take a new departure. The old hum-drum age of thought and credence and bigotry is slowly fading out of history.

An earthquake which should unsettle continents and engulf islands, would not have created greater disturbance. Philosophers, scientists, credulists, agnostics, atheists, at *id onne genes*, all seemed sailing on a boisterous and uncertain sea with unshipped rudders.

The newly discovered force in the universe of God; the illuminated pathway of intelligent intercommunication between the human family seen and unseen; between the family yet in the mortal and the family who, under the universal law, have passed the gates of the mortal, and have entered the spiritual and eternal life; the unseen but all-pervading force which rests quiescent in all nature, until called into notice and action in obedience to its laws and the psychic force in man, finding use and harmony about the same time, seem to have been the causes of throwing the mental and theological world out of its old ruts of thought, reasoning and belief.

If on one plane alone these phenomena were manifested; if matter alone were acted upon in a strange, new and unnatural way, then in the world of matter would its cause or its causes be sought. Then, indeed would the laws of nature or pure natural philosophy be swept as with a drag-net of investigation.

But the faith of the naturalist or materialist is most rudely torn from its moorings by this invasion of the psychic into the realms of matter.

There is a soul which has awakened; there is an intellect which has stood forth clothed with the logic of undisputed

fact; there is independent intelligence manipulating inert matter; there is the broad, reasonable teaching of a life independent of crude matter and that life eternal in spirit realms, and these all leave the materialist without a basis either for his belief or his reasoning.

It was well that the fact preceded the philosophical teaching.

As a simple, natural and truthful philosophy, Spiritualism would have been scouted out of Christendom.

The mind of the world had become settled and fixed in the old rut of creed and mystery. There had been an advance, a progress, it is true, but it was upon the old dogmatic line of thought and belief. The highway of thought seemed to broaden as the decades and centuries moved on, but the highway was fenced on either side by creed, dogma, superstition and early training.

This newly developed force in nature and in man has shattered a thousand idols, overturned theories hoary with age and sanctity, revolutionized philosophy and brought an intelligent and loving God into his own universe of law.

His honest and loving children have ceased quaking with fear at his anger and have learned to look upon their departure from the mortal environment, not as a curse and a penalty for some one else's sin, but as a wise and beneficent law by and through which they pass to the real life conferred upon them with conscious existence.

Of course thinkers and students have been and are engaged in the solution of this great mystery of this age.

A thousand and one questions are asked. Why did it not appear before? It did. Read your Bibles and learn the fact, repeated again and again with minute particulars, both in the old and new Testament scriptures, notably in connection with the life and ministry of the great Nazarene.

Why was it not continued? It was, until church organizations throttled it with their dogmas, creeds and anathemas, and because, as it is to-day, commercial, the pews controlling the pulpits.

Why are not all mediums, having some special department or manifestation of psychic force? I might answer in the words of Paul: "Are all apostles, are all teachers, are all workers of miracles, do all speak with tongues, do all interpret? But I will not so answer an honest inquiry. I believe all cleanly, spiritual persons are mediumistic, and will find a disclosure of their own peculiar gifts if they will live for it. They may not find the special gift which they covet; we seldom in this world obtain what we most desire. But the psychic force will find an outlet through us if we will let it.

But why is this force manifested through an unclean, immoral mediumship? Simply because a peculiar mental or moral status of character is not a condition of its disclosure.

As I understand it, and I am as liable to error in reasoning as are you, it works best, the most natural and with the most convincing force, through the trinity in harmony in man. His body, the machine, must have been harmoniously arranged, the temperament adjusted, so as to make of it a receiver and distributor; the mind adjusted to receive, not positive, stubborn, inflexible and repellant; and the soul attuned to the loving reception of the great intelligent brother and sisterhood beyond the mortal. But can we not create this adjustment ourselves? I think so; unless there be some physical condition, some ill-adjustment pre-natal in character, which is not subject to our will or our desires.

If you, as a chemist, desire to perform some delicate experiment in your laboratory, you prepare for it; you study the known laws of the materials you are to use and you investigate to find other laws and properties in these materials, do you not?

Some of your experiments require time and practice. You have to wait on the law of your chemical combinations. And is not this true in all nature as in chemistry? You prepare the soil, sow your seed, and wait patiently for the harvest. Oh, fool and blind, to sow the seed and then sit on the fence and curse God because the harvest does not ripen, so that you can thrust in the sickle before the sun goes down.

Was conception and parturition instantaneous in your case, or in that of any one of the human family? Harmonize yourself, soul and mind and body, and patiently await the growth of the development of the psychic power within you. If you seek this mediumship for low and ignoble ends, even should you obtain it, it would prove a curse and a scourge to you. This is the result of my observation.

I can account for it upon no other hypothesis than the low, impure denizens of the earth sphere of spirit life have as great a desire to return and manifest themselves through mortal media, as have the pure and exalted of the higher spheres, and as like gravitates to like by a universal law, the low, ignoble medium will naturally call this class of spirits to himself or herself.

Seek the knowledge, the possession, the work of mediumship between the clothed and the unclothed, for high and pure purposes alone, and as a blessing and not as a mere curiosity or curse to your fellow men and women.

I have personally known of persons past middle life who had never disclosed mediumship in any of its present phases and did not believe they possessed mediumistic powers in any degree, who, because of their great desire for truth; truth palpable to their own consciousness; truth beyond credence in other mediums, brought themselves into harmony, learned to be passive and wait, sat with patience and courage at regular periods and continuously until there was born in them the vital spark of manifested psychic force. This they cultivated until to-day they are the happy recipients of a ministry of life and love clear as the sunlight and as sweet as heaven.

How know we our possibilities until we prove them?

On general principles of law I should say there is to be no exclusive patent upon mediumship. It would not be in harmony or in consonance with the divine plan or the universal laws of our Father's kingdom, as we comprehend them to-day.

The cradles of the future will be filled with infant sensitives or mediums, for the intelligence on the other side of life are more interested in the practical operation of this force through which they can and do return to earth, than are we. There is one feature of the new philosophy and fact, of which I desire especially to speak. I have already spoken of the effects of its appearance on the mental and religious world; of its overthrowing of old moss-grown theories and philosophies and the profound disturbance which it has created among dogmas and creeds which have so long ruled the minds and the hearts of the world with an iron hand.

Let us look within our own discipleship and examine the drift and trend of things among ourselves.

Our observation may lead us to shun danger and by a wise prescience, supplemented by the forces of our intelligent guides, we may avoid danger and prepare the way for a still more glorious disclosure of the union of the two worlds of conscious intelligent life.

What is the marked feature, what the manifested status of Spiritualism to-day? Is it not this: that on the rostrum, in the columns of its press and among the rank and file of its believers, the intellect rather than the heart is at work?

That we are discussing theories and philosophies, speculating in the qualities of mere moonshine, following mental will-o-the-wisp; growing pugnacious over our brain-born intellectual children, though they may be crows-black in their ugliness and as shapeless as chaos; de-throning infinite first cause, blotting a creator out of his own universe, and seeking to enthrone fate, chance, blind force, or any power but that which possesses wisdom and intelligence; while the hungry hearts of the world are crying for the bread of life, which the angel world is waiting to bring to it.

Oh, if the intellects of these pugnacious, would-be philosophers could have rest and their hearts could be left free to speak, what a boon it would be for humanity and the world present and future! Spiritualism is being philosophized to death. It is like a sick man among the doctors, one would bleed, another purge, another salivate, another sweat, and the

life of the patient is conditioned upon his turning the whole pack, with their loaves and pill-boxes out of his chamber and let nature work according to her known laws.

If I could have all the lecturers, editors and mediums of the world before me, I would say tenderly and lovingly, gentlemen and ladies of the rostrum, the press and the pews, humanity has a heart and it is hungry for spiritual bread, the bread of eternal life. Feed it. It cares little for your analysis of the kernel of wheat of which the bread is composed, or your disputations as to its origin; whether it was born out of the original nebulae or a first created seed, and it cares less about your cold, empty speculations.

It hungers for food adapted to its wants. It has been offered intellectual stones long enough. You say that the intellect is hungry also for knowledge. True, but modern speculations, of which the spiritualistic world seems to be full to-day, and I would not even seem to be uncharitable, have passed the boundaries of the knowable, and are simply brain, intellectual brain, without nutriment for either intellect or heart.

The what of the whither and the whither of the how, like Sandy's metaphysics, seem to be in a state of constant gestation, among a class of writers and speakers. Do you wonder that the ordinary man, with his sensible thoughts and his hungry heart, turns away from such an offered repast, and relies upon his creed and his preacher for the meager comfort both may bring to him?

The truths of Spiritualism came to the mind of the world for a purpose. No god chance presided at the birth. They did not come to the light, the learned, the rich, the exclusive. They came to the people.

Like the Nazarene, the best exponent of humanity's heart, they came to the poor, the lowly and heart-suffering of earth who so needed their ministrations. It is the heart which suffers in the beginning of life, not the intellect. It is that within us that lingers around the grave of the forms we so dearly loved, or which follows them in their flight to the unseen celestial home.

It is the heart which sighs and cries for another "touch of the vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

Those who have not felt the keen agony and sorrow which death's parting inflict, who have never had the fibers of their natures lovingly interwoven into another's life, and seen that life melt away into the gloaming of the unseen morning of spiritual being; who have never basked in the sunshine of a true parental love, and then stood on the empty hearth-stone and looked on the broken household altar and yearned again for the mother's kiss, or one proud glance of the father's eye; who have been muted in heart and spirit until more than the half was gone when the cloths fell upon the earthly casket; who saw the little snow-drop melt away out of the bosom and then folded the little hands to rest. Oh, you who have not worn cradle like sorrow covering your hearts, you can theorize, speculate, dream intellectual dreams, make of sacred love a platitude, and construct a cosmos for the eternal Father of us all to follow; but humanity wants something higher, deeper, broader, more practical and better.

Give the heart its place in the spiritual economy and philosophy of fact, or humanity will spurn your philosophy.

It has a voice. Hear it. It is a more potent factor in the triune ego than either intellect or body. We can well manage with less knowledge, if the heart is at rest.

We can endure physical ailments if the heart is at peace. If in harmony with itself, guiding the life aright, conscious of soul cleanliness and purity of purpose and if it can become the home—the earth-home of the loved and pure who have returned to impress us, or talk with us, or to minister to us, or to aid us in our efforts to exalt and bless others with a like life; if its horizon of consciousness embraces faith, hope, courage, patience, spiritual knowledge and all which serves to make up a pure, true, sweet life, then, indeed, are we living in "the sunburst of the life clysmian," though we may not intellectually attempt to square the circle or solve a problem of Euclid.

Break the hold which the heart of humanity has upon its conscious, eternal life, a life moral, intellectual, social, a life of activities and enjoyments, a life of love as well as of thoughts, and one dark pall envelopes the race.

The whole moral and intellectual universe of God is builded upon the continuity of soul life. There is a break in the creative plan, a blunder somewhere in design, if the grave is the end-all of man.

While ignorance has offered us an unnatural, emasculated nature and existence beyond the grave, has created a hell of torment for our Father's children who have been unfortunate in their heredity or their environment, or both; our intelligent friends have returned from the hither shore of the spiritual existence to tell us that the natural law runs parallel with the spiritual life, and that there, as here, we create the character of our own life. If our heart is filled with a pure love we shall be lovable. If we strive to serve and help our fellowmen or fellow spirits, they will help us. If our charity is God-like, its return upon our own souls will be "like the dew of heaven and the dew upon the mountains of Zion" of old.

Morals and moral character are as much facts in life as any other fact of which we are conscious. We cannot blot them out if we would. Would we if we could?

Cleanliness and uncleanness are states of character. Love and hate are states or conditions. No power in two or a dozen worlds can blend them, either to our consciousness or our reason. They stand out opposite, and must so stand forever, or wrong is right, and right is wrong.

Faith is as essential to the heart as is incipient mathematics to the intellect. So is hope, for it is the eye with which the heart scans its future horizon.

And every moral quality of the heart cries out when the moral life is tarnished with a vandal hand, or when a crude mental speculation seeks to rob the heart of its place in the building of a character for that life eternal which it craves, in spite of empty and false mental syllogisms.

The two worlds, the seen and the unseen, are a unit.

This perfect design; this completes the plan and its outworking in the conscious life of the soul.

The intercommunication bridges the chasm which death creates.

A double result is attained; we, in the mortal, have a surcease of poignant sorrow, and in spirit we enjoy again the fellowship of our loved; they are strengthened and helped by the visitation and work.

How they become so blessed and advanced we do not care to theorize upon. It is sufficient for us that they so tell us. We shall soon know all about it ourselves.

Brethren and sisters of the rostrum, the press and of the Spiritualistic army, this life is severely practical.

The soul within us, with its possible hopes and fears, its faith and unbelief, its courage and cowardice, its loves and hates, its choices and its will, is as much a fact as is our thinking mind or our decaying body. Nay, the conscious soul is the ego itself.

Does not every voice within and around us cry out for the higher cultivation of the soul?

Spiritual purity, wedded to spiritual harmony, brings content and happiness to us individually.

Then let us enshrine purity over our lives and seek in a true spirituality the real harmony which our natures, if pure, will crave.

This life is simply a school of development, of tuition. So our reason and the voices of our spirit friends advise us. Why should the love of earth dominate our natures when the real life is but a step in advance of all of us.

Ignorance is to be dissipated, the unfortunate succored and aided to rise, the wounded and bruised of earth to be cared for.

Oh, if on the battlefield among the wounded and dying there should come to you the pitiful cry, "a drop of water from your canteen, comrade, a full drink, comrade, for the love of God," could you turn away? Would you stop to examine whether the fellowman was clothed in the blue or the grey, or whether it was your bitterest enemy or best friend? Hu-

manity is asking help. The angel world are proffering it. They must do their loving work through their friends in the mortal.

Oh; when you and I stand emancipated from earth, enrolled among our loved in the spirit realm, when our spirit vision shall sweep the green fields and azure skies of our paradise home also, how our hearts will swell with gratitude and love over the remembrance that, we, too, dried a tear on the cheek of sorrow, and filled an empty cup for one of our perishing brothers of earth!

Oh, let us remember, and never forget, the hungry, sorrowing hearts of earth. Let us all rise into the higher plane of spiritual life here, on the plane where humanity suffers and enjoys, is unhappy or content, toils to weariness, is daily smitten with sorrow and grief, and let us, Samaritan like, forget to inquire or speculate as to why the road of life is not better policed, or why robbers and murderers live; but rather let us be content with pouring into the gaping wounds of the heart the oil and wine of spiritual comfort and healing, and assisting the bruised to an eternal run of refreshment and healing in the home which the All-Father has prepared for the pilgrims of earth.

For that, it seems to me, is the true angel ministry of to-day, and I had rather be the earth servant of such an angel ministry than to wear a diadem of earth or become the Cæsars of all its wealth.

DO PLANTS THINK?

A story of one of the most interesting freaks of vegetable life is told by Elwood Cooper of Santa Barbara. As coming from him, and, moreover, having happened to him, the story cannot be anything but strictly in accordance with facts. Verily may we ask ourselves, do plants think? Mr. Cooper believes that they do, and here are some of his reasons for thinking so:

"Through Mr. Cooper's garden there ran some years ago a sewer made out of redwood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer, which in course of time had partially decayed. Across the sewer was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by inner sewer, which it inclosed tightly, while the outside sewer casing ended abruptly against the wall. As I said, the outside sewer casing had in course of time decayed, and a eucalyptus tree standing some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer, and followed its course as far as it could; at last it came to the wall which shut off its course, and here it could go no farther, the inside sewer being perfectly tight. But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this the eucalyptus tree evidently knew. How to get there? Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole an inch or two in diameter, and this the eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big roots began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side and entered the sewer again and follows it along as formerly."

Was ever such instinct known before, or are similar traits in plants of daily occurrence? Only we are not aware of them. How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did, how could it direct the root to go and find the place with such precision? There is, of course, another explanation of this singular phenomenon which, as we might say, the roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food just as the eucalyptus tree did.—Bakersfield Californian.

A Peculiar Fish.

A fish of most peculiar appearance, the like of which has never been seen by any of the many old fishermen who have inspected it, was recently exhibited at Pensacola, Fla. It was caught in the gulf with hook and line, and is about five feet in length. The body is similar to that of a dolphin, and it has a bill like a needle fish. The tail is forked, and has two immense fins rising from the back. They are of a soft, bony substance, and are of such peculiar formation that they give the fish appearance of having a flowing mane.

For The Better Way.

METAPHYSICAL SPIRITUALISM.

The following letter from a gentleman in Victoria B. C., to a lady in this city, will undoubtedly be read by those who take a little metaphysics as a change of diet:

Dear Friend:—Your trials in life have been so severe that you at times feel that you do not care to live. You are obliged to live. There is no choice. What will you do with the life which you have? Is it your desire to suffer more or suffer less than in the past? Is it your desire to do more or to do less good than in the past? The greatest desire of every life should be to do good. You can do good only in proportion as you are fitted by the right kind of discipline, education—knowledge: (as per directions which will be given you). This will give you a practical knowledge of human nature, connectiveness of effort, continuity of thought, calmness, serenity, earnestness and intensity of mind power, and good will follow your every effort. Strive to forget the unkindly acts and to remember kindly those who have neglected, slighted and slandered or injured you, and strive to fit yourself to aid, enlighten and brighten the lives of those who have been wronged much more than yourself. Every time you think (as well as act) kindly, you do good. Strive to be satisfied with doing a little good each day until you are fitted by experience to do a greater good. The adverse opinions and criticisms of others make you sad and despondent. That which people think of you is of far less consequence to you than that which you think of others; because, what you think produces your own character, that is, forms of thought—kind and quality—determine spheres here and hereafter. Spheres connect us with corresponding life lines and thought waves, which each human being unconsciously follows. Selfish and unkind thoughts are chains which bind us to spheres. Mental darkness. Solomon said "As man thinketh, so is he in his heart."

