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A COMPREHENSIVE STUDY OF THE MYSTERY OF THE DOUBLE LIFE.

BY PROF. ANDREW CROSS, OF PORTLAND, ME.

A prominent literary gentleman, who desires his name suppressed, recently sent me the following letter. The subject is one of fascinating interest, and I have adopted this mode of replying:

DEAR MR. CROSS: I was deeply interested in the Argus report of your lectures delivered in Reform Club Hall a few weeks ago, on "Spiritualism as a Science." I have never been able to devote any considerable time to an investigation of Spiritualism, finding "One world at a time" quite enough to keep me busy, and being, as a matter of necessity, forced to take the light of God's Word as sufficient on that point, waiting for the fullness of time for the moment when I shall see for myself, and not for another, or another for me, the world of which Christ bore glad testimony, and to which He called us, leading the way through marvelous sorrows, through the grave, thence from that land of mystic shadows, by what pathway we may not know, back to this world, touching its soil once more, no longer the Lord of sorrows, but the all-conquering Lord of Death and messenger of Life. Before that experience I am content to bow, not needing, on the one vital point of establishing the fact of the life to come, even testimony of "first men made perfect." Yet I would not be understood as rejecting that testimony, or as failing to receive it as so much added, not to the fact itself, but to "the piled up as Alpine mountains tower" testimony of the world to the truth of the words of Him before whose face the mighty conqueror Death bowed his head.

But, Mr. Cross, there are some things in human experience of a nature to call for investigation. Did you ever think that we are only on the

BORDER-LAND OF DISCOVERY?

The next generation will go deeper into the heart of things. We may hope, however, to do something to lead the way. Just here allow me to say that while I am not interested in many things, I do feel a deep interest in the advancement of the human race, and of those who live in Portland in particular. I have been led for the last two or three years to give some time and thought to a semi-investigation of what may be termed the mystery of the double life. I was led to give some thought to this matter by the Libby trial. I was then satisfied, as Libby out of ten were, that while Mr. Libby must suffer the full legal penalty for the taking of the life of the woman he shot, yet, at the same time, while he walked about the streets, called at banks, paid bills, received money, and, in brief, transacted his business much as he had been in the habit of doing, yet, as a matter of fact, something not to be considered by the jury it might be, yet none the less a fact he was not at the time of the shooting of Miss Snow, nor had he been for some days before, in a natural frame of mind, that he had been a victim to long-continued delusions; that he was not of us, while he was still among us. This theory was very ably presented at the time of the trial by A. F. Moulton, Esq., but the time will never come, perhaps, when the setting up of the plea that the criminal at the bar was moved to the commission of his crime by impulses growing out of circumstances

CONNECTED WITH AN UNREAL WORLD,

of which he had been an inhabitant, will be accepted as a good defence. That land of shadows is too near the border-land of this more fixed world, to allow us to know whether the defence is an honest one, or brought up by the criminal to ward off justice. Courts may not consider what we are called upon to investigate. We may take the word of a man as true, but the law requires something more, and it is hard to see how we are to know as a matter of absolute certainty the fact that the criminal was so moved to commit his crime. I am therefore inclined to hold that this will never be a good plea in law.

THE DOUBLE LIFE THEORY.

To enter upon anything like a close explanation of this double life-theory, would be, as you will see, a matter entirely out of the question here, while I hope to do so when talking with you face to face, but I will say in brief that this double, or, as some are pleased to term it, the "automatic state," is one in which the victim may be said to do insane things in a sane way; to act as if by deliberate conclusion, yet without after-recollection; to be subject to some delusion, while giving little outward evidence of the fact; to be in an unreal world, which will seem to be the real world, and having entered therein to have all real things seem as if by shadows. All will be delusion, while the truth will be but a lie. Yet through all there will be a strange thread of what I will term sane insanity. Apparently the reasoning powers are not suspended, but only centered on some point, some circumstance of life in the shadow-land

where he has taken up his home. The reasoning powers are not suspended, but only misdirected; perhaps increased, while turned in the wrong direction.

Did time or patience of those you are to address (and much more the necessity of leaving you ample time), in which to give some explanation of all this, admit, it would be a great pleasure to give not one but many cases. It has been my fortune to closely observe, while investigating this mystery—ever deepening to me—of this double life, but as that is not to be thought of, one case must stand for all, nor will I try to even touch the others, simply giving you my word that I have investigated far more mysterious cases.

A little more than one year ago, business led me to the eastern end of the city, while inclination would have kept me in doors. It was a bitter day; the wind was just high enough to send the snow cutting your face, and it was cold enough to make you think, "God help the poor." Just such an afternoon as one would choose for quiet reading by the side of a good fire.

A MOST REMARKABLE CASE.

Walking along I met a young man of my acquaintance. To him I addressed a few pleasant words, asking after some of his friends. He made but little direct reply, but said, and I well recall how out of place it seemed: "You like to be where there is a good deal of excitement, I see."

"A good deal of excitement," I paused after he moved on and looked around. "Excitement?" It might be suggested, by that driving wind, for, far out at sea, or, worse still, near the coast line, that wind would send the waves, white-tipped, over the side of many a struggling craft, and as the water fell it would change to ice, and then the sailors must fight for their lives to keep that ice down. That wind would cover with ice all the rocks along the coast, and make the rescue of the wrecked sailor doubly hard. "Excitement?" Yes, there might be for the life-saving crew, if called to pass through that ever outstretching line of breakers, but there, on Congress street, the idea of excitement was simply absurd. A dog making for home, a man bent on doing the same, but less rapidly; a most provoking gust of whistling wind; the sharp, whistle-like out of the snow. Discomfited in plenty—but no excitement.

Rather more than a week later, I received a note, signed by the brother of the young man who saw "excitement" where I only saw discomfort. He asked me to call at his house and see his brother. I did so, and listened to what was to me a perfect surprise. He told the story without reserve. For some time he was not exactly what is called on a drunk, but drinking every day. He noticed nothing out of the common run of drinking experience, until one morning when, to his great surprise, he woke up and found himself floating.

DOWN A SOUTH AMERICAN RIVER.

He gave the general features of that trip at some length. He was conscious that he was going through the experience of a party of tourists, as related in a book he read some two years before. Then the scene changed, and he was out on the great western plains, and found himself doomed to follow the fortunes of the famous "Scalp Hunter." Once more a change, and he was with the party who visited the buried city of Kor, and was introduced to "She." Let it be said right here, that while he recalled seeing friends, that were but parts of the ever-changing scenes through which he was passing. For example, when he met me he was passing through excitement enough. He was in Kor. He was face to face with She at the moment when she pronounced the doom of those who tried to take the lives of the little party of strangers. No wonder he thought I had a natural taste for excitement.

Yet, there was a moment when, but for the mercy of God he would have stood before the world as the murderer of his best friend. If you ever saw James O'Neill as the "Count of Monte Cristo," you must recall the moment when the escaped Edmund Dantes, finding himself safe on the rock, exclaims, "The world is mine!" At that moment, when Dantes is about to start for Monte Cristo, this young man joined him. No, he was to be prevented from joining him by his best friend, a young fellow of his own age, who was trying to talk with him. "Here," he thought, "is Dantes all ready to go to Monte Cristo. If I can go with him I shall have half of the gold. I must go. If there's no other way to get rid of this fellow I must kill him. I will kill him!"

He had a revolver in his pocket, and in another moment would have shot his friend, but the friend made off on the run, having caught sight of some one else he wanted to talk to. This, and this only, saved his life.

Now, Mr. Cross, it is not my purpose

to ask you to give further attention to my words. I only ask you to remember that those who saw that young man day after day for all the ten years of his double life, noticed nothing out of the way with him, except that he was disposed to say little, and once or twice said odd things. He worked every day, and yet to him the Portland he was in was the most unreal place in the world, while the world of dreams he inhabited became real.

When Dr. Jekyll took his drugs, he became at once Mr. Hyde, but Mr. Hyde was only the worst part, as it were, of Dr. Jekyll given a new form and new features.

Apparently there is to some natures and in some cases a power in liquor to remove them from the real world, and to place them in another world, where all is changed and where all is false.

In the case of the young man I talked of, the world to which he was introduced was that of books, for he had been a great reader. He had but a short time before read Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and declared he could see the march on Rome, so magnificently painted by Macaulay. In particular, when the force of the invaders approach the city, watched by the thousands who crowded the walls:

"And nearer, and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come."
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud
The trumpets of the war-note proud,
The tramping and the hum,
And plainly and more plainly,
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left, and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Now, is it not wonderful that there should be this strange power to recall to mind? To him "the array" was as plain as it was to those who watched it coming from the walls of Rome. To his ears the "trumpet's war-note proud" sounded as it did to those who were to keep the bridge. He lived in a world of romance.

