

THE BETTER WAY

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Original Essays.

REMINISCENCES OF A DAY AT GREEN LAKE,

And its Psychological Experiences.

PROF. W. M. LOCKWOOD.

Green Lake, Wis., is a beautiful sheet of clear water, situated on the Eastern boundary of Green Lake County, about midway North and South. Its principal tributary is Silver creek, a winding stream fed by numerous small springs. This creek runs through Ripon, the home of the writer, and empties into the lake on its limit, three and one-half miles West and half a mile South of the little city named. The wagon road between Ripon and Dardford—a small village at the foot of the lake—crosses this creek about a mile from its inlet, and in the summer time is a beautiful drive, enjoyed by many resorters at the lake. In the spring of 1875 I built a small steam yacht, which in honor of my profession I named Camera.

Although after building the Camera I visited every nook and corner of this gem of crystal amber, I have never explored the creek between what is known as "the inlet bridge" and the lake. So in October, 1879, I arranged to make a trip alone in a small row boat from the bridge to a point up the lake about three miles.

The steamer Camera had been engaged to take a fishing party of ladies and gentlemen to Quimby's Bay, a favorite fishing ground, about seven miles up the lake; and it was understood by those having charge of the steamer, that they should "pick me up" on the return trip.

The morning in question was typical of Wisconsin's autumn; mellow with yellow light and resplendent with an oratorio of color motion, reflected in rhythmic harmony from ripened vegetation. There are days in our lives in which we seem to be in close accord with the pulsations of mother nature. The lowing of herds, the chirping of humerous birds, the gentle rustle of leaves tuned to magical hue, project upon the brain a refrain so imposing and grand that we intuitively feel her pulse of kinship, and our birthright to the enjoyment of her immutable and eternal potencies.

At an early hour our assistant, John, had the carriage at the door, and having placed in it our lunch basket and a small frying pan to fry our fish in—should we be so fortunate as to catch one—we were soon on our way. I shall never forget that ride of three miles. Every tree was an orchestra of sublime color, every meadow a carpet of golden light, and every hill the expression of artistic realism on the canvass of vision. Very little conversation was indulged in by either of us; the brain was too full of the sensations presented by objective nature to enjoy social converse; we were in the atmosphere of psychical receptivity.

Arriving at the bridge my effects were soon snugly stored under the seat of my row boat, and bidding John to be sure to have the Camera at the dock of the fishing party in proper time, I addressed

myself to the pleasure of a quiet row on my tour of exploration. A slight fog rose from the water and in the rising sun lent an air of artistic grandeur to the scenery. Here the tall reeds and grass bent over our course like an archway of the gods. The wild rice grew strong and vigorous, seemingly proud of its solitude and strength. Occasionally a mallard or teal duck would start up from its morning meal frightened by our unexpected approach; then a bobolink would settle upon a strong blade of grass which, bending with its burden, would kiss the water while the bobolink tickled beyond measure by his success as a gymnast, would nearly split his throat with melodious egotism. Here a water rat noting the silent intrusion of our boat, would valiantly cross our bow and seek seclusion in his mud fortress; and a little further on our trip, a self-satisfied mud turtle had crawled upon the floating end of a partially sunken log and while taking his morning airing, presumably, was talking to his spouse about the benefits of "tariff reform" and "home protection," eyed us for a moment, seemingly suspicious that our trade and calling savored too much of Congressional strategy; soup for the man in the boat and "souped" for the turtles out of it—took a tumble into the water as suddenly as the farmers throughout the West "tumbled out the racket" of the McKinley bill.

All nature was animate with song and life. At every dip of the oars the little fish would scurry behind some protecting stone or stump, or seek seclusion in the little water caverns, made by roots and grass. The widening of the stream and the long, rising bank of pebbles and sand ahead of us, made by the ages of wave motion and ice breaks, denoted our near approach to the gem of crystal art, which has no peer for natural beauty in the broad domain of the West. What a magnificent scene spread out before me on that October morning as my boat pushed its bow upon the bosom of the lake. The fog which had threatened my way thus far, seemed to be gathering for its final flight before the rising sun. Long streaks and patches of it still lingered here and there, seemingly loth to leave the bosom which had nursed it into being. A golden halo tinged with carmine, sat like a coronet of majesty upon its thin, vapory summit. On the Southern shore I could hear the laugh and chatter of merry voices attending the duties of farm and fold. On the Northern shore not over half a mile away, the sound of saw and hammer and an occasional word from mechanics at work, bespoke that industrial art was making provision for the enjoyment of future years. Hardly a ripple disturbed the surface of the water except when my dilatory oars dipped their thin blades; all nature seemed resonant with the melody of the coming day, and I glided along drinking in the rhythm of environment which, in its subjective portrayal defies the art of muse, of poet or painter to limn.