As man is born without his own consent; born without any choice in regard to country, race, color, surroundings, conditions of poverty or wealth, or religion; born with an organism filled with longings, desires, passions and powers which he is no more responsible for having than he is for the rising of the morning sun; and, as every child is but the "irresponsible" result of the above mentioned conditions, and, these conditions combined, "make the boy the father of the man." Therefore, I assure you that it is your duty—and the duty of every one—to strive to think equally kindly of all, for, it would be very difficult to prove that he who has done the worst has not done equally as well as he who has done the best. For no intelligence less than infinite can judge how far a man may be individually responsible for his thought or act. Unquestionably they are not responsible (as the world understands the term) for many of your thoughts and acts; but you will have to stand the consequences of all your thoughts and acts; also of millions of thoughts, acts, accidents, incidents and conditions not your own choice or making.

There is an "eternal fitness of things." There is no place so fit for a man as the place a man is fitted for. In the future life there is no choice; fitness determines spheres, and spheres determine conditions of happiness and occupation. In this world but few are to accomplish or enjoy that which they desire, hence, the world is filled with failures and sorrows. Fit yourself by mental discipline—kind quality—and continuity of thought for that which you most desire, and it will have a tendency to bring into your life correspondent experiences. In proportion as you are fitted to enjoy or to accomplish, you will unconsciously gravitate into "opportunities" which will permit you to do, and to enjoy, that which you most desire. Fit yourself for certain reformatory work and you will have that work to do. Another thought in this connection is worthy of your careful consideration. In the Bible we find "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath." I will change a word or two of the above sentence, and you will comprehend the meaning more fully. For whosoever hath, to him can be given; but to whosoever hath not, to him cannot be given, only in proportion to that which he hath. That is, no one can comprehend a truth or principle which is wholly beyond their native capacity and acquired knowledge. We are obliged to move forward—acquire knowledge—one step at a time, and that step must be the one which bears a natural relation to the one already taken, else we fail to comprehend. The world censures and condemns its ablest thinkers and reformers, because the "masses" have not acquired the knowledge which enables them to comprehend more "advanced thoughts." They can only comprehend and accept knowledge which bears a direct relation to that which they have already received.

You seem to have lost confidence in the friendship of women and the honor and fidelity of men. You need not, necessarily, have confidence in others to do them good. You do not, necessarily, need confidence in others to be benefited by them. Confidence in others, to

the extent which is deserved by them, will come with a knowledge of their lives and characters. You readily admit that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," yet you refuse to allow others to bless their own lives with acts of kindness for you, because you fear there is insincerity or selfishness in their motives. Always accept acts of kindness, through which you may be able to do more for yourself, and through yourself more for others and let the question of motives rest with the Creator of motives, the Controller of Destinies and the Father of All.

The requirements of a true life are fully met, and all obligations are fulfilled when an individual lives his or her own highest conception of right, truth and justice—even though crude and erroneous their ideas may be. She is by far the nobler woman who thinks she should feed her babe to the crocodiles of the Nile, and does, than she who thinks she ought but refrains. The former lives her ideal idea of right—duty to her Creator—with strict fidelity, the other woman refuses. * * * Please remember that we are not in this world simply to secure happiness, but to obtain experience. He is rich who is rich in experience and all are poor beside. Trials, tribulations and sorrows, as well as joys, produce powerful incentives for effort, and effort is the mother of progress, and progress is the "forerunner" of harmony, peace and satisfaction. Let your motto be "Sow the seed, though the ear hear not any sweet harvesting song." And your ear will hear "the sweet harvesting song" when it has attained experience sufficiently to catch the waves of harmony which vibrate from the centre to the circumference of the universe for all.

Sincerely and respectfully,

Dr. T. C. CUMMINGS.

Reported for The Better Way.

WHY SPIRITUALISTS SHOULD FEDERATE FOR WORK.

The following letter was sent by E. W. Wallis, sub-editor of the Two Worlds, to and read at the first anniversary celebration of the London Federation of Spiritualists for propagandist work in the great metropolis:

Dear Friends—The watchwords of the age are union, sympathy, progress and brotherhood. Everywhere we see unrest, upheaval and change. The old order gives place to the new. Social, political, moral and religious waters are being stirred to deeper depths than in any past time. The people are becoming more free, enlightened and humanitarian. Above all a spirit of solidarity is becoming increasingly manifest. It is seen that the interest of one is the interest of all, and the interest of all centers in the well being of the individual. Reforms are in the air. Hope stirs in many hearts. Doubt and difficulty are the John-the-Baptists to a truer faith and higher life. Religion is becoming more real. Humanitarian and progressive sentiments are being heard from advanced preachers who are echoing the aspirations of the age. Religion is a life, not a creed. Man is larger than churches, and his nature is diviner than any institution. Man has written all the bibles, erected all altars, established all forms of faith in obedience to the promptings of his own immortal spirit, which through all the ages has been in search of truth and God. The perennial waters of inspiration flow into the aspirational man; who, as the interpreter of nature, can discern the hand writing divine in the statutes and decrees which govern in the realms of matter, mind and morals, even more manifestly to-day than in olden times.

We need no mythical interpretations of the records of traditions of semi-barbarous people, which first reads a meaning into the words of the text and then takes it out again, and thus performs a thimble-rigging experiment to astonish us! Spiritualism, it seems to me, is a dispensation of spiritual light and truth. Its new wine inevitably bursts the old bottles. The old garments fall to pieces when patched with its new cloth! Humanity has outgrown creeds based upon records which do not reveal. The spirit people have made clear the facts of the future life. We know they live. They have proclaimed the gospel of human responsibility, of progression here and hereafter of happiness secured by goodness, righteousness and self-sacrificing services for the good of others. Surely, with such clear light on the path of duty, and the knowledge of companion-ship and comfort of such sweet co-workers, we may indeed rejoice in the freedom of the spirit and the light of the truth, and join hearts and hands in our work of proclaiming to the world

"Life is real and life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal."

Spiritualism, as I understand it, is practical, reformatory, clear and comprehensible by all. Based on facts—admitted by us all—that man lives continuously after death. That there is a "going on" of consciousness, a survival of memory, a retention of character and continuation of consequences, of deeds and motives, and that these constitute the "test of fitness" for the entrance into the spheres. Surely these revelations are invaluable! Spiritualism is a moral force and a religious teacher. When rightly comprehended its evidences of spirit existence and the necessity for cultivating the spir-

itual gifts and graces we possess, must elevate, educate and ennoble mankind.

I protest for Spiritualism free from mystery and mysticism! for rational, moral and religious Spiritualism! for aspirational, inspirational, reverential, devotional, humanitarian Spiritualism! for fraternity, unity, fellowship and love, and hail your federation as one effort to bring together the workers for human good, mutual helpfulness, encouragement and labor.

It is not possible to unite all where such strong individualism prevails, but let us agree to differ. Let those who do not feel called upon to organize stand aside; do not hinder those who would. Those who feel the call for co-operative effort, may, by their combined labors, effect great good. Individualism in trade has been a failure; has brought the evils of sweating, competition, craft, cruelty, cunning, overreaching and extremes of wealth and of poverty. Co-operation—socialism—in some form is looked forward to with hope; but to make socialism possible education and especially moral culture are needed. Spiritualism can surely lead the van and give direction to the aspirations of the people, and Spiritualists may unite for "humanity and the truth," in efforts to assist those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death. Let us dispel that shadow, comfort their hearts and make this life increasingly happy and beautiful. May good will and sweet reasonableness prevail and the spirit of love animate each heart. May the angels bless and guide you in your labors, and the approval of conscience stimulate you all to renewed enthusiasm and zeal. Ever yours fraternally,

E. W. WALLIS.

Written for The Better Way.

THE SEAT OF THE SOUL.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Perhaps no subject has called forth more speculation than the organic seat of the soul. Granting that man has an immortal spirit, the place it occupies in the mortal body becomes of interest. As there have been no facts to support any theory, the fancy has been allowed free rein and its wildest conjectures have been received and embodied in so-called scientific literature.

Of the nature of the soul or spirit the religionists and scientists of the past knew nothing. Revelation did not reveal its constitution, its origin or relations to the mortal body. The spiritual state was bestowed arbitrarily because of belief, and was not amenable to law. No one ever advanced the idea that law must rule in the realm of spirit, and that the soul must be an entity eliminated by and out of the physical conditions and environments.

Hence the puerile conjectures as to the size, form and location of the soul, i. e. spirit.

Dr. A. H. Stephens, of Philadelphia, has broached the theory that the corpus callosum "is the seat of the imperishable mind, and is the great reservoir and storehouse of electricity, which is abstracted from the blood in the arteries, and conveyed through the nerves up the spinal cord to the corpus callosum." The Electrical World presents this theory as something new and wonderful, whereas it is very old, and Dr. Stephens has not even brought forward the slightest evidence of its truthfulness. It has a learned and scientific sound, but will not bear the most superficial scrutiny. All that he says about electricity is unmeaning verbiage. The wonderful developments of electric discovery, have created a morbid fancy, which sees in it a universal motor and creative force; whereas it has no more influence in creation than heat, light, or the tangible element of water. There is not the slightest evidence that electric currents pass along the nerves, or that the corpus callosum is a "storehouse" for the electric fluid. In fact the most delicate tests fail to indicate its presence, and what right has science to assume its presence?

As far as evidence goes it would be just as tenable to suppose the seat of the mind or soul was in the base brain or cerebellum or the spinal cord, or the liver or the kidneys as the corpus callosum. The real function of this portion of the brain has been somewhat of a mystery, which not even the heartless process of vivisection has not solved, and hence furnishes a basis for the snap conjecture of Dr. Stephens. The mind, i. e. soul, has not been found within that part of the brain by dissection. The spirit as well as its emanation of mind is invisible and intangible. Force is always unseen. The primal form of matter is unrecognizable to the physical senses. The atom is beyond recognition of sight or touch. In the forms it assumes called matter, it is known to us only by the forces which are manifested. As condensed in the more solid substances, as in the mass of rigid steel, the atoms are comparatively wide asunder, and are joined or cemented together by forces which play around them. These forces give the characteristics of the matter from which they emanate. No one presumes that the crucible or retort will locate the force in matter, nor can the steel yards weigh the spirit or the knife give its locality.

A butcher's cleaver would be more appropriate in the hands of the doctors than the scalpel. They should chop their way into the courts of life. They are like the boy who, after the bird has

down from its cage, breaks the cage in pieces that he may learn where the song was located. Cleave through the cerebral hemispheres of the brain to the corpus callosum, then to find the brain itself a mass of dead cells!

The attendant physicians would learn by the brain of the dead Giteau why he was an assassin. With saw and knife they entered his brain and laid bare its innermost fibres. What found they? A brain, as they reported, quite normal, except a little protuberance as large as a small shot, which was an extra growth, and probably the cause of his appalling crime! In fact nothing unusual was found.

When Bishop, the mind reader, was entranced, the doctors were too eager to discover the cause of his peculiar powers to satisfy the public that he was dead. Instead of studying the subject by related facts, they at once resorted to the knife, and were not satisfied until a gory mass of brain tissue lay before them. Did they report the discovery of a different form of cell, receptive of thought waves? or any peculiar mechanism of fibre whereby thought might be received? Oh, no. They reported a brain precisely like other normal brains, remarkable only for a slight congestion, and this would have been predicted beforehand from the manner of his death.

Constantly new theories and conjectures in the spiritual field are broached by "scientific men," and aired in scientific journals, and the ignorance which marks them is as ludicrous as pitiable. They all take their origin in the old mistaken views of the spirit. The true theory can only be enunciated by Spiritualism.

LETTERS TO A CLERGYMAN.

No. 6.

BY MORIS HULL.

Bro. Claggett, dear sir: With this letter, I will for a time cease my corrections of your mistakes. Believe me, nothing but a love of truth and of your soul could have induced me to have followed your labyrinthian wanderings as I have done. These letters will leave many of your errors unexposed; but I trust by the time you have read this one you will see that your book will appear flat and thin indeed when it is thoroughly expurgated.

You attack Spiritualism on the ground that it is a work of darkness. You say: "Spiritualism is pre-eminently a work of darkness. Of all the things in this world that which it hates most is light; it works at night in a darkened room, under a table, or in a cabinet. It loves darkness rather than light. This alone brands it as a work of the Evil One."

It is true that some of the manifestations of Spiritualism have occurred in the dark, but that it is all done in the dark, or that a majority of its manifestations are produced in the dark, is not true. Certain manifestations in Spiritualism, as in chemistry, require a negative condition of the elements that can only obtain in the dark. Light is an agitator—a great traveler and there may be elements in it which may prevent certain phenomena. But supposing Spiritualism is all in the dark is it therefore necessarily evil? Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene when it was "yet dark"—so dark, that though they were old acquaintances, she did not recognize him. (See John xx: 1-5.) Does that prove that Jesus "hated the light" or "loved darkness rather than light"? Does that brand Jesus as an emissary of the evil one?

Solomon said: "The Lord said that he would dwell in the thick darkness." (1 Kings viii: 12.) David says: God "bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet." * * * He made darkness his secret place." Psalms xviii: 9-11. Also in Psalms xcvi: 1-2, I read, The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of the isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Do you, from these scriptures conclude that, "that which God hates the most is light"? Do you know that nature holds a dark seance once in every twenty-four hours? That every seed planted waits in the dark for its life to manifest itself, and that even you are supposed to have lived nine long months in the total darkness of your mother's womb before you could endure the light? Does a photographer, prove his deeds evil, when he goes into the dark room to develop a picture? it does not seem so to me.

Your next objection to Spiritualism you state as follows:

"All the surroundings and requirements necessary to secure communications are such as are unbecoming anyone with self-respect no matter in what aspect you look at it. The darkened room, the spirit under the table, tilting it, or rapping under its legs, the medium tied in a cabinet, or concealed behind a curtain, the circle sitting around with hands joined, singing to charm the spirits, all the surroundings are puerile in the extreme."

In this you lead your readers to infer that communications cannot be secured without the following conditions:

1. Darkened room.
2. Spirits under the table, tilting it and rapping on its legs.
3. The medium tied in a cabinet, or concealed behind a curtain.
4. A circle with hands joined, and singing to charm the spirits.

Every one who ever sat in an ordinary seance, or got a communication from the spirit world know that these conditions are not necessary to receive communications, but suppose they were, what is there in these conditions unbecoming to those who respect themselves?

It is true that for certain kinds of manifestations, some of the above conditions may be a help. But permit me to ask, was not the sanctum sanctorum a darkened room?

Why do you say the spirits are under a table? Do they say so, or did you ever hear of a Spiritualist who made that claim? Did you ever receive a telegram? Was it received on a table? And did you conclude from that that the one who sent the telegram was under the table? Supposing the rapping on the table legs does that prove the spirit was under the table, more than you prove the operator to be in the machine that receives the telegraphic dispatch?

Has not the medium as good a right to enter the cabinet as the friends had to shut himself up in the sanctum sanctorum? or as Jesus had to put the people all out of the house when he raised the ruler's daughter?

As for the tying of the medium, that is never done to enable the spirit to communicate, but to assure skeptical sitters of the improbability that the medium is making the manifestations.

You object to a circle and to singing to "charm the spirits." Do you object to a prayer meeting and to singing to "charm the holy spirit"? Why is singing in a spiritual seance undignified, and not so in church? Can Spiritualism itself be more undignified or inconsistent than your objections urged against it?

You next confess that Spiritualism is a real thing; something capable of readings ones past life and telling others wonderful things, but think the devil is at the bottom of it. The following are your words:

"But, says one, these spirits do tell us many things that occurred, while the person they profess to be were living and which no one else knew. Certainly Satan knows all about every human being's life. He goes about seeking whom he may devour. He knows well the history of my sainted mother, now with Christ. Did he not follow her and try to ensnare her all the days of her life? And if he can get an opportunity to communicate with me, of course he could tell me many things about her which no one else knew, things which, perhaps, even I, myself, did not know. If this whole thing is of the devil, there is nothing strange in the fact that such revelations are made."

If you are correct in this, mediums do give tests, even to the extent of revealing to persons the history of their sainted mothers. Where is God and where are His angels all this time? How does it happen that the devil has so much more power to destroy than God has to save? Is hell beating heaven? How does it happen that God and the angels do not wake up and provide some antidote to this satanic work? Really, my Brother, does the devil exist? How do you know he exists? If he exists, as you say he does, does he exist by the power of God, or contrary to His power. If by the power of God, I ask why God made such an archfiend to destroy His work and lead millions of honest creatures of God's to endless misery? If the devil exists contrary to the power of God, then is God God? How can God be all powerful and yet allow a devil to exist that He cannot put down? If God can put him down, why does He not do it? The existence of this virtue-destroying and soul-destroying devil proves that God lacks either the power or the goodness to put him out of existence. If He lacks the power, He is not God, if He lacks the goodness, He is not good! You cannot speak of the existence of a devil without proving your God wicked in making him, or weak in allowing him to continue his depredations.

You next retail the old falsehood, a hundred time met, about Spiritualism leading to insanity. You refer to "Dr. Forbes Winston's" statements. I never heard of him or the apocryphal Dr. Winston. Who is he? Where does he live? And how did he learn so much about 10,000 Spiritualists having become insane?

You probably mean one Dr. Forbes Winslow, who, about a dozen years since, indulged in some hyperbole on that subject. His statements were false in every particular, and were proved to be so. That makes no difference to you, however; you can change his name and enlarge his statements, and they will go down with the ignorant as facts. The fact is, the Church is making lunatics every day, and you know it; yet you abound in such rhapsodical statements as that there are more than ten thousand Spiritualists in the lunatic asylums of the United States. What asylums are they in? Please tell your readers in the next unmasking you chose to make of yourself.