Might not a different course of reading have left him an inhabitant of a world of crime?

And now I say to you, Mr. Cross, that this experience is but one of many that I can tell you, and I will when I have the pleasure of talking to you, of others more romantic, yes, and more criminal. And if liquor leads to this double life, may there not be other pathways to the same land of mystery? But how can a man live two lives at once? What is the mystery of the double life?

The above letter was sent to me for reply. It is a problem propounded by an earnest man, or I would have shirked the responsibility of answering. The complete solution of this problem is, of course, beyond my ken, but should I succeed in arousing thought on this, or similar mysteries of life which surround us, then I am satisfied.

The human race is not supposed to have been very many millions of years upon the globe, and at this early stage of its existence is scarcely expected to have redeemed much land from the vast sea of speculation before it, nor by discovery to have revealed much of Spencer's "Unknown" realm to the world.

THE WORLD FULL OF MYSTERIES.

The phenomena related in this letter are very mysterious, and as the Duke of Argyle says: "The desire to get rid of what is called mystery is the temptation which leads men into the empty formulae of empty explanation. The desire is vain. The world, of which we are a part, is full of mystery—profound, unfathomable; and the connection between mind and matter is the deepest mystery of all. The relation between thought and language is one little branch of its impenetrable maze, and the attempt to get rid of the mystery seems to be nothing but a poor device of self-deception." When a man of such high attainments and giant intellect despair how shall I feel in front of such a difficulty? How should I feel? Have I not already said that when we reach the extreme edge of knowledge, and stand on the threshold of the unknown—though not unknowable—we should go forward feeling very like Alexander, that there are worlds yet to conquer, and be conquered by us, if we enter the mystic realm of faith, holding by the "vanished hand" and following the "voice that is still."

THE PRESENTATION OF SCIENCE.

To begin with, we are informed by science that the work of creation has now been going on for some six hundred millions of years, but the "day," "epoch," or "cycle" upon which the man sprang into existence, is not decided positively. I ought to state right here, that in these remarks we are taking no note of theological opinions, but rather take a scientific glance at the

phenomena related to us in the letter. Science affords us two distinct theories upon this part of the subject, which we will as concisely as possible lay before you.

First, there is the latest doctrine, popularly termed the Darwinian theory, though originally mooted by Alfred Russell Wallace, F. R. S., in his "Theory of Natural Selections." This informs us that all the various types of being existing on the globe have been evolved from the lower orders and culminated in man. But we can find no such process in nature as one type of existence ever becoming merged into or the foundation of another. We can conceive of no process in nature by which gorillas or apes can ultimately become men and women. Besides, the properties and effects of evolution do not and will not apply to the transition of one type to another, but rather to the development and perfecting of individual types already in existence.

The second theory offered by science is that each type is the result of a special impulse of spiritual power in nature, namely, God, and when those types of existence have served their various purposes in nature, they give way to other and higher types, advancing with the progress of creation, step by step, as will be seen by Him who permeates with life the whole universe, and whose will is nature's law, the ultimate of whose work is Tennyson's "great, far-off event, to which the whole creation moves."

These are the theories of science, but notice how strangely they have failed to account for anything beyond the physical nature in man and sunk entirely from notice his dual character.

The scientist will trace the development of man from the monad or atom—both atoms have not intelligence, else all atomic structure would be intelligent; and when science reaches the human soul out of the process of creation, she forgets the one power of nature, unseen but felt, a knowledge of which alone is able to solve this mystery: that living and intelligent force, which fills the universe; the ever-present God, whom true scientists will delight to honor.

A PURPOSE OF DIVINITY.

The science of to-day has no life. It is just like its product, it is man without a soul.

I claim that every phase of nature is the direct result of a divine desire, and that wherever creation takes place there is a purpose of divinity in that act. That no atom of nature can change its own form or alter its existence without the exertion of his will, and at the moment when this globe was matured and prepared, the human soul became a living form. Whenever the earth was ready, there Adams were created, and as they became matured and prepared, knowledge, truth, wisdom, God, was more and more revealed upon them, and all of this by an act of desire in the divine mind.

It was Godlike for the soul, as a globe of life, to spring forth and vivify material substance, and that, too, by a process of law. The earth, made ready by development, smiled, in her virgin beauty to our father, and dust sprang to meet the spirit. Heaven and earth were joined together, and we the product of the union became the sons of God. Now, this relationship seems to show that a very important part of nature has been neglected by the scientist, and that although the possibilities of the physical body may have been partially defined, as to the nature and power of the soul we are left in the dark. At this point our remarks approach more closely the phenomena of the preceding letter.

WE POSSESS A DUAL NATURE.

We have paraded the character of our mother, earth, and also of our father, God, possess a dual nature, and are composed of both matter and spirit.

The physical body, separate from the sentient principle, is but inert matter, the sentient principle in man being the man, or almost so. The five senses are the avenues of communication, through which outside nature may communicate with the inner world, and through which the spirit reaches material life; thus the soul looks into the material world, and manifests its presence. The perception of the soul are composed of body. Physically we are possessed of but five senses, and these are circumscribed and limited to an extraordinary degree. How many senses, then, may the soul possess, if freed from the body? Or does the soul consist of but one absolute sense, embracing all others, which for convenience might be called knowledge, or perception?

You gaze upon the ebony bosom of a lovely night, and as she comes forth, trailing her sable garments, sparkling with jewels, one gem brighter than the rest, fixes your eye. In admiration you have dwelt upon its sparkling colors, and then, as the light fades, and the sunset takes the spirit. It is the soul sense struggling to overcome its physical barriers, and to widen the doors of the senses. It is the divine desire, or thirst to know. You manufacture the telescope, and with that bring the truth nearer your chafing, struggling spirit, thus assisting in the development of a new creation, the desire of your soul being thus the desire of God, the gratification of which desire is invariably productive of advancement, or fuller revelation to man.

THERE MAY BE DANGER.

Now, having found that it is possible to open up these avenues of communication with the soul, we ask if this power, so immense, yet so little understood, is not dangerous in the hands of a people who evidently fail to comprehend it, to judge from the manner in which the

subject is treated by the scientists? Let us see.

AN IMPRESSIVE ILLUSTRATION.

To take an illustration, all the world has been born blind, except one man. With many antics and gestures he in vain attempts to explain to the world the extraordinary things existing, of which they have no conception. They hear what are to them his intolerable ravings, and, according to their disposition, set him down as crank, rogue or fool. He is neither; but being, to them, in an abnormal condition, he acts and speaks in such a manner as shows him to be out of harmony with what to them is nature. This man has more light flooded in upon his soul than is good for him, in the undeveloped state of the race. Much knowledge hath made him mad, and after a misunderstood life, it may be, he becomes a sacrifice and a savior, his blood manures the roots of the tree of knowledge, and in the gratification of divine desire, there springs up a new creation. More light, and a higher revelation! In such a case as this it is well, but there are also artificial means by which these avenues into the soul may be, and sometimes are, opened, without a sufficient knowledge of how to guard the entrance. Science having ignored the existence of the soul, the approaches are left without the sentry. In certain mesmeric and clairvoyant states these doors are thrown wide, and this state is also induced by the reception into the body of certain drugs, but the agent best known which produces this condition to the widest extent among those least able to cope with its dangers and difficulties, and which thereby becomes, without doubt, the greatest curse of the English-speaking people, is here, as elsewhere (and I speak from knowledge), alcohol.

EFFECTS OF DRUGS VIVIDLY PORTRAYED.

Mesmerism, cannabis indicus, opium, etc., may and do produce similar results, yet alcohol, in its various forms, is so easily obtainable that the facts are more widely known. At first it presents soft and thrilling sensations, and the alluring charms of increasing knowledge and experience dazzle you with bright and celestial dreams which are not all dreams. The harmony of nature bursts upon your soul-sense, and the physical world becomes shadowy, and the world of shadows more real. When to increase the new and interesting phenomena you quaff another bowl, and by that thoughtless act you violently tear open and throw wide the gateways, and there rushes in upon you all conceivable inharmonies. Sights more horrible than any hell could afford, and fiendish yells, fiercer and more devilish than the foulest devil could dream, rush over and flood the spiritual nature, and acting under the influence of these incarnate inharmonies, you speak and act like a crank, rogue or fool. Being, as already said, in an abnormal condition, you see, and feel, and know more than our scientists can understand, and if you return to your normal condition without becoming a criminal, then thank God.

OPENED WIDE THE GATES.

You have seen and heard the symphonies of nature, but you did not know how to guard against its discords, and have been yourself nearly overwhelmed. Let us be careful, then, that, having discovered an explosive, we keep the flame from coming in contact, nor let us try to catch the waters of Niagara in a bucket.

