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THE BETTER WAY

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THE BETTER WAY.

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EDITORIAL.

THE BETTER WAY is booming!—\$1 a year did it.

To have a good opinion of our neighbor must not have the same evils that we have.

We do not speak of natural law in the spiritual world, but spiritual law in the natural world. The laws of spiritual life are the background to this life.—Unity.

Nature is beneficent to all who obey her requirements, unforgiving to all who do not. Her warnings meet man at every turn: her rewards and punishments follow close upon his footsteps.—Carrier Dove.

Unworthy persons often desire nothing better than to be chided or criticized by those who consider themselves morally above them; for it gives them notoriety and often an opportunity to make themselves heard in consequence of such attentions. No one can handle pitch without soiling his hands.

A rule that works both ways: A good medium is as readily influenced by mortals as by spirits out of the flesh. Therefore treat your good mediums tenderly, conscientiously and judiciously. A ruined medial instrument is worse than Cranky ideas and notions do not emanate from nothing.

If every effect is the result of a previously existing cause, as some people's philosophy teaches, we will be finally made to believe that there is no such thing as cause and effect in nature. According to the above all is cause. Well, perhaps it is better than to have it all effect, or, for effect, as it exists in the fashionable world.

Briggs, Bridgman and Bonsell constitute the triumvirate that is creating a revolution in churchianity—not Christianity—and causing a somewhat warlike attitude to be assumed by the clergy in general in their defense and persecutions of said triumvirate. It forcibly reminds of an old saw which says something about those "whom the gods would destroy they first make mad."

Fashionable congregations send their pastors to Holy Land, though unholy in fact if attractiveness is a virtue. But there is an alleged place of crucifixion and alleged tombs of departed saints, corroborated by inference—the river Jordan mentioned in the good book. However, it gives food for sermons, and perhaps more interesting than the time-worn orthodox platitudes that are being rebashed in unfashionable or way-back churches Sunday for Sunday.

Failing to discover anything in reason or science, as it is occasionally imperiously proclaimed, that does not permit a belief in an intelligence in nature or of the soul's immortality, is not the fault of reason or science, but of the investigator. Those who probe deep enough cannot fail to discover both and need not believe but will know. A little knowledge is, sometimes, a dangerous thing. Drink deep, therefore, or touch not the empyrean spring.

THE BETTER WAY is down to \$1 a year!—Having convinced ourselves that not only good literature is necessary to reach the majority of readers in a cause, but cheap literature as well, we have placed THE BETTER WAY within the reach of everybody. At one dollar a year it must be acknowledged that THE BETTER WAY is the best Spiritualist paper for the money in the world, and we invite everybody to subscribe. This we hope may prove the dawn of a new era—both for the publishers and the cause generally.

Rev. C. H. Gleason of Somers, Conn., has brought suit against his wife for alleged improper conduct with a Boston clergyman. The latter should be ashamed of himself for breaking the ten commandments and the former for being

untrue to his church injunction, "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." But "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and it seems the Christian lord is taking the Spiritualists' part by exposing the wrong-doing Christian mediums on account of the attempt of an evangelical alliance to "expose" right-doing Spiritualist mediums.

As long as there is a tendency or a spirit manifested to either centralize or dominate in affairs of religion or politics for the purpose of creating power in the interest of one people over another there will be strife and opposition in the air. Freedom in religious or political matters means to let men think and judge for themselves without being influenced or hobbled by other minds to do otherwise than their respective consciences dictate. When we reach this state people will not only be more content, but more independent and less given to false assumptions and pretenses, and act out their natures as God has given it to them. Such is true happiness and the intuitive aim of every soul.

Socrates already taught of a doubly acting influence operating on or through man from the external. He believed in a good and evil genius, or spirits. Spiritualists accept the latter. But there is undoubtedly a higher law than spirit influence acting on man. Nature too, plays an important part—its material side for material or animal indulgences; its spiritual side for spiritual or intellectual pastimes; and this influence is strong in comparison to the one we invite, and also in degree to the proportions existing in the individual. Our vices arise from the misuse or over-indulgence of our material or animalistic qualifications; our virtues from the practice of those called spiritual or intellectual.

A simple acceptance or belief in Spiritualism, does not make the convert immediately ripe for the spiritual kingdom. Mere conversion is like entering the portals to a newly discovered country. There is yet much to learn to be entitled to a seat on the spiritual rostrum or become a teacher in the ranks. Faith with out works is naught, and thus it may be said to every new-comer, while you now have the positive knowledge that your loved ones live and you too will live, conduct yourself in a manner that will insure you a re-union with them at transition. Good deeds, charitable thoughts, and temperate habits is the trinity that leads to them and at the same time to happiness.

Creedism leads to disintegration; spirituality to organization. There is no body of men and women of such unity of opinion as are the Spiritualists today in spite of not having a national organization. Spiritualism pure and simple is Spiritualism all the world over, and not a Spiritualist fails to recognize another on the simple assertion that he is a Spiritualist. That one word is sufficient to fellowship with him. There is nothing denominational in that. Not so with the simple term Christian. Unlike the latter Spiritualism has no shades of belief, and thus stands organized as one man with one mind, and which all the denominations of Christianity combined cannot disturb in either the body or the single individual. Can there be a stronger or grander union?

If rightly interpreted, the lack of interest in certain quarters would prove to be the results of too great a swerving from the main issue of Spiritualism—the spiritual development of the individual—and the unheeding of new inspirations that are continually pouring down upon earth's children. Our people should be kept alive with fresh, crisp, new thoughts constantly, and every medium or teacher should recall how he or she was converted. The same kind of food is required now as then for new investigators, and a higher interpretation of it for advanced pupils. Don't forget to feed souls in every instance, and let it be something that they do not get through the daily press. If Spiritualism is not always new it is nothing. Theology and politics rehash old issues until they become time-worn. Spiritualism must avoid this.

One little fact or experience is worth more to the individual and teaches him more of the subject in hand than the

most profound reasoning or scientific dissertation can. A tiny spirit rap heard, or a spirit hand seen, or a spirit impression experienced is more gratifying to the recipient than the reading of thousands of essays on the subject. So a conscious lifting up into the spirit world gives, in a moment of time, more understanding of a spirit's home—his environments, conditions, feelings, and the nature of the spirit body and the atmosphere surrounding it—than all the inspirational writings or logical inferences can confer in a life-time. This is possible to all who obey the teachings of the spirits, or practice what they preach, though it may be as Paul says, "unlawful to tell," i. e., impossible to explain in mortal language.

TEMPERANCE vs. FANATICISM.

Rev. E. P. Foster, editor of the *Golden Rule*, of Cincinnati, has stirred up a revolt among church people by admitting brewery advertisements to his columns, and justifies himself thus:

The monopolists own the earth, and will give me standing room nowhere. I am held off the earth, as Hercules held Antaeus, until I faint. It is not too much drink that worries me, but too little bread. I do not "justify liquor advertisements by the hypocrisy in churches." But it exasperates me to desperation when temperance reformers tell me that the drink traffic explains my being able to get no bread to eat and no opportunity to produce it. I do not touch drink. They are as silly as the tract distributor in the army, who, in the hospital gave a tract on the "sin of dancing" to a man who had both legs shot off. I advertise breweries to help set such insane persons thinking.

And why should not a reverend gentleman accept money for advertising a brewery when church members accept money from keepers of dives, gambling saloons, bagnios and things a thousandfold worse? Does not the government accept a revenue from breweries and distilleries? And is this not sanctioning the traffic, including the advertising of it? To remedy an evil the cause must first be removed. And why should not even a religious paper accept the advertisement, when there are many preachers and church attendants who like their beer and wine as well as other people? Besides that, did not Christ himself drink wine? We, like Brother Foster, are abstemious, but see no harm in the use of such articles for those who require them. It is the abuse only that creates the evil—not a judicious application. But some people will strain at a mosquito and swallow an elephant with ease. They belong to the modern Pharisees and Scribes. Mr. Foster was invited to leave the church because he had too much of the genuine Christ principle in him. He attracted the "publicans and sinners" to his church, and this did not behoove an aristocratic congregation. They objected to having their Brussels carpets soiled by the tracking of unaristocratic boots, and said so. History is repeating itself beautifully.

FACT vs. THEORY.

A writer in *Freethinker's Magazine* for June, says:

Spiritists, in offering a spirit body in explanation of the problem, must explain its modus operandi: how it thinks, feels, reasons, remembers, etc. * * * In the meantime, let them also explain how spirits can perform an impossible material feat: write with a pen, all between closed slates; also, why they can write so between two closed slates under the table and out of sight, and not on one slate, the usual way, in sight. * * * If they intend to place their theory upon a scientific basis, let them first prove that spirit is something, that something does survive the body, and what this something is and is like. Until this is accomplished, the issue is simply something vs. Nothing; Fact vs. Fiction; Science vs. Superstition.

The whole argument might be subsided by telling the writer in question to investigate personally; then he can answer the questions for himself or for our benefit and understanding. We have the facts, which is all that the majority care about, leaving the "explanation" for those who are not satisfied with facts alone. If the writer in question had the facts, and which he can have by a proper and consistent investigation of Spiritualism, he would probably founder on the same rock that many others have done in their endeavor to "explain" them. They are simply not explainable—as yet. A variety of theories have been offered, and all of them doubtless contain some truth, but so far, not satisfactory to every mind. Spirits have endeavored to explain how they "feel, reason and remember," and perhaps succeeded satisfactorily to those who questioned them concerning this, and would do so to our critic's satisfaction were he present at a seance where spirits are manifesting—every mortal attracting spirits of his individual mental calibre and moral or intellectual tastes.

This writer also demands proof "that something does survive the body" if we "intend to place our theory upon a scientific basis." Proof is not wanting that "something survives the body," and this proof places our "theory" on a scientific basis without our intent or desire to do so. But what "this something is and is like" is a matter of theory in fact, while what he calls "theory" is not theory but fact, and not "Nothing," "Fiction" or "Superstition."

Spiritualism is a philosophy (or religion) and a science based on facts, or a fact, and that one is the proof of the existence of spirits through manifestations as herein mentioned, and a hundred other ways not herein mentioned—materialization being the crowning fact and brings man face to face with his departed and whom he thought dead, and which fact is such an overwhelming revelation that few care to theorize on it after having enjoyed its blessings and comfort, and simply "wonder, how can such things be" at the same time realizing that "there are more things between heaven and earth than was ever dreamt of in our philosophy."

THE MINISTRY OF HUMAN ANGELS.

How beneficent this great plan of a human angel ministry! How it harmonizes with man's nature and his intelligent conceptions of what continuous conscious life should be! Active from human birth, in every department of his being, according to the measure of his powers, how can he look upon an endless inertia, a lazy repose, a quietude of all his forces for eternal ages after he leaves the mortal, without a sigh for the lost pleasures and growth which come from obedience to this law of his being? The Nirvana of the Theosophist and the Buddhist is as false to nature and to the eternal needs of a human spirit as is the cloistered heaven and eternal psalm-singing of the modern churchly creed and its philosophy of conscious life hereafter.

What but the spiritual in man impels to this constant activity from the cradle to the grave? The inspirations to effort, if created by merely physical needs would die out of the nature when fruition is reached. But it does not die. No man is so unhappy as he, who, having fixed his standard of acquisition, reached it by ceaseless activity, satisfied that all possible mortal needs are provided for, retires from his usual activities, with the idea of repose and enjoyment for the remaining years of his earth life. In thus violating the law of his being, nature turns upon him and he curses the day when he listened to the siren and ceased spiritual growth, and lost content of heart because he ceased his activity.