I have not said near all I wanted to say in reply to your book, but I have said enough to fulfill your request to "drop you a line concerning it." I hope you are satisfied with what has been said; if not, give me an opportunity to appear before the same audience with yourself, and on equal terms, and the people shall learn who and what it is the "mask" is torn from.

Spiritualism will find a champion worthy your steel at almost any time, and place you may mention, especially if those who have written their endorsement of your book will endorse you in the one upon whom they rely to lead down the walls of Spiritualism.

Hoping that you may live to write many letters, wiser and more truthful books than "The Mask Torn Off," I am yours for Victory and Truth.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I wish to ask the readers of THE BETTER WAY and Spiritualists in general, Do you approve of raiding materializing seances to test whether a medium is honest or not? I think the majority say no. I say no most emphatically.

I think it is a parallel to the way the tested witches (mediums) a few centuries ago by throwing them in a stream, and if they tried to save themselves they were guilty and were stoned to death.

A good honest medium, for full materialization, has no better chance before a raid and a picked, prejudiced jury than the witch just spoken of.

I do not favor fraud, neither does any Spiritualist. But I do not favor exposing all the wheat for fear there might be some tares in it, especially when the medium has been tested by thousands and proven to be genuine and honest. Is not the verdict of thousands of Spiritualists who have been witnesses that a medium is honest far superior to a prejudiced mob and jury who have rendered a verdict in advance and without proof?

I say a planned and prejudiced raid is no evidence whatever of guilt on part of a medium, and you say the same. Would any honest Spiritualist, any one having the good of the cause at heart; any one worthy of the name of Spiritualist, if they thought any one a fraud, would they take such a plan to detect them?

On the other side, suppose any one was enlisted against the cause and was making it a specialty to break down materializing mediums, would they not take just such plans to kill them? There is but one answer. Then let all arouse and defend the cause against the present mode of warfare of raiding.

How easy it is for us to see "the mote in our brother's eye," especially if it was over four hundred years ago. How easy it is for us to look, with disgust and horror, back to the time of Joan D'Arc and see them burn her at the stake, because she was a great and good medium. But we look upon the same outrages to-day with complacency. I mean to say that the outrages being perpetrated upon our mediums to-day are just as great for these times as Joan's case was for her time.

I say for us to see these persecutions and not try to help the victims is just a great crime for us as it was for the multitudes then.

I further say the time is coming, and near, when people will look back upon these outrages as we do upon the case of Joan and those thrown into the stream and stoned. Some of our mediums are suffering and have suffered most equal to Joan in her great trial because she was a medium, and we are standing idly by and seeing them tortured to death. They are calling for help, so let us help and help now.

It might come to pass that some of our near friends would develop mediumship for materialization, then we would suddenly wake up to the fact of these outrages, as did Cotton Mather when his wife was accused. R. M. S.

THE MASTERY OF A SOUL.

There is nothing, it seems to us, so intensely interesting as the struggling of a human soul against passion and pride, vain ambition and appetite, maliciousness or crime, and all the baser inclinations, and with all its latent energies aroused to their full extent determined to gain the mastery over its baser nature, and rise to a higher plane of rational life. What pain, and anguish, what struggling, what hope, what despair, what deep misery, what bright rays of joy in alternation, exhilarate the soul with radiant bliss, or tear it with the deep fangs of bitter grief and oft-repeated disappointment! And to see it emerge at last from all this furious fight, this storm and calm, this sunshine, this watchfulness, and surprise, into the clear sunlight and glowing shadows of heavenly calm, with a perennial and exhilarating joy ebbling and flowing through the soul, is a wonder, a charm, a fascination, superior to anything that fiction can ever devise, in its palmiest hours. The reality adds an intensity to the charm, and gives substantial food and hope for other struggling souls. See the soul now, in the calm serenity of a celestial atmosphere, standing with its feet crushing passion, pride, vain ambition, low lust, and appetite, love of gain, malignity, and every baser passion, with its pure hand on the helm. Its intelligent eye on the goal, making all the wheels of human nature turn subservient to a nobler life, looking down the fearful chasm from which it has escaped, this is a wonderful picture. Look at the frightful form then as it emerged from the sullied pool of generation, and now at the radiant figure in its day of triumph! What can add to the picture, or enhance the charm? Dull indeed, is the soul that finds nothing here to admire, nothing to emulate.

IVAN VON ZESTOW.

Written for The Better Way.

The Bird Song.

The sinking sun had streaked the West
With flecks of gold and crimson bars,
The wandering wind had sunk to rest,
And in the cold East rose the stars,
The evening chimes, like gladome psalm,
Pealed loud from out the old church tower;
And over the valley fell the calm
Which breathes upon the twilight hour.

Loud through the eve-wrapt, listening vale,
From humble bower of eglantine—
A black-bird trilled his mellow tale
As if he sang through luscious wine.
By cottage, grange, and hall around,
Euphured listeners lingered long;
All heard the self-same fluttering sound,
While each interpreted the song.

A little child, scarce three years old,
In wonder woke to visions dim
Of crowns and dulcimers of gold
And surging strains of holy hymn
As that sweet land that brighter far
Than glowing shores in emerald sea,
Where shines the lustrous evening star
Above the fair Hesperides.

A maiden at the moss-fringed well
Beside her pitcher lingered long,
Her soul enthralled with the strange spell
Contained within that mystic song;
For oh! to hear it ever sings
Of love which all her being fills,
And of the lad the twilight brings
From over the dividing hills.

To child, and youth, and maiden fair,
That bird made glad the closing day;
But made and aye, with silvered hair,
Drew sorrow from its round delay.
All filtered through the years of woe
On their hearts fell the mellow strain—
Walking the songs of long ago,
And made them sigh for youth again.

*Purported to be written by Longfellow
through the trumpet medium, Hugh M. Moore,
of Dayton, O., for Miss Cora Denny, musical
medium of the same place.

SLATE WRITING.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

On Friday afternoon, July 18, 1890, I called on Mrs. Carter, a slate writing medium of repute, residing on Price Hill, Cincinnati. She stated that for the past few days she was engaged preparatory to leaving home for a few weeks' vacation and declined, so far as consistently, she could not give any sittings. But as she understood me to be from a distant city and had brought my own slate with me for obtaining spirit manifestation in writing, she would grant my request for a sitting, at the same time, under the circumstances, was doubtful of good results.

Seating myself in a well lighted, well ventilated commodious room, containing a parlor center table, on the opposite side from which the medium sat, she called my attention to the table and its immediate surroundings, which consisted of a dark cloth cover, two common slates, a small tablet of blank soft paper with lead pencil accompanying. As suggested by the medium that while she was holding her own slate under the near edge of the table, only so as to exclude the bright light immediately upon it, awaiting results, I placed my own double slate, enclosing between its folds a folded note, being one of two I had written at my room before leaving, upon the carpeted floor immediately at my feet and at all time in plain view of myself; the medium not at any time touching or seeing either slate or notes, or in person nearer to either than at least three feet or more. The unseen note I put between the lids of my double slate, read as follows:

"To my dear wife in the spirit world—I would be pleased to receive a good long letter from you telling me of your conditions and your surroundings and those of your friends with you. If conditions are such as to prevent your doing so yourself ask where our Sister Eliza or some other of our spirit friends are."

"Yours, S."

Soon after, and while the medium and myself were pleasantly relating incidents she saw clairvoyantly and said: "There is a lady standing by your side, she lays her hand on your shoulder and says, 'Brother Charles, I am sister Eliza,' and then came a spirit to the medium and said 'I am Hannah S., wife of — (giving my name in full) and have written as requested.'"

I raised my slate from between my feet, opened it, found my notes folded as I had placed them there, and in answer found both insides of the slates filled. The messages read: "My dear husband; you are in the grand pursuit of knowledge. Charles, dear, Eliza and I are together and happy—I am your companion, though in different states."

"Hannah S."

Following this, written on my own slate, came on the medium's slate, a similar message. Then the medium remarked that my spirit friends were strong and suggested that I leave the already written matter remain on the outside, leaving the other inside blank and try for an answer to my note.

I then placed the notes between the slates and again under my feet. It was addressed to Hon. A. G. W. Carter asking for a description of his surroundings. In a few minutes the medium was impressed that the note had been replied to. I raised the slate and both insides of the slates were full of writing. The writing was in accord with my request and signed by the full name of the spirit. It was a surprise to us both, for the medium did not know to whom I had written.

I then placed another note between the slates in which I asked my niece Flora if she knew what picture I had in my pocket. In a few minutes Mrs. Carter, the medium, said:

There is a lady spirit here who tells me to say, 'I am Flora, tell Uncle Charles

to take out of his pocket my picture and show it to Mrs. Carter."

I did as requested. This was a grand test, for I had taken the photograph along for that purpose. During my sitting the medium also said that she was by spirit voice informed that I had a son pass to the spirit world when quite young—five or six years old—but had grown to manhood and was a bright spirit on the other side. Knowing that the medium was an entire stranger to me as also her total innocence with name incidents and sex of those communicating as here solicited, the revelations were most astounding. C. H. SARGENT.

WAS IT A DREAM?

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I have two children in spirit life; my first born, a little brown-eyed girl aged two years, the other a son who was killed at the age of seventeen. In the summer of '88 I was sitting in my room resting after dinner. The children were playing in the yard while I was listening to their gay chatter. All at once I felt soft arms encircle my neck and looking up expecting to see a friend trying to surprise me, I saw my daughter in spirit life but grown as tall as I, and the same soft brown eyes looking into mine—the loved features I remembered so well. After looking a moment she said: "Mother, how glad I am to be with you." Then I recovered enough from my astonishment to talk to her and said: "Anna how tall you have grown—do spirits grow in spirit life?" Yes, we grow here as there. How glad I am to see you my darling, but tell me about spirit life—when little children pass over who takes care of them till they are grown? There is appointed a good spirit to take care of the babies until they can take care of themselves. "Do you live every way like we do here?" Yes, we have our homes, each family to themselves, we are never sick and oh! so happy, for there is no sickness or sorrow there. "Who do you live with; have you seen your brother?" "Yes, brother Morgan and I live with grandma and grandpa—your parents." "Then why didn't Morgan come with you; I want to see him so badly?" "He has not been over there long enough to come yet, but I will bring him soon to see you. Morgan's dog came to him this morning and he was very glad to see him. I must go now dear mother but I will come again and bring brother with me." "Tell me first before you go are you and Morgan happy?" "Yes, we are happy, but there is one thing lacking to perfect happiness—that is, we want you with us in the bright spirit land. Good-bye until I see you again."

Was this a dream or not? For strange to say, a few days after this I got word from the country that his dog had been killed. Since my son's death the dog had been running wild in the woods and the neighbors fearing she was mad had shot her. Since then my son and daughter have come to me together and made themselves known to me. I can't think it a dream; it was to real and I had no feeling of being asleep.

Yours fraternally,
MRS. M. E. ELLISON.

THE KEELEY MOTOR.

Mr. Keeley is yet before the world as a wonder and a mystery; but, recently, he has shown to critical and earnest judges the power of his motor and indicated the energy as resident in and dependent, so far as manifestation is concerned, upon what he designates as "sympathetic vibration," which he alleges is centered in the mass chord of the substance to be moved. Thus he lifts a brass ball, placed in the bottom of a glass jar filled with water and connected, I infer, with his concealed motor by wires, by finding the mass chord of this five pound ball, an alloy of copper and zinc. He strikes several notes on a harp and listens until the ball indicates a trembling motion. When the mass chord is struck on the harp, curiously enough, the ball at the bottom of the jar begins to tremble, as if something sensitive within itself had been touched, and slowly the ball rises to the surface of the water. What there was covered in the case in which the occult motor was concealed, the judges and the world were not permitted to know; but Mr. Keeley says it is sympathetic positive and sympathetic negative, which suggests an electrical battery, somewhere, which so charges and arranges the positive and negative manifestations of electricity, as to render the mass affected, responsive to the notes of the harp, and furthermore, it suggests that harmonious sounds stand closely related to power and its transmission; just as the electric force operating the telephone wires, makes it possible for you or me to transmit our thought to a listening ear 100 or more miles away. Mr. Keeley may be working for wiser purposes than he now knows.

The power of music has always been recognized, but who has ever conceived that the possibilities of music to stir and gratify the soul is due to the fact, that in every human spirit there is a key-note exactly responsive to the tones let out on the air from voice, organ, string or metal? Possibly there is a key-note to all nature, and that the revolution of the earth and the planetary system, as well as the minute action of atoms, have their center of motion in the harmony of the spheres, as these vibrate to the consistent and con-

cordant thought of the universal causative mind. May it not be that Mr. Keeley has been the patient though blind prophet of an age of earthly harmony, of which he might not have consciously conceived?

Possibly we all have to learn more fully that harmony is power and power the revelation of mind, in physics, but primarily in metaphysics. It is well to note the signs of our times and see how the progress of material science stands related to the great philosophy of mind, which we humbly try to set forth.—New York Light.

MUSICAL MANIFESTATIONS.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Mrs. S. Seery, of your city, has just closed two weeks of very successful slate writing and trumpet circles in this city. She has made many sound converts to the grand truth which establishes beyond cavil the immortality of the soul, and its power to return to earth. At one of her evening circles, which was held in a sitting room with parlor and library rooms connected by open folding doors, which was partially closed by portiers, Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Seery's control, after opening the circle, took his place in the library room, and as there were two trumpets he kept one directing the circle from his position in the library, joining in each song that was sung. In the circle was a lady who is a prominent music teacher of this city. Her husband who is in spirit life came to her and requested that she play for him one of his favorite pieces on the piano, which was in the parlor twenty-five feet from the circle. While his wife played the piano the spirit husband whistled the tune through the trumpet so that it could be distinctly heard in both rooms—he going back and forth from the circle to the piano—while the music was played, and while at the piano spoke sweet words of love and cheer to his devoted wife.

Many other attractive and interesting things were done and said. Songs were sung by spirit voices, poetry recited and a grand description of the spirit homes given. Flowers and candies were passed by spirits to their friends in the circle, the same being taken from one of the circle who had them in his handkerchief that was tied in a knot. Buds were arranged upon the chandelier by spirit hands, and on another evening the writer received a white wax rose from the spirit land, which was placed in alcohol and has it preserved. I held the bottle which I had prepared for the occasion by request of my spirit wife, and the rose was dropped in the bottle by her own hand. Many wonderful and most gratifying things have been done and said by our spirit friends. Mrs. Seery is a worthy instrument for the grand work.

Truly yours, INVESTIGATOR.

Written for The Better Way.

ONSET NOTES.

Frank L. Oviatt, Secretary of the Kansas City Spiritualist Association made a flying visit to Onset last month, accompanied by his brother.

J. R. Colby gave an exhibition of slate writing on the platform, where sixty-nine names were produced upon a small slate.

Dr. Bland, who is widely known as being intensely interested in the Indian question, gave an account of a very interesting slate writing recently. He said: "The request signed by his mother was made upon the slate that he go with the medium to a photograph gallery and she would try to give her picture. They did so and a picture of another person, not his mother, was produced on the plate with them, which so astonished and frightened the artist (he being a Catholic) that he refused to sit them again, declaring it was the devil's work, with craft, etc., but finally, after much talk and explanation upon the subject, consented, and they tried again and got a good picture of Dr. Bland's mother, which he submitted to the inspection of his friends, who very readily recognized the picture. There being no picture of his mother in existence, this was considered to be a very good test. His brother being a skeptic, suggested that he try again, and if she would come in a different costume he would believe. They did so, and the picture came again on the plate so plainly that the artist recognized it as being the same person as before, except in the first picture she wore a turn-over collar fastened with a button, and in the latter a modern stand-up collar fastened with an anchor for a pin.

Mrs. M. S. Senbrook, of Charleston, S.C., was next introduced, who spoke feelingly of the relations between her people of the South and those of the North, and of the earthquake in Charleston, to which the North responded in their need, and which did so much to soften and cement the hearts of the people, and then gave a brief account of her experiences in coming into Spiritualism. Mrs. Senbrook is a school teacher, having eight hundred colored students in her charge.

Hon. A. B. Richmond, of the Philadelphia Bar, a most noted criminal lawyer, was next heard from, who gave a very interesting description of the arrangement of the human eye and its comparison and similarity to the sensitive plate in the camera. He said the plate when exposed in the camera was so sensitive that a cannon ball in passing would make an oblong mark on the plate, while in passing the human eye it could not be perceived,

showing how easily objects unseen apparently could be photographed. In describing the natural conditions that causes the spirit to be photographed, he gave a very interesting study for thought upon the subject. Mr. Richmond related several very interesting experiences that had come under his own observation.

Mr. William Eddy next made a few pleasing remarks; followed by J. R. Colby with tests.

There are at present seventeen tents pitched on the camping ground reserve; their white canvass glinting through the green boughs of the trees present a picturesque and pleasing sight.

Mr. Luther R. Colby, editor of Banner of Light, is stopping at the Onset House. He, together with several mediums, went over to Marion in the steamer Satan to pay their respects to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, who are summing there.

There will be sixteen Spiritualist camp meetings of note in the States during the month of July and August.

Sunday evening the Fitzgibbon family gave an instrumental and vocal entertainment in the temple, which was very good. The little ones, in their character songs, were heartily applauded.

Saturday evening dance was a complete crush.

Owing to the threatening aspect of the weather Sunday morning it was not expected there would be a large attendance at the meetings, but a great many came by cars on both roads and from the adjacent villages in carriages, while the steamer "Island Home," from New Bedford, made two trips, bringing about 300 passengers. The auditory was the largest of the season. The Middleboro band of eighteen pieces of music gave a concert from the platform in the morning, also at noon.