The young man referred to in the above letter, during ten days of this abnormal condition, undoubtedly produced by alcohol, did all business in his ordinary way, only appearing a little "more in temper" and not disposed to speak of his condition, but the accounts of desperate murders and melancholy suicides.

It is not, however, as the writer of the letter suggests, that the liquor removes them from the real world to place them in "another world where all is false," but it opens to their spirits real perceptions of another existence, rather, where all is equally real, but not equally realizable, and being inharmonious, where much is discord, ending often in unmitigated mischief and misery. On the question is also asked: "Might not a different course of reading have left him an inhabitant of a world of crime?" Yes; because his condition then would have been worse, and the result produced more disastrous.

ANOTHER EXISTENCE AROUND US.

We must conclude, but in doing so what do we learn? That there is another existence around us which we do not, as yet, properly recognize, but with which, under certain conditions, it is possible to communicate; that apparently there is much yet to be learned by the spiritual and physical beings in the universe; that some of the agents used to induce a state of ecstasy are perilously dangerous; that much knowledge which we cannot grasp now, shall be better understood by us when we enter the next stage of being.

In our weariness of spirit how often do we long for the coming change which, if we have studied harmony here, will be harmonious, restful and heavenly hereafter; but if we have spent our life in discord, will ultimately be inharmonious, restless and hellish. There is, however, one end only to this. Harmony must prevail. Hope, with smiling face, leans upon the anchor and gazes at her sister, Faith, who holds a cross, and whispers "Nirvana," for

"Beyond the toil, the burdens of the day,

Beyond the tempests and the storms of life;
Far from the tumult of the weary way,

Beyond the longing and the ceaseless strife;
Out of the darkness and the gloom of night;
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall,
And far beyond the range of mortal sight,
Rest cometh after all.
"After the fever and the restless pain,
After the waiting and the weary years;
After the conflict, and the loss and gain;
After the sorrow and the useless tears;
Far, far beyond the lofty heights of fame;
Beyond the hills where shadows never fall,
Beyond the fear of censure or of blame,
Rest cometh after all."

Now, we have suggested that is all and pointed out various avenues of thought—nothing more, and now close as did the writer of the letter, by asking: "After all—what is the mystery of the double life?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN A NEW REALM.

Prof. Elmer Gates Experiments in Psychophysics.

BAD AND UNPLEASANT FEELINGS CREATE HARMFUL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS—GOOD, PLEASANT, BENEVOLENT AND CHEERFUL FEELINGS CREATE BENEFICIAL CHEMICAL PRODUCTS.

TO THE EDITOR:—It appears from the Boston special correspondent of the Inter Ocean that Prof. Elmer Gates, the noted experimenter in psychophysics, has removed his laboratory from Washington to the Philadelphia suburb of Germantown, where he can escape the visitors who were the "devastators of a day" of all the days—at the capital. There are those who regard Professor Gates the most remarkable savant of the day. He is the Edison of psychophysical discovery and experiment. His work is a new and original field, hitherto unexplored. From the time of Paracelsus to the present day the degree of intimate relation between brain and body has haunted and perplexed the student of life. The materialist has denied the existence of mind apart from matter. The idealist has declared that matter is mere phenomena, and that the only reality is mind. Professor Gates holds the conviction of the truth expressed by Spencer:

"For soul is form, and doth the body make."

He is the scientist of the mind. His theories of life comprehend new and infinite resources of energy, moral vigor, and educational reform. On one side he is in touch with scientific research, as represented by Darwin; on the other, with the most advanced and ideal spirituality. He discerns that the mind is built by thoughts which record themselves in brain cells, and that the moral quality of the thought determines the quality and quantity of these cells. Does not this theory account for the fine and noble quality of the mind of Emerson, as the outcome of eleven generations of clergymen and scholars? Professor Gates made a series of very interesting experiments in Washington last summer, which the well-known press correspondent, Renee Bache, described at the time in a letter, from which I shall make the following extracts:

"Among other things, Professor Gates has discovered that bad and unpleasant feelings create harmful chemical products in the body, which are physically injurious.

"Good, pleasant, benevolent and cheerful feelings create beneficial chemicals, products which are physically healthful.

"Each unpleasant emotion produces its own peculiar poison.
"When a man feels greatly depressed he cannot work. Bad crises and memories kill energy. They affect the physical being immediately. On the other hand, happy feelings create energy, and make one feel like exerting himself."

PROCESSES OF MENTAL MECHANISM.

These emotions are all registered in the perspiration, and Prof. Gates, by analyzing this, can detect the emotion. His aim is to formulate the process of mental mechanism—of mind-building. He believes an ill-tempered child can be cured—the defect overcome—by concentrating the child's attention for hours every day on pleasant memories and generous thoughts. This process trains the mind, as gymnastic exercises train and develop the body.

There is probably a still greater importance to this, not only in the physical mechanism of acting on the brain cells, but in creating that atmosphere which attracts pure and bright influences from the unseen world. And, after all, the whole philosophy is concentrated in the words of the apostle:

"Whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report, think on these things."

Of Prof. Gates's work Renee Bache says, further:

"Consider the case of the man who is unhappy and depressed, discouraged with life. The psycho-physicist can take such a person, and within six weeks transform him to such an extent that every friend of his will notice the difference. The alteration will be accomplished without communicating to the individual any suggestions as to

desirable improvements in his gait or outward aspect. He will simply be put through a course of mental lessons. To begin with, he will be taught to rehearse for an hour each day all the pleasurable memories he can summon up. He will deliberately devote more time to cheerful and agreeable thoughts. By this means, more blood and nourishment will be sent to that part of his brain which produces such pleasant ideas.

"Anybody may go into the business of building his own mind. The thinking organ undergoes perpetual changes in cell-structure, and is never finished." A month's self-training will produce a wonderful difference, developing cells of good thinking, and starving out poor ones.

Prof. Gates was speaking the other day to a Boston man of art study, and said that if a student were giving eight hours a day to work, he would advance much more rapidly to give two hours of these to sitting in absolute silence and solitude, to receive the suggestions from the infinite reservoir of art impressions in the atmosphere, and devote six hours to technical work, than he could if devoting the entire time to the active and technical part.

In Prof. Gates the highest scientific knowledge and the most advanced idealism of the day meet, and results hitherto unparalleled may be expected from his researches. If we are to have a permanent and adequate cure for that degeneration of which Dr. Max Nordau complains, it will be found in the more intelligent methods of life discussed by Prof. Gates and others along this line.

In the above is much food for thought among all classes. To say the least, there is a vein of truth in the position assumed by Prof. Gates. JUS TICE.

Closing Seances of the Spiritual Temple.

On Sunday, June 2, Mr. Ayers, at his temple, gave the closing seance of the series that he has been giving during the past six months. Mrs. Bliss was the medium in the morning, for full form manifestations, which were very satisfactory and interesting; one or two forms dematerialized in plain sight outside of the cabinet. Among the forms that appeared was Mr. Dudley, well-known as the head clerk of the Banner of Light for some twenty-five years, and he, as usual, was very readily and generally recognized.

Mr. Hutton was the medium at the evening seance, giving first physical manifestations under test conditions, ringing of bells and playing on tambourines and other musical instruments, and showing of hands of different sizes, and later full-form materializations.

Mr. Ayers then gave notice of a few meetings the present week, and then said the temple would be closed for the season, and would open again on the first of October.

Mr. Moses T. Dole then arose and proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Ayers for his liberality in giving these free, public seances every Sunday for the past six months—paying him a great compliment for his generosity and doing so much for the cause—which was applauded, while reading the resolution. It was seconded by Mr. Wetherbee, when a gentleman from the Banner of Light office put the motion, repeating substantially the words read by Mr. Dole, saying the applause had been so hearty that the formality of a vote was hardly needed, but he put it all the same, requesting those in favor to say yes; and the response was very loud and very general, and was pronounced unanimous.

Thus ended one of the most successful movements in spiritual matters, in this city, for some time. These seances have been enthusiastically attended from the beginning, six months ago; the large auditorium of this elegant temple has been crowded to overflowing at every seance. They have been the most popular Sunday meetings of any kind in this city, and generally by interested investigators who were rarely meeting-seances. The interest that has been shown seems to endorse the famous remark the Rev. Mr. Savage made in one of his sermons, that what people wanted to know to-day more than anything else was, "whether death was the end, or if there was a future life;" and the interest in these temple seances would seem to indicate it. Many of these attendants have become satisfied that man does survive the death of his body, and are people who have not been inclined to give any thought to the subject before.

After the resolution was passed, Mr. Ayers, evidently feeling pleased, said he was not the one to be thanked; he had only done his duty—the thanks were due to the spirit hand of the temple, for it was their movement and he acted under their influence—they were the intelligent power that suggested it. He did not know what they would do next fall, but whatever they did want, he should do it if he could; he only did his duty, and that he should continue to do.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

Patch grief with proverbs—Shakespeare.

