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THE PHENOMENA. A Materializing Medium Passed Through a Wire Netting.

Whether "materialization" is true or false is still a mooted question among professed Spiritualists. Many are the wonderful stories told of the marvels witnessed at "materializing" seances, where full-grown and able-bodied spirits of the dead rise out of apparent nothingness before the very eyes of the spectators, hold pleasant, but generally insignificant converse with their friends and then dissolve into the thinnest of thin air again. It's all very wonderful to hear; but, owing to the unfortunate prevalence of "fakirs" among the "materializing" mediums, and the use made by them of dummies, phosphorus, white lace, cabinets with false backs and divers other paraphernalia, all "materializations" are regarded as frauds by many Spiritualists, notwithstanding the fact that a great number of intelligent and careful investigators have satisfied themselves that the spirits of the departed, in the semblance at least of flesh and blood, can appear to mortal eyes. Is the whole thing a great, big, overgrown delusion? or has it, in some instances, a foundation of real, solid fact? How does it happen that so many scientists and other thinkers of world-wide reputation believe in it, and so many other men of genius regard it as an unmitigated fraud? It would seem to be not a matter of opinion, but a question of fact, which might be forever settled by investigation. But it is a most interesting psychologic problem why, in this age of searching inquiry into all subjects, the claims of the believers in "materialization" have not been either proved or disproved to everybody's satisfaction. The following remarkable narration of a series of events that do not lie on the plane of ordinary experience, was given to a Press reporter the other day by Mr. Henry J. Newton, of 128 West Forty-third street, a gentleman whose character for intelligence and veracity is unimpeachable. Besides being president of two or three big corporations, Mr. Newton is a member of the Academy of Sciences, and has been for many years a persistent investigator of mediumistic phenomena. He said, in substance:

THE MEDIUM. "It was about the middle of last March when I made the acquaintance of Mrs. J. H. Roberts, brother-in-law of Mrs. M. H. Roberts, a widow residing in the city. She was an absorbing interest to me, and I was very much interested in her.

is very well known by the spiritualistic public, and the object of Mr. Roberts' call was to acquaint me with the wonderful power said to be possessed by his sister-in-law—a mediumship capable of producing phenomena of such rare significance and exquisite beauty as to interest the curious, confound the scientific and delight the believer. "Mrs. Roberts had, he said, given several sittings to a few friends, who had expressed great satisfaction with the results. I sent through him an urgent invitation for her to call upon me, hoping to induce her to give one of these seances at my house. She accepted my invitation and readily complied with my request. "The first seance was very successful, and I at once made arrangements with her to hold a series of seances under strictly 'test conditions,' making deception utterly impossible without its immediate detection. I wouldn't give a fig for any alleged phenomena that are susceptible of more than one explanation. If a manifestation appears to be supernatural and yet admits of a very simple and natural explanation, I have no interest whatever in it. Hence my extreme caution to prevent deception. A GOOD DEAL DEPENDS ON THE INVESTIGATORS. "My incomplete knowledge, however, of the very subtle laws governing this class of phenomena had at least taught me the necessity of making the surroundings of a medium pleasant and the circle of inquirers congenial, for I have always observed that the quality of the manifesting spirits seemed largely to depend upon the spiritual and mental status of the investigators. "Mrs. Roberts showed little interest in the conditions imposed except to express a desire to ascertain the kind of conditions under which the spirits would not be able to manifest. "The second seance was given at the parlors of Mrs. S. C. Kelly, 990 Sixth Avenue and the cabinet used was one which had been made for Mrs. E. A. Wells, a materializing medium, now in the West. The cabinet was constructed with a partition in the middle, thus making two compartments. This partition is formed by a wooden frame fitting into sockets, top and bottom, back and front. Over this frame is drawn a strong twine net. This is firmly secured to the frame with nails on the side opposite the compartment occupied by the medium. Over these nails a narrow strip of wood is screwed, rendering any access to the nails impossible. "The front curtain of the cabinet is fastened to this partition. Over this is tacked a strip of white cloth running from the top to the bottom of the cabinet. The object of this is twofold. First, to make it impossible for a person in one compartment to pass behind the curtain into the other. Second, to make it equally impossible to pass from one side to the other outside the curtain without being seen by all. PERSONNEL OF THE COMMITTEE. "Agreeably to arrangement, we met at Mrs. Kelley's parlor. There were fourteen members of the investigating committee present besides the medium. Mr. C. P. Sykes, who has an office at 59 William street; Mr. E. Meeker, an artist of East Orange, N. J.; Mr. C. E. Lum, a retired dry goods merchant of Newark, N. J.; Mr. C. P. Cocks, real estate agent of 60 Liberty street; Mr. J. W. Roberts of the Gilsey House; Mr. J. W. Lovell, the well-known book publisher of 14 Vesey street; Mr. E. H. Benn, an attorney-at-law, whose office is in the Mutual Life building; Mrs. H. J. Newton, Mrs. J. W. Lovell, Mrs. S. C. Kelly, Miss Rose Kelly, Miss Mamie Kelly, Mrs. Allen and myself. "Mrs. Roberts was placed in the medium's compartments of the cabinet. We expected that something would occur, and in profound silence awaited the result. A few moments had elapsed when, within the empty compartment, we saw through the opening to the

curtains slowly rising from the bottom of the cabinet a white, fleecy something, moving, yet without any noise, evidently alive, and yet without defined outlines. "We were, all of us, earnest, honest, sane men and women, hoping to prove the materialization of spirits possible, and very careful not to be deceived. Yet I tell you that this shadowy, fleecy, cloudlike life grew into human shape, and that during the evening several such forms appeared, each differing in size and shape from the others, and all in some particular from the medium. Several of these beings we knew; some of them we loved, one in particular, a little child called Eunice, who had come to us through the mediumship of Mrs. Wells. MATTER PASSING THROUGH MATTER. "If the human mind could be satisfied with marvels, we should have been content with these wonderful occurrences, but a greater mystery was still in reserve. After these forms had appeared and disappeared, the controlling spirit requested that some one go into the cabinet. Mr. E. H. Benn went in, but immediately returned, saying, 'the medium is not here; the compartment is vacant.' "The controlling spirit then spoke to us, inviting any one who wished to go into the cabinet and examine for themselves, and on careful search it was found that the net and frame were intact, and in precisely the same condition as when the medium took her seat in the compartment. She had evidently been taken through the net into the other compartment. The cabinet was firmly screwed to the floor, and also to the baseboard. "Five seances were held in Mrs. Wells' parlor, using her cabinet; each succeeding seance increased in strength and variety of manifestation. The medium would be changed from one side of the net to the other three or four times in an evening, with the greatest apparent ease. "It was thought advisable to have a cabinet constructed for Mrs. Roberts after the same principle and placed in her own parlor. Mr. Meeker, one of our party, agreed to secure one for the following Friday evening (this being Monday evening). He did so, but had the partition covered with wire netting instead of fish netting. We arranged with Mrs. Roberts for two seances a week. The cabinet was placed in the corner of the room so that the back and one end were against the plastered wall, and like the other, was firmly secured to the floor and baseboard. THROUGH A WIRE NET. "The first time she sat with the wire partition the manifestations were quite as good as they had ever been with the twine net. After a few seances, Mr. Meeker suggested that a door covered with the same kind of wire net be provided for the medium's compartment which should be securely locked. The controlling spirit spoke from the cabinet, saying he thought it a good idea and wished the suggestion carried out, and he further stated that he was perfectly willing that we should have the cabinet lined with sheet iron. He would bring the forms and the medium out through even that. "Mr. Meeker had the door made and when closed locked with a spring padlock. Under these conditions the manifestations were as strong and wonderful as ever. Forms would come out of the unoccupied compartment and the medium taken through the wire partition as many as four times during the seance. This was demonstrated by going into the cabinet and finding her sometimes in one side and then again in the other. "The controlling spirit claimed to have been, while on earth, a Catholic priest of Italian birth. He gave us a brief history of his position in this country and the name of the city where he officiated at the time of his departure to spirit life.