Hon. A. B. Richmond was the speaker of the day. Mr. Richmond was engaged by this association to speak twice, but spoke eight times during his short stay of five days. His subject for the morning's discourse was "The dual nature of man," and in the afternoon "Evolution and the future life," to both of which his audience listened with rapt attention.

These lectures were deep, logical, scientific and reasonable, and are worthy a careful perusal. It was the intention of the writer to have given one of them, verbatim, for publication for the benefit of the readers of THE BETTER WAY, but Mr. Richmond has promised that they shall be forthcoming soon. Before opening his morning lecture Mr. R. begged leave to correct an erroneous statement made in the New York Herald, that he was here for the purpose of exposing Spiritualism. He explained the tricks of magicians, in which they try to expose Spiritualism, being himself a strong Spiritualist. The paper also stated that he was Colonel which is wrong; that a collection was taken up for him, which is untrue; that he is here in opposition to Reid, when on the contrary, he will defend Reid without any remuneration.

The lecture to which the Herald correspondent referred, as we understand it was delivered Saturday afternoon, and the statement was made in the Sunday morning edition, which proves that it must have been written in advance, as a reporter in going from here at 5 p. m. Saturday could not have reached New York City until after the Sunday edition was out.

Mr. Richmond left Onset for Lake Pleasant Monday morning, bearing the good wishes of his many friends made while here.

We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bennett, who is here in the interest of THE BETTER WAY. But I fear I am taking up too much of your valuable space.

Long live THE BETTER WAY.
AUGUSTA F. TRIPP.

That Confession of Fraud.

Our readers will remember some time since Rev. Ashcroft made much capital out of a confession by one John Salmon that he had claimed to be a medium and was a fraud, and he held the opinion that all mediums were frauds. Salmon afterwards pretended to expose Spiritualism, but only succeeded in making himself ridiculous.

He now writes to say that he has been investigating Spiritualism, and from the manifestations received by himself and a friend is convinced of its truth. He expresses sorrow for his past conduct, and retracts every word he has uttered against it. His friend, who was skeptical, has become an ardent Spiritualist. So far good, but Mr. Salmon seems to think that he is only to offer his services as an advocate for Spiritualism to be gladly welcomed back and placed upon the platform. We think that a man with such antecedents should exhibit more modesty, and endeavor to realize the full significance of his past actions. He cannot evade the consequences, and must reap as he has sown. How is the public to know that he is speaking the truth now? Let him prove his sincerity by an upright and consistent life in private, and in the time to come he may regain the confidence and esteem of those whom he so cruelly betrayed and wronged, but while making public his latest "confession" we are not prepared to assist in putting him before the world as a fit and worthy representative of Spiritualism.—Two Worlds.

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A. F. MELCHERS EDITOR

CINCINNATI AUGUST 16, 1890

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POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

There is as much bigotry in politics as there is in religion. There are Democrats who hate Republicans and vice versa with the same intensity that ignorant Catholics hate Protestants or Israelites.

We may say it is foolish for people of one country - of one nation and flag - to hate each other for mere political differences, especially as the ascendancy of one or the other to power does not affect the liberty of the other - does not interfere with their rights as citizens. But such is the case nevertheless. Some go even so far as to believe themselves alone in the right, and on this belief claim all the power of the land just as the church claims the right to rule all, whether of their persuasion or not. Difference of opinion does not change man's nature to either a higher or lower condition one over the other. In the majority of cases the under dog - the minority - is mostly in the right; mostly entitled to rule; is nearer to the truth than the mightier one that happens to sway power - whether in politics or religion.

Where were the Abolitionists in the beginning? It was almost a disgrace to be one. But did that prove them to be in the wrong? It was the nucleus from which the party that now rules evolved. Where was Christianity in the beginning? If it was not the highest truth this world was to have, it was for the time being. It has served its time and new revelations are in order. They are already here, but not yet universally accepted. Their adherents are still in the minority; but in the right nevertheless. That is, their constituents believe themselves in the right. And who are their constituents? Mostly Christians who have cast off the old to take up the new. Where else can we expect to obtain new political parties from, except from the old ones, and composed of those who are willing to give up their old ideas for new ones. But will they give them up? It seems just as difficult to do this, as it is with some to give up old religious notions. They go on hating whom they regard as opponents because they have different beliefs regarding the hereafter or different ideas concerning things political.

Spiritualists above all should be foremost in casting off old political opinions; for they are the ones who are trying to liberalize the rest of mankind. Why not begin with self? There is just as much progress needed in political as in religious or spiritual matters. Why hold on to that which has served its time? There might be some excuse found for ill-feeling towards an opponent in the beginning of a struggle - just as the Abolitionist hated the slave holder, and the slave holder the Abolitionist. But as the question has been settled, the battle fought, and the issue a dead one, it should be dropped - shaken off like an old dogma or creed that has served its time.

Holding fast to old beliefs or opinions is old-foggyism, and is sure to retard progress in some way. To become a Spiritualist without becoming liberalized in every other respect, shuts out the higher truths of Spiritualism. To join a new party politic without becoming liberalized to one's spiritual or religious nature makes one a political bigot sooner or later and either an unsuccessful politician or a poor patriot. Fire and zeal without bravery - true courage amounts to nothing. It is but a flash in the pan. Charity, love, high-mindedness, makes the true patriot and the soldier who sacrifices his life for a cause. Fanaticism

and hatred makes the coward who shirks his duty and seeks the soft places during the struggle.

Progress in politics is governed by the same principles that progress in religion is governed, namely, the relinquishing of one's prejudices. As long as we hold on to old creeds we cannot understand or accept another. So it is in political matters or politics so-called. The independents are always the progressive ones because they have freed themselves from the shackles of old beliefs and opinions. Principles they may be called. But a principle is more in the nature of an indestructible something, thus they are but relatively so becoming absolute with the completion of their mission. Here is where bigotry begins, and it is as much a fact in politics as it is in religion. The man who cannot or will not give up party feeling is as much a slave as the religious bigot, and can no more progress politically than can he progress spiritually who will not give up his party prejudices. Light in one is dependent on the same soul aspirations as in the other. Without love there is no light!

PLAGIARISM vs. INTUITION.

"Thought travels in the air and intuitive minds drink it in," is an old saying, but perhaps never so well universally accepted and understood as at the present day - and especially by mediums.

Truth is not personal property, though original in concept. If A expresses a thought which B does not comprehend, it belongs to A exclusively. But when B takes it in, it belongs to him as well, because it becomes a part of himself. And A cannot take it from him again. But when A stops to cavil about plagiarism he simply shuts himself out from other new and so-called original ideas. If he can lead in one thought he can lead in more, and should be proud of his mission instead of issuing a mandate that no others shall make use of that thought but himself. He may lose a little worldly credit at times but it will be recorded on his spirit body, while the real plagiarist - the one who knowingly steals his thought for his own glorification - will have the wrong recorded on his spirit body. Consciously concealing a thought that might benefit the world, or preserving them for financial consideration, is as bad as plagiarism and must more or less shut in the soul to the reception of the higher truths possible for man to comprehend, while he who gives freely must receive freely - this, like charity or love, expanding the soul and opening it up to lofty and beautiful inspirations. For what is the aim of life but to do good one to the other; and as it is well known now that spirits can only progress by laboring for others - spirits repeating this daily - we may infer that the same truth is applicable to mortals.

What man understands, therefore, he knows, and what he knows belongs to him. But because he does not understand or know a thing, does not make it an untruth, as many believe or assert. Such is an effect of presumption or ignorance, and may be classed with that which is known as bigotry. It is natural for man to seek truth, but not to reject it. Bigotry is a mixture of prejudice and conceit, and is not a spiritual qualification - therefore not natural. Man's aim is to gain knowledge - whether by study or worldly trials, and those who will not learn by reason, are led by unseen friends in other directions. Intuition is the spiritual sense or faculty for comprehending truth, and like other qualifications, needs practice to attain perfection, relatively speaking. To develop it we must be willing to learn more - not hold tenaciously to our own opinions or believe we know sufficient. The more man knows the stronger he becomes in soul or spirit; for every truth comprehended adds force to the interior nature, and this leads to the control of mind over matter - immortality or soul freedom. And as we try to liberate others from darkness, we liberate ourselves, such being law. And in comparison to our own liberation our intuitions becomes brighter and clearer and give us a foretaste of that which all are seeking - happiness.

IS WAR WANTED?

The Non-Conformist of recent date says, if the American and British masses are wise, they will erect convenient gallows to hang every plutocrat and lick spittle who attempts to provoke a war between these two great nations.

Further, that there is no natural antagonism between these two nations of the same race; and that under pretense of protecting our seal fisheries some would not hesitate to throw a multitude of human beings into the balance of blood on the side of their own political advancement. * * * Plutocratic power is plunging headlong toward the gulf of destruction - therefore rally around the flag of reform and by constitutional methods give the silent and all-powerful rebuke to the enemies of human happiness.

THE BETTER WAY, over a year ago, saw this coming, but not wishing to be personal or going too deep into politics threw out the following hints editorially in issue of July 6, 1889.

"It is not for the government, but for the people to decide whether it wants war or not. The people of the United States desire no war, and most emphatically not with any civilized European nation with which it has intercommunion. Such a

war would be a disaster to the whole country and especially to the coast states. The masses would be the losers. Mechanics, laborers and business men would suffer, while a few adventurers, contractors and some officials in government, might flourish for the time being. Beware of such a war. It is not needed. Ambitious statesmanship should not be permitted in American politics."

This was accompanied by the following squibs on the same page:

He who instigates war between two peaceful countries is an enemy to mankind.

He whose ambition is perverted by selfishness or vanity will deceive or betray his fellow men.

He who disturbs the peace of a nation for personal aggrandizement is not worthy of being called a citizen of that nation.

When ambitious statesmen try to inveigle a country into war merely to feather their own nests or plume themselves, it becomes the duty of the people, who represent that country to protest. To a republic such men are traitors.

HEAT CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

The summer heat may claim its victims, but it absolutely saves more lives than it destroys. The struggle against high temperature keeps the soul in a constantly active state. It does not appear so, because exhaustion invariably follows a combat against heat. But this is only physical exhaustion, and leaves the soul or spirit temporarily impotent or powerless to aid the physical. Thus sleep or rest is needed to recuperate the physical forces; or rather the sinews and joints of the physical body which expend their substances more rapidly when the interior life forces are active than when passive, as is the case when there is no need to battle with the elements. But this soul activity is the real life and health preserver of the exterior structure. Eternal spring would make the soul or spirit indolent, and this interior indolence would finally have the same effect on the physical body that over-exertion has. It would become exhausted for want of spirituality; would droop like a plant thirsting, and finally become diseased and die. A change of temperature is therefore necessary for health and growth - and sufficiently radical to rouse the soul from its indifference into which it falls as soon as freed from care or physical suffering. And as we cannot have a radical change for that alone, we have another condition to combat against - its antipodal, cold. This too, is beneficial; for it also arouses the interior nature to combat - to prevent a congealing of the blood. While heat keeps the soul active to prevent diseases, cold rouses its latent powers in other directions - unfolding its intelligence and with this its love nature. Is there an intelligence that directs all this, or is it simply chance?

THE REID CASE.

The following is the copy of a letter sent from this office to President Harrison, Attorney General Miller, and other officials at Washington, D. C., and signed by the Editor of THE BETTER WAY.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 1st, 1890.

On behalf of many Spiritualists throughout the Ohio Valley, I am petitioned to call your attention to the fact that one Walter E. Reid has had sentence passed on him by the U. S. District Court at Grand Rapids, Mich., and is now in prison to serve a definite time, for sending through the U. S. Mail answers to sealed letters, which we as Spiritualists know to be possible, by certain persons gifted for that effect; but not so regarded by Non-Spiritualists or those who have never had this phenomena demonstrated to them, and the Judge and Jury who tried his case therefore found him guilty on what they believed to be just and legal, namely: using the U. S. Mail for fraudulent purposes, although said Walter E. Reid offered to prove his ability to read sealed letters in the presence of the Judge and Jury, but which offer was denied him, and on account of which denial we plead for his pardon because we consider that such was contrary to the spirit of justice that should prevail in a Republic like our own.

WHY?

Wendell Phillips was generally known to be friendly disposed towards Spiritualism, though not an avowed Spiritualist himself. It is now partly accounted for by the following extract from John Wetliker's "Vanished Faces" in Golden Gate:

"I was once at a seance of the Eddys for physical manifestations, and Wendell Phillips was there also, and we both went into the cabinet with the medium. We were touched by spirit hands and tambourines, and heard some rough music, when it was absolutely certain that it was not the medium who made the manifestations. This was the only time I ever knew him to witness spiritual phenomena."

As we have orthodox Christians who cannot give up the old for the new, so we may be said to have "orthodox" politicians who cannot give up old principles for new ones, holding fast to old prejudices that accompany them, which only serve to keep party strife and partisan feelings alive. Is there not as much old foggyism in politics as in religion?

A murder was recently committed on or near the line dividing Indiana from Illinois. The murderer was arrested by the Illinois authorities, but an Indiana Sheriff later made a demand for the prisoner undoubtedly under the belief that the murder was committed on his ground and thus had more right to hang the prisoner than the Illinois authorities had. Why not leave the prisoner where he was, if the Illinois authorities were satisfied to retain him? Or are they afraid that by a little technical error the murderer might escape the gallows? What a morbid desire people still have for legal murder. And there are many who prefer to attend a hanging than a circus. Depraved tastes - nothing else.

Swedenborgianism is also troubled with various appellations. "New Christianity" and the "New Church" stand akin to this form of religion, that "Christian Spiritualism" and "Christian Science" stand to Spiritualism. After all they are but Spiritualism with a Christ in them, a sort of compromise between orthodox Christianity and pure Spiritualism - nature's religion - or a taking up of the new with a reluctance to giving up the old. However, if it makes people happy, there can be no objections; especially as these compromise forms of religion are often necessary as stepping stones to something higher.

"Is pain intelligent?" If nature is, pain is; for it is nature frowning through mortal conditions - taking the form of pain when the body or spirit is obstructed by bile or other impurities; and smiling when conditions are favorable - taking the form of pleasurable sensations or emotions.

The difference between self-righteousness and sensitiveness is that one will not be regulated and the other cannot bear to be. One strikes back while the other suffers under it. One is an effect of human pride, the other an effort to be humble.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

G. B. Stebbins says: "Sacrifice sense to sensationalism and all spiritual life dies. Spiritualistic speakers should be such as move along spiritual lives; not those who serve up a chowder of spiritualistic facts, materialistic negations and agnostic doubts."

Mr. C. C. Stowell of THE BETTER WAY was at Clinton Camp this week and will probably be at Cassadaga next week.

Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter - daughter of E. V. Wilson, formerly a well known lecturer and medium is soon to remove from Illinois to New York City. "Mrs. Porter," writes Geo. A. Shufeldt, whose letter giving the details of Mrs. Porter's medial qualifications will be placed before our readers next week, "is hardly less distinguished for the phenomena that occur in her presence, and for the tests she gives, than was her father during his long and honorable career as a medium." - Banner of Light.

Mrs. Adah Foye has been engaged by "The College of Spiritual Philosophy" of Denver for a year. She may be addressed at 2558 Welton St., Denver, Colo.

Desiring to make still more improvements on THE BETTER WAY, Mr. C. C. Stowell, our secretary, will offer some of our stock for sale, and it is to be hoped that our latest improvement will be an inducement to encourage investment. THE BETTER WAY is determined to live - now more than ever.

There are only five states in the Union in which a schoolmaster can now legally flog a pupil. In all other states a pupil menaced with corporal punishment can arm himself with any secret weapon and use it as best he can. - Boston Investigator.

Mr. C. S. Bussey called upon us this morning while transacting some business here. Mr. B. is one of Dayton's (Ohio) most progressive Spiritualists.

Mrs. Alice Rutor, of Parkersburg, Va., seeks divorce from her husband Rev. Enoch Rutor, after having celebrated their golden wedding. "What God hath joined together, etc.," should be more sacredly observed by those who teach Bible doctrine, and thereby at least try to prove it infallible or what is claimed for it by God's ministers.

The widower who dyes his hair black is not in mourning; but - he's got his eye on something that shall give cause for rejoicing.

John Boyle O'Reilly died in Boston on the 10th of August.

A southern paper reports that a Mr. So-and-So, shot and killed a Mr. So-and-So, because latter was found in former's house after respectable hours. Without the Mr. before the murderer's and the prowler's names the reporter of such item might have been shot for his lack of courtesy.

Enquirer - Life in the Stony Age, by U. G. Pigley, may be obtained from the author by addressing him at Defiance, O. Box 477.

Ex-Vice President Hannibal Hamlin, who lives at Bangor, Me., is probably the most ardent, out-and-out, indefatigable fisherman in New England.

A young Englishwoman has just died from an excess of tennis. She worked so hard to prepare for a tournament, playing often in the hot sun, that she brought on brain fever and died. She raved about the game in her last hours.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Empress Eugenia is traveling in Norway under an assumed name.

The American Health Association meets at Charleston, S. C., in December, 1890.

There is a woman at Sedalia who becomes thoroughly charged with electricity every time she rides on the electric road.

Through an error the report of the Pittsburg (Kansas) Society in our issue of August 2, was credited to Pittsburg, Pa., when it should have been Pittsburg, Kansas.

Johnstown, Pa., which was so nearly destroyed by a flood something over a year ago, has not only been rebuilt, but is said to have gained over its previous population, notwithstanding nearly two thousand six hundred of its citizens were drowned.

Miss Elsie Hall, of Australia, is a new infant phenomenon in the musical way. She is twelve years of age, plays the most difficult music at sight, composes correctly and agreeably, and is even a more brilliant performer, it is said, than little Otto Hegner.

On his own initiative the Sultan of Turkey has determined to found an asylum for meritorious Turkish subjects without distinction of creed. The building is to contain a church, a mosque and a synagogue. Some of our more civilized communities might take pattern after this without injury to themselves spiritually and morally.