Apply this to the change of the spirit from the mortal to the immortal side of life. Is the acquisition of knowledge of real benefit unless it is used? Does it confer peace, create harmony of nature, breathe over the soul a sweet content, when locked up, like a miser's hidden wealth, within our own brain and never finding voice for the ear of others? The true secret of human happiness lies in pouring out our life forces in benefits to others less favored than ourselves, and warming and cheering other hearts by the sunshine of our own.

Herein is to be found the reasonableness, the naturalness and the true nature of the decarnated life as taught by the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism. No spiritual tie is sundered, no power is lost, no nature changed, no desire to benefit others quenched, no individuality blotted out, no eternal Siberian exile and no golden palace of the Czar, as the result of death, but we take up the life as we have made it in character, reform its mistakes and errors through the acquisition of fresh knowledge and continue to grow by the natural activities of the spirit nature.

The law of maternity is that the burden of care and anxiety cast into the lap and the cradle, shall bring its compensation in the sweetness of an evolved

maternal love. The more helpless and imperfect the burden, the more active, unselfish and self-sacrificing the love. When this love is turned into anguish over the removal of its object it strikes deeper into the nature than the fountain of tears. Such love is generally dry-eyed and speechless under the blow. But let the smitten heart break and the maternal spirit be released from the mortal, will the love be lost out of the nature? Never! If so, the future life would be an unnatural life, and human beings would become transformed into any spirit semblance save that of sons and daughters of humanity.

How sweet, precious, reasonable, natural and harmonious with our conceptions of what the future life should be, is this ministry of human angels to us. And how sweet the thought that our own personal eternity of life will not be spent in idleness, sleep or exile, but rather that our comfort and our joy will be enhanced by communing, advising, sympathizing and aiding our loved ones still in earth, in successfully fighting the battles of life for themselves. Who that has enjoyed this ministry will say that it is not a gospel of comfort, satisfying both the reason and the heart.

EVOLUTION IN RELIGION.

The most careful thinkers and observers among Spiritualists in acknowledging the modern theory of evolution, find it applicable to the moral and religious phases of the world.

The growth or development of the religious nature is as marked as that of the intellectual. The lowest orders of intellectuality in the human race disclose the crudest and most unreasonable of religious faiths and forms of worship. And while it cannot be proven as a fact, or a law of man's nature, that the religious nature is born of, or is a dependent part of man's intellectuality, yet the disclosure of the religious element in the race is contingent, in character and in degree, upon the intellectual status of both the individual integer of society and society itself. It is not necessary that we should give a resume of history to illustrate and enforce this proposition.

Granted that the religious conception of a supreme deity and of his worship, was superior among the Jews to that of Baal, Ashtaroth of the Phoenicians, Moloch, Rempham or other idols which the surrounding peoples worshipped with their crude formulas and superstitious faith; that Judaism was a higher religious type of ancient civilization; yet so was the Jewish intellectuality correspondingly in advance of the heathen world.

It may be asserted that the disciples of Brahmanism—which ran historically parallel with Judaism—were equal in intellectual force to the followers of Moses, their religious characters as well developed, their moral and ethical systems of personal and society life fully up to the level of the theocracy, but the claim will not stand the test of close examination and criticism. The Jew of his age led the intellectual culture and the social and governmental life of the world.

The force of evolution is seen and acknowledged in the patent, historical fact that the philosopher of Nazareth practically supplanted the whole Jewish system and paved the way for the downfall of the theocratic government. Nay, he taught a religion and religious life more in harmony with an advanced intellectuality. He well-nigh obliterated the Jewish conception of supreme deity or First Cause. In the place of a man with all his passions, enlarged into an infinite being, the Nazarene taught that deity was a spirit pervading all things, and the source, the fountain, of all love which pervades all manifested created things and laws, needing only a clearer comprehension by the intellect of man in order to be universally acknowledged.

The great difficulty in adjusting the evolved intellect and religious nature of the race, under the teachings of the Nazarene, has been the attempt of creedists to hold in a kind of Siamese twinstship, both the old, crude, intellectual and religious faith of Judaism and the better philosophy and religion of Christ. It was the work of the early disciples of Jesus, the major portion of whom were converted Jews. Paul himself, a Jew of high culture, being the acknowledged intellectual leader.

The result of this attempt has been to tie the progressing thought, the enlarging intellect and the religious nature of the succeeding generations to an absolute fealty to the book, double-headed in its religious teachings concerning the nature of the supreme deity, but a unit in its faith in sacrificial forms of worship. For eighteen centuries, while the intellect of the world has taken the increasing strides of a giant, the religious conscience of each generation has loyally accepted the book and its teachings as supreme authority, which to even question was to imperil the eternal happiness of the soul.

But the law of intellectual and moral evolution has still held on its course undisturbed. Modifications of faith and statement, freer interpretations of the text, questionings and arguments have succeeded each other, growing clearer, stronger, more sharp and critical, as the intellectual forces of the race have pushed on towards the zenith of mental power in man.

Papal supremacy and infallibility received its smashing blow in the reformation under Luther in 1520; Calvinism, born of Judaism, has never recovered from the antagonism of Armenianism; the dogma of a supreme trinity in one personality, has found in Unitarianism a bold, advanced and strong intellectual opponent with a solid moral support of Christian Churches; while to-day, science, whose throne is in the intellect, is questioning the book itself, placing its statements along side of the teachings of astronomy, geology, philology and other modern divisions of investigation and thought. Nay, the scientists themselves are the profound scholars located in the very bosom of the orthodox churches, but loyal to their evolved religious natures.

It is this class of facts which gives to the intelligent Spiritualist such a deep interest in the late upheavals in the Presbyterian, Protestant Episcopal and Methodist denominations. The men in the lead of these movements are simply skirmishers in the front of the great advancing army which is obeying the evolutionary law. The real battle of science and the creeds is yet to take place.

There is a greater significance in these movements than the general public conceive, but those in communion with the higher decarnated intelligences—who still retain a deep interest in truth and its triumph—know more, trust more implicitly and are undisturbed by the noisy clamor of the contending creedal forces.

THE SPIRITUALISTIC PRESS.

In the United States there are about 20 periodicals devoted to Spiritualism; in England, about 10; in Spain, 6; Germany, 4; South America, 10; Italy, 3; Switzerland, 1; France, 4; Belgium, 2; Mexico, 3; Egypt, 1; Turkey, 1; Holland, 1; Hungary, 1; Austria, 1; and Australia, 2. The principal ones in the United States are: *Banner of Light*, Boston, Mass.; *THE BETTER WAY*, Cincinnati, Ohio; *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, Chicago, Ill.; *Progressive Thinker*, Chicago, Ill.; *Golden Way*, San Francisco, Cal.; *Carrier Dove*, San Francisco, Cal.; *The Summerland*, Summerland, Cal.; *Alcyone*, Springfield, Mass.; *The Anthropologist*, Boston, Mass.; *World's Advance Thought*, Portland, Oregon; and several that advocate some special branch of Spiritualism or some other theory in connection with the main issue.

Those in England are: *Medium and Daybreak*, London; *Light*, London; *Two Worlds*, Manchester; *The Spiritualist*, London.

In Germany: *Psychische Studien*, Leipzig; *Spiritualistische Blätter*, Berlin; *Sphinx*, Leipzig.

France: *La Revue Spirite*, Paris; *La Religion Laïque*, Paris; and two others. Others in Europe are: *Le Messenger Spirite*, Belgium; *L'Aurora*, Italy; *Reflexiones*, Pest, Hungary; *L'Echo d'Orient*, Constantinople; *El Criterio*, Madrid; *Rigsdlaar*, Amsterdam; and one in Alexandria, Egypt, entitled *La Verite*, printed in French.

For those who may want sample copies, we give the address of a few others, as follows: *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia; *Revista*, Montevideo, Uruguay; *La Luz*, Buenos Ayres; *El Espirita*, Santiago, Chile; *Reformador*, Rei de Janeiro; *Revista Espirita*, Caracas, Venezuela; *El Espiritismo*, Peru; *Le Esperanza*, Mexico; and *La Verite*, Buenos Ayres.

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Written for The Better Way.

MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL.

HENRY STILL.

An article by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll entitled "Why I am an Agnostic," now being published in the daily newspapers has been brought to my notice. I think opinions of man's non-immortality and the non-existence of a God when published to the world are injurious to the proper development of man's highest spiritual nature, and when believed warp and curb the venerative and generous impulses that ought to be exercised.

The destruction of all religious sentiment with the people would be a great stride towards the destruction of our social fabric. The anarchist is a non-religionist.

The right of Colonel Ingersoll, as with every other member of the human family, to entertain any opinion upon any subject certainly belongs to all, but the right or privilege of inculcating or attempting to inculcate erroneous ideas should be exercised with great circumspection. That agnosticism is an error, if such a belief is possible, is established by the signification of the term.

With not the least inclination to dispute the historical parts of the article, but the rather to concede them, conceding "that the cruelties of the Bible and cruelties of nature cannot possibly be harmonized with the attributes of Jehovah." Jehovah being given such attributes by man. "That the Deist cannot satisfactorily account for the suffering of women and children. That the God of stone answered prayer and protected his worshippers precisely as the Christian God answers prayer and protects his worshippers to-day." That "heredity is on the side of superstition; that Christians can perceive the absurdities of other religions while blinded to those of their own. That religions are claimed to be founded and preserved miraculously, and that there are no such things as miracles. That the works of profane authors excel those of inspired writers and that Shakespeare rises immeasurably above all the sacred books of the world." Still, all these assertions admitted as facts, tend not in the least to prove there is no God. Say they are truths, yet they do not teach this universe to be without a Universal Mind.

Again, it is alleged: "That the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony is necessarily an agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural or of conceiving an infinite personality;" three strange inferences.

'Tis true, perhaps, that only within the realm of religious dogmas or belief, have minds ever claimed to fully ascertain and comprehend the First Cause with all its infinite attributes. But every sane mind may reasonably proceed upon the basis of the thought put forth by the Colonel: "That he cannot conceive of anything being created without a cause." That is that anything created must have had a cause therefor. It is upon this line of reasoning that most investigators endeavor to comprehend the fullness of nature.

To believe that some cause is the source of created things makes it impossible for the believer to be an agnostic, and much less so to entertain a positive notion that there is no God, no Deity.

Any cause which creates things, and to man's best understanding is a primary cause of the thing created; that is, is not an effect, may reasonably be a God, and as such be worshipped.

'Tis valueless labor perhaps to keep probing for the comprehension of things or causes that confessedly are incomprehensible. But ideas of things that come within the scope of our reasoning abilities, or our deeper intuitions, with such certainty as to work convictions, may perhaps be profitably considered.

Geology teaches, and it is commonly consented to, that in the earth's history there was a period when man did not exist. Earth was not suitable for his existence on it. That when he became an inhabitant of the earth he did so through some efficient cause, and such cause was not an effect.

Here we must stop. Our investigations can go no further. What that cause was we can obtain no information of. The resources of our finite endeavors have been exhausted. The earth reveals no cause or causes for the effect—man—nor inspiration, nor reason, nor tradition. He was a commencement, and in whatever form or condition; with whatever attributes, powers or passions he, she, or it may have had, that projected man on the earth, that power, by man, may be judged a Primary cause; whether the true God or not, is immaterial; and every mind so adjudging, may, if venerative, properly worship it; or, as a man, may stand erect and with admiration praise it for the results set before him. This indefinable cause then becomes a Deity.

Is the continued propagation of man a "special creation," like his introduction? No, not in the same sense, certainly not. Colonel Ingersoll has an existence as an individual member of mankind, through causes which are well-known to be effects. These effects which are the direct, immediate cause of Colonel Ingersoll's existence as an individual come within the experiences of mankind generally.