Resting for a moment I heard the little steamer coming around a point on the lake for its gay and exuberant fishing party. Although a long way from where these people were embarking, I could hear the voices of individuals with wonderful distinctness. For a brief time all was hurry and bustle in storing away lunch baskets and fishing tackle and in tying on behind the steamer numerous row boats. The hum gradually subsided and the captain called out, "Are you all ready there?" and the answer came, "Let her go," followed by the suggestion of mine host of the Oakwood to "be careful and not take too much water." Then a puff and the wheels begin to turn and the Camera with her laughing and happy company was under way for the upper end of the lake.

It had not occurred to me until then that I had fishing tackle and bait in my locker and that I might as well be improving my time. To bait my hook and throw out my line occupied only a few moments, and taking up my oars commenced a slow pull towards a point on the lake known as Malcom's Bay. Occasionally I would stop rowing and pull in my line to examine my bait and see what a little quiet trolling would accomplish, but I fished in vain, either the fish had followed the boat to the upper end of the lake, or were indifferent to the appetizing bait at the hook end of my line,

for I only succeeded in taking in one little perch weighing about three quarters of a pound during the entire forenoon. Fatigued from continued rowing I went ashore, started a fire and soon had my fish and the contents of my lunch basket spread for a hearty meal. Dinner over, I took my rubber tarpaulin and spread it in the shade of a stunted oak within a few feet of the shore and laid down for an after dinner snooze. How long I lay there I do not know, but without noting time or seeming to sleep, my mind went out in a series of speculations regarding the probable origin of the beautiful sheet of water lying in placid calmness at my feet. How many years had the sun god painted its sparkling crust in glassy green? Had some great cataclysm in a remote period laid its foundations down deep in the lap of mother earth and encircled it in her arms? Or, had it at some former time been a part of a majestic river filling the high banks that environ its inlet for many miles? How many moons since the Indian first launched his dug-out on its graceful bosom? These and other kindred reflections passed in rapid succession through my mind, when without seeming to be disturbed I heard in the near distance the tum, tum, tumble-tum of the Indian drum, and voices seeming to chime in fraternal accord with the dreary rhythm of an Indian summer day. As I looked out on the lake I seemed to see numerous canoes in gay trappings gliding in easy motion over the lake in many directions. The canoes were unlike any I had ever seen of Indian manufacture.

Some were only a thin shell of some solid wood polished to glassy smoothness and tinted in gay colors. Others were evidently of birch bark painted and beaded in fantastic manner. But wait; here comes one much longer than the others, and in its bow stands a tall, fine-looking specimen of the native American. This person, I surmised, is the chief of the tribe. His boat seemed fully twenty feet long, and the party—five in number—were better dressed and had richer trappings than any other yet seen. They have espied me, I fancied, and are seeming to see by what right I intrude upon their former domain. When within a few feet of the shore the canoe stopped, and the chief said in a language which I had never heard, but which nevertheless I seemed to comprehend intuitively, "How do, white man? You much welcome to our circle of friendship and to rest on the lap of our ancestral mother. We brothers. We heard you ask, 'where come this green water?' We heard you say, 'how many moons since Indians boat first glide on its sparkling sheen?' Your thoughts like many colors came sparkling into the realms of Manitoba's camp, and we came to say to white brother, that once this lake was a top branch of Lake Winnebago. Heap water all around, little dry land. Big trees now, once little bushes. Great animals long as canoe once fed and wandered here. Many mounds close by have Indians bones and stores. Great Indian, long gone, and their spirits come to see old hunting ground and the place where their fathers went to sleep. You rest on sacred ground where once our kinsmen rested. You're welcome and you will find under your pillow Manitoba's token of perpetual friendship. Farewell, brother, farewell."

The canoe seemed to glide out into the lake and its occupants sang a peculiar chant or refrain which gradually died away as the boat was lost to sight. Presently the mental scene changed to one of every day phase. A partridge was drumming on an old log near by, and the fox squirrels were chattering over the possession of a nut, while the distinctive puffs of the steamboat and the returning song of the fishing party broke upon the ear.

