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VOLUME 5. CINCINNATI, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889. NUMBER 11.

Entered at the Post-Office, Cincinnati, Ohio, as Second-Class Matter.

THE BETTER WAY.

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

CINCINNATI, - - SEPTEMBER 14, 1889

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THE ROSTRUM.

(Specially Reported for The Better Way.)

TYPES.

Lecture Given by the Guides of Miss Emma J. Nickerson, Sunday, Sept. 8th, 1889, for the Society of Union Spiritualists, at Grand Army Hall, 115 West Sixth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

This morning we dwelt in the land of "Ideals," this evening we shall ask you to journey with us for a few moments as we consider "Types." Nature is everywhere teaching us by typical expressions, from the lowest sentiment of existence to man, the crowning glory of her work, the last link in the chain of finite being, to look from the realm of cause—spirit—and study the diversified manifestations, in its product man. Though we may be compelled to view that diversity from the circumscribed circle of limitations of opportunity by environments, and bring but an imperfect ideal to you, it argues that if there be an imperfect ideal, there must have been a perfect ideal of which it was the product and rendered imperfect by the instrumentalities or media through which it is received. As we come into the atmosphere of earth's children, we endeavor to draw in closer rapport with them and to understand them. Through the achievement of this desire we have accomplished much; there is yet more to be accomplished; not alone along the lines of religious thought, but in individual unfoldment of the faculties—spiritual and physical—of the divine within each individual, and as we come in close relationship with them we find that individual interests are national interests, for the individual is but the type of the broader reach of mankind as a whole. As we sweep a larger radius of our circle we find ourselves reaching into the realms of the infinite ideal of Love, of which we are each an imperfect type, and we are endeavoring to reproduce in man certain types of expression of that grand infinite Love, but those expressions must necessarily be imperfect, because of the imperfections of the physical and mental through which it finds unfoldment.

By various pathways, first one and then another, through the media of all ages, the spirit world has been seeking to impress itself upon man. Over the entire world its action has ever been the same. There have been media in all ages through whom the spirit realm has voiced its thoughts to men, though unconsciously to themselves and their fellows. Inspiration breathes through all the writings of the past. In the poetry and literature of Greece and Rome;

in the poetry and literature of to-day we may trace its pathway. It has made its advent in the culture of this century giving a mental unfoldment, a greater receptivity, by which we are aiming wisely and safely at the spiritualizing of the present age, and to rise above the superstitions and ignorance of the past, which rendered it necessary to work so slowly. To-day, divines are thundering at the doors of Truth, for a broader conception of religious life, and scientists are thundering against the walls of Truth in nature, demanding that she open up to them the secrets that lie beyond. They stand on the confines of that country unexplored—the country of the soul—which lies out there beyond in the realms of space.

When scientists take up the torch-light of inspiration, then wonders will be revealed, to form a golden chapter for their brows, for the inspiration of the present will reveal in the future secrets that lie hid in the womb of creation; and the glories of the past fall upon us like benedictions, filling the longings of the soul with a peace and comfort that passeth understanding. When your children are unbattered and athirst do you give them a stone to eat and vinegar to drink? Oh, no! But that is what has been done with man in the realms of the spiritual in the past. Spiritualism comes like a ray of light penetrating the darkness, and has secured for us freedom from the shackles of ignorance that have so long fettered the minds of men, and will enable humanity to stand forth and cry aloud: "Clear the way; the car of progression is on the track, and naught can hinder its triumphant progress." The mighty Juggernaut of Truth is moving onward and he who attempts to hinder its progress is doomed to fall beneath its crushing wheels.

Why! As we reach out to you, we ask have you never seen the creeping flowers by the wayside smile as you passed, or taken a crimson rose in your hand, and found nesting in its golden heart, a crystal drop of dew, that reflected the prismatic hues of the rainbow? Have you never caught the white radiance from the face of a friend, as if some hidden angel were revealing his presence in the divine light that shone forth? There is no human being who has not had this experience.

The spirit world stands ready to open the doors; to lift the flood-gates and let the rushing tide of waters pour forth into the hearts of men, if you will give the necessary conditions, by which we may reach you and open to you the consciousness of the return of the so-called dead; enabling you to find balm and healing for your wounded hearts. You cannot put all the stars in a tin dipper, so you cannot find sole satisfaction in one phase of mediumship. You will ever be seeking for something beyond that which you already have. Humanity is not so different, to-day, from yesterday. One has truly said: "Men are only boys grown tall," and, as you live, you will seek for more, and fling one side to-morrow that which you have gathered to-day, but unlike the childish toy, you can never lose the soul's possession. Its comfort and peace always remain with you, unfolding you to grander and more perfect types of race.

Spiritualism is to religion, what Columbus was to America, the discoverer of a new continent. It has opened to the nineteenth century the divine in man's nature and shown him his inheritance to "a peace that passeth understanding." If he will furnish the conditions he may make his life a typification of all that is divine in nature. The physical must receive culture as well as the spiritual. The laws of physiology should be taught as well as the laws of morality, and contain both. Everything that degrades or stultifies any part of life is a hindrance to the angel world in their work.

The iconoclasts in reform may have been too severe, but if it were not for reformers, strong and enthusiastic how would we fill the gap in our Waterloo?

If it had not been for a Wm. Lloyd Garrison, a Wendell Phillips and an Abraham Lincoln, where would be your boasted liberties. These men came, because in the economy, year! in the opulence of life, such men were demanded. In 1858, in that famous joint debate between Lincoln and Douglass, Lincoln said: "It will make very little difference, fellow citizens, whether my friend Judge Douglass or myself is elected to the United States Senate; but the great question on which he and I are divided will live when our poor stammering tongues are silent in the grave."

So this great question demands a solution at your hands. It is how well you live here now; how somebody lived who has been buried in the forgotten crypts of time. There is no dodging the demand that is made by that still small voice. If you have not the courage of your convictions you are not a true Spiritualist; you are not a true man; you are not living to fulfill the honor and divinity of the—Christ—if you will; that typification of life, of spiritual power, which uplifts man and gives him the promise that to-morrow shall deliver him from despair. Such a man does not realize the meaning of the life of the Master. We call him Master not because of his godhood, but as the type of the highest in life; as the type of that character which makes Christ of salvation of every man who is true to his convictions of right, and works for humanity, for the uplifting of man. Gautama has touched the hearts of millions of people in all parts of the world. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama—a faith that has existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers, any other form of creed. Spiritualism alone supercedes this faith in numbers. Where are its schools of learning, its colleges of divinity? Wherever the sons of man congregate, there are found her followers. Her temple is truth—her golden wings are spread to honor the world where church spires tremble. Her devotees are kneeling in every shrine where hope whispers of undying love. It comes unheralded, as the *avant courier* of a new life, a new humanity. Among Catholics, priest-ridden though they be, we find those who are Spiritualists to the core, for they have recognized it through all ages, and they are teaching the grand truth that if a man die he shall live again; they are feeding the hunger they find with the food they have that is suitable. Men require strong meat, babes milk for their nourishment.

I remember that in the Mohawk Valley in the long ago the farmers had a method of feeding their young calves. They had a long watering trough in which was placed the milk, and in order to enable the calves to get at the milk easily, cloths tied to a peg were fastened in a bunch at intervals, to the bottom of the trough, through which the calves drew their nourishment; you may make your own application. I was taught to reverence a certain book and to say my prayers at my mother's knee. There are those who find that good old book necessary to their growth and if they cannot take truth clear let them have it strained. It matters not by what method they arrive at the truth, their emancipation will come, and the truth will be spread broadcast. You can put on an armor of truth if you have the strength to stand the stabs, the quills, against your belief. If you have the courage of your convictions, you can freely forgive, and aim only to do the right. Each man or woman carries a ru-h light or taper and though it be small yet "So shines a good deed in a naughty world." Its little beams may carry space to some weary soul; to some desolate heart. If the spirit world brings comfort and comes to souls with a peace that shall refresh, so can friends in earth life diffuse comfort and peace while on the earth side. You may furrow the ocean if you please and harrow it oftenwards if you will, but the moon

will still lead the tides; and You can only gather from the spray, The lovely things the sea hath tossed away. So from the ocean of infinite truth, you can only gather a portion of immortal beauty; only a part of the divine type of life from books. There is an old saying: "Old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to trust, old books to read." I have found much in old books that pleased, but the true learning is gained by absorption from those around us; from experiences and not from theories. I remained true to my conviction in that old conflict for emancipation, and went forth as one to battle for equality and justice against the power that was crushing men to earth. We are not yet done. When we look around us and see the heel of oppression upon the neck of those resistless to help themselves, the edict goes forth to battle for the right; to lift weary hearts and help redress the wrongs of humanity. We are not done until woman shall stand with her emancipator the equal and peer of man. The spirit world teaches us ever to strive for purity of body as well as soul, for the temple must stand upon the heights clear as crystal in the noon-day sun, and that which destroys the purity of the temple injures the purity of the soul. Take the use of the tobacco weed, it is a habit that destroys your finer sensibilities, look at it calmly and quit it for ever. I heard of this incident at one time, a true one—by the way. A lady had a pet poodle dog of which she was very fond and one day in order to be in the fashion she decided that it must lose that portion of its anatomy which polite people called the caudal appendage. So one morning a stirring cry startled the neighbors. It proceeded from Jones' house. Such a squealing and howling! The neighbors finally went to see what was the matter and Jones said: "I want to please my wife without being unnecessarily cruel, so I am removing the tail by cutting it off a piece at a time so as not to cause the dog too much pain." Every man can apply this to himself. It is difficult to cast off a vice once contracted, but it is more difficult to do it gradually. You will never get rid of it if you keep on though but a little, you must cast it off at once and forever and free the divine temple from its polluting presence.

It is the little foxes that spoil the vines. Poor Iago spoke truly when in his despair, he cried "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil! O strange every inordinate cup is un-blessed, and the ingredient is a devil." Instead of one God we have many gods. Instead of one devil we have many devils lurking at the door to spoil our lives. The spirit world comes to teach us to seek for a higher type of life than this. They unfold to us the beauties of the immortal realms of bliss and teach us to rise and unfold in spiritual grace, in love and charity here on earth until we rise to those higher spheres of life for which earth is but the primary school. They have opened the portals of heaven to let the truth be known, and like Banquo's ghost will not down until man shall stand forth from amidst the shadows redeemed forever more. After the intermission during which Miss Nickerson announced the time of her class in "Laws of spirit control," making some very apt and beautiful remarks, she took from the table watch to read but before reading a control took possession and said: Good evening Mr. Reporter: I should like to have you report a few words for me as I have come here in this way to this instrument in the direction of my fidelity to her interests. You may say that I am Fannie Conant, I have many friends here in the earth life and there are many friends in spirit life who would like to send messages to their loved ones. I return from the spirit

side and send greetings of love and remembrance to the friends in my old place of labor. I go there often with heart and soul but each have our place of work and mine I have chosen here with this instrument to use her as the means by which I may perchance bring comfort to some burdened soul on earth. I am glad to greet the friends who come here, and I hope to make this tender bud of my adoption bloom into the full rich rose of promise that she may herald to you the blessings of those whom you love and who love you.