Man knows that his fellow creatures are products of the union of father and mother. The position of the agnostic that like begets like, that one father must have had another and he another, and so on for eternity is very good so far as that eternity goes. But their eternity is checked and ended by the record of the earth, a work that is truly inspired. No mistakes are in its pages. Its story depends not on miracles, nor logic, nor inspiration, nor reason, nor tradition. It says that here, at this epoch, man commenced his career, or the rather that prior to the present age none of mankind, no not one, existed. Hence some other than a human father and mother must have begotten the first born.

An inability to conceive of the "annihilation of the least possible fragment of the least atom of which we can think," is a flimsy reason to assign why man should be an agnostic. At most such inability only shows the mind of man to be limited. But is it not an egregious error for scientists or philosophers to entangle physical phases of life with psychical questions? Science is daily changing her arrangements. Text books of yesterday are unsuited for the discoveries of to-day. New meanings are given to old terms. Substance matter with the student of to-day is not what it was in the days and years gone by. Energy is taking the place of force. Energy acting on energy the stead of matter. But the phases of psychic phenomena are the same to-day that they were thousands of years ago. Inspiration now is not otherwise than when the Iliad was composed. The laws of the soul's action cannot be proven by the laws of vegetable vitiation, nor the mental of man be tested in the crucibles, balances or bags.

Is it not a mistake to ask for the solution of statements when a solution is impossible? Or to present erroneous, astounding positions for the purpose of trying to bolster up an opinion? Truly it so appears.

"Is it possible," says the Colonel, "for the human mind to conceive of an infinite personality?" Here is a mountain of immensity for a finite animal to ruminate on. What is there in the question? Any mind that can catch the least substantive or spiritual significance in it, can catch sunshine when there is no sun, or find sense where there is naught but nonsense. It is an absurdity. Terms contradict one another. It is the same as asking "if God can make a two year old calf in a minute?" Or a "circle that is in circumference four times its diameter?" Such questions are void of meaning. The "infinite" is illimitable, incomprehensible. Personality is an entity, a unit, a part—greater or less of the whole. The question put by the Colonel can be answered only by a fakir.

Again of the "Supernatural." Of "comprehending the supernatural." Properly speaking there are no such things to be comprehended. Whatever is, is natural. Many phases of life are uncommon. Myriads of the people of the earth live and die without any knowledge of things, principles and conditions common to others. Every "brain is a kingdom, each mind is a sovereign."

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Hamlet's ghost was the spirit of his father. It was an "honest ghost" who told the tale of his murder to the understanding of his son.

Verily, this was an unusual science, but not an unnatural or supernatural one. The wronged king sent untimely to his grave sought revenge for the deep damnation of his taking off. What was there supernatural in this? Nothing.

Evidences of continued human passion after we have "shuffled off this mortal coil" are plentiful, and he who seeks can find.

With the cruel sting made upon many who have believed and do now believe in various religions or orthodox dogmas they were or are such "through fear and prejudice," or are "wanting in understanding," but little need be said. Master minds living long before the Christian era began had implicit confidence in God, though disbelieving in the gods of their Greek brethren. Socrates was an example. With our own people there are many most brilliant men in the sciences against whom not the least taint of "fear," or of "ignorance," or "wanting in understanding" can be charged. The late Prof. Agassiz is in point. He found consolation in religion and lastly in evolution.

The argument of Hume employed by the Colonel needs revamping to-day. The testimony of the intelligent world may be contradicted successfully by not only twelve minds, but one mind. But whether the position as to the value of the "common experiences of mankind be correct or erroneous," it has but little in it to sustain or comfort the want of belief of an agnostic.

The difficulties of this class of thinkers are many. They are a set of know-nothings so far as their agnostical notions are concerned. They neither believe or disbelieve; agree nor disagree. They are veritable Hamlets. Will talk with the spirits of their late fathers, tell their companions in truth they are honest ghosts, and yet keep harping on the existence of their souls, "Whether to be or not to be."

They take the evidences of design and perceive that flippers, feet and fingers of animal bodies are constructed on one

general plan. That these appendages admirably answer the purposes useful for their animal existences. They determine without hesitating that they must be designed. But they say Col. Ingersoll says there cannot be a designer who has not designed, and to believe that there can be a designer who was not designed becomes an absurdity.

Hence designer is the result of designer. Designer is added to designer *ad infinitum* until the imagination is exhausted, the stomach overloaded, sickness and ejects the whole scheme.

Defeated by themselves in the field of design, they seek in other channels to find causes for these necessary appendages.

A minute cell, molecule, monad, a piece of mud, is, by the aid of powerful glasses brought to light. It is found to be the foundation, origin, ancestor of all life, but nothing is said about the commencement of molecule. In the process of measureless cycles of time these monads commence kicking for existence. Through these struggles it provides itself with weapons offensive and defensive. After other long ages, periods, epochs, and through most marvelous events, changes of infinite number and almost limitless capacities, this monad finds itself without volition on its part to be evolved into a mighty being.

Crowned "with a brain that is a kingdom and a mind that is a sovereign." Man, and "what a piece of work! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a God! The beauty of the world; the paragon of all animals. The survival of the fittest"—fightest.

"Infinite in faculty? Noble in reason," is it? Aye, just so. Mentality, thought, reason, consciousness, all attributes of man evolved from the simple monad or mud.

These things, principles, or conditions could hardly have proceeded from undesignated protoplasmic mud. A doubt has taken hold of these enthusiastic searchers of truth; they have overtaken another stumbling block.

Every road traveled to find evidences against special creations has led to the preposterous. "Design ends in absurdity!" Evolution in folly. But one asylum is left for wayward reasoners—disbelief. Into this they suddenly mope their way, saying: "We don't believe." There is no evidence of psychical, or physical, tending satisfactorily to show there is not a God, nor physical, nor psychical evidence satisfactorily proving there is a God. "We will believe neither that there is, nor that there is not, nor that man is nor that he is not immortal."

Can a more absurd opinion be entertained by mortals? No God! "The fool hath said there is no God." Lord Bacon quoting the passage adds, "but it does not say the fool has thought in his heart there is no God." What a comfortless theory for those seeking enlightenment, and for those in bondage. For those whose souls long for the fulfillment of their loving natures. For affection unchanged. For justice, peace and truth, and for life immortal. No God!

"Oh," says the agnostic, "I will establish reason for a God, reason for a religion."

A true God, verily, but as futile, fickle and deceptive as the gods set up by "inspiration." Reason, as a symbol of truth, is as faulty as the Jehovah of the Jews. Reason establishes theories through perceptions, and perceptions are as numberless as the things perceived. The numerous dogmas of religion are supported by reason. See how diversified they are with the Christians alone! Reason takes but one little volume of printed matter and evolves myriads of volumes, all unlike each other. If reason be an infallible guide why does it not guide all devotees to the same haven?

If it is as potent as its claimed it ought to establish the existence of a God beyond a doubt. Then would all mortals be Deists. Or failing in this, it ought to disestablish such a power beyond all doubt, then would all mortals be Atheists. Alas! It makes numerous Atheists, Deists and believers in a mumified, bottomless sort of an opinion that is neither one thing nor another—agnostic.

In short and in truth all religions have reasons or purposes for their foundations. Those most consistent with the laws of nature and the demands of intelligence and social life, will be survivors of the fight. Remembering always the words of a learned man: "I confess that a little philosophy inclineth men unto Atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth us unto God."

AFFIRMATIONS OF THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.
A. R. PRITCHARD—NO. 3.

We have affirmed universal and infinite intelligence. Moreover, that such intelligence leads us to the conviction that there is divinity at the bottom of this universe; that this all pervading power is manifest in the evolution and revolution of nature. And that it underlies, interlaces and over-arches all which human sense can touch or imagination can conceive. Man has personified it in every age; then dressed it in the garments of his nativity, endowed it with the passions of his race and fallen at its feet and worshipped it.

We are now prepared for another affirmation, viz:

II. Man is divine. There is no room for total depravity in a comprehensive spiritual philosophy. If there is anything in the universe totally depraved it belongs to the inanimate, perishable and finite, and not to living, immortal and infinite. When man affirms divinity in nature he only looks into her polished mirror and there sees reflected his own soul and its endless possibilities. It is the God in man which sees and apprehends the God in and over nature. If there was no divinity in man this consciousness of the infinite could never have obtained. And yet it has been a significant fact in all his history. It brooded over the cave temple in his primitive age. It has inspired him in all his earthly toils. To give expression to this overmastering thought he has left all along his pathway altars and temples, many of which are grey with the dust of buried centuries. They speak to us where history is dumb, and myth and legend fades away. These ruins proclaim the old and yet forever new thought which has beamed in his life like a fadeless star in all the ages. It is a peculiarity in history that the more intense thoughts express themselves in the most enduring monuments. Hence, his temples have commanded his greatest toil. His love of liberty, and even his love of home and race being secondary. How shall we account for the prevalence of this idea?

Let us say this: just as the music in man feels and is touched by the music in nature; as the mathematics within him sees and reads the eternal mathematics of the universe, as the undefined beauty within his soul is made conscious of the beautiful without him, so the divinity within man feels and perceives the divinity within and over nature.

If this proposition is true there can be no such thing as total depravity. Beneath the soiled and tattered garments of every seemingly wrecked and ruined life there is still a link which binds it to the good, true and beautiful. Moreover, there can be no alienation or separation of the finite from the infinite. God cannot divorce man from his empire, and man cannot escape or flee from the infinite domain. His birthright is the universe and his destiny co-equal and co-extensive with it. The earth is his and under the touch of his masterly genius he transforms and makes it beautiful. The heavens belong to him and the land which formed the brightest star is no greater than the mind which can watch its tireless sweeps, measure and survey it.

Christian theology assumes there is something wrong between man and his God, and that it has discovered the means of reconciliation. The spiritual philosophy assumes man and his God to exist upon the most intimate terms, and that it is beyond the power of either to break the bond of their union. If God could banish man his empire would fall in shapeless ruins. Could man blot out the infinite and eternal his destiny is narrowed to the fate of the poorest worm which crawls upon the earth, or minutest insect that leaves its unheard sigh at life's open gate and then goes out in darkness. Could a God alienate and forever banish one poor erring, sin-cursed mortal, he would extinguish himself and turn into nothingness and black oblivion his own infinitude.

The babbling and cant of Christian theology over man's total depravity is the puerile muttering of human weakness as devoid of logic as the deserts are of flowers. It is the egotism of ignorance mocking the majesty and glory of this universe. What bold and brazen impudence for a priest to assume the august function of settling differences between God and man. If any exist who made him master in chancery or clothed him with the powers of arbitration? Whence do they derive their commission? If God is the powerful personal being they assume, is he as competent to manage his own affairs as they are to do it for him?

Moreover, the dignity and divinity of man is the only practical postulate for human progress. Why attempt to recover a depraved and lost soul? Would it not be economy on the part of God to exercise his power in the creation of a new one rather than indulge in the dangerous experiment? By what priestly jugglery shall we quicken into consciousness that which is already devoid of life? Shall we teach our children that it is impossible for them to learn and then whip them to school? Would we ask a child devoid of musical faculties to reproduce the creations of a master, and then damn it for refusing? All human endeavor is based upon the ground of innate ability to accomplish. Man must possess sheathed within his mysterious nature the germinal possibilities of all the ages shall bequeath to him. Herein do we find a solid rock upon which our weary feet may climb to higher altitudes. It opens for the weakest child of earth fountains of hope and joy. What if passion does chain and appetite enslave, they may be broken. What matters it if we are poor, weak and feeble? We have an eternity in which to grow strong. Ours may be a valley dark and wet with tears, but the eternal mountains bathed in sunlight are before us, and we can climb. To the spiritual philosopher the star of hope is never dim. His capacity

for progress is the magical panacea for every ill. His relationship to the eternal light, love and beauty is established beyond peradventure. His charity as universal as man's ignorance, sin and vice, and his hope in his ultimate progress as strong as the pillars of the universe.