It is easy to see, hard to foresee—Franklin.

You may imitate, but never counterfeit—Balzac.

All habits gather by unseen degrees—Dryden.

The wronged side is always the safest—Dr. Sibbes.

Whoso escapes a duty avoids a gain—Theodore Parker.

Correction does much, but encourages more—Goethe.

SPRIT FRIENDS.

Illustrations of Their Influence and Power.

My father was a squatter—a very wealthy fellow of the old school. That is to say, a man who believed in the worth of his own hands, and was never happy when away from the station. He was devoted to cattle and horse-breeding, and although the chances had many times been presented to him of leasing a huge area and stocking it with sheep, by the aid of a friendly bank, he had always steadily refused. Thanks to this, he died fairly well-off. Many years before his death, I am happy to think, he had succeeded to the height of his ambition. His compact, if small, was so skillfully subdivided that it could almost work itself. His cattle were bred to that pitch of perfection that the D. A. V. brand was known throughout Australia. His horses were sought for eagerly as hacks or stock horses. To keep everything up to this pitch became the old man's one idea. Method and order were his fetish, and when he died he left me instructions to bury him in his working-clothes beside the stockyard. The familiar sound of the tramping hoofs would, he thought, soothe him in his long, last slumber. I am afraid this idea was not a pronounced success. I was twenty-five when my father died. He had been a widower for twenty years, and soon after I laid him in the grave, in strict accordance with his wishes, I commenced to look out for a manager for Braganza Station. Although I had successfully concealed it during my father's lifetime, I hated him as much as he loved it. He died happy in the thought that his son would be a worthy successor in the management of the station he had created, little dreaming that that son yearned to become a barrister.

I soon found a competent manager, named Dodson; took up my abode in Sydney, and began reading for the bar. I had many advantages—an independent income, a good education, and a first-rate physical training. I worked hard for nearly a year, then, feeling the need of a little relaxation, I ran up to Braganza to spend a few weeks. Everything seemed in good working order, although I could not help wondering at a falling off in the things from the severe discipline of my father's time; but then I knew he had been a martinet, and laid little stress upon this.

One evening, as the dusk was closing in, Dodson and I sat smoking on the veranda in that meditative silence which men enjoy so much. Two of the men returning to their quarters, passed within earshot. "Bill," I heard one of them say, in the calm stillness of the hour, "did yer put them spirals on one side?" "No, I forgot," replied the other. "Better go back an' do it; or 'Old Danvers' will be around after yer."

Without a word the man turned and went back, and the other walked on. "What on earth did it mean?" "Old Danvers" was my father. Dodson must have heard the remark as well. The men evidently had not noticed us, as we were well within the shadow of the veranda, therefore they had not lowered their voices.

"What does that mean about 'Old Danvers'?" I said. "I am sure I don't know," replied Dodson. "This, I felt, was an untruth. "Mr. Dodson," I remarked, in a severe tone, "I am sure you do know; therefore, I expect a plain answer to my question. What did that man mean by saying that my father would be around after him?" Dodson hesitated, then blurted out: "The men have some foolish yarn that Mr. Danvers, your father, walks."

"Walks?" I repeated. "His ghost appears?" "Something of the sort. If anything is left neglected, the man who did it can't rest—he dreams of your father until he has to get up and go and do what he left undone, even if it's in the middle of the night."

I could not help laughing. "The ghost must be a good overseer," I said. "I suppose your men are always leaving, with this notion going about?" "Not at all. They are not a bit afraid. They always say he speaks quite kindly to them."

"More in sorrow than in anger," I quipped. "Precisely so. I saw him once myself. He looked in at my bedroom window; stared at me until I had to get up. Then I found that I had left the garden gate open, and one of the milkers had got in."

I scarcely knew what to think of this communication. Bushmen, as a rule, are not in the least superstitious; they have too much night-work to fancy that the dark hours have uncanny denizens peculiar to themselves. Although I practiced cross-examination on Dodson I could get no more out of him, and, of course, it was useless asking the men. I remained on the station for another fortnight, but heard nothing more about the shade of my departed parent.

Two months after my visit to Braganza, I was sitting in my chambers in Sydney, intent on my work, when, happening to raise my eyes, I saw my father in the room. He was dressed just as he was buried, he advanced to the table, and, without speaking, commenced to put the things on it straight. This was an old habit of his, as I at once recognized. Anything on the table not in its exact place always annoyed him. When everything was neat and square, he sank into a chair and smiled kindly at me. Now I felt not the least surprise, strange to say. It seemed the most natural thing in the world for my father to pay me a visit, although I was fully aware that he was buried near the stockyard on Braganza.

"Jimmy," he said, "I don't think you have acted quite fair with me."

station management with which I need not trouble the reader. I could see (for was I not my father's pupil?) that it was just the kind of mistake that a young and enthusiastic manager like myself would fall into. At once I wrote the letter, and enclosed it in an envelope, my father watching complacently. When I had finished he said: "I don't want to annoy you, Jim, but you see it's this way: I'm in Kama at present."

"Kama?" I said. "Yes; Kama Loka. I am on my way to Devachan, but these little worries rather delay me, for you see Kama is only an astral counterpart of our physical existence, and until I am quite satisfied that I needn't bother any more about Braganza, my entry will not be properly established in Devachan."

"I understand," I said; but of course, I didn't. My father beamed on me with his old kindly look and left.

He came to see me on little matters once or twice after that. Several people came in and saw him there, but they only took him for a queer sort of client. Medicine and the law are privileged that way.

Once, however, he put me out a little, and forced me into the meanest action of my life. I was at a garden party, and a swell affair at that, when I suddenly became aware that all eyes were turned my way, and that my father, in his bush dress, was standing by me.

"Jim," he said, in an undertone, "I can't help it. I've had no rest for a fortnight. There's the gate-post of the drafting-year been pushed out of place, the gate doesn't hang plumb, and Dodson doesn't get it straightened up."

"I'll send him a telegram about it at once," I answered hastily. "You will?" queried the old man. "You know I'll never get to Devachan at this rate."

"I will," I affirmed. And then, for everyone was looking at us, I put my hand in my pocket, then into his hand, as though I was giving alms to a persistent beggar, and he went away satisfied.

Now, to pass off the shade of one's father as an intrusive loafer, who had to be got rid of at any price, is, I think, the greatest piece of moral cowardice a man can be guilty of. I have never fully recovered my self-respect since.

These constant visits, however, made trouble at the station. Dodson felt aggrieved that I should be always writing up about petty little things that might well be left to him, and, moreover, concluded that I must have a spy on the place who supplied me with the information. This led to his resignation, and put me in such a fix that, in desperation, I decided to sell the station.

Our neighbor on Braganza was an old friend of my father, and a man after his own heart. His two sons, unlike me, were squatters to the backbone; so I wrote to him, and put the place under offer. Somewhat to my relief, my father, or his astral counterpart, did not object to this. He seemed to think that, failing me, the sons of his old friend would do justice to Braganza. Negotiations were, therefore, soon concluded, and Manxton became the owner of the well-known D. A. V. herd.

I had now some peace from the constant visitations of my father, and about that time I fell deeply in love. Contrary to proverbial wisdom, the course of our true love ran smoothly throughout, and our wedding day was approaching, when I received a letter from young Manxton which somewhat unsettled me. We were old friends from boyhood's time, therefore he addressed me without any ceremony. "Look here, 'old fellow,' his letter ran, 'when the old man bought this place, I don't think he took delivery of any ghosts—at least, they were not mentioned in the agreement. I wish you could induce your ancestral spook to let me manage the station my own way.'"

"Young Manxton had a blunt way of putting it, but, under the circumstances, I felt I could do nothing but write back and treat his letter as a joke."

It wanted but a week to our wedding day, and Laura and I were deep in confidential conversation one evening when the astral figure of my father appeared. Laura gave a big jump, and a little shriek at his sudden appearance, then sat quiet, whilst my father said, "Jim, you must do something for me. I know you can't properly interfere, but young Manxton is going to sell Silverside and go in for breeding trotters."

"At this moment Laura sprang up with a loud cry. "Jim!" she half shrieked, "it's your father; I know him from the likeness you showed me. Oh, oh, it's his ghost!" and she went off into a faint, and I caught her and put her on the sofa.

I looked reproachfully at the old man and he went out without opening the door, which was contrary to his usual habit. Then Laura's mother came in and wanted to know what the matter was, and who was the stranger she met in the ball. I said, weakly, I did not know, but would go after him if he would look after Laura, for I was anxious to get away before she came to me.