I hear the name Elizabeth Pennington, she speaks of John and of Evansville. She says I want to bring comfort to John, tell him that I am awaiting him upon the other side, but that the time has not yet come for him to join me for he still has a labor to perform, and changes will come which will aid him and I try to help in every way possible. Recognized. I see the letter M. and then the letters C, C, C, three C's and hear the names William H. Cook, and then there comes Mary A. Cook and she says Aunt Eliza is with them. These three bring an element of protection with them in coming to you. I feel that eight months ago there came a change you have not yet comprehended, and there are coming changes in the future when you will get better results than ever before. Recognized. I feel cold chilly and am sinking down, down, and I feel as if the spirit were trying to throw his arms around some one's neck. It is his mother and he says: "Till mother that I was with her and helped her in her work this summer, and will help her more in the time to come. The future is bright before you. I did not want to leave you but I am glad now it was so, and that I can come back. Lily is with me and we both send love. He gives the name of Aleck Kibby. Recognized. The power is leaving, so I must close.

Miss Nickerson then said: I now take this watch and I do not seem to get very much with this. I see a pen held out for you and I see poetical license strong in your nature, you should use your power more. You have fine natural abilities, a fine nature, and you will attain greater development if you will not allow yourself to be discouraged. Recognized. With this little locket. I get the names Joseph, John, and Sally, and she says aunt Sally and I see her knitting away at an old blue stocking. I see danger ahead. There was danger a year ago, but this comes in the next year, be very careful. I send you a note of warning. Recognized. The services closed with an improvisation—Hope and Love, woven together making a beautiful poetical gem.

Written for The Better Way.

A Desideratum.

A reading room in an easily accessible, central locality, open in the evening to all, where all English, American and other periodicals, interesting to psychological students, could be seen; and also standard works of reference. Where earnest workers could meet and assist inquirers, the more advanced students help beginners. Where classes might be formed to study special questions, and teachers for local primary classes trained as well as speakers. Ladies and gentlemen interested will please communicate with (including stamped envelope) C. P. Pounds, care Lecture Bureau, 7 Artillery Buildings, Victoria St., S. W., London, Eng. Only Four More Needed. Little six-year-old Jemmy, being permitted to see his new-born baby brother—fifth boy in the family—remarked: "Mamma, I'm so glad it is a boy." "Why, Jemmy, are you glad it is a boy?" "Because, mamma, by and by we will have enough for a baseball team." "How many does it take?" asked the fond parent, and Jemmy innocently replied: "Only nine, mamma."

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Receipt for Prevention and Cure of Small Pox.

To the Editor of The Better Way. Get unslacked lime, make lime water as strong as it will extract, which is about 45 per cent. Dilute with one-third pure cold water. Take of this one gill every morning from the time of exposure, and the disease will not appear. Less for children, according to age. If the disease is known to be near, take lime water every morning as a preventative.

Let houses be disinfected by keeping a kettle of lime on a stove where the fumes can pervade the whole house.

Slacking lime throughout infected districts, whitewashing fences and trees with lime kills the virus as readily as cobalt kills flies.

If you have taken small pox, be not alarmed, but render it a simple disease by taking a wine glass of lime water as often as the pain returns in the head, and wet the surface to prevent the distressed burning sensation.

Let the diet be simple, use no animal food during its stage, admitting sufficient pure air into all apartments. Use no other remedy. When well wash the hair and body with diluted lime water and fumigate all clothing over boiling lime that cannot be easily washed and rinsed in it. They will not convey the disease to others if well done. Yours for truth and progress, H. W. HENDERSON.

Lawrence, Kan.

A MIRACLE.

Dr. A. B. Dobson Again.

If the following cure had been performed in Bible times, it certainly would have been called a miracle. We will leave the father and mother of the little girl to tell the story:

"Our little girl, twelve years old, had the diphtheria of a malignant type, and it left her in such a state that it affected her mind and spine and she was in such a condition she could not talk, walk or feed herself. She was continually in motion; her hands, head and limbs could not be kept still for a moment. We employed the best physicians and they could not do anything to relieve her, and advised us to send her to the university at Ann Arbor, Mich. As we were preparing to send her to that institute, a Mrs. Potter, of Albion, came to our house and gave us one of Dr. A. B. Dobson's circulars, stating he had cured her and she believed he could cure our little girl. We said we would not send her to Ann Arbor until we first consulted the humbug at Maquoket, Iowa. We wrote to Dr. Dobson, he answering immediately, and calling her disease a fearful case of St. Vitus dance. We lost no time in sending for his so-called spiritual remedies, and in two weeks after she was perfectly well and we soon sent her to school. This naturally created an excitement, and the sick flocked to see us, asking who cured our child. We told them and gave them his address, and we wrote him many letters ourselves for the sick in this place, until his patients numbered hundreds, and many more wonderful cures were performed by him in this place.

We heard Dr. Dobson was going to visit Jackson, and we wrote and asked him if he would not call on us, for we did so much want to see the man who had saved the life of our little pet. He said he would. We procured the best suite of rooms at the Donnelly House, and told our friends that Dr. Dobson would be here on the 14th of November for two days. He came, and so did the sick; his rooms were full all the time of his stay. Over one hundred took his treatment. Our little Gertie met the doctor several times (she and we would naturally love the person that brought health to our child.) Whether this cure was done by spirit power we know not, but one thing we do know, that our little girl was terribly afflicted unto death's door, and now she is as well as any member of our family, and her getting well has been the means of many more of this town sending to him and getting cured. If you have any doubts of the above facts, write to us or any responsible person of this place, and we will willingly answer your letters.

J. C. KIMMEL, MARY KIMMEL.

Mr. Kimmel is a prominent clothing merchant, and he and his wife are members of the Presbyterian church, of Mason County, Mich. Hundreds of such cases as this Dr. Dobson and his band are curing monthly, among them many old school physicians.—Maquoketa Record.

Written for The Better Way.

MAN.

In a former paper to THE BETTER WAY, some general reflections were communicated on the "Sequence of Organization."

A second paper, confining the subject to "Man" in the generic sense, may meet with approval by the large and intelligent class of literates who habitually read the columns of this paper.

That inquiry is replete with significance which desires to know how the theological sacred cosmogony of the Christian word compares, in the rationale, with the philosophical simplicity, naturalness and non-miraculousness of nature's existence. Let it not be understood, however, in this connection, that we would identify Christianity with theological dogmatism, for they are as dissimilar as a double case of hydrophobia and a nuptial ceremony. The silly fictions of cosmographers are set aside by the towering genius of scientific and philosophical minds who have a sublime conception of Delly.

Covering the memory of man's written history, we find him deeply interested in cosmogony. He seems to appreciate the fact that he is a worthy factor in the universal cosmic formation, and that cosmogony would seem incomplete and barren of interest without his association in the grand drama of nature's harmonious elimination. But the meandering and deceptive paths that cosmographers and hagiographers have led him, only confused and stranded an instinct efficient for more lucid attainments. He only believes, when he does believe it, that man was miraculously created and placed on the earth, in the physical and mental condition, in which we now see him, because the thought has been theologially crystallized in the mind of his ancestry, and for this reason along popular prejudice runs largely in favor of the prevailing ecclesiasticisms.

Modern ethnologists have placed the Caucasian race, in natural history, in three divisions: the Aryan, Semitic and Hamitic. This classification is simply a linguistic one, being solely recommended by the roots of the several languages designating such a division. In this anthropological classification these three divisions of the Caucasian race, for reasons, such as are determined by the physiological, anatomical and cerebral organizations, are granted a more advantageous position, physically and mentally, than any of the nomadic branches of the human family, of whom, from ancient times but little historical data have reached us.

The national branches of the Aryan division includes nearly all the present and past nations of Europe: the Slavonians, Celts, Greeks, Romans, Teutons and the several descendants of these, together with two very ancient peoples of Asia, the Persians and Hindoos; it being in evidence with linguists that the Slavonic, Celtic, Latin and Teutonic dialects have a very marked family likeness with the Sanscrit, the ancient language of India, and also with the Zend, the ancient language of Persia.

The archaeological record of these peoples, together with their physiological morphologies and dermal analogies combine to establish the fact of their descent from a common ancestor. But if the oblivion's darkness shrouding pre-historic man could be dispelled, we would discover a common percentage for the whole human race. Each successive superimposed geological stratum, from the Cambrian or lower Silurian, in the paleozoic epoch, to the discovered remains of man at the close of the pleistocene period is prophetic of his coming.

The time when the efforts of the potential energies, indigenous to spirit, were first awarded success in placing man on this planet would be useless and puerile to undertake to establish by computation in years. Nothing but the multiplicity of centuries involved in vast geological epochs of time can furnish anything like an adequate conception to the human mind of the time when a cerebral organization incident to a mediumship of human thought was first evolved. When it is stated that the first geological deposits, superstratifying the pleistocene, presents the first indubitable deposits of the fossiliferous remains of man, some indefinite notion may be formed of the countless ages that have elapsed from the appearance of animal life on the earth until the evolution of man from that life. That hagiography which marks a period in the world's chronology, specific and definite as to the advent of man on earth, in the light of science and reason, is self convicted of an imbecile fabrication of a mythical fable.

In physiology the progressive gradations from lower to higher organization is due to the laws of variation, of which, by the exposition of the accumulated knowledge in natural science, in this century, we know that the capabilities of natural selection exercise morphologically, a mollifying and ameliorating influence to accomplish most decided improvement for the benefit of the organic being in whom or which the variation has occurred.

Variation, aided by its correlative,

natural selection, are the potential forces at the disposal of spirit power to effect from primal organization the evolution of the individualized human soul. The preceding paragraphs are written with a view of conducting some reader to a candid inquiry and investigation of the various so-called sacred cosmogonies, of which there are at least seven now in the possession of the civilized world; all of which erroneously credit all objective effects in the sequence of cosmogony and the biological forces of spirit to the supernatural and specific agencies of a miraculous Divine Interposition.

Spirit everywhere prevails as a primal element. And without it other primal elements in their happiest combined affinities would not attain the logical ultimate of which the several primal elements are means to an end. That all involuntary subjective forces are spirit forces is a law of pneumatological dynamics. No sacred cosmogony has ever recognized this fact. Therefore miracles and supernatural agencies are invoked in explanation of effects whose causes are mantled in the occult forces of spirit.