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DR. J. R. BUCHANAN.

That the kingdom of vitality or vital force is as widely distinct from mere physical force as electricity or hydrogen distinct from gold, is shown by the fact that it is impossible to construct bioplasm by any physical or chemical forces, no matter how well the materials are brought together. "But an influx from the nervous system is necessary to give the vital capacity for sensation and motion; and influx through the nervous system is necessary to give motion to the heart and the proper conditions to the blood vessels for circulating the blood. Hence, without the nervous system there can be neither conscious active life in man, nor the circulation of blood and respiration of air which give the conditions of vitality, nor the consumption of food which supplies material.

In recognizing the nervous centres as the seat of life, we are simply recognizing the universal law of the animal kingdom, in which we see that the rank and character of every animal is determined by its nervous system, of which the brain is the principal portion. Even when we descend to the smallest micro-organisms with a nucleus, that can be investigated, we find that their life and psychic endowments belong to a small central structure, the nucleus from which the power, action, growth and reproduction are imparted to the protoplasm that constitutes their bulk.

As life is manifested by sensation (and consequent nourishment) and as all three are dependent on influx from the nervous system, it is obvious that life really comes into all parts from its seat in the nervous system. And although the digestive organs supply material and the lungs supply by means of oxygen, the indispensable, their actions depend on the nervous system, and are but subordinate contributions, incapable of evolving life, which comes entirely by the nervous system, and takes its departure therefrom, when it leaves the body, first abandoning its outposts in the lower limbs, concentrating to the upper end of the spinal chord, lingering in upper portions of the chest, then in the base of the brain, and finally leaving from the upper portions of the brain, in accordance with pathognomic laws, and as has been observed by clairvoyants. After death, the muscles of the limbs, lose their contractibility much sooner than the muscles of the trunk, and the extensors before the flexors. A similar order of succession is observed in general palsies. In the application of electricity, we find the excitability of the nerves greater as we approach their origin in the spinal chord. If then, life emanates from the nervous system, which actuates the muscles, the lungs, the digestive organs and the circulation, and which also controls nutrition—it is evidently a vital neurological influx, which, through the nervous system, controls the material influx of food, water, oxygen and their assimilation, and the seat or channel of this influx must be sought in the controlling portions of the nervous system, which we know are in the cranium.—Therapeutic Sarcophony.

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There are two methods of teaching the mind—of awakening its understanding one of which we will call the abstract or the verbal expression of thought through various processes of abstract reasoning. The other is by object lessons or demonstrations after which object lesson the flow of reason comes from within the mind itself. In the one case the mind is overwhelmed with mysticisms, logic, dogmas—unable to see satisfactorily its way clear to a magnified life or a heaven of rest.

In the other case the mind, no matter how untutored it may be, catches hold of a thread of demonstrated truth, and follows that thread truth of its own volition to a satisfactory conclusion. Is there not in this a point of virtue and worth the consideration of divinity teachers? A city with more than half its inhabitants, walking or crawling on the plane of materialistic thought or on thought at all.

Here comes in the point I wish to make—that the demonstrations of model power—which power of late has been wonderfully developed, is most efficient as a preliminary method of leading the mind to a comprehension of the design, duty and destiny of the real entity at man, far in excess of any other preliminary methods of moral and spiritual teaching.

Think of this reader and then see you can resist saying—I believe there has now come a method of spiritual teaching destined to reach and convince the greater part of the six hundred and thirty-one thousand persons in Brooklyn or those of any place of their endless spirit entity existence, and should they be induced to seek knowledge in this direction—their lives will be made richer, sweeter, happier—the churches be made the purer humanity the better for it. It has not come to eclipse, destroy, paralyze but to aid, to quicken the impulses, to lead for correct understanding and a life of fraternal love.

HOW THEY TESTIFY
Henry Ward Beecher, says: The experience of every fresh mourner is "I knew that death was in the world, but I never thought that my beloved could die." Every one that comes to the grave, says, coming, "I never thought that I should bury my heart here." Though from the beginning of the world it has been so; though the ocean itself would be overflowed if the drops of sorrow, unexpressed, that have flown, should be gathered together and rolled into deep places through the life of man, without an exception, has been taken away in the midst of his expectations, and dashed in sorrow, yet no man learns the lesson taught by these facts, and every man lays out his paradise afresh, and runs the furrow of execution round about it, and marks out its beds, and plants flowers and fruits and cultures them with a love that knows no change, and expects no sorrow!

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BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

APPARITION.

There is no phase of spiritual manifestations presenting so good and open a field to perpetrate fraud as that of materialization, but it is a great pleasure to be able to say truthfully of what I am about to relate, that those who were present at the seance can vouch as to the genuineness of the manifestations. Several years ago, in company of friends, we had a materialization seance at the residence of Mrs. F. on Seventh street, near John street. The lady resided in a modest two-story house. We were ushered into the double parlors, as the front door opened into the rooms from the street.

In the back parlor stood the cabinet from which the spirits came forth. This cabinet is made of light wood from frame work, merely strong enough to hold the portiere curtains stretched over it; these curtains are securely tacked to the frame on the sides, rear, top and bottom so that no mortal could get in unless entering at the front, which was also covered with the same material, but only fastened at the top, hanging in graceful folds to the floor, opening in the center, through which the spirits emerged. The company consisted of eighteen ladies and gentlemen—refined and cultured people, every one—and all being seated in chairs placed so that each could distinctly see everything in both rooms. The doors leading into the rooms were all locked, one of the company holding the keys.

As the clock tolled the hour of 8, the medium, who is a lady larger in size than we generally meet, arose from her seat and stated that she would not promise anything, that we must all be as passive as we possibly could and await results. She then turned down the lights, not so low but that any one could easily be distinguished in any part of the rooms. The medium wound up the music box and started it to playing familiar airs. She walked to and fro in front of the cabinet. In a few moments the curtain parted in the center and a female spirit stepped forth, and beckoning the medium to her asked for the person she wanted. The medium came into the front room, asked for the person the spirit wanted, and the person responding to the call the medium took the chair made vacant. The lady who was called hesitated, through fear no doubt, but finally approached the spirit who came out of the cabinet to meet the visitor. The meeting between the two resulted in a very cordial and affecting one, and as the lady returned to her seat she was perceptibly affected, judging from the copious tears shed from her eyes. The spirit she met was that of her daughter. This spirit no sooner disappeared than a man spirit came forth, walking out at least six feet from the cabinet, making a very strong effort to reach the front room.

Not having the strength, he suddenly disappeared, but soon appeared again, seeming determined to reach the front room. The medium took him by the hand and got him as far as the threshold of the folding doorway, but he shook his head and, like a flash, disappeared.

Almost instantly a female spirit appeared dressed in flowing white robes, with an exceedingly rich lace veil peeping from her head—reaching to the floor—trailing at least a yard. She seemed to have a very anxious look on her face, which was rather pretty. Her anxiety seemed to be to reach the front room, but failed in her first attempt, as the male spirit did. She seemingly retired to the cabinet to gain strength, and again sallied forth. The medium went to her assistance. Taking her by the hand, the two advanced to the threshold of the folding doors. They stood there for several seconds, when she suddenly vanished from sight.

We will omit speaking of others in order to come to the crowning point in this narrative. A male spirit appeared at the opening of the cabinet, and Mrs. F. came to where Mrs. L. and I were sitting and said the spirit calling himself "Wilbur" wishes to see us. We at once went to him, and as we approached he stepped out from the cabinet and met us, and extending his hands took us both by the hands at the same instant. We recognized him at once—in fact, as soon as we saw him. His hands were very cold, with no warmth at all. He greeted us in the kindest manner and cordially shook our hands. His face was rather more pale than when I last saw him, and as I purposely place my face close to his mouth when he spoke, I could not perceive any material breath. He greeted us as follows: "Oh, Mrs. L. and Apparition, how glad I am to see you! How glorious it is to be able to meet in this manner, and in this way. Apparition confirm all that you have listened to from me heretofore, and I will convince you still stronger in the truth of immortality. I am able, being a controlling spirit, to hold myself in this form and condition longer than other spirits, but I can not stay with you long. Apparition, your wife and children are all present this evening and will appear to you if they can get the strength. They are standing at your side now, but I must go now, good bye, God bless you!" Quicker than a thought "Wilbur Thompson" vanished, not into the cabinet but in the air, before our eyes, so quick, we

were greatly startled, as his hands melted instantly in our grasps.

His voice was louder and stronger than a loud whisper—his face wore a care worn expression as if laboring under a strong nervous excitement and exertion to hold the material which he had covered himself. Both Mrs. L. and myself can truly say it was "Wilbur Thompson."

A large white spot appeared on the floor about six feet from the cabinet. The medium instantly called my companion, who responded quickly, and as she neared the spot a head appeared, with long grey hair and beard. It gradually arose higher and higher, until a tall, gaunt figure stood in view, over six feet high. He announced himself to my companion as "Solon Robinson," formerly of the New York Tribune, and said:

"I have appeared in this manner in order to convince you of the grand truth of immortality. I have often heard of you through a friend of mine in your city, who labored hard to convince me of the immortality of the soul. Good bye." He sank out of sight as he had appeared, and as his head neared the floor it scattered like a flash into the elements.

If space permitted I would go more into detail and tell of other wonders. Suffice to say, I care not what others have seen heretofore in the presence of this medium, I can truly say that that which I saw was true and genuine materialization, and the parties present can vouch for what I have said.

I purposely placed myself in a condition to view everything made visible with a critical eye, and with a determination to detect fraud if there was any.

SET UP BY GHOSTLY FINGERS.

"In the summer of 1881," said a compositor, "I was running a paper in a little backwoods town in Pennsylvania. The paper was not so metropolitan in its make-up but that I was able to do all the work myself with the exception of the printing. Publication days I called in the services of a half-witted fellow, who, under my instructions, had developed into an expert roller. I was the only man within a radius of twenty miles who knew how to set type, and if I had fallen sick the paper would not have come out until I was well again. Naturally I am not a superstitious man, but an incident occurred while I had charge of that paper which I cannot explain, and, until it is explained, I shall believe that anything is possible in the way of ghosts, spooks, wraiths, &c.

"It was the morning of June 10. I had locked up my forms the night before so that I could begin printing early in the morning. I was pulling the old lever promptly at 7, and at 9 the local list was in the Post Office. Soon after the delivery had begun one of the merchants of the hamlet—a very intimate friend—came into the office.

"How did you come to hear of the death of your brother so soon?" said he. (There was no telegraph station within fifteen miles).

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "You ought to know what is in your own paper. Have you forgotten that you heard this morning that your brother is dead? Have you forgotten that you set up a notice of it an hour or two ago?"

"Are you crazy?" said I. "I swear that I do not know what you are driving at." "At this juncture he opened the damp sheet that I had so recently printed and folded, and pointed me to the following item at the bottom of the third column of the local page:

"John Jones, brother of William Jones, was killed at Peoria Ill., at 5 o'clock this morning."

"My breath was fairly taken away from me. The merchant was right. There was the notice of my brother's death in my own paper, and I had not set it up nor heard of it.

"You are right," said I, "but this is the first that I have known of it. If there ever was a mystery this is it."

"I went over to the 'form.' There was the three-line item. The moment I saw the type I was more amazed than ever. It was the type-setting of my brother, who, like me, had been bred to the printer's trade. If could tell his work from that of a thousand. He was a marvelously even spacer and he carried his taste so far that he always put less space after a comma.