I passed a restless night, and the next morning the post brought me a letter of farewell from my sweetheart. She pointed out, clearly, that there were but two conclusions to arrive at. Either my father was not dead and had committed some criminal action which necessitated his disappearance, or it was his ghost. Now, in either case our marriage was an impossibility. She could not marry a man whose father had served a term in gaol, nor could she become the wife of one who had a ghostly progenitor popping up at convenient and inconvenient times. To this there was no answer—at least, I had none to offer; and it was not until I had worried my brain for hours that I saw a ray of light ahead.

I wrote to Laura and her mother, saying that I would offer them an ample and satisfactory explanation. Then I wrote to Manxton and asked him to delay the sale of Silverside (one of the Braganza studs) until he heard further from me. Then I sat and waited.

I was not disappointed. My father, looking very penitent, made his appearance. "I'm awfully sorry, Jim, but I was so upset when I found out that Manxton was going to sell Silverside that I came in without thinking."

"It's been my own fault as well," I returned, for I could not bear to see the old chap so miserable. "However, I think I have found out a way to put things straight again. In the first place, I am going to buy Braganza back."

My father shook his head. His bust-

ness shrewdness was evidently a portion of the astral counterpart of his physical existence.

"He'll make you pay through the nose when he finds you want it! I know Manxton."

"But I think you can assist me to get it back at my own figure," I returned, and showed him young Manxton's letter. "Now, can't you make those go ghostly uncomfortable up there that he'll be glad to almost give me the place back?"

"My father became perfectly luminous with delight. "Bless you, boy!" he said, and was about to vanish, when I recalled him. "There's more to be done yet. I have to make it right with Laura. I am going to manage Braganza myself, now that I am about to be married, but, for all that, some little elpse may occur which might worry you and delay you on your passage to—where is it?"

"Devachan," said my father. "Devachan, yes. Do you think you could materialize a letter when you have anything to say? I shall probably keep a room somewhere in Sidney where you can write."

"Certainly I could. Why did I not think of it before?"

"Now, will you be here tomorrow at 11 o'clock, and before Laura and her mother, give me your word that you will in the future confine yourself to letter-writing when anything goes wrong. You see it's this way, dad. I enjoy seeing you immensely, but the women, you know, are prejudiced."

"I quite understand it," replied the shade and departed.

I called on Mrs. Lyntott, Laura's mother, who is a remarkably strong-minded woman, and laid the whole case before her. She reconciled me to Laura, and they agreed to meet my father at my rooms the next morning.

The inconsistency of womankind! Before that meeting concluded they had taken such a liking to that astral being that they both regretted deeply the compact that had been entered into.

"I should have been very glad to have seen you occasionally," Mr. Danvers, said my prospective mother-in-law, and Laura uttered a like wish.

However, the thing was done. A ghost must keep its word, once passed; and we parted with mutual feelings of regret.

Before leaving, my father whispered to me, "I gave young Manxton such a night of it last night, I expect you'll hear from him to-day."

It is now many years since this happened, and as I have never received a materialized letter, I presume that earthly matters have ceased to trouble the good old gentleman, and my management of Braganza has been satisfactory. His conscious unit has, I hope, passed from Kama Loka to the higher astral plane of Devachan.

Devachan is occupied by those egos who, having passed away from earth-life, are engaged in finally assimilating the immortal individuality that results of personal experience which has been gained by the one past earthly life. The immortal individuality is built up or called into active potency from potentiality, or evolved from the spiritual assimilation of the experiences of numerous incarnations in separate personalities. The experience gained in one personality is separated out into one great resultant in Kama Loka (the astral plane), and is assimilated by the individuality, or the permanent ego, in Devachan.

J. W. DUNSTABLE.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

"Neath a cabin roof, near the forest wild, A mother held her laughing child, The wind sighed through the forest trees, The snow was borne on the wintry breeze, The embers were low on the chimney hearth, And threw no warmth on the floor of earth.

The house told a tale of want and woe, Such as the poor alone may know. As the woman looked out on the awaying boughs, She thought of the false and broken vows Of one who had sworn to cherish his bride, And shield her from ill, as side by side They should pass through life, and over the tide.

To the beautiful world; and flowers fair Should grow in her pathway to banish care. She thought of the home of her youth, far away, And the fond ones she left on her bridal day, And her tears fell fast as she remembered that now, Death had chilled the heart and daisied the brow Of the four who stood weeping five years before.

As she bade them farewell, at the old home door, And her mother's last words she still seemed to hear. "We'll miss you, my Annie; God bless you, my dear."

But how changed is she, since that voice she heard! All they were joyous as a free, wild bird— For then she was joyous as a free, wild bird— Her cheeks were like roses, her brow smooth and fair, And gladness then dwelt in her bright, sunny hair.

But, alas! now her cheeks are sunken and pale; Her heart is heavy with an untold tale, Too sacred for words, and is only expressed By the pearly tear, and the heaving breast. But the child points out through the broken pane, And, shuddering, draws back to her side again.

Round his mother's neck one arm he has flung, Words of terror fall from his infant tongue. My tale is told; 'tis the drunkard's child, 'Tis the drunkard's home, near the forest wild.

MRS. MARY C. COX.

Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them.—Lincoln.

If I were sure God would pardon me and man would not know my sin, yet I should be ashamed to sin, because of its essential baseness.—Plato.

I must have known life otherwise in epochs long since fled, for in my veins some Orient blood is coursing, and through my thought are lotus blossoms blown.—T. B. Aldrich.

A Correction.

Mrs. M. Summers sends the following for publication, and this must end the dispute:

In the report of Mrs. Summers' recent ordination it is stated that "nearly a year ago she was licensed as a medium and teacher of Spiritualism by the Spiritual Union."

Mrs. Bumstead undertakes to correct the above statement by saying in the last PROGRESSIVE THINKER: "Mrs. Summers was with us not quite six months, so it was impossible to give her a certificate of mediumship nearly a year ago (not a license, as that is not in our power). On the 27th of September she received the certificate."

We, the undersigned, hereby testify that the following is a correct copy of said certificate:

LICENSE CERTIFICATE.

"Know all men by these presents, that the Spiritual Union of the city of Chicago, Illinois, an institution chartered under the laws of the United States of America, by the National Spiritualist Association, on due examination and recommendation by the executive board, do grant unto Mrs. M. Summers, of Chicago, Ill., Cook county, this certificate of authority as a medium and teacher of Spiritualism, and permitted by the constitution and by-laws of this institution."

Witnessed our hand with the seal of this institution, done this September 23, 1894.

"SUSAN M. BUMSTEAD, president; SENECA L. PLINT, secretary pro tem; FRED KING; A. SMITH, vice-president; MR. and MRS. LINDSEY; DR. L. GIERER and numerous others."

Therefore our report of the matter was right in the first place, and Mrs. Bumstead's "correction" is wrong, while she stigmatizes our first statement as a "falsehood." On which side is the wrong?

As to the pastorate, Mrs. Summers was introduced as "pastor of the Spiritual Union" from the first of her services there, in May, 1894, and was uniformly so recognized until the succeeding winter. So that Mrs. Bumstead, in her denial that Mrs. Summers was pastor there at any time, is wrong again.

The great "correction," therefore, which Mrs. Bumstead makes, is incorrect, while the original report of the ordination, made by the secretary, Mr. Kison, is essentially correct.

MRS. M. SUMMERS.

1537 Milwaukee avenue.

Island Lake Picnic.

The picnic gotten up by the People's Auxiliary (of Detroit) to the Island Lake Camp Association was a complete success, and augurs well for the future excursions to the camp grounds of this association. Twelve hundreds of people arrived with but little delay for an excursion. The only disappointment was the imperfect arrangements about boating facilities, but that will be attended to before the opening of the camp proper, July 24. This day was a perfect June day, with a delightful breeze off the lake. Refreshments were served by the Detroiters to the hungry who came without lunches, while those with their own baskets dotted the green banks of the lake and partook of the needful food for the day, then repaired to an impromptu postern to listen to the teachings that were given to build up the virtuous. Miss Margaret St. Omer was the first speaker introduced. Mrs. Nellie Baade followed, then Dr. J. D. Kegan and Mr. James H. White, president of the I. L. C. A. All spoke well, for "out of the heart the mouth speaketh."

There were many good things said and done that this writer cannot find time to repeat nor the space of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER to allow.

One good action, made with kindly motives intent, was the presentation of a fine silk dress to the secretary of the I. L. C. A. Pardon personal mention. It is done to show that good work is by some people appreciated. The gift was made by the People's Auxiliary of Detroit. The gift puts a touch with the work done in Grand Rapids, and I remember a similar gift there. Gifts count for nothing only as the spirit animates them and they express a willingness to help each other. We are working hard here to get everything in order for opening day. Mr. and Mrs. Ancomb are located here for the summer. The hotel is in process of erection. We are working under the usual difficulties that attend all new camps, lack of funds. Donations of bedding and furniture would be very acceptable for the hotel. We have the loveliest spot in the State for a camp and solicit correspondence of those interested.