When the pneumatological student has penetrated the subjective science of metaphysics to a depth sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the office of spirit is organization for the purpose of individualized spirit perpetuity, he may possibly recognize, for the first time, in the principle of life, which is spirit manifestation, the necessity of the analogies which obtain in all organic matter.

The objective science of physiology made slow progress until physiologists discovered the analogies subsisting between man and the lower forms of animal life. In the lowest orders of animal life propagation is accomplished by simply dividing, which is called fissiparous propagation. And all the way up the long spiral column in organic animal nature to man, reproduction is obtained in like manner. In man the parallelism occurs in the fission, or peeling off of the epithelial lining of the glandular tubes in the male principle: the fragments forming the parent cells, in which are contained the vesicles, with their contained animalcules, which is nothing but fissiparous propagation. The fissiparous propagation of the unicellular polyp in its simple division, then, is analogous to the fissiparous propagation of man. Man being dioecious and viviparous, is more complicated, differentiated and infinitely more perfect, but the triumphant result is the re-formation of the completed, and the intricacy of the feat does not disturb the analogy.

Much lucid delineation of the Interpenetration of the spirit principle in this interesting field of physiology can not be given through the columns of a public journal that is not confined to the inspection of adult minds alone, however appropriate and profitable a volume, by reason of the fact that expressions too carefully guarded are rendered to allusive.

Eruditional minds, everywhere, outside of interested priestcraft, are losing faith in all spontaneous generation theories, and are admitting the occult forces of spirit, even when this phraseology is objectionable, the fact, nevertheless, is admitted couched in other language.

The nerve spirit permeates every atom in the cellular or ganglionic structure in the human organism, consequently when fissiparous propagation of spermatozoa and the formative female principle coalesce, fissiparous propagation of spirit is un-umumated.

Children do not inherit the physical peculiarities of their parents alone, but also the mental and moral or spiritual characteristics of their progenitors.

Is there anything hazardous in these premises? Does not Lavoisier's cosmic equation: "That in nature nothing is lost, nothing created," cease to be a paradox? Is it not a fact that the inherent forces in matter are spirit forces? How contrary to the dictates of reason to consider a macrocosm without an eternal, existing and uncreated continuity of spirit; and would it not be equally absurd to consider a microcosm in any other light than a link in an almost endless chain of concatenation; and equally as preposterous not to recognize spirit as being the real and primary factor of the concatenation. Science and philosophy have proclaimed man a microcosm, and when it comes to the corollary, theology denies to him the very constitutional efficacy requisite to a microcosm. In the fact that all cosmographers, so-called sacred, assign to him a special creation of spirit, with a repetition of the same gift to each individual of his progeny, from the time of his original creation, whereas there was only natural evolution of spirit from lower to higher organisms. If a new universe, another macrocosm should come, as it in the endless rounds of coming time undoubtedly will, there would not be a new spirit created for it. Not so, but the same spirit, the same Essence that rolls on to the limitless confines of space would permeate it. As to man, it was the same spirit that was domiciled in the first zoophyte, but its aspirations to the microcosm were not attained until it had ascended the progressive spiral column to the human soul.

The more man probes the microcosm the deeper he fathoms the essence of spirit, the more he knows of the deific principle in the convolutions of his own soul, the more he will know of the Universal Infinite Spirit that interpenetrates the macrocosm.

Theological chiefs have formulated dogmas that run counter to the liberties of conscience of an individualized soul, and have substituted sacred tyrannies for such liberties. These dogmas accumulated through the lapse of centuries, have crystallized in the minds of men, and the chiefs being apotheosized, the tutelary guardians everywhere from one immersed in the most irrational

fetters to those enjoying the coronal gems of highest scholastic attainments, are fettered, without regard of mind, in dissonance with the fact, that slavery.

As to our temporal obligations in this sphere of life, conscience, without the interposition of the torturous circumstances of birth and education, would direct the mind in correct religious discernment from the fact, that religion does not consist in the belief of certain dogmas, forms and ceremonies, and a ritual to be learned, accompanied by certain arbitrary or sentimental penalties. Religion is an impulse through the divine law of our being, soul satisfying and comforting to our spiritual necessities. It is an ontological law that consciousness is the true motor of man's psychic being. The essence in his spiritual being that regulates and adjusts his ever moving loves and affections to the scale of highest morality and spiritual unfoldment, while religion is the emotional, intellectual thankfulness and gratitude to the author of our spiritual happiness; and this is the trying place of man's immortal soul and the Divine Consciousness in the empire of the universe.

Intuition is the magnetic connection of the interior consciousness with the sensuous mentality. The birth of man's intuitive knowledge of his immortality is contemporary with the present arrangement of his cerebral atoms, dating far back in the pre-historic evolution of a mentality sensitive to the shafts of intuition, dictating to his reason and inculcating his understanding with the conscious fact of his individual perpetuity.

SPOTT.

Written for The Better Way.

From Spirit Music to a Mortal.

BY EMMA J. SICKERSON.

The earth is sweet with odorous scents, Dipping fragrance on the breeze sweetest; That bears my willing spirit thence To breathe its utterance in prayer.

I may not break the chain that binds Nor call thy willing spirit hence; I only know my spirit finds Its life, in thy life's recompense.

I watch life's flickering taper burn, And count the sands that lie between; I feel thy eager spirit yearn To clasp the vision of thy dream.

The hooded stars incursive peer Like fire-flies—for a time alight— Soft music fills the atmosphere With throbbing pulses of delight.

I may not close clear thy hand, Nor tell thee of celestial bliss; Thy spirit dwells in shadow-land, Whose substance rays itself in this; I fold the mantle of the night About the misty face of dawn, And wait the coming of the light To crown thee with immortal song.

Cincinnati, September, 1889.

NIrvANA.

The Ancients taught that the whole universe was permeated and sustained by the Creative Power, that each world and atom received its impulse from that divine source, and that everything in existence was due to the purifying process of the Divine Element. They also believed that each world and atom contained the Aetheric essences of the four elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, in a state of more or less activity, and that as the vibratory presence of these elements was more or less defined, was each atom compelled to conform to the laws of atomic association pertaining to the mineral, vegetable, and animal and human kingdoms. The mineral, vegetable and animal were subject to and controlled by those impulses pertaining to the forces ruling that relatively distinct portion of the universe. Each atom had a vibratory condition which defined its growth and operative power while evolving through each of the several departments, and existing on the level of its present sphere of action until it became conscious or equal to all manifestations connected with the realm to which it had so far attained. This evolving, purifying process attached new vibratory conditions adapting the atom to a new realm, and so on until it became fully active.

They believed that the bodies of animals consisted of atoms that had become sublimated by contact with the lower orders of existence, and had there attained elements actively operating in harmony with the animal. Human life they considered to exist in harmony with a relatively more extensive combination of forces identified with the great Universal Creative Will. The atoms of a human body, therefore, must have received that condition, and intensely active to become posited in contact with the subtle elements that constitute human life on this planet. The Ancients recognized in man the possibility of growing into knowledge of the subtle Aetheric forces in which he exists and also the ability to control and direct a great part of those forces as he exists to the strata of life below him. They also sensed that the human mind, when active in the recognition of the wonders of Creative Power, would become full of faith, and in humil to live in accord with Divine will. All Saviors and Kingly minds must have attained that condition, or they could not have demonstrated Kingly powers, which require true conception of the Divine self. The more we become knowing to the wonders of God and He becomes present and operative with us, the more of his Creative will we receive, and the more we receive, the more we sink into the bosom of Infinity or God-consciousness. A perfect attainment to God-consciousness would find us lost in God and, in a certain sense, self-annihilation would take place. The Hindu state of Nirvana, which may be construed into a state of presence of self into the bosom of the contrary, is a state of Supreme consciousness and attainment with Divine Will. The annihilation inferred consists in the destruction and subjugation of lower self; the complete mastery of every element of lower orders to existence. The process of Spiritual growth demands the practice of all virtues and subjugation of all vices. All Human progress is the gradual growth toward the Hindu state of Nirvana. Until man rests in the state of Nirvana, he is not free from bondage in his Spiritual nature, he cannot exist in the true presence of God and truly make the Father one with him.—Galton in "Greely."

Written for The Better Way.

IN MEMORIAM.

Read at the memorial services at the Casadanga Camp meeting, August 24th.

EMMA TRAIN.

Who are these in robes of whiteness Drawing near with noiseless tread— Crowned with diadems of lightness? They are the ones that world calls dead. Mighty souls who built the bridges, Laid the timbers grand and strong, Made the way for truth eternal, Over error, doubt and wrong.

Those who, in the darkness round them In the midnight dense-uncouth— Heard through all the clouds that bound them, The eternal voice of truth Calling down from heaven's arches Through the mists so cold and gray, 'Ye are heaven's true angels, Go ye forth—prepare the way.'

Then they donned the armor shining, Then they took the sword of right, And where falsehood's seeds were sowing— Went they forth unto the light. Before them lay truth's holy banner— Its fair folds trailed in the dust— While the dungeon doors flew open With its keys that knew no rust.

O, they wrought with grand endeavor— Fore down error where it stood, O, they dared the torture ever, And went out through fire and flood, O, they built this broad, free platform, As a place for truth to stay— Made possible this grand assembly That is gathered here to-day.

Some have in the year now past us Joined that shining angel host, Foremost in the ranks of honor Stands immortal Amy Post.

Then there comes to us another— One who often met with you, Now, I speak of one good brother, Henry Candee, brave and true.

And again from out the silence, In a voice of music clear, 'Among the names of those most faithful, A Stephens and a Swan we bear.

Ernest still and true of heart, In the cause they loved so well, They bring us gleams of wondrous beauty From the soul-world where they dwell.

Where, O where, shall we find flowers Fair enough to weave for them 'Neath the sunshine and the showers, Memory's fitting diadem?

Living heroes—on the highlands Of the spirit realm divine, Take, O take the grateful blessing That we send across the line.

Here within your angel presence, We the armor, too, will don, All the work for human progress, Pledging still to carry on.

O, we will not fail or falter 'Though the wrongs be mountain high; Round the truths eternal alter, We, like thee, will win or die.

When the bright and shining banner Of unfoldment waves o'er all— Safe from every gross temptation, None shall sully, none shall fall. Guides us by your higher wisdom, Lead us by your purer light That, amid the mists of shadows, We may do our work aright.

Written for The Better Way. STIMMERLAND. BY ALBERT MORTON.

A recent visit to Summerland resulted in confirming my opinion—based on mundane and spiritual information—that this charming spot, so highly favored by nature, is destined to become a grand spiritual center, where the invalid can recuperate, the well can enjoy life in its fullness, and the sensitive can rest and improve in development of spiritual powers under climatic conditions unsurpassed in the world; which fact is demonstrated by meteorological tables which have been carefully kept in Santa Barbara for the past twenty years.