"Notwithstanding the extraordinary precautions we had taken, it was suggested by some who heard of the manifestations, that possibly there were trap doors under the cabinet. I had myself, as had also others of our circle, seen the floor before the carpet was laid, had examined the walls before the cabinet was set up, and even selected, myself the corner of the room where it should be placed, the medium not being present at the time. "But in order to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Meeker again proposed that the wire netting should entirely enclose the medium's compartment, top, back, bottom and end, making it a complete cage. This was agreed to, and Mr. Meeker, Mr. Roberts (the medium's brother-in-law) and myself took the cabinet and nailed the wire on to the frame, covering every part, commencing over the door, and, with a continuous piece, went across the top, down the back and under the frame, across the carpet even beyond the door in front. Then, with another piece, we covered the end. The cabinet was again firmly fastened to the baseboard and floor. Under these absolutely test conditions the manipulations were far more wonderful than they had ever been before. The last four seances were under the conditions just described. IT DEPENDS ON THE WEATHER, ALSO. "No seance was a repetition of any former one, but new surprises awaited us every evening, provided the weather was clear and pleasant. We had very positive orders from the controlling spirit to adjourn any seance should the weather be stormy on the regular night. "As we advanced in our investigations, we found that any disturbance in the mind of the sitters, any inharmonious or unholy thought, the smallest disagreement between us upon any subject, however skillfully concealed from the medium, visibly affected the quality and power of the manifestations. "Perhaps the most striking change in the appearance of our visitors was manifested in the abundance and brightness of our draperies. After several sittings the controlling spirit suggested and then insisted in a very positive manner that we should add new tests to those which already seemed to be conclusive. We were to have the ladies disrobe the medium and dress her so that about her clothing there should not be a thread of white. Every garment was taken off and even the stockings turned inside out. They placed upon her a blue silk undervest, black stockings and an unlined dark gray wrapper. Upon the medium there was not a shred of white, and yet in spite of this those marvelous forms came to us clothed with garments of silvery whiteness and finer than fairies' lace. They walked with indescribable grace, and as they moved seemed to perfume the air with sandal wood and cashmere. "The last seance was held on Thursday evening, June 6. The medium was disrobed and robed as before, and the hands which undressed her never left her until she was placed within the cabinet. "A gentleman from Brooklyn had brought an extra padlock, which he wished put on. This was done, thus making the door secure with two padlocks, and the keyholes were covered, as usual, with postage stamps. The light was turned down quite dim, yet sufficient to see across the room. The manifestations commenced very soon by forms coming from the vacant compartment, covered with a profusion of beautifully illuminated white drapery. STRANGE SIGHTS. "No description of mine of the marvelous beauty of this drapery can convey an adequate idea of its appearance. The best comparison I can give is that of the electric lights of our city shining through the foliage of the trees when it

is stirred by a gentle breeze, giving a constant change of light and shadow. This must be seen to be realized or appreciated. "During the time the medium was in the locked compartment fifteen forms came from the other compartment into the room, most of them illuminated. After a while the medium made her appearance, coming through the wire door into the room. This was accomplished without in the least disturbing the wire netting, the wooden framework of the door or the padlocks with which it was locked. This wonderful feat had been accomplished in the same way at the three preceding seances. "Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Newton immediately conducted her into the other cabinet and seated her in a chair, with which this compartment is always provided. The ladies had scarcely reached their seats when a brilliantly illuminated form came out and crossed the room to one of the company. Forms came and went in rapid succession until the close of the seance, twenty-one having come from the cabinet after the medium had been placed in the open compartment; five of them came from the compartment covered with wire, coming through the wire door and curtains apparently as the medium had done, one of them coming out and going back through this wire door three times, making in all thirty-six forms which had come from the two parts of the cabinet during the evening. ANOTHER AND A GREATER MARVEL. "The most extraordinary phenomenon of the evening remains to be told. Several years ago a distinguished medium for physical manifestations visited our city. One of the manifestations, through him, was placing a solid iron ring on your arm while firmly grasping the medium's hands. It occurred to me that if the spirits could do this they could put together two wooden rings. Accordingly, I had several rings turned for me of rock maple. They were about three inches in diameter, and half an inch in thickness. I submitted these rings to the medium alluded to as well as to several others during the years they have been in my possession without satisfactory results. When it was demonstrated to us that Mrs. Roberts could be successfully taken through twine and wire netting, it occurred to me that it would be a good time to again try my rings. I questioned the controlling spirit regarding this, and he could, and would put my rings together. "I took them to the same room and placed them in the locked compartment; before doing so, however, I took the precaution before leaving home to put my initials upon them with ink. I was careful to note on this evening that they were there and all right. "Some fifteen or twenty minutes after the medium had come out from the locked compartment through the wire door and been taken into the other part, a form came through the wire door from the locked compartment, and, coming directly to Mrs. Newton and myself, she placed one of my rings in my left hand and retired again to the cabinet. I stated to the company the fact that I had received one of my rings, and as they passed through the meshes of the wire, this fact was of itself a remarkable occurrence. "In a few minutes the controlling spirit requested me to come to the cabinet. The curtains parted and we stood next to face. He was clad in his priestly robes, brilliantly illuminated, and the whole interior of the cabinet was filled with light. After the usual salutation, to my great surprise he placed the other ring in my hand. I mentioned this fact to the company, and then placed them both in my pocket. He asked me to hand them to him; I did so, when he said: 'Not that way, one at a time.' "He took one in each hand, and, bringing them in front of his breast, with a slight movement of his hands the rings were linked together and immediately handed back to me, and upon close examination there was no evidence, not even the slightest mark, of violence having been done to them. They are as perfect as they ever were. "There were twenty-five persons present at this seance, whose testimony would be cheerfully given in corroboration of my statement. Arrangements have been made with Mrs. Roberts to resume these seances early in the fall, with a larger committee and in larger rooms. Mrs. Roberts has gone to Rome, N. Y., to spend the summer. Mr. Newton said she was prostrated for several days after the last seance, so great had been the drafts upon her nervous system.—Henry J. Newton in New York Press.

From Our Reporter's Note Book. LOCAL ITEMS. The many friends of Edgar W. Emerson, than whom a finer test medium has never been upon the Cincinnati rostrum, will be pleased to know that he has been re-engaged by the Union Society for the months of June and October of 1890. The Fourteenth Annual Announcement of the American Eclectic Medical College, 192 West Fifth street, Cincinnati, has been received. This college has an exceptionally strong faculty among whom is Prof. J. Clegg Wright, M. D., as professor of Physiology and Mental Science. The Trio Orchestra, Mrs. A. Ross, pianist; Miss Minnie Bertrand, organist; and Prof. C. C. Cook, violinist, have been engaged to furnish the music for the camp-meeting at Lookout Mountain this season. This is the orchestra that has furnished the music for the Union Society of this city and the campers may rest assured that the music will be first class. Miss Emma J. Nickerson, of Boston, Mass., lectured at the Hall on Sunday morning, and the audience were much pleased with her work. Miss Nickerson is a fine speaker and medium and a sweet, true woman and she has won many friends during her stay of a week among us, who will gladly welcome her, when she returns as the lecturer for the month of September. Among the mediums from this city, who will attend Lookout Mountain camp, will be Mrs. A. E. Kibby and Mrs. Anna Cissna. The former is one of our finest clairvoyant and trance test mediums, and a noble, true woman. Mrs. Cissna needs no commendation to the veterans, but for the benefit of the new comers, let it be said, she is one of the finest independent slate-writers before the public and an honor to the cause. The people should remember that the Lyceum will continue its sessions at 10 a. m., on every Sunday until the reopening of the Hall, for lectures in September. Parents are cordially invited to bring their children and to join the Liberty group, a class for the older portion of the Lyceum. The exercises in this class will consist of a short talk by the leader on some point of the philosophy of Spiritualism, followed by a discussion of the same by the class. A New Declaration of Independence. I herewith most solemnly declare before God and humanity: There never was, is, or ever can or will be any human soul lost; for souls are emanations from the all-permeating Father Soul of the universe, and therefore cannot be lost. The destiny of all human souls ever was, ever is, and ever will be, Eternal Progression. I LOWENDAHLL. Vineland, N. J., July 1, 1889. Clairvoyance. Dr. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Iowa, Clairvoyant Physician and Magnetic Healer of marvelous power. Has been in active practice nearly thirty years. His vegetable medicines receive magnetic power higher than human or earthly agency; and in treating diseases at a distance with this medicine, his success is remarkable. His practice is very large, both at home and abroad, and he is daily in receipt of numerous letters expressing the profoundest gratitude, acknowledging wonderful relief and complete cures performed by his band of invisibles, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, dyspepsia, bronchitis, diseases of the liver, heart and kidneys, tumor and dropsy; in fact, every disease that flesh is heir to, they have successfully treated. Sufferers, you that have failed to get relief from any other source, try this strange and marvelous man. Magnetized medicine and paper sent under direction of his Spirit Band of Doctors for each case; enough to last first month for \$2.00. In many cases this is sufficient, but if a perfect cure is not effected, \$1.15 per month after. Send three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, sex, age, one leading symptom, and he will tell you what ails you, free. Medicine sent by mail, postage free. The best of reference given if required.