I sat upright on my tarpaulin and saw the boat making directly for the point where I was sitting. It soon arrived and as its bow rose gently upon the pebbled beach, John sprang ashore and gathered up the lunch basket, frying pan and fishing tackle, and made the row boat fast to one of the rings in the gunnel of the steamer. In the flurry of the moment the tarpaulin was overlooked, and when I took hold of it I forgot that I had tied one corner of it to a small hazel to keep it from flapping in my face when I first laid down, and giving it a slight jerk, the hazel to which it was attached

came up with it—root and branch; and then in the root of the hazel was the pointed end of an Indian's arrow flint. It was long and thin and very sharp, and had evidently been broken close to the main shaft. I no sooner took it in my hand than a peculiar sensation thrilled my brain, and the words of Manitoba came in wonderful realism. "You will find under your pillow Manitoba's token of perpetual friendship." Is this Manitoba's token of friendship, I queried? A broken war-shaft, and how came it there? What was my dream of those friendly Indians and how did the Indian in my day-dream know that my head was reposing over a weapon of his tribe? What was this relic of a nomadic race to do with my afternoon snooze?

These and similar questions flitted through my brain in succession. I was so amazed by this unexpected experience that I forgot that the steamer was waiting for me until the captain's call of "All aboard," aroused me from my momentary stupefaction.

Quietly slipping the arrow point into my pocket, I was soon aboard of the Camera exchanging congratulations with my many pleasant acquaintances, who, having made an unusual fine catch of fish, were in a very chatty mood. The frolics, the big catches, the little catches, minus catches and catch-ers, were all fully discussed, when a lady from St. Louis approaching me, asked, "Is it true that there are Indian mounds near or around the lake?" I am informed that such mounds have been found not only near, but directly on the banks of the lake, I replied, "So Mr. C. told me," she continued, "and I have thought about it all the afternoon." "So had I and I," said several other. Well, I replied, it is a peculiar coincidence of mental action, for I have been dreaming of Indians most all of the afternoon, and here—producing the arrow head—is what I found attached to the root of the hazel bush I pulled up with my tarpaulin. "What in the world is it?" asked half a dozen in a chorus. "An Indian's arrow flint broken right at the socket, as you see" I answered. A little scream arose from my fair questioner, and many expressions of wonderment. "Oh, I wouldn't keep that thing in my possession for anything in the world?" said my St. Louis friend. "Why not?" I asked. "You dreamed of Indians and then found that ugly thing under your head. My sakes alive! if it were me I should just have a fit, I know I should. Anything like that," she continued, "is too much on the ghost order—too much like the yarns and goblins the Spiritualists are always trying to make one believe, and if there is anything I utterly despise it is the silly nonsense of the low lived Spiritualists." Materialist as I was at the time, outspoken and defiant, I did not share the criticism of my fair friend. First, I could not by any stretch of my imagination see how a belief that if the conscious principles of our friends survives the grave and is able to identify itself to any living mortal, that such belief necessarily is low-lived and vulgar. Second, I did not see the same kind of ghosts or goblins attached to the finding of my arrow point as those suggested by my lady friend. The ghost I saw was of a very different character, oh, how very, very different. Not like Banquo's ghost, not like Othello's, but a ghost of an immutable and inexorable principle, fraught with greater significance to the believers in the spiritual philosophy and their scientific opponents, than all of the speculative mouthings and criticisms of the ages.

"And so you would advise me to throw away this specimen of savage life, simply because I happened to dream of the Indians, and then found this relic under my tarpaulin," said I, addressing my St. Louis acquaintance. "Indeed I would," she replied. "But you will admit," I continued, "that this is a noticeable and perhaps logical correlation of cause and effect, the dream, and immediately afterwards the finding, won't you?" "I am not so sure about the cause of your dream," said she. "But you are, when you advise me to throw this specimen away," I replied, "for how otherwise can you reconcile the logic of your proposition to throw it away?" "I am not up in logic," she naively said, "but it certainly was very strange that you had a dream of Indians, and then found that arrow point, and equally

strange that so many of us were talking and thinking of the Indians about the same time; but then, I don't attach much significance to it beyond that of coincidence, which in some phase or other happens to us mortals very frequently." "Oh, I know what made all of you folks dream and talk about Indians," said Mr. B., a young aspirant from Chicago. "What was it?" asked a chorus of voices. "Because there is an Injun summer around here," he gravely replied. A general exclamation of "Oh, my!" ran around the crowd, when a sprightly Miss jumped up, and going directly to the punster, said in a serio-comic style: "Charley B., don't you ever let those your dogs of etymology on us in this reckless way again, unless you wish to paralyze every one of us. We can stand an Injun summer around here better than these mental shocks of yours—it breaks us all up." The shout following this sally was answered by a chorus of expectant friends waiting at the landing for us, where we soon arrived. To disembark required but brief time, and bidding our young friends good-bye, the Camera soon landed us at her dock, and John and I started for Ripon.