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.

WILL THEY LOVE ME, OVER THERE?

Oh! how dark, and cold, and drear Is this lower atmosphere, All around about me here! But, will they love me, over there? Cruel scorn, or frown, or sneer, And estrangement meet me here— Just the same from year to year! But, will they love me, over there?

Where the world is ever fair; Where no sorrow, wrong or blame Can be linked with any name— Will they love me there? Anguish, agony and woe Follow wherever I go, While I wander here below— But, will they love me, over there? Sickness, suffering and pain Meet me again, and yet again, While on earth I still remain— But, will they love me, over there?

Where the world is bright and fair; Where no sorrow, wrong or blame Can be linked with any name— Will they love me there? Here all hearts as soon may change, And love will so soon estrange, Naught can harmonize arrange— But, will they love me, over there? There, where hearts are all of gold, Where true love will never turn cold, And the young will never grow old— Will they love me, over there? Where the world is ever fair; Where no sorrow, wrong or blame

Can be linked with any name— Will they love me there?

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THE ROMAN OCTOPUS.

The Manitoba Government Puts Its Foot On It.

MINISTRY GIVES NOTICE OF A MOTION TO ANSWER IN THE NEGATIVE THE DEMAND THAT SEPARATE SCHOOLS AGAIN BE ESTABLISHED—SUGGESTION THAT IT IS NOT TOO LATE FOR THE CANADIAN CABINET TO LEARN THE TRUE STATE OF AFFAIRS AND CHANGE ITS TACTICS.

TO THE EDITOR:—It appears from the current dispatches of June 13th that in the afternoon of that day, in the Manitoba legislature, Attorney-General Sexton gave notice of a motion setting forth Manitoba's reply to the Dominion Government's demands that separate schools should again be established in Manitoba. It is a direct refusal of the demand.

The reply is in the form of a memorial addressed to his Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, in council. It first recites the remedial order, and then submits the following:

"These privileges, which by said order we are commanded to restore to our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, are substantially the same privileges which they enjoyed previous to the year 1890. Compliance with the terms of the order would restore Catholic separate schools with no more satisfactory guarantees for their efficiency than existed prior to the said date.

"The educational policy embodied in our present statute was adopted after an examination of the results of the policy theretofore followed, under which the separate Roman Catholic schools (now sought to be restored) had existed for upwards of nineteen years. The said schools were found to be inefficient. As conducted under the Roman Catholic section of the Board of Education they did not possess the attributes of efficient modern public schools. Their conduct, management, and regulation were defective. As a result of leaving a large section of the population with no better means of education than was thus supplied, many people grew up in a state of illiteracy. So far as we are aware there has never been an attempt made to defund these schools on their merits, and we do not know of any ground upon which the expenditure of public money in their support could be justified.

EVILS THAT WOULD RESULT.

"We are therefore compelled to respectfully state to your Excellency in Council that we cannot accept the responsibility of carrying into effect the terms of the remedial order. The reforms effected in 1890 have given an impetus to educational work, but the difficulties which are inherent in our circumstances have constantly to be met. It will be obvious that the establishment of a set of Roman Catholic schools, followed by a set of Anglican schools, and probably Monastic, Icelandic and other schools would so impair our present system that any approach to even our present general standard of efficiency would be quite impossible. We contemplate the inauguration of such a state of affairs with very grave apprehension. We have no hesitation in saying there cannot be suggested any measure which, to our minds, would more seriously imperil the development of our province.

"We believe that when the remedial order was made there was then available to your Excellency in Council full and accurate information as to the working of our former system of schools. We also believe that there was lacking the means of forming a correct judgment as to the effect upon the province of the change indicated in the order. Being impressed with this view we respectfully submit that it is not yet too late to make a full and deliberate investigation of the whole subject. Should such a course be adopted we shall cheerfully assist in offering the most complete information available.

"It is urged most strongly that upon so important a matter, involving as it does the religious feelings and convictions of different classes of the people in Canada and the educational interests of a province which is expected to become one of the most important in the Dominion, no hasty action should be taken, but that, on the contrary, the greatest care and deliberation should be exercised and a full and thorough investigation made.

OFFER TO BUY CATHOLIC PROPERTY.

"As to the legislative grant, we hold that it is entirely within the control of the Legislature of the province, and that no part of the public funds of the province could be made available for the support of separate schools without the voluntary action of the Provincial Legislature. If this be the case, nothing could be more unfortunate from the standpoint of the Roman Catholic people themselves than any hasty or peremptory action on the part of the Parliament of Canada, because such action would probably produce strained relations and tend to prevent the possibility of restoring harmony.

We understand it has been lately suggested that private funds of the Roman Catholic church and people have been invested in school-buildings and land that are now appropriated for public school purposes. No evidence of such fact has ever been laid before us so far as we can ascertain, but we profess ourselves willing, if any such injustice can be established, to make full and fair compensation therefor.

"In conclusion we beg respectfully to

place on record our continued loyalty to her gracious Majesty, and to the laws which the Parliament of Great Britain has in its wisdom seen fit to enact for the good Government of Canada."

The brave and dignified stand taken by the Manitoba Government must be commended by every enlightened friend of true education. The evils that must inevitably result from the system of separate schools, such as are desired by the Roman Catholic, are very plainly indicated. It is the same sort of schools that the tools of Rome are straining every nerve to introduce and establish in the United States. Carried to its ultimate the system would result in Roman Catholic schools, Methodist schools, Baptist schools, Universalist schools, Spiritualist schools, Infidel schools, etc., etc., or no schools at all. Rome would rather there were no schools, than free schools under the control of the Roman Catholic. Rome hates education that is not Roman—as she hates every institution and government that is not Roman.

Manitoba is to be congratulated on having a government so wise and so intelligent as to resist the efforts made to Romanize her schools.

J. C. UNDERHILL.

Earth-Bound Spirits.

THE TERRIBLE CONDITIONS IN WHICH THEY ARE PLACED.

TO THE EDITOR:—Some time ago, in every number of your very interesting paper, there was an account of the liberation of one or more earth-bound spirits from the terrible conditions in which so many find themselves—when released from the physical body. I was highly gratified to know that so grand a humanitarian work was being done. I have also been engaged in the same work in this beautiful little city by the sea.

Of my work perhaps a slight history may be interesting to your many readers. In January, 1894, I first saw a ouija-board. I had tried all the mechanical inventions of which I had any knowledge for communicating with the friends in Spirit-life, but had not succeeded in finding any that I could use, although I had friends who were successful with the psychograph. I found that, with another, I could receive communications through the ouija board, but so slowly that I lacked patience to use it successfully. I was impressed to change or to make one entirely different from it in construction, and was greatly surprised at the wonderful results obtained. I was told that an organization had been formed in Spirit-life, called the Brotherhood of Humanitarians, of which Benjamin Franklin was the president, and my husband, Henry B. Champion, was vice-president. The names of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Paine, James G. Blaine, Dr. William Ellery Channing (for many years the spirit control of Mr. Champion) and many other eminent men as well as my own dear father and brothers, were given as workers. When at one of Moses Hull's meetings in San Jose, he placed his fingers on the traveler with mine, and asked if I invented the instrument. This reply was given through the instrument which the spirits named the Mystic Telegraph. "I, Benjamin Franklin, gave this to the lady to assist her in doing our work."

A circle of four persons gave nearly all their time to the work of liberating earth-bound spirits, holding three circles each day and receiving from thirteen to twenty pages of closely-written manuscript at each sitting. One of the circles acted as scribe and found great difficulty in writing as rapidly as the communications were given. I have over a thousand names of persons or spirits who were brought to the circle for help. In every instance names were given in full, places of residence, and incidents in the lives of each that positively identified them, all of which I found upon making inquiries were true. Many of my old friends, that I did not know were in Spirit-life until assured of it through the Mystic Telegraph, came for help to one that they had supposed was booked for a warm reception, because I did not believe in the dogmas and superstitions of the orthodox religion.

I was the guest of those who were as deeply interested as myself in the noble work, and being freed from the all-absorbing anxiety of supplying the needs of the physical was astonished at the marvelous powers of the spirits to control and give positive evidence of their identity. It is true we received many communications that were proven to be falsehoods, but I finally became so sensitive that I could instantly detect the influence of lying spirits and have not been troubled with them for a long time.

Many of the old Philadelphia friends desire to send their kindly greetings to those still in Earth-life, from whom I would like to hear by letter and will copy and send them what has been given by their arisen ones. I also send greetings to all who still kindly remember Mrs. L. H. Champion, wife of and co-worker with Henry B. Champion, at one time President of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

MRS. L. H. CHAMPION.