INVESTIGA



Written for The Better Way.
DRIFTING.

A Story of Spirit Help.
BY MISS LIZZIE E. BROWN.
(CONCLUDED.)

A small, dark figure crept along the quay, with a bundle in her hand. Softly she moves along until the vessel is reached; then casting a searching glance around and not finding any one to stop her, goes below. Behind some large casks she pulls the cloak from her face and head, and we discover it is Vida. She wants to leave her native land and try her fortunes in the new world.

Leslie and Captain Ned held their circle that night, and on the slate was written:

"You will not find the boy on land, but at sea."

Captain Ned resolved to patiently await events that would give any hope of finding the boy. The next morning the ship sailed with a good breeze and clear weather. Vida was the happiest soul on board as she felt the ship moving along. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon before she was discovered in her hiding place. A rough old sailor found her; and, taking her by the shoulder, led her on deck before some half dozen seamen and the captain. Her face was red with blushes of shame. Captain Ned asked her what she meant by coming on shipboard in that manner. Raising her averted eyes, she told him why she came. After giving her a good lecture, he bade one of the men give her a cabin.

He told her they were only going farther down the coast where he would have to put her off, as he was not allowed to take her to America in that kind of vessel.

She went to her cabin and was not seen or heard of until the next evening, when Captain Ned was pacing the deck. He heard Vida playing her violin and singing. He listened. She was singing a wild, weird song of the ocean and of those loved ones who were left on shore. It brought tears to Captain Ned's eyes as memories rose before him. Then she finished with a sweet, calm song. Never did a voice sound grander or sweeter than did Vida's on the ocean that moonlight night, with only a few rough seamen as listeners.

At about eleven o'clock, the dark clouds, that arose in a few short hours, obscured the moon. Here and there flashes of lightning could be seen in the heavens, while the loud peals of thunder seemed to shake the mighty deep. All of the men were on deck; some furling sails, some at one thing and some at another—but all hearts beat fast and all faces were white and scared looking, as each would sweep a look around the horizon. At twelve o'clock the storm swept over them. They had done all that could be done. There was nothing more to do except to pray to the Divine power to take care of them, and results. Several on board prayed who had not done so for many a day. The storm raged on and it seemed as if the ship was but a cradle for it to rock upon the billows, or to toss about like the leaves of a tree are blown before a gust of wind.

At one o'clock the crew saw lights on a distant shore, and found they were near a rocky coast, about a mile from land. They fired signals of distress; but no one could venture out in such a sea. Twenty minutes after the ship struck. Captain Ned ordered all to take to the small boats. They worked rapidly. The last one was off the doomed ship that sunk almost beneath him. Then began the struggle for life. It seemed almost impossible to live in such a storm.

Captain Ned took Vida, Leslie and four men of the crew into his boat. All the rest had, in their terror, crowded into the other boat. All battled with strength and courage in the stormy waves of the ocean. Five o'clock in the morning the storm had ceased, and they found themselves drifting on their knees not whither—the sun's hot rays pouring down on them.

In Captain Ned Ferguson's home the fond mother is preparing to retire for the night. As Alberta starts to go up the stairs, she turns around and says, "I feel so sad and depressed. I am afraid something has happened to Ned." Mrs. Ferguson tried to quiet her—thinking it was all a foolish fancy, caused from a disordered system. They retired for the night.

A rising very early the next morning, Alberta said she could not sleep longer as she had such a bad dream, which annoyed her much. She saw a heavy storm; a ship strike the rocks; then her brother with a young girl, Leslie, the cabin boy, and four seamen in a small boat were drifting on the dark and angry waters. As she finished her

long her dream she burst out crying, distressed by the thought of her brother in such a condition.

Mrs. Ferguson's face was pale and worn. She felt a depressing fear after she heard the dream, for it brought back memories of years ago, when her loved companion never returned, and she prayed God to spare her a second blow so cruel.

Captain Ned, in his little boat with six souls, was still drifting on with nothing to guide their frail bark, but all felt that the higher powers were helping them through the dangerous waters that were so eagerly grasping for their lives.

They were very glad when the sun had gone to rest. Captain Ned and Leslie kept watch that night, as the slow hours dragged by. It was about ten o'clock when a mystical form came gliding over the waters toward the boat. As it came by their side they recognized Captain Ned's father, who informed them that the next day at sundown they would find relief.

The next morning Vida and the seamen saw a gleam of hope in the two watcher's faces, and taking courage the day passed much more quickly than the previous one. At five o'clock in the evening they saw a speck on the waters ahead of them—the nearer it approached the larger it became, until they saw before them a large vessel. Captain Ned raised a distress signal, and in half an hour they were aboard the vessel and found it was an American ship sailing home.

They were all half famished for food, the last day out the food had been eaten in the morning, and it had been some hours since anything but a little water had passed their lips. The next morning Captain Ned arose much refreshed encouraged. After reporting to the captain of the ship, he walked about to pass away the time, and from the sailors found they were twelve days distant from the ship's destination.

He went to Vida and tried to form some plan for the young singer's future. Her sad condition touched Captain Ned's sympathy, and he decided to take her to his home until he could find something for her to do. She was then reclining on a bunk, as the effects on her delicate constitution, of the storm and the hot days on the water, had left her with a burning fever.

The evening following, Captain Ned was walking the deck, when a man, with his hat pulled well over his face and leading a child by the hand, started out of a cabin. Seeing Captain Ned, the man quickly retraced his steps, and closed the door with a bang.

Captain Ned's suspicions were at once aroused, as there was a striking resemblance between the child just seen and Frankie Cargile. Remembering the communication he had received from his father, he decided to watch. Secretly he went behind a large coil of rope in a dark corner, he waited about one hour.

Captain Ned was about to give it up for the night, so uncomfortable was his position, when he saw the stranger's door again open slightly. The man's head then appeared and his eyes cast a searching glance around. Finding no one about, he appeared with the child and commenced walking the deck.

The child was a small, fragile, slender being, who looked more like a girl than boy; but the moon was hid behind the clouds, which left very little for Captain Ned to discern in the darkness. The two kept up their monotonous walk—not a word was spoken by either man or child. Captain Ned waited for about half an hour, when the stranger and child retired. Then Captain Ned arose and sought his couch for the night.

The next time we see our hero, he appears in the role of a water going to the stranger's door. He walks in and puts the tray of food down on the stand; turning around he looks at the child; going over to where it sits he puts his arm around him and says, "Frankie Cargile, would you like to go home?" Tears start in the little fellow's eyes; and clinging to Captain Ned he said, "That man won't let me go home; he treats me mean, and says if I tell he will kill me."

Captain Ned had taken adventurous measures, but he knew it would take stratagem to cope with this villain. The stranger sprang to his feet and drove his brawny fist at our brave hero's head; but the latter dodged in time to prevent a hard blow. The stranger then said, "That child is mine! What right you to interfere?" Captain Ned looked the man in the face and said, "You know you are a liar! I will see that this child reaches his home."

The man dropped on his knees, begged and prayed that Captain Ned would not send him to prison. He said, "In my rashness for revenge I stole the child, but God knows I have repented of the act. Take the child back to its parents, and let me go."

Captain Ned said, "If you will promise to live a better life I will not bring you to justice; but let the law of compensation punish you as you deserve." After removing some disfigurements off the child, he took him to Vida and told her to take good care of him. It was not long before Leslie knew that the child was found, and both he and Captain Ned rejoiced over their good fortune.

The remaining days soon sped on, and our friends landed safe once again. After traveling about two hundred miles, they reached their destination. Mr. Cargile was overjoyed at the sight of his restored son.

Without a word of complaint, he placed the large reward in Captain Ned's hands; and as there was threatening a heavy storm, Captain Ned, with Leslie and Vida, made their departure for home. He was received like one risen from the dead—as his

mother and sister had been informed of the wreck by the company that owned the ship, and that they knew not how the men had fared.