The business matters of the day having been attended to, I went into my study to take another look at my arrow-flint, and to meditate upon the peculiar combination of circumstances which placed it in my possession. And this is "Manitoba's pledge of perpetual friendship," I said to myself. "You will find under your pillow Manitoba's pledge of perpetual friendship," rang in my ears. "This is a very strange experience," I mused, "and involves too many principles of deductive sequences to be classed in the category of 'coincidence.' We have coincidences in chemical formula, in surfaces, in circles, in musical notation, and in events of social and chronological characters, but those experiences which combine or evoke mental action of regular order, with environment of special character, cannot be classified under the term 'coincidences,' for the reason that logistic mental action implies logical premise, hence to all such experiences more properly belong a natural order of sequences as found or experienced by deductive logic. For example, if I step into an adjoining room and smell woolen cloth burning, and afterwards find the burning cloth, my sensation of it and the finding is not a coincidence, but a logical deduction from a natural cause. Denton, in his 'Soul of Things,' demonstrates this regular and logical order of thought from environments of special character, in the psychometric readings given to substances of divergent and remote character, and I have often asked myself before the evening in question: 'May there not be some subtle principle correlating all forms of matter and energy, which thus far has eluded scientific discovery, but which, if understood in its fullness, would open wide a door for analysis, affording humanity a clearer insight into the potential attributes of motion?'"

Thus I queried and thought until the clock in a neighboring church tower admonished me that it was within an hour of midnight, and time to seek rest. A few minutes later found me snugly in bed, and willing to be enshrouded in restful slumber. But the experiences of the day had roused into activity so much mental fiber, that instead of slumber, my brain continued to dwell upon the general phase and character of the incidents connected with them, and, in addition to these, strange and novel ideas and surroundings environed me:

Distinguished men who have aided in the erection of the mile-stones of scientific progress, but who passed beyond the earth form, some of them centuries ago, gradually assumed personality, and took up the general line of conversation incident to my theme. My room soon filled with these friends, and as each one came in, he quietly found a seat which seemed to have been placed for him before he came. My sleeping apartment grew larger, seemingly about twenty feet square, and the furniture was transformed into that of elegant refinement. My bed, with its high head-board, became a chair of state, of which there were only four in the room. These were placed in such a manner as to form an oblong diamond, with a chair at each point. Behind these there was a plat-

form, about five feet wide and nine inches high, extending around the room with the exception of the doorway. On this platform were two rows of chairs, and everyone had its special occupant. Presently a man of unusually dignified manner came in and took the chair of state on the northside of the room. All conversation ceased as soon as this dignitary was seated, and I intuitively felt that he was to act as chairman of the gathering.

He took a gavel and gave one rap. All was hushed. "Are the members of this congress assembled?" said he. "They are," answered a man in uniform at the door. "The Sargent will close the door from intrusion," said the chairman. The door was secured. "Gentlemen," said he, rising to his feet, "we are here to discuss and examine some of the subtle phenomena belonging to the every-day experiences of life, seeking to trace, in the interest of humanity, underlying principles. The human is not always satisfied with the mere appearance or visibility of what is called matter, or the phenomena of its various correlations, but he seeks to trace beyond the visible to the actual, from effect to cause, from established premise to logical analysis. This formula of intelligent classification constitutes the scientific, and its fundamental thesis is to express the unknown in terms of the known. You have gathered from fertile fields, and many of you have extended your researches beyond the physical visible to the physical invisible, for nature in all of her amplifications is permeated by inexorable and continuous principle, and we are here to discuss and trace, as far as possible, what special principle or factor of nature unites these two realms of motion. Let each savan who is prepared state such experiments and observations as have come under his notice, making deductions within the scope of scientific analysis. The chair will now listen to the report of its members."