In speaking of Sam Jones at Oxford, Justice Lamar said: "It was striking in many senses. Parts of it were like a Pullman palace sleeping car - capable of being hitched to any train, going in any direction, at any time fitting everywhere, acting automatically and capable of emanating from no brain other than that of the original Sam Jones."

The scheme to bridge the English channel is progressing. A company has been formed to obtain concessions from France and England. A general meeting of the shareholders was held recently, and they resolved to report progress. Plans have been drawn and soundings are being made. A special commission has been appointed by the French Minister of Public Works to inquire into the project.

Independent political newspapers are accusing the Democracy of winking at the aristocracy and the Republicans of doing the same with imperialism; and asking such questions as: Do you still believe that the Democratic and Republican parties are the best to control the affairs of the government? Must you still hug your idols until you are, in turn, squeezed to death by oppression and misrule?

No intelligent man can doubt that the Republican and Democratic parties are both equally under the control of the money changers, a class of men entirely useless in a civilized community, whose only means of acquiring wealth, or even a subsistence, is by obtaining the fruits of others' toil without returning any equivalent therefor. Knowing this to be true, can any true patriot longer vote for the candidates of either of these parties? No.

George A. Schneider, of New York, living at One Hundred and Fifty-second street and Courtland avenue, found his wife and three children on the roof with a man. He began to upbraid his wife, when George L. Swartz, the man, interfered. They rolled off the roof together, falling four stories to a paved yard. Swartz sustained a fracture of the skull, and Schneider is injured internally. It is believed both will die.

It is calculated to upset popular notions of the Sahara to learn that within the northern edge of the desert zone, south of Algeria, a big rainfall has turned the valleys into lakes and the wadies into torrents, inundating the oasis of Wargia and Tugurt, threatening the town of Laghout with overflow, and melting many of the clay Saharan houses into shapeless earth heaps. The same thing has occurred before, and the oldest inhabitants recall the great wetness of 1833. This is the region known as the Algerian Sahara. It is not many years ago since a great scheme for turning the Sahara into a vast inland sea was discussed for months. It was sometime before it was discovered that the great obstacle in the way of this beautiful project would be that the Sahara, as far as we know, lies wholly above the sea level. - Chicago Herald.

An American who called on Count Tolstoi at his native heath in Russia lately, describes him as follows: "Presently there appeared on the steps of the portico a thin, sun-browned man of medium height, clad in a coarse linen suit. His bushy eyebrows thatched a pair of kindly yet shrewd blue eyes, and his gray beard and long gray hair looks like a peasant's. A cheap home-made cap of the same material as his suit adorned the head to which the world is indebted for 'War and Peace,' 'Anna Karenina' and other masterpieces of the Russian realistic school. Rude boots, as ungaily as the wooden shoes of Germany, attested mutely to the eminent novelist's skill or lack of it as a cobbler. Both cap and boots were the Count's own handiwork. The linen

trousers were loose and the shirt loose. The latter was worn Moujik fashion, outside the trousers, and was gathered about the waist with a belt of rough leather."

The Boston Globe says: Mr. Tucker, the publisher of "The Kreuzer Sonata," says that as soon as Postmaster General Wainmaker forbade its transportation in the mails, he was deluged with orders from all parts of the country. A very good illustration of the folly of trying to suppress doubtful publications by law. It only gives them a larger circulation. Wainmaker seems ambitious to oust Comstock. Comstock as a public nuisance. What prurient imaginations these men must have! It's a wonder they allow the Bible to circulate in the mail. "What in your opinion, Mr. Tucker, is the meaning of this action of the postal authorities?" asked the reporter of the above paper. "Oh! it is simply another, and this time a very audacious attempt on the part of vice suppression cranks in the direction of destroying the freedom of the press. Fancy this ignorant Philadelphia haberdasher sitting in judgment upon the greatest literary geniuses now living in the world." The book contains nothing even of a salacious suggestion. It is simply hostile to the present marriage system.

SOLID SILVER SPOONS-FREE.

The firm who make the above offer in another part of our paper are perfectly reliable and the premium box which they send out contains not only all the Sweet Home Soap and fine Toilet Soaps and the list of miscellaneous articles contained in the advertisement but also a set of Solid Silver Spoons. Subscribers who write to them are perfectly safe in sending \$6 with the order, and this is the quickest and best way (on account of the extra present that is given for cash) to get goods from Messrs. J. D. Larkins & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., who certainly exhibit an enterprise and liberality in their desire to exhibit their Soaps which is almost unheard of.

LITERARY.

Damon and Pythias, an elegant souvenir to the Knights of Pythias of the world, by the Pabst Brewing Co., of Milwaukee, Wis. It is richly illustrated by four artistic photogravures.

Phrenological journal is a magazine of progressive thought on timely topics contains portraits of biographical sketches, and is one of the cheapest of its kind, being only \$1.50 per year. Address Fowler & Wells, 775 Broadway, New York.

Esoteric for August has a good table of contents. Among the contributions are "Vegetarianism and Hygiene," "The Infinite and the Eternal," "Visitation," "The Zodiacal Constellations," etc. Price, \$1.50 per year. Sample copy free. Address 475 Shawmut Ave., Boston, Mass.

Psychometry, or Soul Measure, with Proofs of its Reality and Directions for its Development. By Mrs. L. A. Coffa. Box 25, Onset, Mass. This is one of the most practical little pamphlets on this subject. The author tells an honest tale of an honest mediumship, leaving out all mystification and sophism regarding the unfoldment of one's gifts. If one cannot learn from this there is no gift present.

Hall's Journal of Health for August opens with an excellent editorial on "Mesmerism," followed by another on "Occult Powers," giving Spiritualism a support which should be reciprocated by Spiritualists in the shape of subscriptions to this worthy magazine. It contains some twenty good articles every month; costs only \$1.00 a year, and may be addressed at 218 Fulton street, Room 18, New York.

Lycum Lessons, Arranged for the Use of Children's Progressive Lycums and for the Benefit of All Willing to Search for Truth, by G. W. Kates. This is the best and most practical little book of the kind we have yet seen. It contains wholesome things for children to know, and should be in every Lycum. It contains short lessons in questions and answer form on the following subjects: Religion, Ancient Religions, The Christian Religion, Reform and Liberalism, Religion in America, Spiritualism, Eternal Life, Heaven and Hell, The Earth, Atmospheric Phenomena, and a series of questions for which the children are to formulate answers, thus teaching them how to think. Price, see advertisement in another column.

It is vain to stop the stream until the tide doth turn.

A clear conscience is the testimony and reward of a good life. - Seneca.

Every man is a missionary now and forever, for good or evil, whether he intends or designs it or not.

Justice is the beginning of political equality; but brotherly love is the completion of it. - Pythagoras.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO.

LUCAS CORNV.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of CHENEY'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 14th day of December, A. D. 1889.

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

Correspondence.

Mount Pleasant Park.

I wish to notify the friends in Lincoln, Neb., that I have not forgotten them, and if you will be so kind as to find room in your valuable paper for this item I will be greatly obliged.

First of June to July 24th I spent four weeks in the city of Lincoln, Neb., which is a beautiful little city. My work while there was with the First Spiritualist Society, which is only six months old, but very promising.

Although the weather was almost unendurable during my stay we had some very enjoyable meetings; also some select circles, which were very enjoyable, and I think every one that attended will testify to the same. We had crowded houses every night. The people are genial and social. As realists they desire to achieve much for the growth of spiritual thought among the people. Humanity seek the last, that which concerns them most. Well, humanity must be slowly led to the goal of spiritual culture; they will not be forced to, but must seek too rapid growth, but sure and slow. Those every speaker who may be called on to assist that society may be willing to lend a helping hand. They are willing but poor in the world's goods and must work carefully, but they have a good beginning. It is my wish and prayer that they may grow, promising good results. The day of sensualism is departed, and the era of philosophy is being ushered in. Spiritualism is a mental and moral factor; its genius is being utilized; into the broad sunlight of truth it walks to touch humanity with divine fire. It must not be dimmed, but grow brighter as humanity becomes wiser. I look forward to their success in the divine truth. S. M. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

Haslett Park, Mich.

Thinking that perhaps amidst the pleasure and excitement of camp life that no one else would think to write you from this point, I send in my word to your readers.

On Sunday, the 3d, J. Clegg Wright was the speaker. Rightly did he define the subject: he took "Body, soul and spirit." It was a masterly effort, and was listened to with close attention throughout.

This camp is growing in popularity and usefulness every year, and we predict for it a full harvest from the seed it has sown. Mr. Haslett has done and is still doing a grand and noble work for Spiritualism. Few opportunities have ever been offered Spiritualists such as has been offered to the Spiritualists of Michigan by Mr. Haslett for establishing a resort for the promulgation of the truth of our philosophy. Haslett Park has many advantages—facing a beautiful lake, over which the steamer "Belle Haslett" goes to and fro, is one of its many attractions. The "Medium's Home" is one of the latest improvements to which The Mediums' Protective Union is indebted to Mr. Haslett for donating the ground, and Dr. A. N. Edson of Lansing, who is President of the Union for giving time, talent and money, so that it would be of available use to the mediums this year.

There is still over four weeks this season, which time will be fully occupied by good speakers. There were over one thousand people on the ground last Sunday, and an increase is looked for, because of the recent rains which has made traveling a pleasure.

Mr. Wright speaks for us next Sunday; Mrs. Lilly will be with us the following Sunday, and will dedicate the Medium's Home.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

Parkland Camp.

At the Spiritualists' Camp Meeting at Parkland, Mo., in session, the following was adopted and the suggestion made that the same be sent to the various camp meetings with a request for concerted action, and also to THE BETTER WAY for publication:

Whereas, We read in the Acts of the Apostles that "the people heard them gladly," when demonstrating that there was no death, nothing but change, but we learn that the bigots mis-educated by an antiquated provision of the laws of Moses, strongly opposed this most welcome truth; and

Whereas, We should have expected better things in New England, when the angel world, to finish what the apostles began, commenced the work of giving to this hemisphere a true religion, as well as a true republic, and we learn that then and there also the common people heard them gladly, but the bigots of that day, stirred up by Cotton Mather, insisted that the antiquated Old Testament demand in Exodus xxi should be obeyed, and we know the sad results in this country and in Europe, when about a half million people were sacrificed as a consequence of the rulers relying on authority for truth instead of taking truth for authority;

Whereas, The State of Massachusetts being guilty of destroying many of her best people, whom we learn were regarded then, as they are now, instruments to establish co-operation between the two worlds, and substitute a religion made by God in place of human work of man, should be given a pension to the descendants of the murdered witches;

Whereas, Millions of people have lost their lives in fighting over a manufactured religion, entirely contrary to the standard that Jesus gave in Matthew vii, 21: "Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them," and all good people should combine to prevent what has proved to be such a stumbling block in families, States and nations; therefore

Resolved, That the Christian Spiritualists of the United States, in conference assembled, numbering about one quarter of the population, earnestly appeal to the clergy who are working with them to elevate mankind, and who are now considering a revision of their code to embody in their platform the apostolic standard of fruits and deeds, as a test for those having pure and undivided religion, and thus to only bring the required conditions for the world to enjoy the long-prayed-for millennium; but it will become a constant source of satisfaction when we shall confer together in the higher life; and

Whereas, Since the invention of magnetic telegraph the people are intelligent enough to fully appreciate the great moral influence and harmonious tendency of the apostolic plan of salvation, which is not only a religion, but a science and philosophy as well, and it is destined to improve our imperfect condition that the earth will soon become a most delightful abiding place, and we earnestly appeal to the clergy of all denominations to follow many of their wise and far-seeing brethren, who are already encouraging the progress of Christianity in their congregations.

Onset, Mass.

The pavilion is now in charge of Mr. Frank W. Jones, of New York, who has announced meetings for mornings and afternoons during the week, except Saturday evenings, when the entertainments in the temple engross the interest of many of the people. Mr. Jones has conducted meetings in Boston and New York for fourteen years and is most successful in making good conditions for mediums to work and develop their spiritual gifts. It is said these meetings are interesting and spiritually profitable.

Many departed from Lake Pleasant Camp the first of the month, but the gap is more than closed by the new comers for August, and the "baggage" is kept employed until late

in the evening assorting and delivering baggage, some of which is stored on and might well serve as an abiding place. Instead of any other accommodation, no idea which we would recommend to those who have brought all their worldly goods and whose pocket books may be in the opposite extreme in size and weight. No charge for advice.

It is a fact, remarked by strangers coming to Onset, and to which the chairman of the select men of this town called the attention of his associate on Sunday last, that all the vast audience not a promoter of the peace was necessary, and no police was employed here this season, while at the Advent Camp Meeting at Tremont, only a few miles from here, last week there were six policemen employed to keep order. Does not this show that the Spiritualist is not a promoter of the peace and comes here feeling the importance of the knowledge and information he may obtain of a future life, and not for the pleasures of an hour or that which is fleeting?

Mrs. Ida P. Whitlock, who announced the subject of her lecture, "The New Kingdom," the world to-day, she said, "is looking toward a future for something better and higher, a new kingdom—a world beyond the grave. You say Modern Spiritualism explains the whole mystery and takes away all fear of death, but does it? Have we more than a limited knowledge—just a glimpse beyond. The spirits do not compass all the knowledge; they accumulate from day to day. Though the sun shines to-day, to-morrow the storms may come, but from the frowns of the atmosphere do we learn of the force in nature, and only through trial and tribulation do we know anything of these mysteries all about us. While Spiritualism is in a measure religious, on the other hand there is no religion in it; it comes as a teacher to unfold all things that belong to an earthly or spiritual existence. Science defies natural law when it says the occurrence of to-day do not belong to natural law. We look to the manifestations of to-day and forget that the greatest phenomenon is man himself, and forget to what it may lead him if he attempts the study aright. None can deny the law that brought him here, and they must study that law and realize that they and all humanity are but students. Though man is stupendous, yet is he so very small that he ought to be ashamed of himself that he is living in this world and does not study the god-power that dwells in the universe, the possibilities that shall unfold him and make him perfect in wisdom. Then can he sing the song of the New Kingdom, and not till then.

AUGUSTA F. TRIPP.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Large audiences attended the Sunday Services, August 3d. Rev. Samuel Watson was the speaker in the morning. Mrs. Gliding gave her farewell lecture in the afternoon, and Mrs. Richings made her first appearance in the evening. All were inspired to utter truths that met with cordial approval from those earnestly seeking light.

Monday evening an entertainment was given by our musicians, and although an impromptu affair, it proved one of the jolliest and most enjoyable of the season. Mrs. Gliding, Mrs. Richings, Mrs. Graham and Miss Sophie Albert outdid themselves in recitations, and cures were the order of the evening. Mrs. Ross gave us two fine vocal solos, and Mr. Cooke used the low most artistically in a violin solo of great beauty.

Tuesday evening Mrs. Gliding gave psychometric readings, and Mrs. Richings contributed a recital of Will Carleton's poem, "Gone With a Hand-Over-Mountain." Both ladies read at their best, and the audience was not slow to appreciate.

Wednesday evening a circle was held, in which Mrs. Matt Knight was the principle medium. During the evening, while under control, gave some very remarkable tests to a well-known gentleman present. Mrs. Knight has been the instrument used to make many converts here. Her slate writing attracts wide interest.

This morning Friday Mrs. Richings, Mrs. Gliding and others took part in the services, which were of an informal nature.

A fine entertainment will be given by Mrs. Richings this evening. The program is one of great merit, and a treat is doubtless in store. Mrs. Richings has walked straight into our hearts. We find in her a noble woman and a medium of high aspirations in her efforts to work for the cause she so ably represents. Versatile, sympathetic and void of petty jealousies, she is one the angel world can safely send forth to teach its immortal truths.

To-morrow evening Mrs. Gliding will give a benefit test-lecture.

On Monday evening this lady and her sister, Mrs. Weeks, leave us. Wherever we go "good-bye" comes sooner or later, and thus mixes sadness with our cup of happiness. We are beginning to feel the touch of loneliness, pending the drawing near of the inevitable breaking up of camp.

Mr. Jerry Robinson, the generous friend of speaker and medium, is most hospitable in the entertainment of the same. Col. John McDonnell and son, of New Orleans, La., are his guests at present.

Judge Ivey and lady left to the general regret of all. Mrs. Ivey will visit her daughter, Mrs. Mand Jones, who is now residing in Oregon, and busily engaged in her mediumistic labors. She is in love with her work, and knows not what it is to falter or question when the trials attendant upon mediumship assail her.

Yon, of Cincinnati, need not to be told that dear old Mrs. Graham is the life of whatever circle gathers around her. Fun and mirth, past and present, follow in her wake.

Mr. A. C. Ladd is still with us. He is interested "all over" in doing all in his power to assist the Lookout Mountain Camp Meeting.

The weather is delightful to-day, and every body is enjoying it.

GEORGIA DAVENPORT FULLER.

Cassadaga, N. Y.

Our Monday conference was occupied in investigating the case of Walter P. Reid, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mr. A. B. Richmond, just arrived from Onset, made a very clear and concise statement of the case and trial, going into the minutiae and explaining legal technicalities in a manner which seemed to place it fairly before the minds of the people. Bro. Gaston, Skidmore, Dennis, Howell and others made pertinent remarks in regard to the subject, but no final action was taken or will be until the committee previously appointed have had time to investigate further, when we shall undoubtedly receive a resolution in accordance with their best judgment, and then action will follow.