Leslie and the little street singer were given a warm welcome. Vida was happier that night than she had been since her mother passed away. Captain Ned told his mother and Alberta of the investigations into the grand truth of spirit return, and the next evening they all held a circle; the angels came through the instrumentality of Leslie and breathed words of blessings and comfort to them.

Vida's mother came and begged them to keep her darling child, as there would be given to her rare gifts in which she would reward them for their kindness. Captain Ned and Mrs. Ferguson promised to do so, and the spirit then said her greatest sorrow was removed and she could then progress and learn more of the beautiful thoughts, which she would try and give to help them on as well.

Captain Ned called on his employers; and as he had done the best he could, under the circumstances, they did not place him at fault. He soon found employment in a large warehouse, which was much more profitable to him and not so much risk as following the water.

Four months after they are all assembled for a family circle. Vida holds her violin, but instead of playing, as she generally does, grand and sublime strains issue from the instrument, touched by unseen fingers. Then she sings. The angels have come to her, given her rich and grand gifts, and that little company in the circle have never heard such songs from a human's throat as now issue from the little street singer's.

Two years more have come and gone with all their changes, with their seasons of rain and sunshine, cares and strifes; but cares have been light with our charmed circle, as angel hands are ever near them, to watch over, give wise counsel and guide them.

Captain Ned, with his mother, sister and Leslie, are in a theatre occupying a handsomely furnished box. Mrs. Ferguson has a glad smile on her face. Alberta has become a beautiful being, more fit for a queen among angels than of this world.

Leslie has reached manhood years—not handsome, but noble looking, good, true and honest. Captain Ned, handsome as ever, with a glad light in his eyes, watches the curtain rise and a beautiful maiden of eighteen steps forth with violin in hand. She bows to the assemblage and then inspiration comes to her—all voices cease in that dense crowd of listeners, who await with abated breath for the strains of music to break forth.

Then Vida, once the little street singer, fills the air with music and song, and the thousands of souls that listen to those heavenly strains so divine, so grand, feel like it is an angel that is singing to them. Her song, one time is wild and wild, then it ebbs like a low moan—then rises and seems when at its height like a dozen voices join in the song; then it ceases for a time. There is scarcely a dry eye in that vast audience; flowers rain around our young medium, and shout after shout of applause reaches her ears. The concert goes on. Vida sang the last song—and it remained with hundreds of the spellbound listeners, cheering their lives for many days.

The little home circle continues, with the angels ever near them. Father, so dear, comes and gives his children a blessing. Vida is now working with Captain Ned, as his loving companion in the noble work of truth—while Leslie and Alberta have joined souls together and are both in the spiritual field; both grand mediums.

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Improvement in my condition, my appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to my household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life, and I cannot thank you too much."

"We, the undersigned, citizens of Brockway Centre, Mich., hereby certify that the above statement, made by Mrs. Lake, is true in every particular and entitled to full credence."—O. P. Chamberlain, G. W. Waring, C. A. Wells, Druggists.

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N. W. Cor. Plum & McFarland Sts.
CINCINNATI JULY 6, 1899

A. F. MELCHERS EDITOR

At Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and a half to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered into without a receipt. The paper is sent to all subscribers on application. In the United States the paper is sent to all subscribers on application. In the United States the paper is sent to all subscribers on application.

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When the post-office address of THE BETTER WAY is changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not only state their new address, but also the old one, in order to insure prompt insertion, must read this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE BETTER WAY goes to press every Wednesday.

NOTICE

All communications pertaining to either the editorial or business department of this paper, or letters containing money, to reach us, and under which condition only we can assume responsibility for the same, must be addressed and money orders made payable to THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., South West Corner of Plum and McFarland, CINCINNATI, O.

In peace there is prosperity.

THE BETTER WAY is the people's paper.

The more that a man actually knows the less he professes to know.

The best way to forget sorrow and misery is to keep one's self employed.

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

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

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

A little break in the harmony of loving souls or well intentioned people often cements them all the more closely together after the ripple has passed over or the misunderstanding subsided.

When a man first begins to root out an evil himself, he is often very uncharitable towards others who still exercise it unwittingly, or without the strength to overcome it. But to the pure all things are pure.

The most sublime form of conceit is to criticize another's belief or opinion with disdain, or to invite an opponent to look at the sensible side of the question. Which is the sensible side, ought to be asked.

Do not boast too much of what you can do; for if called upon to exhibit yourself, more is generally expected from you than your capabilities will permit. Spiritualists should remember this when speaking of their mediums. Let the mediums do the talking in such instances; it is their work.

With to-day's issue begins our fifth volume and we hope our subscribers will give it a good send off by prompt remittances. THE BETTER WAY is the people's paper; a mirror of human joy and sorrow, experience and reflection. "Twere as a mirror held up to nature, etc."

In order to make room for more important matter during the summer months, we shall omit the society notices, for a while, but shall resume publication in the fall. Those who desire to have their notices inserted then, will please notify us, giving new addresses and names of officers.

The only modern Spiritualists are those who keep abreast of the times—who live in the present. Our rostrum mediums are sending forth new inspirations every day, and those who take up the new and discard the old or bring it into harmony with the new are modern or progressive Spiritualists. Newspapers therefore become the most necessary mediums or agents to prevent fossilization; for they always contain the latest news from the spirit world. Support your spiritual papers if you wish to remain in the ranks of modern Spiritualists.

The cry of many unbelievers, and among them some very long-eared ones, is, to bring forth our proofs of immortality. To whom? To those who stand aloof and arrogantly demand them? They did not come to us in that way. We had to seek them by going where the proofs were demonstrated. Let them do likewise. Proofs are forthcoming every day, but they must be sought after individually—it is the only way of becoming convinced. Those who do not consider this truth worth seeking after, are not very anxious to know it. Let them cry.

We do not mind the criticisms of the few, the majority tell the tale. And no better recommendation for a newspaper or approval of the same can be had than a constant flow of new subscribers. Since the 1st of February they have been coming in at an average of 120 a month, making to the 1st of July over 600, with but a "quilt" during that time. This ought to be as gratifying to our subscribers as well as to ourselves and we hope may continue so. Changes have been suggested to us, but we will prefer taking no risks while all is working well.

He who takes delight in retelling the little mistakes of a fellow mortal on every occasion always meets up with one finally who is impressed to deal it out to him by the wholesale. It isn't good to be too critical. All receive their reward as they merit it.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania decided in a recent case that a solemnization of a marriage vow on Sunday was null and void. The judge held that according to the Sunday laws no contract executed on that day is legal. According to this, a doctor's bill becomes illegal where the contract for a cure has begun on a Sunday, i. e. in cases where the physician has been sent for on that day. How about those who were unfortunate enough to have been born on a Sunday, beginning their life's contract with this world on that day?

WAR.

It is not for the government, but for the people to decide whether it wants war or not. The people of the United States desire no war, and most emphatically not with any civilized European nation with which it has intercommunion. Such a war would be a disaster to the whole country and especially to the coast states. The masses would be the losers. Mechanics, laborers and business men would suffer, while a few adventurers, contractors and some officials in government might flourish for the time being. Beware of such a war. It is not needed. Ambitious statesmanship should not be permitted in American politics.

Radical opposition, which is more or less an incentive of prejudice or personal ineffectiveness, is no indication of true independence or an apology for the same. A coward may use harsh terms, but is careful to remain at a distance from those whom he is opposing. Truly brave and independent men will express themselves in the face of their opponents, for such need not fear their own anger nor that their passion overcome them. The most rabid pen and tongue warriors are the last to face the music when real danger threatens. They are not only embittered against their enemies but against all friends in the cause who will not join them in their animadversions, and in their blindness brand them as cowards. Beware of such independence.

A respectable man recently in search of work in Connecticut, after being tired out, stopped at a house to ask for a cup of coffee. Instead of granting the request the lady of the house quickly ran to a neighbor, who happened to be a constable, and had the wayfarer arrested. He was sentenced to thirty days confinement in the common jail. Before his time expired, he escaped to New Jersey. A requisition brought him back and he was then held until friends had him released by paying the cost of his original arrest, his capture and return to prison. Where was that woman's charity? Can she answer for the sufferings that poor man had to undergo for his ignorance of the law in Connecticut—and perhaps for the agony that those suffered who were dependent on him for bread? Oh charity, over eighteen hundred years old and still in thy infancy!