A momentary pause succeeded these remarks, when a savan, widely known to science, rose to his feet and said:

"Mr. Chairman: From boyhood I have been an interested student in chemical and electrical physics, and in later years interested in the application of electricity to mechanical and allied arts. In my early investigations I had occasion to note a wonderful affinity which this energy possessed for copper, steel, iron and many other substances. Noting the irregular direction and manifestations of atmospheric electricity, no less than certain phenomena in its action upon various solids, I fell in with the popular idea that it was fluid in substance, emanating from special combinations of heat and atmospheric changes. Various experiments made in the laboratory with stored electricity tended to confirm my opinion of its character, but recently a close inspection and analysis of the principles of telegraphy and the 'storage system' have changed my views regarding its structure and substance, and if this opinion, founded upon careful and extended investigation, stands the analysis and inductions of science, it will materially aid us in the penetration and discovery of many of nature's shrouded attributes. First, let me say, that we must make a distinction between what is known as the electro condition of the atmosphere, or of any body of matter and electricity per se. To illustrate: Certain electro conditions of the atmosphere are conducive to sound; other conditions to color motion; others to heat, and still others to cold. Science applies the term 'molecular' to each and all of these various modes of motion. Now, when the combination of those molecular forces promoting electrical states attains a certain vibratory rate, we have electricity as the product. Hence we deduce that electricity is a plus molecular energy—the result of a high vibration of molecular of matter. Let me amplify this deduction. Chemical action is molecular, and electricity can be changed into chemical action. Heat is molecular, and heat can be changed into electricity. Light is molecular in structure, and electricity can be changed into light. Mechanical force is molecular in character, and mechanical force can be changed into electricity. Indeed, the hypothesis that electricity is the product

MARCH 7, 1914

Correspondence.

San Francisco, Cal. The spiritualists of this state are highly to be congratulated for the bill which is pending before the Legislature of this state...

Indianapolis, Ind.

Sunday, Feb. 22 was a beautiful day, and the morning was filled in the morning and part of the afternoon with the most interesting and profitable of the afternoon...

Lynn, Mass.

The Lynn Progressive Spiritualists were entertained on Sunday, Feb. 22, by Henry H. Warner, of Boston. Mr. Warner spoke in the afternoon from the subject, "Mediumship: Its Possibilities and Responsibilities..."

Portland, Ore.

I am happy to say that I am one of your subscribers, and every week my soul finds good spiritual truths in your paper. I feel upon it. I have been leading some and leading others to friends hoping that this might receive benefit...

Davenport, Ia.

One of those pleasant social gatherings, which enliven the monotony of human existence, took place at the residence of J. C. and Olive A. Hodgett, on the evening of Feb. 23rd...

ship. The grip was very appropriate as Mr. Hodgett is about to take his departure for the following week. A card in honor of the following inscription: "This is our grip for many more milestones in life as well as the spiritual future, in order that your future efforts may be successful..."

Washington, D. C.

The month which has just drawn to a close has been signified by large audiences at Grand Army Hall, and Mrs. Conant in her lectures has more than fulfilled the expectations of her friends...

Buffalo, N. Y.

It is certainly a great satisfaction to those interested in the progress and success of Spiritualism in Buffalo to visit the meetings on Sunday afternoon and evening, and presided over by one of the noblest of her race, Mrs. J. H. Matteson...

Plymouth, Mass.

I would like to send a notice to your excellent paper from the Pilgrim town. The Spiritualist Progressive Society held meetings every Sunday evening in Good Templar's Hall, February 14th...

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. Fletcher's lecture at Conservatory Hall, Sunday morning, Feb. 22, was upon the question, "From soul to soul, or how shall we gain a further communion between the two worlds?"

Los Angeles, Cal.

While we, on this 13th day of January, are reading in the morning papers accounts of the blizzards, snow storms and sufferings east of the Rockies, a sickening sorrow crept over us as we think of the worthy monopoly-cursed poor, who have not the necessities of life...

to others gain. At her departure numerous friends gathered in her parlors to bid her good speed and have a parting hand shake. When the happy social gathering was about to disperse our President, H. C. Hodge offered the following on behalf of the society...

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guish medium as you go to the theater. You must yourself for a time, and you are no more than you were. You have not understood the facts, you have not studied the facts, and have only seen the marvelous. You say I have seen it all, and know it all when you do not know anything you have seen something that you do not understand and which very many have not mind enough to investigate...