The following item from the San Francisco Journal of Commerce (special edition), of March 18, 1887, months before the spiritual town was projected—gives a fair and not exaggerated statement of the natural advantages of the locality, for a disinterested observer:

THE ORTEGA.

One of the pleasant recollections of our stay in Santa Barbara was a visit we paid to Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Williams on the Ortega rancho, which consists of 1,050 acres, and is owned by Mr. Williams. A pleasant and enjoyable ride of thirty five minutes from Santa Barbara, over roads as fine almost as a park track, brought us to this home, where Mr. Williams kindly placed his time at our disposal. Their residence is situated in a beautiful little vale, with grounds set out in oranges, lemons, limes, olives and fruits of the temperate zone. A clear stream of water runs through the grounds the year round, furnishing an abundance of water for irrigation and household purposes. It also supplies water for a lakelet which previously Mr. Williams had largely stocked with carp. Around the lakelet are hedges, we may say, of calla lilies, which grow to gigantic proportions—one flower measuring one yard and eight inches across. The rancho is a succession of gently sloping hills rising as high as 300 feet above the sea, from which a perfect panorama of the country for miles around can be seen. Looking in one direction the entire Montecito valley can be viewed, with the city of Santa Barbara, Santa Rosa, backed by the Santa Ynez mountains, making a scene that is really entrancing, while in another direction can be seen the city of Santa Barbara and the coast line in both directions as far as the eye of man can reach, and the bay of Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz and San Miguel can be seen to the southward, while the rollers of the Pacific chase each other in playful sport until they break on the clean sands of the shore at your feet. It is one of the most picturesque localities from which so many views can be had within easy reach of Santa Barbara. This rancho, situated in such close proximity to Santa Barbara, will fit di-

vided up into tracts, be adapted to residences and villas. No one place on the rancho can be preferred over another, all as they are visited, seem to present new advantages. The rancho is covered with elevations just suited to the tastes of those desiring beautiful homes, and are all of easy access by roadways. On the top of the highest hill a reservoir will be constructed, and the water supply will be piped from one of the canons of the Santa Ynez mountains, two and a half miles away, a water right that is owned by Mr. Williams. This will supply water for irrigating every acre of the tract. The sea bathing here is far superior to the water at other places on the coast, it being free from seaweed. The ocean forms one boundary of the rancho and a beautiful, clean, sandy beach extends its full length, affording every facility for enjoying surf bathing, which can be indulged in at any time. The proposed station will be constructed. If Mr. Williams would place this land in the hands of a syndicate, which would divide the property into five and ten-acre tracts, a fortune could be realized. It would be a desirable location for a hotel or sanitarium of any place near Santa Barbara. The scenery and natural advantages place it far ahead of a yet other location in the country for hotel and residence purposes.

Summerland is located upon the most desirable portion of this rancho. The bluffs vary in height from about twenty feet to less. The railroad passes through the rancho, on which a pretty station will be constructed. If Mr. Williams would place this land in the hands of a syndicate, which would divide the property into five and ten-acre tracts, a fortune could be realized. It would be a desirable location for a hotel or sanitarium of any place near Santa Barbara. The scenery and natural advantages place it far ahead of a yet other location in the country for hotel and residence purposes.

There are no salt marshes within sight of the colony, and pure spring water from never failing sources, on the rancho, affording an abundant supply for a city of 20,000 inhabitants, will be conveyed to every house without expense to the purchaser for piping. Frost is never seen in Summerland, and the rich soil, not "adobe," but "loam," is adapted to the raising of all kinds of semi-tropical fruits and the most tender vegetables. The following comparisons with the most noted health resorts in the world demonstrate the desirability of the climate, making for their encomiums superfluous, for it is said, "figures will not lie!":

COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURE.

Table with 4 columns: Location, W. at, S. p., S. m., A. t., Differ. Santa Barbara, San Diego, San Francisco, Nice, Italy.

The records show that the climate of Santa Barbara is the most equable in this country, and superior to the most noted health resort in Europe; and from inquiries made of several old residents I am satisfied that, owing to the protection of the high lands in the vicinity, the climate of Summerland is as much superior to that of Santa Barbara as that city surpasses the other resorts of California. Mr. Williams says, referring to Santa Barbara, "Here the weary may rest, the sick be healed, the active run over mountain, hill and valley, or sail upon the ocean; here is peace, health, comfort."

During my visit we had a sitting with Henry B. Allen (the "Allen boy") who is doing a grand work, wherein I received the following communication through independent wiring, under adverse test conditions, and with this indorsement from my old friend and co-worker, both in the field and since his ascension—which confirms messages previously given through the same medium, from my earthly and spirit friends and co-workers, William Denton and Henry C. Wright—I will close this tribute to lovely Summerland. My friend writes:

I am pleased to meet the old friends and workers in truth. I often visit this place, and we on spirit side of life are interested in this movement; there will be grand and glorious results emanate from here. Yours, H. F. GARDNER. "Go to Summerland and see for yourselves." San Francisco, June 29, 1889.

Written for The Better Way.

A MATERIALIZATION IN EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

For the first time Evansville has been visited by a materializing medium. Mr. C. E. Winans, of Edinburg, Ind., held a series of five sances here, and we cannot say enough in his praise as a medium, or his phase of mediumship. At each sance he sat under strictly test conditions. Being seated in an armchair, after which his control, Fritz, removed his collar and tie, selected two gentlemen and one lady from the circle to fasten him, then turned the coat collar up and had the lady to sew it to gether, with a double linen thread and tie it into a hard knot. After the first sance the control requested three stitches to be drawn through the collar, as the knot slipped at the first sance, which did not do so. The control found his sleeves were caught into folds, so as to fasten both, coat and shirt sleeves, by the stitch which was taken with a double linen thread about a yard long, which was then tied into a hard knot, drawn around the arm of the chair, the pants were caught up so as to catch his bare feet placed into a pan of flour, his hands filled with meal and thus he would sit from three to four hours. Every one in the circle was invited to examine the cabinet and his condition before the parlors were removed. The cabinet was so packed that the windows closed, the windows and door leading into the entry locked upon the inside.

The door leading into the circle room stood open with a double black curtain, a table completely covering the aperture. The cabinet was as dark as it could be made. In the circle room was a shaded light strong enough for the sitters to identify each other.

We had not long to wait for manifestations, the first thing was a man in white robes, who recognized her as his former wife; they conversed for a while, then she went into the cabinet. Then another form in white robes came to him, he recognizing it as his daughter, Mary. She asked him to sing "Beautiful Land, which we did, she joining in. Wood you be recognized her as his former wife; they conversed for a while, then she went into the cabinet. Then another form in white robes came to him, he recognizing it as his daughter, Mary. She asked him to sing "Beautiful Land, which we did, she joining in. Wood you be recognized her as his former wife; they conversed for a while, then she went into the cabinet. Then another form in white robes came to him, he recognizing it as his daughter, Mary. She asked him to sing "Beautiful Land, which we did, she joining in. Wood you be recognized her as his former wife; they conversed for a while, then she went into the cabinet. 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DEATH.

Responsive yesterday, and full of life. To-day no answering smile, silent and cold. And this is the end; no more the useless strife...

To have so much of worth; for these things that no further need. No more can cold lips press...

It cannot be that thou hast truly gone. We look expectant, thinking that a smile must break the marble stillness, newly born in his expressive face...

This is the mystery of life—and death; The soul eternal in matter the mould. The broken outer shell and yielded breath...

We may, through stress of mourning, our friends draw Out from the spheres toward which their beings tend...

ADEPTISM.

As one would surmise, any person who has trained himself as an adept has for seven or eight years, sitting alone and learning to master his own mind...

tant feature in his personal make-up. That is, in reference to the powers of a person used by the spirits to make themselves seen and otherwise tangible in bodily form...

We often hear that the word "negative" used by Spiritualists who do not know what they are talking about. They are aware as far along as St. Anthony was till the angel with the black eyes came...

These two conditions, as might be surmised, have been previously explained to the pupil, and now, in his search for spirit and for manifestations, he goes into an entirely different field from the order that is below him...

In this condition dreams come to him even while he is talking with his spirit companions. And now he begins to get glimpses of the spirit world. His guardian angel now addresses him after this style: "My brother, thou hast now started on the road of everlasting life..."

The student now goes at this matter scientifically and provides all things necessary for a month's death, or perhaps two or even three months.—The Castaway.

INFLUENCE OF HUMAN MAGNETISM.

Several of your correspondents have given their views in regard to the influence of human magnetism upon plant development. In the Journal of July 6th, Mr. Whitworth adds one more pen-thrust at this, which must to most readers seem a bubble of the imagination...

Well, his statements of fact are correct as every observer knows, and the answer to his concluding question is just as patent to him who begins the study of evolution aright, and considers the vital force, life-principle or spirit the essential factor in progressive development...

It is for this latter manifestation that the adept we are now speaking of sits. He has schooled himself in the mental world. He has mastered his own mind to such a degree that he can direct his thoughts on any given subject, and keep them there.

Now let us for one moment turn to our spirit circles in America and England. What are the subjects the sitters let their minds gallop over? Why, about marriage, business or some consoling message from the spirits, or some text. Not so the adept. He asks how he can do more good for other people. He asks where there is some one sick, that he can go and heal him...

The life-principle is a thing of progressive growth. In most it is vital force; in man it is the soul, spirit or intellect. Between these two stations there are thousands of relay houses which it builds for itself and temporarily occupies while acquiring new powers. From the beginning up to its entrance into the last type or station, which is the human body, it is under the watchful care and protection of instinct.

The subject now brings us to an important feature in his personal make-up. That is, in reference to the powers of a person used by the spirits to make themselves seen and otherwise tangible in bodily form.

from instinct. Instinct is the Divine Mind abstract; reason the Divine Mind concrete; under direction of the former the adjustment and the working of all parts of the universe are perfect because the supervision is absolute, and all things are kept in harmony with their surroundings.

But let me emerge from Mr. Withworth's pestiferous weeds and talk for a moment only about plant sympathy. I know a man who claims that verdure follows him wherever he goes. Now don't let your witty Kansas correspondent (Anderson I believe) say that verdure necessarily accompanies those who believe that did not appear to the mind of the ancient philosophical dreamer.

Now, this man does not possess what is called a magnetic nature. He does not attract men toward him, but rather repels them, as they express it, "Freezes" them by his presence. Nevertheless whoever listens to his talk is almost sure to adopt his views. Thus he seems to repel sympathy and attract intellect.

They may commune with Spirit Friends. Together with a Declaration of Principles and Belief, and Hymns and Songs for Circles and Social Singing. Compiled by JAMES H. YOUNG. Fourth thousand; revised and enlarged. Published by the Onset Publishing Co., Onset, Mass. Price 25 cents, postage free.