The first week that we became editor of this paper, our guides warned us against making too many intimate personal acquaintances, as they said it would interfere with our editorial work. In so far that it would rob us of our independent way of thinking. Since then we have seen the wisdom of this admonition; for in reviewing our past work we now see that we would have left much unsaid, or would have modified many of our thoughts for fear of offending good friends whom it was not our intention to wound or criticize, had we known what we know now. But the foundation has been once laid, and as our readers seem to be well pleased with our course, we shall leave well enough alone and continue as we have begun—telling truth as we understand it and as we can gather it from observation and quiet journeyings amongst the people as an observer merely.

We are often impressed to give vent to a thought after having listened to a tale of woe from mortals who have been wronged by those from whom it is least expected—by their loved ones—thus drawing our illustrations direct from human nature. In so doing we have no intention of causing personal aggressions, but believe that truths are most striking when taken from experience, and like novels, are more fascinating when written from life than when the incidents are of an imaginary character. To the majority of our readers such reflections are more preferable to dry philosophy because they feel true, and it is this feeling which fascinates and produces retrospection or afterthought, while philosophical speculations are forgotten immediately after reading—the soul only being able to come in rapport with absolute truths and not with ideals. And it is this rapport which makes some items or thought reflections more interesting than others. The best method of detecting an untruth is by this last named fact. If a news item or an assertion falls flat on the reader it is false; and in comparison to the degree that it fascinates or interests there is truth in it or in connection with it. Therefore our preference for reflecting the thoughts, or the sorrows and joys of the people to creating imaginary ones.

WHO IS RIGHT?

All we desire to know of our friends, in spiritualistic communities, are facts that are publishable. Long personal letters of individual aggressions or private opinions of other workers in the field are of neither benefit to the writer nor to the cause, for we cannot constitute ourselves a judge between them, and after having heard both sides we generally come to the conclusion that kettle calls pot black, and thus drop both of them. We know it is often but a variance in opinion, but those engaged seldom see it in that light. We also cognize a good work in both, each having been called to labor in a field especially assigned by the spirit world. But we all are mortal, and naturally think ours is the right course. Let us be friendly as spirits on the earth plane, and not contend about who is right in the promulgation of truth. All is truth that has a tendency to uplift. Everyone feels it differently and expresses it accordingly. Those who are able to express truth are the world's teachers and will reach somebody; and the scholars comprehend only such who are of their make-up. Thus it is necessary to have a variety of teachers, and these above all, should set an example of love for one another. All will come right in the end, and many who now oppose each other, will, in the sweet-by-and-by, only smile at their past as a little folly of human nature. Such will be the harmony of heaven. Why not institute it here!

PROMPT PAY PRODUCES PRIME PAPERS.

An Editor writes: "THE BETTER WAY is enough for me; it is the best paper in the United States." Although we appreciate this compliment very highly we cannot publish it without an apology for so doing. Opinions are individual and a matter of taste, and thus we can only accept such as compliments, or as the best wish that an individual can give to a newspaper, and especially when given by a contemporary. We are trying to make THE BETTER WAY—well, one of the best, and hope we shall succeed. To do this, bona fide subscribers are necessary. Our books are now cleared of dead heads; of persons in arrears, and we accept only cash customers. By this operation we know how much we can expend on improvements, and are more apt to risk something than when living on the hopes of outstanding accounts. This also belongs to the "new departure" and has proved an excellent method of conducting business on a business like scale, besides aiding us in exercising our "backbone" editorially. We don't mean to become "stiff" because business should be flourishing, but trifling customers produce a lack of interest in the publishers themselves and the result is a bad paper. Pay up your subscriptions promptly all around, and send in an occasional new subscriber, and you will get a paper worth double your money—both in material improvements and in subject matter. There was sound philosophy in the old negro's remark "Poor pay, poor preach," for to constantly give without receiving an equivalent finally discourages an angel, much less a mortal. So our readers will understand what is necessary to keep a paper lively and crisp, and we hope they will always bear this in mind. We may say that tardy pay is the cause of tardy news, while prompt pay enables us to put on the force necessary to insure prompt returns in the way of news and light.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We have so many new contributors now that we are compelled to neglect some of our old friends to oblige these new ones. But a change of mode in the expression of truth is both healthful and interesting, and we are sure, contributors themselves like to read the opinions of others occasionally. To see ourselves reflected too often seems to institute carelessness—both in construction and expression—as we have had occasion to notice with regret, and in consequence had to "waste" several articles from regular contributors lately. This is both a disappointment to us and to the writer; but we cannot sacrifice the tone of our paper to oblige even our dearest friend who may perchance be in a bantering humor or a spiteful mood and in the same impulsively rant off an article and drops it in the letter box before having reflected over its contents. But this should not discourage them. They have lost nothing by writing those articles, even if they were not published. The mental labor needed to produce them added that much soul-force or will to their being and killed them somewhat more towards other productions. Besides, had we published them, it would have called forth unpleasant criticism and made those contributors feel very bad. But we were impressed to prevent this, and therefore request our contributors not to feel offended if all of their articles do not see the light. It is for the best of the cause and for themselves. We care little as to what opinions they hold. We disagree with none, even if we do not agree with them. We withhold none, even if we know them to be erroneous or far from the real truth; for it certainly must be truth to the writer, otherwise he or she would not have taken the trouble to formulate it; and what is truth for one is truth for another. It is only when they apply these truths with too much individual rancor or disdain for the opinions of others that we reject the contributions. Otherwise all are welcome. THE BETTER WAY is a mirror for the reflection of light.

POLITICAL WRANGLING.

Whatever the political tendency of the papers to-day, there is hardly one that can be read with any sense of gratification concerning the real issues at stake. Instead of making principles the aim, the whole campaign seems to be centered on personalities, and of an order that is anything but awe-inspiring, or to excite reverence for those who are to be the peoples' representatives in office, law givers and administrators of that law. To insure the proper respect for an executive officer, an untainted individual record is primarily a necessity, and where this exists derogatory criticism cannot take place. Wilful slander never takes root, however plausible it may be made to appear, and those who take delight in believing or repeating such are greatly in the minority to-day and generally are people of extremely narrow conception, politically and socially—thus may be ignored without detriment to the party of which they claim to be constituents. In fact, any party would be better without them, for like a little leaven that leaveneth the whole loaf, they bring odium upon a whole party. The remarks of one fool or crank sometimes turns the tide of a political wave into another direction. But such is mostly caused by candidates demeaning themselves during the campaign, either believing it to be their duty to be affable to every corner politician or to curry favor with those of "political influence." Men who are so desirous of reaching the office they have been nominated for, can never take it with a clear conscience or that true independence which should characterize and constitute the strong point in an office holder. A candidate who takes his seat with political obligations burdening him is like a promissory note that has to be met in due time (before the functions of office cease). Reform, if there is any on the political program, is neglected in meeting his obligations; for to overlook the latter makes him a traitor in the eyes of the clique that ushered him into office. Principles are forfeited for personalities, and the community suffers awaiting promised results of the change.

This may be said of both parties now holding sway over this government, and if the true will of the masses could be made manifest, the tide of political affairs would run in an entirely different channel. But as the conservative elements of both parties are still held in bondage by the active politicians, there will be no compromise effectuated until aroused to action by a sense of duty to institute a new party—a peoples' party. Mental harmony between the conservative elements of the two great bodies politic, may be regarded as an already established fact, but it requires material action to bring about the material harmony or compactness necessary to constitute a party. Leaders are wanted, but not from the ranks of the parties in power. Old habits are difficult to root out of practiced politicians, and they may unwittingly leave the new party with undesirable tastes. Politics may be a science, but in its present shape it is certainly not a commendable one. It is either a very bad science or a good one perverted. In both cases it needs purifying, and there is nothing more wholesome in such instances as to select men who are above party as the pioneers for this movement. Holding men of that stamp in office demoralizes little politicians and causes disintegration to factions and cliques. This is like getting rid of the rubbish before house cleaning or like removing the undergrowth preparatory to land-clearing. What must follow can be imagined—provided the reform program be constantly carried out, and not permit men of "political influence" to either dictate, or mingle with those engaged in the work of purification.

As before stated politics may be a science, but it does not seem to have been a necessary attribute of our earlier statesmen. Honesty of purpose overcomes all obstacles, while personal (selfish) motives always cause confusion, blunders, contention and dissatisfaction generally. No party or individual in power dare act independently without being more or less tyrannical, if conscious stricken, and all are troubled with the latter who used diplomacy or aided in their own nomination for office. The people are the judges of this matter. It belongs to those to instate whom they desire as rulers. They are the proper authority—in fact, the only authority in a great republic like this—and thus are responsible for the country's welfare and its government. If bad results accrue through mismanagement they are the sufferers. It therefore becomes the individual's duty to prevent this, and if every well-meaning one constitute himself a political reformer the influence will soon be felt by those to be weeded out. So far the latter are frowning down the citizens wishes by a sort of bulldozing policy, knowing that if once permitted a foothold, the day of political influence has begun to draw to a close.