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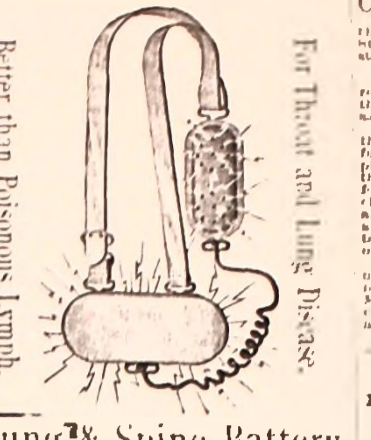
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Ladies' Department.

Written for The Better Way. In One Little Year. MRS. KATIE ROWLAND. What sorrows and joys come into our lives in one little year...

Written for The Better Way. STAND UP WITH TRUTH. MRS. M. TRAIN. "Stand up for Jesus, Christians, stand, firm as a rock on ocean's strand."

Thus sang the poet to the church, and thus echoed the believers in her great plan of salvation that only in a dreamy and poetic soul, devoid of reason or the power to use it, could have had its origin...

Here has the churchman stood, and here he still stands to-day, clinging to the poor, rotten planks of the old, wrecked gospel-ship that lifts its flapping sails and broken timbers feebly toward the truth-illumined sky.

Justice would take the place of charity, joy and gladness the place of sorrow and tears. Human love, grown immortal, would redeem the race. Where much is given much is required.

Written for The Better Way. SPIRIT COMMUNION. MRS. L. A. COFFIN.

"Loved ones that have gone before me whisper words of peace and joy. Those that long since have departed, tell me their divine employ."

Do children in spirit life have teachers and spirit mothers to care for them? The spirit answers: The law of the universe is progress. How selfish and cruel it would be for you to wish your child of two summers should remain always a child...

All the precious little associations, which make up the identity of the child in the mind of the mother, never perish. It is one of the wonders of spirit life that our mental states are culled back in its fullness, every thought, affection and deed of our past existence. They may be projected outwardly, taking visible shape and scenic representation, thus repeating things that have transpired. A man can reappear (if suitable material can be furnished) just as he was when a boy...

This is the ship of Spiritualism, with the sacred light of the spheres above us tingling with immortal beauty its upward pointing masts, and pouring its divine rays over deck and cabin. Progression is its captain, angels are its pilots, and we are only passengers embarked with the understanding that we pay for our voyage in worthy work. Are we doing it? How often we look with scorn on the ignoble deed of some priest or religious bigot? I have often heard the expression, "that would have been terrible if a Spiritualist had done it," whereas it is condoned in the church.

These angel mothers have been good and wise earthly mothers, who have passed through great sorrow, sickness and poverty, thus their interior, spiritual nature being unfolded, fitting them for the higher life and pleasing occupations of guides and teachers. It is their business and their delight to instruct. The love of truth is the supreme passion of the soul. Spirit homes are organized like the human body, every atom not for itself, but for all others, drawing from the general reservoir elements for its sustenance. Their work, their amusements, their studies, their social pleasures, move in eternal circles of beauty and peace, in which there is no namelessness and no anxiety.

of life? How foolish would be the artist who, because some diabolic touched his soul, would with ruthless hand blot with midnight shadow the moonlight splendor in the sky of his picture, knowing full well that long, tedious hours of labor would be required to obliterate them, with the danger that they might never be so fair again! How much more reason for doing this if he believed that only for the asking some divine artist would undo the bad work for him, and with skillful touch leave his landscape more beautiful than if the dark shades had not marred it!

If all this be true, some one says, why is it that your seats are so often vacant, your gatherings so small, your resources so limited, while the church is so well filled and her treasury unexhausted? Is it the fear of hell, as has been said, that is the incentive to her subjects? I believe it not, for fear is a sad coward, and does little toward building up even a poor cause. I believe it is the feeling that has enthused her votaries all along the line—the spirit of the song, "Stand up for Jesus"—that keeps the church alive to-day, the mighty strength of believing in a falsehood with all the heart and soul of its followers, and being true to it at all hazards.

Why is it that our seats are unfilled and our cause lack assistance? Because many of those claiming to have in their possession this diviner truth are utterly false to it. They wish to sail in the beautiful craft and occasionally enjoy the company of its attendant angels, but they desire to escape the work which is the just payment for their passage therein. If Spiritualists would stand up for their truth as Christians do for their Jesus, the world would know such an illumination as Bellamy's prophecy fulfilled could never give it.