For many years I was a Baptist with my wife, and alas carried my creed with me, which kept me from this glorious truth, and I never found it until I put aside my prejudices and came with an earnest desire for the truth, although that truth condemned me. I purchased a pair of slates from the book store, and they were not magnetized either.

I determined to sit at home with my wife and children. We sat three nights without anything whatever. On the fourth evening I said, Dear Emma, a niece passed over; if you are with us will you please give us some manifestations of it to-night. After sitting a time I opened the slates, and there was written in a well known hand, "I am here—I am Emma."

How my heart filled with delight and joy. Here was evidence, and I thought of what it says in the Bible. "These signs and wonders shall follow the believers."

We received other words of love at sittings at home, and are continuing to develop. My wife and I are clairvoyant, and how delightful at evening twilight to feel the loved ones around us and see the bright ethereal forms that come to bless us. Some say that it is of the evil one. To my mind those that have not this glorious truth are being robbed of much happiness.

We are blessed here in Los Angeles with a climate with no thunder or lightning to disturb conditions. There are many good mediums—among others Mrs. Wicks, who is a true test medium. We sat with her, and we cried and smiled as one after another dear friends came to us.

O, there is a glorious future for the cause, dear friends! only let us walk in the straight path; for its end is the heavenly gates, which stands forever open to us all. I bless God for the noble men and women who have sacrificed self and all for this cause, which proves beyond a doubt we never die.

May the angels of love and truth bless you and your work and every good and honest Spiritualist, is my prayer.

Police Judge—"Did you see the beginning of this trouble?" Witness—"Yes, Sir I saw the very commencement. It was about two years ago." Police Judge—"Two years ago?" Yes, Sir. The minister said "Will you take this man to your lawful husband?" and she said, "I will."

A precocious boy in an up-town family was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. "Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner, "and why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the dear child.

An English country paper contains the following curious instance of mispunctuation: "Lord Palmerston then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well-polished boots upon his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing."

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in the unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and five miles from that most beautiful city, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvered shore, with a background of mountains, which form a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of enjoying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and what in the near future will be the main line of that road to Fresno and the East.

The site constitutes a part of what is known as the Ortega Ranch, owned by H. W. Williams. It faces the south and ocean, gently sloping to the latter, where as fine bathing grounds can be found anywhere. A fine beach drive extends to and beyond the city of Santa Barbara. Back, and two and a half miles to the north, extends the Santa Inez range of mountains, forming a beautiful and picturesque background. A most beautiful view of the mountains, the ocean, and along the coast, is had from all parts of the site. The soil is of the very best.

The size of single lots is 2500 feet, or 25x100 feet for a double lot, the latter fronting on a fine wide avenue, with a narrow street in the rear. Price of single lots \$1000, of which is donated to the colony. By uniting four lots—price \$1200—a frontage of 50 feet by 120 feet deep is obtained, giving one a very commodious building site, with quite ample grounds for flowers and securing a front and rear entrance. Pure fresh water is now conveyed to the entire tract from an unfailing source. The object of the Colony is to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and to give the people living lots, as the price received does not equal the price adjoining land (not so good) has been sold for by the acre. The government of the Colony will be by its inhabitants, the same as other towns and cities. A prohibitory liquor clause is in every deed. Title to property unquestionable.

Orders for lots in Summerland will be received and acted by the undersigned, where parties cannot be present to select for themselves, with the privilege of exchanging the same, without cost (other than recording fee), if they prefer them when they visit the ground.

Commercial Bank of Santa Barbara, Cal. Send for plat of the town and for further information to ALBERT MORTON, Agent, 210 Stockton Street, San Francisco, Cal. H. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor, Santa Barbara, California.

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THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY BY THE WAY PUBLISHING CO. 8, W. Cor. Plum & McFarland Sts.

CINCINNATI - SEPTEMBER 14, 1899

A. F. MELCHERS - - - - - EDITOR

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Deeds, not creeds to-day.

Age does not excuse intolerance.

In justice only there is harmony or brotherly love.

God is within. We cognize him as we unfold in spirituality.

One of the secrets to success is to know how to economize in time.

Some people are much alive to little errors, but very blind to great truths.

Thoughts are common property—the method of expression may be original.

Be just and you will never fail to gain the respect and love of those around you.

It is not faith which does our work, but the inspiration which faith lends us to its accomplishment.

There is a nice and there is a naughty way of criticizing. One makes a writer interesting, the other repelling.

The investigation and study of Spiritualism always proves an acceptable amendment to man's constitution.

An honest and true heart requires an honest appeal to move it. Worldly deference with a closed heart cannot purchase its friendship or love.

While the republicans are inclined to imperialism, the democrats are leaning on communism. Neither suits our affairs. Let the spirit of justice rule this country.

Like homeliness in rich attire, poverty of thought may be disguised in language, while affluence of the same, like beauty unadorned, may be expressed in the simplest words.

Man's intuitive faculties become clear as he is freed from guile, nature harmonizing best with the guileless or innocent, and thus the artlessness of such in telling truth unwittingly at times.

Long poems please the writer; short ones the reader. Poets belonging to the first order therefore twin the race in popularity. The present age demands thoughts couched in as few words as possible.

Brotherly love is an effect of sympathy, confidence and justice. As we extend this to one another there will be harmony amongst men and women. Harmony leads to organization and happiness.

Vanity and conceit, two forms of human pride most prominent just now, are those which bring upon their possessors humiliations and disappointments, intelligent nature having this effect on such disorders or bringing about results for this effect.

It is not the mission of "ministering spirits" to expose the evils of others to us, but to teach us the path of rectitude and expose to the individual his own shortcomings, whereby he may better himself and not become one of those whom he would have exposed for his personal gratification.

There is as much bigotry in politics as there is in religion. Many are educated into a certain way of thinking, and never once reflect whether they are right or wrong, making blind prejudice for one party their policy instead of studying the principles of their own party or that of any other.

The haughty may sneer at Spiritualism, but it gives consolation to the poor and oppressed, the tried and suffering, the mourner and disconsolate, and all will sooner or later need this consolation; for death is sure to come to every household, and then all will be dark to those who have not this light.

Certain religious people regard dancing as sinful. In verity sinful means that which is injurious to the spirit or soul. They cannot mean to apply this to the body; as only madmen would dance unto physical injury. The lack of love for denouncing those who dance is sinful, ay, very sinful, indeed.

It would be well for those in the church, who find fault with Spiritualism, to occasionally refer to the 12th chapter in I Corinthians. It will be found that Christianity is based on spiritual manifestations, and by denouncing Spiritualism they are undermining the foundations of their own religion. To insist upon the impossibility of spiritual manifestations is to belie the contents of the Bible and thus acknowledge Christianity as a theory built on fables.

That a guilty conscience is its own accuser is no doubt a fact, but in this intuitive age people very often divine when they have been accused wrongfully, and either have to bear it in silence or have these accusations strengthened by a betrayal of their intuitions. Both are aggravating and constitute one of the forms of injustice that man has to submit to until intuition becomes so generally acknowledged that all will have to guard their thoughts as they now do their emotions and actions.

"The reason of the law, is the life of the law" should be placed as a motto in every legislative hall or place where ordinances are founded which are to command obedience. A law without reason or common sense in it is no law and always will be decided against or pronounced unconstitutional by a reasonable Judge. Laws founded on personal whims therefore are not constitutional, and it is about time that a Law "Trust" or something else be founded for the purpose of combatting unreasonable laws and thus subside them.

Submissiveness leads to peace. The strong may smile with pitying disdain upon the meek, but the angels counteract this worldly impetus with their benign influence. It is no degradation to be humble, and those who submit passively to the sneers of the haughty will triumph in the end; for humility gives spiritual strength of which the proud are deprived by virtue of their own folly, human pride being at variance with the law of nature, and consequently out of harmony with the same. Love is not proud, and to submit to fate is to trust to a higher power for justice, thus forgiving mankind and patiently awaiting the rewards of nature—of God.

Did God delegate his authority on any one man, or any set of men aldermen or legislators, to make laws enforcing other people to observe Sunday as a holy day?

If many of these Sabbatharians were to carry some of their holiness into their week-day business relations, it would be better for themselves and the community at large, instead of reserving it all for Sunday, and then selfishly encroaching upon the rights of other people preventing them from enjoying the Sabbath as a day of recreation and enjoyment—the only day in the week that many have for that purpose. Holiness accompanied by selfishness is preparing oneself for a future hell instead of a heaven.

Was the Comstock law made to prevent enlightenment of the people through the press so that some of its advocates could indulge a while longer in immoral practices without detection?—It seems so, from the fact that really obscene literature is permitted through the mails and to be sold without obstruction, while honest dealers have been imprisoned for mailing and selling standard works of literature, such as are sought for by intelligent people and openly sold all over Europe. Why this onslaught on the good and instructive, while the really vile, vulgar and obscene is permitted to thrive? Is it perhaps because they are not far enough advanced to touch upon certain physiological questions, that certain gentlemen wish to keep dark?

It seems to us that larger cities, and especially commercial centres or railroad termini where strangers congregate and travelers hold over for a day or two to recuperate, ought to have the power of passing ordinances suited to these conditions without being interfered with by state legislation. Often a small minority of such cities, from mere selfish motives, desire to enforce regulations for their especial comfort or gain. To effectuate this they apply to the legislature, and, with the aid of country uncles, who know absolutely nothing of city life or its requirements, make laws detrimental to a metropolis. Why not have city rights as well as state rights? The general government does not encroach upon the people of the state in a manner detrimental to its financial success or other interests. Then why should states interfere with the progress of its cities?

The rising generation should rule this country—not the old fogies. The former have ideas compatible with the age—the latter are set in their opinions and belong to the past. We see it in Spiritualism and note it in Christianity, and so it exists in politics. The Spiritualist of to-day and those who have advanced with the age, are more liberally disposed toward Christianity than our pioneers were, and the Christians of to-day are more tolerant than those of the past were. The latter day politician—well, he is not yet defined, but he has one fundamental principle that is destined to save the country: he is above party, the only principle that can again unite the citizens of the United States as one people. And it will, ere long, become a necessity.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE BETTER WAY. Two Dollars per year, in advance.

CONFLICTING LAWS.

Law is a queer thing in this country. By obeying one you disobey another. It forbids the reading of postal cards by those connected with that department, and yet it forbids that postal cards be carried through the mails if anything obscene is written on them. How is the P. O. department to know what is written on the p. c. if nobody is permitted to read them? It is almost the same with newspapers. To read over one paper from each office in the morning, to determine whether it is mailable or not, would be to delay the mails, as the papers have to be distributed in time for the earliest trains, and the papers can only be sent from the publication offices a short while before the closing of the mail. When Congress becomes so blind as to be governed by individuals to have laws passed that oppose each other without providing for the emergency, it needs a teacher—one versed in the first principles of common sense or the wisdom needed in framing or passing laws. When laws begin to conflict with each other, it indicates that we have enough of them on the statutes, and Congress might devote a little of its time to a general revision, and to bring harmony into the present chaotic state of affairs.