But to institute reform a beginning must be made—if but in desire. All effects have a spiritual or mental origin, and as the mind partakes of the spirit, the effects will materialize themselves in due time. Let the cause therefore be well implanted in heart, and good results will follow.

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

MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WEALTH.

Thoughts that have a material effect add to man's material, his exterior nature, and hold him earth bound after his release from the physical body. In other words planning for the purpose of gain; of increasing one's material apportionment; of getting the better of those with whom we have business relations; of making all we can out of a fellow worker, a servant or an employee; of elevating ourselves at others expense or sacrifice; or of adding to our material storehouse in every manner that is not strictly legal or lawful, spiritually considered. To enrich ourselves thus, whether it be for worldly goods or fame, requires soul effort—thought—but not being of the godly godlike (not in accord with the divine essence of which the soul nature of man is composed) it cannot attach itself to the interior or produce so-called soul-growth. But being a creation—every thought carried out being a creation—it remains with its creator, and must necessarily become a part of his exterior nature—the spirit body. Every dollar, therefore, that is earned dishonestly, illegally or selfishly, becomes a weight that drags us (the ego—the soul) down in the future life;—except we make amends or neutralize this material weight or impetus by as many unselfish deeds, and thus add a counterbalancing influence, weight or impetus to our soul nature. To do this we either have to impoverish ourselves again, or sacrifice ourselves in some way in behalf of other mortals, of a cause or of a principle, but in such a manner that, or until the effects are notable. In comparison to the grandeur of the effects or the benefit they are causing others, we may judge of our soul gain, which is synonymous with soul growth.

The trade claims that all tricks are legal. But they are deceptions nevertheless, and deception in any form is a misuse of our intelligence, our divine nature, our consciousness. To misrepresent an article by a superior sample than the original is direct swindling, and is being done every day and hour. To start the sale of an article of good quality and gradually reduce its quality without reducing the price, is robbery. To give short weight or measure because the purchaser happens to be a minor or a person ignorant of weights and measures, is sordidness of a low order. To make a "corner" in provisions is selfishness of a high order. To deal in futures is gambling on a "respectable" basis. For individuals to make loans only for the interest is greed—it being supposed that one who has accumulated sufficient worldly material to live without work, should retire and become a patron to those who are still laboring; or if he wishes to do some good to a fellow man, let him do it without an equivalent; for in that way only can it add to his spiritual wealth.

Self, materially considered, is not divine. Man's aim is to get away from matter, and this is only possible by the accumulation of spiritual wealth—scientifically understood as an excess of soul force over material impetus, or the love for material or worldly things. This is synonymous with that which is known as the control of mind over matter.

SLOW AND SURE.

Many are delighted when they hear a preacher denounce Spiritualism as being the work of evil spirits, because, say they, that in it, he acknowledges the existence of spirits, which most of the members of the church deny, the majority being materialists. But who would believe him, even though he acknowledge the existence of spirits? Certainly not the materialists who belong to his congregation; and those who take his word for it that they are all evil, will also believe in a personal devil. And such will believe anything. We are not fishing for converts who are quite so credulous as all that. We want the mediums between the two—the independent thinkers and reasoners—people who will permit others to know something too, and not those who will talk about "science" as the only revealer, and then know as much about science as a cat does about Sunday. The true scientist is an investigator, and if they have not all investigated Spiritualism it is because they have other interesting duties assigned them. Their investigations benefit us as well as it does the rest of the world. But because a few, like Huxley and Jastrow, have stuck their noses into it casually, and saw nothing but a reflection of their own conceit or prejudice, is no reason for condemning the whole. Others will come as the spirit world moves them. Let what we have, be thoroughly digested first, and more will follow. We are making very fair progress. Slow and sure is better than mushroom growth. So let the preachers say what they please, either way it helps Spiritualism.

The "Spiritualistic Blätter" of June 9th, contains the following:

THE BETTER WAY.

This bright weekly has changed its editor. Since a few months, Mr. A. F. Melchers, formerly of "Deutsche Zeitung," Charleston, S. C., occupies the editorial chair and we are convinced that he will do his best to satisfy the readers of his paper. Mr. Melchers is known already to the Spiritualists by his many contributions to the different spiritualistic journals of America, as well as to the "Spiritualistic Blätter" and we hope he will have success in his new position. Our English reading subscribers will find it perhaps convenient to send for a copy of that paper and subscribe for it. Address THE BETTER WAY, S. W. Cor. Plum and McFarland Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio.

[We thank our German contemporary for kind expressions and would also invite our German reading subscribers to patronize the "Spiritualistic Blätter." Price, \$2 per annum. Address: Dr. B. Cyriac, Notiz Str., 26, Berlin, S. W., Germany.]

SPIRIT, SOUL AND MATTER.

Spirit is universal intelligence; soul is the same individualized. Matter is the medium between the two. Although before the individualization of spirit matter was co-existent with it, and constituted the agent for this effect. After the same matter becomes the medium between them, but is gradually detached from the former—its completion constituting the so-called "spirit" or "spirit" body which surrounds or remains with the soul as its agent, or the agent necessary to give continued existence or to preserve its individuality. Without the spirit body, the soul would return to its first cause and individuality would be naught. But the same man becomes what has been termed "immortal." Whether this "spirit" body is an essence of the material entity or of matter so-called, or sublimated matter, or is composed of magnetism, ether or spirit itself, is a question for scientific Spiritualists or spiritual scientists to solve—we only feeling an intuitive consciousness stealing over us that the aforementioned is within range of the truth of it. How far from the absolute, we will not venture to even guess at, but suppose every opinion is worth something.

Anyhow, this is one of the questions that our spiritual scientists can answer themselves over for a long time to come, and especially as to whether spirit and matter are one or two entities. We have always believed them to be distinct entities, but our apparently most progressive rostrum mediums are now telling us that they are one or that they have always been co-existent. If one, then matter is solidified spirit or a manifestation of it. If simply co-existent, they may be distinct entities nevertheless, and matter may be regarded as its agent, and our theory is not so far from wrong. But either way suits us; we are ever ready to drop our ideas or opinions for new ones when they are presented; for we don't want to go behind the age, and we suppose there is no end to acquiring knowledge or a better understanding of that which we do know.

The discussion on reincarnation closed in to-day's issue (by request), the decision to be left pending until the future reveals some facts in connection with it that may prove interesting to both sides.

Cliff Dwellers in Mexico.

A special dispatch from Deming, N. M., to the Inter-Ocean, Chicago, says—Last night, Schwaika arrived here to-day. His party has been successful beyond expectations, and especially in southern Chihuahua. Here living cliff and cave dwellers were found in great abundance, wild as any of the Mexican tribes from Cortes's conquest. The abodes they live in are exactly similar to the old abandoned cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico, about which there has been much speculation and so much money spent in investigating. It was almost impossible to get very near them, so wild and timid were they.

Upon the approach of white people they fly to their caves or cliffs by notched steps placed against the face of the cliffs. If too steep, although they can ascend vertical stone faces if there are the slightest crevices for their fingers and toes. These cliff dwellers are sun worshippers, throwing their new born children out into the full rays of the sun the first day of their lives, and showing many other forms of devotion to the great luminary. They are usually tall, lean and well formed, their skin being much nearer the color of the negro than the copper-colored Indian of the United States.

Schwatake claims nothing has heretofore been known about these people, except the half-Indian mountain Mexicans, and thinks his investigations will be of immense anthropological and archaeological value. He estimates that the cave and cliff dwellers number from 3,000 to 12,000, armed only with bows, arrows, and stone hatchets.

Resolutions of Thanks.