"But how were the lines put into the locked form? No item had been taken out. I examined the form closely. Yes, there was some more of my brother's work. To gain the space, leads had been taken from here and there just as he used to take them. He was a great stickler for good looks in a page, and was very fastidious as to where he pulled his leads. It struck me right away that the notice of the death would not have been so short, would have gone into details more, but for the fact that my brother did not wish to remove any of my matter nor any lead which could not be spared as well as not.

"Though utterly skeptical about supernatural visitations, from that moment I believed that my brother's disembodied soul had made its way hundreds of miles, had entered my office in the early dawn, had set up the notice of his death and put it in the 'form.'

"Late that afternoon a despatch came to the effect that William Jones was killed at Peoria Ill., at 5 o'clock that morning."

[Almost too marvellous to believe, even if true. But is not the materialization of a spirit form, perfect in "make up" and identified in every particular, even to an article of clothing placed on the body of said spirit just before it was consigned to the coffin, and neither the person nor spirit, nor the circumstances known to the medium, even more marvellous than the above? While we may doubt the above story to be true because we have never heard of a like case, we know the latter to be true because it is part of our experience in the investigation of spiritual phenomena; taking place at least 800 miles from our home, and through a medium whom we had met for the first time on the evening of the seance. It was a case of proof positive without any time for getting up the spirit in question for our special benefit, even had we mentioned the circumstance. But we said nothing, asked for nothing; expecting nothing, and in that placid and contented frame of mind got everything unlooked for. Then there were thirty-five other persons present, many of whom claimed to have received tests equally as wonderful.

And furthermore, is not the receiving of about twenty spirit messages in as many minutes on a closed slate held by oneself over a table and under the full glare of the gas-light—the medium simply touching the rim with the tips of her fingers after our reading to the company present each message and erasing it preparatory to asking for more—not as marvellous as the printer's story? During the whole process the slate never left our hands for a moment and thus we know that such a manifestation is a possibility.

And is not the receipt of a message on a leaf torn from our note-book, marked with our signature, placed by itself between the lids of a small sewing table, while the medium sat ten feet away from the table in trance, as marvellous as the first-named? While we were alone with the medium on this occasion, there was no opportunity for deception, because the message was signed by a spirit of whom we were not thinking at the time, but had expressed a mental wish the day previous to hear from him. Thus it could not have been a case of mind reading by the medium, but by the spirit manifesting. Nor did the medium know us before that hour and could not possibly have known of our desire to have a communication from this particular spirit, because the spirit was a stranger to us, and our desire to hear from him only a momentary whim. If any deception at all, it may have been in another spirit personating this one. But that does not disprove it a spirit manifestation.

And is not the bringing of flowers by an invisible power through closed doors and windows—passing matter through matter—as marvellous, and perhaps more so, considering that it was at a season of the year when flowers are blooming only in southern lands? This certainly was an instance of spirits going to and returning from distant places in a few minutes—except they have the flowers "over there" in every clime. But we have also known them to displace flowers from a vase in an upper story or other room and bring them through the closed doors of the seance room—the flowers being identified and found missing, and the medium but an amateur and a member of the family of which the circle was composed, thus eliminating all doubt as to imposition or deception, and the medium being as much surprised at the results as were the other persons present.

Such and other "marvellous" facts could be related in endless succession, but probably would be doubted because "too marvellous to believe." However, we cannot blame anyone for doubting until personal conviction comes to his or her rescue, and in the mean time we as Spiritualists must be content to know that we know and do not believe, and therefore should help others to find the truth too when in our power to do so.—Ed.]

A "DEAD" MAN RETURNS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. Some years ago, in a running race at Detroit, Danny Mackin, a jockey, was killed by the horse he was riding making a sudden and vicious bolt and hurling his rider to the ground. When the jockey was picked up a stream of blood was running from a hole in his temple down his cheek and neck. A story has been current among jockeys and stablemen ever since Mackin's death that his ghost walks at night among the race track stables, the quest of the spectre being presumably the horse that killed the jockey. This story has always been believed by stablemen, and if any one had doubts of it they are dispelled now, for the ghost itself was seen by at least a dozen of them at Rochester Driving Park stables on a Friday night. The midnight watch of stablemen had come on duty and the men were lounging in front of the stables, when one of them saw a slim figure in white approaching the stables from a clump of trees on the grounds. The man called the attention of his companions to the object. They all saw it clearly as it glided noiselessly toward the stable. When the apparition came full in the light of the large hanging lamp in front of the stable and revealed the figure, clad in jockey garb, and a face as white as the clothes, with a red streak running from the right temple, down the cheek and neck, like a line of blood trickling down, the stablemen were paralyzed with terror. The spectre jockey passed into the stable through the open door. The door leading to the stalls where the racers were was closed, but the ghost kept right on, passed through the door as if it had been open and disappeared. One of the stablemen recovered himself sufficiently to think that perhaps this might be a clever trick of some one to get at the horses to do them harm and he hurried forward and opened the door leading to the stalls, with the intention of preventing any such purpose. Two or three of his companions followed him. The apparition was moving slowly along the stalls, stopping an instant at each one and then passing to the next. The horses seemed to be aware of the mysterious presence. They neighed and plunged and stamped in their stalls as the spectre passed along. The stablemen were again paralyzed by this second vision of the jockey ghost and stood motionless and speechless at the door. The apparition glided to and paused at every stall in the stable, turned its face for a moment toward the terror stricken men in the door, and disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as it had come. That they had seen the wandering ghost of poor Danny Mackin not one man of the midnight watch has the slightest doubt.

The Bishop's Ghost.

A tale of the late Bishop Wilberforce. In early days he had a close friend, a school chum, a college companion; but about the time young Wilberforce took orders these two had a bitter and hopeless falling out. They never got over the disunion, and fell utterly apart. The chum became an extensive landowner, and was master of a charming house in the south of England. Time passed on, and he grew elderly. He thought of making his will. Being a great man, not only his solicitor but the solicitor's son arrived on the scene for the event. All three gentlemen were in the library, a long room, with many windows running down to the ground. Suddenly the young man present saw a gentleman go by the first of these windows. The elder lawyer raised his head as the figure went by the second opening. Last of all the master of the house looked up. "Why, that is Wilberforce," he exclaimed. "How many years is it since we fell out, and I dared him ever again to seek me out!" So saying he ran to the hall door to welcome his guest, towards whom no bitter feeling now remained in his mind. Strange to say, the Bishop was not at the door, nor could he be found within the grounds. At the moment of his appearance he had fallen from his horse in the neighborhood and had been instantly killed.—Argosy.

ARE MAGNETIC CURES PERMANENT?—ANOTHER CURE.

OMRO, Wis., Jan. 12, 1881.

EDITOR JOURNAL.—Feeling that I owe Dr. Phillips (Magnetic Healer of this place) a debt of gratitude I can never repay, for saving my life, I cheerfully make the following statement of facts relating to myself: Some time about the first of August last I was taken with a profuse hemorrhage of the womb, continuing at intervals until the first of last November, when it resulted in abortion. I had been growing weaker from the first until the culmination as above stated. Dr. Green had been my physician until the abortion took place, when we employed Dr. J. Hoover. My case becoming more critical and I failed rapidly with life fast flowing away. Dr. Hoover said he had done all that could be done with medicine, advised us to send for Dr. Phillips and try what magnetism would do. My husband sent for Dr. Phillips at midnight, Nov. 12th, 1880, who found me in an unconscious condition. Placing his hand on me, as I was told, in less than ten minutes the hemorrhage stopped and consciousness was restored. From that moment I commenced to recover and on Dec. 3d following, in the short space of three weeks, the doctor treated me for the last time. I commenced doing the work for my family, viz., husband and four children, and having continued to improve I now consider myself as well as ever. Knowing the Dr. through his wonderful magnetic power saved my life I cannot but wish that all sufferers would try him before giving up.

ELIZABETH OLIGSLAGER.

I concur in above.

JOHN OLIGSLAGER.

I was present and witnessed above.

Dr. J. HOOVER.

OMRO, Wis. Dec. 16th, '88.

To the public:

I was cured by Dr. J. C. Phillips (magnetic healer) in November and December, 1880, of a terrible case of hemorrhage and on Jan. 12th, '81, gave a statement to that effect. I wish now to add that I have not had a day's sickness since I was cured by him.

Mrs. ELIZABETH OLIGSLAGER.

THE BETTER WAY is the best Spiritualist paper published. No other Spiritualist paper furnishes the attractions it does and at 25 cents for three months.

Cumso (reading)—A ship which recently sailed for Africa had on board seven missionaries and 5,000 barrels of whisky.

Mrs. Cumso (indignantly)—Well, I do think they ought to send missionaries who do not drink.

Cumso—'Tisn't that which surprises me. It is the unequal division between the food and the drink for the cannibal Africans.

A LOVER MATCH.

She—So she married for love, did she!

He—Yes—love of money.

THE HAIR

When not properly cared for, loses its lustre, becomes crisp, harsh, and dry, and falls out freely with every combing. To prevent this, the best and most popular dressing in the market is Ayer's Hair Vigor. It removes dandruff, heals troublesome humors of the scalp, restores faded and gray hair to its original color, and imparts to it a silky texture and a lasting fragrance. By using this preparation, the poorest head of hair soon

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor with great benefit and know several other persons, between 40 and 50 years of age, who have experienced similar good results from the use of this preparation. It restores gray hair to its original color, promotes a new growth, gives lustre to the hair, and cleanses the scalp of dandruff."—Bernardo Uchoa, Madrid, Spain.

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A number of other preparations without any satisfactory result. I find that Ayer's Hair Vigor is causing my hair to grow."—A. J. Osmont, General Merchant, Indian Head, N. W. T.

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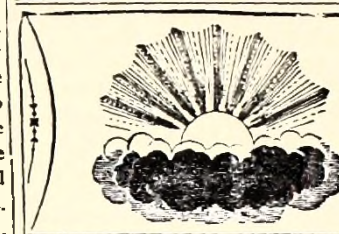
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Correspondence.

Tallapoosa, Ga.

Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel writes: "I am still at my gold mines near this place, and can be addressed here until further notice. I expect to visit Detroit, Mich., June 12th, for a week, and will give due notice of my movements after that, as the weather is too hot here at present for out-door labor."

Clinton, Ia.

Mrs. Anna Orvis, of Chicago, delivered two lectures to the Liberals and Spiritualists of Clinton and vicinity, on Sunday, June 7, 1891, on Mount Pleasant Park, at 10:30 and 2:30 p. m. Mrs. Orvis is one of the most attractive speakers on the spiritual platform. Her psychometric readings of character in verse, and her charming execution of vocal music added largely to the pleasure and interest to the day's program.

North McGregor, Ia.

The North McGregor Society of Spiritualists will hold their third annual Grove Meeting, June 17th, 18th and 19th, and possibly a day or two longer.

Prof. J. H. Randall, and Mrs. S. F. De Wolf, of Chicago, have been engaged as speakers. Mrs. De Wolf will give public tests and slate-writing after the lectures.

The society here hope that all Spiritualists that can will attend this meeting. Anyone wishing further information write to Fred A. Thornton, President, or George Ramsey, Sec'y.

Troy, N. Y.

Our platform has been occupied for the past month by the celebrated mediums Mrs. Carrie Twing and Dr. H. T. Stanley.

Mrs. Twing is a very eloquent, refined speaker, and through her mild and conservative talks paves the way wherein the investigator is enabled to understand the laws and philosophy of spirit communication.

It is needless for us to say anything about our old friend, "Ichabod," as we often remark there is only one Ichabod, and he gives consolation to the sorrowing heart, proving that we do live after so-called death.