CIVIL SERVICE

Is a sham—proven so by both democrats and republicans. Civil service and politics do not harmonize. Where one is the other is not. Those who made this law were either arch hypocrites or had an awful moral impulse at the time being. It required a majority to pass it and even if they did not then desire such a law at heart, they dared not oppose it, because the original intention of the same was undoubtedly meant for the best. Thus a sham morality by the majority while those who favored it at heart were in the great minority. That it was passed without the true moral influence behind it, is proved by its effects. It is being ignored or treated as a sham. As the cause so the effects. Had the majority favored it earnestly and with truth, it would have carried this influence along with it and not been treated with levity. Or had one party laid aside conscience for gain, the more honest party would have obeyed it for all that, for two wrongs do not make a right. But as both parties ignore the law almost as if it did not exist, it proves that the Civil Service Law is a sham, or the democrat and republican parties are shams; for they do not obey the Constitution. Disobeying law is anarchical, and anarchical is anything but peaceful or civil. Either, one or the other of these parties must reform, or there will be a new party instituted, that will, to the people, be more civil in their services.

BE JUST.

Trials, tribulations, aggravations and soul suffering generally develop an equilibrium in our being, in our emotions, feelings, sense of justice, opinions and ideas, that leads to so called universal or brotherly love. Intelligent nature or law constitutes such a condition of harmony, and those who are in accord with this condition are neither extreme in their likes nor dislikes, are seldom overjoyed or despairing, and intuitively just in all their dealings with man, this rapport with the interior or spiritual condition of nature opening their vision to the causes of things, and thus their clearmindedness or higher perception to the rights of others.

Those who are blind to the rights of his fellow men, blind to the injustice often added, heap upon themselves a cause that will be direful in its effects finally. We cannot be unjust to a fellow being, by either ignorance or willful blindness, without inviting a nemesis upon ourselves, and therefore a look within occasionally cannot be amiss. Love pays a large portion of the penalty, but it must not be done at the sacrifice or inconvenience of others. Self-sacrifice is the only love that counts in the scales of justice. Nor can we oblige one person, though we put ourselves to trouble, at the inconvenience of another, for such will be doing injustice to the latter again, and neutralize whatever good there is in it, and really do no good in the end.

Justice must be evenly weighed, otherwise it is perverted, for we cannot apply it without some effect, and if by ignorance or selfishness or vanity or favoritism we apply it wrongly we are sure to hurt somebody else, and thus it is best to leave it untouched—except our discerning powers are sufficiently active to operate involuntarily, as a judge on the bench often intuitively decides on matters that are brought before him. The latter, when honest, are always more or less in accord with the law of nature; for like attracts like, and the bench, like every profession, has its co-workers in spirit, and all in accord with that condition of nature which the profession represents in earth life. And the individual, whose desire it is to be just, will not only attract justice to himself, but will be relieved of the trials, humiliations and disappointments that are needed to unfold this sense of the soul, and thus have an easier road to travel through earth life, the influence of this condition of nature opening his soul to higher light; to a better comprehension of life, materially and spiritually, and consequently having a clearer insight into the causes of things, accompanied by the right intuitions what to do in all cases. To be just is to be in the light of the spiritual; the reverse puts us to confusion. Thus do right for right's sake.

THE LATE WAR

Between the North and South, has an entirely different aspect, when viewed from a strictly spiritual standpoint or with an unbiased mind. Both sections claimed to be in the right, naturally—yet both are wrong in a measure. Had there been no slaves in the South there would have been no war. These slaves had to be freed to make this a perfect Republic. Instead of permitting the spirit world to evolve things, man, as usual, sensed the intuition of the spirit world in advance by intuition and endeavored to put it into force by revolution. Sensitive individuals became enthused over this revelation and undertook to have things their own way, and blundered—as many endeavor to run Spiritualism on a material plane and bring ridicule, odium and antagonism upon it.

John Brown, fired by abolition whippersnappers, martyred himself for the good of the cause, but unfortunately for the section from whence he came, laid the foundation for the spilling of blood. His aim was to bring the slaves to an insurrection, and this means to murder their masters and assume their places. Had the insurrection been successful many innocent families would have been murdered throughout the entire South and the result would have been equal to a hundred San Domingos, and with just as much loss of property and lives as the war caused. But as the North and South are one people, the spirit world saw no reason why the South alone should suffer from a cauldron by the North. As we sow we shall reap, and what we wish to others comes to us also.

The cause for the insurrection was laid, and was vibrating throughout the entire population of the South. There was no more quiet sleep for the Southern people. Dark whisperings of nightly insurrections, fires, rapines, murder, and other outrages were active. All dreamed of San Domingo, which was sure to come sooner or later.

The troubles of the whites were subside by inciting them to war against the North in order to bring her out to meet part of the fate which she had prepared for the South. The results are known. Both have suffered, and both have surmounted it. The South was destined to humiliation, but not by the hand of man. But as man undertook to do, what we may term God's work, he drew on himself punishment—as all nations or individuals do, that interfere with causation or law. The South's humiliation and the freedom of slavery would have been an evolutionary one, but of longer duration. However, it is passed and may serve as a lesson to hereafter be reticent in forcing measures that must naturally take place if left to fate and progress.

War and bloodshed seem more and more barbarous as we advance, and almost as if it is a thing of the past and only belonging to uncivilized nations or people. It should thus be prevented by the people themselves. If the government wants war, let it first consult its citizens. No civilized nation desires any more wars, and none but adventurers, speculators and anarchists would advocate them—such who have nothing to lose, and a chance of gaining thereby.

Arbitration is the battle of peace, and might have been successfully fought in 1861; and even before the close of the war a compromise might have been effectuated, beneficial to both sections, but as usual, man knew better and had to suffer the consequences. Pride and selfishness intervened and thus the additional losses.

Whom the gods wish to destroy, might be here applied, but we would rather regard it in that light. Spiritualism gave the first incentive to the freedom of slavery, but not by these means. Its measures are peaceful and not bloody, neither believing in nor advocating the taking of human life for any cause whatever. Thus Spiritualism cannot be blamed for the late civil war, and may in truth say it was not theirs, but the cause which would have eventually led to the desired results, was wrenched from and tampered with to the detriment of the meddlers. But it is passed and thus let it rest in peace. And instead of fighting the battles over again, let us study how to avoid them in future, and in fact, all wars.

LOOK WITHIN.

Before finding fault with a brother mortal for some little evil that may be particularly noticeable on the surface examine yourself if there may not be some, perhaps, far greater evil, below the surface, in connection with yourself which also needs attention. Lust, hatred, deceit, envy, self-conceit, vain and selfish desires for praise, heartlessness, greed, selfishness or haughtiness, self-sufficiency, contempt for others, etc., are some of the little silent evils that course through the human family and can only be found or cognized by diligent self-study. These are some of the evils that cannot be reached by common law, but are very antagonistic to spiritual law—to nature, and are the discords in our being which lead to all the little troubles, tribulations and trials of earth life; which lead to humiliations, disappointment and suffering, and which many think they have a right to exercise because others do. Two wrongs never make one right, and the who submits best, runs ahead in the race for obtaining justice, peace and happiness.

Strive, and win the good esteem of all.

ARE THERE SPIRITS?

If spirits did not exist they could not be seen or heard. Since the advent of record visitations have been made to those gifted with spiritual sight or clairvoyance; spiritual hearing or clairaudience; spiritual feeling or clairsentience; spiritual perception or psychometry and soul sensing generally or intuition, not taking in consideration the direct action of spirits on mortals by impression, inspiration, touch, control, obsession and otherwise.

And still people doubt the existence of immortal beings. Is the testimony of these millions of intelligent ones not worth anything to those who happen to be not so gifted? They believe in the existence of Hottentots on the testimony of others; why not that their loved ones are still living—those they so much desire to see again and wept over when dead or passed away. They must be somewhere. Why not here as well as anywhere else? To leave the earth sphere would certainly be a calamity, for the chances would then be against ever seeing them again, for where should they go to? Starward or sunward? In either direction they would be lost in the immensity of space. To waft between the earth and the moon they would be left alone in a few hours. Nor does the earth return to the same spot at the end of the year, for the sun with its whole system of planets is moving in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and thus would be many millions of miles away from the spot where they ascended.

Thus if we are to see them again they must remain near us, and which they do, for spirits are as much subjected to the law of gravity as mortals are. And if they are right here, why should not they, who are gifted with spiritual sight, see them? Why should not they, who are gifted with clairaudience, hear them? And what are those apparitions which are seen by clairvoyants and satisfactorily described to persons unknown to them but the spirits of the so-called dead? Or that which they hear spoken to them, giving names and dates correctly for the benefit of investigators, but the voices of spirits, or ghosts as some would have it?

That they cannot manifest to everybody is quite natural, and to make this a cause for disbelief is equal to rejecting everything as not worth knowing because we don't happen to know it, individually.

Jupiter's moons were unknown to man until the telescope was invented and no one who has never looked through a telescope can positively assert that Jupiter has moons. But he believes it on the testimony of others. All have not the spiritual faculty for cognizing spirits. But all have an opportunity of personal investigation by visiting a person gifted with this faculty—a medium so called.

If a future can be demonstrated it is certainly worth while knowing. For if our supposed dead friends are still living there, we too shall live again, and it is well to know something about the place we are going to, and know how we have to conduct ourselves here in order to be happy there.

Happiness is the aim of all life, and many err in the mode of aiming for it. Spiritualism teaches the method scientifically and philosophically, i. e., practically, and students will find that faith alone does not fulfill our mission in the body. Good works, love for our fellow men, humanity, tolerance, charity, and sympathy are more necessary than faith. We cannot expect to be happy by shouldering our sins, so-called, on another. This is selfish and leads to misery instead of happiness. Faith without works is naught. Christ never taught faith alone. This was an amendment made to the Christian religion by sects to gain adherents, converts and salaries. It was virtually giving license to sin instead of warring against it. There is no religion without love. Religion is the science of good, and those who do not take it in this sense, have no true religion in their hearts. Spiritualism is what Christianity was in the beginning—a simply practical mode of teaching the science of good, and how to live in order to reach a happy condition in the life hereafter. Those who embrace it here have a foretaste of the future, and those who do not, will reach the spirit world as a stranger with much to learn and probably to regret.

That Christ never taught the means of spirit communion was probably a wise plan in those days. People are more practical now and know better how to utilize it. He spoke of a second coming. This may be it. But in spirit this time and not in person. He would not be believed were he to come. So there was no need of it, and the spirit world developed many mediums instead of thirteen as in the last spiritual dispensation. It has made the revelation to the entire enlightened world and not only to one "chosen people." Every country in the world, where enlightened people are found, is embracing the new light, and those who do, know of the existence of spirits, and consequently, as an absolute truth, that when man dies he shall live again.