To Edgar W. Emerson, from the Cincinnati (Ohio) Society of Union Spiritualists. WHEREAS, it has been our extreme pleasure to have in our midst during the past two months, a gentleman whose ability as a platform and test medium is unexcelled by any that we ever had in this city, we feel it our bounden duty to extend to him something more than that which is only of the earth, earthy, and therefore have

RESOLVED, That we can implicitly recommend Mr. Emerson as a perfect test medium to all the world—the best result of the unanimous verdict given in his behalf while in this city. Further be it

RESOLVED, That we extend to him our thanks for his kind, affable and gentlemanly behavior throughout the entire engagement, and for the extremely gratifying results that were permitted to come through him—what we believe, to the fact of his personal good feeling towards this Society. And further be it

RESOLVED, That our good wishes go with him and remain with him until we shall have the pleasure of again greeting him and renewing these pledges of good faith and spiritualistic brotherhood.

K. O. HARE, Pres.

BRIEFS.

Mr. N. E. Williams discontinue his appearance during the summer, will resume in October.

In J. R. Alter's notice in last issue it was read out instead of new Sectionarian, and H. H. instead of F. H. Leslie.

Bishop Reid closed his engagement with the Spiritualist Society at Bradford, Pa., and will speak at West Hampton, Sunday, July 9th.

Prof. J. M. Allen has been recently lectured in Media and Liberal, Mo. is engaged for July in Topeka, Kas., for August, Fort Dodge, Iowa. Will make engagements, both at Sunday work and for scientific lectures. Address 22 Taylor street, Topeka, Kas.

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THE INSTRUMENTS OF THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Inspirational Address Delivered Before the First Spiritual Association by Jesse W. Lee.

(Specially Reported for The Better Way.)

"About Ben-Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace."

And saw the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom.
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben-Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision faded his head.

And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so."
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben-Adhem's name led all the rest."

In the starry dusk of an Italian evening,
Under the brown shadows of the old cathedral in Parma, sat the Maestro. Carelessly his fingers lingered upon the strings of his beloved Cremona, and from that exquisite instrument floated the melody whose divine fire had burned its radiant way to the hearts of kings. The soul of music lived in that trembling shell; dumb to the untutored touch, yet eloquent and instinct with celestial harmony under the sweep of the Maestro's magic bow. Upward soared those matchless notes—like golden-throated larks that sing at sunrise—and the genius of inspiration released the imprisoned soul and gave it a mission. Its last quivering note echoed in a wanderer's heart, and breathed a message from home. A friendless outcast, loitering on the way, turned back to catch the dying melody, and a tear of regret for something lost out of his life dimmed the eyes so long unused to tears. The Maestro shivered. An idle boy had wanted cast a stone, and it crushed the fragile shell that enshrined the soul of melody, never again to stir the great heart of humanity with divinest impulses and purest aspirations. Only discord now from the riven strings; and it quivered and moaned like a wounded human thing, while the Maestro reverently gathered up the precious fragments, broken like his heart!

In a quiet English village an exile had made his home. No one knew whence he came, no one cared so long as his skillful fingers awoke the soul that slumbered in the old organ in the

quiet and rustic chapel. Every evening he made his way to the organ loft, and in the dim silence sent his soul up to God on passionate waves of music. Supplication, sorrow, love, despair—all the tender emotions of the human breast—were expressed in that song without words. Then, as his mood changed, a grand jubilate would go crashing through the chapel arches, until, weary of its own sublime triumph and majesty, the magnificent strains would thrill and drop into sobbing ecstasy, and fling their softly palpitating notes upon the scented air, to faint and die of their own sweetness. And every evening a desolate child would creep under the chapel window to listen. A desolate, hungry child, with that far-off look in his wistful eyes that marked his kinship with the angels. And when the sleek and well-fed beadle of the parish found him there and wondered, the child would say, "Please, sir, the angels is a'talking to me in the music, and it 'pears to me I kin a'most see 'em, so white and shiny like!" And the beadle would laugh and say, "The angels talk to you? You?" And he would laugh again and go on his way, this beadle so sleek and comfortable, and infinitely more respectable. And so the nameless exile brought messages of love and tenderness from the angels to the desolate child; and every night he crept to the chapel window, in summer and winter, barefoot and hungry, never asking for shelter and warmth, never caring so long as he could hear the white fingers on the organ keys, and just see the old man's crown of silver hair like a halo in the moonlight. But one night the voice of the organ was mute, though the child waited long and patiently. They had found the master with his arms clasped lovingly about the instrument, and his long white hair sweeping the silent keys. "The angels will not come to-night!" said the child sorrowfully: "p'rhaps they'll come to-morrow!" But to-morrow came, and still he waited. Waited even when they told him that the master was dead! Hoped still when he followed the villagers as they bore the exile to his last earthly resting place. "We must find some one to play the organ," the rustic said; and rude hands carelessly brushed the keys and struck a few sharp, discordant notes amid merriment and laughter. "The organ was out of tune," they said, "but the master was gone!" And the child still waited for the angels that never spoke to him again from the chapel window. But one winter morning they found him with outstretched arms upon the master's grave, and the silent snow had lovingly wrapped him in a spotless winding sheet, while his waiting spirit had joined the master in the home the angels had told him of.

Dear friends, if the instruments fashioned by mortal hands are so exquisite and delicate in construction that only a master hand can evoke their perfect melody, if one corroding string, one strained, discordant key can render the skilled musician's touch harsh and dissonant, how much more subtle and sensitive are the instruments of the spirit world! To what due uses must those instruments be attuned to allow the master intelligences perfectly harmonious control? Can we expect the inhabitants of the harmonious spheres, who are subject to the laws of harmony that will not allow them to penetrate the atmosphere of discordant conditions—can we reasonably expect them to perform the work required of them by the spirit world, when we, ourselves, build barriers that retard their efforts for our good, and the good of humanity? Should we not hold it a sacred duty to create and preserve the best and purest conditions to aid them in their ministry? Is it not unkind, ungrateful to our faithful guides to lightly hold our gifts that set us apart from the world as bright and glorious examples of the Spiritual Philosophy? Into our hands is given unlimited power for good

Shall we not use that power intelligently and nobly? Whose fault is it when the lessons they would teach through us are imperfect and unsatisfying? When the message they bring to loved ones here is vague, unreliable and frequently improbable? Through what avenues of selfishness, or bitterness or vanity has that message percolated, until it has taken up the sediment in its passage, and becomes at last only the soiled semblance of the message itself? Shall we blame the messenger as many do, and say, "the spirits are untruthful; they are deceiving spirits, and we want nothing to do with them?" No! The messenger is all right; but the instrument is out of tune. Its sweet chords are jangled and harsh. The avenues of communication are clogged with grass, material, sediment. Perhaps we have nursed the scorpion of envy or jealousy in our secret breast, and its poison has choked the channels that charity should have kept clean and pure. Vanity and pride are the monsters that war with the spirits' best endeavors to clear out the rubbish and put their instruments in perfect working order. They are confronted on every side with difficulties and obstructions that would long ago have worn out mortal patience; but their patience is infinite. "I don't want Tom, Dick or Harry to control me," one will say. "I want a distinguished spirit!" An ancient Egyptian, for instance, who can only communicate hieroglyphically; or an Atlantean, who lived on earth thousands of thousands of years ago! and the more ancient they are the better I like it!"

How do we know that we are congenial to Egyptians or Atlanteans? And unless they are particularly interested in nineteenth century work, and are familiar with nineteenth century ideas, what personal benefit are they to us as nineteenth century people? It is not for us to choose, dear friends; if the wise rulers of the spirit world see that Tom, Dick or Harry are best fitted to control us for good and useful purposes, let us accept them with gratitude and be thankful that we can be of use to them. We are not working for personal glory, but for the advancement of the cause of Spiritualism, and that ought to be glory enough for us if we do our work well. There is a good deal for mediums to learn. First, that we are simply instruments, and can claim no credit for the utterances of the spirits through our organisms. So we might just as well accept Tom and Dick as the ancient Egyptian. Second, that it is proof of superiority when our Indian controls, after being inhabitants of the spirit world for centuries, have not learned the English language sufficiently to converse with us intelligibly. There is no retrogression in spirit life, and if other spirits progress, why not the Indian? When mediums fully understand this, it will be a great help to the Indian controls whose powers of language are hampered by the medium's ignorance of spiritual laws.