Tuesday, August 5th—Conference was, as usual, interesting—subject was "Nationalism"—but the rain descended in torrents and on the roof of the auditorium, which made more noise than the speakers could, so we adjourned early. Before the afternoon meeting the sky had cleared, and a good audience was ready to greet Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, who commenced her address by saying: "I teach no one, thank God! all the light that will come to you must come from within yourself." She said it was a sorrowful fact that science, philosophy, etc., are not in demand, but phenomenal Spiritualism is the cry of the age. She meant no disrespect for phenomena—instead was deeply in love with it—but she wouldn't confine phenomena within the bounds placed around it by most Spiritual-

ists. She saw it in every exhibition of nature and in every child of nature. Mathematics has lack of all science and all philosophy and all organization. All reasoning should be in a circle and capable of mathematical demonstration.

Wednesday afternoon we listened breathlessly to J. Frank Baxter, who spoke upon the subject: "Has Spiritualism Anything to Do With the Affairs of the Nation?" He said: As we are taught that our future life is an outgrowth of this, Spiritualism must affect every reformatory effort. It has to do with individuals, with homes, with towns, with states, with government, with all national affairs. The all of Spiritualism is not simply spirit communion, but it means an entire renovation of church, state and nation. Spiritualism teaches to break down the manacles of form, sham and ceremony, and brings facts and truths instead. It did not come to remove, but to produce practical work, to remove the world from darkness. Spiritualism pleads for the truth, regardless of pulpits, press or platform. Spiritualism never pardons, has no vicious atonements, but always punishes the wrong-doer. The medical laws and all others that restrict progressive measures not only affect those immediately interested, but the entire people. Religion must not be made national. Our government should be decidedly secular. Spiritualism is the Alpha of all progressive work. The welfare of a nation is of more importance than the welfare of a few individuals. Spiritualism wants nobility of character in all conditions of life. After the lecture Mr. Baxter gave one of his noted test-ances, giving assurance of the presence of spirit friends of many persons in the audience, giving name after name, with location and dates, all of which were fully recognized.

Thursday, August 7th—Conference a. m.—The questions handed in for consideration were: "Why don't the spirits always answer the questions asked?" and "Why don't the spirits always tell the truth?" Remarks were made by Mrs. Gardner, Mr. Keplar, Dr. Russell, Lawyer Mattison, an ex-Metropolitan divine, each with remarks pertinent to the questions, interspersed with experiences of personal experiences in spiritual investigations, very interesting to all. Mrs. Stinson Smith, "Dr. Brockmeyer's" mother-in-law, announced herself as a Bible Spiritualist and a Christian Scientist, which drew out some questions from Mrs. Lilly, who is anxious to find out if Christian Science has anything better or different to offer the world than that which Spiritualism has been teaching for more than forty years. A few minutes' warm discussion followed.

Thursday p. m.—We again listened to Mrs. Hyzer in an address, in her own peculiar style, which many pronounced the best she has ever delivered here. Mrs. Hyzer has many warm friends at Cassadaga, and has added to the list this year.

Friday morning—Another interesting program by the children, and an account of missionary work done by Mrs. Tillinghast in the oil regions of Pennsylvania, followed by a contribution for the same. In the afternoon Baxter again entertained us only as a Baxter can.

Saturday a. m.—We had a grand lecture from Mrs. R. S. Lilly, which I will not attempt to mutilate by even an extract. Her subject was "The Essentials of Spiritualism," and those who have heard Mrs. Lilly can know something of how her controls handled it. But she captured the audience to begin with, by an improvisation, called out by a bunch of holly-hocks laid at her feet by a lady present.

W. J. Colville failed to reach here for his afternoon appointment, owing to a strike on the railroad, but was here before night. His place was filled by Jennie B. Hagan and Walter Howell. Colville speaks Sunday evening.

Sunday 10th—Mrs. R. S. Lilly and J. Frank Baxter were the speakers, and such pearls of wisdom, truth and fact as fell from those inspired lips are seldom gathered by a larger or more appreciative audience. The day was very cool, but thousands of people thronged the grove, yet the best of order prevailed without the aid of policeman—a class of officials which Cassadaga has never yet seen the need of. "Capital punishment" was capably handled by Mrs. Lilly, and such lessons must in time have their effect.

The space to which I am limited is filled, and I am obliged to omit many things which I should like to mention, one of which is that Mrs. Kibby, seer and business medium of your city, is on the grounds, and we hope she may find her share of patronage.

Mrs. Mand Lord Drake, the well-known medium, has arrived at our camp from her far western home at Los Angeles, Cal. She is the pet of the camp, and will stay all the season.

We understand that Mrs. Stowell is kept very busy.

MYRA F. PAINE.

Sunapee, N. H.

July 31st.—The morning hours were bright and clear; hardly a cloud was to be seen, but at the close of the afternoon services a change came over the face of day nature, and we were treated to an exhibition of the forces of the elements that was grand in the extreme. Soon after three o'clock the sky became overcast, and ere long a terrific storm of wind and rain broke over Sunapee. The lake was lashed into a foam, then beaten down with the rain, again its waters were rolled up into miniature billows that dashed against the shore with great force, tearing the little skiffs from the moorings, and doing other damage. Four daring and enthusiastic fishermen, who refused to note the signs of the coming tempest, came near losing their lives in the storm; their boat was driven across the lake as though it had been a feather, being nearly swamped several times. It was at last tossed up on the point opposite Blodgett's. The storm, though violent, was of short duration, for by the time the last steamer arrived it had cleared off beautifully, much to the satisfaction of the people on the ground. Among the arrivals on the Thursday evening boat we saw with pleasure Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, of Leominster, Mass., who is one of Sunapee's prime favorites. Mrs. Kate R. Styles was the speaker at the afternoon service. Her lecture was good, and was listened to with pleasure by an interested audience. The texts by Edgar W. Emerson were numerous and correct. A conference meeting in the evening closed the services of the day.

Friday, August 1st.—The meeting was held in the grove and was addressed by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, who delighted her hearers with one of her good, practical and common-sense lectures. At its close Mr. Emerson again interested the people of New Hampshire with tests of the spirit presence of their loved ones. An interesting conference was held in the evening.

Saturday, August 2nd—Mrs. Kate R. Styles occupied the platform as speaker to-day. Quite a number came from Sunapee, and other points about the lake to listen to her inspired utterances. At the close of her lecture, she gave some fine psychometric readings. The services closed with texts by Mr. Emerson. An entertainment for the benefit of the Association continued the evening hours. The evening boat brought to our shore that grand old worker in Spiritualism, Dr. Richardson, of Boston, who will remain with us a few days previous to attending the Spiritualist Camp Meeting at Temple Heights, Maine. Dr. Brantley of Worcester, was also among Saturday's arrivals. We were also among Saturday's arrivals. We were also among Saturday's arrivals. We were also among Saturday's arrivals.

Friday, August 1st.—The meeting was held in the grove and was addressed by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, who delighted her hearers with one of her good, practical and common-sense lectures. At its close Mr. Emerson again interested the people of New Hampshire with tests of the spirit presence of their loved ones. An interesting conference was held in the evening.

and a most artistic picture it will be, for he has the eye and taste of a true artist.

Sunday, August 3d.—The weather to-day has been all that could be desired, clear, mild and balmy. The steamer came well laden with excursionists, and by the time services commenced a goodly number had gathered in the grove. The platform was, as we predicted, a veritable bow of floral beauty. The morning service was at 10 a. m., and was opened with singing by the choir. President Fern then introduced Mrs. Yeaw, who read a beautiful and touching poem by Robert Ingersoll, and at its close gave the invocation. A musical selection was rendered by the singers, followed by the lecture, which was given by Mrs. Yeaw. The subject was "Materialism." This lady is a pleasant and earnest speaker; her effort of this morning was up to her usual high standard, and held the attention of her hearers until the close. Remarks and tests by Mr. E. W. Emerson was an interesting feature of the services. Mrs. Clara Field Conant occupied the platform at 2 p. m. and gave one of her forcible, sledge hammer lectures. Subject, "The Gospel of Spiritualism." She is very plain spoken, and does not hesitate to tell unwelcome truths. The value of right living was plainly presented, and an appeal was made to Spiritualists to come out from the church and stand by their convictions, and not deny their religion because it may be unpopular in the community where they reside.

At the close of her lecture Mr. Emerson again gave many tests of spirit presence, all of which were recognized. A medium's meeting was held in the evening in the pavilion.

Monday, August 4th.—As no service was held to-day, the campers improved the opportunity and patronized the excursion around the lake on the staunch and elegant steamer; Edmund Burke. The day was perfect, and the trip much enjoyed.

Tuesday, August 5th.—Another beautiful day. Sunapee is certainly outdoing itself in point of lovely weather this season. Mrs. Conant was the speaker of the day. Her subject was, "Mediumship, and the Conditions Necessary for Its Development." Her style is clear and forcible; no mistake need be made as to what she means; the duty of Spiritualists is set before them with startling distinctness; it will not be from any lack of candor on her part if her hearers are remiss in their obligations to Spiritualism. Mrs. Styles followed Mrs. Conant, her remarks being in much the same vein.

In the evening a conference meeting was held. Remarks were made by Mrs. Stevens and others. Mrs. Kate R. Styles spoke at some length; also gave some very fine tests.

August 6th.—The weather continues fine and warm, consequently the meeting to-day was held in the grove. Mrs. Stevens occupied the platform as speaker. Her subject was "Spiritualism." Mrs. Styles followed with brief remarks and several very fine and touching tests, bringing tears to the eyes of those to whom they were given. At the close of the services a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Association was held to arrange for a fine entertainment to be given on the 12th and 13th of August.

A conference meeting occupied the evening hours. Several members of the National Developing Circle are upon the grounds, and enjoy frequent meetings with those of their order. It is pleasant to note the grand progress made in their development during the past year. Owing to the illness of the developing medium, the N. D. C. Circles have not been held as yet this season. But we trust they will be resumed before the close of the camp meeting.

FRATERNALLY, DOUGLASS.

Indianapolis, Ind.

Every reader of THE BETTER WAY knows the nature of the offense for which Walter E. Reid is now undergoing sentence, and knows it to be a fraud upon justice. I think the societies in every locality should appoint some one to secure the name of every man, woman and child to a petition, asking the president to pardon him, and let each one contribute ten cents, or as much more as able to defray the expenses of some influential person to present it in person. I would suggest Hon. A. B. Richmond, who defended Mr. Reid, and who has or can procure a copy of the proceedings of the court before which he was tried. Our cause has been persecuted, not prosecuted, and it is time such farces should be rebuked, or who is the next medium to fall a victim to the creed-bound prejudice of some other court, and be denied the god and law-given right to give evidence in their own behalf when it would be the very best that could be introduced demonstrative. Spiritualists should defend their mediums with as much zeal as any church would do its ministers from a false charge or imprisonment. We, as non-professional mediums, will cheerfully give our time and assistance to this end. Now, Mr. Editor and Spiritualists, what think you? Let us not be lagards but up and doing ere it is too late.

Yours in all good faith,

MR. AND MRS. ROBT. HENKLE.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Indianapolis, elected a board of control and officers for the ensuing year, which consists of the following gentlemen and ladies:

Board of Control: C. W. Cotton, D. B. Herbine, W. F. Chills, W. D. Dewey and Thos. Barnett. Ladies: Mrs. Thos. Barnett, Mrs. J. Chills, Mrs. H. L. Humane and Miss Maggie Pellet.

Officers: President, C. W. Cotton; Vice President, D. B. Herbine; Secretary, W. F. Chills; Treasurer, W. D. Dewey; Librarian, Miss Maggie Pellet.

The society has adjourned for the hot season, and will open the first of September with Mr. Moses Hull on the rostrum.

W. F. CHILLS, Sec'y.

Chicago, Ill.

The oppressive condition of the atmosphere on Sunday afternoon, the 3d, proved detrimental to the attendance and the interest of the meeting held at Fifth Avenue Hall.

The controls of Mrs. Hamilton Gill battled with the unfavorable conditions as well as possible, and several strangers present got some good tests. One of them, a lady from Los Angeles, Cal., was given an excellent description of her sister who passed to spirit life when quite a child. This spirit had been described by other mediums, but as she afterwards acknowledged never had she received so accurate a description. The medium's father also controlled and related some of his experiences since he passed to spirit life. The work this highly gifted medium is doing amongst us is greatly appreciated here, and although she speaks of soon taking a trip to England with her husband, we hope they will see their way clear to continue working with us for some time to come.

Yours fraternally,

WM. MCKENZIE.

Clinton, Iowa, July 6, 1890.

B. F. Poole—Dear Sir: Your Melting Pebble Spectacle received. I can read or look at a distance as well as I could before my eyelight failed. They are perfection. If I could not get another pair from you like them, \$100.00 would not buy them.

Yours truly,

MARTHA W. HILLIKER.

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Clinton, Iowa, July 6, 1890.

B. F. Poole—Dear Sir: Your Melting Pebble Spectacle received. I can read or look at a distance as well as I could before my eyelight failed. They are perfection. If I could not get another pair from you like them, \$100.00 would not buy them.

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Yours truly,

MARTHA W. HILLIKER.

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Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way.

MARIE BASHKIRTEFF.

"What Am I? Nothing. What Do I Wish to Be? Everything."

By L. BUCK.

In Two Papers.

I.

"A life like my life, with a character like my character."—From her Journal.

"Two sentiments are common to lofty and affectionate natures; extreme sensitiveness to the opinions of others, and extreme bitterness when that opinion is unjust."—Ibid.

If the world were capable of reading and willing of understanding that which goes to make up the average life of our fellow beings, what an infinite amount of surprises would be in waiting for it. I have purposely italicized the word "that" in the foregoing sentence. If the busy, thriving, humming world were aware of the sore disappointments, the mean vexations, the miseries, the dispirits and tortures,

"That wander in the ways of men, Unknown and unknown."

And which are the principal and, at times, the sole ingredients of many a weary, plodding, foot-sore and soul-sick life, it would bestow more attention and be less stunted in the application of its sympathy, and in its efforts to be more thorough in the amelioration of the often unnecessarily harsh and unjust conditions.

But how often are we not, alas, compelled to realize the harsh tenor of the stereotyped Americanism, "Business is business." It is only now and then that a smile plays upon the harsh facial features of this gold-commercial-world-god. Its hands and arms are pliant and yielding in the assistance of self. Its tongue is fluent and its vocabulary unbounded in the advocacy of its own measures. A hasty glance, a cold, slight glimpse, and the bounds of its sympathy are exhausted. The plumed line of its sympathy never sounded the wondrous depths of struggling souls. It stands a moment, amazed, awed, aghast. If it considers what "might have been," it adds, multiplies and subtracts, and the resultant is, "perhaps it is better for the best." Or, if from the appalling depths of degradation comes some sin-steeped record of frail humanity, the tunic of pharisaical self-righteousness is tugger closer, and "Business is Business."

The world has lately been permitted to look down deep in the life and soul caverns of a girl—a woman. I speak of Marie Bashkirtseff. A girl—a woman. Yet what a remarkable woman. "Remarkable woman," the echo repeats. Yes, truly astounding! Such an admixture of nobleness, high-minded, ever strong and self-willed, self-reliant, yet frail and weak; passionate, varying touched at times, tender and loving; capricious, extremely sensitive, difficult to please, and, above all, supremely ambitious—ambitious to excel, ambitious to be pleased, admired and flattered.

Conscious of the difficulty, it is extreme reluctance that endeavors to give in so small and confined a space what must necessarily be a marred and disadvantageous pen picture of the life recorded in the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff."

In quoting extracts, to which I shall confine myself mainly to, her own mind speaks, as she lived, sang, painted and wept. It is therefore to be read in the endeavor, not in the effort, as I would not be guilty of misrepresentation by lack of proper representation.

Since the days of Jean Jacques Rousseau we have had no one who has permitted entrance into the most secret passages of their existence so frankly and honestly as Marie Bashkirtseff in her "Journal,"—written from the twelfth year of her age until the twenty-fourth. Berthold Auerbach, in his best and most admirable production, "Auf der Heide," has given us in *Gräfin Irma* a character much similar in many respects, and in a great many more respects very unlike. Self-banished from society, which she idolized, leaving the impression that she has drowned herself, she preserves each day's longings, desires, expectations, hopes, disappointments, in a *Tagebuch*—a day book. Auerbach has in a masterly manner woven this fine fabric, but it is lame and impotent when we compare it with the intense life and strong reality of this Russian girl. Good and pure, they are wholesome and nutritious; while the confessions of Rousseau compel disgust and contempt at times in the exposition of that which is positively criminal, at least in the divulgence of the same.

For the truth of her Journal and the sincerity of her intentions, she says: "What use is there in posing and deceiving? Well, then, it is clear that I have the desire, if not the hope, to remain on earth, through whatever means. If I do not die in my youth, I hope to remain a great artist; but if I die young, I wish my Journal to be published, and it cannot fail to interest. But, since I look for publicity, it may be asked, will not the idea that I am to be read, spoil, or rather destroy, the only merit such a book possesses? I answer frankly, no! In the first place, because I wrote for a long time without dreaming of readers, and for the rest, the very thought that I hope to be read has made me absolutely sincere. If this book is not exact, absolute, strict truth, it has no reason for being. Not only do I always put down what I think, but I have never, for a single instant, dreamed of dissimulating

anything which I thought might show me in a ridiculous or disadvantageous light. Besides, I find myself too admirable for censure! You may, therefore, be certain that I display myself at full length. I, as the subject of interest, may possibly appear slight to you, but forgive that it is I. I think only that it is a human being recounting to you all her impressions from childhood up."

What if I should die suddenly, carried away by some swift disease? Probably I should not know that I was in danger; they would conceal it from me, and after my death they would search among my papers; my Journal would be found, and, after reading it, my family would destroy it, and in a short time of me there would remain nothing—nothing—nothing. This is the thought that has always terrified me; to live, to be so filled with ambition, to suffer, to weep, to struggle, and at the end oblivion! oblivion! as if I had never existed. If I should not live long enough to win renown, this Journal will interest the psychologists; for it is curious, at least—the life of a woman, traced day by day, without affectation, as if no one in the world should ever read it, and yet at the same time intended to be read, for I am convinced that I shall be found sympathetic—and I tell everything, everything, everything. Otherwise what use were it? Well, it will be very evident that I tell everything.