Dr. Stanley's lectures are somewhat radical, but to the majority of our people very interesting and intelligible. His Indian control, "Big Wolf," in his psychometric readings and tests certainly stands number one and cannot be excelled. The doctor gives us two public a week, where he gives from twenty to fifty readings in one session, and we have yet to find one instance where his control, Big Wolf, has made a failure.

Dr. Stanley remains with us through the month of June, after which he expects to go to Iowa on his way Southwest. MARY FRANK.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Miss Abby A. Judson continues to carry on her meetings in this city. During May she subjects her addresses were: "How to plan and carry on a spiritual circle," "Family life in the world beyond," "What is God?" and "Recognition of friends in the spirit world."

These meetings, which she has conducted since the 21st of last September, have done much to elevate the cause of Spiritualism in this city. Her intellectual power, her broad culture, and the purity of her character, make her well fitted to attract and unify all who are interested in the higher phases of our glorious philosophy.

The attendance during the last two months has been larger than it has ever averaged before. Miss Judson's new book entitled "Why She Became a Spiritualist," has just been published. Besides twelve lectures the book contains a portrait of the author, a sketch of her life, personal communications from her missionary father, selected poems suitable to read at spiritualist meetings, and an introduction which describes her method of passing under spirit influence when about to write. The book is published by A. Roper, Minneapolis, Minn., and retails at \$1.25.

Hot Springs, Ark.

I would like to say to any whom it may concern, that I think this place would likely be a very fine point for a healing institute, either magnetic or that combined with some other liberal healing power.

There was a good healer here last winter and the winter before. I argue that he must have done well, or he could not have afforded to board in the Hotel Eastman, which is the largest and most aristocratic here.

There was a medium here for the second time, who held his seances in a public way. I saw by the papers that he gave an entertainment at the Eastman. So you see that the people here are open to liberal thought, when the representatives of that thought are persons of merit within themselves, and are not cranks or frauds.

This is a beautiful valley with a nice climate, a population of eight or more thousand, and the visiting population increasing every year, both for winter and summer.

The place is becoming much more prosperous, as new projects are opening up to make it still more of interest to the invalid and tourist.

Lots are rather high, but building very reasonable; rents not unreasonable. Provisions at present cheap.

No one ought to come here, who has no money as a reserve force to fall back upon. This will no doubt be the future Saratoga of the South.

Blanco, O.

The Mahoning Valley Spiritual Society held its first regular meeting at the residence of A. L. Richard, of this place.

Sunday, May 31st, an able lecture by F. G. Wilson, of Mantua Station, O., was listened to by a large and attentive audience.

A meeting will be held at North Jackson, O., on Sunday, June 14th. If a fair day the meeting will be held in the grove, if not a fair day in the town hall.

Mr. Wilson will be present and deliver the lecture, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, who will furnish appropriate music and poem. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson go out under the auspices of the W. & S. C. A., of Mantua Station, and will answer to calls in any portion of Ohio or adjoining States.

Mr. Wilson is a very affable inspirational speaker, and gives excellent satisfaction wherever he goes. Mrs. Wilson also accompanies him and furnishes excellent and appropriate music; also inspirational poems of high repute.

After the lecture the society elected its officers for the ensuing year. W. T. Pail, M. D., of North Jackson, President; G. W. Richard, of Blanco, Secretary. Mrs. B. O. Barber, of Newton Falls, Corresponding Secretary.

Arrangements were made for securing a test medium, and society adjourned.

East Liverpool, O.

Spiritualists should not complain when preachers denounce their religion. It should now be clearly set down as a rule for Spiritualists to follow, as the following will no doubt show. Not long ago our orthodox ministers began simultaneously to denounce us (magnetic spiritualists and spiritualists) in this city. Our first public meeting was held last Sunday and the rostrum was occupied by Mr. P. Wilson and his amiable wife. Mr. Wilson's controls spoke with great effect on "What

is Life." "What has Spiritualism done for the public." The lectures were listened to by an attentive audience and seemed to be thoroughly appreciated. Mrs. Wilson gave two fine vocal selections and an inspirational poem, composed especially for the opening of our society. The society is now one month old and boasts of twenty-five staunch members, a fact which is now surprising those ministers who kindly aroused the latent energy within us, and to whom we all now feel as if we were obliged. We shall from time to time give you a report of our proceedings. At present everything looks bright and promising.

Our society begs to thank Mr. and Mrs. Wilson who came to assist us so well in our organization. Mr. Wilson is secretary of the Ohio Spiritualists' Camp Association, and can be addressed for services at Box 39, Mantua Station, Ohio. R. C. T., Cor. Sec'y.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

The Unity Spiritual Society held its usual services Sunday evening at Bulah Hall, with Dr. W. S. Eldridge as speaker, who was, as usual, interesting in his remarks, and more than interesting in the tests and psychometric readings from articles handed him from persons in the audience. Some who went in with no belief in Spiritualism, psychometry, or his power to see or describe spirits, were forced from the evidence given to admit that there was something there that was beyond their comprehension, and they believed they would investigate and see what it was. The healing power that he has is truly phenomenal.

Several who have suffered for a long time have been cured, simply by a touch of his hand, in this hall, at a public meeting. We notice a steady increase in attendance at our meetings, and hope that our hall will soon prove so small to accommodate all who feel interested in our most beautiful religion, and I think it will, as there are many new faces in the audience.

Mrs. TUTTLE, Sec'y.

The Unity Society held its usual services on Sunday at Beulah Hall. Dr. W. S. Eldridge was the speaker in the evening. He related some of his experiences as a physician and medium during the past fifteen years. He said: "Who consults me as a physician? Who comes to me for consolation in affliction, so anxious for a word from some dear departed? Are they all Spiritualists? No. Many more are members of some church, and even the clergy are glad to be relieved from torturing pain, and when the orthodox remedies fail, employ others."

He then gave many convincing tests; messages from dear friends, proving beyond cavil the immortality of the soul and its power to return and commune with earth friends.

Since his coming among us the attendance at our meetings is steadily increasing, and our hall at this meeting was well filled, showing conclusively that the people are becoming more interested in them. We feel that he is capable of doing a great work here, and hope to keep him with us for a long time.

R. Y. TUTTLE, Sec'y.

Ripon, Wis.

When I left Cincinnati I little thought that so much time would slip by without my writing. But so much has crowded itself into the affairs of every-day life that while mentally determining to write you every day, some unseen circumstance of social or business character would intercept.

We spent about a week at Crown Point, and the time was occupied in reunions of social nature and chatty gatherings.

We found Mrs. A. H. Luther, the same monument of light in the Spiritualist arena that she has ever been for so many accreting years, declaring for the rights of humanity to an equitable inheritance of the substantial things of this world no less than man's rightful knowledge of those principles of nature which make him an heir to the bounty of continued life and progression. The world needs such fearless instructors.

From Crown Point, Ind., we went to Chicago, remaining there until the 13th meeting many old acquaintances in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and trying to penetrate the various mental atmospheres which combine and to a limited extent fraternize under the banner of spiritualist belief. But we gave it up.

Babel never represented a greater variety of linguists than Chicago does of spiritual schisms. But if future history records, as possibly it may, that this incoming to the believers in "raps" is a natural and legitimate sequence to the beginning of the end of belief, and perhaps knowledge of continued existence, we shall say amen, and may Chicago Spiritualists make homogeneous in philosophy, the Babel of opinion now so rank and dominant among its searchers after truth.

While at Crown Point we received an earnest invitation to take in Elgin, Ill., on our trip from our old friend, Dr. L. J. Juckett.

Arriving there on Wednesday afternoon, the 13th, we arranged with friends to give four discourses, one upon the labor problem and three upon the philosophy of continued existence. Our first two meetings were sparsely attended, the last two we had good and intelligent audiences, and hope we left some expression of fact, that the more it is exposed will develop the truth.

At Elgin, as at other places along our line of travel, we met with most hospitable and warm reception. A little well-timed work in Elgin would organize a strong movement in support of a society of Spiritualists. Where is the David that with mental "illings" and the pebble of intellectual formula can penetrate the brain of the ignorant superstitious, that now withholds from the public mind of that city its natural right to continued life without the intervention of priest or potentate? If such there be, let him arise and go forward to conquer.

We left Mrs. L. in Milwaukee with friends while we came here to further adjust our business preparatory to a longer trip in proclaiming the "Gospel of Molecular Regeneration and Continuity of Life, Inherent in the Principles of Nature." We shall preach and teach this gospel, whenever we get a good chance—that that be assured; and, furthermore, we shall insist that the gospel of vicarious atonement is a pernicious platitude of Christian theology.

How often Mrs. Lockwood and I think of the many pleasant friends we found in Cincinnati, and how quietly and quickly the month glided by; and how often we wish that some kind fortune would locate for them a temple suitable for their gatherings, and if pleasant thoughts and fraternal formula constituted the architecture of visible nature, as we were assured it does in invisible realms, our friends then could soon congregate in an audience room made artistic by remembrances and souvenirs of earth's past great minds, and spiritual by intellectual combination. May we not hope that the future may contain the realization of this wish?

W. M. LOCKWOOD.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Conservatory Hall, Sunday morning, May 25th.—Mr. Fletcher's subject was a continuation of the subject of a week ago, "What influence do the planets exercise over the destinies of nations and individuals?" The speaker, after some preliminary remarks, said: Suppose I should place a ship on the ocean without a rudder, the vessel and its cargo might be very valuable, and yet without a controlling force it would be blown hither and yon as the wind listeth, so it is with mortals. You are on the

sea of uncertainty. Will you understand how to control your forces. Some minds do no thinking. If they can feel that there is nothing to disturb them, they eat, drink and are merry, leaving the world just about as they found it, except so far as these indolent influences extend. The man who occupies your platform and satisfies you with his platitudes, does you no good, while the man who stirs you up with new ideas, new truths, causing you to think, may destroy your idols, and thus distributing new ideas he is helping you. Some say I would like to attend a spiritual meeting, but they are forever destroying my theology. Is not this just what is required? You have been in the habit of enjoying yourselves, having a good time, and throwing the responsibility for your acts on God or the Savior, neither of which acts can be regarded as very elevating or dignified. We, as Spiritualists, tell you the responsibility for your acts rests upon your own shoulders, and you influence each other. You can protect yourselves against eternal things—that which is tangible to your senses, but against things and influences unseen, there is no protection. You are at times overwhelmed, as it were, by a sense of unpleasantness that you cannot possibly account for. You are all thus affected by each other. You send out to and influence each other with thoughts that are reflected back, and thus your work like its inhabitants is effected by the influence of other planets.

Sunday evening Mrs. J. W. Fletcher occupied the platform, Mr. Fletcher being engaged in New York. Mrs. Fletcher's subject being "Heretics, and what shall be done with them." She said, I like this subject. It deals with today, with your interest and with mine. Perhaps it is because I am an American, but I am always deeply interested in the to-day of our lives.

There is but one way for us to regard heresy, and that is to place ourselves on trial. We, you and I are criminals. We are all living in the same country, the same State, the same city, breathing the same air with these men, and are we not on trial with them. What is the meaning of the word heresy? Webster tells us heresy means our error in religion, and a heretic must mean a believer in error. Now does the word religion mean the same thing to the pew it does to the pulpit. Again Webster gives the meaning of the word religion as tied to God. What is more beautiful than this idea to the man or woman who has given their time and thought to it—that it is a part of God. For the church designed for and working for good I have no words, except those of praise. To be a Christian is to be a very good person, and means a great deal. It must be true that the route to heaven must be as difficult as our diverse ways here.