Santa Cruz, Cal.

Christian Endeavorers

and their friends should not decide on their route to the great convention at Boston, in July until they have read the beautifully illustrated itinerary issued by the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route." Address for C. W. ROGUES, G. P. & T. Ag't, Chicago.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MORALITY.

MORALITY.

It Should Be the Leading Factor.

ON THAT AS A FOUNDATION THE WORLD CAN ADVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR:—You are aware that I have always wished to see the subject of morality occupying a prominent place in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. This implies no depreciation of subjects strictly spiritual, but goes on the principle that without morality as a foundation there can be no real progress, success or happiness—a principle which I am much gratified to know that you yourself have always strongly maintained and have set it down to the credit of Spiritualists, that they are the most moral people in the world.

All I wish to do at present is to call the attention of your many thousands of readers to an essay on "The Wellsprings of Immortality," in the May number of that excellent reformatory magazine, "The Arena," by its talented editor, B. O. Flower, in which he reviews at some length "the demoralizing effects of great wealth and extreme poverty." He states many cases in which good men and good women, especially the latter, have been driven to the wall and induced to commit crimes at which their own better nature revolted; such as the Fall Wall revelations and many similar cases in our own large cities; all springing from the same cause and made possible by the unjust distribution of wealth.

It would be impossible in my limited space to give the gist of this article; it must be read to see its bearing on social conditions. In his closing paragraphs Mr. Flower says:

"It is not my purpose in a discussion of this nature to enter into the minutiae of methods by which morality can be raised along the line of reformatory work. Broadly speaking, it must be brought about by substituting just and equitable conditions for the present unjust conditions, always keeping in view the fact that the rights of the poor must be as sacredly guarded as those of the rich. Perhaps I may be pardoned if I indicate some of the great progressive steps which are in alignment with the demands of justice and which appear to me to be essential to sound morality, no less than to the maintenance of republican institutions:

"(1.) We must demand the financial independence of woman and bend every energy toward helping her to reach this goal; for this reason friends of social purity should be a unit in demanding the full enfranchisement of woman. Laws should be so framed that the wife becomes possessor of half the property of her husband at the marriage altar. This would secure for women within the marriage relation a much-needed protection." [But Mr. Flower says nothing about dividing the woman's property. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." Men are not all brutes, neither are women all angels; therefore, in the absence of that love that never faileth, the law should be framed to protect the wronged party, regardless of sex.]

"(2.) The land should be recognized as the property of the people, and while each man's property should be protected, the ground rent should be sufficiently high to bring into the public treasury the increase of the value of the land which society and not the individual creates.

"(3.) The government should become its own banker instead of the tool of a class who are preying on industry to the injury and ruin of millions.

"(4.) Towns, cities, States and the Nation should be wrested from conscienceless plunderers by immediate municipalization and nationalization of natural monopolies.

"(5.) Electoral reform by introduction of proportional representation, the referendum, initiative, which has proved so effective and practical in the Republic of Switzerland.

"These steps would enormously lower the taxes borne by the people and greatly reduce the cost of those things which a community, State or nation enjoys as a whole. These reformative steps are among the great fundamentals of a rational liberty-preserving and justice-establishing social democracy. Against these measures greed, class interests, corruption and anarchical plutocracy are arrayed, but the hope of republican institutions and the elevation of morals demand this new social reformation, and its advent is at hand.

Plutocracy may triumph for an hour, but unless our present civilization goes down, social democracy will be victorious.

Fifty years ago an orthodox clergyman said: "It is no use to preach to empty stomachs. Feed the hungry and then preach the gospel to them."

An eminent modern writer reminds us that hunger is the first sensation of life, and therefore the first to be satisfied. The same natural order is stated by Paul when he says: "First that which is natural (physical), then afterward that which is spiritual."

I am finding no fault with the pre-eminence given to spiritual phenomena and philosophy when I say that in our efforts to save the world our attention should first be given to physical conditions to make it possible for everyone to obtain a competency by their own industry, without being at the mercy of selfish monopolists and this involves the moral principles of justice and reciprocity which lie at the foundation of all pure social relations.

On these grounds I fully endorse the leveling process outlined by Mr. Flower for destroying the iniquitous system of great wealth and extreme poverty, which militates more against the real physical, moral and spiritual progress of the world than all other causes combined. When this incubus is removed class prejudice will be superseded by human brotherhood; spirituality will take its proper place in accordance with the order of nature already stated, and the human race, having passed through all the stages of childhood and youth, with their slow growth, their inexperience and mistakes, shall enter into mature manhood.

This is a matter of growth, moral culture and spiritual unfoldment.

Proper pre-natal conditions must be provided for the coming man; his natural right to earth, air and water must be conceded; from the first dawn of intelligence he must be educated on so strictly moral principles as admit of no injustice to others. Lastly, he must graduate in the school of spirituality, the unfoldment of the divine potentialities of the soul, the intuitive power and the higher elements of unselfish love, truth, purity and justice which makes him one with God.

Then he is "perfect, thoroughly furnished for every good work."

There are and always were individuals who have been "the salt of the earth," but in these remarks we anticipate the time foretold by seers when all shall know God and there shall be none to hurt or destroy. This consummation will be accomplished, not by man-made laws as a cause, but by the eternal infinite life and energy of the universe working through the law of evolution in the inner soul-life of his children.

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

This Department is under the management of the distinguished author, speaker and medium,

Hudson Tuttle.

Address him at Berlin Heights, Ohio.

AN EXPLANATION.

Student: Q. It seems to me that it would be better if you allowed discussion in your department. While I admit, in the main, the answers given, with some I disagree and would like to state my points of disagreement. At times the replies are so briefly and need enlargement.

A. If this correspondence will consider that every mail brings several letters, and the weekly aggregate, if answered at length, would fill two or more pages instead of columns, he will comprehend the necessity of brevity, if anything like justice is done to the numerous correspondents.

The columns elsewhere are open to free and full criticism. Every one has the privilege of uttering his thoughts, but, as far as I am concerned, I cannot enter into discussion. The answers are given me by the intelligences and by the same process that all my writings are given. The replies are often not in accord with my own mind at the time, and frequently transcend my knowledge.

When the questions have been treated in my publications, I refer to them and condense the answers; at other times they are written automatically, or, again, by impression, as my own state or the conditions found available by the communicating spirits enable them. As the replies are from many intelligences, they may not be always of the same merit, or in exact accord, except being from those who are united by a common purpose and disinterested association.

I wish to distinctly borne in mind, that I claim for myself only the merit of carefully transcribing the communications I receive. To every question the answer that comes to me is given. If not satisfactory, I cannot give anything more. Personally I cannot add to, or discuss, for I may not, from the standpoint of the spirit, take the same view, and I may be equally unable to recall the particular spirit who gave the answer. Hence, it may be sententious, obscure, and need expansion, but it is the best I can obtain. By no means, however, do I regard these answers as finalities, and expect wide dissent, and expression of opposing views.

The only value of an statement is the truth content therein, and hence, its strength to bear opposing criticism. With this explanation, I hope the friends will appreciate my position, and bestow whatever praise or censure they wish to express on the intelligences for whom I am the humble scribe.

Dr. J. J. F. Pulley Mill: Q. (1) I understand pain to be a penalty following a violation of law. If I subject my hand to a flame, a disorganization of tissues results, and I suffer. Will you tell me what suffers the pain—the objective self, or subjective self? or, in other words, is it spirit or body that suffers?

(2) How do you explain the action of anesthetics on the physical body, while the mind is so susceptible to suggestion of ether good or bad import, as witnessed in hypnosis?

A. (1) A dead body, one from which the spirit has departed, has no feeling. That there is no reaction against painful conditions, as a hand applied to the hand, is taken as proof of death. The body, therefore, does not feel, and if it does not, then it must be the spirit.

(2) In their actions, anesthetics and hypnosis are essentially different, for the former acts on the body and the latter on the mind or spirit. Anesthetics affect the nerve fibres which connect the body with the spirit. They cut off the circuit for the time of their action more or less perfectly. Hypnotism, affecting the mind by its exaltation, or by overpowering suggestion, makes it unconscious of the messages transmitted from the body by the nerves.

R. E. V., St. Elmo: Q. Is there especial danger in too implicitly trusting spiritual communications, and, as a result, in Macbeth, Shakespeare in a remarkable manner represents the fatal consequences of reliance on occult knowledge, and the process by which prophecy leads to its own fulfillment.