She informs us with characteristic frankness that her prayers every night in her tenth year were supplemented with:

Oh God, grant that I may never have the smallpox, that I may be beautiful, that I may have a fine voice, that I may be happy in my domestic affairs, and that mamma may live a long time."

Under date of January, 1873—she was born November 11, 1860—the following entry occurs:

I am formed for triumphs and emotions; therefore the best thing for me to do is to become a singer. If the good God will only preserve, strengthen and develop my voice for me, then I may achieve the triumph for which I thirst. Then I may have the satisfaction of being famous, known, admired, and in that way I might gain the one I love. If I remain as I am, I have little hope that he will ever love me; he does not even know of my existence; but when he shall see me in the midst of my glory and triumph—Men are ambitious. And I can be received by society, for I shall not be a star out of a tobacco shop or a dirty street. I am noble, and have no need to do anything; therefore, I shall have the more glory if I elevate myself, and shall find it easier to do so. If I should achieve that, my life would be perfect. I dream of glory, of celebrity, of being everywhere known.

When you come upon the stage, to see thousands of people awaiting with throbbing hearts the moment when you shall sing; to know, as you see them before you, that a single note of your voice will bring them all to your feet; to look upon them with a disdainful glance (I am capable of anything)—that is my dream, that is my life, that is my happiness, that is my desire. And then, when I am in the midst of all this, Monsieur, the Duke of H—, will come, like the rest, to throw himself at my feet; but he shall have a reception different from that of the rest. Dear, you will be dazzled by my splendor, and you will love me; you will see my triumph; but, indeed, you are worthy of only such a woman as I hope to be. I am not homely, I am even pretty; yes, rather pretty; I have an exceedingly good form, like a statue; I have fairly pretty hair; I have a very becoming coquettish manner; and I know how to comport myself with men.

I am modest, and would never kiss any man except my husband, and I can boast, besides, of something that not every young girl of from twelve to fourteen years can—of never having kissed nor been kissed by anyone. So, when he shall see a young girl at the very pinnacle of glory possible for a woman to attain, loving him since her childhood with an unchangeable love—a girl modest and pure—he will be astounded, and will long to win me at any price, and will marry me out of very pride. But what am I saying? Why may I not admit that he may really love me? Ah, yes, by the help of God! God has enabled me to discover the means of gaining my beloved—I thank thee, Oh, my God, I thank thee!

Why should a woman be careless before the eyes of the man for whom she should most carefully adorn herself? I do not see how one could treat her husband as a domestic animal, and yet, before marriage, try to please the very same man. Why should not one remain always coquettishly attractive to one's husband, instead of treating him like a mere agreeable stranger, with only the difference that one can allow no liberties? Is it because they can love each other openly without crime, and because marriage is blessed of God? Is it because that which is not forbidden does not tempt? or because one takes pleasure only in things that are prohibited, and which must be concealed? Good heavens, this cannot be so; I have a very different idea of all that!

Her thoughts on God and religion in the same year are entered thus:

Does not God, Who can do everything, watch over me? How dare I entertain such thoughts! Is He not everywhere, always watching over us? To Him all is possible. He is omnipotent; for Him there is neither time nor space. I might be in Peru, and the duke in Africa, and if He willed, He could reunite us. How could I, for a minute, think of despairing? How could I, for a second, forget His divine goodness? Do I dare to deny Him merely because He does not grant at once all my desires? No, no! He is more merciful, and will not leave my beautiful soul to wound itself with wicked doubts.

Evening, at church; it is the first day of our Holy Week, and I said my devotions.

I confess that there are in our religion many things that I do not like, but it is not for me to reform them. I believe in God, in Christ, in the Holy Virgin, and every night I pray to God, and I do not wish to concern myself about a few trifles, which have nothing to do with the true religion, the true faith. I believe in God, and He is kind to me, and gives me more than I need. "Then," I said to him, "you do not believe in God?" His answer was: "I cannot believe in what I do not understand." Oh, the stupid thing! All those youths who are beginning to grow a mustache

think that way. They are little donkeys who think that women cannot reason or understand. They look upon them as dolls who speak without knowing what they say. They let them have their say in a patronizing way. I said all that to him, with the exception of stupid and donkey. He, very likely, has been reading some books he does not understand, and quotes from them. He tries to prove that God could not have been the Creator because fossils and frozen plants have been found at the poles. So, those lived once, and now there is nothing.

I have nothing to say to that, but was not this earth disturbed with divers revolutions before the creation of man? We do not believe in the literal meaning of the six days in which God created the world. Elements shaped themselves through centuries, and centuries, and centuries.

But God is. Who can deny it, seeing the sky, trees, and man himself. Is it not plainly seen that the hand which guides, chastises and rewards is that of God?

In the same year, under date of Saturday, October 28th, the following entry, in regard to M. D.'s and "medicine," will receive the approval of one more mature than even this child:

Poor mamma is no better. Those brutal doctors have applied a blister, which caused her much suffering. The best remedy is fresh water or tea; it is both natural and simple. If a man is to die, he will die with the care of all the doctors in the world; if, on the contrary, he is not to die, he will live, even if alone and without care. Reasoning very calmly, it seems to me better to do without the pharmaceutical horrors.

Saturday, November 8, 1873, she makes the following entry:

We should not be seen too often, not even by those who love us. We must keep ourselves at a distance, abandon regrets and illusions; by such means we will appear better. We always regret what is past or distant, so your friends will wish to see you again, but do not comply immediately with their wishes; make them suffer, but not too much. That which costs too much loses value; after many difficulties something better is always expected.

In the following year (1874—September 6th) she writes in her journal:

I am no longer myself; my body weeps and laments, yet something within me, which is stronger than I am, rejoices at it all. It is not that I prefer tears to joy; but, far from cursing life in my moments of despair, I bless it, and to myself. I am unhappy, I lament; still I find life so beautiful that everything appears to me beautiful and happy. I do not hide my sufferings under the mask of a cowardly hypocrisy, as the rogue Job, who, while mincing to our Lord, made Him his dupe. Each little sorrow wrings my heart. Not from self-love, but from pity, for each pang of sorrow is like a drop of ink falling into a glass of water, it can never be effaced and joined to its predecessors, but it turns the clear water to a black and dirty grey. You may add more water, still the liquid remains impure. It wrings my heart because each time it leaves a stain on my life, in my soul. Do we not always feel a profound sorrow when we see something irreparable, even if insignificant in itself?

In her journal, in the year of 1876, she entered the following, which commends itself:

Nothing is lost in this world. What, then, will become of my love? Each creature, each man, has an equal part of this fluid within him; only, according to his constitution, his character and circumstances, he appears to have more or less. Each man loves continually, but different objects, and when he seems to love no longer, the fluid turns to God or to nature, in words, in writings, or simply in sighs or in thoughts.

Now, there are creatures who drink, eat, laugh, and do nothing else. With them this fluid is either absorbed by their animal instincts, or else scattered on all objects or all men in general without distinction, and it is these persons whom we call kind-hearted, and who, in general, do not know how to love.

There are also some creatures who are commonly supposed to love no one. That is not exactly true, however; they always love some one, but in a manner peculiar to themselves, different from others. But there are still other unfortunates who veritably do not love, because they have loved and love no longer. Another error! They love no longer, we say; well, why then do they suffer? Because they still love and think they do not, or because of unrequited love or the loss of a beloved one.

The following are gathered at random from her journal in 1876:

Vanity! Vanity! Vanity! the beginning and the end of all things, and the eternal and sole cause of all things. What is not the effect of vanity is the effect of the passions. The passions and vanity are the only masters of the world. . . . A certain amount of sin is as necessary to a man's life as a certain amount of air. . . . There is nothing more frightful than not to be able to pray. Prayer is the only consolation of those who cannot act. . . . One should remember injuries only when one is in a position to be avenged. To think of them is to accord too much importance to unworthy people; it is lowering oneself. . . . For God, if He cannot justly grant me all, will not have the cruelty to impose life upon an unhappy creature to whom He has given comprehension and the ambition to acquire what she comprehends. God has not made me what I am without design. He cannot have endowed me with the faculty of seeing everything only to torment me by giving me nothing. Such a supposition is not in accordance with the nature of God, Who is a Being of justice and mercy. I must have what I want, or I must die. There is no question of that. Let Him do as He thinks best! I love Him, I believe in Him, I bless Him, and I beg Him to forgive me for the wrong I do. He has given me my comprehension of things to satisfy my longings, if I am worthy. If I am not worthy, He will let me die.

I conclude with this extract the year of 1876 of Marie's journal:

Perfect moral happiness can exist only when the material side is satisfied, and does not oblige us to think of ourselves as an empty stomach. The highest degree of love, passion, carries everything before it, but for an

instant only; and how we feel afterward the truth of all that I have just said. What I say, I have not read in books, I have not experienced; but let all those who have lived, like me, are no older than sixteen, like me, put aside that false shame we have in admitting such things, and let them admit it, let them say if what I am trying to prove is not just. If anyone is contented with little, it is because he has no ambition to have more.

A year later than above she recorded: I know well that I shall ask nothing for myself, but for another I would undergo a hundred humiliations, for such humiliations are elevating.

This simply proves that the finest deeds have their foundation in egotism. To ask anything for myself would be so much to do so; why, the very thought of it is horror. But to do anything for another gives you pleasure, and you have the air of being self-sacrificing, devoted and charitable.

You believe, yourself, in your merit for the time being. You ingeniously believe that you are charitable, unselfish, sublime!

It gives me a disagreeable impression to feel that I am so worldly-wise; but it is a natural sequence, and when I become accustomed to it, I shall rise again to that ideal purity which lurks forever somewhere in the soul; and then it will be still better, for I shall be calmer, prouder and happier, because I shall know how to appreciate it, although now I am vexed as if I were judging another.

The woman who writes this and the one I describe are two distinct beings. Why do all these tribulations come to me? I write them down, I analyze them, I copy my daily life; but to me, to me myself, the whole thing is a matter of perfect indifference. It is my pride, my self-love, my interests, my complexion, my eyes, which suffer, weep, enjoy; but I, I am only there to look on, to narrate and coldly discuss all these great troubles, as Gulliver must have regarded his Lilliputians.

Saturday, September 1st: Forgive—Forgiveness. There are a verb and a noun much used in this world. What is forgiveness?

It is the renunciation of vengeance or the desire to punish. But when we had the intention neither of avenging ourselves nor of punishing, can we forgive? Yes and no. Yes, because we assure ourselves and others of the fact, and we act as if the offense had never been committed. No, because we are not master of our memories, and so long as we remember we have not forgiven.

In 1878 she had made rapid progress in drawing. Three months' work has placed her third in the competition with those who have been attending the studio for a year or more. Julian is her drawing master, and Robert Fleury art critique at the studio. Friday, April 12th:

Yesterday Julian met Robert Fleury at the cafe, and Robert Fleury said that I was truly an interesting and astonishing pupil, and that he expected much from me. It is such words as these that I must constantly bear in mind, especially in those moments when all my intelligences is invaded by that inexplicable and frightful terror, and when I feel myself sinking without real cause into an abyss of doubt and of torments of all sorts.

For some time past, it has happened very frequently that there have been three candles in my room at the same time, which is a sign of death.

Is it I who am to depart for the other world? It seems to me so. And my future and my fame? Oh, well, they will be lost.

If there were a man on the scene, I would believe that I was in love, so uneasy am I; but as there is none, I am disgusted.

Nevertheless, there are days when I think that I do not do wrong to follow my own caprices; on the contrary, I give evidence of pride or of contempt for others by not going against my own wishes. Oh! but men are all so low and unworthy that I am incapable of troubling myself about them for one single instant. To begin with, they all have corns on their feet, and I would not forgive that in a king! Imagine me dreaming of a man who has corns on his feet!

Saturday, April 13th: At twenty-two years of age I shall be famous or dead.

Perhaps you believe that we work with the eyes and fingers only? You, who are of commonplace intellect, can never know how much unremitting attention, continual comparisons, calculation, sentiment, reflection, is required to obtain success.

Yes, yes, what you say—you say nothing, however; but I swear it to you on the head of Pincio (that seems stupid to you; to me, no) that I shall be celebrated. I swear it to you; I swear it to you seriously; I swear it to you on the Gospel, on the passion of Christ, on myself, that in four years I shall be celebrated.

And now my spite, my rage, my despair, find no expression in the human tongue! If I had sketched from the age of fifteen, I would be already celebrated!

She finds time to think of things other than art, as witnessed by the following entry, dated April 28, 1878:

I did not produce the effect I could have desired. I had to wear an unbecoming dress; I had to improvise a chemise, as the dress was decollete, and unsuitable. On the dress depended my humor; on my humor, my demeanor and on the expression of my face—everything.

To speak of something else, I will tell you that I shall never be seriously in love. I discover always—something comical in a man and then all is lost. If nothing ridiculous, it is awkwardness, or stupidity, or dullness; in short there is always something wrong, the tip of the ear, perhaps.

It is true that so long as I do not find my master, I will not allow myself to be caught by any charm; my mania for hunting out the defects of people will prevent me from being smitten by any Adonis in the world.

Concluding Paper Next Week.

There are a dozen women notaries public in New York city.

Strong in soul is he who is above criticism.

Temporarily free your mind from material things if you wish to understand or give vent to the spiritual in your being.

DR. RHOLES' FAMILY MEDICINES

PURELY VEGETABLE MEDICAL CONFECTIONS.

ALL SUGAR-COATED.

A Universal Blessing. Suiet to Old or Young People.

A perfect Liver and Kidney Renovator and Blood Purifier. Cleanses the entire system from all biliousness and blood poisons from Malaria, etc. And cures Headache, Backache, Stomach and Bowel Disorders, Diarrhea, Dysentery, pain in the limbs, Lameeness, Numbness, Kidney and Bladder and all other urinary ailments, etc. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and in fact almost all the various ailments of humanity.

Prices: Trial box 25 cents—by mail 30 cents; second size, 50 cents—by mail, 55 cents; 12 boxes, second size, \$5; large boxes, \$1; 6 large boxes, \$5.

For sale by THE WAY PUBLISHING CO.

"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 musical person in the land, will be found a suitable gift for friends. Price \$1.00, postage 12 cents.

THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., 2, W. 1st. Plm and McFarland Bldg.

Bible Stories No. 1.

—BY—

JAMES H. YOUNG.

Price 50 Cents. Postage 2 Cents.

The Sacred Vedas, as written by Manon

and the Geneals of Moses, or the Story of the

Creation and the Fall.

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Written for The Better Way.

TO OBTAIN A HOME.

O. N. BANCROFT.

When reading each week "Our Paper" I have often wondered if among its many readers and contributors there are perhaps those who wish to better their own, or the conditions of life for others; and if so, do they see any ray of hope for the poor in the line of our present system of business competition—in the struggle for life's needs.

I certainly know that I cannot see a ray of hope for the poor to better their prospects for a better living. That being the case, if not through competition with each other, then how obtain the necessities of life? There is but one other way and that is most certainly through the opposite method Co-operation; each for all and all for each. Through Co-operation, which is co-operation in production and distribution also. Integral Co-operation—which includes all the affairs of business life.

And right here allow me to call attention to the book entitled "Integral Co-operation" by Albert K. Owen, published and for sale by John W. Lovell 1416 Vesey street, New York. Price 30 cents paper—also "Co-operation at work," 15 cents from same press, and "Homes and how to obtain them," 15 cents issued by the Kansas Sinaloa Investment Company.

Hon. C. B. Hoffman President, Enterprise Kansas. The above three books will furnish valuable information of the grand possibilities of Integral Co-operation as based on equity instead of equality. Given a good location, and earnest, true men and women of intelligence and perseverance to carry it out and success is assured. The location we have. Colonists have been at work on the ground nearly four years. Harmony prevails, improvements go on. Farming, gardening, fruitgrowing, brick making, tin work, shoemaking, sawmilling, irrigating, schools organized in successful operation, and other industries established. In a climate the most healthful in the world, with a soil that cannot be excelled for fertility. Near a deep water harbor as large as that of New York of which the Colony has full control. In the State of Sinaloa, lying about 500 miles south of the Arizona line. On the East side of the Gulf of California, about 1000 miles west of the Gulf of Mexico.

The foregoing is the location of the beginning of a new civilization under a well matured system of Integral Co-operation. At the harbor which is known as Topolobampo, is a printing press from which is issued twice per. month the Colony paper, called "The Credit Foncier of Sinaloa." This being the name of the Colony also. The paper is edited by Mrs. Marie Howland formerly of Hammond, N. J. who is director of the Educational department in the Colony. It is very important that the Colony secure a sufficient area of land for cultivation, now while the price is low. This object is being actively accomplished by the Kansas Sinaloa Investment Co. recently organized to work as auxiliary to the Colony in securing titles to lands adjacent there to large tracts. Hon. C. B. Hoffman of Enterprise Kansas, is President. Enquiries directed to K. S. I. Co. or C. B. Hoffman will receive attention. This Co. has options on large tracts of land that they wish to secure as soon as possible for the use of the large number of Colonists going there in Nov. Send \$2 to Mr. Hoffman, and get the Integral Co-operator, edited by him and The Colony paper also for a year each, and learn all about what Co-operation is doing toward guaranteeing its members constant employment at good wages, with happy homes for the family, free from rent, tax or interest forever. Then Co-operate by sending for stock of each Company and help along the best business enterprise in the world. Send now, don't wait, now is the needed time. Happy homes, sure employment, and sure pay. Free from their tax collectors calls.

Friends of reform; readers of the Spiritual Better Way; hasten to become acquainted with the material better way of Co-operation in place of the old selfish system of each for himself, where the strong succeed and the weak are trampled under the feet of so-called civilized humanity.