With some of our denominations, without a complete immersion there can be no salvation, and we have seen people immersed where it became necessary to cut the ice in order to accomplish it. Would not a few drops of water on the faces of the individuals have been equally effective. We Americans pride ourselves on the idea that we live in a free country. Is it a free country? Is there a Spiritualist, an infidel, or a liberal-minded man or woman in all this land who has not been regarded sneeringly, contemptuously for expression of their honest opinions?

Our constitution guarantees to each individual the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and yet you must worship God according to a creed or be tried for heresy.

The man who can subscribe to a creed at nineteen can do it at thirty. No good man stands still, and he cannot accept—not if he is honest—the idea of eternal punishment after death; it is too narrow. No man, woman or child who knows what it is to love can accept such a terrible doctrine.

The church has admitted that there is error in the Bible, and attempted to revise it, thereby admitting the fallibility of the Bible. The church has its creeds and endeavors to find the man to fit the creed. We would have the man and find the creed to fit the man.

The withdrawal of such men as Rev. Heber Newton, the Rev. Dr. Briggs, with others now under criticism, will leave the orthodox ministry little brains to carry on their work.

There can be but one heresy, and that is actual falsehood.

Mrs. Fletcher was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience present.

Fraternally, DOCTOR.

Cincinnati, O.

Mrs. Lena Bible made her debut before a Cincinnati audience on Sunday last by lecturing, improvising poetry and giving psychometric readings and spirit tests. She is quite a genius in each of these departments and elicited active applause on several occasions, something that Cincinnati audiences do not extend except when merited.

The order of exercises were music, congregational singing, lecture, closing with poetic improvisations, answering questions, music, character reading from articles and spirit tests.

Mrs. Bible's opening subject is one of chance, or as intuition dictates, interspersing the same with poetical effusions which are very fine and choice in expression. Sunday morning her subject was "Spiritualism," prefacing it with the proposition that it was not the teachings of an imaginary God, but one in accord with an immutable law with which every soul must eventually harmonize, and following this up consistently she unfolded an interesting discourse. The evening subject was on the Indian question, their influence on mediocrity and as controls of sensitivities, making an interesting lecture for those who are favorably disposed toward the Indian and those who have controls from the happy hunting grounds.

Among the questions answered were, "What is the aim of mediumship?" "Are not our friends cognizant of our surroundings and influences?" "How is the spirit born?" "How does the soul first animate a human brain?"

The questions were rather new ones and indicated new material in the medium, and that new life and spirit elicited something analogous. Mrs. Bible has a found of hidden genius which needs tapping to be brought to the light and good attendances would prove beneficial to both audience and medium. In answer to the first question she concurred that the aim of mediumship was not merely to amuse others or to be devoted entirely to test giving, but to prove beneficial, spiritually all around and most especially to the one possessing the gift, for if it did not attain the needed results there it would not likely have effect elsewhere either. Mediums are therefore in a measure responsible for the morals of the people, though some do not as yet realize the mission of mediumship.

To the second question she answered that spirits do all they can for us as far as conditions would permit and as far as they could influence those who are not too positive to their impressions. The other questions she answered briefly, as she said, they involved too much to go into details, and would devote an entire lecture to them on some favorable occasion.

Psychometric readings and tests closed each service, and it was elicited by those receiving them, that they were excellent and correct in general. Next Sunday morning and evening Mrs. Bible speaks again.

PSYCHIC BUREAU SOCIETY.

The people who are, tried at Douglas Hall

last Saturday afternoon were treated to a beautiful discourse on subjects suggested by the audience by the guides of the regular speaker, Mrs. Adah Sheehan.

At the close of the address two new mediums were elected to the platform by President Harmon, and both made creditable remarks on the needs of the hour and organization.

"Prairie Flower" controlled her "chum," and after a plain talk to Spiritualists that elicited laughter and applause, closed a truly enjoyable meeting.

The Ladies' Class for "Psychic Culture" reported progress in development of individual members and increased attendance, and announced the meetings for Thursday afternoon at 1:30 p. m., at Mrs. Sheehan's home.

The conference inaugurated by our speaker, the first meeting of which was held on the evening of June 5th, showed conclusively that Mrs. Sheehan struck the keynote of progress. The attendance on the first evening was small, owing to the heavy rain storm of that night, but what the meeting lacked in attendance was made up in interest. Five minute speeches were the order of the evening and rigidly enforced by the chairman, Mr. William Skinner, was elected as chairman for the next meeting, and subjects for discussion are as follows: "Is an honest skeptic a detriment to the growth of Spiritualism?" and "What does true mediumship consist of?" The meeting will be held at 4 West Ninth street, Thursday evening, the admission fee fixed at 10 cents, and all are invited.

Mrs. Sheehan will lecture for the society next Sunday at 3 o'clock, p. m. Admission free and the public cordially invited.

EVA SAGMASTER.

PERSONALS.

Contributions received: F. G. W. J. S. J. Overcoats were very comfortable in Cincinnati last Sunday. Winter weather in June is a phenomenon here.

We would not only advise our lady readers, but everybody to read Mrs. Laura Hooker's experiences in the "Ladies' Department" of this issue.

The Spiritualist Association of S. W. Michigan meet in quarterly convention at Lake Cora, Mich., on Sunday, the 21st inst. Particulars in next issue.

Mrs. Helen Fairchild's address in Washington, D. C., is 1209 Q street, not 2d street, as erroneously stated in last issue, the printer having mistaken the written Q for the figure 2.

Mrs. Lena Bible is being entertained while in Cincinnati at the genial home of Mrs. Dechant, 143 1/2 Richmond street, where she will give psychometric readings and be pleased to receive visitors at all times, except Sundays.

Mrs. Harriett Perrin, the mother of Lena Bible, accompanies the latter as a kind attendant on one who needs assistance in consequence of her physical ailment, Mrs. Bible being almost a cripple and deserves the sympathy of the community in which she labors.

The Indiana Camp Meeting will be held at Anderson, July 16th to August 10th. Among the speakers engaged are A. B. French, Mrs. A. H. Luther, G. W. Kates, and among the mediums are Mrs. Kates, Mrs. Seery, Hugh R. Moore and others. Particulars in next issue.

Our good friend and co-worker, Dr. F. L. H. Willis, may be addressed for the summer at Glenora, Yates county, N. Y. Dr. Willis has been under the weather for some time, but we are pleased to state that he is now enjoying better health. THE BETTER WAY sends him best wishes, in which many friends join us.

Some people seem to think that an editor has no one else to think of but themselves. Among the scores and often hundreds of names that he sees in the various exchanges, all obtain but a passing thought, and those who expect more without self-exertion, hope in vain, for it is not in editorial blood to be partial. Those who are much noticed can mostly thank their friends for the interest manifested in writing them up.

A watchman arrested three respectable old ladies last Sunday for desecrating a grave at one of our cemeteries. He declined all explanation, although they told him that they had planted the flowers themselves and wanted one as a keepsake from the grave of their loved one. But they were locked up and were detained until bail could be obtained for their release. A man who cannot distinguish between desecrating a grave and allow it should be excused from further services—if not by the company, by the public.

This Saturday, June 13th, is the day set apart for the Union Society Spiritualist picnic at Coney Island. Boats leave the foot of Vine street, at 9:30 and 11 a. m.; 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00 and 8 p. m. Boats leave Coney Island at 1:00, 2:30, 4:00, 5:30, 7:00, 9:00 and 10:30 p. m. Tickets for the round trip 25 cts., children under ten years, 15c. Those desiring to benefit the society should purchase their tickets from the committee or at the Northwest cor. of Fifth and Walnut streets, opposite Postoffice. Committee: I. S. McCracken, Marion Long, M. G. Youmans.

Mrs. Pannie Neale writes that Mr. A. Willis, of this city, was tendered a surprise to welcome home their favorite medium. A fine service was the consequence, and many tests were received by the guests present. Mr. A. Wood, who passed over while nursing the sick in Florida during 1887 materialized and was recognized. Also a beloved sister of Mrs. Neale, Miss Laura Voght, materialized, and called up her parents to the cabinet and conversed with them. Another sister, Mrs. Dreffer, also appeared, and floated about two feet above the floor. Later came the illuminated face of her daughter, Rosa Eaton, and gave love greetings to all. The regular controls of Mr. Willis manifested as usual. After the seance a good supper was enjoyed, and the party closed with vocal and instrumental music, every one leaving happier for the entertainment that was given them.

Obituary.

Passed from earth life at Waverly, Iowa, on the morning of May 9th, of L. Gripper, Joseph Whitmore, M. D., aged seventy-seven years and eight months. He had been falling from the effects of heart disease for several years past, and it was for that reason he had less strength to cope with the dread disease. While too much enfeebled to attend to active practice as a physician, his tongue and pen was ever ready to disseminate the truths of our beautiful philosophy. He was a natural healer, was clairvoyant, clairaudient and inspirational, often giving startling tests, and occasionally gave good lectures while in an unconscious state.

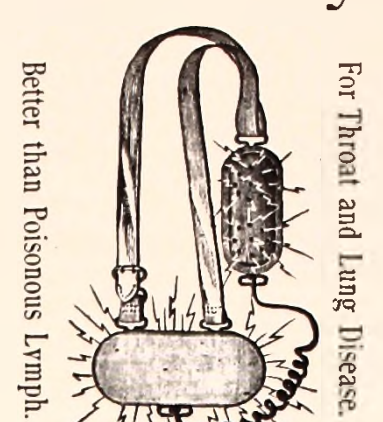
The readers of THE BETTER WAY, New Thought and Spiritual Offering are familiar with his name, and many words of hearty commendation have come to cheer him in his work. He was born in Salisbury, N. H., on September 10, 1813.

To give even a short sketch of his active and varied life needs larger space and an abler pen than mine. I can only give to his many friends the fact of his transition.

The funeral was held at the Old People's home, where he became an inmate in January of last year. A large number were present, and many listened for the first time to a spiritual discourse. All admitted it was grand. Mrs. Neale, of Shell Rock, gave the address, and while attuned a good speaker her controls on this occasion outdid themselves.

M. B. WHITTEMORE.

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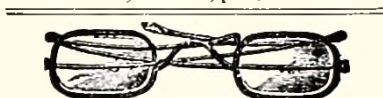
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Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way.

When the Rain Drips Down.

MARY BARR FINCH.

I found a rose on a summer day.

The only one upon my way.

On my way.

Where many roses more shall blow.

More shall blow.

Where sweet birds come and sweet birds go.

Sweet birds go.

Thro' green of spring or autumn brown.

And summer when the rain drips down.

How gay the birds then sang to me.

Sang to me.

Of life and all its mystery.

Mystery.

Of shadows gray, of sun and shine.

Sun and shine.

So like these little songs of mine.

Songs of mine.

In April when the buds are brown.

Or summer when the rain drips down.

O, shining waves of green and gold.

Green and gold.

Like ocean's foaming billows rolled.

Billows rolled.

Make heaven so near and earth so fair.

Earth so fair.

And joy and sunshine everywhere.

Sunshine everywhere.

Tho' autumn fields so soon are brown.

'Tis summer when the rain drips down.

Written for The Better Way.

LEAFLETS.

MISS LILLIE E. SEXTON.

We are not the teachers, but the

taught, repeating our lessons aloud, that

others may note. Truth is being mani-

fest as forces and humanity's concep-

tion of them—their properties, expres-

sions, uses and destinies—on any plane

of expression, are the truths of that

plane.

If we cannot see the star of truth an-

other worships, we may note the light

illuminating the character, according to

its degree of brightness.

The shadow and darkness, the beauty

and brightness of many scenes and even

angelic faces, by our ignorance and fears.

Whatever the way the strongest loves

—desires—have turned, therein will be

seen the ruins of past hopes and dreams,

yet there will be seen, even in the ruins,

the material for the base of nobler struc-

tures, to be built in the future.