Ungratefulness—the acme of selfishness—is to make all that can be made out of a person or an institution, and the moment a little restriction is solicited or assumed, to abuse or threaten such with withdrawal of one's patronage and aid generally. Such may not be crime in the eyes of common law, but it is with spiritual law, and brings upon the perpetrator that which he deals out—like attracting like.

SUNDAY LAW DESPOTISM.

The object of The Blair Sunday Rest bill is to acknowledge the Jewish God as the ruler of this country and to establish the Christian religion by constitutional enactment.

The substance of the bill itself is, that no labor or business shall be done on what it calls the "Lord's Day." Nor shall any play, game, amusement, nor recreation to the disturbance of others, be permitted. No mail is to be transported, collected or delivered. The fines for violation range from 10 to 1000 dollars. It closes thus: "the same shall be construed so far as possible to secure to the whole people rest from toil during the first day of the week, their mental and moral culture, and the religious observance of the sabbath day."

If nothing else will, the last sentence ought to kill the bill, for it is in direct violation of the Constitution. To religiously observe a sabbath day it must be implicitly stated by what religion, there being many in the world and many in the United States. Shall it be the Jewish, the Confucian, the Indian, the Christian, the Spiritualistic, or one of the sects? If the latter, there will be a split between the Catholic and Protestant elements. If these two combine, it will be met by the liberals, agnostic, materialists, atheists, Spiritualists, and Israelites, who as a mass, constitute the greater portion of the average yearly church-going population is the standard by which to base calculations on. We know there are more church members than there are worshippers; for a large portion belong to a church from motives of business or policy, and believe in neither God, Christ, hereafter, heaven nor hell. These certainly would not vote in favor of adopting a state religion, despite being church members. How could they, if they believe in no religion. These would certainly join the army of the so-called infidels, and the church party would find itself in a small minority indeed.

Should they prevail on Congress, enough to carry the bill through, every such Congressman would be regarded as a traitor to his country in the future, and in the present by all rational minded men and those of true democratic and republican principles. The Constitution of the United States as originally adopted, gives to every citizen the right of religious worship as it best suits him, which literally means that no one religious sect, order or method of worship shall be adopted by the government or be officially recognized beyond the mere House rules or legislative by-laws.

Such an enactment means revolution by the law makers themselves. Instead of being on the defensive the government becomes the offensive, and a revolt by the citizens in this instance would be but a manifestation of a just indignation.

We trust it may not come to this, but as sure as the Blair Sunday Rest bill becomes a law, it will lead to either—imperialism or revolution; the latter as the effects begin to be perceived—the oppression of a national police or of marshals pouncing upon citizens for the most trivial causes, or letting out personal spites against inoffensive citizens under pretense that they are breaking the Sabbath law.

Beware of such an enactment. It would prove a spoke in the wheel of freedom and a clog to free speech. Every liberal preacher or Sunday lecturer could be indicted under its strict administration, and even military funerals stopped if it be hooved an unprincipled or heartless marshal to interfere.

Free press, free speech and free ballot is our only needed religion when it comes to official recognition. It is a trinity which has made the republic what it is, and a break in this triple link would cripple it, perhaps for generations to come.

INTUITION—HYPNOTISM—???

Hypnotism admitted among the sciences! At the Paris Exhibition the International Congress of Experimental and Therapeutical Hypnotism, officially discussed before an assembly of 150 savants, among them about a dozen ladies, the use of hypnotism as a valuable art.

After a short discussion the assembly voted the following resolutions:

- 1. That all public exhibitions of magnetism and hypnotism ought to be prohibited by the authorities in the interest of public health and morals.
2. That the exercise of hypnotism as a curative agent ought to be regulated by the laws governing the practice of medicine.
3. That it is desirable that the study of hypnotism and its application should be introduced into the teaching of medical science.

France is again ahead. It gave the first recognition to intuition, now to hypnotism next to what?

But one step more is required to make it Spiritualism. Who will take the honor?

We shall publish by permission, in next issue a spiritual sermon, delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at Cassadaga Camp meeting, Aug 25, 1899. The same is entitled "The Answer of Spiritualism to the Heart Hunger of the World."

REVIEWS.

"Heaven Revealed!" Yes, if it can be done in words, lofty expressions, language—emotional, heartfelt and tender.—The above is the name of a pamphlet, issued by A. J. Gonzales, of Washington, D. C. The contents consist of messages from his spirit wife accompanied by some exquisite poetry at times, and obtained by independent slate-writing. The length and style of some of the messages through this plan of mediumship makes this a truly wonderful one.—70 pages; price, 25 cents. For sale at Brentano's, and at Free's book stores, Washington.

CORRESPONDENCE

Haverhill, Mass. Dr. E. B. Russell and wife, healing and inspirational mediums, have again come among us...

Three mediums are in the field of quiet work under the direct supervision of spirit guides who recognize fully the importance of example and silent influence as factors in the world's progress.

Dr. Russell will be remembered by many Spiritualists in the West, especially for the excellence of his work as lecturer upon the forms and uses of the human voice.

As we have just returned from Vicksburg Camp Meeting we would like to give a short account of what we saw and heard there.

Capac, Mich. The tenth annual camp meeting of Vicksburg, Kansas, closed its meeting on August 25th.

Delphos Camp Meeting Notes. The tenth annual camp meeting of Delphos, Kansas, closed its meeting on August 25th.

Wheeling, West Va. We have been here one week, holding three public meetings at the G. A. R. Hall, and one private reception for tests.

Anderson, Ind. The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will meet in Westerfield's Hall, Anderson, Ind., at 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, September 26th.

Briefs. Arthur Hodges is the coming medium of note. Dr. S. Ansbury is located at 51 Dwight street, Boston.

Dr. S. Ansbury is located at 51 Dwight street, Boston. The Banner of Light has just closed its 65th volume. Mr. Frank T. Ripley may be engaged for lectures and tests for December.

North Collins, N. Y. The thirty-fourth annual meeting of the Friends of Human Progress convened at Forest Temple on Thursday, August 29th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Friday, August 30th—The morning session found George W. Taylor, the esteemed president of this association, in the place that he was not well enough to fill on Thursday.

Indianapolis, Ind. The Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists met at Munsier Hall Sunday morning, Sep. 8th.

Delphos, Kansas. The tenth annual camp meeting of Delphos, Kansas, closed its meeting on August 25th. A large attendance was upon the grounds during the entire meeting.

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MRS. FAIRCHILD Will Hold Seances for Friends TUESDAY & THURSDAY EVENING, Eight O'clock, AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON 2:30, At 15 South Elizabeth Street, WEST SIDE, CHICAGO, ILLS.

MAGNETIZED CATARRH REMEDY POOLE'S In examining eyes clairvoyantly to adjust spectacles, and looking for the chief cause of failing eyesight, I found it to be catarrh and cold in the head. This fact revealed to me the true nature of the trouble to be removed, and led to the discovery of my catarrh remedy.

MELTED PEBBLE SPECTACLES. RESTORE LOST VISION. My Clairvoyant Method of fitting the eyes never fails. Sent by mail, \$1.00. State age and how long you have worn glasses, or send a two-cent stamp for directions.

DR. SYKES' SURE CURE FOR CATARRH. Has cured many hopeless cases of Catarrh of the Eye. Send for Free Book of Testimonials.

PROF. J. D. LYON. BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM. Sittings Daily. Letters by mail, photographs or lock of hair successfully diagnosed.

AGENTS WANTED FOR A LABOR-SAVING, ECONOMICAL HOUSEHOLD ARTICLE. Agents make \$100 to \$250 a month.

LADIES TRY FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER. Medicated—Free from Poison—Harmless as Dew. Produces soft, beautiful complexion.

DR. FELLOWS' SCIENTIFIC FACT. Demonstrated fully before leading scientists during the last three years and fully vindicated by recent successful experiments.

MOVEMENTS OF MEDIUMS. [All announcements and notices under this heading will be received at this office by Monday to insure insertion the same week.]

Dr. F. L. E. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Bishop A. Beals may be addressed at North Clarendon, Penn., during August.

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

Friday, August 30th—The morning session found George W. Taylor, the esteemed president of this association, in the place that he was not well enough to fill on Thursday.

Saturday, Aug. 31—At the afternoon meeting Mr. Joseph D. Stiles was introduced by the chairman as the lecturer of the day.

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Dr. F. L. E. Willis is now residing at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Bishop A. Beals may be addressed at North Clarendon, Penn., during August.

MRS. FAIRCHILD Will Hold Seances for Friends TUESDAY & THURSDAY EVENING, Eight O'clock, AND SATURDAY AFTERNOON 2:30, At 15 South Elizabeth Street, WEST SIDE, CHICAGO, ILLS.

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Written for The Better Way.

SAQUAHUMA;

A Legend of the Wando.

BY SUNNY SOUTH.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IV.

A few weeks after the event described in the last chapter, several scouts of Saqua's band reported that a party of the Westo Indians had been seen to the west, and had wounded one of their scouts, who, though luckily escaped from being captured. A day after this, Alaco, the young brave, reported that he had been prying around the camp of the enemy and found Sorpendo, the supervisor and terrible White Chief, to be the leader of these Westo Indians. Alaco could not tell what their designs were, but supposed they were either on a hunting expedition to the swamps of the North, or intended making a raid on Saqua's camp. The latter was most likely, for Sorpendo had been seen by Saquahuma near the river several weeks previous. When Saquahuma had been informed of the whereabouts of the enemy, she trembled with fear, and warned her father to be on the alert, as she knew the enemy's presence there forbode no good. Instant warlike preparations were made on the otherwise peaceful Wando, and scouts were sent out to all points of observation; strict orders were given to report any movement of the enemy. Saquahuma's spirit changed from gay to grave; she was restless day and night, troubled about the movements of the pirate chief. Uppermost in her heart were the words of Sorpendo: "Become my bride—I know your history." Who was she, then? Saquahuma asked herself over and over again. Is Saqua not my father? Thus she struggled with herself until she was fully determined to speak out her heart to Saqua, the chief of her tribe.

It was evening; the sun had set and twilight was fading when the maiden directed her footsteps to her father's wigwam. Arriving there, she threw aside the decorations which hung over the entrance. The chief was sitting on a bear skin, leaning over with his head resting on his hands. He did not observe her as she stealthily approached him and placed her hand on his shoulder. She leaned over him and said, "Father! Saqua raised his head slowly, and, gently taking the maiden's hand, said, "My daughter!"