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"Loved ones that have gone before me whisper words of peace and joy. Those that long since have departed, tell me their divine employ."

Do children in spirit life have teachers and spirit mothers to care for them? The spirit answers: The law of the universe is progress. How selfish and cruel it would be for you to wish your child of two summers should remain always a child, an imperfect, undeveloped, helpless being, unconscious of the beauties of nature, untouched by the sweetest and holiest passions of the soul. What would be a painful, pitiable abortion in your world would be still more so in this. No! Every human being was created to attain the full measure of a man or woman.

All the precious little associations, which make up the identity of the child in the mind of the mother, never perish. It is one of the wonders of spirit life that our mental states are culled back in its fullness, every thought, affection and deed of our past existence. They may be projected outwardly, taking visible shape and scenic representation, thus repeating things that have transpired. A man can reappear (if suitable material can be furnished) just as he was when a boy, with every minute particular of form and dress. The child grows by becoming intelligent, until it attains the full development of man and woman. The spiritual body appears, immediately after its resurrection, the perfect image and counterpart of the natural body.

Children are assigned to their angel mothers according to their interior characters with unerring accuracy. There is no guess work, no failure, but perfect law and order, in the working machinery of spirit life. Every child goes to the very guardian best fitted to develop its good. Here are no partialities, no impatience, no imperfections. We receive and love all children alike. Whether the little ones are from the crowded heads or beggars from the hovel, makes no difference.

These angel mothers have been good and wise earthly mothers, who have passed through great sorrow, sickness and poverty, thus their interior, spiritual nature being unfolded, fitting them for the higher life and pleasing occupations of guides and teachers. It is their business and their delight to instruct. The love of truth is the supreme passion of the soul. Spirit homes are organized like the human body, every atom not for itself, but for all others, drawing from the general reservoir elements for its sustenance. Their work, their amusements, their studies, their social pleasures, move in eternal circles of beauty and peace, in which there is no namelessness and no anxiety.

MEETINGS.

Dwight Hall, 316 Tremont street, opposite Berkeley Hall, 10:30 p. m. Devotional meeting. Music by Prof. Frank. Mrs. J. H. Heath, conductor. The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly conference at 10:30 p. m. at the following places...

Written for The Better Way. QUERIES NO. 2. ALLIE LINDSAY LYNCH. If there is no end to space, and God is everywhere present, is not God equally as much in our midst as at any point in space? If so, can we be becoming "spirits"—immortal beings—ever, through endless time, come nearer to this God-force, intelligence, or what not, than we now are?

To me it seems if there is a God-force or intelligence, that somewhere it would need to be centered, and that the more advanced (supposedly God-like) "spirits" could sense or feel this power with a greater strength or perception than we of earth. Yet, with "spirits" who report through media, and claim to be advanced or inhabitants of the higher spheres (fourth, fifth, and so on), we find the God idea the same with them as with man—viz., a theory, and nothing more.

The lily blooms forth in radiant colors and fragrance; this is its nature. Man's beauties are seen in his mind most, and this is his nature, is it not? I see no more need, really, of a God for man than for the lily. The one follows his true nature, and the other its true nature. What would the lily do with intellect? What would man do with the lily's beauties of nature? Would the exchange proclaim a God? I cannot see but that the lily is as well off to-day with no powers of thought to "seek God," as man who is ever "seeking," and never finding. The one exists, the other exists. If it is man's nature to have a continued existence, will he not do so, God or no God? Will he not fare as well? Could God—at this day and age prevent this continued existence. If not now, could God have ever done so? If so, why not now? Does natural laws show signs of change? Has it changed? Then if there is to be—must be, cannot otherwise be—a continued life or existence for man what need of a God? Why better off than if no God?

If my intellect cannot grasp a God and Mr. Tyrrell's can, is he wise or am I witty in the promulgation of a theme that all intellects cannot find interest in? Some feel the need and some do not of a God to lean on. Since I have learned that I do not need a savior (Jesus) I have found I had less and less need of a God to "reward my efforts." Like Topsy, I "jes growed," and I shall keep on growing, or existing, I presume, as long as any other piece of nature's work similarly constructed; shall I? Spiritually and intellectually I shall grow if I seek these by efforts toward good and wisdom, shall I not, anyway?

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He is not free who has not the empire of himself. Demophilus.

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