These lines have been written for the sole purpose of giving the readers of BETTER WAY a few points, which if utilized as I hope they will be, will aid many to a better hold on life here, and a legacy of value to their children.

BIOPLASM.

Among the recent discoveries in science, none, perhaps, will prove of more utility to man than those relating to bioplasm, because they throw light on physiological questions, particularly those concerning the construction and nutrition of the body and the causes of disease. It was formerly supposed that our bodies were alive from top to toe, inside and out; but this is found to be a mistake. Only about one-fifth part is alive; the rest is formed material. Everybody knows that a tree may become so hollow that only a shell is left; yet the tree may grow and mature buds and leaves and fruits. It is because the outside of the tree—the bark—is alive; the wood is non-living; it is simply formed material. Now the body is not like the tree—alive only on the outside; but the living portion and the formed material exist together in every part—in every tissue, organ and vessel.

A slight abrasion of the cuticle, or the rupture of a cell, is followed by particles of fluid which were formerly overlooked as of no account. But the microscope has revealed to us that this apparently useless, insignificant ooze is the vital, living part of the body; it is bioplasm.

This is the mechanic, the skilled artist, that constructs the cells, builds the organs, and perhaps, under the direction of a higher power, adapts each part to one harmonious whole.

For the last fifteen years, certain English and German physiologists have spent much time with the microscope, watching this little workman. They have seen it forming tissue, muscle and nerve, changing food into blood, making the secretions; and, as parts of the body became worn and effete, silently disintegrating and utilizing them, or removing the useless parts from the body.

The first decided knowledge of bioplasm came by accident (if finding a thing we are searching for can be called accident, it is not rather revelation?), by ascertaining that when a piece of live tissue is immersed in a solution of carmine the bioplasm is stained, and the formed material is not stained. This discovery has enabled observers to find and watch this little workman, while busy in constructing every part of the body.

Bioplasm is the builder not only of the body, but of all animals and plants. To it every organized form, whether animal or vegetable, owes its formation and growth.

Bioplasm is a clear, colorless fluid, like thin mucus. Only microscopes of the highest power are of use in studying the substance; for the largest normal masses are not one-thousandth of an inch in diameter, but such microscopes fail to detect in it the least sign of organization. Yet this apparently unorganized substance is the cause of all organization. It is a medium through which dead inorganic matter becomes living, organized.

Journal of Chemistry.

Subsiding Brain.
We believe in a community taking care of its citizens who show high powers for intellectual research. A writer in the New York Nation says, in pleading for "the endowment of private research," that no one can doubt that "mental power is a great endowment. Huxley has well said that any country would find it greatly to its profit to spend a hundred thousand dollars in first finding a Faraday, and then putting him in a position in which he could do the greatest possible amount of work. A man of genius is so valuable a product that he ought to be secured at all cost; to be kept like a queenbee in a hot house, fed upon happiness and stimulated in every way to the greatest possible activity. To expose him to the same harsh treatment which is good for the hod carrier and the bricklayer is to indulge in a reckless waste of means of a country's greatness." Again he says, "The waste of water-power at Niagara is as nothing compared with the waste of brainpower, which results from compelling a man of exceptional qualifications to earn his own living."

Dr. A. B. Dobson vs. Old School Practice.
Omeral, Holt Co., Neb.—Dr. A. B. Dobson—Dear Sir: You no doubt recognize my handwriting in the numerous letters sent you by Mrs. Judith Binkerd, of this place. She and her husband are neighbors of mine, and her husband, Mr. John Binkerd, Sen., is a minister. Mrs. Binkerd asked me before I wrote to you for her if I knew a magnetic healer or spiritual doctor that I could recommend. I directed her to you and your spirit band, and she requested me to write for her. The diagnosis was so truthful that both she and her husband believed that your band could cure her, but when the first prescription came she was suffering so that it was thought she was dying and no use to take the medicine, but her husband urged her to take it, and she did, with the happiest of results. Mrs. Binkerd has had a houseful nearly all the time she had been taking your remedies, and she says she feels as well as she did when she was a girl—she is now over seventy years of age. She has recommended your treatment to all, and we hear the best kind of reports from those that are taking your medicine according to the direction of your spirit band.

Truly and kindly yours,
A. C. BARNES.

Hickory Station, Montgomery Co., Ark.

Dear Brother: I feel it a duty I owe you to let you know how I am since taking your remedies. I hardly know how to express my gratitude to the good spirits and you for the kind treatment I have received. I feel in better health than I have for many years. I must say I have been in the eclectic practice of physics in this country for more than twenty years, and must say again I know but little about the practice compared to yours. I will ask a question: Can I be made the recipient of spirit influence so as to enable me to see into those things?

Spiritually yours for more truth,
BENJ. JOHNSON, JR., M. D.
See ad. in another column.

The really pure cannot be maligned—cannot be slandered, for wrongful accusations will not stick to such, as it were, and only react on the would-be slanderer.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"I love to lie in shady spots
Where mountain breezes blow;
I love to lie and watch the stream
By moss-banks seaward flow;
I love to lie and hear the sea
In thunder greet the shore;
I love to lie in meadow lands
And watch clouds floating o'er;
I heard him sing his faithful song
And thought: 'I'll not deny or
Doubt your word, although 'tis plain
You are a lazy liar.'"

A statue of General Grant, to cost \$200,000, is to be given to Galena, Ill., the General's home, by H. H. Kolsant, a citizen of the town.

Russia has granted the Alaska Commercial Company the sealing privileges on the Siberian coast, and the prospect is that brisk competition with the North American Commercial Company, which has obtained from the United States the sealing privileges in Behring sea, will lead to reduced prices of skins.

A bill will soon be introduced in the legislature at Honolulu authorizing the king to call a convention to frame a new constitution.

HE CAUGHT HER.

Boston Courier: "Yes, sir," she said to the census-taker, "I will be just a next birthday. Getting quite old, ain't it?" she continued, with an arch look and a little nervous laugh. "Not at all, madam; getting younger, I should say." "You're a flatterer, sir, I think." "Well," he continued, "I only know that I took the census at this house ten years ago and you were then exactly a next birthday." "Oh, you brute!"

THAT MUCH-ABUSED WORD.

"H. Tenny, here's a pig! See this lady fightin' the porridge!"—The Bostonian.

NAPOLEON III.

Napoleon III, got his title, the Third, for the Second never reigned by a compositor mistaking the exclamation points—"!"—for the Roman numerals, III. Napoleon II seems to have inherited much more of the Hapsburg facial characteristics than those of the Bonapartes.—London Edition Herald.

Brooklyn's average death rate is 600 a week.

If the Rev. Dr. John Hall could only name those who are for condoning to be lost, the latter could devote the time now spent in trying to be good to having that much more fun in this world.—Norristown Herald.

Jessie Beach, a popular young lady of Battle Creek, Mich., was killed by the kick of a horse recently. The bones of her face were forced into her brain.

BEWARE!

Hold headed men who will persist
In saying "Darn the flies!"
Can never read their titles clear
To mausoleums in the skies.
—Omaha Bee.

Mexico has negotiated for a \$6,000,000 loan for railroad purposes with Seligman Bros., of London.

Stranger—I notice this handsome apartment house is illuminated, and there are sounds of revelry within. What is it? A grand wedding? Resident—No, sir. The janitor's funeral.—New York Weekly.

What a wonderful age of invention it is! said Mrs. Peterson. I see they are now making wire-cloth, and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day trousers.—Puck.

The Detroit base ball club filed with the County Clerk a voluntary assignment to Wm. J. Gray. The debts of the club are stated to be \$7,158, together with the rent of the ball grounds to date. The assets are the office furniture and fixtures, valued at \$236.

Tom, give me a cigar, I'm just out.
Certainly, here is one.
Pshaw, what a miserable weed!—why, it contains cabbage leaf, where did you get it?
Oh, that is the cigar you gave me last night. I thought I would try it on you first.—S. K.

A picturesque character, who recently died in Washington county, Georgia, was noted for trading jack-knives. On the handle of every knife he ever owned he made a little private mark, by which he could recognize it if it ever came into his hands again.

WORSER THAN THE WOLF.

If our spendthrift son persists in his extravagance, James, said a careworn wife and mother, we shall not be able long to keep the wolf from the door.
It ain't wolves that I'm afraid of in this latitude, replied her dejected husband. It is the sheriff that I expect to see coming every day.—Somerville Journal.

Why, Sam, what for you got your coat on wrong side out?
To remember somethin' by, in lieu of tying a knot in my knaf kerchief.
An' what is it you want for remember?
Bress de Lawd ef I ain't gone an' forgot 'em already.—S. K.

Out of 3,900,000 inhabitants of Ceylon, ten per cent are Christians, as follows: Romanists, 220,000; Anglicans, 25,000; Presbyterians, 14,000; Wesleyans, 23,000; Baptists, 8,000.

Djones—Do you see that man across the street? I tell you he is a public benefactor.
Binkerd—No, I don't.
Djones—He keeps still when he has nothing to say.—Somerville Journal.

A New Jersey inventor proposes to use the dynamo in warfare, to make artificial lightning. He claims to be able to produce a flash of lightning which he can direct against a body of men a mile away.

Schnorpake thinks marriage must be a human weakness; for even the greatest of men will give way to its tempting influence when opportunities are favorable.

"Castles in the Air" is a new song which promises to become very popular ere long, and of course, "cheesnutty," too.

At a recent fire in Constantinople 1,000 houses were destroyed.

ONE KIND OF A MAN.

When 'er he has a tale to tell,
With purpose good or vicious,
Of ghost or goblin, jinn or kelt,
Or other things suspicious,
He never tells it in the dark.
Yet always starts with the remark:
'I am not superstitious.'
—Washington Post.

The cheapest house ever will attract no more after having humbugged its patrons often enough.—S. K.

Two thousand Arab women and children are dying of starvation just outside Suakin, a town under British protection, but the British Government, which waged war upon the unhappy people, destroyed their crops, flocks and herds, and thereby brought about the present misery, says it can do nothing for them to-day. The Aborigines Protection Society has issued an appeal for money to help the victims, but it is feared hundreds will be dead before succor can reach them.

A hot wave should always be given a cool reception.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS.

G. W. Kates and wife may be addressed at Greenville, Darke county, O., during August.

Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee will accept engagements for the fall season in the West. Address at Geneva, O.

Bishop A. Beals can be addressed at North Chardon, Pa. for month of August. Desires engagements for the fall months.

Moses and Mattie E. Hull are open for engagements for grove or camp meetings. Address Chicago Terrace and West Fortieth St., Chicago, Ill.

Moses Hull speaks for the Spiritual Society of Indianapolis during September. September 20th he and Mrs. Hull start for California via the Northern route.

Will C. Hodge desires engagements as speaker for the fall and winter months, commencing with September. Address during July, 315 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill., during August, Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. Will answer calls for funerals.

Mr. A. E. Tibbals lectures at Temple Heights Aug. 16th and 17th; Lake Pleasant, Aug. 24th and 25th. Queen City Park, August 28th, 29th and 30th; September 7th, West Duxbury. Societies wishing his services for the fall and winter months can address him at Merrick, Mass.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter lectures on Sunday, August 17th, at Temple Heights, Me. Camp, Sunday, August 24th, at Verona Park, Me. Camp, and Sunday, August 31st, at Lake Pleasant, Mass. Camp. Several week days are secured with most of these places preceding or following the Sundays. For the seasons of '90 and '91 address him at 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

Having been called to the home of my father to pay the last tribute to him, Mrs. Kates and self were compelled to cancel our engagements in Colorado for August and September. It also causes us to postpone once more our much desired visit to the Pacific Coast. We desire to hear from local societies east of the Mississippi River relative to serving them during the coming fall months. Both of us lecture, and Mrs. Kates gives tests. Address us at Greenville, Darke county, O.

Mr. Lyman C. Howe will speak at Clinton Camp, Iowa, from August 10th to 18th. He speaks at Mantua Camp July 24th to 27th, and Hicksville, O., August 24th. He is engaged for Fridays of November in New York, and for December in Philadelphia, Pa. He is yet free to engage for September and October, wherever first called, but would prefer engagements in New York, Pennsylvania or New England, as being nearer relations to New York and Philadelphia. He is also free to engage January, February, March, April, and May, 1891. First call first served. Address Box 379 Fredonia, Chautauque Co., N. Y.

Birth-Death.

Born into earth and entered upon spirit life August 9, 1890, Franklin Veil, son of Elizabeth A. and Dr. John C. Wyman, of Brooklyn, New York.

"Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Meetings in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The First Independent Club of Brooklyn meets at Broadway Hall, No. 290 Fulton street, every Friday evening at eight o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all mediums visiting our city and the public generally. Seats free.

The Brooklyn Progressive Conference meets at Everett Assembly rooms, corner of Bridge and Willoughby streets, every Saturday evening at eight o'clock. Seats free and the public cordially invited.

SAMUEL B. BOGERT, Pres.
Mrs. Jennie C. Blake holds meetings at her parlors, No. 284 Franklin Avenue, every Sunday evening at eight o'clock. Good speakers in attendance, and the public cordially invited.

Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and South Second street, meets Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present.

PORTER E. FIELD, Sec.

Advice to Mothers.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

AN
UNPRECEDENTED OFFER!
PREMIUMS!

PREMIUMS!
PREMIUMS

TO OUR AGENTS
And Others

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS
—For—

THE BETTER WAY.

Those sending us new subscribers with the accompanying cash will be entitled to the following premiums till further notice:

1. Club of three subscribers for six months each—Copy of "Rays of Light," a book of poems and biographical sketch of Mr. R. S. Little, or "Startling Facts in Modern Spiritualism," by Dr. N. B. Wolfe.
2. Club of six subscribers for six months each—One illuminated copy of Hydesville chromo; \$25, \$124 inches.
3. Club of ten subscribers for six months each—The above picture handsomely framed in white and gold, with glass, measuring 40x20 inches.

HYDESVILLE CHROMO.
Is a beautiful illustration of the home in which the first Spiritualistic rappings were heard. It is printed in thirteen different colors, and exquisitely accomplished, making it a suitable picture for any parlor or library.

This affords all friends of THE BETTER WAY an opportunity of benefiting themselves as well as the paper. Remit by Express, Postal Note or Post Office Money Order, making the same payable to THE BETTER WAY PUBLISHING CO., Cincinnati, Ohio.

VAN DUZEN GAS & CASOLINE ENGINE

OPERATED WITH COAL AND OTHER MANUFACTURED GASES AND GASOLINE. RELIABLE AND ECONOMICAL. Fully Warranted. VAN DUZEN Gas & Casoline Engine Co. 33 E. 2d St., Cincinnati, O.

A Wealthy Manufacturing Co. Gives Gratis Six Solid Silver Spoons.

Our object in making the following liberal proposal is that you may become one of our permanent patrons and always use our Family Soap, "Sweet Home," and fine Toilet Articles, and also by speaking to your friends in praise of the fine quality and high character of our Soaps, secure them also as regular patrons for our goods.

Our Soaps are the purest, best, and most satisfactory, whether made in this country or Europe; everyone who uses them once becomes a permanent customer. We propose a new departure in the soap trade and will sell direct from our factory to the consumer, spending the money usually allowed for expenses of traveling men, wholesale and retail dealers profits, in handsome and valuable presents to those who order at once. Our goods are made for the select family trade and will not be sold to dealers, and to induce people to give them a trial we accompany each case with many useful and valuable presents.

Only One Box Sold to a Family.

Send us your name on a postal card and we will ship you on terms given below, a Box containing all of the following articles:

- ONE HUNDRED CAKES** "Sweet Home" Family Soap, enough to last a family one full year. This Soap is made for all household purposes and has no superior.
- SIX BOXES BORAXINE.**
One-Fourth Dozen Modjeska Complexion Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Ocean Bath Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Artistic Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Creme Toilet Soap.
One-Fourth Dozen Elite Toilet Soap.
One English Jar Modjeska Cold Cream.
Soothing, Healing, Beautifies the Skin, Improves the Complexion, Cures Chapped Hands and Lips.
- One fine Silver-plated Button Hook.
One Lady's Celluloid Pen Holder (very best).
One Arabesque Mat.
One Glove Buttoner.
One Package "Stendfast" Pins.
One Spool Black Silk Thread.
- One Gentleman's Handkerchief, Large Fourteen Patent Transfer Patterns, stamping and embroidering table linen, toilet mats, towels, ties, etc.
One Lady's Handkerchief.
One Child's Lettered Handkerchief.
One Wall Match Safe (can be seen at night).
One Package Assorted Scrap Papers.
Two Celluloid Collar Buttons (Patented).
Twenty-three Pictures of the Presidents of the U. S.

A SPECIAL OFFER TO THE READERS OF THE THE BETTER WAY.

We hereby promise that in addition to all the articles named above, to include in every box purchased by subscribers, who will agree to recommend "Sweet Home" Soap to two or more friends, ONE SET (SIX) SOLID SILVER TEASPOONS, PLAIN PATTERN—such as your grandmother used, very rich and elegant, (will last a Life Time).

We know the great value of our articles, as we make them ourselves, and are willing to give them to the severest kind of a test, hence will ship the box on thirty days' trial, and if you are fully satisfied with it send us word and we will remove it at our own expense.

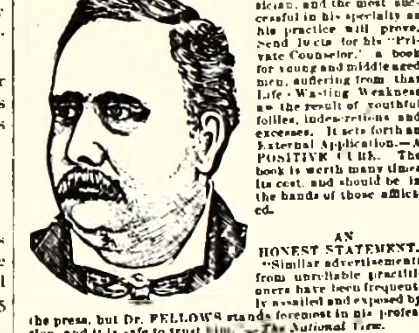
Our Price for the Great "Sweet Home" Box is Only Six Dollars.

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