At that moment an uproar took place without; Alaco came running in and excitedly cried: "Oh, Chief of the Wando, the enemy comes to the attack!" Saqua was on his feet instantly, grasped his weapons, and with the young brave disappeared in the darkness. A few moments more and Saquahuma heard the war cry of the tribes in the distance. She sank down on her knees where her father had been sitting, folding her hands and casting her eyes above, and indicating from the movement of her lips that she was pleading in prayer to Him on high. When finished with her prayer she sprang up, took a bow and quiver full of arrows from the wall, and proceeded to follow her father and lover. She had scarcely left the lodge when she was grasped by two strong arms, and was rapidly dragged away towards the river. Saquahuma uttered one shrill cry and swooned. Sorpendo, taking advantage of the melee of battle on the outskirts of the camp, came from the river side to secure his prize, and was already congratulating himself on his ruse; but the cry of the maiden had been heard by her lover, who hastening to the rescue, being guided by a natural instinct, arrived at the river's bank at the moment that Saquahuma was being dragged by Sorpendo into a canoe. Alaco saw them with his keen eyes, despite the darkness, but dare not throw his tomahawk for fear of striking the maiden, but, instead, gave such an unearthly yell that it shocked the very nerves of the pirate, and so effectual that he dropped his prize on the river's bank. This was the favorable moment for Alaco. He made a spring with flourishing tomahawk at the pirate. Sorpendo, though as quick as himself, grasped an oar hanging over the side of the canoe, struck Alaco on the arm with such force that he dropped his weapon. The pirate then raised the oar over the prostrate form of the maiden and cried to Alaco: "She shall die before you get her!" and struck at the maiden. Then dropping the oar and jumping upon the embankment, he disappeared in the dark forest.

Alaco bent over the prostrate form of his betrothed. The oar had struck her on the forehead, which was bleeding, and, being in a swoon, he believed her to be killed. A bitter cry of "revenge" escaped his lips. He took the maiden gently up in his arms and bore her away toward the village. Arriving

there, he took her to a lodge where the Indian women were congregated, and gave hasty instructions to care for the maiden. He gave one last glance at his betrothed, then, raising his hands over his head, he cried again, "Revenge!" He left the lodge hastily to follow his hated rival.

CHAPTER V.

The war between the two tribes had begun, and was not to terminate in one night's battle. Sorpendo was determined to be avenged for his loss in not securing his prize, Saquahuma; and Alaco, who was appointed war-chief of the tribe, was determined to be avenged for his supposed loss in the death of his betrothed.

The enemy was driven far from the camp, followed by the young chief and the warriors; none remaining except those wounded in the engagement the night previous, aged warriors and the women and children of the tribe. Amongst the wounded was the old chief, Saqua, who lay at death's door. Several days had passed, and Saqua, although well cared for, exhibited but few signs of recovery.

Saquahuma recovered in a few days from the wound she received from the hated pirate, but only in time to see her father die in his wounds. On the eve of the third day of his illness Saqua recovered his senses so far as to call for his daughter. Saquahuma was, herself, at the same moment preparing to visit her father for the first time since the battle. A few moments after his request to see her, the maiden was at her father's side. Upon seeing him notice her, she cried, "Father!"

"Saquahuma, my child," he answered, "I am dying—let me speak—listen." "I am listening, father," said she, taking his hand in her own, and taking a seat beside him.

"Saquahuma," said he, "I am not your father, but I took your father's place. When a child you were brought to me to care for. I did so. The man who brought you promised to return—and he did return—but only after thirteen years. I saw him three nights ago on the battle field. I recognized in this man Sorpendo, the robber of the sea. This man once loved a lady of Spanish birth; afterwards the wife of a lieutenant in the Hispauian navy. At this time the waters between Panama and this coast were swarming with pirates, mostly under command of one Morgan and Sorpendo, (then Valpero), commanded one of these pirate vessels. In visiting a Spanish town he saw this lady and made love to her. He was, however, rejected, and she married this lieutenant, whose name I could not learn. Valpero swore revenge, and in the storming of the castle of San Lorenzo by the buccaners, on the Atlantic side of Panama, he found among the prisoners his old love and with her a child of two or three summers. He stole this child, took it aboard of his ship and brought it to me to care for. Valpero then represented himself to me as a trader, and I knew no better. This Spanish lady, who subsequently was put to death with two hundred other prisoners by the pirates in Lorenzo, was—your mother, and her child is—yourself."

After a slight pause the chief resumed: "And Alaco, your betrothed, was a child rescued from a Spanish shipwrecked vessel, and brought up by the Stonos, who, when he became old enough to feel the ill-treatment he received at their hands, escaped from them one night and joined my tribe. I learned this only two weeks ago—a few days after Sorpendo's visit. I heard of his conversation with you, and took a trip down the river to the English settlement, and after many inquiries in regard to the buccaners of those days, and connecting the circumstances with the dates—you can be no other—and Valpero, who once loved your mother sees in you her image, and now loves you with that same mad love. Now, Saquahuma, I have told you all I know—farewell—I am dying—farewell."

These were the old chief's last words, and in a few moments had flown to the happy hunting grounds. The maiden bowed her head in silence and wept, then arose and left the lodge. Saquahuma proceeded to a favorite hill where she usually met her lover at twilight. There she awaited his coming, but he came not. Sad-hearted she left the spot returned to the side of the dead chieftain, there to keep watch over his remains.

On the next day the burial ceremony of Saqua took place, and none mourned more than the young maiden when the body was consigned to its last resting place. Saquahuma was the last to leave the solemn spot. Twilight had arrived and she again proceeded to her place of rendezvous to meet her lover. She waited later than usual, and was again about to leave sad-hearted, when she heard a tread; she listened—her heart began to beat. She heard another step—then a shot—then a ringing death knell, followed by a triumphant yell. She recognized both voices: the first was that of her lover, and the last was the pirate's. Then followed death-like stillness. She flew to the spot where she had heard her lover's death knell. There he lay, stretched on the grassward, weltering in his life's blood. She bent over him—he was no more. She stared into the darkness, trying to find the perpetrator of this dark deed. She gazed until she saw nothing more. Gradually everything faded from her sight; she gazed into vacancy; reason had left her. She still lived in body, but her spirit was broken.

Every evening at twilight Saquahuma was seen piercing the darkness, awaiting the coming of her lover. Years afterwards a maiden's figure, more spiritual than mortal, could be seen watching on the hill for the return of him who was no more on earth.

FROM DOUBT TO ENLIGHTENMENT.

To the Editor of The Better Way. Noting the fact that you permit the use of your columns to give to the public any extraordinary experience of any individual, I crave your indulgence, at this; for I have had an experience that I feel should be made known. I am sure no harm will come of it, for I have gained a knowledge through it that I would not exchange for all the wealth on all the earth.

My occupation is that of a commercial traveler, and my religion had progressed from a very zealous and enthusiastic Methodist to Atheism, infidelity, agnosticism, and every other ology or ism relating to a complete and positive disbelief in ancient or modern Christianity, the Bible or a life other than the present. All this is now changed, and for the infinitely better. In conversation with a friend, some two months ago, who had become a Spiritualist, he related some experiences he had met with while attending a seance, given by Chas. F. Pidgeon, in the city of St. Paul, Minn. Of course I ridiculed every idea of spirit return, and that the performance was anything but the work of a very clever prestidigitator. However I agreed to write a sealed letter to Mr. Pidgeon, and in case it was not satisfactorily answered, my friend paid the one dollar fee, and entertained me at supper and theater; if it was answered, I paid the fee and played the host as stated above. After buying opaque envelopes and paper I repaired to my hotel and wrote five questions. I will give the questions and answers as received:

QUESTIONS.

1.—Will my father tell me where brother John is? Ans.—I am here, to answer, you will find father at home in Milwaukee. Your bro. John C.

2.—Have I any friends who can give their names? Ans.—John Hubert, Albert Burns, Anna Comstock.

3.—Am I a married man? Ans.—You are not, but if you will be advised by your brother John, you will marry a certain young lady in Logansport.

4.—Will I succeed in the speculation I have on hand. Ans.—We cannot always tell you about matters of that character, and do not wish our answer to be considered as infallible. We think you will be holding out for a week. John C.

5.—Will I know my friends when I come that side. Ans.—You most assuredly will.

My first question needs a little explanation. My father is alive and well and lives in Milwaukee. My brother John has been dead four years. The names in answer to second question were all dear friends of mine. In short the answers were correct in every particular. In addition, I firmly glued the envelope shut, sealed and stamped it with my ring and put divers private marks upon it, and will swear the letter was not opened. Arriving in Indianapolis a few days since, I learned that Mr. Pidgeon had located in this city, at No. 64 N. East st., and was giving materializing seances. I attended his Wednesday eve. seance, and found congregated thirteen persons beside myself. Mr. P. uses a cabinet, formed by hanging a curtain across the corner of the room. After all had examined the cabinet to their satisfaction, the medium placed two chairs inside and seated himself in one of them. We sat in a semi-circle in front of and about eight feet distant from the curtain. The light was turned down until the shade was such that we could discern every object in the room plainly. Mr. P. now called the sets-ers inside, one at a time, to hold his hands and feet. I will describe my own experience inside, for of that I can speak with certainty. I sat down in front of and facing the medium placing his knees and feet between my own and in close contact. His wrists were bound together tightly with a piece of soft rope, and I took each of his hands in my own, and will swear that there was not a movement on his part during the time I sat thus with him. While I held him thus securely I was cressed by hands of different sizes, and by faces covered with beard, and by old men, saw illuminated faces and hands that I recognized, one hand that of an uncle being minus the thumb and two first fingers; another, that of a lady wearing a peculiar ring set with opals and diamonds. The guitar floated about the cabinet, over the top and in again through the aperture. The slate that lay on the floor, under my chair was picked up on my head and written full by a brother, who wrote on a subject of much interest to me, and of which no other person knew.

This and much more occurred to me inside the cabinet, while those on the outside saw but of my hands and arms of a size and shape, faces that were recognized by different sitters and faces that were not recognized. Each one of the circle state that they had experienced similar to my own while inside, and why should I doubt it after my own, although had I not been permitted inside it would have been rather wonderful to have believed from the simple statement of strangers. Do you wonder that I am enthusiastic? I remember truth was before I found this glorious truth. I was groping in the darkness of materialism, with no bright beacon star of hope shining on my horizon to guide my thoughts to nobler aspirations that I might cause my loved ones who have gone before to look at me and feel a pride in their son and brother. I can certainly do no less than endeavor to solve that can meet and aid among my loved ones in that better life. Orthodox Christianity is a stale and insipid uncertainty, with nothing to substantiate it but fables, while my new-found truth teaches me nothing that it cannot substantiate with incontrovertible proofs. I would to heaven that all mankind could sip with me from my cup of happiness and truth. I am no drone but a worker and desire to divide every good thing I find, and you will hear from me again. I shall spread my knowledge wherever I go. Yours for truth, J. H. C. Indianapolis, Ind.

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