Macbeth's career is more tragic and criminal than that of the host who have, with equal folly, relied on mediumistic utterances, and from the egotism, engendered by supposing themselves special messengers of exalted spiritual beings, rushed on nameless missions; but its commencement and course is the same. A commander in the army of Duncan, his king, he defeats the rebel leader, the Thane of Cawdor, and the allied army of Norway. Soon after, while crossing a heath, he meets a company of witches who salute him not only by his title of Glamis, but by that of the vanquished rebel, and, as a king, he immediately afterwards, messengers arrive and greet him as Thane of Cawdor. This seeming fulfillment of what he at first considered an idle tale fires an all-consuming ambition, and the humble Thane of yesterday aspires to sovereignty. The knowledge creates a fierce flame in the heart of Lady Macbeth, and from that moment both plot against their sovereign's life. At once the opportunity offers. Duncan tests the hospitality of his newly-created peer, and by him is assassinated in his sleep. The deed is dexterously referred to Duncan's own sons, who fly, leaving the crown to the brow of Macbeth. Then follow a fearful series of crimes to maintain his position, until they come to a head in his own hand. Had he not met the witches and listened to their prophecy, he would have been more than satisfied with his promotion to the Thanship of Cawdor; listening, that gift only became evidence of greater things in store. The prophecy changed the whole course of his thoughts and current of his life. He fulfilled it to the letter, and amid ruin and unutterable misery was himself ruined and destroyed.

Say what we will of the fallibility of such communications, there is that, be it superstition or educational bias, which endows the unseen realm of spirits with supernatural insight and power, and although it is constantly re-

RIVERSIDE PARK.

To Be an Attractive Place in Michigan.

Riverside Park is thirty-one acres in extent, and lies upon the south bank of Grand River and adjoining the city limits, within ten minutes walk to the heart of the city of Grand Ledge, and within twenty-five rods of the main line of the D. L. & N. Railroad. The park also lies adjacent to the Seven Islands resort, which has become famous throughout the State for its many romantic attractions. Two large, beautiful steamers, the *Lanark* and *Island Queen*, ply between the city and camp grounds hourly. Mr. J. S. Mudge, the proprietor of the resort, has also enlisted his energies with the association to the extent of building a large and commodious boat landing, also an approach from the landing to the bluff above, at a great many dollars' expense, which is freely donated in the interest of its success. A ride from the city to the camp grounds and return in one of these beautiful steamers will cost you ten cents. On approaching the landing the visitor will behold a level plat of ground extending back from the river about fifty yards to the bluff, which rises gradually and majestically to the height of from sixty to eighty feet, and extending along the entire river front to Sanderson Creek upon the east, forming a very deep ravine, in which the rocky bluffs on either side become gradually steeper and more precipitous as it recedes in a serpentine manner from the river in a south-western course through a dense forest of second growth maple, evergreen and hemlock timber, the latter of which skirts the entire river front, forming a picturesque romantic that once seen rivets the attention of the lover of nature with awe and amazement. Following along the base of this bluff, which extends the entire length of the grounds upon the river front, are to be found at regular intervals magnificent springs of purest water, of which the most noted are the Arctic, Crystal, Minnehaha, Dakota, Pearl, Sparkling Dew and Glacial, the latter being particularly notable for its extreme coldness, thus making a flow of water that will supply a camp of ten thousand people. Along the base of the bluff also runs a beautiful driveway, thirty feet in width, which encircles the entire park. Following this to a point nearly opposite the boat landing, it rises in gradual ascent to the top of the bluff, and in a very graceful curve intersects with the auditorium circle, which has a circumference of five hundred feet, from which diverges numerous walks and beautiful crescent-shaped avenues leading to all parts of the park. Here we may admire the beautiful architectural design of the mammoth pavilion, erected by the association at a cost of two thousand dollars; cross-shaped in form, the arms being one hundred feet in length, and each of the four ends fifty feet in width; is one story, with eighteen-foot posts, and sided from the top downward eight feet, and from the base upward four feet, leaving spaces of six feet between the posts, which are arched. The four gables and the entire exterior is of neat architectural design, and tastefully finished and painted. The interior comprises one vast audience-room, save a room twenty-five by fifty feet in the south end, to be used as a reception-room, cloak room, etc. The auditorium room has a broad entrance in each end of the three gables, and is provided with every convenience for safety and comfort. It has a seating capacity of two thousand people.

Turning from here farther into the grove, it is indeed a beautiful spot. The trees are principally maple, interspersed with beech, wild cherry and hemlock, all of second growth, extremely tall and symmetrical, uniform in size and very evenly distributed, making a shade quite impenetrable to the sun's rays.

"This here the God of nature sought To show His loveliest hand, To draw forth man's diviner thought, Where lovers woo and plan."

"This here the red man loved to dwell, And dream of future bliss In the great beyond; and the magic spell Awaits with fervent kiss."

The association owns their grounds, and the public-spirited citizens of Grand Ledge and vicinity are determined to make this one of the leading camps and resorts of the State. We believe in camp-meetings as educational centers, and in having as many as can be sustained, that a greater number of people may have the advantages offered by them, and which can not be obtained as well in any other way.

Hoping to meet you at our camp for a better acquaintance, we await your coming, with greeting to all.

Yours fraternally,

J. P. RUSSELL, Sec'y.

WATCHMAN, TELL ME.

Air—"Watchman, Tell Me." Gospel Hymns, No. 185.

Watchman, tell me, is the dawning Of the golden day at hand?

When the throngs of skeptics, scorning Our grand truths, will understand?

When the cruel words now spoken Will be hushed beneath love's word?

Bring to us some holy token That our earnest prayers are heard?

We have waded through the breakers; We have fought the tide and gale; We have bent before the tempest, But our courage will not fail.

Tell us, do you see the promise Of the glorious morning's dawn, When old Error shall be vanquished, And the Truth our world shall crown?

Hark! from o'er the way an answer To our constant prayer is heard; And the world, unto its center, By that living voice is stirred—

"Mortal, yes; I see the gleaming Light of the dawn near at hand. Earth shall be redeemed from error By the glorious Spirit-land."

"Courage, then, O struggling mortal, Victory for us dawns at last; Angels sing from Heaven's portal— 'Superstition's day is past.' Hark! the voices now proclaiming: In loud and majestic strain, 'Day is dawning, light is breaking; Right upon the earth shall reign.'"

MATTIE E. HULL.

Where it not for the multitude of storks that throng to Egypt every winter, there would be no living in the country, for after every inundation frogs appear in most incredible numbers.

Vicksburg Camp-Meeting.

The twelfth annual camp-meeting of Vicksburg, Mich., will be held in Fraser's grove, commencing August 9, and ending September 1, 1895.

The camp-ground is a beautiful oak grove, situated one-half mile from Vicksburg; carriages running to the grounds day and evening. We expect reduced rates as usual on the G. T. and C. & I. railroads, but a decision cannot be obtained until their meeting in June. It is as fine a camping location as can be found anywhere, with commodious buildings and good hotel accommodations, at very reasonable rates at grove and town. Tents, 10x12, \$2 per week, or \$5.50 for the season; smaller tents, \$1.50 per week, or \$4 for the season; for over Sunday, \$1.50—all with floors. Those desiring to rent floors for their own tents can do so in the village. Parties desiring to rent tents should apply early in the season, and state if they desire cots, or other furnishing. Bring your own pillows and blankets, whether you hire tents or bring them.

Furnished rooms, \$50 per week, or \$1 for the season. No ground rent will be charged and tents put up free of charge. Season tickets, \$1.50; daily admission, 10 cents; any time less than two weeks, 10 cents a day. Meals at dining hall, 25 cents for any time less than a week; by the week, \$3.50.

PROGRAMME.

August 11th, 10 a. m. and 2 p. m., lectures and tests, E. W. Sprague, of Jamestown, N. Y.

12th, 2 p. m., conference, 2 p. m., lecture and tests, E. W. Sprague.

13th, 10 a. m., conference; 2 p. m., lecture and tests, E. W. Sprague.

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Around the Evening Lamp.

A great-grand-niece of Jefferson Davis, now the adopted daughter of Rev. T. W. Woodrow and wife, lives at 1914 West Eighth street, Des Moines. She is a womanly girl, in her thirteenth year, and has views and ambitions. "I am going to be a lecturer," she said. "I like tragic pieces, in which I can use my voice. I shall lecture on everything good—anything I can settle on, just so I can talk. I believe in woman's suffrage, of course. I do believe in prohibition; indeed, I do. I have heard Governor St. John speak."

Lellan Woodrow is the name of this interesting child. Lellan Simmons was her name originally. At eighteen months she lost her mother and an aunt left her with the Woodrows at McPherson, Kansas, evidently wishing them to become attached to her and adopt her, which they did. Their own child, a bright baby boy, had died and made a place for the little stranger, who won their love at once. She showed talent at a very early age, attracting attention by her ready wit and energy of character. When she was four years old her parents took her to see Uncle