For my part, dear friends, I am always glad to welcome the spirit friends who come with the old familiar names. I knew them in earth life. They understood and appreciated me. They lived beautiful, blameless lives, and they always gave me the best of counsel and advice. I am proud to know that they still regard me as worthy of their friendship; and in my heart and home there will ever be warmest welcome for the spirits who knew me in earth life, and loved me. It is not of the least importance to us what names the spirits bear, and it is not of the least importance to them, for weightier matters claim their attention. A spirit may give any name he chooses; but does the name add any value to his utterances? It is the lessons themselves that must be judged. If their teachings are of a high order of intelligence, if they are wise, instructive and helpful, if they inculcate the principles of truth and goodness; if they aid us to unfold our highest spiritual capacities, if they teach us a wisdom and knowledge be-

yond all that we have learned in our life's experience, if they point out to us the path of spiritual progression, and lead us into it unerringly, then we may know that they are wise, intelligent and loving; and it matters not whether their names be Smith, Jones or unpronounceably ancient. The smallest grain of truth ought to be thankfully received, though it come from the most unpretending spirit.

So, dear friends, we want to lay aside these little vanities and educate ourselves up to a higher standard of spirituality. We want to root out all the ugly prejudices against our fellow creatures. They are unworthy of our calling, they are detrimental to our spiritual growth, and in indulging them we are retarding the work of the spirits themselves. How can we work for the spiritual welfare of others if we neglect our own? How can we teach the divine principles of love and charity if we are uncharitable ourselves? Let us try, dear friends, to be perfect instruments, that the master's touch may be visible in all our deeds, thoughts and words. Oh, friends! how can we so grieve the loving intelligences, who have consecrated us to a glorious mission, and depend on us for a truthful expression of their desire to enlighten the ignorant, to serve and uplift all mankind. Mediumship is the most sacred, and the most divine of all gifts. How are we using it? Let us draw a rein on the everlasting ego, and unselfishly work for the good of each other. Let there be a consolidation of the mediumistic forces—a sort of co-operative union of our best gifts, that our spirit friends may find themselves untrammelled by the disintegrating processes of our apathy has encouraged.

The bond between mediums should be strong and enduring; why cannot it be? What is to hinder? Only the want of harmony within ourselves. We know that while in the body we cannot be infallible; human follies and imperfections crop up on all occasions, but why will we, who know so well the value and necessity of pure spirituality, neglect to educate ourselves in all those graces and virtues that are required of us as examples of the Spiritual Philosophy? As we understand that philosophy and the laws governing it, we believe that mediums should be the purest and noblest men and women in the world, else we are unworthy to serve in the cause we represent. The noblest impulses, the broadest charity, the most untrifling love and patience: these should be our attributes as instruments of the spirit world. Is it so difficult to cultivate those graces? Surely not, with our faithful guides to help us.

I tell you, friends, we are bringing disgrace upon the cause of Spiritualism when we fail to meet its requirements. St. Paul wrote to the Corinthians: "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Spiritualism has taught us the true meaning of those words; then shall we present unholiness to the ministry of angels? Can we expect them to abide with us if we do? Oh, brothers and sisters! let us pave the inner courts of those temples with love and goodwill. Let their windows be clear and shining, that the sunshine of truth may shed its broad beams within. Let us veil the deformities of erring human nature with the beautiful mantle of charity, and let us believe the best of people, and not the worst. We who are so full of faults ourselves, have need to judge the faults of others leniently. We must be generous, we must be just. Rivalry, jealousy and envy are disgraceful. Let us rise superior to small things that drag us down, when the angels strive to lift us up. We are false to our professions, false to our philosophy, false to our mediumship, and worse than all, false to our spirit teachers, who expect better things from our opportunities. There is one thing we must stop doing, and that is antagonizing our brother and sister mediums.

We do it unconsciously, perhaps, and we would indignantly deny the charge if brought home to us, but we are guilty all the same. We are too ready to call each other frauds, forgetting that our suspicion, often born of personal dislike, creates the very condition for apparent fraud.

Mediums are extremely sensitive, as we know; they feel the antagonism of our unspoken thoughts, and when we go into their presence with doubt and suspicion in our minds, we are exposing them to danger from the spirits our own uncharitableness attracts. There is only one remedy for these unhappy relations as they exist, and that is—love! Why, what do we mean by turning our backs on our own philosophy, which teaches love one another? Do good to one another. Help one another. By love serve one another. Why do we call our belief "the harmonious philosophy" if we are not going to make it harmonious?

Dear friends, we have faith in that future unfoldment which will place us upon that high, pure level where the breath of detraction cannot reach. We have faith to believe that dissection and strife will cease among us, and that only peace and harmony will link together in a deathless chain the instruments of the spirit world. To-day we part for a brief season—part with sincere regret that our pleasant reunions will, for a time, be suspended; but let us take away with us happy memories of the hours when we met in sympathy and fellowship, while the unseen intelligences ministered to our spiritual needs, and earnestly enjoined upon us a faithful performance of our duties, while they taught us the blessed truths that would make our lives rich and beneficent did we honor them as we ought. Faithfully they have instructed us. Patiently have they overlooked our shortcomings, and in every way striven to make us worthy instruments. Ere we part we would offer them our grateful thanks, our love, our lives, pledging our fidelity in the future as co-workers in the great cause that has for its sublime object the emancipation of man from error and superstition, and the establishment of that blessed truth that shall make him free. May they guide and direct us still, and go with each one of us on our separate way, to meet again in their own good time in love and fellowship and peace! And when the recording angel adds another page to the book of our lives, may each one of us be able to say:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

St. Louis, June 30, 1889.

Written for The Better Way.

SPIRITUAL AND MATERIAL LIFE AS ONE ETERNAL.

In no part of natural life can I find evidence of one existing without the other, nor can I imagine such possible to be. Try to think of anything independent of material or matter. The mind must have an object to create an impression. The sun, moon and stars are bodies. The two are as man and wife in the duality of nature. The father and mother God. There can be no divorce in the marriage of nature only in part, as we make it ourselves, and must suffer for this disobedience. The new bodies are just as essential in advancement as the mind or spiritual nature; and as one is refined so is the other in our present life, and both must be transplanted into the future on an equal plane. Yet some seem to forget the present and try to live in the future, as though they did not have to live and work here.

Happiness is not ready made for us; we must make it just where we are out of our surroundings. Our destiny is to live our allotted age. We must cultivate, preserve and take care of our material form, as sacred and pure, full of God-life, ever living, as truly essential, and as much of heaven as anything that is a part of God, and as revealed to

here or there; or the assured fact of the future, as sweet, pure, holy and good as it is, can't give us food, clothing nor shelter. Though the voice of comfort, assurance, strength and will power to cast out trouble may be directed to us, still we cannot have health, happiness and home except we make it by our own exertion.

The world has its destiny and we are the workers to assist in its fulfillment. Let us look well to it lest we find we are no example. Thoughts are powerful in direction, and I fear we are dissolving our earthly bodies much too fast by mistaken spiritual ideas as well as in the direction of our temporal existence here. Be dutiful, and heavenly is the knowledge of an unbroken life between this and the future life; which reason, extracted from all things, teaches me must be so, for nature cannot divide herself no more than we can cut our mud in two and live in this so-called mundane sphere.

I have learned that I have no grounds to blame, for errors are but accidents of growth. How is a man guilty to me if he has not done my will harm? Why should I then punish him even in my thoughts? I believe in freedom, pure self-control, every one his own master. I would like to see Spiritualism a religion under whatever direction he or she chooses to follow; striving to seek out and change the little errors of our ways in all the paths of our life. If we watch ourselves and connecting influences with persons and objects with which we work—the latter play a more important part than we imagine—for a careful, orderly, critical way of doing it, produces good, progressive work, and eases the mind, pleases the purchaser, and goes on doing good—we will find ample employment at home. We can send our thoughts out around the circle of the earth, and perhaps penetrating impenetrable space through thought spheres; but unless they either drop into our own or other gardens of mind and take root, producing some creation in material life, the full progressive life is not attained, as nothing can live without production of food, which comes from the material existence of nature, not attainable by talk, but by labor.

Historians, biographers, poets, literary men, preachers, scientists, philosophers and others, make their living by writing. Also newspaper editors tell us how to live by thought or some heaven without a definite location, that we may find it. But little consolation would they have or existence, either, without the worker to produce the crops to furnish them with food. Heaven, God, nature, dwells here as elsewhere. Then let us draw closer together by dispensing with abusive terms, by forgiveness, assisting, studying to please; never blaming, recalling all things; watching the duty of every thought; weigh every word, check all passions; allow no envy, malice, pride, selfishness, to prevail; treat all without a definite location, that we may find it. But little consolation would they have or existence, either, without the worker to produce the crops to furnish them with food. Heaven, God, nature, dwells here as elsewhere. 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