No service rendered us can be appre-

ciated in the broad sense, unless we are

so well learned in its details that we can

render it to another.

Written for The Better Way.

AN EXPERIENCE.

LAURA HOOKER.

For thirty years I have been a reader

of spiritual and progressive papers, and

yet can but wonder at the variety as well

as strange experiences in every issue of

the many spiritual organs, as well

as frequent mention in the secular

papers outlining strange phenomena, or

if true, stranger than fiction. No two

statements alike and as I recall my

church, class meeting and prayer meet-

ings and compare them with

the rich gems of thought and variety of

gifts from the spiritual side, I can but

marvel that I remained so many years in

the church, bound to creeds and prej-

udices. And so might still have been

there had not something better, from the

intelligences shaken my theology

till I was forced to lay aside my prej-

udice and employ my power of reason.

There had many things come to me

along through life that I could not ex-

plain, but they claimed my interest and

finally brought wonderful experiences,

and some way shape themselves to my

poor understanding as special aids

through a duality which I thought I

must possess delegated me by the all

Father, God.

I could not conceive of anything half

so grand and beautiful in fineness as

was then brooding me with its soft, white

wings.

And not until the voices came

with their never to be forgotten

intonation, could I positively affirm that

it was spirits; my own earthly friends

who had passed over to the sea-gilt

shore still living, though I had called

them dead.

Out of many experiences that form

the center and circumference of imper-

ishable attributes in my kingdom come,

still fresh with kisses from a mother's

lips, comes before me with deep affec-

tion and pride, urging me to do homage

to the author, my spirit mother, who

swung wide open the door between the

two worlds, arming me with a positive

comprehension which forever obliterated

the dogmas and superstitions of the past.

My mother was a thoroughly good

woman; loving, kind and sincere. Though

her honest teachings made my early

life wretched in view of a lake of fire

and brimstone, that awaited all who

did not give their hearts to God, and love

him with all their might, mind and

strength. At the same time they told

us that he was our heavenly Father, full

of grace and truth and yet he was a real

God; was angry with the wicked

every day and quoted, if scarcely are the

righteous saved where shall the wicked

and the ungodly flee?

I used to feel the strange diversity of

character arrogated to an all supreme

being who extorted love and yet frowned

and threatened us with this awful

doom if we did not love and worship

him. I rebelled, claiming the right of

seeing with my natural eyes the person

I was to love, and holding the destiny of

my own heart in my own keeping, much

to the grief of my dear, good mother

who, I am sure, believed at this time all

she taught us; for plainly do I remem-

ber her mental agony upon the death of an infant daughter, fearing for her spiritual condition because the theology of the day declared that children born here in sin, and if not old enough to understand and become regenerated, they were lost. She had heard from the pulpit or its orators and expounders these words, which I subsequently heard from the lips of the great revivalist, Orsward, "that hell was paved with infants' skulls bones not a span long." In this revival I was frightened with others to the anxious seat.

The Rev. Mr. Mouffett in one of his thunders of eloquence amid the sobs, tears and groans of his audience, called upon the ministers seated back of him to hold out to him while he reached down into hell and plucked from the living, seething pool some poor misguided soul. Suiting the action to his glowing words, he threw himself over the crest of the pulpit and reached down among the imaginary mass of struggling victims, seized one and placing him outside the pit, then rang the bells of that judgment day hymn: Fathers and mothers, these must part; husbands and wives, these must part; brothers and sisters, these must part; must part to meet no more. O, there will be many moaning and wailing at the judgment seat of Christ.

And who could wonder that my mother in her mental suffering, fortified with such doctrines, should weep and pray, imploring God to give her some ray of hope that her sweet child was at rest with him and the angels.

Finally in her anguish and pleading an angel did come and moved before her swollen eyes a bright light, the shape and size of the casket that held her treasure while they impressed the imperishable words of comfort that turned her lamentations into shouts of joy; brought smiles instead of tears. Ever after she saw these lights, such as we frequently observe in dark seances, and believed that God had given her this manifestation in answer to prayer.

Years after, when I had become interested in Spiritualism and understood the meaning of her manifestation, I undertook to talk with her and explain the phenomena, based upon the law of spirit power and referred her to her happy inheritance brought her by the angels, but she could not believe as I did and begged me not to go after false doctrines, but to keep in the straight and narrow path leading to heaven.

A few years more my good mother came to the crossing, and though several hundred miles apart and while the death angel was waiting for her she mentioned my name, seemed talking with me and of a sorrow that then brooded me, of which she knew nothing.

I had felt that I could wait and I did not have to wait long, for e'er the word had reached me, she hastened to bring the message of her emancipation from her earth bound prison.

"Surely it is not all of life to live nor all of death to die." I believe there comes to us all a supreme moment, and that moment the grandest in my whole life came in an experience from my mother. My mother, just to every truth revealed, came back her errors to undo and heal the heart in sorrow deeply bound and stamp a never fading joy upon my brow.

She found the pearly gates ajar and many loved ones awaiting her coming and after satiating her joy, she soon found her way across the pathless expanse and like a worshipper at the shrine, she entered with noiseless steps, a spirit. This memorable moment came to me during the summer of 1864. I had locked my rooms at the usual hour and retired full of earnest thought for my only child who was a soldier in the late war. While I was all alone and most naturally my thoughts and forces went out to him and for his safety. The scare that pervaded me was dispelled by a sudden balm indistinguishable in the holy quiet that folded me in its embrace. I soon became conscious of a strange presence. I listened, O, so attentively as I heard the ripple of a silver stream.

I wondered what it could be and so near bringing back the vivid scenes of my childhood, as I had watched the music of the sparkling water as it merrily kept its course. I lent my earnest thoughts to its investigation and the query arose can it be that my mother is here? When I distinctly heard her in her natural voice say, "Yes, I am rapping this for you," which then appeared like soft, tiny raps upon my pillow. She said my son would return to me. Fully recognizing that it was her dear self, I was too happy to lose a moment of the passing time. I plied her with questions, if she was happy. She replied "her happiness was complete." I asked her who came for her and how she found her way to heaven. She answered "your father came for me." I questioned how this was, as he had been so long in spirit life and another had assumed his place and father to the household board. She told me that his former wife met him in the fondness of her early love; that they were all in one family and that my three sisters were with them in the perfection of womanhood and that their home was bright and beautiful.

In accordance with my desire she touched my brow and hair, and urged that I should investigate these important truths, and indicated her gratitude for my having opened the way to her, that she had done me the justice to think that after all perhaps I was right, which was most entirely lost to her. She left as mysteriously as she came. In the rapture of this position and newly found joy. I called but all was silent and I was alone. Thinking I would make a note of this event, for I was too happy to sleep, I threw up my light, reached for my paper and pencil, which I usually kept within reach, for occasionally during the night some suggestion found expression in the shape of little poems.

After such a thrilling experience, with the supreme knowledge that my own mother whom we had mourned as dead, with the solemn words ringing in our ears that she had gone to that bourne from whence no traveler has ever returned, have in spite of all these speculations come to me in all her naturalness, bringing evidence of her real individuality, was to me the most important event in my whole life. It gave me room to imagine or form any hypothesis as to its truthfulness or narrowly suggest that I had been dreaming.

I could attach no label to this new-born phenomena that has kept right on growing in strength and beauty. As well might you, my friends, imagine the configuration that was swooping up your town to be a bonfire. Or sharp peals of thunder simply the patter of rain upon your shingles. Knowledge is power. It is the supreme goddess of divine intelligence that throws wide open the golden gate, making reality so plain that doubt cannot cast a shadow upon our inner sky.

Early in life I was interested in church work and Sabbath schools. Consequently was interested in Bible reading, occasionally a passage would give me deeper thought and the following met me at every turn, and in every emergency I would find myself dwelling upon this passage: "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." I reasoned if this means anything it means just what it says. So I kept right on asking for an evidence of things not yet revealed; kept seeking and knocking till I had formed such surroundings that permanent walls and bolts had no hindrance to the ingress of the spirit. And now I know for myself that those who have passed through the ordeal we call death, still live and that there is no death, and I sincerely wish that every individual could have evidence that would carry them as it has me beyond the cavel of a doubt.

For now I do know that my good dear mother lives, I know I shall live also. It would be as impossible for us to mistake the birth of a child into our family or the death of a loved one, as to put aside the tender, touching and palpable fact of having seen one who has become a silent resident in the monumental city of the dead stand before us, exalted and glorified, and with the well remembered voice repeat to us familiar incidents touching every keynote in our own souls.

To be born is to die. To die is to be born into spirit life and to return to the friends they have left and their homes is just as natural. You who do not pretend to believe do make some use of your inherent gift—spirituality—which you possess, and try to divine certain things that have in some way presented themselves to you and these things are for you however trifling they may appear. Cherish them, they will prove the nucleus around which many will cluster, and soon become important factors in your code of reasoning.

Your ears will, perhaps, detect peculiar sounds which you cannot explain. Shadows may flit upon your parlor wall when quiet evening and earnest thought invites them. You may, perhaps, feel a touch when no one is visible or hear a whisper seemingly spoken with lips of air; you are at once forced to question, can this be my darling child, my dear parent or companion that is trying to impress me with their presence.

Many ways do spirits try to arrest our attention. They cannot come and demonstrate as you would devise. They use all the means within their reach, but they are circumscribed by laws the same as we are. Just remember how hard you try at times to reach a point and fail.

Sometimes a friend in the street or in audience, and with all your powers keenly alive you place your whole attention upon them, you stand erect, hold up your hand, wave your handkerchief, whistle and call, but fail in arresting their attention, but some one comprehends your desire and acts for you. Thus you secure a medium who has sensed you. Otherwise your friend had gone without having seen you. Please friends, don't express the absurdity that if spirits could come they would without having to find a medium; some brave or squaw through whom they could communicate. We will all have our experiences sooner or later, and I trust I may find some instrument that will answer my purpose and bear my messages to the friends I shall part with here. And if everything in existence is controlled by a law analogous to it, we have only to look up the law underlying spirit manifestation and that has been satisfactorily and scientifically demonstrated; all we have to do is to lay aside our prejudice and investigate for ourselves.

You cannot obtain a message by tele-

graph without a medium called a battery. You might as well look into that senseless thing and ask it why it did not talk as to make those characters in dots, and these have to be deciphered by another medium at the poles. And what would we do without this wonderful machinery called the United States Mail Service, through which your most private correspondence and much important business matter daily pass. At the various offices it is manipulated by the government employes, and reaches you either through the opening in their cabinet or through carriers which are the mediums for the transaction of this particular branch of communication.

Though the hairs may become whitened and the eyes, the wonderful windows of the soul, become dim and memory upon general subjects is indistinct the soul's light never loses sight of those events. And when that loved one, whose head you have pillowed, or the one beneath whose pulsating heart you have reposed, enters your bolted chamber, where the curtains of night have been closely drawn, appearing before you with all the naturalness belonging to them, the heart beats rapturously while intellectual recognition exclaims: My child, father, brother, sister, mother, O, my mother. And now that I know when I die I shall surely live again, I also know that when my time shall come, the white wings of passage will be given me with which I shall find my way into the beautiful beyond, where sandaled feet step lightly o'er the stony floor, where I shall be reunited to those dear ones to part no more. Forever I shall live under other skies canopied with shimmering light mingled in the boundless blue, where the scarlet and purple, the crimson and gold form the portiers to the archways leading into those grand old temples made with hands eternal in the beyond, where the sky artists are ever painting upon the canvases around and above us mountains and hills, lakes and rivers in such exquisite loveliness that we with rapturous emotion too deep for feeble words transfix in wondrous gaze upon those ever changing worlds.

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